Altoona Tribune---Supplement.

McCRUM & DERN, [INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.] EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Select Poetry.

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

BY E. B. GREEN.

Mother, why upon the cradle
Dost thou cast thy tearful eyes?
Why art thou thy vigils keeping
O'er it where no infant lies?
Did that little empty cradle
Once an image dear, enfold?
Yes, methinks—and death has seized it
With his fingers icy cold.

Is thy heart still burial, mother,
In the cradle empty now?
While thou bendest o'er it weeping
Furrows cross thy care-worn brow,
And thou findest there, mementoes
That stir up thy soul's deep fount;
And recall the ling'ring death-scene;
Oh! how thrilling to recount!

Mother, lift thine eyes to Heaven,
Where thy babe has gone to rest,
See it there so sweetly smiling,
Wand'ring with the angel's blest,
It is gone, O! cease thy grieving;
Tho' its place be vacant here,
You will meet it where no sorrows
Ever start the briny tear.

Select Story.

SKIPPER GEORGE'S STORY.

A TOUCHING ADVENTURE ON THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

[The following story we extract from a new novel, entitled, "The New Priest in Conception Bay," in Two Vols., Price, $1.75; published by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson and Co., Boston. The authorship of the work is attributed to Rev. Robt. T. S. Lowell, brother of the Poet Lowell. Skipper George's Story is but one of the many similar gems with which the work abounds. The poetic grace of the style, and the absorbing interest of the story are highly pleasing.]

'You have the best lookout in the neighborhood,' said Mr. Debree, walking to the spot on which Skipper George had been standing and looking abroad from it.—'This tree didn't grow here,' said he looking up at the grey trunk glistening in the moonlight.

'No sir; 'twas set there,' said the fisherman.

'Is it a landmark?'

'Is, sir, it may be, in a manner; but not for s'ilun on those waters. 'Twas set there when riches was taken aw'y. Riches came again, but 'twas laved, for 'ed larned partly how to value riches.'

The gentleman looked, as the moonlight showed, interestedly at the speaker; 'Another story with a lesson in it?' he said. 'If it were not for keeping you out so late, I would ask you to do me the favor of telling it.'

'Ay, sir,' said Skipper George. 'I said there were amany lessons sent us. This one comed nearer to me again than the tother—I hope I've larned somethun by that story! Fishermen don't heed night hours much; but it's late for you as well, sir. Mubbe 'ee'd plase to walk inside a bit?' he asked, with modest urgency, 'It's a short story, only a heavy one!'

'Another time, perhaps,' said the strange gentleman; 'not now, if you'll excuse me; but if it wouldn't be too much trouble I would thank you for it where we are. One hour or another is much the same to me.'

At the first words of this answer, Skipper George turned a look of surprise at the stranger, and when the latter had finished speaking, asked,

'Be'ee stayun hereabouts, then, sir?'

Perhaps he may have thought it strange that one who looked so much like a clergyman should be staying for any length of time in the neighborhood, without being better known.

'I am a clergyman,' said the gentleman, frankly; 'but not of your church; and I don't feel free until I'm better known.'

Skipper George apparently weighed the answer. He did not urge his invitation; but his open face become clear and kindly as ever.

'Then, sir,' said he, 'ef 'ee'd plase to be seated here, I'd tell the story. I know it well.'

Before begining it the fisherman cast a look at his house, and then gazed a while upon the restless waves which here glanced with the gleam of treacherous eyes, and there were dark as death.

'Do 'ee mind about ten years ago, in Newfoundland, sir?' began Skipper Geo., turning his steady eyes to his hearer, and speaking as if the date or the years since the date had been painful to him; 'the hard year that was when they had the 'ralls,' they called 'em?'

'Yes; though I was in England at the time, I know pretty well what happened in Newfoundland. It was a sad time.'

'Ay, sir, 'twas a sad time. Many people suffered; some wanted food, and more agen got broken in spirit, (and that's bad for a man,) and some got lawless like.—'Twas a sad time indeed!' Skipper George, having lingered thus before his tale, began it abruptly: 'Well, sir, 'twas on the sixteenth day of January—a Thursday 'twas—I was a comun down Backside from the Cosh, han'ling a slide load o' tinber, an' my youngest son wi' me. It had abeen a fine day, first goun off, (for a winter's day,) wi' just a flurry o' snow now and agen, and a deal o' snow on the ground, tull about afternoon it began to blow from about west, and by nothe, or thereaway, heavy and thick, an' growun heavier an' heavier, an' bitter cold. Oh! 'twas bitter cold! We didn' say much together, George an' I, but we got along so fast as ever we could. 'Twas about an hour or two before night, mubbe; and George says to me, 'Let's lave the slide, father! 'Twsn' but we could ha' kep' on wi' it though 'twas tarrible cold, hard work; but 'twas somethun else!

'So we turned the slide out o' the way and laved her, and comed on. 'Twas blowun gales up over Backside; we could sca'ce keep our feet; an' I hard somethun like a voice—an' I brought right up into the wind. 'Twas just like beun at sea, in a manner, and a craft drivin' right across our wake, an' would ha' been out o' sight an' hearun in a minute. Then I knowed by the sound 'twas the Minister—(we didn' have e'er a reverend gentleman of our own in the days; but'e lived over in Sandy Harbor and 'ed oose to go all round the Bay.) We could sca'ce bide together, but I was proper glad to meet un, (for a minister's a comfort, 'e know sir;) an' 'e said, '*Is anybo'i out?*'—'There's two o' brother Izik's orphans sir, I'm afeared, and others along wi' 'em, I said. So 'e said, 'God help them! Where are *your* two other boys, James and Maunsell?' 'Along wi' brother Izik's two,' I said. 'Twas blowun tarrible hard, and cold, and thick; and the minister turned wi' us, and we comed up, ploddun through the driftun snow, and over the rudge.—When we opened the door, first the mother thought there was four of us, and so she said, 'James!' for we were all snowed over; but she sid there was only three, and 'twas the minister wi' us two. So she begged his pardon, and told un our poor boys were out agunnun, and she was an old punt they had. We were all standun (for we didn' think o' nawthin but the boys) when two comed into the door, all white wi' snow. 'Twasn' they two, sir, but 'twas my nevy Jesse and mother. 'Hav'nt they comed?' 'e said. 'Dear, what's keepun they?'

'Jesse had abin out, too, wi' Izik Maffeen and Zippity Marchant, and they were over to back-side o' Sandy Harbor together; on'y our poor young men were about three parts of a mile further down, mubbe. So, when it comed on to blow, Jesse and his crew made straight for Back Cove and got in, though they were weak-handed, for one had hurted his hand-wrist—and so, in about three hours, they got round by land, and thought the tother poor fellows would do so well. 'What can us do Uncle Georgie?' 'e said; for he's a proper ture-hearted man, sir, and 'e was a'mos' cryun. 'First, we can pray,' said the minister; and so he said a' prayer. I make no doubt I was thinkun too much over the poor young fellows; and the wind made a tarrible great bellowing down the chimley and all around the house and so I was ruther aw'y from it more an'd I ought. Then the Minister and Jesse and I started out. My mistress didn' want me to go; but I couldn' bide; and so afore we'd made much w'y up harbor agen the wind and growun dark, (though 'twasn' snowun,) we met a man cumun from tother side, Abram Frank; and 'e said last that was seen of our four was, they were pullun in for Hobbiss' Hole, and then somethun seemed to give way like, wi' one o' 'em rowun, and then they gave over and put her aw'y before the wind, and so as long as they could see anything of 'em, one was standun up scullun astarn. (That was my James sir!')

A very long breathed sigh here made itself heard in the deep hush, and as Mr. Debree turned, he saw the sweet face of Skipper George's daughter turned to her father, with tears swimming in both eyes and glistening on her cheek. She had come up behind, and now possessed herself quietly of her father's hand.

'So we turned back, and the minister wi' us ('twas a cruel night to be out in,) and the wind almost took and lifted us, and sot us down by the foot o' the path over the rudge; but when we got atop here, and it comed athwart, it brought us all down kneelun, and we could scarce get over to the door. The poor mother got up from the chimley-corner and came forward, but she needn' ask anythin'; and there was a pretty young thing by the fire, (*this* girl was a little thing, asleep, but there was a pretty young thing there) that never got up or looked round; 'twas Milly Ressle, that was trothplight to James.—They was to have been married in a week, ef the Lord willed; and 'twas for 'e's house we were drawan out the timber.—She just rocked heself on the bench.—She's gone, long enough ago, now sir!

'So the Minister took the Book and read a bit. I heard un and I didn' hear un; for I was aw'y out on the stormy waters wi' the poor young men. Oh, what a night it was! it's no use! blowun and bellowun and freezun, and ice all along the shore to the leeward!

'Well, then, sir, about two hours o' night there comed a lull, and then there was a push or shake at the door, and another—and another—and another—(so it was, we all thought,) and then the door banged open.—'Twas nawthing but cold blasts comed in, and then a lull agen for a second or two. So I shut the door; and the poor mother broke out acryun, and poor Milly fell over and slipped right down upon the hearhstone. We had a heavy time of it that night, sir; but when the door banged open that time, this child that was a little then, lyun upon the bench sleepun, made a soart of gugle like, when the first sound comed to the door, and when the flaws o' wind comed in she smiled, and smiled agen, and laughed as ef a body m'y be sayun pooty things to her in d'y time. Jesse sid it, and plucked me by the coatsleeve, and I sid it, too.

'Well, sir, night passed; 'ee may be sure we didn' sleep much on'y cat naps; and once or twice I falled into a kind of dwall, and started, thinkun *they* was speakun to me.—Mornum comed slow and cold, colder than night. So the neighbors comed in at mornun, and sat by; and now and agen one 'ould say they were fine young men; and after a bit another 'd say James was abrave heart, and how he saved a boat's crew three years ago, scullun them into B'y Harbor; and so they said how he began to teach in Sunday School Sunday before; and how brave'e was, when they sid the last of un scullen aw'y round the point and over the b'y, for t'other side, or for Belle-Isle, or some place to leeward. So they said James 'ould take 'em safe, place God, and we'd hear of 'em some place over the b'y in d'y or two.—Then they said they wondered ef the young men could keep from freezun their hands, and said mubbe they woudn' git touched, for they was all well-clothed, and James 'ould keep up their spirits, and brother Izik's little George was a merry boy, and great play-game for the rest; and my Maunsell and 'es tother cousin, John, were steady young men, and wouldn' give up very easy; but they were both quiet, and looked up to James, though John was a good bit older.

'Wull, sir, the day went on, cold, an' blowun heavy, an' the water black an' white, wi' white shores, an' slob-ice all along; an' more, agen, an' heavier, to leeward, sartenly. We could n'stir hand or foot that day, nor next; but the Lord's day came in softer, an' we got a good crew an' a stout hunt to sarch for the four boys that had been three days a missun, and old Mr. Williamson, the clerk that is now, sir, made a prayer over us before we laved. When we came to put off, they left me standun; I make no doubt but Jesse maned to spare me; but I called un back for I said, why should I be settun wi' my hands folded, or walking about, lookun out ouer the water, and I may be just as well be doun somethun like a father for my sons an' for my brother's orphans?

'We made for Broad Cove; for so we thought the wind would ha' driven the poor young fellows a-Thursday; but we couldn' get into Broad Cove, for the slob an' cakes of ice. The shore looked tarrible cruel!'

Skipper Georpe sate thoughtful a moment, and then began again.

'At Port'gal Cove,' he continued, looking over the water, 'they didn' know about e'er a punt, an' no more they didn' at Broad Cove, nor Holly-rood; for we staid three days, an' walked an' sarched all over. An' so, a Thursday morning agen we comed back home; 'twas cold, but still. So when we comed round Peterpont Point, (that's it over at the outside o' Blazun Head, yonder,) every man a'most, looked over his shoulder, thinkun mubbe they'd got in; but 't wasn' so. They hadn' come, nor they hadn' been hard from. So my mi-tress, an' Milly, an' George, an' I, an' this maid kneeled down after I'd told 'em how 't was, an' prayed to the good Lord.

"An' so we waited, an' didn' hear from the four boys, not for a good many days."

Skipper George stopped here again for a while.

"Awell, sir, then there comed word over that some men had abin found at Broad Cove!—it wasn' known who they were;—but we knowed. So they got Mr. Worner's boat, and a crew of em' went round, and Skipper 'Enery Ressle, and Skipper Izik Ressle, (that was Milly's father,) and Skipper Izik Marchant, (he wasn' Skipper then, however,) but a many friends goed in her—I couldn' go that time sir.

"'Twas about sun-go-down she comed in. Never a word nor a sound! She looked black seemunly; and no colors nor flag. 'Twas they! Sure enough, 'twas they!

"A man had sid a punt all covered wi' ice and hauled her up; and when he comed to clear away the ice, there was a man seemunly in the for'ard part! He called the neighbors; and sure enough, there was another one along wi'un; and both seemunly a-kneelun and leanun over the for'ard th'art. They were the two brothers, John and George, frozen stiff, and two arms locked together! They died pr'yun, sir, most likely; so it seemed.—They was good lads, sir, and they knowed their God!

'So, then, they thought there wasn' no more.'

The fisherman here made a long pause, and getting up from his seat, said, 'I'll be back after a bit, sir;' and walked away from Mr. Debree and his daughter, stood for a little while with his back toward them and his head bare.

The maiden bent her gentle face upon her knee within her hands. The moonlight glossed her rich blak hair, glanced from her white cap, and gave grace to her bended neck. At the first motion of her father to turn about, she rose to her feet and awaited him. Upon him too—on his head, bared of its hair, above, on his broad, manly front, and on his steady eye—the moonlight feel beautifully. Mr. Debree rose, also to wait for him.

Skipper George came back and took up his broken story.

"Bumby, sir, when they comed to the after part of the boat, there they found a young man lyun in the starn-sheet, wi' no coat, and his—and his—his poor, lovun arm under his brother's neck;—and the tother had the jacket rolled up for a pillow under his head, and I suppose he died there, sleepun upon the jacket, that his brother rolled up for un."

The voice of the father was very tender and touching; but he did not give way to tears.

"So, sir, that young man had done his part and sculled 'em safe right along wi' the tarrible cruel gale, aw'y over a twenty miles or more, to a safe cove, and his handwrist were all worn aw'y wi' workun at the oar;—but he never thought of a cruel gate of ice right afore the cove; and so we made no doubt when he found that, in dark night, and found he couldn't get through, nor he coudn't walk over, then he gave hisself up to his God, and laid down, and put his tired arm round his brother; and so there they were, sir, in short after that, (it couldn' ha' been long,) there was four dead men in their boat, awaitun, outside o' Broad Cove, tull some one 'oud come and take their poor bodies and strip aw'y the ice from 'em in the ground, that comes more nat'ral, in a manner, sir!

'They did n' find e'er an' oar, whatever becomed of 'em, but they found their poor guns, and the two orphans had their names cut, 'John Barbury,' and 'George Barbury, and one of 'em had 'Pet—,' for Peterpont, and couldn' cut no more, for cold and death.

'There was three guns cut; and one had 'James Bar—,' that poor Maunsell must ha' cut, poor fellow, afore the deadly cold killed un. So the kind people that found the poor boys, they thought James was a respectable young man, and when they come to lay 'em out in the school-house, (they were proper kind, sir,) they put a ruffle shirt on him o' linen.

'So, sir, the Minister comed over and buried the dead. Four coffins were laid along the aisle, wi' a white sheet over every one, because we had n' palls; James and Maunsell, of George and John, and little George, of Izik; and we put two brothers in one grave, and two brothers in another, side by side, and covered them!

'There was two thousand at the funeral; and when the minister could n' help cryun, so I think a'most every one cryed, as ef 't was their own; and so we hard that people that lived on Kelly's Island, hard singun goun by in the dark, like chantun we have in church. They said 't was beautiful, comun up an' dyun aw'y wi' the wind. It 's very like, sir, as Paul and Silas sang in prison, so they sang in storm.

'Then milly, poor thing, that never goed back to her fathers house, took a cold at the funeral, seemunly, and she died in James' bed a three weeks after! She was out of her mind, too, poor thing!'

After another silence, in which Skipper George gazed upon the restless deep, he said,

'I brought home wi' me the best stick from the timber, and laved the rest, and no one ever touched it, and there it staid. So next winter, sir, my tother poor young man died in the woods o' measles, (thank God!—we never had to move in till I lost my fine boys,) and the next sixteen' days of January I set up my pillar as Jacob set his pillar, and this is my pillar, sir. I said the Lord gived, and the Lord had tookt away;—Blessed be the name of the Lord. All the riches I had I thought 't was gone.'

'You said riches came again,' said Mr. Debree, deeply interested and affected.

'Ay, sir. My maid is gone back to the house. I can' tell 'ee what she is, sir; there's plenty in the harbor will speak o' Lucy Barbury, sir. I hope 'ee 'll excuse me for keepin 'ee so late.'

'I thank you with all my heart, for that beautiful story,' said Mr. Debree, shaking the fisherman's hand. 'Good night, Skipper George! You have learned me a lesson, indeed, and, with God's grace, it shall do me good. It is a noble lesson!'

'The Lord showed me where to find it in my Bible and my pr'yer-book, sir. I wish 'ee a good evenun, sir.'

ANGER.—Had I a careful and pleasant companion, that should show me my angry face in a glass, I should not at all take ill. Some are wont to have a looking glass held to them while they wash, though to little purpose; but to behold a man's self so unnaturally disguised and disoeded, will conduce not a little to the impeachment of anger.

☞ Wisdom is better without inheritance, than inheritance without wisdom.

BOERHAVE'S
HOLLAND BITTERS

THE CELEBRATED HOLLAND REMEDY FOR
DYSPEPSIA,
DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS,
LIVER COMPLAINT,
WEAKNESS OF ANY KIND
FEVER AND AGUE,

And the various affections consequent upon a disordered *STOMACH OR LIVER*, Such as Indigestion, Acidity of the Stomach, Colicky Pains, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Despondency, Costiveness, Blind and Bleeding Piles. In all Nervous, Rheumatic and Neuralgic Affections, it has in numerous instances proved highly beneficial, and in others effected a decided cure.

This is a purely vegetable compound, prepared on strictly scientific principles, after the manner of the celebrated Holland Professor, Boerhave: Because of its great success in the most of the European States, its introduction into the United States was intended more especially for those of our fatherland scattered here and there over the face of this mighty country. Meeting with great success among them, I now offer it to the American public, knowing that its truly wonderful medical virtues must be acknowledged.

It is particularly recommended to those persons whose constitutions may have been impaired by the continuous use of ardent spirits, or other forms of dissipation. Generally instantaneous in effect, it finds its way directly to the seat of life, thrilling and quickening every nerve, raising up the drooping spirit, and, in fact, infusing new health and vigor in the system.

CAUTION.—The great popularity of this delightful Arcana has induced many imitations, which the public should guard against purchasing. Be not persuaded to buy anything else until you have given Boerhave's Holland Bitters a fair trial. One bottle will convince you how infinitely superior it is to all these imitations.

☞ Sold at $1.00 per bottle, or six bottles for $5, by the SOLE PROPRIETORS,

BENJ. PAGE, JR., & CO.,
Manufacturing Pharmacentists and Chemists,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

T. W. Dyott & one, Philadelphia; Barnes & Park, New York; John D. Park, Cincinnati; Barnard Adams & Co., St. Louis; A. ROUSH, Altoona, Pa. And by Druggists and Merchants generally throughout the United States and Canadas. [October 14, 1858.—1y

WEST ALTOONA CABINET WARE ROOM.—The undersigned has lately made arrangements to do business on a more extensive sca than heretofore, and is now prepared execute all

ORDERS FOR FURNITURE,
OF ANY KIND,
AT SHORTEST NOTICE.

His workmen are acknowledged to be capable of doing *The very best work in the line of Cabinet Making,* and all those who entrust him with their orders may rely upon receiving finished work.

He keeps a constant supply of Furniture on hand, to which he invites to attention of those intending to

"GO TO HOUSE-KEEPING."

Call on him at at his room in Loudonsville, near the Plank Road.

COFFINS MADE TO ORDER.
November 11, 1858. ISAAC CROMER.

FISK'S METALIC BURIAL CASES.—This is a new article in this section of the country, although extensively used in the East. They are a sure protection against

WATER AND VERMIN,

and possess many other advantages over the common coffins. The remains of the lamented CLAY and WEBSTER were encased in these cases.

For sale by ISAAC CROMER,
November 11, 1858. Altoona, Pa.

JUST OPENED!
THE MODEL IN BLAST!

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD announce that they have removed to their new MODEL STORE, *corner of Annie and Virginia Streets,* and are now opening the largest and nicest Stock of

DRY GOODS,

Boots & Shoes, Carpets, Notions, &c.,

Ever exhibited in this town. Having turned our attention entirely to the above named Goods, we will be enabled to keep a better stock of the Goods mentioned than those who keep so many varieties: and as we will not be compelled to sell Dry Goods, &c., at a high profit to make up for losses on other goods, we hope to be able to dispose of them at prices that will astonish the natives.

FOR THE LADIES,

We have Prints, Delaines, Ginghams, Cashmere, and all-wool Plaids; Debeges, Coburgs, Alpacas, French Merinos, Wool Delaines, Silk Foulards, Poil Dechevres, Satin Striped Poplins, Black and Fancy Silks, Shawls in great variety; also, Hosiery and Gloves of all kinds, White Goods, &c.

OUR STOCK OF CARPETS is large and very cheap—wool filling as low as 37½ cents. Our Stock of DOMESTICS we think cannot be beat in quantity, quality or price. Persons who wish to get the most for their money, will do well to give us a call and examine our stock and prices, and we hope to be able to convince them that the MODEL is the place to buy goods. J. & J. LOWTHER.
October 28th 1858—tf.ds

PRICE REDUCED ONE-HALF!
NEW MEDICAL SALT
FOR
INFLAMMATORY DISEASES!
TRY IT!
ONLY ONE DOLLAR!
CHRONIC PACKAGE, $2.50.

☞ See Advertisement. ☜
Jan. 20, 1859.

SELLING OFF—A LARGE ASSORTMENT of Boots and Shoes, Buffalo and Calf Overshoes, at H. TUCH'S
Dec. 9, 1858.

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF Boy's wear, such as Jackets, Frock and Overcoats Pants and Vests, at the lowest prices, at H. TUCH'S.
Dec. 9, 1858.

ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, Trusses, Braces for sale at KESSLER'S.

YOU CAN ALWAYS OBTAIN ALL kinds of Flour and Feed by calling at HENRY LEHR'S.
June 18, '57—1y]

80 BARRELS OF FLOUR JUST received and for sale by C. JAGGARD
Nov. 19.

A. ROUSH,
Druggist and Pharmaceutist,

DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, OILS, PAINTS, DYE STUFFS, PATENT MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, CIGARS and VARIETIES. Room under Keystone Hall, N. E. corner of Virginia and Annie streets.

Constantly on hand a splendid assortment of

PERFUMERY,

consisting of all the Superior Extracts for the Handkerchief, Pomades, Hair Oils, Cologues, Orientaf Drops, Cosmetics, Frangipani Sachets, Fancy Soaps, Rouges, etc.

VARIETIES.

Brushes, Hair, Tooth, Nail, Flesh, Paint and Clothes. Porte Monnaies, Pocket Books, Purses, Pencils, Combs, Knives and Violin Strings.

PAINTS AND OILS.

Paints of all sorts, both dry and ground in Oil. Window Glass of every description.
Carbon, Linseed, Sperm and Lard OIL.

PATENT MEDICINES.

Hoofland's German Bitters, Boerhave's Holland Bitters, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Sarsaparilla and Cathartic Pills; Sanford's Liver Invigorator; Lindsey's Blood Searcher; Clarke's Female and Duponco's Golden Pills; Wright's, Wilson's, McLane's, Leidy's and Corbin's Pills; Wolfe's Aromatic Schiedam Schnapps; Merchant's Gargling Oil; Perry Davis' Pain Killer. Four-fold, Arabian, Mexican and Nerve and Bone Liniment, together with all the popular Medicines of the day.

CIGARS.

Light Guard Opera,
La Fortuna,
Evening Star,
La Salvadora,
Cigarettes,
La Tennessee,
Celebrated Yara Principe,

which is very justly popular wherever known, together with all the superior brands in market.

A full assortment of Knight's Celebrated Flavoring Extracts for Cooking, Durkee's Chemical Baking Powder, and Hecker's Prepared Farina.

CAMPHENE and BURNING FLUID constantly on hand. Physicians desiring pure and reliable preparations will find it to their interest to call.

☞ Prescriptions carefully and reliably compounded. Remember the sign of the Golden Mortar.
Altoona, Dec. 30, 1858.

HOLLIDAYSBURG MARBLE WORKS
JOHN McKEAGE, successor to A. W. Kinney,
Manufacturer of all kinds of
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL MARBLE WORK,
at the lowest possible prices. All work finished at this establishment warranted to give satisfaction.
Hollidaysburg, Dec. 30, 1858—tf

SECOND ARRIVAL OF GOODS at their cheap Clothing Emporium.

If you want a cheap coat call at ETTINGER & ULLMAN'S.

If you want a cheap pair of pants call at ETTINGER & ULLMAN'S.

If you want to buy cheap Under-shirts or Over-shirts call at ETTINGER & ULLMAN'S.

If you want a good and cheap pair of Boots or Shoes call at ETTINGER & ULLMAN'S.

If you want a good hat or cap call at ETTINGER & ULLMAN'S.

If you want anything in the line of Gentlemen's clothing—cheap—call at ETTINGER & ULLMAN'S.

If you want to get Clothing cheap call at ETTINGER & ULLMAN'S.

If you want to get good Clothing call at ETTINGER & ULLMAN'S.

WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE—No-sir-ee—not so long as McCORMICK keeps store in Altoona, and brings such handsome goods as he did this fall. It is the wonder of every person how he can sell such beautiful goods at such low prices, but the mystery is easily solved—he knows what the people of Altoona want and he brings it, and he knows where to buy in the city to enable him to sell cheap at home.

THE LADIES are respectfully invited to call and examine the rich stock of plain and fancy DRESS GOODS which he has selected expressly to suit their wants, embracing everything they require from a fifteen dollar shawl down to a stick of whalebone or row of pins.

THE GENTLEMEN will find in this establishment an excellent assortment of BOOTS and SHOES, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, and everything in that line—also, axes, saws, augers and various mechanical implement, together with a superb lot of segars and tobacco.

THE HOUSE-KEEPER will here find the very best stock of GROCERIES ever brought to the town of Altoona, which will be sold at as reasonable prices as they can be had elsewhere. Come and examine and price, and you may save money thereby.

EVERYBODY is invited to call and examine our magnificent assortment of good goods and cheap goods, and we will exhibit them with pleasure, making no charge if you do not buy.
Altoona, Nov. 11, 1858.

HEAD QUARTERS FOR LOW PRICES.—Thankful for past favors, the subscriber would respectfully beg leave to inform the citizens of Altoona and vicinity, that he has just received and opened his stock of

FALL & WINTER GOODS,

which he will sell at very low prices for cash. It consists in part of

Delaines, Robes, Pai de Chenes, plain Merinos, figured and striped Merinos, Wool Plaids, Union Plaids, English Merinos' black and fancy Silks, Shawls of every description; Sheetings, Muslins, Flannels, Cassimeres, Satinetts, Ginghams, Chintz, Hosiery, Gloves, Embroideries embracing Collars, Setts, Bands, Insertings, Edgings, in fact every article of Ladies Wear.

Also—An excellent assortment of fashionable Queensware, Glass-ware, Earthenware, &c.

BOOTS and SHOES of all sizes, qualities and styles.—Ladies' and Misses' Shoes and Gaiters.

The very best assortment of GROCERIES may be found at this establishment.

Come one! come all!! and examine the above stock.
Altoona, Oct. 14, 1858. J. B. HILEMAN.

LIQUORS.—A LARGE AMOUNT of well selected LIQUORS has been received at the "LOGAN HOUSE," Hollidaysburg, which will be sold at the lowest cash prices, wholesale or retail. To man who wants has only to call. [Dec. 17, 58.

FIGS, DATES, PRUNES, CITRON and Currants in store and for sale by WM. N. SHUGART
March 25, '58-1y] 101 North 3d street, Philadelphia.

HENRY LEHR'S STORE IS IN John Lehr's old stand, nearly opposite Mock's store, in North Ward.