

ROUSELL, Chemist and Pharmacist, Perfumery, Medicines, Cigars, etc.

McGURU & DERN, Publishers of THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE



THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE, Published weekly by McGURU & DERN

BOERHAVE'S HOLLAND BITTERS, Select Poetry, ONLY WAITING.

Select Poetry, ONLY WAITING. A very good Christian who was so poor as to be in an almshouse...

TRIBUNE DIRECTORY, CHURCHES, MINISTERS, & C.

DYSPEPSIA, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, LIVER COMPLAINT, WEAKNESS OF ANY KIND, FEVER AND AGUE.

Select Miscellany, THE POT OF GOLD; OR, THE WIDOW'S STRATAGEM.

ALTOONA MAIL SCHEDULE, MAILS CLOSE, MAILS OPEN.

MORE THAN 500,000 BOTTLES SOLD IN THE NEW ENGLAND STATES IN ONE YEAR.

THE WIDOW'S STRATAGEM, Deacon Bancroft, though a very good man in the main...

MEETINGS OF ASSOCIATIONS, Masonic Lodge, A. Y. M. No. 251, meets on second Tuesdays...

SELLING OFF! ALL THE GOODS SAVED FROM THE FIRE MUST BE SOLD.

THE WIDOW'S STRATAGEM (continued), The widow Wells, who had passed through one matrimonial experience...

ALTOONA BOROUGH OFFICERS, Mayor: John Allison, Robert Green, Robert B. Hildreth...

THE STOCK SAVED COMPRISES A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF STAPLE GOODS.

THE WIDOW'S STRATAGEM (continued), The widow Wells, who had passed through one matrimonial experience...

FOR SALE—12 BUILDING, A large and commodious building for sale...

NOTICE—ALL PERSONS KNOWN, Notice is hereby given to all persons who have been indebted to the undersigned...

THE WIDOW'S STRATAGEM (continued), The widow Wells, who had passed through one matrimonial experience...

"With pleasure," was the reply. "By the way," said she, "the bank is in quite a flourishing condition, is it not?"

"No," said the cashier with some surprise, "or rather we do not allow interest on so large a sum. One thousand dollars is our limit. Did you know of any one who—"

"Indeed!" ejaculated the deacon. "Was that all she came for?" he inquired, a moment afterwards.

"How much vanity some people have to be sure!" "How a woman that has to keep boarders for a living can afford to dash out with such a bonnet is more than I can tell!"

"I will wait and watch," thought the deacon. "It so happened that deacon Bancroft was one of the Directors in a Savings Institution, situated in the next town, and accordingly used to ride over there once or twice a month, to attend meetings of the Board."

"You'll take another piece, I know," said she, persuasively. "Really, I am ashamed," said the deacon, but he passed his plate. "The fact is," he said apologetically, "your pies are so nice I don't know where to stop!"

deacon began to think the widow was very handsome. She was very comely, and then she was such an excellent cook! Besides, he had no doubt in his own mind that she was worth a considerable sum of money.

"A month afterwards she was installed mistress of the deacon's house, somewhat to the surprise of the village people, who could not conceive how she brought him over."

"O, lor!" Deacon, I only asked from curiosity. "And was that the reason you made the inquiries at the bank?" "Certainly. What else could it be?"

"The volcano on the island of Hawaii (one of the Sandwich Islands) has just experienced one of its grandest eruptions. It commenced on the 23d of January, without any of the usual premonitory symptoms of earthquakes and subterranean noises, pouring a stream of lava from an opening about 10,000 feet above the level of the sea."

"The deacon left the bank in deep thought. He came to the conclusion that this curiosity only veiled a deeper motive. He no longer entertained a doubt that the widow had found a pot of gold in her cellar, and appearances seemed to indicate that its value was at least equal to five thousand dollars."

"The next Sunday the Widow Wells appeared at church in a new and stylish bonnet, which led to some remarks like these— "How much vanity some people have to be sure!"

"The widow calculated shrewdly, and the display had the effect she anticipated. Monday afternoon Deacon Bancroft found an errand that called him over to the widow's. It chanced to be about tea-time. He was importuned to stay at tea, and somewhat to his own surprise, actually did."

"The following question was recently put by a knot of gents to a newly imported son of the Emerald Isle: "If the devil should be told he might have one of us, which would he first choose?" "Why, me, to be sure," responded Pat. "And why so?" "Faith, he knows he could get a whole lot of ye at any time."