

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1899.

NO. 33.

MORUM & DERN, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

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TRIBUNE DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c. Presbyterian, Rev. A. B. Clark, Pastor.

ALTOONA MAIL SCHEDULE. Eastern Way 7:25 A.M., 7:25 P.M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE. Express Train East arrives 1:25 A.M., leaves 1:40 A.M.

MEETINGS OF ASSOCIATIONS. Mountain Lodge, A. O. U. M., No. 251, meets on second Tuesday.

COUNTY OFFICERS. Judges of the Court: Hon. George Taylor, Hon. J. Penn Jones.

ALTOONA BOROUGH OFFICERS. Mayor: Jacob Good, J. M. Cherry.

WEST BRANCH FIRE, LIFE STOCK AND HEALTH INSURANCE COMPANY.

R. A. O. KERR, AGENT.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT. The weekly payment of this Company to those incapacitated for active life by sickness or accident, equals the annual deposit.

GREAT OPENING OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

J. B. HILEMAN HAS JUST RECEIVED and opened at his old stand, on Virginia st.

NEW GROCERY AND LIQUOR STORE. The undersigned would beg leave to announce to the citizens of Blair county and vicinity that he has opened his new store on Virginia street.

DR. WM. R. FINLEY RE-SPECTFULLY OFFERS his professional services to the people of Altoona and the adjoining country.

DENTISTRY—DR. S. KIMMELL, DENTIST & ORTHODONTIC DENTIST.

WM. S. BITTNER, SURGEON DENTIST. OFFICE IN THE MASONIC TEMPLE.

BLAIR COUNTY INSURANCE AGENCY. The undersigned, Agent of the Blair County Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

Select Poetry. THE DYING WIFE.

Though many a stricken heart will bleed afresh and many a manly eye grow dim with tears over the remembrance of a reality which the following "casual lines" will awaken, no one who is sure, will venture on publishing them:

Mr. Peters' First Wife. "Dear! dear! no toast, eggs boiled as hard as bricks, and the coffee stone cold."

Select Miscellany. Mr. Peters' First Wife. "Dear! dear! no toast, eggs boiled as hard as bricks, and the coffee stone cold."

his bachelor friends, Fred Somers, who looked up as he heard Joe's order.

"Hullo!" he cried, "you here? Why, what are you doing here at breakfast time? Wife sick?"

"No!" "Had a quarrel?" "No!" "Gone out of town?" "No!"

"Then, what in thunder is to pay?" "Maria's joined the Millerites!"

"Fred," was the reply, "I am the happiest man in the world! I have regained my wife and domestic peace, and got rid of a busy, tattling old maid, who under pretence of loving my wife was everlastingly interfering in our household arrangements."

"What are you looking for, Mr. Slang?" "I am looking, my dear, to see if I can see anything of our hat."

"What's that?" "The answer is, 'I wish to go out, and she can learn the ways about in the house.'"

"And, my dear, one little favor. It may be the last I shall ever ask. Stay at home one or two days won't you, and show her round where you keep things, and so on, so that she won't have any trouble in keeping order after you go."

to fly. Then Maria's rage found vent in words.

"So! You and Sarah! That's the reason you whistled when you came in. You will be very glad to have me go, and marry her, won't you? No doubt of it! But you shan't marry her, sir! You shan't have that gratification! I will stay, if it is only to spite you! I won't go! I tell you Mr. Peters, I won't go!"

"But, my dear you must go if you are come for!" "I won't go!" "But consider, my dear!" "I won't go!"

"Well, I do; you'll find wanting women in the guise of Paris, tempting the very elect; and rare wines and ardent drinks; and you'll find gay company, and night brawling, and gambling and dissipation, and running after the lust of the old man Adam."

"SINGULAR FREAK.—An unmarried man by the name of Philip Ferman, residing about a mile this side of New London, Oneida county, came to his death a few days since, by the adoption of a singular and extraordinary freak.

WHAT HUNGER DOES.—It is hunger which brings unites together in orderly gangs to eat paths through mountains, to throw bridges across rivers, to intersect the land with the great iron ways which bring city to daily communication with city.

Just So.—"What did you give that blood-nurse of yours the other day when she had the 'boots'?" asked a Wall street broker of a friend from Long Island.

Two Irishmen were going to fire off a cannon just for fun; but being of a rather economical turn of mind, they did not wish to lose the ball.

Getting to Heaven by way of New Orleans.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the New York Dispatch gives the following: We have a Methodist preacher here who is a jolly wag. A few days since, a young man who had been attached to his church, and who was about to leave for New Orleans, came to bid his pastor farewell.

"And so you are going to that degenerated place, New Orleans, are you?" "Yes, sir; but I don't expect to be influenced by an extraneous pressure of any kind," responded the young man, with considerable earnestness.

"Well, I am glad to see you so confident. I hope the Lord will guide you.—But do you know the temptations which exist there?"

"No; not particularly." "Well, I do; you'll find wanting women in the guise of Paris, tempting the very elect; and rare wines and ardent drinks; and you'll find gay company, and night brawling, and gambling and dissipation, and running after the lust of the old man Adam."

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