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Select Poetry.

BEAUTIFUL STANZAS. Leaf by leaf the roses fall, Drop by drop the springs run dry; One by one, beyond recall, Summer leaves the fields and die;

THE OLD MAN'S GROWING OLD.

Yes, the old man's growing older— I was looking at him there; His eye had rested on his staff, The other on his chair.

Select Miscellany.

"WALKING THE PLANK." The history of the West is one long record of bloody and atrocious deeds.

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"Huff was sitting facing the fire, with his head bent down upon his knees. I shook him without arousing him. Finally, I raised his head, and at once became conscious that he was soundly, deeply asleep."

"I was very drowsy, and despite our perilous situation, despite every effort I made to the contrary, I could not entirely resist the overpowering influence of sleep. Occasionally I started up suddenly and found I had been dozing. The last time I was aroused, I was awake by the bark of a wolf. Jumping to my feet I beheld the fierce animal not a dozen paces distant, his ravenous eyes glaring upon me from the darkness. Seizing a burning brand I flung it at the rapacious monster with all my force. It struck him full in the face, and with a terrible howl he darted off into the woods. Huff did not awake, did not even stir, so sound was his repose."

"After that I did not feel much inclined to sleep, though nothing more was to be seen or heard. I examined my rifle and pistols, piled more faggots on the fire, and kept on the move, my eyes and ears open for any nocturnal visitors."

"Some time passed quietly, and I began to grow insufferably weary. Every muscle relaxed, and a drowsy torpor gradually stole over me. My eyes closed unconsciously—my knees bent beneath me, and I was about dropping to the ground, when I was suddenly aroused by the sound of a man's voice."

"Hello, fellows, how'd yer do?" were the words that fell upon my ears, and aroused me to full consciousness.

"I looked around in bewilderment. Our little camping ground was encircled by a dozen or more brawny, fierce looking desperadoes. It was a complete surprise, and on the spur of the moment I yelled aloud—"

"Andy, Andy, wake up!" "Yes, wake up, Andy!" echoed the outlaws loudly and derisively.

"Aroused at last, my comrades sprang to his feet, and the next moment was standing by my side.

"Instantly a dozen or more rifles were leveled at us with deadly aim.

"'Yer ain't goin' to show fight, ar ye?' demanded one of the outlaws, a brutal looking wretch, and the leader of the band, as it afterwards appeared.

"That depends on circumstances!" responded Andy, unhesitatingly. "We're two good men, afraid of neither man nor beast—and if your intentions are hostile, as they appear to be, you may take my word for it that we'll give you all the trouble we can."

"'Yer won't now, will yer?' rejoined the desperado, tauntingly. 'Guess ye'll have yer hands full of you try that sort of a game.'

"I thought of Andy, you may be sure, but could see no way of finding out what had become of him.

"After a while, however, an outrageously ugly Indian squaw made her appearance. She brought me food and medicine, and a temporary light. My wounds had already been dressed. Of course I was eager to question her.

"My good woman," said I, very pleasantly, "I should like to know where I am—will you tell me?"

"She shook her head negatively, and to all I could say or do I got no answer. I inquired about Andy, and other matters, but received no satisfaction. Finally, I gave up in despair, and let the old hag go.

"A week passed, and I was comparatively well. About the expiration of that time, the old squaw came to me one day and beckoned me to follow her. Having no reason to refuse obedience, I complied with her directions, and after traversing a number of dark passages, found myself in the open air. It was a bright, sunny day, and despite my situation, I inhaled the pure atmosphere with delight.

"Assembled on the spot I beheld a gang of a score or more of the worst looking men I had ever encountered, and in the midst my friend and comrade, Andy Huff. Andy looked frightfully pale and emaciated, and appeared to have suffered much more than myself. We had barely time to greet each other, and say 'God bless you, comrade!' when we were suddenly roughly seized and gagged. At the same time one of the outlaws, whom I at once recognized as the leader of the party which we had first encountered, stepped forward and addressed us:

"'Now, cuss yer?' cried he, passionately, 'we'll make yer pay for yer handy-work 't'other night! Strip 'em!'

"In a few moments we were stripped to the skin, and had neither the power to resist or expostulate.

"'Out with the plank, hosses!' yelled the same fellow. 'Pust show 'em the way they're goin' to travel.'

"We were separately led to the brink of a chasm near, and made to look down into the almost unfathomable depths. A stream of water dashed along over the rocks at the bottom. It made me dizzy to look down, still standing within a few feet from the brink, with a guard over us. I began to comprehend that some frightful death awaited us, and my feelings were dreadful.

"A plank about a dozen feet long and a foot wide was then brought forward and placed half way over the precipice. My blood ran cold at the preparations.

"On one end of the plank two men stationed themselves.

"After the conflict was over I made my appearance and gave a statement of all that had transpired. From the trappers I learned that the cry of Andy had directed them to the spot; but, poor fellow, they came too late to save him.

"I thanked God and the mountains for my preservation, and quitted the scene with a sense of relief mingled with a feeling of sadness.

"Gentlemen, that was about the worst situation I was ever placed in, and may you never have a similar experience."

A Fight With Humble Bees. A merchant doing business on Main street found a "bumble bees' nest" in a store box. He carefully corked up the hole where the bees made their exit and entrance, and set the box out in a back yard. That day an old apple pedlar came along and wanted to buy a box, and the merchant, thinking to have a little fun, sent him out in the back yard with a batchet to open the box to which he was alluded. The yard is surrounded with a high fence, so that there is no way of getting out except through the store. After the pedlar passed through the door into the yard, the merchant turned the key, and in company with others, whom he had advised of the trick, went up stairs to witness the scene. The pounding on the box of course soon stirred up the bees, and when the lid was raised about a quart of the vermin bounced upon the old fellow.

He dropped his hatchet and broke for the door, but finding that locked he ran around in a stooping posture, hugging the fence as close as possible until his eye fell upon a large Jamestown weed. This he pulled up by the roots, and continued to run, slipping at the bees in the most earnest, energetic, and at the same time the most ludicrous manner imaginable. Becoming a little heated by the active exercise, he hastily pulled off his coat and with glaring eyes and expanded muscles he went into the insects most vigorously, and in a short time the yard was strewn with the carcasses of the enemy. He had worn the "Jamestown" bush completely away, and his body was literally green from its frequent contact with the well-wielded weed. Upon being admitted into the store, he told the story of his recent triumph with many flourishes, being perfectly ignorant of the cruel trick that had been played upon him—'Wheeling Intelligence.'

A young fop, of an infidel turn, while traveling in a stage-coach, sought to display his smartness by attempting to pick flaws in the narratives of Scripture. After trying to show the inconsistency and improbability of several events described in the Bible, he referred to the life of Nebuchadnezzar, and argued that it was utterly absurd and impossible for a man to so far forget his human instincts, and eat grass like a beast. Having stated his views, he asked the opinion of the passengers, and, among the rest, of a grave-looking Quaker, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation. "Verily, friend," answered the Quaker, "I see no improbability in the story, if he was as great an ass as thou."

CROCKETT'S LOG CABIN.—On the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, not far from Jackson, in Tennessee, says an exchange paper, still stands the humble log cabin, 18 by 20 feet in size, built and occupied while he lived in the district, by David Crockett. Its logs are fast decaying, and desolations surround it, but no traveler passes it without an eager desire to look upon the humble roof that sheltered one of the truest representatives of the American pioneer character—a hero and a honest man. Near it is a railroad station, called Crockett's station; around it, perhaps, will arise a town to bear and perpetuate a name as familiar to his countrymen as that of Jackson.

A young lady whose name was Patty being addressed by a Mr. Cake, accepted him on the condition that he would change his name, declaring that she would never consent to be called a "Patty Cake."

A surly bachelor remarks that the ladies' fashions, for the ensuing season, show a persistent determination in the dear creatures, to crawl out of their dresses through the upper part.

A person speaking of a drink he once had occasion to imbibe, said that he could not tell whether it was brandy or a torchlight procession going down his throat.

"Got any ice at your end of the table, Bill?" "No; but I've got the next thing to it—" "What's that?" "A severe cold."

He who is impressed with great principles when young, will never be directly destitute of a sense of virtue.