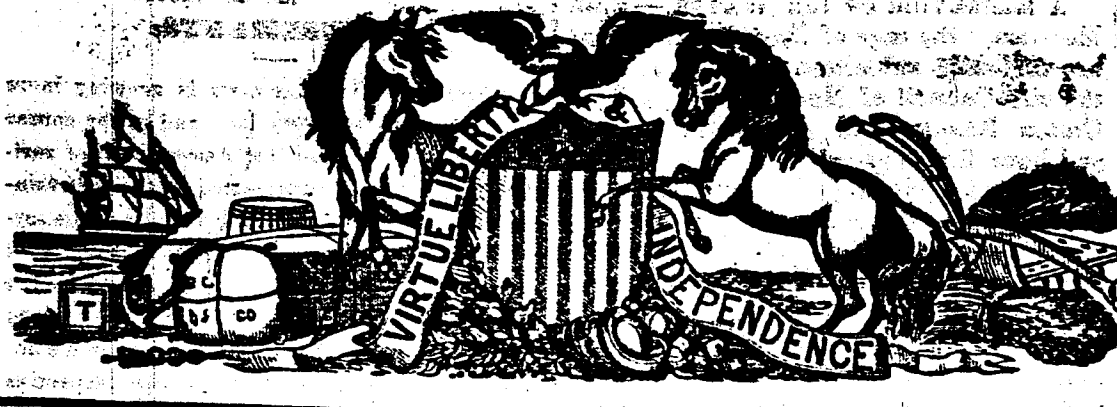


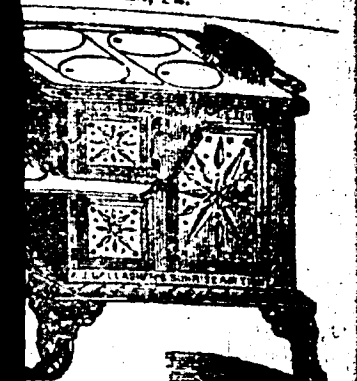
HERSHEY'S Syrup. THE PUBLIC. PIAL of over TEN years...

Altoona



Cribune.

McGURM & DERN. [INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.] EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1860. NO. 13.



MOVEMENT IN COOKING. ROVE AND GAS SAVING. INVENTION OFFERING TO THE PUBLIC...

DR. GOOD & GEMMILL HAVING entered into Partnership in the Practice of Medicine...

W. M. LLOYD & CO., JOHNSTON, JACK & CO., BANKERS, (Late 'Bell, Johnson, Jack & Co.')

LANDS! LANDS!! LANDS!!! The undersigned is prepared to locate LANDS...

W. R. BOYERS, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, ALTOONA, BLAIR COUNTY, PA.

W. R. BOYERS, AGENT, ALTOONA, PA. Capital and Surplus over \$100,000.

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SAVING FUND. National SAFETY TRUST Company.

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Commonwealth Insurance Co., UNION BUILDINGS, 34 STREET, HARRISBURG, PA.

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Select Poetry. THE LAMP AT SEA. BY LONGFELLOW.

THE LAMP AT SEA. BY LONGFELLOW. The light was made for cooling shade...

Select Miscellany. A MODERN VENDETTA.

A MODERN VENDETTA. Within the last six months, a tale has come to the ears of the authorities of Cadix...

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accepting; yet when he remembered that the Senora was really the most lovely woman in all Cadix...

The sequel, however, probably disappointed him. The wife of Vel S— commenced with a rather ornate account of the various rumors with which Cadix had been lately rife...

"How?" asked the Corsican. "Does your husband disbelieve us both? What further can I say or do?"

Giacoimo did as requested; and when he returned, the Donna had drawn a stool to the very eaves, and bade him seat himself upon it.

"My husband insists that I love you more than he," she says, with her dark eyes fixed on his own; "but I will satisfy him."

The boy in the room below was startled by the sound of a struggle and a quick stamping of feet. His mind drank in the instantaneous thought that his father was in peril...

He was in time to witness all. The Pythoness had fixed her fingers with a glacial clutch on his father's throat, and hurried him headlong to a certain and fearful death upon the tessellated pavement of the court below.

It was truly a Spanish mode of retaining the love of a husband, who, throughout the entire struggle, which had lasted for some moments, had stood by, with folded arms, a witness of the deed which was to heal his wounded honor.

The young Giacomo fled, with the groans of the crushed and broken man still ringing in his ears.

One week from that night the Carnival was celebrated in Cadiz. Among the group of organs and harlequins thronging the broad Alameda, a man in rich, melodramatic costume, stood pelting the balcony ladies with egg shells, filled with scented water.

Through the following six-and-twenty years the same red hand appears to have slain no less than fourteen of the immediate kin of the Don; and the assassin, notwithstanding the efforts of the authorities, still eluded their vigilance.

and bits of silk here and there still hanging to the brambles. And for sometime, although the sounds of groans and sobbing were plainly perceptible, they were unable to catch sight of either.

"The Donna has since died, and conjecture can only supply the key to this terrible mystery. The wholesale slaughter of the Vel S— family is laid at the door of the youth Giacomo; and that, too, with seeming probability, to those who understand the revengeful character of the Corsican.

"You see," said the Donna, gloomily, "you see, Signor Giacomo, that your trinkets and my charity have wrought my ruin!"

"We would not be considered as endorsing the truthfulness of the story, which seems to us to partake of the melodramatic element in no small quantity; nor, indeed, are we willing to say that such things might not have occurred. But, be that as it may, it certainly goes to give us an insight to the mysteries of the Corsican heart, when driven to that desperate pitch of frenzy which the history of the Vendetta shows to be so easily excited and so hard to allay."

The following extract from Dr. Hayes' "Arctic Boat Journey" will be read with interest at the present time, when the writer's proposed Polar expedition is one of the topics of the day.

"The binding snow which battered my face made me insensible to everything except the idea of getting out of it; and thinking of no danger, I was in the act of stooping to enter the doorway, when a sudden noise behind me caused me to look back and there, close at my heels, was a whole pack of thirteen hungry dogs, snarling and snapping, and showing their teeth, like a drove of ravenous wolves. It was fortunate that I had not got down on my knees, or they would have been upon my back. In fact, so impetuous was their attack, that one of them had already sprung when I faced around. I caught him on my arm and kicked him down the hill. The others were for the moment intimidated, and at seeing the summary manner in which their leader had been dealt with, they were in the act of sneaking away, when they perceived that I was powerless to do them any harm, having nothing in my hand.

Again they assumed the offensive; they were all around me; an instant more and I should have been torn to pieces. I had faced death in several shapes before, but had never felt as then; my blood fairly curdled in my veins. Death down the red throats of a pack of wolfish dogs had some- thing about it peculiarly unpleasant. Conscious of my weakness, they were preparing for a spring. I had not time even to halloo for help—to run would be the readiest means of bringing the wretches upon me. My eyes swept around the group and caught something lying half buried in the snow, about ten feet distant. Quick as a flash I sprang, as I never sprang before or since, over the back of a huge fellow who stood before me; and the next instant I was whirling about me the lash of a long whip, cutting to right and left. The dogs retreated before my blows and the fury of my onset, and then slowly scudded behind the rocks. The whip had clearly saved my life; there was nothing else within my reach; and it had been dropped there quite accidentally by Kalutnah as he went down to the sledges.

"Mr. Timothy, you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Almirante," meekly replied the doctor, "in thanking you for this compliment, let remind you that you occupy my upper story entirely."

WHAT A PRINTER MUST BE.—Punch says: How nice this is for a printer!—A public servant, and withal a servant of the devil. A good natured fellow—must always smile—how to every body—must be killing polite on all occasions, especially to the ladies—must always be a regular duck of a man, always witty, and dignified; must never do anything that would not accord with the strictest propriety of the most precise old maid, and must always be correct in everything he does; he is always expected to know the latest news, is styled "muggins" if he is not always supposed; must please everybody, and is supposed never to need the one thing needful; must trust everybody, and is thought a great bore if he presents his bill; must be a ladder for all political aspirants to step into office, who very soon become independent, don't owe him anything, consider the printer at best a sorry dog, who cannot expect any better treatment than kicks and cuffs, and finally summing it up, he is expected to be a man without a model and without a shadow.

THE RELIGION OF PAYING DEBTS.—One of the religious papers has the following strong remarks on the subject:—They drive the nail up to the head and clinch it:—"Men may sophisticate as they please.—They can never make it right, and all the bankrupt laws in the universe cannot make it right, for them not to pay their debts. There is a sin in this neglect as clear and deserving of church discipline as in stealing or false swearing. He who violates his promise to pay, or withholds payment of a debt, when it is in his power to meet his engagement, ought to be made to feel that in the sight of all honest men he is a swindler. Religion may be a very comfortable cloak under which to hide; but if religion does not make a man deal justly, it is not worth having."

Dr. Johnson made a large hole and a small one in the door of his room for his two cats. "What have you two holes for?" asked a friend. "Why, the large is for the large cat, and the small one is for the small cat." "Why one hole would have done for both." "Ah! would it! how is the big cat to get through the little hole?" asked the astute Doctor. "She can't. But the little cat can get through the large hole." "Egad! I never thought of that."

An Irishman had been sick a long time and while in that State would occasionally cease breathing, and life be apparently extinct for some time, when he would come to again. On one of those occasions when he had just awakened from his sleep, his friend Patrick asked him, "And how'll we know, Jimmy, when yer dead? yer after waking up every time." "Bring me a glass of whiskey, and say, here's till ye, Jimmy, and if I don't rise an' drink, then bury me."

Baked puppy is the greatest delicacy of the Sandwich Islands, and Captain McClintock, in his just published voyage of the Fox, says: "At the Sandwich Islands I was invited to a feast, and had to feign disappointment as well as I could when told that puppy was so extremely scarce it could not be procured in time, therefore sucking pigs were substituted."

COLLOQUY ON THE MISSOURI.—"Boy, who do you belong to?" asked a gentleman, as he stepped on board of a steamer, of a "darkey" leaning on the guard. "I did belong to Massa William, sir, when I come aboard; but he is in de cabin playing poker wid de captain, and I don't know who I belong to now!"

Fools measure actions after they are done by the event; wise men beforehand, by the rules of reason and right.—The former look to the end, to judge of the act. Look to the act, and leave the end with God.

Blue-eyed ladies are most apt to be passionate and jealous. Blue-eyed, affectionate, soulful, truthful, and confiding. Gray-eyed, philosophical, literary, resolute and cold-hearted. Hazel-eyed, quick-tempered and fickle.

Mary asked Charles, "What animal dropped from the clouds?" "The rain, dear," was the whispered reply.

We ought not to judge a man by his great qualities, by the use he makes of them.