

TER'S BITTERS.

period, every man is subject to disordered functions; but the exercise may be able to secure permanent health.

Dr. Hostetter's Bitters is a powerful purgative, and its use is certain to procure a natural state of health.

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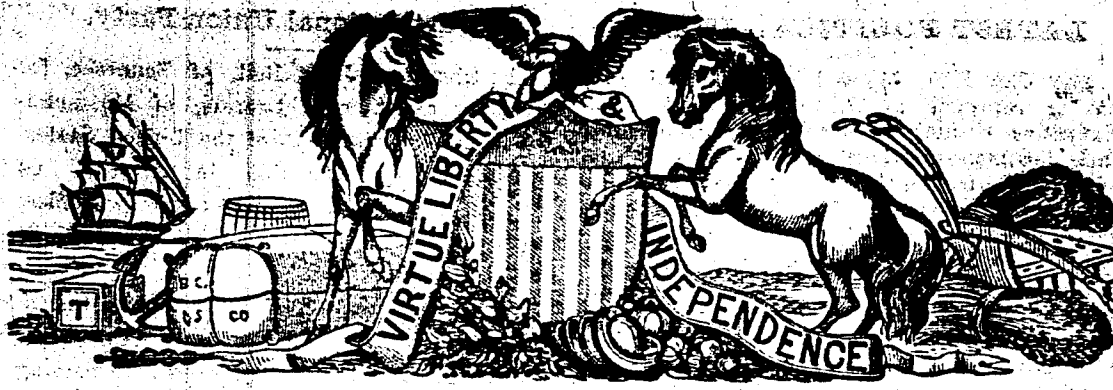
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Altoona



Tribune.

McCRUM & DERN,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

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Mr. and Mrs. Strahan were both of them remarkably dull and as a matter of course both preferred being pleased to attempting to please; and of course both were greatly displeased.

It was their third day at home, upon which their first quarrel commenced. How it began neither could clearly tell. It is only known that Strahan expressed a desire to dine on roast beef, upon which Mrs. S. said that she abominated beef, and stated her preference to roast turkey with oyster sauce—Strahan considered turkey as child's food, "he'd have beef or nothing." She'd have turkey; and thus commenced the war of Strahan's. One ordered the butcher not to have fowl; the other gave strict injunctions not to have beef brought into the house; between them they were both likely to starve if they remained at home; so the doctor went to the village tavern and dined on beef, while Mrs. S. visited some of her friends and partook of turkey.

After dinner Dr. S. gave a wine supper in the room which he dignified by the name of study, a sort of variety store, in which he kept his library, a writing desk and spittoon. Here were also two glass-cases, one of which contained a giant's skeleton, hung on wires, in the other was an Egyptian Mummy. The walls were hung with curiosities of all descriptions; among them a cane from a tree which grew over the grave of Washington, a snuff box from wood of the Charter Oak, a chip from the United States frigate Constitution; minerals, shells, fossils of all kinds, specimen ears of corn, enormous sized fruit and vegetables, cases of dried insects, and jars of pickled reptiles. Stuffed birds were perched about the apartment, and voluptuous French lithographs and portraits of distinguished personages were hung promiscuously on the walls; a long reading table, arm-chairs, a prescription case, a mammoth bell-metal pestle and mortar, completed the furniture of the "Study."

During the same evening, Mrs. S. had a whist party in the parlor. Wine held her votaries in bondage longer than cards, and Mrs. S. had dismissed her party and retired, hours before her liege lord came to his chamber; and when he did come, he found the door locked, himself without and his wife within. In vain he called to her, she could not, and would not hear; and he was compelled to find a bed elsewhere, which he did muttering to himself, "I'll tame her yet." And he laid all night forming plans to bring her to submission. In the morning he asked her to walk into his study; and there seated in an arm chair, they renewed their fierce worded quarrel, during which Mrs. S. called her husband a heartless, brainless fellow, who married her for her money. To which the doctor replied by calling her a low, vulgar woman, who was only glad to marry a professional gentleman and author, to enable her to enter better society. After which she toyed with her fan, and finally pulled the bell-cord, to bring her carriage to the door. "Where are you going?" demanded the doctor. "To ride," replied the amiable Mrs. Strahan. "I will go with you, please."

"But I do not please."

"Then I oblige to go."

"Very well, then, you will go alone; for you cannot go with me."

"You cannot go unless I go with."

"Well, we will see," and the gentleman walked out of the room, locked the door, put the key into his pocket and left the house.

Mrs. S. did not set down and burst into a flood of tears, but waited patiently for the servant to return whom she had sent for the carriage. When he arrived, she told him, through the keyhole, to return "the horses to the stable, and place a ladder up against the study window, and a turkey, with oysters and pastry, was taken up to her. The ladder was then removed, and everything prepared for the re-appearance of her husband.

About the middle of the afternoon, the doctor returned home, stepped softly through the hall toward the study door, and peeped through the keyhole, expecting to see a striking picture of humility and contrition.

Judge of his surprise, then, when he saw Mrs. S. sitting before his long reading table, on her right his bell-metal mortar, in which was fire, and a grate over it, on which she was roasting his mammoth specimens of apples, sweet potatoes, and her turkey. Next him stood his water bath, in which she was cooking oysters, and she occasionally stirred them with his silver spatula; on the table stood one of the bottles of wine which had been left from a previous night's revelry, which the lady, for want of a campaign opener, had deprived of its neck with a wedge-wedged pestle, and using a four ounce graduate for a wine glass, she had out up a campaign basket for fire-wood with an Indian tomahawk. On the left hand stood the doctor's writing desk which she had broken open, and scattered on the desk were tattered missives of his earlier fame, manuscript pages of tales and sketches, unpublished odes, poems, and unpaid tailors' bills, all in a huge pile, while the lady sat reading, first a sweet love letter, then an ode on Napoleon, and so on, throwing them, page after page into the fire. Thus, the husband's brain work and wooden curiosities were made to cook her dinner.

The doctor looked silently on as long as he could; then taking the key from his pocket, he unlocked the door, and—it was bolted upon the inside.

"Mrs. S." he shouted. "Well, sir."

"Open the door."

"I'm busy now, and can't be disturbed."

"Open the door or I'll burst it in."

"Do as you please, sir, but your mummy and giant skeleton are placed against the door, so be careful and do not break them."

The doctor was felled. For a few minutes he stood and thought what course it was best to pursue. Suddenly recollecting the ladder, he hastened down the stairs and through the hall, out doors, leaving the door unlocked and the key in it. His footsteps had scarce died on the stairway, before his wife had removed both cases from the door, and drawn the bolt and stood in the entry. It was but the work of a moment to throw the remaining letters, poems and manuscripts in the fire, remove the wine and eatables, lock the door upon the outside and place the key in her pocket.

Meanwhile the doctor was raising the ladder to the window, and by the time he had placed it and ascended half its length, his wife with her favorite man servant were watching him from a lower window.

The doctor pushed up the window and jumped in, the servant jumped out of the lower window and pulled down the ladder. In an instant Strahan saw that his bird had flown, and he rushed back to the window just as the ladder reached the ground.

"Put the ladder up here again," roared the doctor from the upper window.

"Let it stay where it is," cried the wife from the lower window.

"Put it up here instantly, or I'll discharge you," bellowed the upper window.

"Let it alone and I'll double your wages," roared the lower window.

"Do as I tell you, blockhead," yelled the doctor with rage.

"Come in the house, John," said Mrs. S. very coolly.

And John went into the house leaving the medical gentleman heaping curses upon every body including his wife and servant John.

All night long the doctor was kept a prisoner. Just before she retired his wife put her lips to the keyhole and whispered:

"What success in taming a shrew, doctor?"

"The next morning she came to the door and called, "Doctor!"

"Madam," replied that gentleman. "Should you like some breakfast?"

"I'm not particular."

"There is cold turkey left if you would like it."

The doctor declined to reply, and the lady again left him alone.

During the afternoon she again tapped at his door, and called, "Doctor!"

"Well, my dear," very humbly. "Would you like some dinner?"

"I should."

"Will cold turkey do for you?"

"Anything, my dear."

"If I will let you out will you promise never to look me up again?"

"I will."

"And never object to my eating turkey again?"

"Never."

"And attempt to tame a shrew again?"

"Never."

"Then you may—come—out."

And the lady unlocked and threw open the door.

To this day Dr. S. has not attempted to dictate to his wife in what she shall eat, or when she shall ride, and has never been heard to boast again of "taming a shrew."

EXCERPTS OF THE REVOLUTION.—Col. William Williams, a delegate to Congress from Connecticut, after having signed the Declaration of Independence, said to one of his companions:

"If we are defeated in our struggle for independence, this day's work will make bad work for me. I have held a commission in the rebel army; I have written for rebel newspapers; I am the son-in-law of a rebel Governor, and now I affix my name to the rebel declaration. My sins are too great to be pardoned by our royal master; I must then be hanged."

The other gentleman answered:

"I believe my case is not so desperate, for I have had no connection with the army, nor can it be proved that heretofore I have written or done anything obnoxious to the mother country. The immediate and prompt reply was:

"Then, sir, let me tell you, you deserve to be hung."

NO DANGER BY A MISS.—"Come here, Pompey," said a darkey to a similar specimen of animated nature, the other day. "I want to propose you a question which has lately discolored my understanding. Spose I marries a yaller gal, and lubs her bery much; and some day I gets sick and dies and goes to heaben, and arter a while another nigger cums 'long and marries my old woman, and lubs her too; now I wants to know, arter dey both die, and come to heaben, which of us is to have my wench?" Pompey thought thoughtfully for a moment, then looking Snowball in the face, and reverently shaking his head, replied:

"My frien', if your wife and her man go to de good land, you need hab no fears, for you won't be dar to pick up no mus."

A lady's home dress ought to last a long while; she never wears it out.

Blondin Crossing Niagara. Mr. Willis in the Home Journal thus describes M. Blondin's passage over the Niagara river in the character of an Indian Chief:

"After being dressed in his flesh-colored tights, wampum apron, bead necklace, and moccasins, he came out (with his particularly uncombed sandy hair uncovered as yet by its crown of feathers,) to look a little into the arrangements for his performance. For fifteen or twenty minutes the little Tecumseh was hopping about, trying the cords which held the ropes to the stanchions, cocking the pistol which was to be fired to announce his return, giving directions for the music, binding the ligatures of his balance pole, and answering very merrily all the jokes and questions of the lookers-on."

In his motions, back and forward, he took no regular step; he simply bounded. Like a child's soap bubble, the difficulty seemed to be to get to the ground—to keep from floating away."

During all this time, of course, I had the desired opportunity for the study of his face. It was one which nineteen people out of twenty, on seeing it in a crowd, would pass over as wholly uninteresting—the twentieth and more observant man giving him a good look, as one of the most coolly determined and honestly spunky little fellows he had ever seen. The top of his skull, of course, is very high with his bump of firmness. His cheek-bones are prominent, his nose straight and with thin expanded nostrils, his lips thin and firm, his cheeks hollow and pale, and he wears a sandy moustache and imperial—à la Louis Napoleon. Though anything but a beauty, he is a man it is impossible not to take a fancy to. Retiring to his shanty for a minute or two, after all was arranged, his reappearance was announced by a grand tumult from the band, and forward came Tecumseh, with a high crown of many colored feathers on his head—not with a slow pace as would be expected from an Indian Chief, but dancing a jig all the way to the precipice. It was curious, however, that the smile on his lip; and his other signs of merriment for the many were altogether mechanical and artificial, while the closely pressed eyelid, through which his keen blue eye was hardly visible, showed the inner mind's utter absorption and concentration in the work he had to do.

The rope was drawn from shore to shore, eight hundred feet across, and two hundred and fifty feet high over the Niagara rapids—a perilous bridge for human feet to walk! I took hold of his arm as he stood trying the rope for a moment with the ball of his foot. It was like a bunch of iron-wire, wholly uncompressible."

And away he went—his moccasined feet hanging the two sides of the swaying cable, his balance-pole playing up and down, and his little figure gradually diminishing as he walked steadily on and reached the middle of the chasm where he proceeded to stand upon one leg and hold the other out at right angles. The spectators, of course, were all breathlessly silent; though I found it much more breathless to think of afterwards than to see done. He did it with such apparent ease and certainty, that it was like seeing a bird fly or a spider walk the ceiling—not to be wondered at for that kind of creature. I am inclined to think it would be more startling (better enabling one to imagine himself in the performer's place) if he were to do it in common clothes. Looking scarcely larger than a butterfly as he reached the opposite shore, Blondin remained fifteen or twenty minutes out of sight, and then the pistol was fired to announce his return. He came quickly on to the centre where he stopped to lie down at full length on the rope, and execute various postures and gymnastics; and, between this and his reaching our shore again, he made several pretended trips, as if losing his balance—the screams of the afflicted ladies at the very comicality of the thing which was being undevotedly by the band. As he came up the slant of the rope again, I saw that his lips were tightly drawn together and his features were rigidly set with the mental exertion, and it was an expression of face that would be worth painting as a type of determined will. Through all the anxiety of a spectator's suspense, I could not help admiring the little man exceedingly; and I was the first to give him a hand as he stepped on the cliff. It was a cold clammy grip that he gave me in return, and his fingers felt icy and wet. Everybody who could reach him gave him a shake of the hand on his way to the shanty, and the enthusiasm for him seemed universal. And so ended "the show" of a human being put fearfully in peril! Mr. Blondin, I was afterwards told, has a wife and several children, and resides at Niagara, having adopted it as his theatre of performance. His professional profits amount to \$10,000 a year.

The following recently appeared in a Wisconsin paper: "Wanted, by a young lady, aged nineteen, of pleasing countenance, good figure, agreeable manners, general information, and various accomplishments, who has studied everything from the creation to a crochete, a situation in the family of a gentleman. She will take the head of his table, manage his household, scold his servants, nurse his babies—when they arrive—check his tradesmen's bills, accompany him to the theatre, or in walking or riding, out the leaves of his new books, sew on his buttons, warm his slippers, and generally make his miserable life happy. Apply, in the first instance, by letter, to Louise Caroline, Pleasant Grove, and afterwards to Paris, upon the premises. N. B. The wedding ring is No. 4 (small).

Curious Story of a Lost Bank-Note. In the year 1740, one of the directors of the Bank of England, a very rich man, had occasion for £30,000, which he was to pay as the price of an estate he had just bought—to facilitate the matter, he carried the sum with him to the bank and obtained for it a bank-bill. On his return home, he was suddenly called out on particular business; he threw the note carelessly on the chimney, but when he came back a few minutes afterwards to look it up, it was not to be found. "No one had entered the room—he could not, therefore, suspect any person. At last, after much ineffectual search, he was persuaded that it had fallen from the chimney into the fire. The director went to acquaint his colleagues with this misfortune; and as he was known to be a perfectly honest man, he was readily believed. It was only about four-and-twenty hours from the time he had deposited his money; they thought therefore, that it would be hard to refuse his request for a second bill. He received it upon giving an obligation to restore the first bill if it should ever be found, or pay the money himself if it should ever be presented by any stranger. About thirty years afterwards (the director having been long dead, and his heirs in possession of his fortune,) an unknown person presented the bill at the bank and demanded payment. It was in vain that they mentioned this individual the transaction by which that bill was annulled; he would not listen to it; he maintained that it had come to him from abroad and insisted upon immediate payment. The note was payable to bearer, and the thirty thousand pounds were paid him. The heirs of the director refused restitution, and the bank was obliged to sustain the loss. It was discovered afterwards that an architect, having purchased the directors house, had taken it down, in order to build another upon the same spot, had found the note in a crevice of the chimney, and made his discovery an engine for robbing the bank—Carelessness, equal to that here recorded, is not at all uncommon, and gives the bank enormous profit, against which the loss of a mere thirty thousand pounds is but a trifle. But notes have been known to light pipes, to wrap up snuff, to be used as curl-papers; and British tars, made with rum and prize money, have not unfrequently, in time of war, eaten them as sandwiches between bread and butter. In the forty years between the years 1792 and 1832 there were outstanding notes (presumed to have been lost or destroyed) amounting to