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REMEMBER THE SACRIFICE
\$100,000 WORTH OF JEWELRY
ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Large and Splendid Assortment of Jewelry, consisting of
CHAINS, BRACELETS, CUFFS, GOLD AND PLATED
JEWELRY, AND ALL STYLES OF FRENCH PLATED CHAINS, GOLD AND PLATED
JEWELRY.

WE DO NOT KEEP OR SELL ANY GIFT OR GARNISHED GOODS,
OURS IS WHAT ARE SOLD BY THE BEST JEWELERS AS GOLD JEWELRY.

WE RECEIVE OUR GOODS FROM THE BEST GOLD JEWELRY MANUFACTURERS
IN THE STATES.

WHO ARE FORCED TO SELL
WHO ARE FORCED TO SELL
WHO ARE FORCED TO SELL

TAKE YOUR CHOICE FOR \$1.
Large Size and Splendid Cases, General Retail
Prices.

1st. Write your name, place of Residence, County and State, giving full name and address, and enclosing a 2-cent stamp.

2nd. How to SEND MONEY.
Persons ordering by mail must send \$1 and 10 cents in postage stamps.

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Altoona



Tribune

McGURUM & DERN, ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1861. EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. NO. 34.

MEDICAL AND CHEMICAL REFORM.

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ESTABLISHED 1856.
And devoted to the Cause of Medical Reform to the Dispersion of Medical Knowledge, and the Eradication of Disease.

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Containing simple remedies, and full explanations of the causes, symptoms, diet, bathing and exercise. Price 25 cents.

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THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.
E. B. MCGURUM, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. H. C. DERN, EDITOR.

Per annum, (payable in advance) \$1.50.
All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

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Mr. Frazier looked at him with a suddenly-awakened interest. He had a fair, girlish face, and, though slender and delicate in appearance, stood erect, and with a manliness of aspect that showed him to be already conscious of duty in the world.

"Take a chair," said Mr. Frazier, involuntarily respect for the lad getting possession of his mind. The boy sat down, with his large clear eyes fixed on the merchant's face.

"How old are you?" "I was twelve, sir, last month," replied the boy.

"What splendid eyes!" said the merchant to himself. "And I have seen them before. Soft, dark, and lustrous as a woman's."

"You should go to school a year or two longer," he said.

"I must help my mother," replied the boy.

"Is your mother very poor?" "Yes, sir; and she is sick."

"The lad's eyes shook a little, and his soft, womanly voice grew brighter in the tears that filled them. Mr. Frazier had already forgotten the point of interest in the news after which his mind was searching when the boy interrupted him.

"I don't want a lad myself," said Mr. Frazier, "but it may be that I could speak a good word for you, you know. I think you would make an honest, useful lad."

"But you are not strong." "Oh, yes, sir, I am strong!" replied the boy, as he stood up in a brave and manly spirit.

The merchant looked at him with a steadily increasing interest.

"What is your name?" "Charles Leonard, sir."

There was an instant change in the merchant's manner, and he turned his face so far away that the boys eyes could not see the expression. For a long time he sat still and silent—so long that the boy wondered.

"Is your father living?" Mr. Frazier did not look at the boy, but still kept his face away. His voice was low and not very even.

"No, sir; he died four years ago," the lad replied.

"Where?" The voice was quicker and firmer.

"In London, sir."

"How long is it since you came to America?" "Two years."

"And have you been in this city ever since?" "No, sir; we came here with my uncle a year ago; but he died in a month after we came."

"What was your uncle's name?" "Mr. Hoyle, sir."

Then came another long silence, in which the lad was not able to see the merchant's countenance. But when he did look at him again, there was such a new and kind expression to the eyes which seemed almost to devour his face, that he felt an assurance in his heart that Mr. Frazier was a good man, and would be a friend to his mother.

"Sit there for a little while," said Mr. Frazier, and turning to his desk he wrote a note, in which, without permitting the lad to see what he was doing, he enclosed two or three bank bills.

"Take this to your mother," he said, handing the note to the lad.

"You'll try and get me a place, sir, won't you?" The boy lifted to him an appealing look.

"Oh yes; you shall have a good place. But stay; you have not told me where you live."

"I never thought to look," replied the boy. "I was so glad when I came away. But I am very sure I can go straight to the place."

"I will write the gentleman a note, thanking him for his kindness, and you must take it to him in the morning."

"How light it makes my heart feel to know that we are going back to England! God is good to us, my son, and we must be obedient and thankful."

Just a little before the evening twilight fell, word came up to the woman that a gentleman had called and wished to see her.

"Go and see who it is, Charles," said she to her son.

"Oh, mother! It's the gentleman who sent you the note," exclaimed he, in an under tone, coming back quietly; and he wanted you. Can he come up?"

There was a hasty glance of the woman's eyes around the room to see if everything was in good order, then a few changes in attire. "Ask him to come up, my son," she said, and Charles went down stairs again.

A man's firm tread approached the door. It was opened, and the boy's mother and the boy's new-found friend looked into each other's faces.

"Oh, Edward!" fell from her lips in a quick, surprised voice; and she started from her chair and stood strongly agitated before him. He advanced, not speaking until he had taken her hand.

"Florence! I never thought to see you thus." He said it in a kind, calm, evenly-modulated voice; but her ears were finely enough chorded to perceive the deep emotion that lay beneath. He said it, looking down into the dark, soft, tender, brown eyes. "But I think there is a Providence in our meeting," he added, solemnly.

"They sat down and talked long together; they talked of the times gone by, and of the causes that had separated them, while their hearts beat only for each other—of the weary years that had passed for both of them since then—of the actual present of their lives.

"I have a motherless child," he said at last, "a tender little thing that I love, and to-day I find her body purple with bruises from the hands of a cruel servant! Florence, will you be a mother to that child?"

You have a noble boy that is fatherless; let me be to him as a father! Oh, Florence, there has been a great void in our lives. A dark and impassable river has flowed between us for years. But we stand at last together; and if the old love fills your heart as it does mine, there are golden days for us in the future."

And so it proved. The lady and her son did not go back to England, but passed through the merchant's stately residence—she becoming his mistress, and he finding a home and a truer father than the one he had in former years called by that name.

The Man Who Knows Everything.
A mighty knowing man was Caleb Page, who kept the grocery at the fork of the road, Woodchuck creek, Sprang Hollow, in the village of Hornville. No occurrence had taken place, of all the particulars of which Caleb did not possess a thorough knowledge in the minutest detail. All matters in the prospective were anticipated, discussed, arranged, and satisfactorily disposed of by Caleb, long before they took place. If a neighbor rushed into the store to communicate what he believed to be a very recent piece of news, he would have the concoct taken out of him by being told by Caleb that he "had heard it a week ago." Events of the past, present, and future were all the same to him; his ubiquitous knowledge grasped and covered them all—to him they were all "stale news."

A small bet was made one evening between Si Stevens and Joe Subbins. Si bet Joe couldn't nonplus Caleb with any piece of intelligence—real or imaginary. Joe took all such bets as that.

The following evening Si and Joe, accompanied by two or three more of the "boys" of the village, who were to help the thing along, and "fill in" proceeded to Caleb's store. After being comfortably seated here and there, on barrels, boxes, etc., Si opened the evening's amusement by asking, in a manner that indicated he was continuing a conversation commenced before they had entered the store:

"So you say, Joe, that they caught him at last?" "Yes, sir; about seventeen minutes past eight."

"Well, Joe, how far up the creek was it?" "On a careful consideration, I should say it was about three miles, or three miles and a quarter, or perhaps a half up the creek."

Caleb who had not lost a word of the conversation dropped his sugar-spoon with astonishment, and opened his ears, for the boys were talking about a matter in which he was not "posted." The conversation continued:

"Well!" says Si, "that couldn't have been far from Deacon Hunt's?" "Just so," answered Joe, "it was about eight rods from the Deacon's hog-pen, in a slant-wise direction."

"Did you see what name was upon the sign?" "I don't know."

"That's a fact; there was a pair of 'em but they only caught the one." At this point of the dialogue Caleb became so desperately excited that he could contain himself no longer, and snappishly demanded to know "what a thunder they were talking about?"

"Why," said Joe, with well feigned astonishment, "don't you know about their catching that whale?" "That are what?" peevishly snarled Caleb.

"That are whale!" seriously answered Joe.

"A whale!" exclaimed the bewildered Caleb, have they caught a whale up the creek?" "They haven't caught anything else," said the imperturbable Joe.

"And how much did they get?" inquired Caleb as he recovered his wits. "Ninety-two barrels," replied Joe, forgetting the amount he had previously mentioned.

"Well," said Caleb, with slow deliberation, and a satisfied look, "I'm glad they caught that whale; I heard they were after him."

Select Poetry.

THE BATTLE.
TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER BY BULWER.

Henry and solemn, a cloudy column,
Through the green plain marching came!
Measureless spread like a fabled dream,
For the wild grim din of the iron game.

Looks are bent on the shaking ground,
Hearts beat loud with a thrilling sound:
Swiftly by the forests that once bear the brand,
Gallops the Major along the front—
"Halt!"

And if there they stand at the stark command,
And the warriors, silent, halt!
Proud is the blish of morning glowing,
What on the hill-top shines in flowing:
"See you the woman's banner waving?"
"Ay, see the woman's banner waving!"
"Hark to the woman's banner waving!"
"Hark to the woman's banner waving!"

Nearest they close—front upon front—
"Ready!"—from square to square it goes.
They kneel as one man, from flank to flank,
And the foe comes sharp from the foremost rank.
"Where?" The voice was quicker and firmer.

"In London, sir."
"How long is it since you came to America?"
"Two years."
"And have you been in this city ever since?"

"No, sir; we came here with my uncle a year ago; but he died in a month after we came."
"What was your uncle's name?"
"Mr. Hoyle, sir."

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"Oh yes; you shall have a good place. But stay; you have not told me where you live."

"I never thought to look," replied the boy. "I was so glad when I came away. But I am very sure I can go straight to the place."

"I will write the gentleman a note, thanking him for his kindness, and you must take it to him in the morning."

Select Miscellany.

AS YOU HAVE OPPORTUNITY.
Mr. Frazier sat reading in his counting-room. He was in the midst of a piece of interesting news, when a lad came to the door and said—"Do you want a boy, sir?"

Without lifting his eyes from the paper, Mr. Frazier answered "No," to the applicant, and in a rather rough way. Before the lad reached the street, conscience had compelled the merchant to listen to a re-buking sentence.

"You might have spoken kindly to the poor boy, at least," said conscience; "this is an opportunity."

Mr. Frazier let the paper fall from before his eyes, and turned to look at the lad. He was small—not twelve years old, to appearance—poorly attired but clean. The merchant tapped against one of the windows in the counting-room, and the boy glanced back over his shoulder. A sign from the merchant caused him to return.

"Do you want a boy, sir?" The lad repeated the words he had spoken a few moments before.

"I don't know."

"That's a fact; there was a pair of 'em but they only caught the one." At this point of the dialogue Caleb became so desperately excited that he could contain himself no longer, and snappishly demanded to know "what a thunder they were talking about?"

"Why," said Joe, with well feigned astonishment, "don't you know about their catching that whale?" "That are what?" peevishly snarled Caleb.

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CORNER OF QUARRY ST. AND N. 2d ST.

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