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Wall Paper and Border. AN UNUSUALLY LARGE STOCK of the LATEST SPRING STYLES.

"It seems to me as if we ought to lay up something." "They are more trifles," said he carelessly.

"You know there's an old proverb—'Many a little makes a muckle.'" "Pshaw! I hate proverbs."

"How many cigars do you smoke daily," pursued his wife. "Three."

"Then I propose that a small box be obtained, with a slit in the lid, just like the children's tin savings' boxes, in short, only larger; and that for cents you spend for cigars, ice-cream, theaters or any such luxury, you deposit an equal sum in the box."

John Stetson laughed. "I dare say," he remarked, "it would bring me out a perfect Croesus at the end of the year."

"Do you agree?" asked his wife, with some appearance of anxiety. "Yes, I have no great objection, if you desire it, though I acknowledge it seems a little foolish and childish."

"Never mind about that. I have your promise, and we'll try the experiment one year. If it doesn't amount to enough to make it an object, then it will be time to give it up."

"You must take all the trouble of it. I can't engage to do anything about it, except to furnish the money when it is called for."

"That is all I shall require of you.—But I shall require you to give an account every night of all that you have disbursed in the ways I spoke of, and to be prepared with an equal amount of change for deposit."

"Very well, I'll try." "This conversation took place at the breakfast-table. Having drained his second cup of coffee, John Stetson put on his overcoat and took his way to his place of business.

"My wife is an enthusiast," thought he, as he was walking down town. "However, her hobby won't cost much so I might as well indulge her in it."

He stepped into a store and obtained his daily allowance of cigars. "I want you," said she, "to make me a mahogany box, twelve inches long, the other dimensions being four inches each.

The next evening he had nothing to deposit except the usual amount for cigars. "It won't mount up very fast at that rate," said he triumphantly.

"Never mind," said his wife, "I don't want you to increase your expenditures on my account. I am inclined to think they will not be always as small as this."

The next day, being Wednesday, John Stetson brought home a couple of tickets for the theatre. It was a benefit night and he was anxious that his wife should go.

"Certainly," said she "I shall be glad to go, but you remember our compact?" "What?"

"How much did you pay for the tickets?" "Fifty cents apiece." "That will make a dollar. Please hand me that amount for our fund."

"A little reluctantly," said John. "Certainly. That was expressly mentioned." "Oh, very well, so let it be, here is a silver dollar."

The dollar was dropped at once into the box. The next day, in passing a shop window Stetson noticed some fine oranges.

"Just what Mary and the children would like," thought he, "I'll go and inquire the price." They were four cents apiece. He bought four at the cost of a quarter, which with his cigar money, left him thirty-seven cents to deposit.

The succeeding day he spent nothing, except for some cigars. On Saturday he stepped into a confectionary establishment with a friend, and had a lunch. This brought that day's account up to 40 cents.

When his wife added up the daily sums she found to her own surprise even, that she had received from her husband two dollars and sixty-two cents. He would have been astonished to hear it, but she thought it best not to say anything about it.

He would have alleged that it was a special case, as they did not go to the theatre every week. This was true; but then something else was sure to come of equivalent cost, such as a ride or a concert.

So time slipped away. The necessity, according to the compact, of giving his wife as much as he spent for incidental expenses, no doubt contributed to check him somewhat, so that, probably he did not spend more than two-thirds as much in this as he had done before the agreement. Still he kept up the average of the first week.

IS THERE LOVE IN JEALOUSY? Bill Williamson's wife took tea at my house, last Thursday night. My wife, Emma, and she, are old acquaintances.

In fact, they were girls together. Mrs. Williamson's baptismal name is Margaret. Emma always calls her Maggie. Everything went off very pleasant at the table.

The girls—I always call them girls, though they are both married and mothers—the girls passed most of the time in a comic discussion about jealousy. They both insisted that jealousy was a constituent of true love. I threw doubt upon the proposition. My argument was that sincere conjugal affection was unbounded trust. Suspicion was the canker that gnawed away love.

"If I once distrusted my Emma," said I, gazing at her tenderly, "there would be an end of my regard." "Nonsense," responded Mrs. Williamson.

I was nettled at her curt reply, but held my temper. I have long known the folly of argument with women. Corner them with logic, and they escape your grasp by some irritating and personal attack. Besides, I like Mrs. Maggie. During Emma's last sickness, she watched at her bedside, till her cheek grew pale, and her rounded figure became as thin as a skeleton.

"I tell you, Bobby, Maggie is right," said my Emma, in a most provoking manner. So I collapsed and held my tongue. Yet I was wounded at the result of the contest where positiveness and bold assumption were arrayed against cold ratiocination.

Happening to recollect that Tom Willoughby had suggested a rubber of whist at his house, I told the girls I believed I would go round to Tom's. I found Tom and his wife and mother-in-law, awaiting my coming. I preferred Rebecca Willoughby for a partner, and good naturedly intimated my preference; but it seems the matter had all been arranged before my coming.

I have no objections to old Mrs. Crollop, except she wears specs, and is so cross over the game. If I make misplay she pitches into me as if I had committed a grievous sin. Her sharp scolding makes me as nervous as a consumptive girl.

I reckon we must have been playing about an hour when the front door bell emitted a nervous tinkle. Mrs. Crollop was in fine spirits at the time. She had just exhausted the trumps and laws making a fine headway with her commanding suit of hearts.

Rebecca sprang up to go to the door. "Now sit down, Becky, till this hand is played out," said Mrs. Crollop, peremptorily.

"No Ma," said Mrs. Willoughby, "it is impolite to keep people waiting at the door," and off went Mrs. Willoughby. "There sir," said the old lady, turning sharply to me, you see what comes of your slow playing! It's too bad to be tricked out of the only good hand I've had to-night, if you'd played faster sir, we'd have won the game. You're a—"

But just then Mrs. Willoughby entered the room followed by my wife Emma. After them came a dapper and genteel looking young fellow, whom my wife introduced as Mr. Tebbis. She said Tebbis was a cousin of her dear friend, Maggie Williamson's, who had just arrived from the mountains. She also said that Tebbis and she had seen Maggie home, and she had begged Tebbis to accompany her to Mrs. Willoughby's.

corner occupied by Tebbis and Emma, and as true as I live, Tebbis's arms were encircling my wife's form, while his lips were glued to her's in spasmodic kissing.

"Ha! ha!" I shouted with demonic intonation, "ha! ha!" I sprang towards the guilty pair, seized Tebbis by the coat tail and swung him against the card table. The impetus I gave Tebbis precipitated the table on the old lady, and Tebbis and table and the old lady rolled over on the floor in one confused mass.

With the fury of a fiend I turned upon my wife, "Perfidious and faithless woman," I almost roared, "taint not the abode of virtue with your shameless presence. Leave at once and take your vile paramour with you. And yet I love you—your Jealous Bobby loves you!" I said this in a heart-broken tone.

"Do you, Bobby?" queried she. "Then Maggie, let's go." Tebbis had meanwhile arisen from his recumbent position. Tebbis, in fact, was Maggie Williamson.

Emma and Tebbis left arm in arm. I followed. Mrs. Crollop, as I passed out of the door, called me a "sickly fool."

Perhaps there is jealousy in love.

AFTER THE BATTLE.—A volunteer who was in the fight at Fredericktown, Mo., gives a graphic picture of the battle field after the fight was over.

"In returning, I passed through the field where Col. Lowe's command was engaged in battle. This field, away to the left, was about as large as one of our blocks in the city. I never shall forget this sight as long as I live. It was the most awful spectacle I ever looked upon. Men, dead and dying, were strewn in all directions, shattered, torn and mangled. I counted one hundred and forty-two dead men on that one field. Most of them were shot in the head. Col. Lowe was shot right in the forehead, and his brains were all running out. He was a powerful man and a brave one. He had thrown off his coat and rolled up his shirt sleeves for the fight. His body had been completely stripped of everything valuable. I wanted something as a trophy, so I dismounted and found a little flute, the only thing left on him. The most singular thing I saw was a man who was shot while getting over a fence, and whose body remained upon the top of it. I counted seven bullet holes in his body. I saw another man with one half of his head gone. But I will not recite more of these shocking details. I know I never shall forget them.

PERSONAL SECURITY.—"Will you do me a favor?" said young George Brooks to his wealthy friend, Simon Hanson. "What is it George?" said Hanson. "I wish you to lend me a hundred dollars, sir."

"Call at my counting-house," rejoined Hanson. George was not long in paying his respects. "What security can you give me, young man?" "My own personal security, sir."

"Very well, get in here," said Hanson lifting up the lid of a large iron chest. "Get in here," exclaimed George in astonishment. "What for?" "Why, this is the place where I always keep my securities."

It has become quite a practice in the South to present commanding officers with race horses well known for their superior speed. A cotemporary thinks it looks suspicious, to say the least, to see a general mounted on a very fast horse on a battle field. Perhaps a Bull Run affair is anticipated on the other side.

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—The Richmond "Enquirer" says: "We have been requested to state that the original underground railroad to Maryland has resumed its trips, with every prospect of uninterrupted success. It will run tri-weekly."

An Irishman just from the sod was eating some cheese, when he found to his dismay that it contained living inhabitants. "By jabsers," said he, "does your chase have children?"

"Is anybody waiting on you?" said a polite dry goods clerk to a girl from the country. "Yes, sir," said she, blushing, "that's my feller outside. He would not come in."

A Chicago paper having said the secessionists were in league with hell. Prentice suggests that they are within less than a league of it.

Whenever a golden wedding is going on, almost every young lady would like to be in the ring—or rather to have a finger in it.

A great noise is a din, but a noon repast is dinner.

Mt. Atlas is high, but wages are high.

Vertical text on the left margin containing various advertisements and notices.