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Choice Poetry.

PENNSYLVANIA'S DEAD.

In Pennsylvania's History
There's many a noble name
Whose deeds rank high in fame—
From the great and Christian sage,
Whose first gave glory to the page,
Down to the last soul-stirring hour,
Which saw her clad in hope and power—
A star too bright to dimmed by
By other of the starry free.

Where'er a valliant deed was done—
Where'er a victor proudly won—
His starry son, his valor lent,
And of their life-blood freely spent,
And marched through martyr's sacred throats,
To hurl destruction 'mongst her foes.

Where great Ohio's eulogy flows,
By Schuylkill's murky flood,
On Susquehanna's rocky shores,
Their deeds are writ in blood,
All hallowed is the sacred clay,
Made mellow with their bones,
Where more than Roman warriors lay,
Freed from the battle's toils.

Why cross Atlantic's early waves,
And pass old Europe o'er,
To search for places of renown,
When here is brighter lore?
Europe's field have drunk much blood
To add tyrannic aims:
But Liberty led on our hosts,
And consecrates our plains.

At Valley Forge's noted mound
What thoughts ennobling rise—
See how the suffering hero paves
His pathway to the skies,
Wyandott's rich and blood-bought vale—
Where the eye so bold
That has not shed the pitying tear
When her sad tale was told?

Paul's marble marks the fate
Which crumpled a gallant hand,
But, ah! their leader lived to serve
With valor great the land!
Revenge, despatched on his brow
Gave vigor to his frame—
The British soldier trembles now,
When told of daring Wayne.

Oh, their were proud—aye, holy fate,
Who, in the gallant strife
Glad yielded up their richest boon—
Man's dearest jewel—Life!
No compass limits marked their course,
Nor bar their deathless fame,
For Freedom's flames when truly lit,
Permit no selfish claim.

They need no monuments—those men
Of sterling worth and patriot deed,
For first in glory's rank they stand,
And none deny the richest meed:
Each freedom's heart a castletie,
Wherein their actions depict life,
And never will they be forgot,
Till Liberty herself shall die!

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surely tell thee that thou cannot possibly
be benefited by personally injuring me."
"Get down in a moment," thundered
Jim; "get down, you canting, lying, mis-
chief-making, cowardly hypocrite. I'll
drag you down if you don't dismount."

"Friend James, I remonstrate against
thy proceedings and against thy lan-
guage," replied Nathan. "My religion
teaches me sincerity; I am neither a liar,
a mischief-maker nor a hypocrite; I am
no coward, but a man of peace; I desire
to pursue my way quietly—let me pass
on."

"Get down," persisted Jim, "down
with you; I want to beat some of your
religion out of you; I must give you a
flogging before I leave you. I think by
the time I am through with you, you will
pass for a tolerably decent man; I'll teach
you a short and easy lesson on the im-
portance of minding your own affairs, and
the risk you run in slandering your neigh-
bors."

"I will not dismount," said Nathan,
firmly; "loosen thy hold from the bridge."
"You won't, won't you," said Jim;
"then here goes," and he made a desper-
ate plunge to collar the Quaker.

Nathan was on his feet in an instant
on the opposite side of the horse. The
Quaker, although of much smaller propor-
tions than his persecutor, was all sinew
and muscle, and his well knit form denoted
both activity and strength. His wrath
was evidently kindled.

"Friend James," he implored, "thy
persecution persistence in persecuting me
is annoying; thou must desist, or perad-
venture I may so far forget myself as to
do thee some bodily harm."

"By snakes! I believe there is fight
enough in Broadbrim to make the affair
interesting. I wish some of the boys
were here to see the fun. Now, Friend
Nathan, I am going to knock off the end of
your nose; look out!"

Suited the action to the word, Jim, af-
ter various pugilistic gyrations with his
fists, made a scientific blow at the nasal for-
mation of our Quaker friend; but Tom
Hyer could not more scientifically have
warded it off.

Jim was evidently disconcerted at the
ill success of his first attempt; he saw he
had undertaken quite as much as he was
likely to accomplish. Jim, however
straightened himself out, and approached
Nathan more cautiously. The contest be-
gan again. Nathan stood his ground firmly
and warding off the shower of blows skill-
fully, which Jim aimed at him.

"Friend James," said Nathan in the
heat of the contest, "this is mere child's
play. It grieves me that thou hast forced
me into resistance, but I must defend my-
self from bodily harm. I see there is but
one way of bringing this wicked and scan-
dalous affair to a close, and that is by
conquering thee; in order to do this I will
inflict a heavy blow between thine eyes,
which will prostrate thee." Following
on the suggestion, Nathan struck Jim a
tremendous blow on his forehead, which
brought him senseless to the ground.

"Now," said Nathan, "I will teach
thee a lesson, and I hope it will be a
wholesome lesson, too. I will seat myself
astraddle of thy breast; I will place my
knees upon thy arms, thus, so that thou can-
not injure me when thou returnest to con-
sciousness. I hope I may be the humble
instrument of taming thy fierce, warlike
spirit and making a better and more res-
pectable man of thee."

As the Quaker concluded, Jim began to
show some signs of life. The first impulse
of Jim, when he fairly saw his condition,
was to turn Nathan off. He struggled
desperately, but he was in a vice—his ef-
fort was unavailing.

"Friend, thou must keep still until I
am done with thee!" said Nathan. "I
believe I am an humble instrument in the
hand of God to chastise thee, and I trust
when I am done with thee thou wilt be a
changed man. Friend James dost thou
not repent of attacking me?"

"No," said James, "let me up and I'll
show you."

"I will not let thee up thou impious
wretch," replied Nathan; "darest thou
profane the name of thy Maker—I will
punish thee for that—I will check thy
respiration for a moment."

Nathan, as good as his word, clutched
him by the throat. He compressed his
grip, and a gurgling sound could be heard,
Jim's face became distorted; a terror ran
undergoing a process of strangulation.—
The Quaker relaxed his hold, but not un-
til the choking process had sufficiently, as
he thought, tamed the perverse spirit of
Jim. It took some moments for Jim to
inhale sufficient air to address the Quaker.

"I'll knock under," said Jim; "enough,
let me up."

"No, thou hast not half enough," re-
plied Nathan. "Thou art now undergo-
ing a process of moral purification, and
thou must be contented to remain where
thou art until I am done with thee.—
Thou just profaned thy Maker, friend
James," continued Nathan; "confess, dost
thou repent thy wickedness?"

"No, hanged if I do," growled Jim.
"Wilt thou not," replied the Quaker,

"must I use compulsory means? I will
impress thy windpipe again unless thou
givest me an answer in the affirmative—
say quick, art thou sorry?"

"No—I—y—e—e—e!" shrieked Jim in gur-
gling tone, as the Quaker's grip tightened,
"yes, I am sorry?"

"Is thy sorrow a godly sorrow," in-
quired Nathan.
Jim rather demurred giving an affirma-
tive answer to this question, but a gentle
squeeze admonished him he that had better
yield.

"Yes," replied Jim; now let me up."
"I am not done with thee yet," said
Nathan.

"Thou hast been a disturber of the
peace of this neighborhood, time out of
memory—thy hand has been raised against
every man—thou art a brawler. Wilt
thou promise me that in future thee will
lead a more peaceable life—that thou will
love thy neighbors as thyself?"

"Yes," answered Jim, hesitatingly,
"all but the Quakers."
"Thou must make no exceptions," re-
plied Nathan.

"If I say yes to that—I'll die first."
A struggle now ensued between the
two, but Jim had his match.

"Thou must yield, James," said Nathan
"I insist on it," and he again grasped
Jim by the throat. "I will choke thee
into submission; thou must answer affirma-
tively; say after me, I promise to love
my neighbors as myself, including the
Quakers."

"I promise that," said Jim; I'll be
cursed if I do."
"I will check thy respiration if thou
don't," replied Nathan. "Wilt thou
yield?"

"No, I won't, I'll be blasted if I do,"
answered Jim.

"Thee had better give in," replied Nathan;
"I will choke thee again if thee does
not—see, my grip tightens."

And Nathan did compress his grip, and
the choking process went on. Jim's face
first became distorted, then purple—his
tongue lolled out, and his eyes protruded
their sockets—his body writhed like a dy-
ing man. Nathan persisted in holding
his grip until Jim became entirely passive,
he then relaxed his hold. Jim was slow
in recovering his speech and his senses;
when he did, he begged Nathan for mercy's
sake to release him.

"When thee will take the promise I
exact from thee, I will release thee, but
no sooner," replied Nathan.

Jim said that he was powerless and that
the Quaker was resolute. He felt it was
no use to persist in his stubbornness.

"I will give in," he replied "I will
promise to love my neighbors as myself."
"Including the Quakers?" insinuated
Nathan.

"Yes, including the Quakers," replied
Jim.

"Thou mayest arise then, friend James,
and I trust the lesson thou hast learned
to-day will make a more peaceable citizen
of thee, and I hope a better man."

Poor Jim was completely humbled; he
left the field with his spirit completely
cowed. Not long after this occurrence the
story became bruited about. This was
more than Jim could bear. He soon after
left the scene of his many triumphs and
his late defeat, and emigrated to the "far
west." The last I heard from him he was
preparing to make another move. Being
pressed for his reason why he again emi-
grated, he said a colony of Quakers were
about moving into his neighborhood. He
was under an obligation to love them, but
he was of the opinion that distance would
lend strength to his attachment.

OLD ABE'S LAST STORY.—An old friend
from Springfield lately called to see the
President. "Lincoln," said he, "when
you turned out Cameron, why didn't you
turn out all the rest of your Cabinet?"
"That," said the President, "makes me
think of something that took place near
home, in Illinois. An old farmer had
been pestered with a colony of skunks that
depredated nightly on his poultry. He
determined to be rid of them, and finally
succeeded in getting them all in one hole,
where he could kill them at his pleasure.
He drew one forth by the tail, and execut-
ed him," but, said he in telling the story,
"this caused such an infernal stench that
I was obliged to let the rest run."

THE POISON OF THE TOAD.—The most
deadly poison known to be used by the
slave in Brazil, is that of the toad. The
skin of this reptile contains glands which
secrete in abundance a milky, glutinous
fluid when the toad is put to pain or irri-
tated. This is scraped off and dried. It
produces incurable obstruction and en-
largement of the liver, and a speedy death.
Some beat the toad with rods to make it
secrete the venom; others place the crea-
ture in an earthen vessel over a slow fire.

"Mother I shouldn't be surprised if
Susan gets choked some day."
"Why, son?"
"Because John Wipsy twisted his arms
around her neck the other night, and if she
had not kissed him to let her go, he would
have strangled her."

HABIT OF EXAGGERATION.

"I will skin you alive if you do that
again," exclaimed a mother to a naughty
child. It was a sort of hyperbolic ex-
pression that has crept into frequent use,
with the multitude of expressions of simi-
lar character. She did not mean that she
would flay her little one as a butcher
would a calf or lamb. The execution of
her own threat would fill her own soul
with horror. She would not have strength
to make much progress in the very barba-
rous work of skinning her child alive.—
It would not be motherly.

"I will whip you within an inch of
your life," said a father to his erring son.
This would be a terrible whipping indeed.
Coming so near death's door with the rod
would be revolting. But he did not mean
this. He only meant he would adminis-
ter a very severe chastisement. No one
would be more careful than he not to
jeopardize the life of his son. His expres-
sion was only a form of exaggeration
which society seems to tolerate.

How many precisely such speeches are
made in almost every circle. "It was
done quick as lightning." "It is as cold
as Greenland." There is no end to such
expressions. And they indicate that the
habit of exaggeration in the human family
is very strong. Human natures seem in-
clined to "stretch the truth." That is
the reason that such strange stories are
told, often becoming magnified to such an
extent, after passing through several hands.
"A story loses nothing by traveling," is
an old saying. It usually grows, like a
ball which school-boys roll. Every
tongue that repeats it gives it additional
turning-over, by which it accumulates.—
None mean to exaggerate.

It is a fault however, is it not? May
it not be a sin? It is entirely deceptive to
tell a child that you will skin him alive,
when you have no idea of perpetrating the
infernal deed. Should we not talk as
we mean? Let our yea be yea and nay
nay. At least this should be done to
children.

A BIG THING ON THE "HEM GUARDS."
—The war is prolific in humorous scenes
as well as bloody honors. For instance,
a brave volunteer is introduced by the fol-
lowing:

Rev. Mr. —, a man about six feet
four in stockings, and of proportions worthy
a grandeur, and whose heart is as stout as
his frame, a thorough Union man, and in
far the war, until treason is thoroughly
crushed out, was recently conducting a re-
ligious meeting, when a brother arose to
speak, who after alluding to his hopes and
fears in a religious point of view, branched
out in reference to the state of the coun-
try, saying that so great was his devotion
to the Stars and Stripes, that he had en-
listed; and after a few further patriotic
remarks, begged an interest in the prayers
of the church, that he might be protected
by Divine Providence on the battle field,
and if he should fall a victim to the bullets
of the enemy, he might be prepared for
the change.

Such a speech at any time would thrill
with patriotic fervor the brave heart of our
worthy minister, and he consequently
spoke in a few words of encouragement
to the hero. When the wife of the en-
listing man volunteered her experience, in
the course of which, alluded to her hus-
band's enlistment, she expressed a will-
ingness to give him up, even unto death,
in the service of his country.

In a few moments after the meeting
came to a close, when the minister, all
anxiety for the welfare of the patriotic
volunteers, proceeded to make some in-
quiries in reference to his regiment, com-
mencing with the very natural question as
to its name and number, when he received
the following reply—
"I've joined the Home Guards."

FLOWERS.—How the universal heart of
man blesses flowers! They are wreathed
round the cradle, the marriage altar, and
the tomb. The Persian in the far East
delights in their perfume, and writes his
love in nosegays, while the Indian child of
the far West clasps his hands with glee as
he gathers the abundant blossoms—the il-
luminated scriptures of the prairies. The
Cupid of the ancient Hindus tipped his ar-
rows with flowers, and orange flowers are
a bridal crown with us, a nation of yester-
day. Flowers garlanded Grecian altars
and hung in votive wreaths before the
Christian shrine. All these are appropri-
ate uses. Flowers should deck the brow
of the youthful bride, for they are in them-
selves a lovely type of marriage. They
should twine round the tomb, for there
perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of
the resurrection. They should festoon the
altar, for their fragrance and their beauty
ascend in perpetual worship before the
Most High.

When the furious Orson saw his own
image reflected from his brother's shield he
started back and stayed his blow; and
many of our own attacks on our brothers'
faults might be arrested, if there were a
mirror on his bosom, to show us our own
likeness there.

SUBSTITUTES.

A correspondent of the New Orleans
Crescent, at Richmond, writes as follows:
Our chief article of commerce now-a-
days is commodity known in the market
as "substitutes." The article has risen
from \$100 to \$200, again to \$500, and
from that to \$1000 and \$1500. The
cheapest kind now offering commands \$500
readily. A wretch named Hill has been
making enormous sums, as much as from
\$8000 to \$5000 per day, by plundering
substitutes, some of whom are the very
scum of the earth, while others are pov-
erty stricken Marylanders of real social
position at home, and men of real moral
worth. A friend of mine bought a substi-
tute from Hill for \$500. He saw Hill
give the poor devil \$100 and put the re-
maining \$400 in his pocket. As my
friend went out the door he met a gen-
tleman who told him he had just paid
\$1500 for a substitute.

Of this sum it is possible the substi-
tute received \$200, and Hill the other
\$1300. To-day he went up Main street
with at least fifty men at his heels. You
may therefore infer that he coins money
more rapidly than the Yankee distiller.
Stearns, now in jail with Botts, who used
to make \$1000 a day by furnishing his
vile stuff to Southern soldiers. The fact
is, this buying and selling substitutes is
abominable all around. The men who
come here from the country to buy them
run mad until they get them—they are
absolutely crazy with fear lest they should
fail to obtain them—and seem willing to
spend their last dollar in the effort. On
the other hand, the exhibition of his per-
son, to which the substitute is subjected, is
ridiculous and disgusting. He is stripped
to the skin, percussed, auscultated, exam-
ined from top to toe, like a horse showing
off pieces. A lovely business, truly!

A WAGGISH "DRUGGER."—To hear
George tell the druggery story is worth a
quarter any time. The story is a capital
one, but it takes the man to tell it. This
he does in some such words as these:—

"Be you the druggery?"
"Well, I s'pose so, I sell drugs."
"Wall, hev you got eny uv this 'ere
scentin as the gals put on their hanker-
cheers?"
"O, yes."
"Wall, our Sal's gwine to be married,
and she gin me a nincence, and told me
to invest the hull 'mount in scentin stuff,
so's to make her sweet, ef I could find
some thin to suit; so ef you've a mind I'll
just smell around."

The Yankee smelled around without be-
ing suited, until the "druggery" got tired of
him, and taking down a bottle of harts-
horn, said:
"I've got scentin stuff that will suit
you. A single drop on a handkerchief will
stay for weeks, and you cannot wash it
out. But to get the strength of it you
must take a good big smell."
"Is that so, mister? Wall, just hold on
a minute till I get breath, and when I say
now, you put it under my smeller."
The harts-horn, of course, knocked the
Yankee down, as liquor has many a man.
Do you suppose he got up and smelt again,
as the drunkard does? not he, but rolling
up his fists, he said:
"You made me smell that tarmal ever-
lasting stuff, mister, and I'll make you
smell brimstone!"

AFFECTION.—We sometimes meet with
men who think that any indulgence of af-
fectionate feeling is weakness. They will
return from a journey and greet their fam-
ilies with a distant dignity, and move
among their children with the cold and
lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded
with its broken fragments. There is
hardly a more unnatural sight on earth
than one of these families without a heart.
A father had better extinguish his boy's
eyes than take away his heart. Who that
has experienced the joys of friendship and
values sympathy and affection, would not
rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's
scenery than be robbed of the hidden treas-
ure of his heart? Who would not rather
follow his child to the grave than to en-
tomb his parental affection? Cherish,
then, your heart's best affections. Indulge
in the warm and gushing emotions of frater-
nal love. Think it not a weariness.—
Teach your children to love, to love the
rose, the robin; to love their parents, their
God. Let it be the studied object of their
domestic culture to give them warm hearts,
ardent affections. Bind your whole fam-
ily together by these strong cords. You
cannot make them too strong.

MARRIAGE.—"I never," says Mrs.
Childs, "saw a marriage expressly for
money that did not end unhappily. Yet
managing mothers and heartless daughters
are continually playing the same unlucky
game. I believe men more frequently
marry for love than money, because they
have free choice. I am afraid to con-
jecture how large a portion of women marry
only because they think they will never
have a better chance, and dread becoming
dependent. Such marriages do sometimes
prove tolerably comfortable, but a greater
number would have been happier single."

OBJECT TEACHING.

It is a well known fact, that during the
period prior to five years of age the child
does little more, intellectually, than to ex-
ercise its senses upon the objects about it;
or, in other words, to use its perceptive
faculties in learning their form, color, size,
weight, position, etc. During this period
the child is almost entirely occupied with
the present. Observe it in the street, in
the field, in the shop, and about the house.
How intently it looks, and listens, and
wonders; and how earnestly it desires to
handle everything around it! The child
observes constantly; such is its instinct of
nature. By this process the development
of the senses goes on rapidly, so that by
the time when the child comes to begin
its school education, it has acquired con-
siderable skill in the exercise of its senses,
and also obtained much knowledge of things
through the exercise.

Now, the object of the teacher, as he or
she receives the child into the school,
should be to continue the work which na-
ture has so well begun in developing the
senses, with a view to increasing their
acuteness and powers, and to give habits of
accurate and minute observation; also to
exercise its perceptive faculties upon the
various properties and qualities of things
so that they may furnish materials for
thought.—Connecticut Common School Jour-
nal.

PRINTERS.—By the way, says a writer
in *The Philadelphia Press*, it is right for
printers to know that for awhile until a
recent period, actors were legally desig-
nated "vagabonds" in England. A statu-
te passed in the reign of Queen Anne dis-
tinctly declares that printers, like actors,
are gentlemen. The distinction arose in
this wise: When swords formed a part
of genteel attire, they were worn by many
who neither by birth, education nor
calling, were entitled to be considered
gentlemen. To place the matter out of
dispute, an act of Parliament was passed,
in which was set forth the various classes
authorized to wear swords or rapiers, as a
part of their costumes, and in this statute
printers are expressly named as entitled to
what at that period was considered a privi-
lege. The word "printer," in Queen
Anne's time, meant a compositor who out
of a chaos of type, put men's thoughts into
the form which preserves them, if worthy,
for the future as the present.

ADVANTAGES OF BUYING GOODS ON A
CREDIT.—We never understood the ad-
vantage of the credit system till we got
the following story from a Wisconsin con-
tributor:

In one of the interior villages of this
State is a tavern-keeper, and in the same
place an honest old German blacksmith,
of whom the former relates that he employed
him to do some iron work, and paid him
cash for it at the time, but afterward
learning that a neighbor had some similar
work done on time for a less price, he in-
quired the reason therefore, and the reply
was as follows:

"You see I 'ave zo much scharge on
my book, and I sometimes lose um, and zo
ven I 'ave got a cash customer I scharge
goot price, but ven I puts it on my book
I do not like to scharge zo much, zo if he
never pay um, I no lose zo much."—Har-
per's Monthly.

SPLITTING HAIRS.—Two Ohio lawyers
got into a warm dispute in court, when
one called the other a prevaricating, double
dealing wretch.

The latter replied as follows:
"I will not take notice of personal lan-
guage here. We will settle that by and
by outside. I will discuss law, chop logic
or split hairs with you in court—that's
all."

"If you will split hairs, split that,"
said the opposing lawyer, pulling a hair
from his head and handing it toward the
speaker.

"I can't do it—didn't offer to split
bristles," was the reply.

Everybody in court laughed out loud, of
course.

GOOD LUCK.—Some young men talk
about luck. Good luck is to get up at six
o'clock in the morning; good luck, if you
had only a shilling a week, is to live upon
elevenpence and save a penny; good luck is
to trouble your heads with your own busi-
ness, and let your neighbors alone; good
luck is to fulfill the commandments, and do
unto other people as we wish them to do
unto us. They must not only plod but
persevere. Fence must be taken care of
because they are the seeds of guineas.—
To get on in the world, they must take
care of home, sweep their own doorway
clean, try and help other people, avoid
temptations, and have faith and truth and
God.—De Fair's Lecture.

"Sal," said liping Sam Snooks, "if
you don't love me, thy tho; and if you
love me, thy tho; and if you love me and
don't like to thy tho, together my head."
Sal put her hand upon her breast, Sam
felt a gentle presence of her father paw,
and was as happy as a polly woggle.

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