

The Altoona Tribune.

McCRUM & DERN,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

McCRUM & DERN, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Choice Poetry.

THE DYING VOLUNTEER.

"O wrap the flag around me, boys,
And lay me down to die,
Where the cannon roars around me,
And the carnage rages high;
While the last thoughts of my country
And my mother—oh, my God!
Let thy strong right arm support her
While she passes 'neath thy rod.

There's a cottage on the hill side
Of the noble "Fratric State,"
Where a golden willow droopeth
O'er a little rustic gate,
And my gray-haired sire is sitting
With his bible on his knee
By its hearth stone, while he prayeth
Even now, perhaps for me.

And farther on, another still,
But oh, the mad'ning thought,
What misery to thee, beloved,
Treason's black hand hath wrought;
But this is not the only heart
That bows in woe to-night,
Nor thine the only stricken soul
That looks above for light.

But be ye strong, and bear ye up—
We have not blest a vain—
The fetters we have stricken off,
Will ne'er be forged again.
And had I now a thousand lives,
I'd give them all for thee,
My native land, my precious home,
If they might make thee free.

Then "wrap the flag around me, boys,"
The Red, the White and Blue,
In every thought and every act,
To them I have been true.
Living, I fought beneath thy folds,
Dying, my prayer shall be,
That every star may typify
A country truly free.

Something in the look he gave her,
In the attitude he took,
Told the woman's heart his love,
This lonely boy in his orphanhood
Suddenly brought, for the first time
Into familiar intercourse with a beautiful girl,
Loved her with the passionate ardor of first love, intensified by his previous life.
Touched with a feeling of pity, Lulu arose and came to his side.

"We are both very young, Mr. Carleton, and it is better that we should be free for some years at least. I will speak freely. I do not love you!" The ghastly whiteness of his face almost frightened her, but she was acting a noble, true part, and continued, "I will not trifle with you; and when you have met others with more power to win your love than I possess, you will thank me for it. Let us part as good friends, and, believe me, you will carry my most earnest wishes for your speedy recovery and happiness."

"Stay—one moment," he gasped, catching her hand; "you love me one else?"

"No one! I have just left school; I scarcely know what love means," she said blushing.

"Then, he said, earnestly, 'will you let the engagement stand as it is for a year? I shall then return, and, trust me, if you still feel as you do now, no word of mine shall again urge you to alter your decision.' We are, as you say, young, and two weeks is but a short time to make a decision which affects a whole life time. Let me write to you as a friend only, if you desire it, and perhaps in a year—"

He raised his eyes again with a pleading almost childish look, which moved her deeply. His love conquered his shy manner, and the hope of his whole heart was mirrored in his large dark eyes.

"Be it so," she said gently. "I will answer your letters, and in a year we shall meet again. Only," she said earnestly, "if my heart remains untouched, you must acquit me of any charge of coquetry."

He raised her hand to his lips.

"Believe me," he said, "no thought that is not born of love and respect can ever cross my mind regarding you," and rising, he left her alone.

"I cannot go with him," cried the young girl passionately. "My father's will only requests us to look upon each other as the children of life-long friends as he and Mr. Carleton should do so. He hopes we may love each other well enough to marry happily; otherwise, he does not even desire our union. I do not love him and I cannot flatter myself with the idea that he even admires me, so we had best part as good friends, but no more."

At that instant the subject of conversation entered the room. A few commonplace remarks passed between him and Mrs. Raymond and she pleaded some household engagement and left the room.

The lovers, per contract, sat in silence for some moments, and a greater contrast can scarcely be imagined than the two presented.

Lulu Hazleton was a blonde of the most exquisite type. Of medium size, her form was graceful and symmetrical, and her fair curls and large blue eyes suited the Grecian profile and fair delicately tinted complexion. An expression of animation and high intellect saved her face from insipidity; and as she bent now over her sewing, the rich color mantling her cheeks proved her embarrassment. She was but seventeen, and not at her age with the lover she intended to discard.

And Lionel Carleton, raising his dark eyes from the floor, saw in the large mirror this perfect form and face, and his own figure. He was very tall, and his height was exaggerated by the attenuation of long illness. The large features, which would have been manly and handsome in health were actually monstrous in the

THE FRENCHMAN'S SHEEP.

If, unluckily, you should happen to get into a dispute, the best way is to stop short and ask your antagonist to enter into a consideration of what the point is. This is apt to have a cooling effect on both parties, and to result in a clear understanding of the real question. A few years since we happened to be riding in a stage, where, among half a dozen passengers, there was a Frenchman and an Englishman. There seemed to be a cat-and-dog feeling between them, for if one opened his lips the other was sure to fly at the observation with the teeth and claws of a dispute. As we were driving along, the Englishman spoke of a sheep he had seen in some foreign land with a tail so long as to drag upon the ground. Thereupon the Frenchman shrugged up his shoulders, curled his lip, lifted his eyebrows, and took a pinch of snuff.

"What do you mean by that?" said the Englishman, not a little nettled at the contemptuous air of his rival.

"Vat do I mean?" said the latter.—"I mean dat a sheep has not von tail at all."

"A sheep's haint got a tail, ha?" said the Englishman.

"No; not von bit!" said the Frenchman.

"Well, this comes of eating frogs," said John Bull. "What can you expect of a man that eats frogs? You say a sheep hasn't got a tail!"

"Pardon, monsieur," said the other, with a polite bow, yet with a very sneering expression, "I say a sheep has no tail—not von bit."

By this time the parties were greatly excited, and we cannot say what might have happened had not one of the passengers asked the Frenchman what he meant by sheep.

"Vat do I mean by sheep? Vy I mean von large ting vit sails and rudder, vat goes upon the sea."

"Oh, oh!" said the Englishman, "you mean a ship."

"Yes, monsieur," was the reply, "I mean von sheep dat has de captain, and de sailors, vat goes upon the waters."

"Very well, sir," said the Englishman; "I mean a sheep—a creature with four legs, covered with wool."

"Ah, you mean one sheep vit ze wool," said the other. "Yes, yes, monsieur, ze sheep vit ze wool has ze tail."

After this explanation the parties shook hands.

WHAT IS A DARLING?—It is the dear, little, beaming girl who meets one on the doorstep, who flings her fair arms around one's neck and kisses one with her whole soul of love; who seizes one's hat, who relieves one of one's coat, and hands the tea and toast so prettily; who places her elfish form at the piano, and warbles forth, unsolicited, such a delicious song; who casts herself at one's footstool, and clasps one's hands and asks eager, unheeded questions, with such bright eyes and flushing face; and on whose light, flossy curls one places one's hand and breathes "God bless her," as the fair form departs.

SHARP ON THE INSURANCE.—Jacob Baker, of New Orleans, was a generation or two ago, a merchant in New York.—The reputation for shrewdness which he now bears is no late assumption, as those who had dealings with him well remember. The following story, it is believed, has never, until recently, been in print:

About the time referred to, which was before the time of insurance companies, he applied to another quaker named H—, who was accustomed to insure individual policies, for insurance on a ship then homeward bound on a distant voyage. There were great doubts of the vessel's safety, and the premium asked was probably high; and even with a large premium, H— did not wish to make the risk. However, he promised to consider the matter, and, if satisfactory, to sign the policy the next day. Early the next morning, Barker, sent him a note in the following words: "Friend H—, if thee has not signed the policy thee need not, for I have heard of the vessel."

H—, thinking the vessel was of course safe, hastily signed the policy and returned it with the messenger, with expressions of regret that he could not undo the business. Barker had indeed heard of the vessel, and had heard that she was lost.

A YOUNG EDITOR.—In Penfeld N. Y., there is a precious little girl of 12 years, who publishes a sprightly weekly paper, much of which is her own composition every line of which is set by her own fingers. She was born on the 21st day of November, 1849. Her father an invalid and almost blind, was formerly a printer. In this way she came into possession of her type and press. Since the death of her mother she has supported her father and three younger sisters by her talent and industry.

A northern paper says an Irishman enlisted in the 76th regiment so as to be near his brother who was in the 75th.

THE HIDEOUS MAN.

From Peterson's Magazine.

BY EMILY J. MACINTOSH.

CHAPTER I.

"You know it is your father's wish, Lulu."

"Only a wish, auntie, not a command, and I think it is cruel for you to try to force me to marry that hideous man!"

"He has been very ill, dear, and of course—he—that is—"

"You can't make an Adonis of him, auntie, so don't try. And if you could he would not be much improved, in my estimation. Such an uncouth mortal never crossed my path! If I speak to him he colors to the hue of a boiled lobster, and fidgets his hands and feet as if he was afraid I wanted to run away with them; and his 'yes ma'am' and 'no ma'am,' are as broad and constrained as if I were his grandmother."

"And yet your uncle says he is very accomplished."

"Oh Auntie!"

"Quite true, my dear. You must take into consideration his disadvantages—"

"His mother, one of the loveliest women whom I ever knew, died when Lionel was but five years old; and his father, inconsolable, sat himself up in that out-of-the-way country place of his and never went into society again. Lionel's education has been his whole care, and, a profound scholar himself, he has probably spared no pains to make his son his equal. Still the entirely reclusive life was calculated to make the boy shy and nervous, and the long, severe illness, which followed his father's death accounts for his pale face."

"I hope his trip to France will restore his health," said Lulu, rather coldly.

"And you?"

"I cannot go with him," cried the young girl passionately. "My father's will only requests us to look upon each other as the children of life-long friends as he and Mr. Carleton should do so. He hopes we may love each other well enough to marry happily; otherwise, he does not even desire our union. I do not love him and I cannot flatter myself with the idea that he even admires me, so we had best part as good friends, but no more."

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CHAPTER II.

"And pray, Uncle William, who is this irresistible Adonis? I quite long to meet him."

Your desire will be granted then, for I have invited him to pass some weeks at Milton, and he has accepted my invitation. He will be here to-day or to-morrow.—Take care of your heart, or poor Lionel will soon have cause to be jealous."

"Mr. Carleton has no right to be jealous," said Louisa Hazleton, quickly, "nor is my heart as susceptible as you insinuate.—By the way, it is now eighteen months since Lionel went abroad; and it is several weeks since he has written. Can he be coming home?"

"Not at all unlikely. He writes well, Lulu!"

"Well! He writes the most charming letters I ever read. No published account of a European trip that I ever read compares with the letters for interest, wit, or grace. His familiarity with the modern language gives him an insight into the manners of each country; while his ready pen, his keen observation, and alternations of gravity and wit, make his letters perfect models of composition, interesting narrative and graceful address."

"Well done, Lou!" cried her uncle laughing.

She blushed a little, and then said, "If he was not such a fright!"

"Well you can't make that charge against the guest I expect to-morrow. He is one of the handsomest men I ever seen. I am not very expert at portrait painting, Lou, but I can give you some idea of him. He

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CHAPTER III.

"I have a letter here which I want copied, and I am very busy. Will you do it for me?"

"If I can be useful," said Mr. Murray, "pray command me."

"Thank you, my dear fellow. Louey get Mr. Murray some paper."

She lingered a moment near him, as he commenced his task, and as he wrote, she followed the motion of his head as if fascinated. Her uncle and aunt both left the room; still he wrote and she watched him. The letter was a short one, and as he wrote the last word, he pushed away the paper, and for the first time looked up.

"Miss Hazleton! I thought you went out with Mr. Raymond. You—"

She was looking at him earnestly, and he colored, hesitated, and finally stopped speaking. After a moment of silence, he raised his eyes again with a mute, imploring expression.

"I thought that the handwriting was familiar," she said; "and now your eyes betray you. 'You are much altered, Lionel!'"

"Only inasmuch as I have regained my health and become more accustomed to society. Believe me, Louisa, my heart is unchanged, true always to you. You have discovered me. Your uncle and aunt know who was their guest before he landed, and gave their consent to his trying to win his wife, unprejudiced by her old indifference or dislike. Louey, your kind you have long known my love.—Can you now give me, what you refused, a word of hope?"

Thereader, you and I will leave, only re-entering with Mrs. Raymond, an hour later, to find Louey, all smiles and blushes, the promised wife of THAT HIDEOUS MAN.

Mrs. LINCOLN'S SISTERS.—On Monday last we observed three beautiful ladies promending Whitehall street, and were informed that two of them were sisters of Mrs. President Abe Lincoln. The ladies we saw, we are pleased to know are second to none in patriotic devotion to the South. They reside in Selma, Ala. If Old Abe's wife is half as handsome as her fair sisters of the Sunny South it is not strange that she is so much admired by the Yankees.—Atlanta Confederacy.

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A Knotty Text.—There was once an itinerant preacher in "West Tennessee," who, possessing considerable natural eloquence, had gradually become possessed of the idea that he was also an extraordinary biblical scholar. Under this delusion, he would frequently at the close of his sermons, ask any member of his congregation who might have a "knotty text" to unravel, to speak it, and he would explain it at once, however much it might have troubled "less distinguished divines." On one occasion, in a large audience, he was particularly pressing for some one to propose a text, but no one presuming to do so, he was about to sit down without an opportunity of showing "his learning," when a chap "back by the door" announced he had a Bible matter of great "concern," which he desired to be enlightened upon. The preacher, quite animated, professed his willingness and ability, and the congregation was in great excitement. "What I want to know," said the outsider, "is whether Job's turkey was a hen or a gobbler?" The "expounder" looked confused, and the congregation tittered, as the questioner capped the climax by exclaiming, in a loud voice, "I fished him down on the first question!" From that time forward the practice of asking for "difficult passages" was abandoned.

WHISTLING.—We believe in whistling—we love to do it and to hear it. The boy or man at the plow who whistles indicates that he is contented, and he will plow more than your silent, grum one, who has no music in his soul or on his lips. The Albany Times is right when it says: "The man who don't believe in whistling should go one step further, and put a muzzle on the bobolink and mocking-bird. Whistling is a great institution. It oils the wheels of care, and supplies the place of sunshine. A man that whistles has a good heart under his shirt front. Such a man not only works more willingly than other men, but he works more constantly. A whistling cobbler will earn as much money again as a codd digester. Mean and avaricious men never whistle. The man who attacks whistling throws a stone at the head of hilarity, and would if he could, rob June of its roses and August of its meadow larks. Such a man should be looked to."

SAVE RAGS, PAPER SCRAPS, ETC.—People should save their rags, scraps of paper, etc., as they are all of value now, and can be sold to advantage. If persons throughout the country were careful in this respect, the price of printing paper would in a measure be kept down. Boys can make their holiday money by attention to this matter. Old account books, by taking off the covers, envelopes, etc., can be sold. This is an important matter.

GAMBLING.—Let every man avoid all sorts of gambling as he would poison. A poor man or boy should not allow himself even to toss up for a half-penny, for this is often the beginning of the habit of gambling; and this ruinous crime comes on by slow degrees. Whilst a man is minding his own work he is playing the best game, and he is sure to win. A gambler never makes good use of his money, even if he should win.

RATHER FOXY.—A Scotch paper speaks of a fox having been seen trying to spring a steel trap by means of a stick which he carried in his mouth. We know a fox that took the well-pole from the well and pushed the turkey off from the lower limb of the tree with it, and put the pole back in its place. At least he got the turkey, and the pole was found all right in the morning.

A negro preacher was holding forth one Sunday, and, in the course of his remarks, said:

"Dere be two roads. De fust is a broad straight road leading to death and brimstone. The other is a straight and narrow road, leading to hell, fire and damnation."

"If dem be de fact," shouted Sambo, rising from his seat, "dis yere nigger's for de woods."

A Horticulturist advertised that he would supply all kinds of trees and plants, especially 'pie-plants of all kinds.' A gentleman thereupon sent him an order for "one package of custard-pie order, and a dozen mince-pie plants." The gardener promptly filled the order by sending him four goose eggs and a small dog.

"Father," said a hopeful urchin to his paternal relative, "why don't our schoolmaster send the editor of the newspaper an account of the tannings he gives the boys?"

"I don't know," said the fond parent; "but why do you ask such a question?"

"Why, the paper says that Mr. Brown has tanned three thousand hides at his establishment during the past year, and I know that old Furney has tanned our hides more'n twice as many times—the editor ought to know it."

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE. HOLIDAYSBURG MARBLE WORKS. JOHN McKEAG, successor to A. W. Kinney. AND BAKERY. ASSIGNED ANNOUN. STONARIES, NUTS, SPICES. BEST MOLASSES, BUTTER. WHEAT FLOUR. LARD, COOK ME