The Altoona Tribune.

McCRUM & DERN, [INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.] EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 8. ALTOONA, PA., TUESDAY, APRIL 7, 1863. NO. 10.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

E. B. McCRUM. - - - - - H. C. DERN,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Per annum, (payable invariably in advance,)...... $1 50
All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

	1 insertion	2 do.	3 do.
Four lines or less	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
One Square, (8 lines)	50	75	1 00
Two " (16 ")	1 00	1 50	2 00
Three " (24 ")	1 50	2 00	2 50

Over three weeks and less than three months, 25 cents per square for each insertion.

	3 months.	6 months.	1 year.
Six lines or less	$ 1 50	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
One square	2 50	4 00	7 00
Two "	4 00	6 00	10 00
Three "	5 00	8 00	12 00
Four "	6 00	10 00	14 00
Half a column	10 00	14 00	20 00
One column	14 00	25 00	40 00

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Merchants advertising by the year, three squares, with liberty to change................ 10 00
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BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL
ESTABLISHED AS A REFUGE FROM QUACKERY
The Only Place Where a Cure Can be Obtained.

DR. JOHNSON has discovered the most Certain, Speedy and only Effectual Remedy in the world for all Private Diseases, Weakness of the Back or Limbs, Strictures, Affections of the Kidneys and Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspepsy, Languor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Tremblings, Dimness of Sight or Giddiness, Disease of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, Affections of the Liver, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels—those Terrible disorders arising from the Solitary Habits of Youth—those SECRET and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the song of Syrens to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage &c., impossible.

YOUNG MEN

Especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of Young Men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence, or waked to ecstasy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

MARRIAGE.

Married Persons, or Young Men contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, organic debility, deformities, &c., speedily cured.
He who places himself under the care of Dr. J. may religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

Immediately Cured, and full Vigor Restored.
This Distressing Affection—which renders Life miserable and marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victims of improper indulgences. Young persons are too apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences that may ensue. Now, who that understands the subject will pretend to deny that the power of procreation is lost sooner by those falling into improper habits than by the prudent? Besides being deprived the pleasures of healthy offspring, the most serious and destructive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The system becomes Deranged, the Physical and Mental Functions Weakened, Loss of Procreative Power, Nervous Irritability, Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, Constitutional Debility, a Wasting of the Frame, Cough, Consumption, Decay and Death.

OFFICE, NO. 7 SOUTH FREDERICK STREET,
Left hand side going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner. Fail not to observe name and number.
Letters must be paid and contain a stamp. The Doctor's Diplomas hang in his office.

A CURE WARRANTED IN TWO DAYS.
No Mercury or Nauseous Drugs.

DR. JOHNSON,

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges in the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, unfitting them for either business, study, society or marriage.
THESE are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsy, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumption, &c.
MENTALLY.—The fearful effects of the mind are much to be dreaded—Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of spirits, Evil-Forebodings, Aversion to Society, Self-Distrust, Love of Solitude, Timidity, &c., are some of the evils produced.
THOUSANDS of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health, losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale, nervous and emaciated, having a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of consumption.

YOUNG MEN

Who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone, a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school, the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.
What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life, by the consequence of deviating from the path of nature, and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons MUST, before contemplating

MARRIAGE,

reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote connubial happiness. Indeed, without these, the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage; the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair and filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

DISEASE OF IMPRUDENCE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds that he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill-timed sense of shame, or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who, from education and respectability, can alone befriend him, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease make their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, nocturnal pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin bones and arms, blotches on the head, face and extremities, progressing with frightful rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth or the bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this awful disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration, till death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings, by sending him to "that Undiscovered Country from whence no traveller returns."
It is a *melancholy fact* that thousands fall victims to this terrible disease, owing to the unskillfulness of ignorant pretenders, who, by the use of that *Deadly Poison, Mercury*, ruin the constitution and make the residue of life miserable.

STRANGERS

Trust not your lives, or health, to the care of the many Unlearned and Worthless Pretenders, destitute of knowledge, name or character, who copy Dr. Johnston's advertisements, or style themselves, in the newspapers, regularly Educated Physicians, incapable of Curing, they keep you trifling month after month, taking their filthy and poisonous compounds, or as long as the smallest fee can be obtained, and in despair, leave you with ruined health to sigh over your galling disappointment.
Dr. Johnston is the only Physician advertising.
His credential or diplomas always hang in his office.
His remedies or treatment are unknown to all others, prepared from a life spent in the great hospitals of Europe, the first in the country and a more extensive *Private Practice* than any other Physician in the world.

INDORSEMENT OF THE PRESS.

The many thousands cured at this institution, year after year, and the numerous important Surgical operations performed by Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the "Sun," "Clipper," and many other papers, notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, besides his standing as a gentleman of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED.

No letters received unless post-paid and containing a stamp to be used on the reply. Persons writing should state age and send portion of advertisement describing symptoms.
Persons writing should be particular in directing their letters to his Institution, in the following manner:

JOHN M. JOHNSTON, M. D.,
Of the Baltimore Lock Hospital, Maryland

Choice Poetry.

MARINER, STAY!

Row thy boat lightly
 Over life's sea;
Eyes beaming brightly
 Are watching for thee.
Row thy boat lightly
 On with the tide;
Those that thou lovest
 Float by thy side.
Voices of sirens
 Lure thee away:
Yet, with thy life-boat,
 Mariner, stay!

Swift o'er the waters
 Thy bark moves along;
Soft breezes whisper,
 And woo thee with song.
In the ether above thee
 There floateth a cloud;
And waves are beneath thee
 That shall thee enshroud:
Pleasures around thee
 Beckon away,
Yet heed the warning,
 Mariner, stay!

Far in life's ocean,
 Quicksands and shoal
May wreck thy frail boat,
 And ruin thy soul,
Quick, while thou mayest,
 Choose thou thy way
Down to death's portals
 Or up to life's day.
If death be thy choosing,
 On with the crowd:
Soon its dark waters
 Shall thee enshroud.

"Life, life," thou sayest,
 Turn then thine eye
From thy temptations
 Up to the sky.
There burns a beacon
 That safely will guide;
Christ's love is left thee
 Whate'er may betide;
Faith for thy pilot
 Guideth thee home;
Spirits that watch thee
 Beckon to come.

Row thy boat lightly
 Over life's sea;
Eyes beaming brightly
 Are watching for thee;
And souls of the blessed
 Shall welcome you home,
And eyes of the angels
 Grow bright as you come.
Then for life's voyage
 Bright hope is given;
Row thy boat lightly,
 Moor it in heaven.

Select Miscellany.

THE SOLDIER'S LETTER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"When did you hear from Thomas?"

A young lady had stopped at the door of a small house, standing on the outskirt of a village in Pennsylvania, and asked this question of a woman who sat working on a coarse garment.

"It's more than two months since I'd had a word from him," replied the woman, in a half-troubled, half-complaining tone. Then rising, she added, "Won't you come in, Miss Annie?"

The young lady accepted the invitation, and as she took a proffered chair, said:

"Two months is a long time not to have heard from your son, Mrs. Rogers. Where is he?"

"The last news I head came from Williamsburg just after the battle. He sent me three or four lines, to say that he wasn't hurt."

"And you've heard nothing since?"

"Nothing Miss Annie. He may be dead, or a prisoner, for all I know. Oh, dear! dear! It's worrying the very life out of me."

"When did you write to him last?" inquired the young lady.

Mrs. Rogers moved uneasily and a shame-flush covered her face, as she replied—

"I haven't taken a pen in my fingers these five years. They're all cramped with hard work, and I couldn't write fit to be seen."

"A single line from your hand, Mrs. Rogers, blotted and scrawled though it might have been, would have come to Thomas, in his far away camp, as a most welcome visitor from home. Think of his comrades getting letters by every mail, while there came not a word or a token for him."

"Oh! but Miss Annie, I've sent him two pairs of stockings knit with my own hands; and he's never so much as let me know that he received them."

"A letter should have gone with them," said the young lady. "The stockings, if they ever reached him, were but dumb signs; a loving sentence, even if he had been obliged to spell it out slowly from among ill-formed words, would have spoken to his heart, and warmed it with a living pleasure. Write to your son, Mrs. Rogers. Nothing that you can send him will do Thomas half so much good as a letter from his mother. A single line will be precious. Don't let him any longer have the feeling, among his comrades, that he alone has no one to care for him, or send him sweet remembrances."

"I don't believe I can write, Miss Annie," said Mrs. Rogers.

"Try. Have you pen and ink?"

"No, Miss. As I told you just now, I haven't had a pen in my fingers these five years; and I don't believe I could compose a letter, even if I had the skill to write it out."

"You must try, Mrs. Rogers. It will never do in the world for Thomas to go any longer without a letter from home.—I have a spare ink-stand, and will step around for it."

And the young lady arose, saying, as she went out—

"I'll be back again in a little while, with pen, ink, and paper. Between us Thomas must have a letter."

On Annie's return with writing material, Mrs. Rogers, still reluctant to undertake the unaccustomed task of penning a letter, sat down, half per force and made sundry awkward attempts to form words and sentences, by the way of practice, before essaying the epistle, which her ardent young visitor had made up her mind should be produced and mailed to the absent soldier that day.

"Very well done! Of course you can write!" said Annie, encouragingly, as she watched the efforts of Mrs. Rogers.—"Now take a sheet of paper, and just think you are talking to him. Write down what ever you will like to say, and say just as much about home, and what is going on here, that you think would interest him, as you can call to mind. Take your time to it, and don't feel hurried. I'll come around again in the course of an hour, and see what you've done. Then we will both go over it and I'll make all the corrections needed, so that you can copy it out fairly. My word for it, there'll be a nice letter for Thomas, that will do his heart good."

In an hour Annie came back, as she had promised. Mrs. Rogers had filled two pages of paper with rather badly spelled sentences; but the matter was all right, as far as it went. Annie made all needed corrections, and then waited until Mrs. Rogers had copied the letter, which she folded and directed for her.

"Shall I mail it for you?"

"If you please," said Mrs. Rogers.

And the young lady went away, taking the letter. Since learning that Thomas Rogers, whom she very well remembered, had not once received a letter from his mother, although he had been absent for over a year, she had felt pity and concern for the young man, whom she remembered as a little wild in his habits before he went to the army. This had made her the more urgent that the mother should do her duty. The letter was as well as could have been expected under the circumstances. Still as Annie's thoughts went off to the distant camp, and dwelt on the young man's particular case, it did not seem to her all that he needed.

"I will write to him!" she said as the case, continuing to dwell on her mind, presented itself in stronger and stronger light. "He was once, for a short time, my scholar in Sunday-school, and that shall be my warrant."

So she wrote him a brief, but pointed and earnest letter, touching his duties as a soldier and as a man. Not in a superior, lecturing tone; but in a kind, suggestive way, and in language calculated to touch his feelings and arouse his better nature.

An officer sat in his tent, near Gaines' Mills, Virginia, three days previous to the assault on the right wing of our army before Richmond.

"In the guard house again!" he said, speaking to the orderly, who had just submitted his report. There was regret, as well as discouragement in his voice.—"What are we to do with the man?

"You will have to order a severer punishment. Simple confinment in the guard house is of no use."

"He has in him all the elements of a good soldier," remarked the officer.—"No one goes through the manual better. He is perfectly drilled; is quick, steady, and brave. At Williamsburg he fought like a lion. I cannot forget, that, to his prompt courage, I owe my life. No—no—not severer punishment. We must bear with him a little longer. What is his offence now?"

"He was away at roll call; and his report of himself is unsatisfactory. The man is restless and brooding; and sometimes so ill-natured as to make trouble with his comrades."

The officer sat in thought for some time. He was about speaking, when a sergeant came in with letters, a mail having been received. In running his eyes over them, the officer noticed two directed to Thomas Rogers, the soldier reported as in the guard-house. He held them for a moment in his hand, and laid them aside with his own letters.

"Let me see you in half an hour," he said to the orderly. "We must do something to reform this man. There is good in him, if we can only discover the way to make it active."

The orderly retired, and the officer became occupied with his letters. After getting through with them, word was passed to have Rogers brought before him. He came, under guard, but the guard was dismissed, and the man was alone with the officer, who regarded him more in pity than in anger. The soldier was a young man, not over twenty years of age; of slender form, but compactly built, and muscular. Even under disgrace, there was a manly self poise about him that did not escape the officer's notice.

"Under arrest again! What have you to say for yourself?" The officer tried to be stern, and to speak with severity.

The soldier did not answer; but a look, half-dogged, half-defiant, was visible in his face.

"I shall have to order severe punishment."

There was no reply; only a slight change in attitude and expression of countenance, that indicated a bracing of mind and nerve for more endurance.

"When did you hear from home?" asked the officer, who did not remember to have seen a letter addressed to Rogers until the receipt of that day's mail.

"Not for a long time," was answered, and with apparent surprise at so unexpected a question.

"Here are two letters to your address." And the officer, who had the letters in his hand, held them toward the soldier, who started, with a strange look of surprise and bewilderment, and received them with a hand that trembled visibly.

"Sit down and read them," said the officer, pointing to a camp stool. The man sat down, showing considerable excitement, and after looking curiously at the delicately written superscriptions, opened one of the letters and glanced it through hurriedly. The officer's gaze was on him, and he read in his countenance the rapid play of various emotions. Then he opened the second letter, which was read twice. As he finished it, he drew his hand hastily across his eyes.

"From home?" queried the officer.

The young soldier stood up, giving the usual sign of respect, as he answered in the affirmative. The officer noticed that his face was graver and paler; and that all the late look of dogged defiance had faded out.

"And now, Rogers, what have you to say for yourself? Will you drive us to a severer punishment? You know as well as I do, that discipline must be enforced." There was remonstrance, not anger, in the officer's voice.

"Only this," answered the soldier, humbly, yet in a firm voice. "I have done wrong and am sorry. Forgive me; and if I break a rule of the service again, shoot me."

"Spoken like a man and a soldier! I will trust you, Rogers," said the officer; and, dismissing the guard he sent him to duty."

Two days after came the overwhelming assault upon our right wing, and on the next day the terrible conflict at Gaines' Mills. Among the coolest and bravest in all the fierce battles that followed, and among the most enduring in the long nights of retreat, was young Rogers. He was with that body of infantry which lay at the bottom of Malvern Hill, under our deathdealing batteries, the fire from which staggered, and then drove back the rebel masses, whose desperate courage in that maddest of all assaults, was worthy of a better cause. Twice during this series of battles, as once at Williamsburg, had Rogers, risking his own life, saved that of his captain; and in several of the conflicts, he had shown such coolness and courage, that positions were saved, which but for the infusion of his spirit into his comrades would have been lost.

One day, about three weeks after the letters were written to Thomas Rogers, the young lady whom we called Annie, received a reply from the soldier, dated, "In Camp, near Harrison's Landing."—It ran thus:

"A good angel must have put it into your heart to send me a letter, for it came just in time to save me. I was in the guard house, for neglect of duty and disobedience of orders. I was reckless and desperate. All my comrades were getting letters from home—letters came to them by every mail—but no one wrote to me, or seemed to care for me. So I lost respect for myself, grew sour, unhappy, and indifferent to duty. But your kind words—your talk about the past time when you were my teacher—your strong appeal to my better nature—your calm, true, sweet sentences, dear lady! stirred my heart with new feelings, and filled my eyes with tears. I was before my captain, in disgrace, when your letter was placed in my hands. He waited for me to read it; saw that I was touched, and like a true man as he is, forgave my offence. Then and there, I resolved to die sooner than swerve a hair's breadth from duty. I have been in fearful battles since, but God has kept me from harm. To-day, for bravery and faithful service in these battles, I have been made a second lieutenant. Thanks, thanks to you, kind, good friend! You have saved one who came nigh being lost!"

Fair reader, is there not in some far away camp, a soldier who would be made better or happier through a letter from your hand? Think! If there is, write to him. Brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, write often to the soldiers who have gone out from your homes. They are in the midst of temptations, trials, sufferings, and privations, and your words of love, your tenderly manifested interests, your exhortations to courage and duty, cannot fail to do them good.

SWEARING ALONE.—A gentleman once heard a laboring man swearing dreadfully in the presence of companions. He told him that it was a cowardly thing to swear in company with others, when he dared not do it by himself. The man said he was not afraid to swear at any time or in any place.

"I'll give you ten dollars," said the gentleman, "if you will go to the village grave yard at twelve o'clock to night, and swear the same oaths you have uttered here, when you are alone with God."

"Agreed", said the man, "it's an easy way of earning ten dollars."

"Well, you come to me to-morrow and say you have done it, and the money is yours."

The time passed on; midnight came.—The man went to the graveyard. It was a night of pitchy darkness. As he entered the graveyard not a sound was heard; all was still as death. Then the gentleman's words "alone with God," came over him with wonderful power. The thought of the wickedness of what he had been doing and what he came there to do, darted across his mind like a flash of lightning. He trembled at his folly.—Afraid to take another step, he fell upon his knees, and instead of the dreadful oaths he came to utter, the earnest cry went up—"God be merciful to me, a sinner."

The next day he went to the gentleman and thanked him for what he had done, and said he had resolved not to swear another oath, as long as he lived.

PUNCTUATION PUZZLE.—The following paragraph, extracted from the "Portland Transcript," is a capital illustration of the importance of punctuation. There are two ways of pointing it, one of which makes the individual in question a monster of wickedness, while the other converts him into a model Christain. Let our readers exercise their ingenuity on the problem and see whether they can discover its two-fold solution:

"He is an old experienced man in vice and wickedness he is never found opposing the works of iniquity he takes delight in the downfall of the neighborhood he never rejoices in the prosperity of any of his fellow creatures he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace of society he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord he is uncommonly diligent in sowing discord among his friends and acquaintances he takes no pride in laboring to promote the the cause of Christianity he has not been negligent in endeavoring to stigmatize all public teachers he makes no exertions to subdue his evil passions he strives hard to build up Satan's kingdom he lends no aid to support the gospel among the heathen he contributes largely to the evil adversary he pays no attention to good advice he gives great heed to the devil he will never go to Heaven he must go where he will receive the just recompense of Reward."

NOBLE WORDS FROM BRAVE MEN.—The 21st, 33d and 85th Indiana regiments—the first stationed at Bonnet Carre, La., and the second and third at Brentwood, Tenn., have recently adopted stirring resolutions in regard to the "Peace" men at home. They denounce the majority of the Legislature of their State, and endorse Gov. Morton and the Administration.—Two of the resolutions adopted by the 21st regiment are of special interest. They read as follows:

"2. That those who say 'the soldiers will not fight for the Union, under the emancipation proclamation,' falsely represent the sentiments of the soldiery of the State of Indiana, and that they do here publicly and firmly declare, that they will fight for the Union until it is fully restored, if our superiors will but lead us on, though a hundred 'emancipation proclamations' are issued, and disloyal men destroy our homes and make desolate our native State.

"5 That if the resources of the United States are insufficient to support its large army and navy without pecuniary embarrassment of the Government, we will serve her *gratis*, and trust to God, our strong hands, and the fortunes of war, for our food and raiment."

☞ Wetherbee, who 'drives the Herlock stage,' is a great wag.

"There is a young woman lying in that 'ere house yonder," said he to us, as we were riding on the outside with him last summer; "there's a young woman been a lying there near about a month, and they haven't buried her yet!"

"Why not?" we innocently inquired.

"Cause she ain't dead!" quietly remarked Mr. Wetherbee, and then tickled the ear of the nigh leader slightly with his whip.

NOTES AND QUERIES

What is joy? The honey of existence; really beneficial and agreeable when partaken of in moderation, but highly injurious when used to excess.

What is contentment? The philosophy of life, and the principal ingredient in the cup of happiness—a commodity that is undervalued in consequence of the very low price it can be obtained for.

What is happiness? A butterfly, that roves from flower to flower in the vast garden of existence, and which is eagerly pursued by the multitude, in the vain hope of winning the prize; yet it continually eludes their grasp.

What is ambition? A fierce and uncontrollable steed, that bears its rider onward in the high road to preferment; but it ofttimes throws him such a fall that he rarely ever recovers.

What is crime? A wretched vagabond, traveling from place to place in a fruitless endeavor to escape from justice who is constantly engaged in hot pursuit. A foe to virtue and happiness, though at times the companion of poor innocence, which is too often made to suffer for the guilty.

What is justice? A pair of scales, in which the actions of mankind are often weighed; the true weight being sometimes brought up by power and wealth, while others that are incorrect are substituted.

What is idleness? A public mint, where various kinds of mischief is coined and extensively circulated among the most despicable of the human race.

What is fear? A frightful and dangerous substance to the really guilty, but a vain and harmless shadow to the conscientiously honest and upright.

What is fortune? A capricious dame, who often rejects those who are most anxious to solicit her favors; whilst others more unworthy, are the recipients of her bounties without their solicitation.

What is fashion? A beautiful envelope for mortality, presenting a glittering and polished exterior, the appearance of which gives no certain indication of the real value of what is contained therein.

What is wit? A sparkling beverage, that is highly exhilerating and agreeable when taken at the expense of others; but when used at our own cost, it becomes bitter and unpleasant.

What is thought? A fountain from which flows all good and evil intentions; a mental fluid, electrical in the force and rapidity of its movements, silently flowing unseen within its own secret avenues; yet it is the controlling power of all animated matter, and the chief mainspring of all our actions

What is knowledge? A key that unravels all mysteries, and which unlocks the entrance, and discovers new unseen and untrodden paths in the hitherto unexplored fields of science and literature.

MERCHANT VS. FARMER.—A shinplaster story has been localized in Boston, and applied to a popular dry-goods dealer.—The story may have been in print perhaps, but a repetition will do no harm. As the story goes, a farmer purchased a few cents' worth of goods from this merchant and gave him a bill to make change from. The latter returned him eighty-five cents of his engraved promises to pay, genteelly known as checks, but vulgarly known as shinplasters.

"What's them?" inquired the farmer.

"O," said the merchant, "those are a sort of currency we dry-goods dealers have," and went away to attend to another customer.

The countryman went off, not exactly satisfied, but shortly returned, and bought almost a dollar's worth of goods. After having received the neatly tied up package, and being told the price, he deposited a number of pumpkin seeds on the counter.

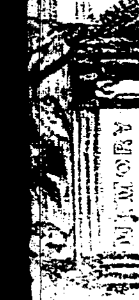
"What are those?" inquired the astonished merchant.

"O," replied the countryman, coolly, "them's a sort of currency we farmers have," and thereupon left the store.

The story has it, that the dry-goods dealer, who appreciates jokes, was so amused, that he did not call his unprofitable customer back.

THE STRONG MAN STILL STRONGER.—A New York paper gives currency to the report that Dr. Winship, our modern Milo, has met with serious physical injury through his lifting experiments.—Such, says the Boston *Transcript*, is not the fact. He has now reached a lifting power of over twenty-five hundred pounds. His lifting apparatus is in his office, Park street, where it may be seen by the curious. It is on record that one Richard Joy, of Kent, England, in the year 1703, succeeded in lifting a weight of twenty-two hundred pounds. Dr. W. has surpassed this by three hundred, and finding his strength increasing in an undiminished ratio, is still confident of reaching, within a reasonable time, his ultimatum of three thousand pounds. His motive in carrying physical development to this extreme is purely scientific, and he has not yet, we believe, recommended any one to be in this respect his imitator.

HUTTER'S
[ST]ATE CAPITOL
[Bo]ok Bindery,
[BL]ANK BOOK MANUFACTORY,
[N]o. 54 Market St., Harrisburg, Pa.
[This es]tablishment is chiefly devoted to [the ma]nufacture of Blank Books for [Coun]ty Offices, Railroad Companies, [and i]ndividuals. In all cases the [s]tock and workmanship may be [relied on]. Blank Books printed, paged and bound [to p]attern. Sheriff's, Attorneys and Justices [B]lanks, made and ruled to order. Triennial [As]sessments, Duplicates, &c., for county purposes, [pl]ain, ruled and bound to order. Cotton [pap]er of the best linen paper.
[Li]brarians and others, desiring to have their Books [bou]nd at moderate prices, should give us a call. News[papers of] largest sizes, Harper's Weekly, Gleason's [Illustrated N]ews, Scientific American, London News, [and in any] style required. Harper's Monthly, Knickerbocker, Blackwood's and Graham's [Mag]azine, Godey's Lady's Book, Lady's Repository, Peterson's, Piano Music, &c., bound in extra styles, or [pl]ain and substantial half binding. Select Papers, Magazines, Pamphlet laws, bound in good [st]yle at very moderate prices. Persons having [vol]umes to bind, will receive a liberal discount. [Books] safely be sent to us from a distance by Ex[press. A]ll work entrusted to our care will be speedily, safely packed and returned by Express.—[Warr]anted. Address F. L. HUTTER, *Harrisburg, Pa.*
[McCR]UM & DERN, at the *Tribune* Office, are my [agents in A]ltoona and vicinity. They will give information [in regard] to binding, and receive and return books [free of ex]tra charges, for all who entrust their work to [me]. [March 21, 1862-1y


HOLLIDAYSBURG MARBLE WORKS,
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Manufacturer of all kinds of
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at the lowest possible prices. All work finished at this establishment warranted to give satisfaction.

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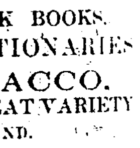
[KEEP]S CONSTANTLY ON HAND
[BR]EAD, CAKES, CANDIES
[CONFEC]TIONS of his own manufacture, which he [will s]ell, wholesale or retail, at the most reasonable [rates.] Also, FOREIGN FRUITS, such as
[ORANG]ES, LEMONS, PINE-APPLES,
[P]RUNES, RAISINS, NUTS, &C., &C.
[...] in their respective seasons.
[CAKE]S BAKED TO ORDER,
[for all] occasions, on short notice and in the neatest style of the art.
[Call] and price my stock and you will find [it as] cheap as can be purchased elsewhere.

[CO]NFECTIONERY
[AND] OYSTER SALOON.
[THE] SUBSCRIBER WOULD IN[FORM]
the citizens of Altoona and vicinity that his [CONFECTIO]NERY, NUT and FRUIT STORE, is always [supplied with] the very best articles to be had, and in great [variety. He] has also an
[O]YSTER SALOON
[in which] he will serve up OYSTERS [...] during the season.
[FRESH B]AKED BREAD & PIES always on hand.
[He is at all] times prepared to supply cakes, candies, &c. [for parties an]d other parties. He invites a share of public [patronage, ...] that he can render full satisfaction.
[...] his store and saloon is on Virginia street, two [doors below] Patton's Hall. OTTO ROSS.
[Altoona, Ma]r. 16, 1861-tf

[J.] H. FETTINGER'S
[Gen]eral News Agency,
[PATTON H]ALL, No. 7, MAIN STREET.
[SCHO]OL BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS,
[STATIO]NERY, CONFECTIONARIES
[CI]GARS & TOBACCO,
[AN]D NOTIONS IN GREAT VARIETY
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
[...] 1861.

[WM.] LLOYD & CO.,
ALTOONA, PA.
[JOHN]STON, JACK & CO.,
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.
[B]ANKERS,
[Lat]e "Bell, Johnston, Jack & Co.")
[DRA]FTS ON THE PRINCIPAL
[Cities,] and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections [made. Mone]ys received on deposite, payable on demand, [without inter]est, or upon time, with interest at fair rates.

[G.] W. KESSLER—PRACTICAL

[DR]UGGIST, respectfully announces [to the citizen]s of Altoona and the public generally that he still continues the Drug business, [on Virginia s]treet, where he keeps constantly [on hand for s]ale, Wholesale and Retail, DRUGS, [MEDICINE]S, CHEMICALS, OILS, VARNISH[ES AND DY]E-STUFFS.
[By strict a]ttention to business, and a desire to render satisfaction to [a]ll as regards price and quality, he hopes to [merit and rec]eive a share of public patronage.
[Physicians] and merchants supplied on reasonable terms, [and orders] from a distance promptly attended to.
[Physicians'] prescriptions carefully compounded. [1-tf.

[THE L]ADY FRIENDS WOULD DO [well to] look in upon the choice and chaste assort[ment of Su]mmer DRESS GOODS now displayed upon the [s]helves of MURPHY & McPIKE.
Cor. of Virginia and Caroline sts.
June 26, 1862.

[COAL] AND LARD OILS, CAM[PHENE], Burning Fluid, Carbon Oil, &c., at KESSLER'S.

[FOUND] AT McCORMICK'S Store [a spl]endid assortment of Ready-Made clothing. Nov. 25-tf.

[GROC]ERIES.—A LARGE AND [comp]lete assortment of Groceries have just been received at J. B. HILEMAN.

[HAIR,] HAT, TOOTH, SHAVING, [Pain]t, Sash and Varnish Brushes at KESSLER'S.

[ALL] KINDS OF PRINTING [done n]eatly and expeditiously executed at the "ALTOONA TRIBUNE" OFFICE

[UMB]RELLAS AND PARASOLS, [in en]dless variety, at LAUGHMANS. [M]ay 1, 1862.

[NEW] STYLES CARPETING AND [Oil Clo]th can be found at LAUGHMANS.

[A GE]NERAL ASSORTMENT OF [J]ewelry, Hair and Clothes Brushes, Combs, [Notion]s, &c., at LAUGHMAN'S

[A FI]NE ASSORTMENT OF OVER[SHOE]S can be found at LAUGHMAN'S.

[HAI]R OIL, COLOGNES, POM[ADES,] Shaving Cream, Toilet Soaps, &c., for sale by G. W. KESSLER.

[HAR]DWARE OF ALL DESCRIP[TIONS] just received and for sale by J. B. HILEMAN.