

The Altoona Tribune

McGURK & DERN,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. 8.

ALTOONA, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1863.

NO. 45.

NEW GOODS.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Altoona and vicinity, that he has just returned from the East, where he has selected the best of the season's goods.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

which, for style, quality and price, cannot be surpassed in the West. The stock is much larger than in previous years, and as it is quite an object in these exciting times, for every one to purchase where they can get the best goods and at the lowest prices.

It would say that he can and will sell as low, if not a little lower than any other house in this place. He wishes to call and see his stock before purchasing elsewhere. He feels confident he can offer inducements which will give him the preference.

This stock consists of:
LADIES' DRESS GOODS of every description,
MEN AND BOYS' WINTER WEAR.
LADIES AND MISSES' DRESS SHOES,
MEN AND BOYS' BOOTS AND SHOES.
WOMEN'S AND MISSES' WOOD HOOR,
HATS AND CAPS.
BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLIN,
GINGHAM AND HEAVY DRILLINGS.

He will sell Ladies Sewed, Holed Boots at \$1.50 per pair. Men's Boots, \$1.75 per pair. Gaiters, \$1.00 per pair. All work guaranteed.

GROCERIES.
White and Brown Sugar, Syrups, Tea, etc., and everything that is usually kept in a Dry Goods Store, and as cheap as the market.

J. A. SPANKLE.
Altoona, Oct. 7, 1863.

AVOID THE NEXT DRAFT!

THERE IS A PREVAILING EXCITEMENT among the people of Altoona and vicinity about THE SECOND DRAFT—just so much about it that it is making the streets resound with its cry.

All patriotic! Let those who are to be drafted, let them be drafted in a proper manner. Let them be drafted in a proper manner. Let them be drafted in a proper manner.

SAVE THE THREE HUNDRED
In a short time, they have just received a large and well selected stock of DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES, which they are selling for cash at the lowest living prices.

A large assortment of LADIES' COATS AND CIRCULARS, ranging in price from \$1.00 to \$10.00. The attention of the public is particularly drawn to the fact that they are selling for \$1.00, what elsewhere is sold for \$1.50.

Also, a large assortment of MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, and everything that is usually kept in a first-class store.

Altoona, Oct. 7, 1863.

Victory Won!

THE Subscribers would respectfully announce to the citizens of Altoona and vicinity, that they have just returned from the East with their FALL AND WINTER STOCK OF

HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES.

Their stock of HATS & CAPS have been selected with great care, and with the view of suiting all who may favor them with their patronage.

Their LADIES' MISSES' and CHILDREN'S SHOES are of the best quality, and are just the thing for winter wear.

Altoona, Oct. 7, 1863.

SAVE THE PER CENTAGE

BY BUYING YOUR CLOTHING FROM FIRST HANDS.

FITTINGER & TUCK, Manufacturers of all kinds of Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Ready-made Clothing, would respectfully invite the attention of the public to the following facts in relation to their stock.

1st. We manufacture our own goods. They are made up in our own Store, in Philadelphia, under the immediate supervision, and we know they are well made and can be guaranteed.

2nd. We sell our Clothing at a reasonable percentage over the cost of our Cloth, thereby saving the purchasers of Clothing the percentage which must be added by those who buy from second hands.

3rd. We sell our Clothing at the same price which other merchants pay for theirs at wholesale, consequently those who buy from us get their goods at the same price which other Clothiers pay for theirs in the city, thereby saving said Clothiers the percentage.

We have branch Stores in ALTOONA AND JOHNSTOWN, where goods may be had at the same figures at which we sell them here in the city.

If any person has been told, or imagines, that Tuck's Store, in Altoona, is "played out," let such person drop into his establishment, on Main Street, and examine his goods and prices.

Wholesale House, No. 702 Market Street, Philadelphia, Dec. 2, 1863.—ff.

CITY DRUG STORE.

D. E. H. REGART would respectfully announce to the citizens of Altoona and surrounding country, that he has recently purchased the Store of Berlin & Co., on Virginia Street, opposite the Hardware Store.

His Drugs are Fresh and Pure, and he hopes by strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.

Call and examine his stock. He has constantly on hand, **DRUGS,** **MEDICINES AND CHEMICALS,** **FINE TOILET SOAPS, PERFUMERY, BRISTLE, GLASS, PUTTY, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, CARBON OIL AND LAMPS,** **NOTIONS, CIGARS,** and every article usually kept in a first-class Drug Store.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS for medicinal use.

DOMESTIC GRAPE WINE—PURE—WARRANTED. Carefully compounded, at all hours of the day or night. Altoona, Sept. 30, 1863.

TEAS! TEAS! TEAS!—FRITCHIEY is selling Tea superior to any ever offered in Altoona. They are free of adulteration, coloring, or mixture of any kind.

BOSTON CRACKERS—A LARGE supply of these delicious crackers just received and for sale by **FRITCHIEY.**

HARDWARE OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. Goods just received and for sale by **F. B. HILMAN.**

EXTRA FAMILY FLOUR, FROM the Core, always on hand and for sale as low as the lowest by **FRITCHIEY.**

NEW STOCK OF BOOTS & SHOES for Men and Boys, Ladies and Misses, just rec'd at **LAUGHMAN'S.**

ANOTHER LARGE LOT OF THE CELEBRATED JERSEY HAMS just received and for sale by **FRITCHIEY'S.**

ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, TRUSSES and Shoulder Braces for sale at **G. W. KESLER'S.**

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

E. B. MCGURK, PUBLISHER. B. C. DERN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

For amount, payable invariably in advance, \$1.50 per annum. All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:
Four lines or less, 1 insertion, 20 cts. 2 do. 3 do. 4 do. 5 do. 6 do. 7 do. 8 do. 9 do. 10 do. 11 do. 12 do. 13 do. 14 do. 15 do. 16 do. 17 do. 18 do. 19 do. 20 do. 21 do. 22 do. 23 do. 24 do. 25 do. 26 do. 27 do. 28 do. 29 do. 30 do. 31 do. 32 do. 33 do. 34 do. 35 do. 36 do. 37 do. 38 do. 39 do. 40 do. 41 do. 42 do. 43 do. 44 do. 45 do. 46 do. 47 do. 48 do. 49 do. 50 do. 51 do. 52 do. 53 do. 54 do. 55 do. 56 do. 57 do. 58 do. 59 do. 60 do. 61 do. 62 do. 63 do. 64 do. 65 do. 66 do. 67 do. 68 do. 69 do. 70 do. 71 do. 72 do. 73 do. 74 do. 75 do. 76 do. 77 do. 78 do. 79 do. 80 do. 81 do. 82 do. 83 do. 84 do. 85 do. 86 do. 87 do. 88 do. 89 do. 90 do. 91 do. 92 do. 93 do. 94 do. 95 do. 96 do. 97 do. 98 do. 99 do. 100 do.

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been sitting quietly rattling her knitting needles during this speech, "it's a pity you had not such a subject to practice on as I was when I was a girl—presents did not fly about in those days as they do now. I remember when I was ten years old, my father gave sister Mary and me a most marvelous ugly sugar dog for a Christmas gift, and we were perfectly delighted with it—the very idea of a present was new to us."

"Dear aunt, how delighted I should be if I had any such fresh, unsophisticated body to get presents for! but to get and get for people that have more than they know what to do with now—to add pictures, books, and gilding, when the contrivables are loaded with them now—and rings and jewels when they are a perfect drug! I wish myself that I were not sick and sated and tired with having everything in the world given me!"

"Well, Eleanor," said her aunt, "if you really do want unsophisticated subjects to practice on, I can put you in the way of it. I can show you more than one family to whom you might seem to be a very good fairy, and such gifts as you could give with all ease, would seem like a magic dream."

"Why, that would really be worth while, aunt."

"Look right across the way," said her aunt. "You see that building?"

"That miserable combination of shanties?—Yes!"

"Well, I have several acquaintances there, who have not been tired of Christmas gifts, of gifts of any other kind. I assure you, you could make quite a sensation over there."

"Well, who is there? Let us know?"

"Do you remember Owen, that used to make your shoes?"

"Yes, I remember something about him."

"Well, he has fallen into a consumption, and cannot work any more, and he and his wife and three little children live in one of the rooms over there."

"How do they get along?"

"His wife takes in sewing sometimes, and sometimes goes out washing. Poor Owen! I was over there yesterday; he looks thin and wistful, and his wife says that he is pined with constant fever, and had very little appetite. She went with great self-denial, and by restricting herself, almost of necessary food, got him two or three oranges, and the poor fellow seemed so eager after them."

"Poor fellow!" said Eleanor, involuntarily.

"Now," said her aunt, "suppose Owen's wife should get up on Christmas morning, and find on the door a couple dozen of oranges, and some of those nice white grapes, such as you had at your party last week, don't you think it would make a sensation?"

"Why, yes, I think very likely it might. But who else, aunt? You spoke of a great many."

"Well, on the lower floor there is a neat little room, that is always kept perfectly trim and tidy; it belongs to a young couple who have nothing but the husband's wages to live on. They are, nevertheless, as cheerful and chipper as a couple of wrens, and she is up and down half a dozen times a day to help poor Mrs. Owen. She has a baby of her own, about five months' old, and ironing for herself and husband; and yet, when Mrs. Owen goes out to wash, she takes her baby and keeps it whole days for her."

"I am sure that she deserves that the good fairies should smile on her," said Eleanor. "One baby exhausts my stock of virtue very rapidly."

"But you ought to see her baby," said aunt E., "so plump, so rosy and good natured, and always as clean as a lily—This baby is a sort of household shrine; nothing is too sacred and too good for it; and I believe the little, thrifty woman feels only one temptation to be extravagant, and that is to get some ornaments to adorn this little divinity."

"Why, did she ever tell you so?"

"No, but one day I was coming down stairs, the door of their room was partly open and I saw a pedler there with an open box. John, the husband, was standing with a little purple cap in his hand, which he was regarding with mystified, admiring air, as if he didn't quite comprehend it. She has three card cases, four gold trinkets, two or three gold chains, two writing desks of different patterns; and then, as to rings, brooches, boxes, and all other things, I should think she might be sick of the sight of them. I am sure I am," said she languidly gazing on her white and jeweled fingers.

"This view of the case seemed rather puzzling to the adviser, and there were silence for a few moments, when Eleanor, yawning, resumed—

"And then there's cousin Ellen and Mary—I suppose they will be coming down on me with a whole load of presents; and Mrs. B. will send me something—she did last year; and there's cousin William and Tom—I must get them something, and I would like to do it well enough, if I only knew what to get!"

"Well," said Eleanor's aunt, who had

with failing sight and trembling hands, tottering about, her only helper; and they are entirely dependent on charity?"

"Can't they do anything? Can't they knit," said Eleanor.

"You are young and strong, Eleanor, and have quick eyes and nimble fingers; how long would it take you to knit a pair of stockings?"

"I," said Eleanor, "what an idea! I never tried, but I think I could get a pair done in a week, perhaps?"

"And if somebody gave you twenty-five cents for them, and out of this you had to get food, and pay room rent, and buy coal for your fire, and oil for your lamp—"

"Stop, aunt, for pity's sake!"

"Well, I will stop, but they can't; they must pay so much every month for that miserable shell they live in, or be turned into the street. The meal and flour that some kind person sends off for them just as it does for others, and they must get more or starve; and coal is now scarce and high priced."

"O, aunt, I'm convinced, I'm sure, don't run me down and annihilate me with those terrible realities. What shall I do to play the good fairy to these poor old women?"

"O, certainly I will. Let me see if I can't think of something myself."

"Well, Eleanor, suppose then, some fifty or sixty years hence, if you were old, and your father and mother, and aunts, and uncles, now so thick around you, laid cold and silent in so many graves, you have somehow got away off to a strange city, where you were never known—you live in a miserable garret, where snow blows at night through the cracks, and the fire is apt to go out in the old cracked stove; you sit crouching over the dying embers the evening before Christmas—nobody to speak to you, nobody to care for you, except another poor old soul who lies moaning in the bed—now, what would you like to have sent you?"

"O, aunt, what a dismal picture!"

"And yet, Ella, all poor, forsaken women are made of young girls, who expected it in their youth as little as you do, perhaps."

"Say no more, aunt. I'll buy—let me see—a comfortable warm shawl for each of these poor women; and I'll send them—let me see—O! some tea—nothing goes down with old women's like tea; and I'll make John wheel some coal over to them; and aunt, it would not be a very bad thought to send them a new stove. I remember, the other day, when mamma was pricing stoves, I saw some nice ones for two or three dollars."

"For a new hand, Ella, you work up the idea very well," said her aunt.

"But how much ought I to give, for any one case, to these women, say?"

"How much did you give last year for any single Christmas present?"

"Why, six or seven dollars for some; those elegant souvenirs were seven dollars; that ring I gave Mrs. B. was ten."

"And do you suppose Mrs. B. was any happier for it?"

"No, really, I don't think she cared much about it; but, I had to give her something because she had sent me something the year before, and I did not want to send a paltry present to any one in her circumstance."

"Then, Ella, give ten to any poor distressed suffering creature who really needs it, and see in how many forms of good such a sum will appear. That one hard, cold glittering ring, that you gave because you must, and she takes because she must, might if broken into smaller sums, send real warm and heartfelt gladness through many a cold and cheerless dwelling, many an aching heart."

"You are getting to be an orator, aunt. But don't you approve of Christmas presents among friends and equals?"

"Yes, indeed, I do," said her aunt, fondly stroking her head, "I have had some Christmas presents that did me a world of good—a little book-mark, for instance, that a certain niece of mine worked for me, with a wonderful secrecy, three years ago, when she was not a young lady with a purse full of money—that book-mark was a true Christmas present. And my young couple across the way are plotting a profound surprise to each other on Christmas morning. John has contrived by an hour of extra work every night, to lay by enough to get Mary a new calico dress; and she, poor soul, has bargained away the only thing in the jewelry line she ever possessed, to be laid out on a new hat for him. I know, too, a washerwoman who has a poor lame boy—a patient, gentle little fellow—who has lain quietly for weeks and months in his little crib, and his mother is going to give him a splendid Christmas present."

"What is it, pray?"

"A whole orange! Don't laugh. She will pay ten whole cents for it; for it shall be none of your common oranges, but a picked one of the very best going! She has put, by the money, a cent at a time, for a whole month; and nobody knows which will be the happiest for it, Willie or his mother. These are such Christmas presents as I like to think of—gifts coming from love, and tending to

produce love; these are the appropriate gifts of the day."

"But don't you think that it is right for those who have money to give expensive presents, supposing always as you say, they are given from real affection?"

"Sometimes, undoubtedly. The Saviour did not condemn her who broke an alabaster box of ointment—very precious—simply as a proof of love, even although the suggestion was made, 'this might have been sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor.' I have thought he would regard with sympathy the fond efforts which human love sometimes makes to express itself by gifts, the rarest and most costly. How I rejoiced with all my heart when Charles Elton gave his poor mother that splendid Chinese shawl and gold watch—because I knew they came from the very fullness of his heart to a mother that he could not do too much for—a mother that has done and suffered everything for him. In some such cases, when resources are ample, a costly gift seems to have a graceful, appropriate; but I cannot approve of it, if it exhausts all the means of doing for the poor; it is better then, to give a simple offering, and to do something for those who really need it."

Eleanor looked thoughtful; her aunt laid down her knitting, and said in a tone of gentle seriousness—

"Whose birth does Christmas commemorate, Ella?"

"Our Saviour's, certainly, aunt."

"Yes," said her aunt. "And when and how was he born? In a stable! I laid in a manger; that born, that in all ages that he might be known as the brother and friend of the poor. And surely it seems but appropriate to commemorate His birthday by an especial remembrance of the lowly, the poor, the outcast, and distressed; and if Christ should come back to our city on a Christmas day, where should we think it most appropriate to his character to find him? Would he be carrying splendid gifts to splendid dwellings, or would he be gliding about in the cheerless haunts of the desolate, the poor, the forsaken, and the sorrowful?"

And here the conversation ended.

"What sort of Christmas presents is Ella buying?" said Cousin Tom, as the waiter handed in a portentous looking package, which had just been rung in at the door.

"Let's open it," said saucy Will.

"Upon my word, two great gray blanket shawls! Those must be for you and me, Tom. And what's this? A great bolt of cotton flannel, and gray yarn stockings!"

"The door-bell rang again, and the waiter brought in another bulky parcel, and deposited it on the marble-topped centre-table.

"What's here?" said Will, cutting the cord. "Whew! a perfect nest of packages! Oolong tea! oranges! grapes! white sugar! Bless me, Ella must be going to housekeeping!"

"Or going crazy!" said Tom; "and on my word," said he, looking out of the window, "there's a drayman ringing at our door, with a stove with a tea-kettle set in the top of it."

"Ella's cook-stove of course," said Will; and just at this moment the young lady entered, with her purse hanging gracefully over her hand.

"Now, boys, you are too bad!" she exclaimed, as each of the mischievous youngsters were gravely marching up and down attired in a gray shawl.

"Didn't you get them for us? We thought you did," said both.

"Ella, I want some of that cotton flannel to make me a pair of pantaloons," said Tom.

"I say," said Will, "when are you going to housekeeping? Your cooking-stove is standing down in the street; pon my word, John is loading some coal on the dray with it."

"Ella isn't that going to be sent to my office?" said Tom. "Do you know I do so languish for a new stove with a tea-kettle in the top, to heat a feller's shaving water?"

Just then, another ring at the door, and the grinning waiter handed in a small brown paper parcel for Miss Ella. Tom made a dive at it, and staving off the brown paper, developed a jaunty little purple cap, with silver tassels.

"My smoking cap, as I live," said he; "only I shall have to wear it on my thumb, instead of my head—too small, entirely," said he, shaking his head gravely.

"Come, you saucy boys," said Aunt E., "entering briskly, "what are you teasing Ella for?"

"Why do you see this lot of things, aunt. What in the world is Ella going to do with them?"

"O! I know!"

"You know? then I can guess, aunt. It is some of your charitable works. You are going to make a juvenile Lady Bountiful of Ella, eh?"

"Ella, who had colored to the roots of her hair at the exposure of her very fashionable Christmas preparations, now took heart, and bestowed a very gentle

and salutary little cuff on the saucy head that still wore the purple cap, and then hastened to gather up her various purchases.

"Laugh away," said she gaily; "and a good many others will laugh, too, over these things. I got them to make people laugh—people that are not in the habit of laughing!"

"Well, well, I see into it," said Will; "and I tell you I think right well of the idea, too. There are worlds of money wasted at this time of the year in getting things that nobody wants and nobody cares for after they are got; and I am glad, for my part, that you are going to get up a variety in this line; in fact, I should like to give you one of these stray leaves to help on," said he, dropping a ten dollar note into her paper. "I like to encourage girls to think of something besides breastpins and sugar candy."

But our story spins on too long. If anybody wants to know the results of Ella's first attempt at good fairies, they should have called at the doors of two or three old buildings on Christmas morning, and they would there have heard all about it.

ARTEMUS, TOASTER THE LADIES.

While attending a county fair recently, the omnipresent "moral showman" was a guest at a banquet, where he found occasion to drink a toast to the "phair sects," which he thus reports:

"Ladies," sez I, turning to the beautiful femals, whose presents was perfum'd the fore grounds, "I hope you're enjoyin' yourselves on this occasion, and the lemin and use water, or which you air drinkin'; may not go agin you. May you altus be as fair as the sun, and brite as the moon, and as buteful as an army of Union flags—also plenty of good close to wear."

"To your sex—commonly caw'd the phair sex—we are indebted for bornin' and munny other blessings in these low growns ov sorrow. Some poor sperited fools blame your sex for the diffikity in the gardin'; but I know men are a desecutal set, and when the apple had become ripe, I hev no doubt Adam would hev rigged a cider press and like as not went into a big bust, an' been driven ort anyway.—Yur 1st mother was a lady and all her dawters is ditto, and none but a loarin cuss will sa a word agin you. Hopin' that no wave of trouble may ever ride akross yur peaceful breasts, and I konclude the remarks with the foliarin' centymint: Woman—she is a good egg."

FIVE DEATHS AT A TIME.

A Frenchman resolved to get rid of life, went a little before high tide, to a post set by the seaside. He had provided himself with a ladder, a rope, a pistol, a bundle of matches and a vial of poison. Ascending the ladder, he tied one end of the rope to the post, and the other end around his neck, then he took the poison, set his clothes on fire, put the muzzle of the pistol to his head, and kicked away the ladder. In kicking down the ladder