

The Altoona Tribune.

McORUM & DERN,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

ALTOONA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1864.

NO. 14.

SAVE THE PER CENTAGE

BY BUYING YOUR CLOTHING FROM FIRST HANDS.

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

EQUAL TO THE BEST. We sell superior in the largest quantity of the Importers and Manufacturers, consequently we save the percentage paid on by middle men.

ALTOONA AND JOHNSTOWN. where goods may be had at the same figures as which we sell them here in the city.

NEW GOODS.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Altoona and surrounding country, that he has just received from the East, where he has been selecting his stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

which, for style, quality and price, cannot be surpassed in this neck of country. His stock is much larger than heretofore, and as it is quite an object in these exciting war times, for every one to purchase where they can get

The Best Goods and at the Lowest Prices.

he would say that he can and will sell as low, if not a little lower than any other house in this place. He will sell by the call and see his stock before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels confident he can offer inducements which will fully compensate him for the trouble of coming to him.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS

of every description, MEN AND BOYS' WINTER WEAR, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS SIDES, MEN AND BOYS' BOOTS AND SHOES, MEN'S HALF HOSE, WOMEN'S AND MISSES' WOOL HOSE, HATS AND CAPS, BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLINS, GINGHAM AND IRVING TRIMMINGS, &c.

CITY DRUG STORE.

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

His Drugs are Fresh and Pure.

and he hopes by strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage. He has constantly on hand,

DRUGS, MEDICINES AND CHEMICALS,

FINE TOILET SOAPS, PERFUMERY, BRUSHES, GLASS PUTTY, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, CARBON OIL, AXE LAMPS, NOTIONS, CIGARS, and every article usually kept in a First class Drug Store for medicinal use.

DOMESTIC CHAMP WINE—PURE—WARRANTED.

PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTIONS accurately compounded, at all hours of the day or night. Altoona, Sept. 30, 1863.

MORE COMPETITION!

A NEW DRY GOODS STORE

ON VIRGINIA STREET. THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE to the public that she has added to her stock of

MILLINERY GOODS,

A FULL LINE OF DRY GOODS, Consisting of PRINTS, DELAINES, ALPACAS, REPS, GINGHAMS, MUSLINS, &c.

BLEACHED MUSLINS

from 25 to 45 cents per yard. CALICO 10 to 25 " DELAINES 30 to 35 "

And all other articles in proportion.

I have also a full assortment of GLOVES, HOSIERY, WILLIAMS, and NOTIONS generally. My stock of MILLINERY goods embraces everything in this line usually kept in the country. I have marked my goods down to the lowest figure FOR CASH. Notably, that my goods and prices will prove satisfactory. I invite a call from the public. REBECCA McCLELLAND, Dec. 23d, 1863-1/2.

1864. SPRING 1864. CIRCULAR.

I take pleasure in issuing this my Spring and Summer Circular, which will inform my friends and the public generally that I have just returned from the East where I have purchased a fresh stock of

HATS AND CAPS

of the Latest Styles, and as to quality, color and price cannot fail to please all classes.

BOOTS AND SHOES,

the majority of which are city make and will be guaranteed. My assortment of Ladies' and Children's Shoes is complete, all of which, I am now offering at a small advance on wholesale price.

HARDWARE OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS

just received and for sale by J. B. HILMAN, 154-1/2

JUST RECEIVED—A Lot of Prime CIGARS—

at RIGGART'S Drug Store.

HEIMBOLD'S GENUINE BUCHU

and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, at RIGGART'S Drug Store.

MEN AND BOYS' COATS, of every style and color, of good quality.

LADYMAN'S.

NEW AND IMPROVED STYLES

of Trunks, Valises and Carpet-Bags. LADYMAN'S.

PURE WHITE LEAD AND ZINC

Paint, also Chrome Yellow, Cadmium Green, and other colors, at RIGGART'S Drug Store.

PRITCHETT IS REALLY SELLING

the best Brown Paper in Altoona at 12 1/2 cents.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

E. B. McORUM, 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.

Four lines or less, 1 insertion, 3 cts. 2 d. One Square, (8 lines), 25 " 25 " 2 cts. Two " (16 ") 50 " 15 " 2 cts. Three " (24 ") 75 " 10 " 2 cts. Over three weeks and less than three months, 25 cts. per square for each insertion.

Six lines or less, 3 months, 6 months, 1 year, 10 cts., 18 cts., 30 cts. 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943 1/2 months, 946 1/2 months, 949 1/2 months, 952 1/2 months, 955 1/2 months, 958 1/2 months, 961 1/2 months, 964 1/2 months, 967 1/2 months, 970 1/2 months, 973 1/2 months, 976 1/2 months, 979 1/2 months, 982 1/2 months, 985 1/2 months, 988 1/2 months, 991 1/2 months, 994 1/2 months, 997 1/2 months, 1000 1/2 months.

Choice Poetry.

THE BRIDAL PARTY.

Last night a starry radiance from countless lamps was shed, And bright along the festal board the banquet flowers were spread;

Last night a thousand hearts beat high to pleasure's thrill, And the sound of happy voices made sweet music in the hall.

For there were met the innocent, the youthful and the fair, With all their hearts untroubled by age, and eyes undimmed by care;

There were fair brows half hidden by their sunny wealth of curls, And long dark brows more beautiful than all their gems and pearls.

And there were eyes, soft, lustrous eyes, whose glances sent a thrill To the hearts that met their eloquence, even when the voice was still;

And more, O more than this was where last night the feast was spread, For friend met friend amid the throng, and kindly words were said.

And when I sat alone and heard the wind's and minstrel's melody, And thought of all the happiness I hearted from me, A fount was stirred within my breast, a fount that seldom slept.

And, yielding to the gush of tears, I bowed my head and wept.

Not for the costly banquet, with its broad and starry light, Nor for the wreath and coronal that beauty wore that night;

But a feeling came across my heart of utter loneliness, When I thought no heart had sighed for me, no lip had smiled the least.

I wept to think not one of all that lightly moved along Would ever pause to think of me, or miss me in the throng;

And they whose love, life, and love, and more have been in vain, Can tell how then tears were wrung from the burning depths of pain.

Select Miscellany.

LOVE AND MORAL COURAGE.

"But why don't you like him, Miss Agatha?"

"Oh—because!"

What philosopher ever solved the mystery of this true woman's reason? Because, means ten thousands thing that present dimpled lips don't choose to put in shape, it means that they don't know *why* perfectly well themselves, but won't tell; and not all the coaxing of curiosity can get it out of them.

And so pretty Agatha Milne played with the knot of scarlet roses, whose velvet petals glowed in her hair ribbon, and lifting up her soft hazel-brown eyes with a provokingly absent, unconscious look.

"But Agatha, pursued Ruth Ellenwood stopping for a moment in her occupation of braiding and arranging Agatha's beautiful waves of auburn gold hair. "I'm sure a pleasant partner at balls, and parties, and—oh, Agatha! don't jerk your head so, or I shall have to braid all these strands over again!"

"Nonsense! that's no test at all!" said Agatha pettishly, the peach-like crimson mounting to her cheek; "what can you tell about a young man, from mere ball room acquaintance? Any one can be agreeable enough to hold your bonnet, or bring you an ice-cream; that is if he knows enough not to tread on your toes in the polka, nor to step on your flounces in a promenade."

"I know it," said Ruth, "but the question is—"

"But the question is," interrupted the imperious young beauty, "how do I know that Mr. Fitz Aubyn, silver-tongued as he is to me, with his homages and his compliments, don't go home and swear at his mother and sisters? How do I know that Mr. Jennings, who has the whole dictionary at his finger ends, doesn't cheat his landlady? What means have I of ascertaining that St. Simmons, who is such an agreeable smalltalker, does not finish his evenings in a drinking saloon? Oh, Ruth, we have tests for ascertaining spurious dollars and counterfeit bank notes, but how on earth are we to know a counterfeit husband, until he is tied to our unlucky apron-string for life?"

She laughed as she sprang up to look for her bonnet, but the long eyelashes drooped with a suspicious moisture.

"Well," said Ruth carelessly patting Agatha's tiny hand, I am very, very thankful that Providence didn't make me a

beauty and an heiress since it has such a tendency to awaken suspicion and distrust. But Agatha, in spite of all you have said, I feel convinced that Charles Staunton is a noble fellow."

"Very likely," said Agatha, lightly, "but here comes Fitz Aubyn, with those splendid horses of his, so give me my shawl!"

"And whither are your footsteps to be directed to-day?"

"Oh, we intend to go to that private view of pictures in—street which I told you of."

And Agatha swept out of the room with the port of a queen.

The white lustre of moonlight pouring down through the circling dome of frosted glass, gave a life-like glow to the superb paintings whose gilded frames literally covered the walls of the spacious apartments. Here and there, groups of absorbed and dainty moved, with subdued whispers and brandishing opera glasses, as if it were a forbidden thing to speak above one's breath in the presence of these fair landscapes and scenes from history's page.

Directly in front of these finest works of art stood a pair who had unconsciously been the object of many a curious and whispered observation of the other sight-seers—a tall, stylish-looking young man, with an old lady leaning on his arm, whose antique dress of stuff-colored bombazine and oddly shaped beaver bonnet occasioned a great many covert smiles and half concealed titters from those present.

"Oh, by the way, Miss Milne," said Fitz Aubyn, as in their progress around the rooms this couple gradually came in view, "you have not seen the greatest curiosity of all yet."

"Where?" said Agatha, raising her opera glass.

"You are mistaken, it don't hang on the wall," said Fitz Aubyn, laughing. "Look nearer earth, if you want to see Staunton and his fossil aunt."

Agatha turned her head accordingly without remark—she smiled a little, however—'twas all Fitz Aubyn wanted.

"Should you suppose any mortal youth would have the courage to bring such a last century specimen to a place like this, where he might know he would meet all his fashionable acquaintances? Upon my word I believe he'll take her to the opera next. See him carrying her morocco bag, and cotton umbrella! Don't be remind you of Don Quixote in his youthful days?"

"Probably she has money to leave one of these days," said Agatha, the distrustful element uppermost in her mind for the moment.

"Not a solitary red cent, I know, for I have inquired. She is in reduced circumstances—that's the term, I believe, but Staunton is very fond of her nevertheless. She has come up to town from the back woods for a few days, and—"

He paused abruptly as the very pair in question approached, still absorbed in picture gazing. "My dear Charles," said the old lady at length, "you cannot imagine what a treat this is to me—I have never seen such pictures since I was a child—How thoughtful of you to bring me here!"

"I knew you would enjoy it, aunt."

"And you are not ashamed of your old fashioned aunt among all these gay young people?"

"On the contrary, dear aunt, I am as proud as a monarch while you are leaning on my arm."

Agatha heard it all, and she also heard him answer in reply to the gay challenge of some companion:

"Thank you, but don't count upon me as one of the party this evening at the opera. I am going with my aunt, who is passionately fond of music, so you must excuse me for once."

"I told you so!" said Fitz Aubyn, in a solo voice, shrugging his shoulders. "Did you ever see such a fellow as Staunton?"

"Never," was Agatha's reply, but it was so emphatically spoken that Fitz Aubyn started. And that night while the courted beauty brushed her luxuriant hair, she paused many a time and fell into a thoughtful reverie.

"Moral courage!" she murmured to herself. "I have somewhere read that it is nobler far than the iron resolution which makes men reckless in battle. I really wonder—"

And there she stopped resolutely.

What a glorious bracing New Year's day it was! There had been just enough snow in the night to form a white glistening coat over everything, and afford an excellent excuse for the merry sleigh that darted hither and thither with streaming furs and jingling bells. All the fashionable world was astir, the gentlemen busily consulting their interminable list of calls, and the ladies putting the last touches to their gorgeous toilet.

There were not many upon that day who received more adulation than Agatha Milne as she strolled like a young empress in her splendid drawing rooms, every mirror flashing back her loveliness. Her dress was very simple—pink silk, edged around the shoulders with snowy ermine, and long sprays of jessamine drooping from her hair, yet she knew that she had never been so

beautiful as now, as she listened with languid smiles to the compliments showered upon her. It was nothing new.

The gilded chandeliers had been lighted and the jeweled fingers of a tiny alabaster clock on the mantle pointed to a late hour when the peal at the door, bell announced a new incursion of guests, and Mr. Fitz Aubyn entered, surrounded by a gay party of young men.

"Good evening, Miss Milne! surely I am not too late to wish you the happiest of all imaginable New Years? Whom do you suppose I saw steering in the direction of your hospitable mansion just now? Here he comes to speak for himself—the Chevalier Staunton!"

Agatha turned calmly to welcome the new comer, and the keenest eye could scarcely discern the deeper shade of color that glowed on her delicate cheek, as he quickly came to greet her.

"Fill your glasses, gentlemen," exclaimed Fitz Aubyn, holding high above his head a tiny chalice of engraved Bohemian glass, brimming with crimson wine, "let us drink to the health of our fair hostess, Miss Agatha Milne."

Impromptu toasts were received with acclamations of satisfaction, and Fitz Aubyn glanced around to see if all had followed his injunctions, ere he touched his lips to the glass.

"Come, Staunton, no lack of chivalry here; where's your glass?"

"I will drink Miss Milne's health in clear iced water with the greatest pleasure," said Staunton smiling; "but I never touch wine."

"Never touch wine! and pray why not?"

"It is against my principles," said Staunton with quiet firmness in contemptuous silence, that was several degrees harder to bear than spoken obloquy, but another young man leaned forward to interpose his word.

"Offer the wine to him yourself, Miss Milne; surely he cannot be so lost to all sense of gallantry as to refuse it from your fair hand."

Agatha had grown very pale, but without speaking, she filled one of the goblets, and held it toward Staunton.

"Will you take it from me?"

Staunton looked at her with calm gravity as she replied.

"Miss Milne, I should be a coward indeed did I allow your persuasions to sway me from the fixed principles which are the guiding star of my life."

He bowed and withdrew. The glass fell from Agatha's hands and shivered into a thousand sparkling fragments; she bit her lip until the blood started, with a strange sympathetic thrill of exultation. Had he wavered for an instant in his determination she would have despised him.

"A very poor investment those horses of mine, and all this behavior a *la* good boy in story books," muttered Fitz Aubyn, about four weeks afterwards as he strode into the brilliantly lighted saloon of the club house. Waiter, bring a glass of water and brandy quick!"

"What's the matter, Fitz? you look as black as a thundercloud," observed a by-stander who was leaning against a marble pillar and picking his teeth in the most epicurean manner.

"The matter? Do you remember that magnificent Agatha Milne, the queen of all the beauties?"

"Of course I do; she hasn't lost her wit or property I hope?"

"No, but I've lost the latter item pretty effectually. Who do you suppose she is going to marry?"

"I am sure I cannot guess. Do tell your news at once, and don't keep a fellow in suspense!"

"Well, she is going to become Mrs. Charles Staunton, actually going to marry a man with a fossil aunt, and principles that won't allow him to drink a glass of wine! Bah! the humbug that passes current in this world."

"I could have prophesied as much before my dear boy, if you would only do me the honor to listen to me," observed the other coolly unfolding the newspaper, so as to get to the inside columns. "You gay and dashing young fellows are all very well as long as a girl wants to amuse herself; but when it comes to life-long questions, she is apt to prefer a true to a false man for a husband."

Fitz Aubyn groaned deeply, but considered his position too precarious to be worth arguing.

Meanwhile, little Ruth Ellenwood was as busy as a bee working at her cousin's wedding robe of spotless white satin, and asking ten thousand questions, the final of which always was:

"But Agatha, you would never tell why you didn't like him, and now you are just as bad—tell me, that's a darling, why your mind was changed?"

And Agatha only laughed and crimsoned and made the same old provoking answer:

"Oh—because!"