

The Altoona Tribune.

McCRUM & DERN,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

VOL. 9.

ALTOONA, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1864.

NO. 22.

SAVE THE PER CENTAGE BY BUYING YOUR CLOTHING FROM FIRST HANDS.

CLOTHING & TUCK, Manufacturers of and 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. We are a manufacturer of our own goods. They are made up in our own Store, in Philadelphia, under our immediate supervision, and we know they are well made and can be warranted.

EQUAL TO THE BEST. We sell our Clothing at the largest quantity of Ready-made clothing in the market. We buy our Cloth directly from the Importers and Manufacturers, consequently we save the per centage put 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. We have a large stock of Heavy Suits, and all the latest fashions, and our prices are as low as any other Store in the city. We have a large stock of Ladies' Dress Goods, and all the latest fashions, and our prices are as low as any other Store in the city.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

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

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

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Choice Poetry.
GOD KEEP OUR WOMEN TRUE.
"What can a woman do in war?"
You ask in tones of scorn:
Her voice has swayed the crimson tide,
Since first the world was born.
If one fair Helen made a war,
What man a thousand do?
To loyal purpose and aim
God keep our women true:
When in the battle's deadliest shock,
Our country's vanquished foe,
Reeled faint and bleeding 'neath the weight
Of overwhelming blows,
The fiery words of Northern dames,
From lips too proud to stoop,
Nerved up their faltering arms afresh—
God, keep our women true:
To that high purpose of the soul
That wailed Judith's Joan,
That fired the heart of Jeanne d'Arc,
Or Saragossa's maid,
That drove the dagger of Corday,
And bore Moll Pitcher through
Our earliest fields baptized in blood—
God, keep our women true:
Their heroism still survives,
Though no more shining hand
Flings out the banner, waves the torch,
Or oars the deadly brand;
It dwells in gentlest breasts, and shines
Through eyes of tenderest blue,
That look those sad but firm farewell—
God, keep our women true:
Its earnest trust has beautified
The darkest of our days,
It speaks the words of courage and heroism,
It sounds the hero's praise,
It twines around our tattered flag,
The God-like faith that hovers
Beside the Saviour's cross and tomb—
God, keep our women true:
The spirit of their deathless deeds
Is breathing round us now:
It builds the soldiers' monument,
It loves the wounded hero:
It casts its jewels in the plate,
And sends its loved ones
From hearths already desolate—
God, keep our women true:
Oh, weary, aching hearts behind:
Oh, lone and suffering ones,
Who breathe the prayer and wait the sigh
For husband, lovers, sons,
Though lips may quiver, hands be clasped,
And tears the lids bedew,
Choke down the coward summons home:
God, keep our women true!

"You air a married man, Mr. Yung, I believe?" sez I, preparin to write him sum free parais.
"I hev eighty wives, Mr. Ward. I sartainly am married."
"How do you like it as far as you hev gone?" sez I.
He sed "midlin," an then axed me if I wouldn't go and see his family, to which I replied that I wouldn't mind mingling with the fair seek and baskin in the winnin smiles of his interestin wives.
He accordingly took me to his Scareum. The house is powerful big, & in a exceedin large room was his wives and children, which larst was squawkin and hollerin larst to take the roof rife of the house. The winnin was of all sizes and ages. Sum was putty and sum was plaine; sum was healthy and sum on the wayne; which is werese, tho the sich was not my intensions, as I don't prove of putty in werese in prose ritis, tho of occasion requies, I can jerk a poem ekil to any of them *Atlantic Monthly* tellers.
"My wives, Mister Ward?" sez Yung.
"Your sarvant, narms," said I, as I sot down in a cheer which a red-headed female brawt me.
"Besides these wives you see here, Mister Ward?" sez Yung. "I hev eighty more in various parts of this consecrated house which are sealed to me."
"Which," sez I, gotten up and staring at him,
"Sealed, sir, sealed?"
"Where bouts?" sez I.
"I sed, sir, that they was sealed!" he spoke in a traggedy voice.
"Will they probably continue on in that style to any great extent, sir?" I axed.
"Sir," sez he, turmin as red as a bilbed beet, "don't you know that the rules of the Church is that I the Profit, shall have as many wives as I wants?"
"Je so," I sed. "You are an old pie, aint you?"
"Them as is sealed to me—that is to say to mine when I want um—are at present my speretool wives," said Mister Yung.
"Long may they wave!" sez I, seeing I shood git into a scrape if I didn't look out.
In private conversation with Brigham, I learnt the followin fax: It takes him six weeks to kiss his wives. He don't do it only once a year, and says its wuss nor cleanin house. He don't pretend to know his children, there is so many of um, tho they all know him. He says about every child he meets calls him Par, and he takes it for granted it is so. His wives are very expensive. They allers want something, and ef he don't um, they set the house in an uproar. He says he don't have minits peace. His wives fit among themselves so much that he has bilt a fitin room for three spehul benefit, and when too of em git into a row he has um turned loose inty that place, where the dispoist is settled according to the London prize ring. Sumtimes they abooz himself individually. They have pulled the most of the hair out at the roots, & he wares many a horrible scar upon his body, inflicted with mud handles, broom sticks, & sich.
Occasionally they git mad and scald him with bilin hot water. When he got any worse cranky the d'shat him up in a dark closet, prevelly wipin him arter the style of mythers when their offsprin gits unfuly. Sumtimes when he went in swimmin, they'd go to the banks of the lake & steal his close thereby compellin him to sneek home by a sircoutious rout, in dress in the Scanderlus stile of the Greek Slaiv.
"I find that the keers of married life way hev on you," sed the Profit, "and sometimes I wish Ide remained single."
I left the Profit & started for the tavurn where I put up to. On my way I was overtook by a large crowd of Mormons, which surrounded me and stated that they was going into the show free.
"Well," sez I, ef I find a individual who is goin round lettin folks into his show free, Ide let you know."
"We've had a revalashun bidden us to go into A. Ward's show without payin nothin!" they showed.
"Yes," hollered a lot of female Mormonesses, seizing me by the cote tales & swingin me round very rapid, "we're all goin in free, so says the Revalashun!"
"What's Old Revalashun got to do with my show?" sez I gittin putty riled.
"Tell Mister Revalashun," sez I, drawin myself up to my full bite and lookin round upon the ornery crowd with a proud and defiant mean—"tell Mister Revalashun to mind his own business, subject only to the Konstitution of the United States."
"Oh, let us in, that's a sweet man," sed several female, puttin their arms round me luvlin stile. "Becum I of us; become a Priest, and hev wives sealed to you."
"Not a seal," sez I, startin back in horror at the idee.
"Oh, stay, sir, stay!" said a tall, gawnt female, or whose head 37 Summers must have pased; "stay, & ile be your Gentle Gazelle."
"Not ef I stay if you want," sez I. "Awa, you scanderlus female, awa! Go & be a Nunney." That's what I sed jes so."

"d," sed a fat, chunky female, who must have wade more than too hundred lb., "I will be your sweet glidin Star."
"Sez I, "Ile be two dollars and a half you won't! Where ere I Rome Ile still be too two thee, O, Betsy Jane!" (N. B.—Betsy Jane is my wife's name)
"Whilist thou not tarry with us in the Promised Land!" sed several of the miser-able critters.
"Ile see you all especially cussed be 4 I willist," roared I, as mad as cood be at there infernal noncents. I girded my Loin & fled the Seen. I packt up my duds & left Salt Lake, which is a grand Soddum and Gormoror, inhabited by as vane unprincipled set of rotches as ever drew breath in eny spot on the Globe.
ANNEXUS WARD.

IN A BAD FIX.

Here is a good one. Once upon a time in the village of B—, in the State of Massachusetts, lived a handsome young maiden of seventeen, whom we will call Fanny L—, and George Y— was her accepted lover. The course of true love ran smooth, and in due process of time came the happy termination of their wooing, and the twain were made one by the benediction of the holy church.
They were married early one summer's morning, and the same day traveled cozily and happily together, to the stage of the wedding tour. A companion, a younger brother of the bride, mischievous young rascal, accompanied them, and well it would have been for the happy pair if they had trusted themselves to their own society and left James at home to schoolmaster the dog's tail and spittal the ornamental.

Well the party arrived at the Galt House, Philadelphia. While George was dutifully attending to the comforts of his young wife, James, in the performance of his duty as groomsmen, went to the office of the hotel to enter the names and select appropriate apartments. Pen in hand, a brilliant idea struck him, and in pursuance therewith, he entered their names on the register thus:
James L—
Miss Fanny L—
George Y—
Fanny retired early, being somewhat fatigued with travel.
George smoked his cigar for an hour or two, and dreamed of his bachelorhood, we suppose, and finally he requested to be shown to his apartment. An obsequious waiter with candle in hand, attended him, and asked what number it was.
"With the lady who came with me," replied George.
The waiter smiled, hesitated, and then approached with an exquisitely dressed clerk, and repeated the question.
"With the lady who arrived here with me," George answered again, blushing to the tips of his ears.
The clerk smiled and shook his head as if in pity of the young man's ignorance.
"It will not do, sir; you have mistaken the house, sir. Such things are not allowed here, sir."
"Will not do? why I only want to go to bed."
"That you may certainly do in your own room sir, but not in the lady's apartment, sir."
"The lady's apartment? Why that lady is my wife."
The clerk bowed ironically. "All very fine, sir; but I can't see it, sir; here is the entry, sir."
George looked at the register, and there was the entry, sure enough.
"Miss Fanny L—"
"George Y—"
He saw the whole secret at a glance; he protested and entreated—but it was no use. He called James to witness his veracity, but James was no where to be found. The by standers laughed and the poor fellow was inexorable; and the poor fellow was forced into his solitary chamber to pass his bridal night alone, and invoking blessings on the whole class of "respectable hotels" and younger brothers.

FIRE IN THE REAR, OR BILL JONES AMONG THE GIRLS.

The following story, contributed by a country friend to the N. O. Delta, is too good to be lost; "though," says the Delta, "its raciness may not accord with the exalted tastes of the Miss Nannyites who dress the legs of their tables in friend pantaloon, and faint over a nude cherub.

Old Squire Parish was a hospitable old soul. Every Friday evening it was the delight of the girls at the Academy, and the boys at the schools and college, to go to old Squire Parish's farm, about six miles from town, and stroll in the woods, bathe in the creek, search the orchard and the hen's nests, and turn everything about the premises upside down. And old Squire Parish would sit in his chimney corner, pipe in mouth, and tell them stories about the first settlement of the country, and how "Old Hickory" whipped the Indians—for the old Squire had been in Jackson's army—and never let the boys off without at least one story about the "old man."

One Saturday, about the middle of the afternoon, Bill Jones—a wild, harum-scarum young man of some sixteen winters—rode up to the Squire's door and hailed the house. His summons was answered by that black young rascal Josh, who told Jones that the boys were gone a squirrel-hunting; "but you better believe, Massa Bill," continued Josh, "that the gals is carrying on high. Why, Massa Bill, you can hear 'em squealing up here." Jones soon learned that the girls had gone to their usual bathing place, which was at the foot of a high precipice, and only approached by that side by a solitary foot-path, which was guarded by "Dinah."

On the other side of the creek lay a broad sand bank, so that no one could approach it without being seen. Jones had been to the Squire's house so often that he knew all his stories by heart, and it was almost impossible to find the boys in the woods; so he determined to have some fun out of the girls. About a quarter of a mile up the creek lived "Old Aunt Judy" and there Jones and his attendant, Josh, immediately proceeded. While Josh went to the old woman, and for a forcible purchase the largest gourd in her possession, Jones slipped behind the garden and threw off his clothes; then cutting off enough of the handle end of the gourd to admit his head, and making two holes for his eyes, he slipped it on his head and jumped into the stream. So soon as the gourd reached the point above the bathing place, it commenced floating towards the shore until within a few yards of the bathers, when it drifted against a limb which overhung the stream, and lodged. If Jones had looked through the loopholes, (he swears he didn't) he would have seen a sight that would have made the gourd itself blush. On one rock were three or four swimmers, alternately squatting down and rising up on their heels, and imitating the cry of the bullfrog, and when one would say "chug!" they would all plunge into the water, frog fashion. At another place they were striving to duck each other, while a third party was leading, by force, into the water a coy damsel, who had been too modest to undress before so many folks. But Jones's gourd did not long remain unnoticed in the water, and the damsel who espied it sailed up to it, seized it, and with slight resistance it came off, and disclosed the curly head of Bill Jones! Miss Betsy screamed and Bill Jones yelled! Miss Betsy and the other bathers rushed up to the bank, and Jones, in his fright and confusion, followed them. Here the girls turned on him, seized him and threw him on his face, twined his arms around a sapling, and having bound his hands with a kerchief, Jones lay defenceless in the power of his captors. The girls now leisurely dressed themselves, and then each provided herself with a trim birch or willow rod, and without further ceremony began applying them to the back, sides and legs of poor Jones. Jones twisted, and Jones writhed, he drew himself up and spread himself out; he begged and he prayed. But in vain. His captors were insensible to pity, until their arms were fatigued, and their rods frayed into ribbons. Alas, for poor Jones; he was not yet to escape. His tormentors provided themselves with fresh instruments, and stationed themselves in a row along the footpath from Jones' tree to the water's edge; and on the rock from which he was to plunge was posted a stout country lass, whose strength he had often tried in a wrestle, and whose endurance he had often tested in a "barn dance." At last he was released, and told that he must run the gauntlet. He could not but comply. Straightening himself up and drawing a long breath, he started at full speed, as he thought, but at every step something touched him that accelerated his motions, and as he was about to take the last final leap, such a blow fell on his rear that the sparks flew out of his eyes, and he bounded half across the stream at one leap. This rock has been known as Jones' Leap ever since.

Without stopping to see any more of his fair friends, Jones hastened to Aunt Judy's cottage, dressed himself, gave Josh

a thorough kicking, borrowed a sheep skin from Aunt Judy, mended his hair and rode slowly back into town. And from that day to this, Bill Jones has never shown his face, nor any other part of him, in good old Squire Parish's house, nor the stream that runs by its door.

TO THE MARRIED.—Miss Mulock says "A lady of my acquaintance gives it as her own opinion that domestic felicity that the men of the family should be absent at least six hours in the day." And truly a mistress of a family, however strong her affection for the male members of it, cannot but acknowledge this as a great boon. A house where "papa" or "the boys" are always about, popping in and out at all hours, overlastingly wanting something, or finding fault with something else, is a considerable trial to feminine patience. And I beg to ask my sex generally—in confidence, of course—if it is not the greatest comfort possible when, the masculine half of the family being cleared out for the day, the house settles down into regular work and orderly quietness until evening? Also, it is good for them as well as for us to have all the petty domestic bothers got over in their absence; to effect which ought to be one of the principal aims of the mistress of a family. Let them, if possible, return to quiet, smiling home, with all its small annoyances brushed away, like the dust and cinders from the grate, which, in passing, is one of the first requisites to make a fire-side look comfortable. It might be as well, too, if the master could contrive to leave the worldly mud of the day at the scraper outside his door.

WELCOME.—"Papa will soon be here," said mamma, to her three year old boy, "what can George do to welcome him?" And the mother glanced at the child's playthings, which lay scattered in wild confusion on the carpet.
"Make the room neat," replied the little one, understanding the look and at once beginning to gather his toys into a basket.
"What else can we do to welcome papa?"—asked mama, when nothing was wanting to the neatness of the room.
"Be happy to him when he comes!" cried the dear little fellow, jumping up and down with eagerness, as he waited at the window for his father's coming.
Now as all the dictionary makers will testify—it is very hard to give good definitions, but did not little George give the very substance of a welcome!—"Be happy to him when he comes."
All parents who read this, will know, that elegant apartments, and sumptuous entertainments and formal courtesy, will not avail in welcoming their guests, when they come.
Dear children, will you also remember, when your little friends come to see you, that all your beautiful toys, and fine plays, and nice treats, will not give your guests a "good time," unless you are happy to them when they come.—*Congregationalist.*

How long Eve, the first woman, lived, we know not. It is a curious fact that in sacred history, the age, death, and burial of only one woman—Sarah, the wife of Abraham—is distinctly noted.—Woman's age ever since appears not to have been a subject for history or discussion.

Finn, the celebrated comedian, once stumbled over a lot of wooden ware in front of a man's shop, whereupon the man cried out—"You came near kicking the bucket, this time, Mr.!"
"Oh, no," said Finn, quite complacently, "I only turned a little pale!"

Youth is a glorious invention.—While the girls chase the hours and you chase the girls, the months seem to dance away with you upon their feet. What a pity our summer is so short! Before you know it lovers become deacons, and romps grandmothers.

The man who refused a one dollar bill for fear it might have been altered from a ten, prefers stage travel to railroads for the reason that the former rides him eight hours for a dollar, while the latter rides him only one.

Paper has advanced within the past few weeks at the rate of one cent per pound. The profits of newspaper business are on the wrong side of the ledger at those rates, and no paper can long stand such prices.

"My lord," said the foreman of a Welsh jury, when giving in their verdict, "we find the man who stole the mare not guilty."
In Sweden, a man who is seen four times drunk is deprived of a vote at elections. That law wouldn't suit some of our sovereigns.

A business man may get along without advertising, and so can a wagon wheel without grease—but it goes hard.

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 section of country. His stock is much larger than that of any other Store in this place. It includes all the latest fashions, and is in every respect, as good as any other Store in the city. He has a large stock of Ladies' Dress Goods, and all the latest fashions, and our prices are as low as any other Store in the city.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS.

of every description, including
MEN AND BOYS' WINTER WEAR,
LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS SHOES,
MEN AND BOYS' BOOTS AND SHOES,
MEN'S HALF ROSE
WOMEN'S AND MISSES' WOOL HOSE,
HATS AND CAPS,
BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLIN,
GINGHAMS AND HEAVY DRILLINGS.

It will suit Ladies Sewed, Reeled Bootes at \$1.00 per pair.
Men's Boots, 27 1/2 to 30.
BALNOOL SKIRTS, very low.

GROCERIES.

White and Brown Sugar, Raisins, Syrup, Tea, &c.
"Fruit" that is usually kept in a Dry Goods Store, and as cheap as the cheapest. J. A. SPRANKLE,
Altoona, Oct. 7, 1862.

CITY DRUG STORE.

Dr. E. 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 Fayer's 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,
Cell and examine his stock. He has constantly on hand,
DRUGS,
MEDICINES AND CHEMICALS,
FINE TOILET SOAPS, PERFUMERY, BRUSHES,
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
DOMESTIC GRAPE WINE—PURE—WARRANTED.
RHETICIAN'S PRESCRIPTIONS
carefully compounded, at all hours of the day or night.
Altoona, Sept. 30, 1862.

1864. SPRING 1864. CIRCULAR.

I take pleasure in issuing this my Spring advertisement, through which I would 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.
I have also bought an immense stock of
BOOTS AND SHOES,
the majority of which are city make and will be guaranteed by an assortment of Ladies and Children's Shoes is complete, all of which, I am now offering at a small advance on the wholesale price. In reference to that branch of the business, the public will be greatly benefited by giving this their attention and call and examine my stock, as I feel confident I can please all.
JAMES S. MANN, Main Street,
Altoona, Pa.

HARDWARE!

CHARLES J. MANN,
DEALER IN FOREIGN AND DO-
MESTIC HARDWARE, BRASS,
WOODEN WARE, BROOMS,
WINDOW GLASS,
DOOR MATS,
UPHOLSTERING GOODS,
SHOE FINDINGS,
COFFIN TRIMMINGS,
MOULDERS' TOOLS,
BED CAGES AND WIRE GOODS,
PUTTY, WHITE LEAD, &c., &c.

His description of Goods in his line will be furnished at short notice, and at low rates for cash. There is his remaining stock of DRY GOODS on hand will be closed out at remarkably low prices, in order to relinquish that branch of the business.
Agent for Wilson's "Telegraph Fender Center."
Altoona, May 25, 1862.

MUSIC!—INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN

on the Violoncello, Clarinet, Saxo-
phone, &c. by M. M. BROWN,
Teacher, 110 per quarter. No charge for
the use of the Instrument. Residence on Catherine Street,
West Altoona. (Jan. 15, 1862.)

JUST RECEIVED—A Lot of Prime

CIGARS—at
REIGART'S Drug Store.

HEIMBOLD'S GENUINE BUCHU

Head Druggist's Plantation Bitters, at
REIGART'S Drug Store.

MEN AND BOYS' COATS, of every

style and color, of good quality, at
REIGART'S Drug Store.

NEW AND IMPROVED STYLES

of Trunks, Valises and Carpet-Bags,
LADYBAGS.

PURE WHITE LEAD AND ZINC

Paints, also Green, Yellow, Red, Green, &c.,
at
REIGART'S Drug Store.

REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA.

AT LAST
REMEDY FOR
DYSPEPSIA.

REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA.

REMEDY FOR
DYSPEPSIA.