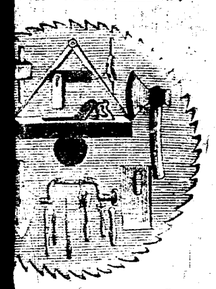
S & WILLIAMS.



dware, &c.
having taken charge of the Hardware
Tin Shop recently under the charge
Virginia street, opposite Kessler's
offer his stock to their stock are now
anything in the Hardware and Cutlery
Saws, Axes, Augers, Adzes, Chisels,
Planes, Hinges, Locks, Latches,
Screws, &c., &c., all of which
reasonable terms.
anything in the Hardware line are
examine their stock.
Oils, Paints, Carbon Oil, etc., to their
of all these articles at a small ad-

ntinue the
E BUSINESS,
hand an assortment from which say
select an article to please their fancy.
SHEET IRONWARE,
nd WILLOW-WARE
will make to orde
promptly attended to.
G AND SPOUTING
in the best style.

W GOODS.
signed would respectfully in-
of Altoona and surrounding coun-
purchased from the East, where he has
ck of
D WINTER GOODS,
quality and prices cannot be surpassed in
His stock is much larger than
is quite an object, in these exciting
one to purchase where they can get
s and at the Lowest Prices,
call and will sell as low, if not a
other house in this place. He wishes
stock before purchasing elsewhere,
to call for inducements which will
a stock consists of
SS GOODS of every description,
S' WINTER WEAR.
D MISSES' DRESS SHOES,
ND BOYS' BOOTS AND SHOES,
MEN'S HALF HOSE
ND MISSES' WOOL HOSE.
ND UNBLEACHED MUSLIN,
HAMS AND HEAVY DRILLINGS.
Sewed, Heeled Brogans at $1.50@1.75
1.37@1.50
2.75@3.50
ROCERIES.
Syrups, Teas, &c.
usually kept in a Dry Goods Store,
J. A. SPRANKLE.

DYE COLORS.
October 15th, 1863.

Dark Green,
Light Green,
Magenta,
Mauve,
Maroon,
Orange,
Pink,
Purple,
Royal Purple,
Salmon,
Scarlet,
Slate,
Solferino,
Violet,
Yellow,
Goods, Shawls, Scarfs,
Hats, Feathers,
Clothing, and all
Woollen Apparel.
OF 50 PER CENT.
many goods as would oth-
Various shades can be
The process is simple and
with perfect success. Directions
inside of each package,
Dyeing, and giving a perfect
be adapted to dye over oth-
purchase Howe & Ste-
Coloring. Sent by mail on
Manufactured by
HOWE & STEVENS,
209 BROADWAY, BOSTON.
and dealers generally.

TOVES,
HEET-IRON WARE.
ASIGNED WOULD RE-

A large supply will always be
IRON WARE, in great variety.
G & SPOUTING
a separate shop room to his
keeping hand an assortment of cop-
promptly attended to.
STEPHEN WINTERS.
nd Sheet Iron Ware.
TING, &C.
OULD RESPECT-
citizens of Altoona
continually on hand a
Parlor, Office and
and sizes, to suit the
sell at low prices, on reason-
large stock of Tin and Sheet-
all articles for culinary purposes—
the right of sale in Blair county
SAUSAGE STUFFER,
only to be seen to be appreci-
by every farmer, butcher or those
paid to putting up SPOUTING
Spouting painted and put up
terms. [april 14, 1859-1y
SSOCIATION.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Seminal, Urinary and Sexual
treatment—in Reports of the
—sent by mail in sealed letter
Address, Dr. J. SKILLIN
Association, No. 2 South Ninth St.,
[Jan. 20 '64-1y.
—NOS. 1, 2, AND 3,
packages, new, and each package
and for sale low by
FRITCHEY.
ANT GOOD COFFEE,
Chocolate, Syrups and Sugars,
FRITCHEY'S.
ACKERS! A fresh sup-
crackers just received and for
FRITCHEY'S
CREAM CHEESE AT
FRITCHEY'S.
ES CARPETING AND
be found at LAUGHMAN'S.

The Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 9. ALTOONA, PA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1864. NO. 37.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

J. H. 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
10 lines or less	$ 50	$ 37½	$ 50
1 square, 10 lines	1 00	75	1 00
2 squares, 20 lines	1 50	1 50	2 00
3 squares, 30 lines	2 00	2 00	2 50

For three weeks or less than three months, 25 cents per square for each insertion.

	3 months	6 months	1 year
10 lines or less	$ 3 00	$ 5 00	$ 5 00
1 square	4 00	7 00	10 00
2 squares	6 00	10 00	12 00
3 squares	8 00	12 00	14 00
4 squares	10 00	14 00	20 00
1 column	14 00	20 00	40 00
1 page	25 00	40 00	1 77

Business notices in the news column, 10 cents a line for every insertion.

Yearly advertisements will be complied with at the following rates, viz: One square, three squares, quarter column, half column, one column.

Marriages or Births free. Obituaries, exceeding 5 lines, charged as advertisements.

Job Printing, of every description, neatly executed and at the above rates.

Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Yearly advertisers will be charged for additional matter at the end of their term, at the rate of one dollar per square for every insertion.

Business notices of less than five lines, fifty cents a square.

Choice Poetry.

"REMEMBER ME."

Go where glory waits thee,
And while fame elates thee,
Oh, then remember me!
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends may caress thee;
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be;
But on joys and friends are dearest—
And when friends are nearest,
Oh! then remember me!

When at even thou wakest
By the star thou loves,
Oh! then remember me!
And when homeward returning,
Hearest thou voices of mourning—
Oh! then remember me!

And when summer closes,
And thine eyes repose
On the lingering roses,
Once so lovely by thee;
Think of her who wove them;
Her who made thee love them—
Oh! then remember me.

When around the dying
Autumn leaves are lying;
Oh! then remember me;
When at night thou art gazing
On the gay lights blazing—
Oh! then remember me.

Then, should music stealing
O'er the soul of feeling,
To thine heart appealing,
Drop one tear for me!
Then should memory bring thee—
Strains I used to sing thee—
Oh! then remember me!

Select Miscellany.

DID SHE FLIRT HIM?

'Hallo, Frank! stop a minute,' exclaimed a tall, well-proportioned gentleman, apparently about twenty-five, to a young looking but exceedingly handsome man who was hurrying past him with the greatest speed.

'Why, in the name of all that is wonderful, what brought you here?' extending his hand to the first speaker, whose name was Horace Grant.

'I have just arrived this afternoon,' he replied. 'As they all seemed tired of seeing me at home I just made them adieu; and,' continued he, straightening himself up to his greatest height, and trying to look grave, 'here I am.'

'But why did you ever think of coming here?' persisted Frank Gibson, who was one of those ardent, impulsive, and at the same time inquisitive persons, who want to know a reason for everything.

'Well, Frank, the fact of it is, father says it is about time I was settling down in the world, and says that's what I never can do until I get a wife. So he ordered me to pack up, and gave me a letter of introduction to his old friend Judge Bright, who has, I am told, a remarkably pretty daughter named Minnie, who will, of course, fall in love with me at first sight.'

'Ha! ha!' laughed Frank, 'don't be too sure of that, old fellow, for Minnie Bright has admirers and lovers by scores, a great deal better looking than you, and I warn you in time that she is the most accomplished little flirt in the world. I am exceedingly sorry' he continued, 'I cannot be here to see how you come on, but am obliged to leave to-morrow morning at five o'clock for M. But write and let me know how you progress. Good-bye,' said he extending his hand.

'Good-bye! I will write and let you know in time to be first groomsman; you know I always promised you I would,' said Horace.

After a hearty shaking of hands the two friends seperated: one going to his hotel and the other to his uncle's Judge Bright's, to take leave of his pretty cousin Minnie. And, kind reader, while he is hurrying on, let us take a hasty glance at the person who has been the subject of the above conversation.

Minnie was the only child of the rich old widower, Judge Bright.—She had just reached her eighteenth year, and was beautiful as a poet's dream. How lovely she looked as she stood at the window waiting the arrival of her somewhat tardy cousin! She was rather below the medium height, but most beautifully formed: her dark brown curls were carelessly pushed back from a brow of the purest white: her eyes were dark brown, but now were completely veiled by her long, dark lashes, and her mouth was a perfect little rosebud.

'There he is now,' she joyfully exclaimed. 'Why, Frank, what made you stay so long? I thought you were going off without even saying good-bye.'

'No, you didn't' he replied; 'you know I could not do that. But I was detained somewhat by Horace Grant of C. You remember hearing me speak of him? We were old chums at college. He has a letter of introduction to uncle, and is coming here for the purpose, as he says of marrying you. He certainly has a very good opinion of himself. And now, Minnie, if you don't flirt him you are not the girl I took you for. Why, he seems to think that all he has got to do is to propose, and he will be eagerly accepted!'

'Don't be uneasy on my account Frank,' she gaily replied. 'Did he know you were related to me.'

'No, indeed! he never dreamed of such a thing. Had a great mind to knock the fellow down: but as second thoughts are generally best, I conclude to leave him to you.'

'And you acted rightly, cousin mine. He has come just at the right time, now that you are about to desert me. Ah! poor fellow, he will meet with his match in me; don't you think so, Frank?'

'I have not the least doubt but that he will. Grant him no mercy, Minnie, though Grant be his name. As he has promised to write to me I will be pretty well posted, for of course you will write to me, too.'

After two hour's conversation Frank Gibson took leave of his pretty cousin, perfectly assured that Horace Grant would leave L. slightly humbled in regard to his personal attractions.

'Minnie,' said Judge Bright, the next morning; at the breakfast-table, 'while I was at the Washington Hotel last night, a noble looking young man came in, and his face looked so familiar that he excited my curiosity, and on looking over the register, I discovered him to be Horace Grant, the son of my friend John Grant, of whom you have often heard me speak. I immediately formed his acquaintance, and invited him to make my house his home as long as he stayed here.—He accepted my invitation, and will call to-day at eleven o'clock.'

'Did you say he was coming to-day, papa? How provoking!' said she, turning to her Aunt Kate: 'I suppose this Adonis will be expecting me to entertain him.'

'Ha! ha!' laughed her father, 'that will not be very hard work, I assure you, for he will be the lion of L. in less than a week, and I expect there will be quite a number of broken hearts before he leaves.'

* * * * * * *

'My daughter, Mr. Grant;' 'Minnie, this the gentleman you heard me speak of.'

And Minnie, looking up, beheld the clear intellectual looking gray eyes of the visitor fixed upon her: and acknowledging his polite bows she entered into conversation with him with such ease and grace that, before dinner was announced, Mr. Grant was quite charmed. Minnie, too, seemed entirely to have forgotten that it was 'provoking' for her to entertain him, and her father was delighted with the manner in which she treated him.

* * * * * * *

Four weeks had glided swiftly by since Mr. Grant's arrival, and never had four weeks appeared so short. He had become acquainted with all the belles and beauties of L., but he could compare none of them to Minnie. In fact, Mr. Horace was in love, and on this afternoon he was particularly animated and smiling, for had not Minnie danced three sets with him the night before, when so many others sought her?—And he thought how terribly jealous he had made the handsome Dr. Hart, and he could scarcely refrain from laughing aloud.

After a most elaborate toilet he descended to the parlor, where he found Minnie seated at the piano singing 'I wonder if he loves me.'

'Are you ready for your ride, Miss Minnie?' he inquired.

'Yes, ready and waiting,' she replied; 'Tom has had the buggy at the door for some time.'

'Then there is nothing to detain us. I am sorry I kept you waiting,' he added, in an apologetical tone; and, handing her into the buggy, they were soon flying along the streets of L., envied by all the beaux and belles of the place.

'What a beautiful little town this is Miss Minnie! I don't know when I have enjoyed myself so well as I have during my stay here. I am afraid I have taken advantage of your time and your father's hospitality. And yet,' he continued in a low tone.—'I cannot make up my mind to leave.'

'If you are enjoying yourself, Mr. Grant,' replied she, with an almost beseeching look, 'I don't see why you should think of leaving us so soon; I was afraid you were having rather a dull time in this little village of ours.'

'Dull!' he exclaimed; 'that would be impossible when you were near.'

'Thank you, Mr. Flatterer,' said Minnie, laughing gaily. 'I really don't know what we girls will do when you leave.'

'Will you care, Minnie?' he asked, in a tremulous voice.

'Care—why, of course I will!'

'You cannot imagine how much I care to go without you, although I have only been acquinted with you for the short period of four weeks; yet it seems as if I had known you all my life. Minnie, will you be my wife?'

'That is asking too much, Mr. Grant,' she answered; 'don't you remember that I told you I intended to be an old maid?' and she laughed saucily. 'No, Mr. Grant,' she continued, upon seeing how pained he looked upon having, as she thought, his vanity wounded, 'you are mistaken in regard to the depth of your love; you feel for me just as I feel for you, which is a very friendly sort of feeling, I assure you. But, to change the subject, here comes Dr. Hart. What a splendid horse that is he is driving! Suppose we try to beat him?'

Of course Mr. Grant was obliged to yield; and, after an hour's ride (the only unpleasant half hour he had spent in four weeks, and the most miserable one he had spent in his life,) he returned home with feelings better imagined than described. The next morning he abruptly left L.

* * * * * * *

Four years had passed by, and Minnie was still unmarried. She had passed the sunny years of girlhood to a beautiful but thoughtful woman of twenty-two. Civil war, with all its horrors, was threatening to devastate our once happy country, and Minnie, with untiring energy, devoted her time to sewing and preparing various delicacies for our wounded brave.

One morning, while in company with her Aunt Kate on an errand of mercy, they visited a hospital in the suburbs of the town, where they had been told that sixty wounded soldiers, who sadly needed the charity of the town, had just arrived.—One poor fellow especially, the attending physician told them, needed their aid.

They at once proceeded to his bedside, and greatly shocked was Minnie on beholding Horace Grant, a mere shadow of his former self and wildly delerious.

They had him immediately removed to Judge Bright's where, after six weeks attentive nursing, he was able to go about the house. Then it was he told Minnie how grateful he was to her for her kindness to him: that his father and mother were both dead, his only sister married and gone off, and he had no one to care for him; how he had entered the army as lieutenant, but had become a colonel. Only three months before he was wounded, he had met Frank Gibson (who had also entered the army) made him his *confidante*, how he loved Minnie and had been refused. Then Frank reminded him of the conversation they had on the evening of his arrival in L., and confessed that he had repeated to Minnie all he said to him.

And Minnie said,—

'Horace, I entreat you, if that conversation was the cause of your disliking me, forgive me and forget it!'

Need we add, kind reader, that all was forgiven? And, a few weeks later, there was a quiet wedding at Judge Bright's, and Horace Grant re-entered the army with renewed zeal and energy, for he has a loving and patriotic wife at home now, watching his career, and he is determined she shall never have a cause to blush for his name.

HOW TO GET RID OF A ROCK.

Uriah Abell was a Connecticut farmer and in his time, a pretty good one. His farm, like a great many other Connecticut farms, was full of stones, and he delighted to clear them out of the way of the plow.—He built a great many rods or substantial stone wall, but he could not use up all the stone. He had cleared one field of all but one great boulder, about the size of a large hay-cock. He wanted to get rid of that. He would have "blown it to flinders," as he had many others, but it was within two rods of "the best room" windows, which might go "to flinders" at the same time. So he attempted to haul it out of its bed one day. After tiring his own and his neighbor's oxen, and breaking several chains, Uriah grew wrathy, and declared that "he would give five dollars to any one that would take that pesky rock out of his sight."

"Wa'al neow, I don't mind taking the job if you'll find a spade and throw in some dinner, and a mug of cider along in the afternoon."

This proposition was made by a stranger who had just then came up. He was a fair specimen of a working Yankee, and Uriah dropped the broken chain and turned square round to look him full in the face.

"Yes, I'll give it, and the dinner and cider too, but I won't pull my oxen again at that stone, no how."

"Don't want you should. I'm to take the stone out of sight, make all smooth about here, so you can plow right along. That's what I'm to do, ain't it?"

"Yes, that is all I want. I don't care how you do it, but if you fail I don't pay you anything, do you understand? Very well, then come into to dinner."

That done, a large end of tobacco adjusted, the Yankee threw off his coat and took up the spade. He gave a look at the stone to see which way it would tip the easiest, and then commenced digging a hole on the lower side, and deep enough to bury the boulder quite out of sight. In three hours he got out and took a careful measurment, and then dug a little more upon one side. Then he went to the wood pile and got a stout stick of wood, which he planted firmly with one end at the bottom of his hole and the other bracing against the rock. Then he began undermining, and worked until he saw the dirt begin to give, and found that his rock was resting upon his brace.

"Now," says he, "I think that I will take that mug of cider."

Uriah, who had been watching him ordered out the cider with a right good will. He even offered to add some doughnuts and cheese.

While the Yankee was wiping away the perspiration and drinking his cider. Uriah brought his oxen around and hitched a chain to the wooden prop.

'I did say I wouldn't pull my oxen again, and I don't mean too, cause it only needs a smart jerk."

Jerk it was, and down went the boulder, and with it a shovel full of dirt, and another and another, in quick succession, until all was smooth and level, and long before night the Yankee was ready to resume his journey.

"There," said Uriah, as he handed him the five dollars, "there is the best spent five dollars that I ever paid for work on my farm. Won't you take another drink of cider.—You are entirely welcome. I have learned something of you."

Perhaps some persons who read this may learn something—learn how to get rid of some of the boulders that encumber the surface, and which are often blasted and broken at a much greater expense than it would require to bury them where they lie, entirely out of sight.

UNPLEASANT REMARKS.

Never tell anybody an unpalatable truth when it can answer no good purpose. This sort of unnecessary candor is sometimes prompted by malice, sometimes by a mere looseness of tongue, like that which Iago imputes to Cassio when asleep. Sydney Smith says, and very justly, that friendship is frequently made an excuse for unpunishable impertinence by people who pride themselves in speaking their minds freely. The truth maliciously spoken may be libellous, and when volunteered in relation to matters with which the utterer has no concern, it is very often unmanly. It may be perfectly true, for example, that Mrs. Blank is old and corpulent, but that is nobody's business but her own, and the man who reminds her of the fact is too candid to be a gentleman. As surely as pleasant tuths kindly meant and said are a passport to friendship and affection, so surely do bitter ones provoke the enmity and hatred to those whom they are addressed. If you have a taste for repartee restrain it. It is better to loose a jest than a friend—to miss an opportunity of saying a "good thing" than to make an enemy.

It must be admitted, however, that the self-love of some individuals is so morbidly sensitive as to render them anything but agreeable companions. They take offence where none is intended, and apply remarks of the most general character to their own particular cases with great ingenuity. In nine cases out of ten, the abnormal sensitiveness of such people is occasioned by an inward consciousness that they deserve the rebukes which they erroneously suppose you intend to administer. It is hard to say which is the greater nuisance—to be annoyed with the impertinencies of people who are insultingly candid, or to have your innocent remarks construed as insults by persons whom you have no thoughts of offending.

"Pete, what am lub?" asked a sable youth of his companion, a perfect African-Plato.

"And you don't know nuffin 'bout him?"

"No, uncle Pete."

'Why, your education is dreadfully imperfect. Don't you feel him in your bussum, to be sure?"

The other inserted his hand beneath his waist-coat. "No, I don't, uncle Pete."

"Ignorant nigger! It am a strong passion which rends de soul so sewerely dat even time itself can't heal it."

"Den, uncle Pete, I know who be in lub."

"Who am it?

"Dis ole boot of mine. Its sole am rent so sewerely, dat Johnson, de cobler, utterly refused to mend him; and he say dat he is so bad dat de debble hisself couldn't heal 'im."

HOW TO BE CHEERFUL.—A cheerful life must be a busy one. And a bussy life cannot well be otherwise than cheerful. Frogs do not croak in running water. Active minds are seldom troubled with gloomy forebodings. They come up only from the stagnant depths of a spirit unstirred by generous impulses of the blessed necessities of honest toil.

'I see the villian in your face,' said a Western judge to a prisoner.

'May it please your worship,' replied the prisoner, 'that is a personal reflection.'

CANALS.—The first canal on record was one constructed by Ptolemy Philadelphus, for the purpose of opening a communication between the Nile and the Red Sea. The great canal of China, extending a distance of 825 miles, was commenced in the ninth century. Canals were introduced into England by the Romans, who formed one from the river Nyne, a little below Peterborough, to the river Witham, three miles south of Lincoln; and in 1134, during the reign of Henry I., a canal was made to effect a junction between the Trent and the Witham. The first canal regularly constructed with locks and sluices, was made in 1563, near the city of Exeter. The aggregate length of navigable canals in England exceeds 2,200 miles.

RECEIPTS THAT NEVER FAIL.—To destroy rats—catch them one by one, and flatten their heads in a lemon-squeezer.

To kill cockroaches—get a pair of heavy boots, then catch your roaches, put them into a barrel, then get in yourself and dance.

To kill bedbugs—chain their hind legs to a tree then go round in front and make mouths at them.

To catch mice—on going to bed put crumbs of chees into your mouth, and lie with it open, and when a mouse's whiskers tickle your throat, bite.

To prevent dogs from going mad—cut their tails off just behind their ears.

LADIES VS. GENTLEMAN.—Three things a lady cannot do:—

"1st, She cannot pass a millinery shop without stopping.

2d. She cannot see a piece of lace without asking the price.

3rd. She cannot see a baby without kissing it.

A lady of our acquaintance turns the tables on the gentlemen as follows—

Three things a gentleman cannot do.

1st. He cannot go through the house and shut the door after him.

2nd. He cannot have a shirt made to suit him.

3rd. He can never be satisfied with the ladies' fashions.

"SONNY, I don't see anything about here;—what does your father raise on this land?"

"Wal, he raises hackmatch, grasshoppers, hoptoads, tumble bugs and other wegetables. Yesterday he raised a double breasted pig pen right under the window, and mother raised Cain."

"MIKE, why don't you fire at those ducks boy—don't you see you have a whole flock before your gun?"

"I know I have, but when I get a good aim at one, two or three others will swim right betwixt it and me."

MOTHER WIT.—A stingy husband threw off the blame of the lawlessness of his children in company by saying his wife always gives them their own way.'

"Poor things," was the prompt reply, 'It's all I have to give them."

'This way, captain!' shouted an English soldier at Inkermann; 'I have a prisoner.'

'Well, bring him here.'

'I should like to, but the scoundrel won't let go.'

Two centuries ago not one in a hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago not one boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago not one girl in a thousand made a waiting maid of her mother. Wonderful improvement, in this wonderful age.

"I know I am a perfect bear in my manner," said a young farmer to his sweet-heart. "No, indeed, you are not, John; you have never hugged me yet. You are more sheep than bear."

If you wish to appear agreeable in society, says Talleyrand, you must consent to be taught many things which you know already.