The Altoona Tribune.

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

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THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

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

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Select Miscellany.

A GOOD STORY.

Some years since an eccentric old genius whom we'll call Barnes, was employed by a farmer living some six or seven miles westerly from the Penobscot river, to dig a well. The soil and substratum being mostly sand, old Barnes, after having progressed downward about forty feet, found one morning, upon going out to work, that the well had essentially caved in, and was filled nearly to the top. So, having that desire which men have of knowing what is said of them after they are dead, and no one being astir, he concealed himself in a rank growth of burdocks by the side of a board fence, near the mouth of the well, having first left his hat and frock upon the windlass over the well. At length breakfast being ready, a boy was despatched to call him to his meal, when lo! and behold, it was seen that Barnes was buried in the grave unconsciously dug by his own hands. The alarm was given, and the family assembled. It was decided first to eat breakfast and then send for the coroner, the minister, and his wife and children. Such apathy did not flatter Barnes' self-esteem a bit, but he waited patiently, determined to hear what was to be said, and to see what was to be seen. Presently all parties arrived and began prospecting the scene of the catrophe, as people usually do in such cases. At length they drew together to exchange opinions as to what should be done. The minister at once gave it as his opinion that they had better level up the well and let Barnes remain; "for," said he, "he is now beyond the temptation to sin, and in the day of judgment it will make no difference whether he is buried five feet under the ground or fifty, for he is bound to come forth in either case." The coroner likewise agreed that "it would be needless expense to his family or the town to disinter him when he was so effectually buried," and therefore entirely coincided with the minister. His wife thought that as he "had left his hat and frock, it was hardly worth while to dig him out for the rest of his clothes;" and so it was settled to let him remain.—But poor old Barnes, who had no breakfast, and was not at all pleased with the result of the inquest, lay quiet until the shades of evening had stolen over the landscape, when he quickly departed to parts unknown.

After remaining incognito for about three years, one morning he suddenly appeared (hatless and frockless as he went,) at the door of the farmer for whom he agreed to dig the unfortunate well. To say that an avalanche of questions were rained upon him as to his mysterious reappearance, etc., would convey but a faint idea of the excitement which his bodily presence created. But the old man bore it all quietly until they were done, when he informed them that, on finding himself buried, he waited for them to dig him out until his patience was exhausted, when he set to work to dig himself out, and had only the day before succeeded, for his ideas being somewhat confused by the pressure of the earth at the time he was buried, he had dug very much at random, and instead of coming directly to the surface, he came out in the town of Polden, six miles east of the Penobscot.

No further explanations were asked for by those who were so distressed and sorrowful over his supposed final resting place.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

BY MARY E. CLARK.

It was a troubled face with knit brow, that was bent over two letters, pondering over the momentous question, and Nellie Hartley's thoughts ran somewhat in this form:

What a noble, manly letter Godfrey Chapman writes, and how his protecting, tender love sparkles in every line! I can see him now, as he wrote that letter, his broad shoulder bent, his large, white hand tracing those clear, bold characters, and those great black eyes of his beaming with fervor and hope. He is not handsome, not very talented, but so true, so good, that I could put my hand in his, content to let him lead me, content to obey, as well as to honor him. But then he has nothing but the small fortune his mother left him, and all of that is invested in business. Then, too, he is so absorbed in that little counting-house; why, even this letter has the business envelope. There's Mary, too; whoever marries Godfrey may calculate upon Mary for a life-long fixture, and she is so fretful and repining. Poor Mary! it is hard for a young girl to be shut up, for life, in one room, and suffer such pain. That frightful accident!—I have shuddered at the prospect of a railway journey ever since. Perhaps if she was in a pleasant home, with some one near to chat with her, she would become more reconciled; but in that lonely room, in a boarding house, Godfrey away all day, and no one to speak to but the nurse, her imprisonment is hard to bear.—I will call often. Stay! that will not do, unless I decide to answer Godfrey's letter, as he wishes. If the other had not come just to-day. It is such a beautiful letter, tinted paper, graceful handwriting, and such a lovely seal. Norman Hart knows how to address a lady. Such easy grace in complimenting, and such poetical language are seldom written. He is so handsome, too, with such a graceful bow, and so courteous at all times. I never saw anything so beautiful as his estate, with its hot-houses and gardens, its superb furniture and pictures, and his carriages and horses are just perfection. And he has invited me to preside over this lovely place, and spend his large fortune—offers me hand, heart and purse. O! which shall it be?

"Shall I help you?"

Nellie started, for she had believed herself alone; but at her elbow stood a small figure, in a bright dress, such as she had read about, in fairy tales, a thousand times.

"Shall I help you?" repeated the small woman, in a clear silvery tone. "I am your fairy guardian! Oh! yes, you thought such dreams were over when you put on long frocks and turned up your hair, but we are not quite gone yet, though locomotives and electric telegraphs are ruining our business. Come, my dear, and I will help you to decide which it shall be."

Somehow, she scarcely realized how, the room faded away, and she found herself in the long dining-room of Norman Hart's palatial residence. Dinner was just over, and three gentlemen, who were all acquaintances of Nellie, were running the host on his well known preference for the pretty Nellie Hartley.

"Come, confess," said one, "you have made her an offer."

"Pooh! nonsense!" was the reply, "I am not ready yet to put on the shackles! Bachelor life suits me, though of course one must marry some time. Pass the wine, Lem."

And from her name the conversation glided into other channels, and Nelly's memory aided her in recalling various rumors and stories of rioting and dissipation, all confirmed by the conversation now ringing in her ears. As anecdote and story flew from lip to lip, she recalled the tales kind friends had told her as a warning, and shuddered at the future of this man's wife. The evening shadows were closing in, as the four men, flushed and excited, rose from their wine to adjourn to the library. There cards were produced, and the bets grew heavier, the talk more reckless, till she turned to her guide, sick and terrified, and begged to leave the scene. As she spoke the room faded as her own had done, and a cosy back room, neatly fitted up, took its place.

Upon a low couch lay a pale, fair girl, whose face was drawn with lines of suffering, and whose twisted limbs told of the frightful accident that had crippled her. She was lying very still, with a listless, wearied expression; but as Nellie watched, the pale face brightened, and she raised her head to listen. The door opened, and the smile grew radiant as Godfrey Churchman entered the room.

"Dear, dear brother!" This was the greeting. With loving tenderness he caressed her, and sat beside her, while she wound his curls round her thin fingers.

"You are tired," she said softly.

"Rather! I am working so hard for our home, Mary!"

"And Nellie's?"

"And Nellie, if she will share it. I wrote to-day to ask if she would come to us, for I can dare to begin now to fit up a house. We must live quietly and economically at first, but I will work hard that you and Nellie shall have every comfort."

"Ah, here comes our tea!" said Mary, as the servant brought in a small tray, with a service for two. "I do enjoy your pretty present, Godfrey."

"The *tete-a-tete*. Yes, it is very cosy."

And then Nellie bowed her head too, as the young man, raising reverently, asked a blessing on the meal.

Two hours glided away, and still the young girl lingered—lingered to hear the brother's words of love fall on the sufferer's heart like music—to hear her own name respectfully and affectionately uttured; lingered to see the tender, protecting love of a strong man soothing his sister's pain by gentle changes of position; to see how carefully he studied her face to read every thought; and as the room at last faded away, she stretched out her arms to the noble man before her, and woke with a start in her own room.

The letters lay still before her, as they were before she fell asleep, and as she read them again, she recalled all that she knew of the writers. In vivid colors her dream had presented the by-gone stories of Norman's dissipation, and Godfrey's high character, and she put aside the tinted sheet to read again the words from the heart of her true lover.

The little white winged messenger she sent to the sister's care was opened and read with bright faces and hearts ready to lavish upon her a wealth of love, while Norman Hart tossed his into the fire with a muttered curse.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

☞ The chivalric rebels of Savannah, who were furious to die in the last ditch on Sherman's approach, no sooner put on the yoke of the hated Yankee than they began to beg piteously for food and raiment. Not satisfied with begging from General Sherman, they dispatched an agent to New York, who made public speeches, begging most abjectly for aid for the suffering rebels of Savannah. And the citizens of Gotham responded with alacrity to this rebel appeal, loading a vessel with supplies for the once proud and haughty, but now tame and mendicant negro drivers. This rebel readiness to be fed and clothed by the ruthless invaders of their rights, shows that it is not impossible for the chivalry of the South to live lovingly with the hated Yankee, when their military power is destroyed, and that the job of reconstruction will probably not be so big a one after all. Your genuine rebel is a queer animal. He is a good hater; he handles the bowie knife, the bludgeon and the bastinado well, and is great on a banter or a bender. Being pressed, he is a good beggar, and though insolent and overbearing, when in good humor is patronizing and pleasant, if permitted to have his own way. He always dies with his original opinions in him, seeking his dissolution in the last ditch. He has been known, however, when approaching that ditch, to turn round and beg life and subsistence at the hands of his ruthless oppressor. In fact, the sight of that ditch of late invariably reminds him that a good dinner is better than death; and as the Yankee does not care which he deals, he takes the dinner.

THE GREAT GULF PETROLEUM COMPANY,

Is situated in the immediate centre of the Universe, with an average depth of *ten miles* of illuminating and lubricating Oil, of a quality superior to any heretofore discovered.

One pint of the former burned in an ordinary lamp being equal to

5000 CALCIUM LIGHTS

of the highest order, and visible to the inhabitants of the Moon. The qualities of the lubricating oil are such as to grease the hub of the Universe, causing the revolution of that immense body once in every twenty-four hours.

TEN DROPS

being sufficient to cause a man to travel one thousand times his ordinary speed; and

ONE DROP

applied to a dog's tail will cause a canine velocity of speed equal to greased lightning.

The surface indications of the land are unmistakable; the ETNA, HECLA, VESUVIUS, and other gas springs, demonstrate the existence of oil in abundance.

4,000,000,000,000,000 ACRES

of the richest Oil Lands are under the azure of the skies, and shadowed by the setting sun, throwing into a deep shade the

FAMOUS MAPLE SHADE OIL COMPANY.

It is proposed by this enterprising Company to dispense with the small tanks and barrels used at the present day. An immense Reservoir holding 9,000,000,000,000,000 PUNCHEONS, and known as the Valley of the Mississippi, will be used for tanking purposes. Also, a pond, known as the Mediterranean Sea, will be pumped out by

10,000,000 *Powerful* 1000,000,000 *Horse Engines,*

and used as a depository for oil.

AN IMMENSE CAST IRON PIPE

manufactured by the firm of Vulcan, Pluto & Co., will be inserted through to China, to lubricate and illuminate the benighted heathen of the Celestial Empire.

IMMENSE PIPES OF SAME CALIBRE

will be introduced into the North and South Poles, to furnish the inhabitants with a proper article of oleaginous diet, receiving a flow of bear's oil in return. By hydraulic pressure, an entire new system of

OIL SPOUTS

will be introduced, to carry up immense bodies of oil to those above who may want it.

The Capital Stock of the Company consists of

1000,000,000 SHARES,

at the small sum of

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH!

Each subscriber being entitled to ONE THOUSAND BARRELS OF OIL PER MINUTE, and

9,000,000 ACRES OF LAND

in fee simple, together with all and singular an ICE CREAM BANK, A MOLASSES SPRING, A CIDER ILE LAKE, and a BUTTERMILK SEA, in their own right.

By a process known only to the Directors of this Company, an elastic and enduring fabric, known to them as PETROLEUM SHODDY SKIN, will be manufactured for the exclusive use of the stockholders.

The great object of this Company is to illuminate, lubricate, clothe and feed every one and the balance of creation.

There is now on the grounds for successful operations,

A DRAKE, A STEAM FIRE ENGINE, A NIGGER, and A JACKASS,

the latter for the exclusive use of the President.

Subscriptions taken up to the 1st day of April. A discount to Corporations. Clergymen half price.—Apply to

GABRIEL BLOWHORN & Co.
No. XX Ale Place.

This Well is bored entirely thro' the Earth, extending from Oil Creek, Pennsylvania, to the Hoang Ho in the Celestial Empire, and has consequently a double outlet. An immense Blowpipe will be inserted in the Chinese outlet, to promote an unbroken flow of Oil from the Western Well; which is supposed will be equal to a Hundred Barrels Refined Petroleum per Minute.

Hon. GOINTOEM STRONG, Pres.
PARTICULAR PHITTS, Esq., Sec'y.

☞ Labors of the body free us from the pains of the mind. This is what constitutes the happiness of the poor.

THE MONKEY AND DRUNKARD.

Mr. Pollard states that in his drinking days he was the companion of a man in Arundel county, Maryland, who had a monkey which he valued at a thousand dollars. "We always took him out on our chestnut parties. He shook off all our chestnuts for us, and when he could no longer shake them off, he would go to the very end of the limb and knock them off with his fist. One day we stopped at a tavern and drank freely. About half a glass of whiskey was left, and Jack took the glass and drank it all up. Soon he was merry; skipped, hopped and danced, and set us all in a roar of laughter. Jack was drunk.

We all agreed, six of us, that we would come to the tavern next day, and get Jack drunk again, and have sport all day. I called at my friend's house next morning, and we went out for Jack. Instead of being as usual in his box, he was not to be seen. We looked inside, and he was crouched up in a heap. "Come out here," said his master. Jack came out on three legs—his fore paw was on his head. Jack had the headache; I knew what was the matter with him. He felt just as I felt many a morning. Jack was sick and could not go. So we waited three days. We then went, and while drinking, a glass was provided for Jack. But where was he?—skulking behind the chairs. "Come here, Jack, and drink," said his master, holding out the glass to him. Jack retreated, and as the door opened, slipped out, and in a moment was on top of the house. His master went out to call him down, but he would not come. He got a cowskin and shook it at him. Jack sat on the ridge-pole and refused to obey. A monkey is much afraid of a gun, and it being the next thing pointed at him, Jack slipped over the back side of the house.—His master then got two guns, and had one pointed at each side of the house, when the monkey, seeing his bad predicament, at once whipped up the chimney, and got down in one of the flues, holding on by one of his forepaws! The master was beaten. The man kept that monkey twelve years, but could never persuade him to taste another drop of whiskey. The beast had more sense than the man, who had an immortal soul, and thinks himself the first and best of God's creatures on earth.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.—A story is told of the colonels of two opposing regiments engaged at Mission Ridge. They had been classmates and chums at Waterville College, Maine, but when the war broke out one went with the South and the other remained true to the Union. They were both mortally wounded in this battle, and after the fighting was over a mutual friend found them lying side by side on the battle field, with their right hands clasped, and both dead. They had evidently recognized each other after being wounded, and the old ties of friendship had asserted their supremacy, and together they had passed into the eternal world. Side by side, in the same grave, they sleep their last sleep.

☞ In the good old days of slow coaches and slower mails, when Northern New York was about as far out of the world as some of our northwestern territories are now, there was gathered around the post office one night, in a small town, quite a crowd, to hear the news brought by the stage just in.

"What's the news?" asked an old fellow, who was not as worldly-wise as he might have been—"what's the news?"

"Martin Van Buren has been appointed Minister to Great Britain," said a friend at his elbow.

"Minister to Great Britain! The idea of his being appointed Minister to Great Britain! Why he can't preach no more than I can!"

☞ John Steel died the other day in Philadelphia from the kick of a horse. He was the wealthiest man in Pennsylvania. His income was $3,000 a day from oil.

☞ Those men who are of the noblest disposition think themselves the happiest when others share their happiness with them.

The Muse's Tower.

For the Altoona Tribune.

PATENT RHYMES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

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We have Flour and Meat
That we know can't be beat—
And Syrup and Sugar so nice;
We have Lard, and we've Fish
That would fill a large dish!
And we've Hominy, Beans and Rice.

In Coffee and Teas
We know we can please,
Because we have so many kind;
And then they're the best
In the East or the West—
Intended to suit every mind.

We've Crackers and Cheese,
At which you won't sneeze—
And Pickles just ready to use;
We've Corn Starch and Maizena—
The best you have seen—ah!
And Chocolate that none should refuse.

Then we've Spices and Candy,
And other things handy—
We couldn't tell all in a day;
But we'll mention the Honey,
And exchange it for money,
With those who are willing to pay.

We've Dried Berries and Fruit
That we know will just suit—
With Currants and Mince-Meat for pies.
We've Tobacco to chew, and also to smoke,
And first-rate Segars—now this is no joke;
If you'd see 'em you'd open your eyes!

Some Potatoes you've bought
Were so black with the rot,
That perhaps you've been tempted to swear;
But ours are sound—
They would keep "the year round"—
Say that is not so, if you dare!

In Butter and Eggs we also deal,
And keep on hand good Buckwheat Meal,
Which makes the best of cakes!
We've Pepper and Salt, for seasoning, too,
Besides other things—we'll tell you a few;
They are all of the very best makes.

We've Candles, Soda and Soap,
And Starch, Clothes-Pins and Rope—
And excellent Shoe-Blacking, too;
We've Stove-Polish also—very good indeed;
As soon as 'tis known, we think it will sell,
And that's what we want it to do.

We also have Baskets, Brooms, Buckets and Tubs,
And Brushes and Washboards that will stand all the rubs!
What more could you look for in any one store?
Well, we've Wagons and Carts, Hobby-Horses and Sleds,
Besides Notions enough for hundreds of heads—
If you give us a call, we will show you some more.

Our goods are all new and our prices are fair;
We can sell just as reasonable as other men dare,
Because we sell only for Cash;
Then give us your custom—we'll deal with you right—
For in selling *good* Goods we take great delight,
And we never will offer you trash.

Now to "Cheap John" we will turn our attention,
Because, in his bill, he took care to mention—
"He would give 'Hail Columbia' to grocery-men all!"
How are you Columbia?—we've listened to the tune,
But we never got scared at the man in the moon,
And we don't think that Johnny is *dangerous* at all.

Well, our rhyming must come to an end,
But we hope you'll remember, dear friend,
That all we have told you is true;
Then please call around to the "National,"
(The request is perfectly rational!)
And we know you'll be pleased if you do.

Our stock, we know you'll find complete;
Our Store is on Virginia street,
Near to the Greensburg line.
You'll find us there both early and late;
Our firm is RUSE & POSTLEWAIT,
And "NATIONAL GROCERY" our sign.

ALTOONA, March 1st, 1865.