



BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

TERMS, \$2 PER YEAR.

NEW SERIES.

FRIDAY MORNING, BEDFORD, PA. JULY 31, 1887.

VOL. XXV. NO. 48.

Select Poetry.

Unseen Tears. Green tears are like a river, Springing from the mountain high...

I AM NOT HAPPY.

You think I have a happy heart Because a smile I wear...

A Curious Will.

The Worcester (Mass.) Transcript gives the substance of the will of the late Jesse W. Good...

REV. DR. KALLOCH.—Lord Byron awoke one morning and found himself famous. Mr. Kalloch had the pleasure of the same experience...

What is Democracy?

DEMOCRACY represents the great principles of progress. It is onward and onward in its movements. It has a heart for action and motives for a world.

The above paragraph contains, in a few words, the main features of the Democratic Party, and to these principles the Ticket which follows stands pledged...

Democratic State Nominations. GOVERNOR: Gen. Wm. F. Packer, Of Lycoming County...

PROTHONOTARY.—SAML. H. TATE, Bedford. Sheriff.—WM. S. FLUKE, M. Woodbury. Treasurer.—SAML. DAVIS, Bedford...

What is K. K. Americanism?

You and each of you, of your own free will and accord, in the presence of Almighty God and these witnesses, your right hands resting on the HOLY BIBLE and CROSS, and your left hands raised towards Heaven...

PROTHONOTARY.—JOHN ALSIP. Sheriff.—J. S. BECKWITH. Treasurer.—GEORGE OSTER. Commissioner.—D. SPARKS. Director.—THOMAS IMLER. Auditor.—GEORGE STUCKEY.

The True Way to Live.

The true way to live, says the prudent economist, is to pay as we go; and this rule is of thousand-fold application. If we wish to realize our existence, we must pay as we go...

It is not for ourselves alone, but for the sake of our children, that we should love to make our homes whether they be villas, cottages or log-houses, beautiful and well. Men and women can go abroad and take their pleasures elsewhere...

MUSIC.

Hark God for a soul, which can drink in its harmonies. The pulse leaps wildly to the stirring numbers, which, like the foot falls of armed men, awaken the fiery impulses of the slumbering heart...

We once stood by the side of a friend in the great procession which followed one hundred thousand petitions up to the State Capitol at Albany, demanding the Maine Law. As the dense mass of people, like a mighty monster moved by one heart, wound through the city and lapped around the very Capitol itself...

How much of holy music there is in the chiming of church bells! Tremulous with silvery sweetness, they rise and fall upon the still Sabbath air, stealing along until, like the faint sounds of a waterfall, they drop down into the heart, where it is ever moist with tears.

he forgot his dream of glory and gazed tearfully back.—Cayuga Chief.

ELOPEMENTS.

As a general rule we agree with the writer of the following remarks on "Elopesments." Still there may be some peculiar cases in which a life's happiness depends on a moment's violation of the rigid proprieties of life.

Runaway matches seem to be marked with Divine displeasure. I have never heard of a happy one. Not far from us resides a widow lady who eloped from an excellent mother, when young, with a worthless young man.

Ab, girls! never in an unheeded hour, place your hand in that of a young man who would counsel you thus to leave your paternal home! It is cruel to deprive those who have nourished you, and with sweet hope looked forward to the day of your marriage beneath their own roof...

A Boy Who Broke His Mother's Heart.

I went into the "Tombs," or New York City prison yesterday, and saw a great many things to make me cry sad; but none that excited my sympathies more than a poor weeping woman who stood looking into one of the cells containing three or four boys from nine to twelve years old...

I spoke to this heart-stricken mother, and inquired into the cause of her sorrows. "Oh, sir," said she, "my boy is here in prison for stealing. Oh, if he were dead, and in his coffin; I could bear it; but to have him here in a felon's cell breaks my heart."

Let me ask those who read this story, how it is with you? Are you kind and obedient to your mother? Do you mind her quickly and pleasantly when she speaks to you? Do you ever disobey her? Or are you like the boy who broke his mother's heart?

The Spider and the Toad.—The following singular relation is furnished by a correspondent of the Boston Traveller, as having been witnessed by a person now living, though occurring more than forty years ago, about sixteen miles from this city.

It commenced at the mouth of Fishing creek, which is about six miles above this place, on the west side of the Susquehanna river, at which point it joins the Northern Central and Pennsylvania Central Railroads, and runs directly west, intercepting in its course, a number of small towns, from each of which a large amount of freight and passengers will inevitably accrete.

The lumber business is also an important item, and will greatly increase the local traffic, as there are thousands of acres of beautiful timber, now completely valueless for want of a market, and the immense mineral wealth of the section through which it passes, the unparalleled advantages which it possesses in water power, and the fact of bringing the Broad Top coal fields thirty miles nearer market than any present or proposed route, leave us in no doubt as to the practicability of its speedy completion.

Occupation.—What a glorious thing it is for the human heart. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves up to the fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its tears, weaving

the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away, into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you, dark and heavy, toil not with the waves—wrestle not with the torrent! rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that they may brighten the future—flowers that will become pure and holy, in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle. Grief after all, is a selfish feeling; and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow men.

A Case of Elopement.

The New York Tribune gives an account of an elopement in "high life" in Williamsburg, which took place a few days ago. It thus narrates the facts of the case.

Some three months since the wife and Mr. B. formed an acquaintance in a Broadway saloon. The two frequently met at the same place and finally became intimately attached, and feeling that they would be unhappy if separated, the lady decided to abandon her husband and children and elope with her lover. Early on the morning of the 4th was fixed upon to consummate their designs and carry their plans into execution.

The husband had received some intimation of the step his wife was about to take, and although he could not credit the rumor, decided to be fully convinced of its truth or falsity. On the morning in question Mrs. A. left the house, and meeting a carriage, she immediately sprang into it, when the driver proceeded toward the South Tenth street ferry.

The husband was now convinced of his wife's perfidy; and overtaking the carriage, wrenched open the door and immediately commenced an onslaught upon the young man with a knife, and did not desist until he had inflicted a dangerous wound in the neck, several upon the arm, and also a severe gash across his stomach. During the melee the young man discharged his pistol, the ball grazing his adversary's forehead and causing a slight wound.

The injured man is still lying in a critical condition. The wife has been discarded by her husband, who gave her one of her children, he retaining three others.

"You are from the country, are you not, sir?" said a dandy clerk, in a book store to a handsomely dressed quaker, who had given him some trouble.

SHERMAN'S VALLEY AND BROAD TOP RAILROAD.—This road, lying between the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad on the south, and the Pennsylvania Central Railroad on the north, will make, when constructed, one of the most direct and favorable routes known from New York city to Cincinnati, St. Louis and all other important points in the great west.

DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.—About the 1st of June, Mr. Jacob S. Willets, of Bayside, near Fishing, Long Island, a son of Mr. Samuel Willets, the prominent Quaker banker and merchant of this city was bitten by a strange dog, which came into his dooryard, and which he was attempting to drive out. The dog was killed soon after, and although we do not learn that he manifested any unequivocal symptoms of hydrophobia, Mr. Willets and his family naturally felt a good deal of uneasiness. The wound was cauterized, and otherwise medically treated, and no further ill effects manifested themselves until Saturday last, when Mr. Willets was seized with hydrophobia in its most violent form, of which he died on Sunday afternoon. He leaves a widow and four young children. The dog belonged to Mr. Willet's place. Some children were teasing him, throwing stones, &c., when Mr. W. drove him out of the yard. The wound entirely healed, and it was believed that nothing serious would result. The first symptoms of hydrophobia were manifested on Saturday, when he drank a glass of water, and experienced at the time a spasmodic sensation.—N. Y. Post.

DETROIT, July 17.—The telegraphic cable across the Detroit river, at this point, was successfully laid yesterday.