



DENTIST. DR. F. C. REAMER. Office in Julianna Street, at the Drug and Book Store.

DR. F. C. REAMER. RESPECTFULLY begs leave to tender his Professional Services to the Citizens of Bedford and vicinity.

Dr. B. F. Harry. RESPECTFULLY tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity.

LAW PARTNERSHIP. G. H. SPANG. The undersigned have associated themselves in the Practice of the Law, and will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care in Bedford and adjoining counties.

WM. P. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW. WILL attend faithfully to all legal business entrusted to his care in the Counties of Bedford and Fulton.

John P. Reed, Attorney at Law, Bedford, Pennsylvania. Respectfully tenders his services to the Public.

Cessna & Shannon. HAVE formed a Partnership in the Practice of the Law. Office nearly opposite the Gazette Office.

W. J. BAER, Attorney at Law. WILL practice regularly in the Courts of Bedford County hereafter. He may, during Court Weeks, be consulted at his room at the Washington Hotel.

BAER, BENFORD & MEYERS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PENN'A.

TO BUILDERS. The subscriber is fully prepared to furnish any quantity or quality of Building Lumber and Plastering Laths.

THE MENGEL HOUSE. Valentine Steckman, Proprietor. Boarders taken by the day, week, month or year, on moderate terms.

Spectacles! The subscriber has just received a splendid variety of Gold, Silver Mounted, and Steel Spectacles.

AMERICAN HOUSE, CUMBERLAND MD., ADJOINING THE DEPOT. JOHN C. RIFFLE, PROPRIETOR.

Wunderlich & Nead, Forwarding & Commission Merchants, North Second Street, opposite the Cumberland Valley Rail Road Depot.

CHAMBERSBURG. They are at all times prepared to carry all kinds of Produce to, and Merchandise, &c., from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

PURE CASTOR OIL, at Dr. Harry's Drug and Book Store. July 30, '58.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE. IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY MEYERS & BENFORD.

POETRY. THE DOG-DAYS. BY JOHN G. SAGE.

Hot-hot—all pipping hot!—CITY CHIEF. Heaven help us all in these terrific days!

Fat men, infatuated, fan the stagnant air. In rash essay to cool their inward glowing.

The lean and lathy find a fate as hard. For, all—dry, they burn like any tinder.

The dogs lie lolling in the deepest shade. The pigs are all a-wallow in the gutters.

'Tis dreadful, dreadful hot!" exclaims each one. 'Tis his sweating, sweltering, roasting neighbor.

The friends who pass each other in the town. Say no good mornings when they come together.

While prudent mortals curb with strictest care. All vagrant curs, it seems the queerest puzzle.

But love is wise and equal in his sway. However it seems to clash with human reason.

Miscellaneous. [From the Leavenworth "Moccasin Herald."] BOBTAIL'S GREAT PRIZE STORY!

THE DOOMED MONARCH, OR THE FIEND CODFISH! BY R. K. BOBTAIL.

It was night, now here, and nowhere was dark as a bottle of ink in a barrel of pitch.

'Bring forth the whangdoodle! and place it on the hew-gag!' exclaimed he in a terrific voice.

The whangdoodle was placed upon the hew-gag—but before we go further, let us take a glance at the political state of America.

It was night, now here, and nowhere was dark as a bottle of ink in a barrel of pitch.

Under these tremendous circumstances no wonder the men and women of the 19th century were highly intellectual, and generally speaking, born when they were young.

The whangdoodle was placed upon the hew-gag. Dismay and terror sat upon the count-

nances of the nobility. Lord De Monzo involuntarily clutched Prince Blowhushy's coat tail, and the Countess Fitzium disappeared hysterically within her hoops, whilst both Count de Scratch, hitherto the bravest of the brave, threw himself at the foot of the throne and elevated one leg as a signal of distress.

CHAPTER IV. To say that Gengulphus was angry would be but an indifferent statement of the truth. He was in rage. He couldn't contain himself, and consequently boiled over in torrents that formed puddles of wrath at his feet.

CHAPTER V. "Die!" shrieked Gengulphus, as he twisted the fearful instrument above their heads—but alas! in its swift descent it came in contact with Baron de Boosey's pipe, and, glancing at right angles, clove asunder the massive door leading to the Royal Menagerie!

CHAPTER VI. But little more remains to be told. Scilicet soon after the death of Gengulphus stabbed herself with a bed wrench, and her paramour, Fee ti le Swash Bosky, becoming stricken with remorse, buried himself in a pot of potter—heels up. The countess de Scratch, having lost the whole of his fortune in playing Simon says wig wag with Lord de Monzo, he was forced to emigrate West, where he enlisted as orderly sergeant to a lime kiln, and was shortly afterwards killed by the accidental bursting of a cabbage head.

THE JUDICIAL CANDIDATES. Some months since the Democratic party of Pennsylvania nominated Hon. William A. Porter as its candidate for Justice of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth.

ETHAN SPIKE'S EXPERIENCE AS A JUROR. Ethan Spike, of Hornby, Maine, thus narrates, in a letter to a Portland paper how his services were refused on a jury.

AN AMUSING ANECDOTE.—Daniel Webster had an anecdote of old Father Searl, the minister of his boyhood, which is too good to be lost.

AN OLD LADY PASSING A FINE FORTUNE, AND NOTED FOR HER PERSISTENT USE OF FIGURATIVE EXPRESSIONS, ONE DAY ASSEMBLED HER GRANDCHILDREN when the following conversation took place:

"My children," said the old lady, "I am the root and ye are the branches."

"What my child?" "I was thinking how much better the branches would flourish, if the root was under the ground."

or any other State. He has been constant and unwavering in his political course, he will be firm, honest and consistent upon the Bench.

But what has been the political history of Hon. John M. Read, the nominee of the Mulatto Convention for the same high and important position? Mr. Read is unquestionably a gentleman of fine talents, high character, and long experience at the Bar.

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of it war ye, you or them, future tense, and indycative mood, not a darn acruple," said I.

'Not particular agin the Jarmin,' said I, 'but I hate niggers as a general principle—and shall go for hanging this ere old white-wooled cuss, whether he killed Mr. Cooper or not,' says I.

'Do you know the nature of an oath?' the clerk eyed me. 'I orter,' says I, 'for I've used enough of 'em. I began to swear when I was only about—

'That'll do,' said the clerk. 'You kin go home,' says he, 'you won't be wanted in this ere case,' says the clerk, says he.

'What,' says I, 'ain't I to try this nigger at all?' 'No,' says the clerk. 'But I am a jewryman,' says I, 'an you can't hang the nigger unless I've sot on him,' says I.

'Pass on,' says the clerk, speaking very cross. 'But,' says I, 'you mister, you don't mean as you say; I am a regular jewryman, you know. Drawed out of the box by the select men,' says I.

A SPREAD EAGLE TOAST. At Prentiss Centre, Mo., on the 5th, the following was the second regular sentiment:

OUR NATION—Beggotten amidst the storms of the sixteenth century, its infantile movements were dim and indistinctly seen on board the May Flower, on the rock of Plymouth, at Jamestown, on the plains of Monongahela, and on the heights of Abraham!

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DREAM OF A QUAKER LADY.—There is a beautiful story told of a pious quaker lady, who was addicted to smoking tobacco. She had indulged herself in this habit until she had increased so upon her, that she not only smoked her pipe a large portion of the day but frequently sat up in bed for this purpose during the night.

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