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POLITICAL.

THE TARIFF PLANK.

From present indications, the opposition, called by themselves the "People's party," or the "Republicans"—intend to add the Tariff Plank to their Fusion Platform this fall, hoping thereby to lumbag a few voters into the support of their candidates, who otherwise would vote the Democratic ticket, as heretofore. This ticket of that tricky party, we presume, will not prove very profitable in this part of the Commonwealth. The leaders of that ever-changing party have exhausted their fund of deception, and any renewed attempts at their old tricks will be exposed, and the imposition made to recoil upon their guilty heads. All their old notions—called by their principles—they have abandoned, and now for want of something better, revive the Tariff question—an unlicked bit for them, when the proceedings of the Congress that reduced the rates are more fully known.

At the organization of the 34th Congress the Black Republicans outnumbered the Democrats nearly two to one—and after an unprecedented struggle of months, succeeded in electing Banks, of Massachusetts, Speaker, over the Democrats. In forming the Committees of the House, the tariff question was kept in view—Speaker Banks, the tool and choice of the Manufacturing Princes of the East, placed Campbell, of Ohio, the leader of the Republicans in Congress, at the head of the Committee of Ways and Means, because of its control of the Revenue questions, and because Mr. Campbell was a low Tariff man.

That we may not be contradicted nor be disbelieved, even by those whose party prejudices would incline them to do so, we give the fish in this connection a few extracts from the speeches made by Mr. Campbell during the discussion and passage of the Tariff bill now complained of.

"I wished to ascertain whether this general debate is to go on pending so important a question as that of reducing the Revenue of the Country."—C. G. page 496.

"In the higher schedules you will find a reduction, taking the importations of the last year as a basis of calculation, of about \$3,000,000; and if the importation of articles in the intermediate schedules are no more in the future than they were last year, you will have an aggregate reduction of about \$14,000,000."

"The reduction of the Revenue is one great object to accomplish."—C. G. page 990.

Mr. Campbell, as the leader and mouth-piece of the Republican forces, and as the employer of the Eastern Manufacturers, attempted to coax into the support of his low Tariff bill the Democrats of Kentucky and Pennsylvania, by telling them that there should be no "party politics" in the measure, and that they could afford a reduction of duty on iron in order to have stability in the system, and be assured of a rich harvest in a few years. Read his no-party and free-trade sentiments:

"I am very glad that the gentleman from Kentucky is willing to take this feature of the bill, because Kentucky has a growing iron interest, as Ohio has, and I believe that great interest may well afford a reduction of duty in order to have that great question withdrawn from the party politics of the time, and placed on a firm and stable basis."

"Again—I believe that if this question were settled, taken, as I said, from the arena of party politics, and placed upon the basis reported by the Committee of Conference as a finality, Pennsylvania will, before many years roll around, reap a rich harvest from the bill; but if Pennsylvania will cling to her policy and coal, and prevent the passage of this bill, upon the shoulders of Pennsylvania must rest the responsibility, not upon mine."—Cong. Globe, page 990.

According to the leadership of Mr. Campbell, the bill passed, by the votes of the great body of the Republicans.

Now we submit the question to every candid reader, as to the party who caused the reduction of the Tariff of '46; and who is to blame for the "hard times," if they are attributable to the modification of the Tariff laws in '57?—From the facts of the case it is very clear that the Republicans managed and voted through Congress the modification now complained of in their party platform. How shamefully it becomes them, then, to attempt to repudiate their own acts and cast the blame upon the Democrats. Not eighteen months from the date of their efforts in favor of reduced rates and a free list, they turn around, and claim to be the friends of high rates and a protected list. The Democratic Tariff of '46 had given general satisfaction and wide spread prosperity to the country for twelve years, and its "stability" would not have been broken, nor the Federal Treasury been bankrupted, and the loan of millions resorted to, to keep the wheels of Government in motion, had the Black Republicans been in the minority in the 34th Congress. They then had the power to do mischief, and most effectually did they execute it.

The Nabob Manufacturers of the East threw their gold and their influence in favor of a re-

duced Tariff. They succeeded by electing their man Banks for Speaker, who according to arrangement, appointed Campbell to the head of the Tariff Committee; who also by arrangement reported a bill of reduced rates and a free list; and the Republicans, as a party, carried the bill through Congress in spite of opposition. The \$78,000 corrupting fund contributed by Lawrence, Stone & Co., a rich manufacturing firm in Boston, throws a little light upon the means and motives at the root of the offensive changes in the Revenue laws. The Congressional Committee of investigation developed the fact that the Republicans paid liberally to secure the passage of the law; and even went so far as to offer Greeley of the Tribune \$1,000 for his assistance.—Honesdale Herald.

In the face of these direct facts, Mr. McPherson, the Know-Nothing Black Republican candidate for Congress, and his mouth-pieces, with the wire-pullers of the party generally, are endeavoring to cheat the people into the belief that James Buchanan's administration is responsible for the present Tariff policy, and that whatever depression manufacturing interests may have felt, or now feel, is solely attributable to Democratic profligacy and want of patriotism. A more consummate and barbed deception was never invented. And the authors know it to be so; but, to carry an election, they will stoop to anything—to any sacrifice of honor and honesty—to any trick, no matter how vile and despicable.

It is indisputable that the country never prospered as it did under the Democratic Tariff of '46. Money was plenty, labor every where in demand, and wages good, everything commanding good prices and finding a ready market. But in '57 this Tariff was materially altered and reduced. The bill originated in and was passed by a Republican House of Representatives, of which Republican Banks was Speaker—it was brought forward by a Republican, advocated almost exclusively by Republicans, and was voted for by them. Yet, in order to catch unsuspecting voters, these same men now come forward and knavishly attempt to saddle their own sin on the shoulders of the Democrats! They commit the wrong themselves and then charge it upon their opponents. This is an old trick, with which the people are too familiar to be deceived now. The only consistency the Opposition has shown is in nominating and supporting free trade men.—Gettysburg Compiler.

SOCIAL NEGRO EQUALITY.

The statement, published in the *Enquirer* a few days since, taken from a Boston paper, that the marriage license record shows that within the past year sixty negro men have been married to white women in that city, indicates the progress which the doctrine of negro equality is making in New England, which has long been the Republican head-quarters. As sure as day is succeeded by night do the principles of Black Republicanism lead to social amalgamation and intermarriages between the white and black races. The Abolitionists feel that he is not consistent until the political enfranchisement of the negro is followed by his social elevation. The negro has been so eulogized and deified in Boston and its vicinity that it is no wonder that many women, considering him superior to the white, prefer him for a husband. They adopt practically the teachings of PARKER, GARRISON, PHILLIPS, BANKS, WILSON and other abolitionists!

A LOVER STILL.

"No longer a lover," exclaimed an aged patriarch; "ah, you mistake me if you think age has blotted out my heart. Though silver hairs fall over a brow all wrinkled, and a cheek all furrowed, I am a lover still. I love the beauty of the maiden's blush, the soft tint of flowers, the singing of the birds, and above all the silvery laugh of a child. I love the starlike meadows, where the butter cups, with almost the same enthusiasm as when, with my ringtons loose in the wind, and my cap in my hand years ago, I chased the painted butterfly. I love you aged dame. Look at her. Her face is careworn, but it has ever had a smile for me."

Oh! have I shared the bitter cup of sorrow with her—and so shared, it seemed almost sweet. Years of sickness have stolen the freshness of her life, but like the faded rose, the perfume of her love is richer than when in the full bloom of youth and maturity.

Together we have placed buds in the pale folded hands of the dead—together wept over little graves. Through storm and sunshine we have clung together, and now she sits with her handkerchief crossed white and prim above the heart that has beat so long & truly for me, the glad dim blue eye that shrinkingly fronts the fading day; the sunlight throwing her parting forehead, kisses her brow, and leaves upon its faint tracery of wrinkles angelic radiance. I see, though none else can, the bright glad young face that won me first, shine through those withered features and the glowing love of forty years through my heart till the tears come.

Say not again I can no longer be a lover.—Through this form be bowed, God has planted eternal within. Let the ear be deaf, the eye blind, the hands palsied, the limbs withered, the brain clouded, yet the heart, the true heart, may hold such wealth of love, that all the power of death and the victorious grave shall not be able to put out its quenchless flame."

Anthony Burns, the colored fugitive, is lecturing in Maine.

Cales and Sketches.

"GOOD-NIGHT, PAPA."

Everybody with large and active Philoprogenitiveness and inhabitiveness will recognize the beauty and truthfulness of the following; and we commend its spirit to all families. It should be cultivated where it does not exist. There is a good deal of heaven on earth if we only knew it.—Eos. PUNX.

These are the words whose music has not left our ears since the gloaming, and it is midnight. "Good-night, darling! God bless you; you will have pleasant dreams, though I toss in fever; haunted by the demons of care that harass me through the day. Good night!" The clock on the mantel struck twelve, and no sound was heard in the house save the regular breathing of those little lungs in the next room, heard through the door ajar. We dropped our pen, folded our arms, and sat gazing on the lazy fire, while the whole panorama of a life passed before us, with its many "good-nights."—It is a great thing to be rich, but it is a rich thing to have a good memory—provided that memory bear no unpleasant fruit, bitter to taste; and our memory carries us back to many a pleasant scene—to the little arm chair by the fire-side, to the trundle-bed at the foot of the bed; to the lawn in front of the house, and the orchard behind it; to the butter cups and the new clover, and the chickens, and the swallows and the birds' nests, and the strawberries, and too many things that attract the wondering eyes of childhood, to say nothing of the moaning of the wind, and the weird gloom of the "good-nights," and the little prayer, and the downy bed, on which slumber fell as lightly as a snow flake, only warmer, and such dreams as only visit perfect innocence! The house-hold "Good-night!"—Somebody, in whose brain his rich music still lingers, has written this:

"Good-night!" A loud, clear voice from the stairs said it was Tommy. "Good-night?" murmurs a little something from the trundle-bed—a little something that we call Jenny, that filled a large place in the centre of one or two pretty large hearts. "Good-night!" says a little fellow in a plaid rifle dress, who was named Willie about six years ago.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake—
and the small bundle in the handkerchief lay up on sooner than many long petitions that set out a great while before it.

"And so it was 'good-night!' all around the homestead, and very sweet music it made, too, in the twilight, and very pleasant melody it makes now, as we think of it; for it was not yesterday or the day before, but a long time ago—so long, that Tommy is Thomas Somebody, Esq., and has forgotten that he ever was a boy, and wore what the bravest and richest of us can never wear but once, if we try,—the first pair of boots.

"And so it was 'Good-night!' all around the house; and the children had gone through the ivory gate—always left a little ajar for them—through into the lands of dreams."

"And then the lover's 'Good-night,' and the parting kiss! They are as prophetic of the hours as a spendthrift of his coin, and the minutes depart in golden showers, and fall in dying sparks at their feet. 'Good-night.'—N. Y. Atlas.

LEARN ALL YOU CAN.

Sombody has given the following excellent advice, which is worthy of being treasured up by everybody:

"Never omit any opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said even in a stage coach he always found somebody to tell him something he did not know before. Conversation is generally more useful than books for the purpose of knowledge. It is therefore, a mistake to be morose or silent, when you are among persons whom you think ignorant; for a sociability on your part will draw them out and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment. Indeed some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this description, respecting their particular pursuit.

"Hugh Miller, the famous Scotch geologist, owes not a little to the fame of observation, made when he was a journeyman stone-mason, and worked in a quarry. Socrates well said that there is but one good, which is knowledge, and but one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand helps to make the heap. A gold digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away because he hopes to find a large lump some-time. So, in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure, spend it over a good or instructive thing with the first person you meet."

HOW TO MAKE TOMATO FIGS.

Pour boiling water over tomatoes in order to remove the skins; then weigh them and place them in a stone jar, with as much sugar as you have tomatoes, and let them stand two days; then pour off the syrup, and boil and skim it until no scum rises. Then pour it over the tomatoes, and let them stand two days, as before, then boil and skim again. After the third time, they are fit to dry; if the weather is good; if not, let them stand in the syrup until drying weather. Then place on large earthen plates or dishes and put them in the sun to dry, which will take about a week, after which pack them down in small wooden boxes, with fine white sugar between every layer. Tomatoes prepared in this manner will keep for years.—Germantown Telegraph.

Taking shelter from a shower in an umbrella is the height of imprudence.

WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST.

A correspondent of the *St. Louis Democrat* writing from "beyond Fort Kearney July 3d," gives an exciting incident in the march over the plains. Wolves were seen frequently during the day, and just as we came on the camping ground a large one was started. General Harney's greyhound caught sight of him pursued him, overtook him—and never touched a hair. Whether he was afraid of the wolf or merely friendly to the wolf, I am unable to say. This chase was hardly over, when a herd—seven or eight—of buffaloes were discerned about two miles off. Capt. Pleasanton, General Harney's aid, set out in pursuit by himself, armed only with a Colt's pistol, and had a dangerous adventure. His purpose was to run the game towards the camp. He succeeded in driving them in the direction intended, when a party of teamsters, desirous of witnessing the sport, came in sight. The buffaloes took fright and made for the hills. The hunter pursued them, but he rode a horse which had never seen a buffalo, and which was hard to manage besides. The hunter singled out a bull, and shot him twice, wounding him each time. By this time he was quite close to him, on the verge of one of those clayey precipices, with which the place abounds. The hunted animal suddenly stopped, and stretching out his forelegs, and wheezing them as on a pivot, bringing himself face to face with his pursuers.

The horse was unmanageable and rushed on the bull, who set his horns to meet the onset.—The collision was fearful. Pleasanton, conscious of his situation, had disengaged his feet from his stirrups, and just as the shock took place, or perhaps a moment sooner, sprang upon the back of the bull, from which he rolled down the precipice. The horse, having been gored in the breast and belly, died instantly. The bull next charged on the dismounted rider, but two bullets from the revolver persuaded him to alter his course. Capt. Pleasanton, I am rejoiced to say, suffered no personal injury. He took the affair coolly, unluckily the girths of the slaughtered steed, slung the saddle and accoutrements across his shoulders, and carried them into camp. No torreador or matador in the Spanish circus could have a more formidable antagonist or a narrower escape. The sport of buffalo hunting is now fairly initiated. Capt. Hitchcock, with the guide, chased another herd for miles.—The Capt. succeeded in lodging a bullet from the rifle in one of them, and the turn from the pursuit before us, and the buffalo has such vitality that he runs for miles after being mortally wounded. No shot, unless it penetrates the heart, brings him to the ground at once.

THE USEFUL AND BEAUTIFUL.

The tomb of Moses is unknown; but the traveler shakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wealthiest and wisest of monarchs, with the cedar and gold, and ivories and even the great Temple of Jerusalem halloved by the visible glory of deity, himself, are gone, but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City not one stone is left upon another; but the pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence at the present day. The columns of Parosels are mouldering in dust; but its cisterns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house, of Nero is a mass of ruins; but Aquia Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream. The temple of the Sun at Tadmor in the wilderness has fallen; but its fountains sparkle as freshly in his rays, as when thousands of worshippers thronged its lofty colonnades. It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark its site, save mounds of crumbling brickwork. The Thames will continue to flow as it does now. And if any work of art should still rise over the deep ocean of time we may well believe that it will be neither a palace or a temple, but some vast aqueduct or reservoir; and if any name should flash through the mist and if any name should flash through the mist and if any name should flash through the mist of antiquity it will probably be that of the man who in his day sought the happiness, linked its name to some great work of national utility and benevolence. This is the true glory which out lives all other, and shines with undying lustre from generation to generation; imparting to works some of its immortality, and in some degree rescuing them from the ruin which overtakes the ordinary monuments of historical tradition, or more magnificence.—*Etinburg Review*.

EARTH'S FASHIONS.

Earth's fashions never have changed. Glorious too, the sky above her, in its vesture of fadeless blue and studding of blazing brilliants. The race run mad after new fashions, and brains are racked for new styles. But earth wears the one she wore six thousand years ago. It annually fades, and leaf and bloom drop from its field, but the mysterious alchemy of the season re-touches the garment with the same varied and beautiful coloring. Not a leaf, or blade, or flower has changed. The sky has the same blue, and the stars are as bright as when they sang together in the morning of creation. The lilies of the valley—they toil not neither do they spin—yet the creation of art cannot vie with their beauty. How calmly and how grandly nature marches on to the music of the winds, the streams, the songs of birds, and the falling of the rain, her night journeys lit by the "lamps on high," and the subbeams of the days, glistening her peaceful armor of flowers and foliage and shimmering waters. Her banners rustle in the winds of summer, and in autumn, rent by still gorgeous and flaunting, sweeping by to the beat of the flail and the reaper's song; and the dreamy piping of the crickets in the fields. We are glad that earth's fashions never change.—*Wisconsin Chief*.

COAXING UP AN EXPRESSION.

A brace of "lovers," anxious to secure each other's shadow ere the substance faded, stepped into a daguerreotype establishment recently to sit for their "pictures."

The lady gave the precedence to her swain who "had got to be tuk first rate and real natural." He brushed up his tow head of hair, gave a twist or two to his handkerchief, asked his gal if his shirt collar was about X, and planted himself in the operator's chair, where he assumed the physiognomical characteristic of a poor fellow in the hands of a dentist, about to part with an eye tooth.

"Now dew look purty!" begged the affectionate lady, casting one of her most languishing glances.

The picture was taken, and when produced, it reminded the girl, as she expressed it, "jist how Josh looked when he got over the measles, and as this was not an era in her suitor particularly worthy of their commemoration, she insisted "that he should stand it again." He obeyed, and she attended him to the chair.

"Josh," said she, "just look kinder smilin' and then don't."

The poor fellow tried to follow the indefinite injunction. "La!" said she "why you look all pucker'd up." One direction followed another, and with as little success. At last, growing impatient, and becoming desperate, she resolved to try an experiment which she considered infallible, and exclaimed, "I don't care if there is folks around." She enjoined the operator to stand ready at the camera; she then sat down in her fellow's lap, and placing her arms around his neck, managed to cast a shower of flaxn-strings as a screen, between the operator and her proceedings, which moreover were betrayed by a succession of amorous sounds which revealed her expedient. When this "biling and cooing" had lasted a few minutes, the cunning girl jumped from Josh's lap, and clapping her hands to the astonished artist, exclaimed:

"Now you've got him! put him through! put him through!"

STOPPING A LEAK.

"John," said a master to his servant who, after a stay of protracted and suspicious duration in the wine cellar, came into the room staring as if the task of keeping his equilibrium was altogether beyond his power, "John," said he angrily, "how often have I told you not to meddle with the wine? If you transgress any service."

"Why—hic—sir," stammered John, "that's—hic—a pritty way—hic—to repay a favor. I did it sir—hic—for the sake of doing you a service."

"Doing me a service, you blockhead!" said his master, irritated, "what do you mean by such an extraordinary statement as that? I demand an explanation."

"Why, you see, sir—hic—I went down into the cellar and somehow the bung of the wine cask came out, and—hic—while I was searching for it—hic—so that the wine might not run out, I put my mouth to it instead of the stopper."

John was advised to be careful how the stopper came out the next time.

COLIC IN HORSES.

Colic in horses is a very common disease, and if taken in time may be easily cured in most cases. It is not unfrequently confounded with inflammation of the bowels, but is easily distinguished, as follows: Colic has no increase of the pulse, which is not over fifty a minute; the animal often rolls; the disease intermits, and there is but little fever. With inflammation of the bowels there is much fever; the pulse is sometimes a hundred a minute; the attack is gradual, and the disease does not intermit.

When colic arises from bad food, a pint or so of a solution of saleratus will often afford entire relief. As it assumes more of a spasmodic character, pepper-mint and ginger may be added. We have used with entire and immediate success, a small spoonful of saleratus, the same quantity of ginger, and a teaspoonful of peppermint, added to a pint of nearly hot water, and given from a junk bottle. Powdered charcoal is one of the best and safest mediums for any disease resulting from derangement of the digestion, and two or three ounces or more, mixed with water, may be given at any time with great advantage.

Inflammation of the bowels is generally increased and rendered fatal by irritating medicines. A drink of slippery elm, hourly, to allay irritation—giving the animal but little food, and that weak gruel, and keeping him quiet, is good and safe treatment.—*Country Gentleman*.

DOING THE PRIEST.

An Irishman made a sudden rush into a druggist's shop, took from his pockets a soda water bottle, filled to the brim with counter liquor, and handing it across the counter exclaimed:—"There, doctor, snuff that will you!" The doctor did as he was directed, and pronounced the liquid to be genuine whiskey. "Thank you doctor, said the Irishman, hand it to me again, if you please." The doctor did as he was directed, and asked what it meant. Och, then, said Pat, "if you will have it, the priest told me not to drink any of this unless I got it from the doctor. So here's your health and the priest's health."

A TWO FACED BOY.—The Texas *Item* says that there is a remarkable negro boy in Polk County. He has two faces fixed in opposite directions of the head, with mouth, nose and chin, parts of the face, perfect that it is impossible to tell which is the front face, when the body is hid from view. He is about six years of age, healthy, of a very sound mind, runs and plays with other children, with as much sprightliness as could be expected from one of his age.

THE NEGRO COMPANY.

A number of the officers of Doniphans's regiment had selected their favorite servants, and they accompanied their masters to the tented field. On the march from El Paso to Chihuahua the darkies, fired with military ardor, determined to form a company of their own. Joe, a servant of Lieut. D., of Maj. Clark's artillery, was elected captain, and about one half the remaining volunteers were appointed to fill some office, and were thus entitled to a title. Joe made his appearance on parade in a cocked hat, feathers, spurs, &c., all right.—He was impatient for the foe. When it was reported that the enemy was awaiting us at Sacramento, Joe was exultant. He would show the white forks what he and his men would do. "He would be whar the fight was, and if Massa D. expected Joe to hold his boss, Massa D. was mistaken, dare den."

The battle at Sacramento was fought, and the enemy routed completely, but Joe and his men had been wholly invisible. The day after the battle, Lieut. L. said to Capt. Joe—

"Where's your company, Joe? I didn't see anything of you yesterday, and I hear you hid behind the wagons."

"Massa Lieutenant," replied the crest-fallen Capt. Joe, "I's sorry to say my men did take to the wagons! I legged 'em and deplored 'em to come out like men, but dey wouldn't! No, sah! dey stuck to de wagons, and I couldn't get 'em out."

"Well," said Lieut. L., "why didn't you leave them? you might have been in the fight," anyhow."

"Why, massa, to tell de truth, I did come out in de lines at first, and I stood dare for awhile, but when the balls begin to come so thicker and faster, and more of 'em I tout de best ting dis nigger could do was to get behind the wagons himself."

Joe's company was disbanded the next day.

WATER AS FOOD.—Tell the first man you meet that water is, on the whole, more nutritious than roast beef, and that common salt, or bone ash, is as much an edible as the white of an egg, and it is probable that he will throw anxious glances across the street to insure himself your keeper is at hand. Make the same statements to the first man of science you meet, and the chances are, that he will think you very ignorant of organic chemistry, or that you are playing with a paradox. Nevertheless, it is demonstrably true, and never would have occurred to the fancy of any ordinary philosopher. That is an ailment which nourishes, whatever we find in the organism, as a constant and integral element, either forming part of its structure, or one of the conditions of vital processes—that, and that only, deserves the name of aliment. If "to nourish the body" mean to sustain its force and repair its waste—if food enters into the living structure—and if all the integral constituents of that structure are derived from food—there can be nothing improper in designating as nutritious substances which have an enormous preponderance among the integral constituents. People who think it paradoxical to call water food, will cease their surprise on learning that water forms two thirds of the living body.

HIGHER.—A noble motto for the young—higher. Never look down. Aim high—push high—leap high. If you cannot reach the stars, you can have the satisfaction of drawing near them. He who stands on an elevated position is sure to catch the first rays of the glorious sun. So he who is always stepping up, and reaching up, will first catch the favors and blessings of heaven as they descend. There is no object on which we gaze that gives us so much pleasure, as the upward and continued progress in moral culture and robust virtue of the young. When the chains of sloth are broken, the vision is clear, the heart buoyant, and the affections and purposes strong, higher and still higher objects will be gained, nobler purposes achieved, and a sublime elevation attained that will thrill with joy future generations as they march on in the same glorious path.—*Scrap Book*.

How TO STOP BLOOD.—Take the fine dust of tea or the scraping of the inside of tanned leather and bind it close upon the wound, and blood will soon cease to flow. These articles are at all times accessible and easy to be obtained. After the blood has ceased to flow, laudanum may be advantageously applied to the wound. Due regard to these instructions will save agitation of mind, running for the surgeon, who would probably not make up a better prescription if present.

"Is it stame?" said an Irishman. "By the saintly St. Patrick, but it's a mighty great thing intirely, for drivin' things! It put me through nine states in a day! divil a word o'lie in it!"

"Nine states!" exclaimed a dozen, in astonishment.

"Yes, nine of them, be jabers! as easy as a cat 'nd lick her ear. D'ye see now—I got married in New York in the mornin', went with my wife Biddy to Baltimore the same day—would yer wist, now and count the states.—There was a state, of matrimony, which I entered from a single state, in a sober case in the state of New York, and I went through New Jersey, Pinskylvany and Delaware, into Maryland, where I arrived in a most beautiful state of justification—there is nine by the holy pokers! count 'em if yez like! Och! but stame's a scourger!"

We occasionally come across something extra laughable in an exchange. A St. Louis paper says, that the grasshoppers have eaten up the entire crop of tobacco in Franklin county, and the last we heard from them they were seated on the corners of the fence begging every man for a chew."