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EDWARD F. KERR, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will punctually and carefully attend to all business entrusted to his care.

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M. A. POINTS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Respectfully offers his professional services to the public.

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KIMRELL & LINGENFELTER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Have formed a partnership in the practice of the Law.

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JOHN PALMER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

A. H. COFFROTH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Will hereafter practice regularly in the several Courts of Bedford county.

F. C. DOYLE, M. D., Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity.

J. L. MARBOURG, M. D., Having permanently located, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity.

F. M. MARBOURG, M. D., SCHELSBURG, PA. Tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity.

SAMUEL KETTERMAN, BEDFORD, PA. Would hereby notify the citizens of Bedford county, that he has moved to the Borough of Bedford.

J. ALSIP & SON, Auctioneers & Commission Merchants, BEDFORD, PA. Respectfully solicit consignments of Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing, and all kinds of Merchandise for AUCTION and PRIVATE Sale.

REED AND SCHILL, BANKERS & DEALERS IN EXCHANGE, BEDFORD, PENN. A. DRAFFS bought and sold, collections made and money promptly remitted.

DENTISTS, BEDFORD, PA. Office in the Bank Building, Juliana St. All operations, pertaining to Surgical or Mechanical Dentistry carefully and faithfully performed.

DRUG STORE FOR SALE. 1 OFFER FOR SALE MY DRUG STORE, ON JULIANA STREET, BEDFORD. Terms reasonable.

Bedford Gazette.

VOLUME 60.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

WHOLE NUMBER, 3107

NEW SERIES.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 28, 1865.

VOL. 8, NO. 39.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 4 columns: Rate type, 1 month, 3 months, 6 months, 1 year. Includes rates for one square, two squares, three squares, half column, and one column.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST RELIABLE REMEDIES IN THE WORLD FOR Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, and every affection of THE THROAT, LUNGS, AND CHEST, INCLUDING EVEN CONSUMPTION.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, is so general for the use of this remedy because, and so popular is it everywhere, that it is unnecessary to recount its virtues. It works speak for it, and find utterance in the abundant and voluntary testimony of the many who from long suffering and settled disease have by its use been restored to pristine vigor and health.

The Rev. Jacob Sechler. Well known and much respected among the German population in this country, makes the following statement for the benefit of the afflicted.

Dear Sir:—Having realized in my family important benefits from the use of your valuable preparation—Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry—it affords me pleasure to recommend it to the public. Some eight years ago one of my daughters seemed to be in a decline and little hopes of her recovery were entertained. I then procured a bottle of your excellent Balsam, and before she had taken the whole of the contents of the bottle there was a great improvement in her health.

JACOB SECHLER, From Jesse Smith, Esq., President of the Morris County Bank, Morristown, New Jersey.

Having used Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry for about fifteen years, and having realized its beneficial results in my family, it affords me great pleasure in recommending it to the public as a valuable remedy in cases of weak lungs, colds, coughs, &c., and a remedy which I consider to be entirely innocent, and may be taken with perfect safety by the most delicate in health.

From Hon. John E. Smith, a Distinguished Lawyer in Westminister, Md.

I have on several occasions used Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry for severe colds, and always with decided benefit. I know of no preparation that is more efficacious or more deserving of the name of a Balsam.

For Sale by J. P. DIMSMORE, No. 491 Broadway, New York. J. W. FOWLE & CO., Proprietors, Boston.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE.

Forty Years' Experience. Has fully established the superiority of REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE, Over all other healing preparations. It cures all kinds of SORES, CUTS, SCALDS, BURNS, BOILS, FLEAS, CORNS, SORE LIPS, SORE EYES, &c. REMOVING THE PAIN AT ONCE, AND REDUCING THE MOST ANGRY LOOKING SWELLINGS AND INFLAMMATION AS IF BY MAGIC.

Bedford Select School FOR YOUNG LADIES AND BOYS. The Rev. S. J. Berlin, A. M., proposes to re-open the Select School in this place, (formerly taught by Prof. Lyon) on Tuesday, the 18th of April, A. D. 1865.

By virtue of sundry writs of vend. expons and et. fa. to me directed, there will be sold at the Court House, in the borough of Bedford, on Saturday, the 29th day of April, A. D. 1865, at 10 o'clock, A. M., the following real estate, viz: One tract of land containing 400 acres, more or less, about 60 acres cleared and under fence, two log dwelling houses, log stable and other out-buildings thereon erected, adjoining lands of John Cessna, Esq., George Mack, John Shaffer, James Rollins and others, situate in Colerain township, Bedford county, taken in execution as the property of Zachariah Wertz.

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THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING.

"This must be the last of your wedding gifts, Vaninka," said Madam Brentano, handing a small package to her daughter, "as you are to be married to-morrow, and it is now quite late in the evening. I think there will be no more."

"Mother," said the young girl, in a frightened tone, holding up a small jet necklace, the contents of the package, "see it is black! It is ominous. Oh, what grief can be in store for Henry and me?"

"None, none, Vaninka! This is mere folly," said her mother in a tone of rebuke. "But it was some minutes before the young maiden recovered her calmness. Then, conquering her weakness by a violent effort, she said, lightly: 'I am not silly, mother! You will laugh when I tell you it, but my blood ran cold, and my flesh seemed to creep as I touched this bauble, as if it had been a serpent. See, I do not mind it now!'"

Vaninka Brentano was the only child of a wealthy Prussian commoner. She had been long betrothed to Henry Werder, a young officer in the Prussian army; but owing to the wars in Europe their wedding had been long delayed. Now, however, there was peace and the lovers were to be united the day after the one toward the end of which my story commences. Vaninka was devotedly attached to her betrothed, and too happy at the near approach of their nuptials, to allow the necklace to disgust her long. Her parents left the room, and throwing herself into a chair, she leaned her head against its back, and sank into a reverie, her fingers mechanically playing the while with her last gift. It was easy to see that her reflections were of a pleasant nature, for, ever and anon a beautiful smile stole over her features, and fading gradually away, still left the same expression of quiet happiness. She had been sitting there sometime, when another person entered the room. The intruder was a young, handsome man, dressed in full Prussian uniform. His face was pale, and wore an agitated look, strongly contrasting with the peaceful smile on Vaninka's lips. She did not hear him enter, and he stood for a moment looking, with his eyes beaming with tenderness upon her, then with the air of a man who has a distressing duty to perform, he advanced and stood behind her.

"I did not expect you this evening; has anything happened?"

"Mach, mach, Vaninka. Sit down again, and I will take this stool at your feet. My own beloved, I came to tell you that our wedding must be postponed."

"Our wedding?" cried the astonished girl. "Even so! You are astonished, perhaps hurt; have I told you abruptly? Look in my face, Vaninka, and see what I have suffered before I would give you with my bad news."

"But Henry, I do not understand. Why must we wait still longer?"

"Because I must leave you in twenty minutes."

"Leave me?"

"Yes! Napoleon has left Elba, and is even now in Paris; our troops leave the city in half an hour."

"Henry! am I awake?" "No, no, Henry, you are not in earnest. Ah!" she said, slandering as she caught sight of the necklace, "I said it was ominous! I—I—Henry, you cannot leave me. To-night, too! the very night before the wedding!"

"Vaninka!" he cried, straining her to his breast, "I must go; see the clock points to the time I set to leave you.—Vaninka! She has fainted! Better so! And kissing her pale face again and again, he hid her on the sofa and went in search of her parents. A few words told them all, and bearing their fervent blessings, he departed.

Weeks passed, and Vaninka heard nothing from her lover. She grew pale and thin; her movements were languid and her former light step grew slow and heavy. She no longer sang at her work but would let her hands fall listlessly into her lap, and heave deep sighs, while sometimes the great tears rolled unheeded down her cheeks.

At length there came the news of the battle of Waterloo; Napoleon had been defeated, and all Europe was ringing with the tidings. Vaninka's suspense now amounted to agony. "Henry!" she would cry, "is he killed? O, when will he come?"

One morning when she was seated with her mother, sewing, she was told that a Prussian officer wanted to see her. With her heart trembling between fear and hope she obeyed the summons. As she slowly entered the room, a stranger rose, and advanced to meet her.

"Mademoiselle Brentano?" he inquired, bowing.

"The same. Will you be seated, sir?"

"I am Frederick Liston; I served in the battle of Waterloo, in the same regiment with Henry Werder, and he requested me to deliver this to you." And as he finished, he placed a small package in her hands.

"Why don't he come himself? He is not dead? Oh, say he is not dead!" she said in a voice of such imploring agony that the young soldier felt the tears rise in his eyes.

"Lady," he said, in a sad tone, "Henry fell at Waterloo!"

There was no answer. "Vaninka!" she said again, "are you ill?" and she laid her hand gently upon her arm. "Dead, mother, dead!" she said, now raising her eyes.

"Who is dead, darling?" asked her mother, frightened at her strange tone.

Vaninka slowly opened her package, and drew out the ring and hair it contained, and murmuring "Henry! Oh, mother, he is dead!" she fell sobbing in her mother's arms.

We change the scene now to Waterloo in the latter part of the battle between the armies of Napoleon and Wellington. The morning we choose was the one in which the Imperial Guard of the Emperor threw themselves between the advancing Prussian forces and the English army to prevent their joining their forces.

Henry Werder, at the head of his regiment, felt his heart throbbing with intense excitement, as the two immediate columns, the flower of the French army, advanced upon the English troops. They came on in silence, until within range of the batteries prepared to receive them; then a terrific discharge, seeming to rend heaven and earth, scattering death among their ranks. Still these veterans advanced. The honor of their nation was in peril; they could die, but not turn before the enemy; another discharge of the Prussian troops, who had been rapidly nearing the scene of action, then flashed amongst them.—The Garde Impariale de Napoleon was utterly annihilated. One exultant shout was raised by the allied armies, as this fearful crisis was decided in their favor.

But where, in the moment of victory, was Henry? Stretched upon the field, his head supported by his fellow officer, Frederick Liston, and the life blood flowing from a wound in his breast.

"Frederick," he murmured in a dying voice, "you will see Vaninka."

"If I live," answered his comrade with deep emotion.

"You will give her this ring, and cut some of my hair off for her. Tell her my dying thoughts were all of her—Henceforth bless you, my comrade. Farewell!" and his head fell heavily back.

"Dead!" said Frederick, "and I must leave him here."

Frederick was mistaken. Henry was not dead—he had only fallen. Several hours after the battle was over, he was found by a Prussian soldier.

For weeks his life hung upon a thread, then a young constitution triumphed, and he began to mend. His physician positively forbade his returning to Prussia, and warning him that his lungs were much affected, he recommended a winter in Italy. Writing a long letter to Vaninka to explain his long absence, Henry made his preparations, and after an illness of over three months, started in the early part of October for Naples. He remained there, gaining strength and health until the next June, and then started for home. During his residence in Italy, he had written again and again to both Vaninka and Frederick, and wondered why he had received no letter in answer. His epistles never reached them.

We now return to Vaninka. Contrary to the fears of her friends, she had seemed to bear her loss with calmness. She had been so long in a state of agonizing suspense, that any certainty, even this dreful one, was a relief. Still her step did not regain its elasticity, and her grief, if not dead was deep. Her friends mistook despair for calmness. She grew paler and thinner, and now frequently kept her room for days together.

Her lover had been gone some eight months, when her hand was again sought in marriage. Geo. Weimar was a gentle, mild old man of about seventy years of age, wealthy, and of large influence in his native town. He was an old friend of Vaninka's father, and had long thought of seeking Vaninka for his bride. When, however, he had seen the place coveted about to be worthily filled, he had kept silent on the subject of his desires, and cultivated the acquaintance of his lady love's betrothed. Now, deceived as others were by Vaninka's quiet demeanor, he advanced his suit. Her parents knowing that he would spare no pains or expense to make her happy, urged their child to accept his offer, and she consented to see him.

"Mr. Weimar," she said, "I wish to tell you how grateful I feel for your kind and flattering offer, and to place my situation fully before you. Since I heard of my irreparable loss, I have felt that I should soon join him; still I have endeavored faithfully to perform the duties left to me. I do not think I shall live long. But if I can by any means add to the happiness of another, God has granted me the will to do so. If you will accept my hand, knowing that my heart is in Henry's grave, it is yours, and I will endeavor to fulfill my duties as a wife, trusting to your love and indulgence to forgive if I fail to make you happy while I am with you."

The good old man was too happy to have his offer accepted on any terms and he thanked her warmly. A day was soon set for the wedding, and all things were making ready.

Mr. Weimar hoped, by traveling and the other diversions of her mind, to raise his bride's spirits and prolong her life.

Again it was the night before Vaninka's wedding, and again she was seated, lost in thought, in the same chair that we first saw her in. Now, alas, the reverie was a very painful one, and low, choking sobs took the place of her former happy smiles.—She was sitting, painfully reflecting on the past, when a shadow fell on the ground before her, and raising her eyes, she saw a stranger standing looking at her. He stood with his back to the light, and she could not see his face, but something made her heart stand still as she arose to greet him. He only said one word, "Vaninka!" and exclaiming, "Henry!"

she sprang to his embrace. He caught her passionately to his breast, and held her there as if she feared another separation.

"So," said a pleasant voice at the door, "there is a change of bridegrooms," and Mr. Weimar entered the room. Vaninka stood a moment confused, but taking her hand he placed it in Henry's, saying, "Take her, Henry; she is too young good and handsome for an old man like myself. I was an old fool to think of it. Take her, and my warmest blessings attend your union." And with a kind, beaming smile, the old man left them together.

This time Vaninka's wedding was not postponed, and as Henry and Vaninka stood before the altar, Mr. Weimar, watching the happy, blushing face of the bride, owned that he could not have called up, with all his devotion, such an expression of perfect love and joy.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

A tinker was traveling in a country town, and having traversed many miles without finding anything to do, he stopped weary and hungry at a tavern. Here he got into conversation with a glazier, to whom he related his troubles. The latter sympathized with him deeply, and telling him he should have a job before long, advised him to go into his dinner and eat heartily. The tinker took his advice, ate his fill, and when he returned to the bar room he was overjoyed to hear that the landlord required his services to mend a lot of pans and kettles, which had suddenly "sprung a leak."

The tinker at once set to work, accomplished the task, and received a liberal sum therefor, and started on his way rejoicing. Upon reaching the outside of the house he found the glazier, who said:

"Well, you see I told the truth, I procured you a job of work, and how do you think I am compensated?"

"I am sure I cannot tell," replied the tinker. "I will tell you," rejoined the glazier.—"You told me you were weary, hungry and penniless. I knew the landlord was well off and doing a good business, so I watched the opportunity and started a leak in every tin utensil I could get hold of."

The tinker, with many thanks and a heart full of gratitude, resumed his journey, but he had not proceeded many yards before he reached the village church, when a brilliant idea struck him. The glazier had by a slight loss in his goods, secured a position where he could not be seen, he rattled every window in the edifice with stones, and then, highly elated with his exploit, he retraced his steps to notify the glazier he would speedily have a very important job.

"Sir," said he, "I am happy to inform you that fortune has enabled me to return the kindness I received from you an hour since."

"How so?" asked the glazier, pleasantly.

"I have broken every pane of glass in the church," answered the tinker, "and you of course will be employed to put them in again."

"The glazier's jaw fell, and his face assumed a blank expression, as he sat in a tremulous tone, "You don't mean that, do you?"

"Certainly," replied the tinker; "there isn't a whole pane of glass in the building. One good turn deserves another, you know."

"Yes," answered the glazier, in a tone of utter despair; "but you infernal scoundrel, you have ruined me, for I received the church windows in repair by the year."

DECIDEDLY COOL.

A Boston lady, who had a somewhat Bachanian spouse, resolved to frighten him into temperance. She therefore engaged a watchman for a stipulated reward to carry "Philander" to the watch-house, while yet in a state of insensibility, and to frighten him a little when he recovered. In consequence of this arrangement he awoke up and found himself on his elbow. He looked around until his eyes rested on a man sitting at a stove and smoking a cigar.

"Where am I?" asked Philander.

"In a medical college," said the cigar smoker.

"What a doing there?"

"Going to be cut up!"

"Cut up—how comes that?"

"Why, you died yesterday, while drunk and we have bought your carcass from your wife, who had a right to sell it, for it is all the good she could ever make out of you. If you are not dead it is no fault of the doctors; and they'll cut you up, dead or alive!"

Negro troops did not take Richmond, after all the boostings of the Abolitionists. Though the negroes had been carefully kept out of the fight, (only one division of them being engaged at all, and that on the South side of the James,) for the special purpose, no doubt, of being allowed to sneak into Richmond by the back door, as soon as all the Confederates had been withdrawn to oppose the white soldiers of Grant's army, and thus rob the glorious old army of the Potomac of the honor of "taking Richmond," it seems that the blacks could not be trusted to enter even a city empty of armed enemies, without sending forward a few white men to clear their path of unknown dangers; and therefore the cavalry division of Gen. Kautz were the first Federal troops to march into the citadel of Secession, planting their guidons upon the capitol at 8 o'clock on the morning of the evacuation (April 3). The division is composed of the Fifth and Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, the First New York Mounted Rifles and the First District of Columbia Cavalry. These troops are as worthy of the honor as the negroes are unworthy of it. The Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, more especially, has won for itself, during the war, a name and fame of which Pennsylvanians may well be proud. Under the brave and dashing Col. Samuel P. Spear, this regiment was known and dreaded by the Rebels as "Spear's Cavalry;" and many a time have the ranks of the "chivalry" dissolved before their fierce sabre charges like mist before the sun. Yet, with all his important services, (having commanded with credit a brigade, and frequently a division, for three years past, Colonel Spear has never been honored with the well-earned star of a Brigadier General. He is now lying in a hospital, somewhere, suffering from the effects of injuries received by his horse falling upon him, apparently uncared for and unnoticed by the Administration.—Valley Spirit.

Twenty-two divorces were granted in St. Louis last week.

Why is a lion immortal? Because for son never sates.

When is an undertaker like one of his own jobs? When he's a coughin'.

On the 22d inst., the corner-stone of a new Catholic church, was laid at Frostburg, Md. Rev. Dr. Heyden, of Bedford, delivered the address.

We hate to hear a man say he takes no part in elections. Those who don't go to the polls are governed by those who do.

A Dutchman being called upon to give a toast, said: "Here is to de heroes which fit, dead and died at the battle of Bull Run—of which I am one."

A witty doctor says that tight lacing is of public benefit, inasmuch as it kills off all the foolish girls, and leaves the wise ones to grow up to be wise women.

"I suppose," said the quack, "you think me a fool." "Yes," said the patient, "but I did not think you could ascertain my thoughts by feeling my pulse."

Death is the liberator of him whom freedom cannot release; the physician of him whom medicine cannot cure; and the comforter of him whom time cannot console.

A wag seeing a lady at a party with a very low neck dress and bare arms, expressed his admiration by saying she out-stripped the whole party.

Sambo had been whipped for stealing his master's onions. One day he brought in a skunk in his arms. Says he, "Massa, here's de chap dat steal de onions. Whew, smell him brel!"

A Doctor once gave the following prescription for a lady: "A new bonnet, a Cashmere shawl and a new pair of gaiter boots."—The lady, it is now needless to say has entirely recovered.

An old criminal was once asked what was the first step that led to his ruin, when he answered: "The first step was CHEATING THE PRINTER out of two years subscription."

"They talk of running old Pete for President next time," remarked Jenkins to Muggins, in front of the Quincey House yesterday, with a knowing look. "Pete who?" "Pete Roleau," answered Jenkins, walking off at a rapid rate.—Herald.

Gen. Grant made a statement on his way up the river which will rejoice every patriot next to his victories. He said he should demonstrate to the President and Secretary of War that our military expenses may be reduced \$1,000,000 per day without in fringing all necessary efficiency.

A gentleman sat down to write a deed and began with "Know one woman by these presents." "You are wrong," said a bystander, "it ought to be 'know all men.'" "Very well," answered the other, "if one woman knows it, all men will, of course."

A passenger having hired a boat to take him across a rather rough stream, asked the Irish boatman if anybody was ever lost there. "Niver," replied Pat, "me brother was drowned here last week, but we found him again the next day."