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The Bedford Gazette.

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A MATTER IN SEARCH OF A SUIT.

On one occasion a hatter named Walter Dibble called to buy some furs of us. For certain reasons I was anxious to play a joke upon him. I sold him several kinds of furs, including "beaver" and "coney."

Oh! could there in this world be found Some little spot of happy ground Where village pleasures might be found Without the village tattle!

Among the extraordinary spectacles sometimes witnessed by those who "go down to the sea in ships," none more impressive than a combat for a supremacy between the monsters of the deep.

It is a singular fact that the swordfish and the whale are described as Homerian in grandeur. The swordfish goes in shoals like whales, and the attacks are often regular sea-fights.

When the two troops meet, as soon as the swordfish have betrayed their presence by a few bounds in the air, the whales draw together and close their ranks.

The sea is stained with blood; the fury of the whale is boundless. The swordfish harasses him, strikes on every side, kills him and flies to other victims.

The heroic combats of the swordfish with the whales would assuredly furnish matter for a strange poem. In which the grand would contend with the eccentric.

A Western correspondent says: In a district in the far west we had a gentleman teacher who thought it advisable to give some lessons in politeness.

The following story is told of the Rev. Morse. At an association dinner a debate arose as to the use of the rod in bringing up children.

POET'S RAVEN IN NEW FEATHERS.

In October, wet and dreary, sat this writer, weak and weary, pondering o'er a memorandum book of items used before—book of scrawling head notes rather—items, taking days to gather them, slowly racking, through our mind every idea flocking, I came a quick and nervous knocking—knocking at the sanctum door.

And the scatter'd piles of papers cut some rather curious papers, lying lined by the breezes coming through another door; and we wished the wish was civil for one deemed always civil, that Jinks was at the devil, to stay there evermore, and there to find his final level—Jinks, the nerve unstringing bore!

But the form that stood before us caused a trembling to come o'er us, and our faint memory bore us back again to days of yore—days when "items" were in plenty, and where this writer went he picked up interesting items by the score.

"Now, this 'local' had already walked about till near dead—he had sundered through the city till his feet were very sore—walked through the street called Dauphin and the byways, running off into portions of the city."

"What is the price of old Russia per pound?" "I believe, sir, that old Russia is not for sale," replied Mary, indignantly.

"Ladies!" exclaimed the hatter, in astonishment, "what on earth have I done to offend you? I came here to buy some Russia. I was told you had old and young Russia in the house."

"By thunder! I believe I shall be, if I remain here long," exclaimed the hatter, considerably excited. "I wonder if folks never do business in these parts, that you think a man is crazy if he attempts such a thing?"

"The clerk at the store opposite." "He is a wicked young fellow for making this trouble," said the old lady.

"You lie, you dog, and you know it," replied he. But never mind, I'll pay you off for this, some day.

A SKETCH.—The depopulating pestilence that stalketh at noonday, the carnage of cruel and devastating war, can scarcely exhibit their victims in a more terrible array, than exterminating drunkennes.

Ab, full well do we remind us, the walls which then confined us, the "exchanges" lay behind us, and before us, and around us, scattered over the sun-tum floor. Think we, Jinks has come to borrow some newspapers till to-morrow, and 'twill be relief from sorrow to get rid of Jinks, the bore, by opening the door."

Bracing up our patience firmer, though, without another murmur, "Mr. Jinks, your pardon, your forgiveness we implore. But the fact is, we were reading of some curious proceedings, and thus was unheeding your loud knocking there before—"

"The old man cried, 'Where are my children?' And who answered 'where?' His heart heaves for they were not. Could he Heaven have spared any child, his child's affliction? 'What! the denials of drunkenness had been there, they had fallen victims of Jinks. And one short month's silence had been veil of oblivion over the old man's sorrow and the young one's shame. They are all dead."

"Good Society."—It should be the aim of young men to get into good society. We do not mean the ring of the proud, the haughty, the society of the wise, the intelligent, and the good.

"CHIXAMEN AND THEIR WAYS.—A California letter has the following: Queer chaps these Chixamen are, and queer customs they have. In one corner of the room sits my Chinese boy, reading a book upside down; and after the manner of his country, grinning like a chimpanzee over hieroglyphics that look like bunches of black radishes.

"A CHINESE TRAIL.—I heard today a curious case that lately came to the knowledge of Mr. Milne, as having occurred in Peking. A man caught his wife and a paramour together unawares, and killed them both. He then took their heads to the district magistrate, and demanded himself their murderers, stating the circumstances under which he had been led to perpetrate the deed.

"TELEGRAPHIC FREAK.—Of all the freaks of the telegraph, the following is the most laughable which has come under our personal knowledge. Not long since a graduate from one of our eastern theological schools was called to the pastoral charge of a church in the extreme southwest. When about to start for his new parish, he was unexpectedly detained by the incapacity of his pre-sbytery to ordain him.

"THE BORER.—We are determined (says the Maine Farmer, to persecute the borers till they shall seek other quarters than our orchards. We are trying a novel experiment. We box up the tree a foot from the ground and fill it with shavings or saw dust. If they attack the tree, it must be above the box, where they can readily be seen. It is easily done, and we see no reason why it will not be a preventive.

"BOARDING-HOUSE RECOMMENDATIONS.—A boarder at one of our city boarding-houses, on being asked how they live there, replied that the hash was rather doubtful, but the beef was 'bully.' This dubious in'o's comment failed to attract a new boarder.

DOMESTIC.

To Stop COUGHING.—Slight irritation of the throat may be relieved by slipping a little thick slippery elm tea, or by sucking a piece of gum arabic. These articles coat over the mucous membrane, and prevent the irritation of the air. A few drops of paregoric held in the mouth, and allowed to trickle down the throat, will allay coughing.

CHAPMAN HANTS.—They may be a great measure be prevented by using very little soap, if any, keeping it on as long as possible, washing it off clean and then finishing the washing with water to which a little vinegar is added—a teaspoonful to a pint of clear water will answer. This neutralizes any alkali of the soap left on the skin, and gives it a cool feel, while it stops the destruction of the cuticle, and saves chapping. The diluted vinegar is also a good final washing after shaving, as it both saves the skin and prevents the alkali from breaching the cuticle. After a shave, or even long hair, apply it at night, or when going into a cold air, to the hands and feet, if chapping, and well rubbed off if necessary, goes far toward preventing further chapping, and promotes the healing of all cracks already formed.

BACKWHEAT CAKES.—A lady of culture, refinement, and unusual powers of observation and comparison, became a widow. Reduced from affluence to poverty, with a large family of small children dependent upon her labor for daily food, she made a variety of experiments to ascertain what articles could be procured for the least money, and would at the same time "go the farthest" by keeping her children long from crying for something to eat. She soon discovered that when they eat backwheat cakes and molasses, they were quiet for a longer time than after eating any other kind of food.

SELECTING MILCH COWS.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Farmer's Club says that Col. Woodman, in the State of Maine, for about forty years has kept a dairy, and generally reared his own cows. He has always found, in his experience, that if a heifer's first calf was a male she never proved to be much of a milker—indeed, that she, in subsequent years, never gave more milk than on her first calving, but if her first product was a heifer she was sure to represent all the milking qualities of a valuable mother. He did not know how this might be others' experience, but for forty years of his own he had known it "to exception to the rule."

PRUNING GRAPE VINES.—The books generally advise winter pruning in the month of February. The objections to that season are that the work is liable to run into March, which does not allow time for the cut to become dry enough to check the flow of sap a little later; the weather is apt to be cold, rendering it uncomfortable; besides, the wood is frozen much of the time, in which it ought not to be disturbed. There is sufficient leisure now, as the vines are pliable and can be handled at will, while the mild weather will dry and harden the cuts, so that there will be no danger of bleeding in spring. A pair of pruning shears will be found to be very convenient in making cuts—in fact, they are almost indispensable to the horticulturist in trimming his shrubbery, roses, honeysuckles, blackberries, etc., in addition to the grape vines.

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THE INTERNAL REVENUE RECEIPTS SINCE JULY 1ST LAST HAVE BEEN \$188,164,477 04.

DOMESTIC.

I rather like waterfalls. I can't tell why, but I love them more than I can tell why I love kaster tea—but kaster tea is good for laziness or no sort—not even in musketeers. I want my musketeers lively. But this is foreign to my purpose. I like waterfalls—they are so easy and natural. They attack all these. Some they attack with great fury. While other they approach more like a saint, working up slowly. I saw one yesterday. It went no bigger than a small French turnip. I had attacked a small woman of only nine summer's duration. She was full of rage, and when she bounded along the sidewalk it was on the west side of St. Charles street, in the city of Cincinnati, for Mrs. Baker & Davis' yellow soap store, the waterfall highest up and down, then cascading in a sportive manner, resembling much the sportive femininity of a jobbed laugh in a great hurry. The effect was purely electric, and which belonged to a mature woman. She might have been 50 summers, her hair white as flour, eyes blue, worth 10 dollars a barrel, delivered; but the waterfall was black. I asked a bystander how he could count for that. He said "it was young, it was young."

I also saw another one pretty soon, which belonged to a mature woman. She might have been 50 summers, her hair white as flour, eyes blue, worth 10 dollars a barrel, delivered; but the waterfall was black. I asked a bystander how he could count for that. He said "it was young, it was young."

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