

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE is published every Friday morning by MEYERS & MENGEL, at \$2.00 per annum, if paid strictly in advance; \$2.50 if paid within six months; \$3.00 if not paid within six months. All subscription accounts MUST be settled annually. No paper will be sent out of the State unless paid for in advance, and all subscriptions will invariably be discontinued at the expiration of the time for which they are paid.

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JOB PRINTING, of every kind, done with neatness and dispatch. THE GAZETTE OFFICE has just been refitted with a Power Press and new type, and everything in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.—TERMS CASH.

All letters should be addressed to MEYERS & MENGEL, Publishers.

Attorneys at Law.

JOSEPH W. FATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA., will promptly attend to collections of bounty, back pay, &c., and all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Cash advanced on judgments, notes, military and other claims. His for sale Town lots in Tatesville, where a good Church is erected, and where a large School House shall be built. Farms, Land and Timber Lease, from one acre to 500 acres to suit purchasers. Office near the "Mengel House" and Bank of Bedford & Schell. April 6, 1866.—17

J. M. SHARP, E. F. KERR, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA., will practice in the courts of Bedford and adjoining counties. Office on Juliana street, opposite the Banking House of Reed & Schell. [March 2, 1866.]

DURBORROW & LUTZ, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA., will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care. Collections made on the shortest notice. They are, also, regularly licensed Claim Agents and will give special attention to the prosecution of claims against the Government for Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, Military Lands, &c. Office on Juliana street, one door South of the "Mengel House," and nearly opposite the Inquirer office.

JOHN P. REED, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Respectfully tenders his services to the public. Office second door North of the Mengel House. Bedford, Aug. 1, 1861.

JOHN PALMER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Particular attention paid to the collection of Military claims. Office on Juliana Street, nearly opposite the Mengel House. Bedford, Aug. 1, 1861.

ALFRED M. AINSIEP, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Military claims, back pay, bounty, &c., speedily collected. Office with Mann & Spang, on Juliana street, one door South of the Mengel House. Jan. 22, 1864.

KIMMEL & LINGENFELTER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Have formed a partnership in the practice of Law. Office on Juliana street, two doors South of the "Mengel House."

G. H. SPANG, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to collections and all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Office on Juliana Street, three doors South of the "Mengel House," opposite the residence of Mrs. Tate. May 13, 1864.

MEYERS & DICKERSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Office same as formerly occupied by Hon. W. P. Schell, two doors east of the Gazette office, will practice in the several courts of Bedford county. Pensions, bounty and back pay obtained and the purchase and sale of real estate attended to. [May 11, '66.]

JOHN H. FILLER, Attorney at Law, Bedford, Pa. Office nearly opposite the Post Office. [Apr. 20, '66.—15.]

Physicians and Dentists.

P. H. PENNSYLL, M. D., BLOODY RUN, PA. (late Union 50th P. V. V.) tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. Dec. 22, 65-ly*

W. W. JAMISON, M. D., BLOODY RUN, PA. tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. Office one door West of Richard Langdon's store. Nov. 24, '65-ly

DR. J. L. MARBOURG, Having permanently located, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office on Juliana street, east side, nearly opposite the Banking House of Reed & Schell. Bedford, February 12, 1864.

DENTISTS, J. G. MINICH, JR., Office in the Bank Building, Juliana St. All operations pertaining to Surgical or Mechanical Dentistry carefully performed, and warranted. Teeth Filled and Mouth Washes, etc., excellent articles, always on hand. TERMS—CASH. Bedford, January 6, 1865.

DR. GEO. C. DOUGLAS, Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of Bedford and vicinity. OFFICE—2 doors West of the Bedford Hotel, above Border's Silver Smith Store. Residence at Maj. Washburn's. Aug. 24, '65.

Bankers.

REED & SCHELL, Bankers and DEALERS IN EXCHANGE, BEDFORD, PA. DRAFTS bought and sold, collections made and money promptly remitted.

RUPP, SHANNON & CO., BANKERS, BEDFORD, PA. BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT.

COLLECTIONS made for the East, West, North and South, and the general business of Exchange transacted. Notes and Accounts Collected and Remittances promptly made. REAL ESTATE bought and sold. Oct. 20, 1865.

Miscellaneous.

DANIEL BORDER, FIFTY STREET, TWO DOORS WEST OF THE BEDFORD HOTEL, BEDFORD, PA. WATCHMAKER AND DEALER IN JEWELRY, STERILIZED, &c. He keeps on hand a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Spectacles of Brilliant Double-Refined Glasses, also Scotch Pebble Glasses. Gold Watch Chains, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, best quality of Gold Pens. He will supply to order any thing in his line not on hand. Oct. 20, 1865.

D. R. ANDERSON, Licensed Surveyor and Conveyancer, CENTREVILLE, BEDFORD COUNTY, P. A. will attend to the writing of Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, Articles of Agreement, and all business usually transacted by a Surveyor and Conveyancer. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. April 6, '66-17.

The Bedford Gazette.

BY MEYERS & MENGEL.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 19, 1866.

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The Bedford Gazette.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF BRIDES.

We have been favored with the natural histories of man, the birds and beasts, of the world, but no one has yet essayed the history of that indispensable creature, the bride. We propose in this article to attempt to show how the vacuum caused by the shortcomings of authors may be supplied by some enterprising Bohemian.

A bride is the culmination of a mother's anxiety and the commencement of a husband's serious reflections. A mother looks upon her daughter arrayed as a bride, as an arrow shot from her household quiver at that butt of female archery, man; and, if the arrow has made a fair hit, is prone to chuckle over the shot as showing forth her superior maternal skill. If, on the contrary, the success is doubtful, then the mother, like a bad archer, blames the arrow, the luck, any thing, indeed, but her own bad management.

Brides are divided into numerous classes. For example: sentimental brides, who marry for love; speculative brides, who marry for money; anxious brides, who marry for the sake of being married; accommodating brides, who marry because their lovers asked them to marry; unresisting brides, who marry because their friends desire them to marry; inquisitive brides, who marry for curiosity; and invalid brides, who marry to restore their health.

Sentimental brides are the most numerous, but not the most happy of the orange-wreathed tribe. They are generally young creatures, who revel in poetical dreams connected with the wearer of a love of a mustache, or the possessor of a handsome nose, or expressive eyes, or an animated look, who can make pretty little speeches, graceful bows, or sing a pretty little song. She takes great pride into herself because she married Charlie for his own dear self, and not for his surroundings—unaware that a man's position in society, his friends, and even his wealth or poverty is as much a part of himself as the curl of his hair, the song he sings, the strut he affects, or even his education. She generally finds, when the song is less brilliantly sung, the mustache requires Christadora, the head a wig, and the poetical speeches are turned into matter-of-fact imperatives, that the varnish is rubbed off, the gloss removed, and Charlie is not the man he used to be.

The money bride has made herself an article of merchandise, and is to be valued according to the price she obtains for herself. She belongs to every condition of society, from her who marries for social position, horses and carriages, diamonds, houses and a bank account, to the work-girl who marries a one room home, and the privilege of only half starving on her husband's petty weekly pittance. She generally reaches the conclusion that she has sold herself too cheap.

The health-seeking bride looks on the marriage service as a medical prescription, the parson as a doctor, and the husband as the *bolus* administered for her ills—a blue-pill that must be swallowed, however nauseous. She knows that she is traveling on the road to death, yet clinging to life, endeavoring to throw her burden on her lord. Flying from the embraces of the worm, she is compelled to accept those of the bridegroom. She merely prefers to an earthly dwelling, the marriage-chamber to the narrow house appointed for all living. The honeymoon shines through the apothecary bottles, and the epithet "union" is couched in wheezy periods.

The purchasing bride is generally an old maid or widow, who despairing of being courted for her own sake, seeks a husband through the medium of her pecuniary charms. She generally lets every one know, after marriage, that she keeps the purse-strings in her own hands, and the young man—for this class generally succeeded in obtaining young men—whom she had succeeded in entrapping is highly and overlastingly indebted to her. The experience of such is usually the conclusion that they have paid too dearly for their whistle.

The husband desiring bride is, perhaps, the most composed of all brides, the least enthusiastic, and the most likely to be happy. She marries because it is instinct with her, not because she is particularly in love. So she is not so apt to be troubled with the pangs of jealousy, or to suffer from disappointment, when she discovers that the bridegroom is not much better than the average of men after all. She goes through the days of courtship as a matter of course; wonders at the whims and caprices of sentimental girls; receives and accepts the offer of marriage as a matter of course; dons the bridal attire, and goes through the whole formula of wedding, ceremonies and ceremonies, as a matter of course; performs all the duties, and submits to all the little vexations of married life as a matter of course; lives a serene, orderly and quiet life, and dies respected and regretted by all who knew her, as a matter of course.

We give the above few cases as samples of what might be done in the matter of writing up a natural history of brides. Each particular class could be elaborated to the extent of at least one chapter. Of course, with our limited space, we can only refer to a few cases, and that in very brief terms. We hope some writer possessing sufficient ability may take the matter up, and give us a work upon the subject.

THE MYSTERIOUS HAND.

Of all the mental infirmities of my fellow-beings, there are none that I am less inclined to laugh at, and, in fact, more disposed to respect, than a belief in apparitions and a fear of the supernatural; and one reason is, that although a decided skeptic in those matters, I have never been able entirely to divest myself of the superstitions of my youth; and another, that even at an advanced age, I have been placed in situations, both at home and abroad, where reason

"That column of true majesty in man," has been prostrated, for a time, before what seemed the most appalling realities, and I have experienced all the terrors of my childhood revived with undiminished power—the groundlessness of my fear only being made manifest by some desperate effort of courage, or the most patient subsequent investigation. Despite the march of intellect, rapid as it is, such a belief will always more or less prevail; and I am not sorry that it should; for besides the poetry of the thing, I have always been of opinion that it has a beneficial effect at least, if not a religious one, upon the credulous and thoughtless, by impressing upon them, if nothing else will, the absolute certainty of a future state, between which and the present spirits must be considered by them as the messenger and connecting link; and, by consequence, lead them, through their fears, to abstain from many sins in which they might otherwise indulge. Be this as it may, there are many things that occur out of the common course of events, having so much the appearance of the supernatural, that if not rationally accounted for, will produce the most superstitious effects upon the strongest minds. Out of several instances that have occurred under my own immediate observation, the following will probably be deemed not uninteresting by the lovers of the mysterious.

Many years ago, I was awakened one night from an uneasy sleep by a feeling of acute pain, and a disagreeable thrilling throughout my whole frame, with the exception of my forehead, which felt singularly chilly, and as if pressed upon by a dull, cold weight. I became strangely alarmed; and remained for several minutes immovable, and at a loss what to think. After several ineffectual attempts to feel whether there was any object of terror near, my hand at length encountered and felt trembling and powerless upon another hand—a strange, motionless, cold, clammy hand! My flesh crept upon my bones—my hair felt like writhing needles on my head—an *low* commotion started out from every pore of my body. I made a violent attempt to scream; my tongue, however, clove to the roof of my mouth, and shutting my eyes, I gave myself up to despair. But despair, however it may for a time remain inactive, hath its energies—energies which nothing short of hopelessness can arouse; and, musingly my resuscitated powers, I struggled to remove the horrid hand, for I felt it palpably, in all its cold reality, within mine, and, giving a long and piercing shriek, fell exhausted on my pillow and fainted. On coming again to myself, I found the bed surrounded by the whole household, with lights and various weapons of defence; and when, to their hasty inquiries, I shudderingly answered that a strange and icy hand, the hand of death, was beside me, and had been upon my forehead, an instantaneous roar of laughter burst upon my astonished senses. Starting up, I looked round, and found that a stoppage in the circulation of the blood had deadened my left arm, upon which I had been lying, and that the hand, the awful and mysterious hand that had occasioned all my terror, was my own!

SYDNEY SMITH'S COMMON SENSE.

Never give way to melancholy; resist it steadily, for the habit will enmesh. I once gave a lady two and twenty receipts against melancholy. One was a bright fire; another to remember all the pleasant things said to and of her; another to keep a box of sugar plums on the chimney-piece, and a kettle simmering on the hob.

Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value—dress of no use! Beauty is of value; her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend on a new gown or a becoming bonnet, and if she has five grains of common sense, she will find it out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must become better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth.

I am convinced digestion is the great secret of life; and that character, talents, virtues and qualities are powerfully affected by beef, mutton, pie-crust and rich soups. I have often thought I could feed or starve men into many virtues and vices, and affect them more powerfully with the instruments of cookery than Timotheus could do formerly with his lyre.

Railway Official.—You'd better not smoke, sir.

Traveler.—That's what my friends say.

Railway Official.—But you mustn't smoke, sir.

Traveler.—So my doctor tells me.

Railway Official (indignantly).—But you shan't smoke, sir.

Traveler.—Ah! just what my wife says.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

One hundred years ago there was not a single white man in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois territories. Then, what is now the most flourishing part of America, was as little known as the mountains of the moon. It was not until 1793 that the hunter of Kentucky, the gallant Boone, left his home in North Carolina to become the first settler of Kentucky; the first pioneer of Ohio did not settle till twenty years afterwards.

A hundred years ago Canada belonged to France, and the whole population of the United States did not exceed a million and a half.

A hundred years ago the great Frederick of Prussia was performing those exploits which have made him immortal in military annals, and with his monarchy was sustaining a single-handed contest with Russia, Austria and France, the three great powers of Europe combined.

A hundred years ago the United States were the most loyal people of the British Empire, and on the political horizon no speck indicated the struggle which within a score of years thereafter established the great republic of the world.

A hundred years ago there were but four newspapers in America—with a combined circulation not exceeding 2,000. Steam engines and cylinder presses had not been imagined, and the railroads and telegraphs had not entered the remotest conception of man.

When we look back at it through the vista of history, we find that the century which has passed has been allotted to more important events in their bearing upon the happiness of the world than almost any other event that has happened since the creation.

A hundred years hence, who can foretell our developments and the nation's?

MORAL COURAGE IN EVERY DAY LIFE.—Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary to do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat, even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to make a will and a just one.

Have the courage to tell your money.

Have the courage to "cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have when you are convinced that he lacks principle. A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities," but not with his vices.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonest publicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance rather than seek credit for knowledge under false pretences.

Have the courage to provide entertainment for your friends within your means—not beyond.

A New York correspondent of the Albany Argus relates that a handsome orphan work girl had been for some time courted by a journeyman hatter. One day she pressed him to marry, as she had received disrespectful proposals from a young lawyer. "There is my hand," said she, "marry me directly."

The lover, highly indignant at the attorney, was so glad to obey the direction. The marriage took place at the residence of the bride. The evening before the wedding, however, the bridegroom told Mary Elizabeth that he had a secret to tell. He was not a journeyman hatter, but was one of the richest men in the city of Boston, and said he would take her the next day to the beautiful country seat in the suburbs of the modern Athens which he had inherited from his father and mother, for he, indeed, was an orphan like his bride, Mary Elizabeth. He had seen her at Barnum's Museum, and resolved to make her his own when convinced of her worthiness.

We have often heard of affectionate husbands but here is one that surpasses all.

While Gen. Curtis' command was marching along the southern slope of the Boston range of mountains, in Arkansas, the advance met a man driving a cart with one ox to drive the same. The man seemed to be in great agony, weeping over the remains of his beloved half which lay in the cart, dead. One of the men accosted him thus:

"My good man what are you crying about?"

"Oh! she's dead, she's dead, and she was such a good woman," was the sobbing reply.

"Well, what was she good for?" asked the hard-hearted soldier.

"Oh! for scolding, swearing, fighting and bawling flap-jacks—she couldn't be beat in Arkansas."

Only eleven newspapers are now published in Mexico.

A GERMAN advertised that he had an organ that would play any tune out of an enumerated set at the command of any one of the audience. This made a noise at the time, and puzzled all the conjurers and philosophers of the place. The organ was placed on the table, with its back against the wall, the company were invited to examine it, then ask for a tune, which was immediately played; and if any one desired it to stop, it was instantly silent. This went on for a long time, and the ingenious inventor was making a rapid fortune, and the secret would have been buried with him had he not behaved most inharmoniously toward his loving wife one day, just before the performance commenced. The room was crowded as usual, a tune was called for, but not a note was heard. The owner became uneasy, and said in a soothing coaxing manner, "Do play my good organ." Still not a sound was heard. He got out of patience, and threatened to smash the instrument to pieces, when a hoarse female voice was heard to growl out, "Ay, do break do organs as you broke my head this morning!" This was too much for the choleric German, he took a chair and gave the instrument such a knock that he drove it through a paper partition in the wall, carrying with it another organ which had been placed closest the back of the sham one, at which sat the obstinate grinder—his wife.

THE DOG DOCTOR'S SECRET.—Good food, dainties, and want of exercise, are the destruction of parlor dogs. They become fat with increasing age, and contract various diseases. At last the day comes when a dose of prussic acid must finish the business, or that a medical practitioner must be called in, who will, by a severe regimen restore the dog's health and appetite. An excellent man in our neighborhood made a very comfortable income by this peculiar line of practice. He divulged the secret of his system a few days before his dissolution to the estimable clergyman of the parish. "I always tied 'em," said this canine Abernathy, "to a crab tree at the end of my garden, for a week, and gave 'em nothing but water. When I fetched 'em from their mistresses they refused to eat what I should have been glad to get, and when they went back they would eat what I couldn't have touched. I've had some dogs twice or even three times a year, but I always cured 'em at last. One of them was as good as three pounds a year to me. I was terrible fond of him, but he never took to me; and when he saw me coming for waddle away and howl enough to wake the dead. Dogs haven't got no gratitude."—Field.

NEVER SAW A WOMAN.—Meadow's History of the Chinese lately published in London, in a chapter on Love, has the following:

"A Chinese, who had been disappointed in marriage and had grievously suffered through women in many other ways, retired with his infant son to the peaks of a mountain range in Kweichow, to a spot quite inaccessible to the footed Chinese women. He trained the boy to worship the Gods, and stand in awe and abhorrence of the devils; but he never mentioned women to him, always descending the mountain alone to buy food. At length, however, the infirmities of age compelled him to take the young man with him to carry the heavy bag of rice. As they were leaving the market town together, the son suddenly stopped short, and, pointing to three approaching objects, cried,

"Father, what are these things? Look! look! what are they?"

"The father answered with the peremptory order,

"Turn away your head; they are devils!"

"The son, in some alarm, turned away noting that the evil things were gazing at him with surprise from behind their fans. He walked to the mountain in silence, ate no supper, and from that day lost his appetite and was afflicted with melancholy.—For some time his puzzled and anxious parent could get no satisfactory answer to his inquiries, but at length the young man burst out crying with inexplicable pain, 'Oh, father, that tallest devil! that tallest devil!'"

A CAUTIOUS YOUTH.—A widow lady in Scotland had an only son. On him she had expended much to enable him to acquire an education. He was absent from home for a long time, attending school. Having completed his course of studies, he returned to his good old mother.

"Come, John," said she on the night of his arrival home, and when they were about making preparations to retire, "you've been a long time away from me, my son, and have studied much. I know you are a good lad, but I have never heard you pray. Try it, John; for ye surely must now know how, with all the learning ye have got."

"Accordingly John complied—made a long, humble, and as he supposed, satisfactory acknowledgment of his sins and general unworthiness, and of his indebtedness, to his Maker."

"Well, mother, how did it suit ye?"

"Pretty well—pretty well, John," replied the old lady; "but why didna ye gie the old de'il a slap or two?"

"Ah! I have John, 'not I—not I; for you know, mither, there's none of us knows whose hands we may sometimes fall into!'"

AN EXTINCT RACE.—One of the most remarkable races that ever inhabited the earth is now extinct. They were known as the Guanches, and were the aborigines of the Canary Islands. In the sixteenth century, pestilence, slavery, and the cruelty of the Spaniards succeeded in totally exterminating them. They are described as having been gigantic in stature, but of a singularly mild and gentle nature. Their food consisted of barley, wheat, and goats milk, and their agriculture was of the rudest kind. They had a religion which taught them of a future state of rewards and punishments after death, and of good and evil spirits. They regarded the volcano of Teneriffe as a punishment for the bad. The bodies of their dead were carefully embalmed and deposited in catacombs, which still continue to be an object of curiosity to those who visit the islands. Their marriage rites were very solemn, and before engaging in them, the brides were fastened on milk. At the present day these strange people are totally extinct.

WOULDN'T GIVE IN.—An English clergyman relates the following amusing anecdote:

The most singular reply I ever listened to was made to me last summer, upon the occasion of our school feast by a carter boy of about fourteen. Everybody had exhibited a tolerable appetite, but this boy, had eaten to repletion, so that when I saw him suddenly turn very pale, and attempt to rise from the table, I began to fear he had made himself ill.

"What's the matter, my good boy?" inquired I, while sympathizing through philanthropic ladies, who had been acting as waiters upon the company gathered around the sufferer. Do you feel unwell?"

"My stomach aches, sir," replied the boy with great distinctness.

"Dear me," said I (almost suffocated with my endeavors to suppress laughter, "don't you think you had better go home?"

"No, no, sir," replied the lad with determination. "It will ache a precious sight more afore I ha' done w' him."

And I am bound to say that he did not submit to the threatened dietation, but devoured two slices of cold pudding in addition to his previous supplies, as well as an enormous bunch of bread and cheese.

PROFIT AND LOSS.—A Western candidate for Congress, who had a large and well-stocked farm, was annoyed at the almost nightly disappearance from his premises of a number of hogs. A vigilant watch enabled him to detect the thief, who proved to be a neighbor, and a warm political friend of the candidate—one, in fact, upon whose assistance he greatly relied in the coming canvass. He disliked to lose his support, and he disliked more the idea of losing his hogs; so he made up his mind to be frank with the thief; and try to save, in more senses than one, his bacon. He went at once to his neighbor, told him what he had ascertained; expressed his desire not to make a public exposure, and said: "Now I make this proposition—if you will let my hogs alone in future, I will not only say nothing of the past, but when I kill in the fall, I'll put into your cellar five barrels of as good pork as I make." The fellow reflected a moment, and replied: "Well 'Squire, that's a fair proposition, any how and seeing as it's you, I'll do it; but I vow I believe I shall lose pork by the operation."

APPLICATION OF KNOWLEDGE.—A very valuable pocket-knife was once dropped into a twenty-foot well, half full of water.

"How shall we get it out? Shall we have to draw the water from the well?" The writer proposed to use a strong horse shoe magnet, near by, suspended by a cord. "But we can't see where to lower the magnet so as to touch the knife." "Throw the sun's rays down on the bottom of the well by a looking-glass," was the second answer. It was done, the knife rendered visible from the top of the well, the magnet came into contact, and the knife brought up—all being accomplished in a minute of time.

THE LONDON REVIEWER says: "Mr. Boucicault next season will be in *exhibito*. It is a hard matter even for a skillful gymnast to ride four horses at once, but what is that to inspiring or conducting four London theaters. Perhaps the most difficult task for a modest playwright was to demand £20,000 for the four lobster-salad plays, with situations original and selected, which were, and it is said are, to be furnished for these four theaters. This Mr. Boucicault has accomplished."

An instance of the ruling passion strong in death is thus related of old Cook, who was known as a miser, and had amassed a large fortune. On his death-bed, when the last gasp was approaching, a tallow candle was burning upon the stand, and a flickering flame in the fire-place. Suddenly he called to his son, saying—

"Woodbury, come here."

The son approached the bed-side, when the old man whispered—

"Woodbury, blow out that candle; tallow's most as dear as butter."

In Paris they are preparing "Grass-hopper Pancakes," fried in rum, and in Egypt they have "Loasted Fritters," steeped in rum before frying, and then done up brown in butter. These are royal dishes for royal appetites.

BOYS USING TOBACCO.—A strong and sensible writer says a good, sharp thing, and a true one, too, for boys who use tobacco. It has utterly ruined thousands of boys. It tends to softening and weakening of the bones, and it greatly injures the brain, the spinal marrow and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who smokes early and frequently, or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco, is never known to make a man of much energy, and generally lacks muscular and physical as well as mental power. We would particularly warn boys who want to be anything in the world, to shun tobacco as a most baneful poison. It injures the teeth. It produces an unhealthy state of the throat and lungs, hurts the stomach and throats the brain and nerves.

HOW TO KEEP POOR.—There is no workingman but would rejoice to have the way pointed out by which he might honestly attain riches. No one would thank us for a prescription to insure poverty, and yet there is many a man who keeps himself poor by indulging in the following: two glasses of ale a day at ten cents, seventy-three dollars; three cigars,