

The Bedford Gazette.

BY MEYERS & MENGEL.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 2, 1866.

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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 such subscriptions will invariably be discontinued at the expiration of the time for which they are paid. All ADVERTISEMENTS for a less term than three months TEN CENTS per line for each insertion. Special notices one-half additional. All insertions of Associations; communications of individuals or individual interest, and notices of marriages and deaths exceeding five lines, ten cents per line. Editorial notices fifteen cents per line. All legal Notices of every kind, and Orphans' Court and Judicial Sales, are required by law to be published in both papers first in this place. All advertising done after first insertion. A liberal discount is made to persons advertising by the quarter, half year, or year, as follows:

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One column	30.00	45.00	80.00

One square to occupy one inch of space. 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. TATE, 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. Has for sale Town lots in Tataville, where a good Church is erected, and where a large School House has been built. Farms, Land and Timber Lots, from one acre to 500 acres to suit purchasers. Office nearly opposite the "Mengel Hotel" and Bank of Reed & Schell. (March 2, '66.)

JOHN P. REED, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Respectfully tenders his services to the public. Office second door North of the Mengel Hotel. (Aug. 1, 1864.)

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 Hotel. (Aug. 1, 1861.)

ESPY M. ALSIP, 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., specially attended to with Mann & Sprang, on Juliana street, two doors South of the Mengel Hotel. (Jan. 22, 1864.)

W. L. LINGENFELTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Here formed a partnership in the practice of the Law. Office on Juliana street, two doors South of the Mengel Hotel. (Apr. 20, '66.—17.)

G. H. SPANG, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Office on Juliana Street, three doors south of the Mengel Hotel, opposite the residence of Mrs. Tate. (May 19, 1864.)

MEYERS & DICKERSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Office same as formerly occupied by Hon. W. P. Schell, two doors South of the Mengel Hotel. (May 19, 1864.)

JOHN H. FILLER, Attorney at Law, Bedford, Pa. Office nearly opposite the Post Office. (Apr. 20, '66.—17.)

Drugs, Medicines, &c.

J. L. LEWIS having purchased the Drug Store, lately owned by Mr. H. C. Ream, in the city of Bedford, and has just returned from the cities with a well selected stock of DRUGS, MEDICINES, DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMERY, TOILET ARTICLES, COAL OIL LAMPS, AND CHIMNEYS, BEST BRANDS OF CIGARS, SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO, FRENCH CONNECTIONS, &c. &c. The stock of Drugs and Medicines consist of the best quality, and of the best perfumes of the day. Colognes, Soaps, Preparations for the Hair, Complexion and Teeth; Camphor ice for chapped hands; Teeth and Hair Brushes, Port Monies, &c. &c. &c. Also, a large quantity of Books, which will be sold very cheap. Coal Oil Lamp Hinge Burner, can be lighted without removing the chimney—all patterns and prices. Glass Lanterns, very neat, for burning Coal Oil. Lamp chimneys of an improved pattern. Lamp Shades of beautiful patterns. Home's Family Dye Colors, the shades being Light Fawn, Drab, Snuff and Dark Brown, Light and Dark Blue, Light and Dark Green, Yellow, Pink, Orange, Royal Purple, Scarlet, Maroon, Magenta, Cherry and Black. Humphrey's Homoeopathic Remedies. Creosote of best brands, smokers can rely on a good cigar. Rose Smoking Tobacco, Michigan and Solera Fine Cut, Natural Leaf, Twist and Big Plug. Finest and purest French Confections, PURE DOMESTIC WINES, Consisting of Champagne and Elderberry FOR MEDICAL USE. The attention of physicians is invited to the stock of Drugs and Medicines, which they can purchase at reasonable prices. Country Merchants' orders promptly filled. Goods put up with neatness and care, and at reasonable prices. J. L. LEWIS keeps a first class Drug Store, and having on hand at all times a general assortment of goods. Being a Druggist of several years experience, physicians can rely on having their prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded. (Feb. 9, '66.—17)

Physicians and Dentists.

P. H. PENNSYL, M. D., BLOODY Res. Pa., (late surgeon 56th V. V.) tenders his professional services to the people of this and adjoining vicinity. (May 19, '64.)

W. W. JAMISON, M. D., BLOODY Res. Pa., tenders his professional services to the people of this place and vicinity. Office on door west of Richard Langdon's store. (Nov. 24, '65.—17)

D. R. 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.

D. HICKOK, J. G. MINICH, JR., DENTISTS, BEDFORD, PA. Office in the Bank Building, Juliana St. All operations pertaining to Surgical or Mechanical Dentistry carefully performed, and Teeth, Tooth Powders and mouth Washes, excellent articles, always on hand. (Trans.—CASH) Bedford, January 6, 1865.

D. R. GEO. C. DOUGLAS, Respect- fully 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. Estimates at Maj. Washbaugh's. (Aug. 24, '66.)

Bankers.

REED AND SCHELL, Bankers and DEALERS IN EXCHANGE, BEDFORD, PA. DRAFTS bought and sold, collections made and money promptly remitted. Deposits solicited. RUPP, SHANNON & CO., BANKERS, BEDFORD, PA. BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT. OFFICES 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.)

DANIEL BORDER, Watchmaker and DEALER IN JEWELRY, BEDFORD, PA. He keeps on hand a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Spectacles of Brilliant Double Reel Glass, also Scotch and English Gold Watch Chains, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, best quality of Gold Pens. He will supply to order any article in his line not on hand. (Oct. 20, '65.)

D. R. ANDERSON, Licensed Scribe and Conveyancer, CENTREVILLE, BEDFORD COUNTY, PA. attends to the Writing of Deeds, Mortgages, and all Articles of Agreement, and all business usually connected with the office of a Scribe. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. (April 6, '66.)

Miscellaneous.

CLOTHING EMPORIUM.—GEO. REIMUND, Merchant Tailor, Bedford, Pa., keeps constantly on hand ready-made clothing, such as coats, pants, vests, &c., also a general assortment of cloths, cassimeres, and gents' furnishings of all kinds, also calicoes, muslins, &c., all of which will be sold low for cash. My room is a few doors west of Fyan's store and opposite Rush's marble yard. I invite all to give me a call. I have just received a stock of new goods. (May 25, '66.)

FRUIT CANS AND SEALING WAX at P. M. BLYMYER & CO'S

Hardware, &c.

GEO. BLYMYER, JOHN F. BLYMYER, GEORGE BLYMYER & SON having formed a partnership, on the 6th of March, 1866, in the

HARDWARE & HOUSE FURNISHING BUSINESS.

respectfully invite the public to their new rooms, three doors west of the old stand, where they will find an immense stock of the most splendid goods ever brought to Bedford county. These goods will be sold at the lowest possible prices. Persons desirous of purchasing BUILDING HARDWARE will find it to their advantage to give us a call. WHITE LEAD.—We have on hand a large quantity of White Lead, which we have been fortunate to buy a little lower than the market rates. The particular brands to which we would invite attention are the

Pura Buck Lead, Liberty White Lead, Saxon's Pure White Lead, Washington White Lead, Washington Zinc White Lead, New York White Lead, Also—Saxons' Patent Putty, Denmar Varnish, Varnishes of all kinds, Glazed Oil, (pure) Turpentine and Alcohol.

All kinds of IRON and NAILS. No. 1 CHRYSTAL ILLUMINATING COAL OIL. LAMPS in profusion. We would invite persons wanting Saddlery Hardware, to give us a call, as we have everything in the Saddle, Bridle, Buckles, Rings, Harness and Webbing Leather of all kinds; also a variety of Shoe Findings, consisting of French Cal Skins, Morocco Linings, Bindings, Pegs, &c. Housekeepers will find at Blymyer & Son's store a great variety of household goods. Knives and forks of the very best quality; Plated Table and Tea Spoons at all prices. Give us a call and we can supply you with Barn Door Rollers, the latest improvements; Nova Scotia Creamators, better than any in use; Shovels, Forks and Spades. Grain and Grass Scythes and Snathes; Fishing Tackle; Brushes of all kinds; Dent-Johny Patent Wheel Grease, Tallow and Whale Oil, and an infinite variety of articles. \$20.00 WANTED.—Would like to get it if our friends would let us have it. Less will do; but persons having unsettled accounts will close them up to the first of March, to enable us to close our old books. This should be done. (May 6, '66.) GEO. BLYMYER & SON.

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PERSEVERE.

There's nothing like an earnest will To struggle through the world, And to repel the arrows still By Fate against us hurled. The hour may be a distant one, Which we may wish to gain, And our path may be a weary one, Mid sorrow, want, and pain; But if our going steady still, 'Twill be our guiding ray, For where there is an earnest will We're sure to find the way.

Our night may be a starless night, Our path a tangled maze, But yet our eyes shall soon behold The morning's golden blaze; Keeping our gaze upon the East, Leaving the night behind, With the will to find the light increased, And strengthened in our minds; The sun shall rise, the gloom depart, Lost in the strength of day, For earnest will and trustful heart Are sure to find a way.

THE LITTLE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

The rain came down in torrents. The lightning blazed, the thunder crashed, the wind blew a tornado. Neither I nor my horses had ever been out in such a storm. I was at this time a young man of twenty-one, who had just been admitted to the bar, and was now at the country seat I had inherited. Most of my time was spent in the saddle, or when it was too hot for riding, in driving my pair of chestnut sorrels, whose pedigree went back to the Godolphin Arabian. Suddenly I heard a childish voice as if in distress. I pulled up and looked around. Under a tree at the roadside, where she had sought shelter from the storm, was a little girl about ten years old—the most beautiful child I had ever seen. She had been out after wild strawberries, to judge from a basket on her arm. I threw the reins to my groom and jumped down. "Please, sir, won't you take me home?" piped the little voice, her big, brown eyes looking at me, half shyly, yet courageously. If there had been such a thing as falling in love with a child of that age, I should have lost my heart then and there, she looked so arch and bewitching. I soon had her in my phaeton, promising to take her home. She was on a visit with her aunt, she said, at the "Crown Hotel, on the hill;" a favorite resort, as I knew, for citizens spending their summers in my part of the country. Her shyness soon wore off, and she chattered away as if she had known me for years. She was still rattling on when we drew up at the hotel, and her aunt, in a great fright, came out to receive her. As the rain was pouring down and there was no cover to my phaeton, I did not stop to listen to the profuse thanks, but drove swiftly down the hill, and so homeward. It was not till the hotel was out of sight, that I remembered I had not asked the name of my little strawberry girl; and, when, the next day, I rode over to inquire if she had caught cold, I found she had left for the city, her aunt having received an unexpected summons home. "Mrs. Burgoyne was so sorry you couldn't stay yesterday," said the landlord, "for that she couldn't wait to thank you for taking care of her niece, a poor little orphan, sir." Often that summer, as I passed the thicket where I had first seen the little strawberry girl, I wondered if I should ever meet her in the great metropolis. And after I had returned to town it was months before I gave up the habit of scrutinizing every childish face I passed, in hopes of recognizing my favorite; for, by constant thinking of her, she had grown to be such. Many a time, in my lonely chambers, as I sat looking into the embers of my fire, late at night, I indulged in a vague dream of educating just such a child to be my wife. Seven years passed. Gradually the memory of the little strawberry girl grew dimmer. I went abroad, visiting every capital of Europe, spending a winter up the Nile, and dreaming away a month by the famed waters of Damascus. On my return I grew absorbed in my profession. So I had but small leisure for idle reveries. Yet the face of my favorite would continually come up to me. I had never seen it since that day; but I knew that if I did I should recognize it among a thousand. I pictured to myself the changes which years had made in it. And I fancied a tall, willowy figure, with wonderful chestnut hair, and great, spiritual, brown eyes. One winter, worn down by excessive labor, I took a trip to Ireland. The return voyage was very rough, and there were few passengers on deck. I was leaning over the rail, not far from the stern, when I heard a splash, and simultaneous the awful cry, "A man overboard!" I looked down. A little head was disappearing in the water about midships; whoever had fallen so close to the wheel had probably been killed by the paddles; but a woman's wild scream, "My boy, my boy!" ringing out, sharp and shrill, and oh, with such agony, made me disregard all this, and I plunged in. I reasoned that, by the time I could reach the water the lad would have drifted near to where I struck it, so that, if alive, and to be saved at all, he must be saved by me. Of my own

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personal risk I thought nothing. I was a good swimmer, but the chance of rescuing thus a drowning person, is, under any circumstances, very slim, while with a steamer at full speed, it is too remote to calculate. But I did not think of this. I remembered going down, down, down, through the dark water whilst just below me, an indistinct object which I knew to be the child, kept sinking and sinking, ever beyond my reach. At last, with a desperate effort, I grasped it by the shoulder. Then began the real peril of the undertaking. The boy, instinctively, strove to seize me around the neck. If he succeeded, we would both, I knew, be drowned. Desperation gave him unusual strength, and once or twice he nearly gained his object. There was a moment, indeed, when I was almost tempted to throw him off, for my strength was nearly exhausted, and we were still a long way below the surface. But with a sudden exertion, I got him at arm's length and held him there, while I used the other arm in swimming. Up and up we went; it seemed interminable. The blood rushed to my eyes. My brain spun around. Should we ever reach the upper air? Suddenly, the light grew brighter and we shot into the blessed sunshine. I glanced around, hurriedly shaking the water from my eyes, to see if I could discover the steamer. There she was, half a mile away, blowing off steam, the rails and rigging crowded with people on the lookout; and, blessed sight! a boat, powerfully manned, was putting out from her side, with quick, sharp strokes, that promised speedy relief if we could only be seen. But the waves were still running high, and, even as I looked, a gigantic one lifted itself between me and the steamer, shutting her out from sight, while I sank, as if shot down the ice slope, into a vast trough below. It seemed an age before I rose on another wave. Then I caught sight of the steamer and boat again for an instant, the latter lying on its ears, uncertain which way to pull. Again the remorseless wave rose between me and hope; again I sank into the pitiless gulf. Three times I rose and sank. The third time I felt would be the last; for the lad, during all this, had never intermitted his frantic struggles, and had now utterly exhausted my strength. That last time, I could just feebly wave my right hand in the air, and still manage to hold him off at arm's length with my left. As I did this, I thought I heard distinctly, a faint cheer, and fancied I saw the boat, which had been hanging like a black speck on the water, turn and shoot towards us. But at this crisis, when I would have given everything to be sure, the boy made a fresh and more frantic effort to clutch me, which succeeded. I felt his arms, in their death grip, twine around my throat, and sank like lead, hope and thought and memory leaving me together. My next recollection—and it is but a faint one—is of being lifted over the side of the vessel, and seeing a crowd of awestruck faces look at me as I was borne past. It was but for a moment, when I again became insensible. But among those faces was one which had haunted me for years; the great brown eyes, with infinite pity, beaming on me through their tears. After that, for hours, all was blank. The next thing I recall was hearing the surgeon of the steamer say, "He's coming round." Then pangs, as of entering a new existence, racked every nerve of my body. But I was able, after awhile, to sit up and hear congratulations on my escape, and praises of what was called my heroism. Soon after, the mother herself came in, leaving her darling for a moment. The boy, it seems, had been playing about the wheel-house, when he had slipped and fallen overboard, no one knew exactly how. "It was a near thing his missing the paddles," said the captain, "and he'd have been drowned anyhow, if you hadn't leaped after him at once. By Jove! gentlemen, it was the finest thing I ever saw."

The steamer, long before this, had reached the wharf, and most of the passengers had left. When I crawled on deck, hoping to see again that face, I found no one but the family of the rescued boy, and even they were leaving. In vain, that evening, for I was still too weak to go ashore, I looked over the list of passengers, and cross-questioned the stewardess, seeking to identify the countenance I had recognized. "There had been a dozen young ladies about the age I talked of," she said, "and she couldn't now even tell their names." And so again I lost my little strawberry girl. I say again, for nothing could persuade me that I had not seen her, and I was more than convinced, too that she had recognized me. "There was a look on that face," I said to myself, "such as I would give worlds to be sure of, a look that a woman gives only.—But, pshaw! what a fool I am," I cried, breaking abruptly off. Yet, for all that, cool-headed as men call me, the vision of that face, and that look, would come back till now I was thoroughly and hopelessly in love with what, if my little strawberry girl, was a mere vision of the brain. And mere vision of the brain, I came at last reluctantly enough to consider it.

For I made inquiries, and in every direction, so that if any such person had been on board the steamer I should, I thought, have certainly heard of it.—My half-waking condition, I was now convinced had misled me. I had imagined I saw the face I had so often pictured to myself, but it had only been the countenance of one of the many sympathizing, tearful women, who beheld me carried, as it was supposed a corpse along the deck of the steamer. Two years later, I was returning from a visit to Scotland. The railroad train was behind time, and the engineer was running at his highest speed to recover lost ground. The carriages jolted and bounced along along oscillating from side to side. We had just emerged from a tunnel, and were whirling round a turn between high rocks, when there was a crash as of two comets meeting, a thousand flashes of light in my brain, and then darkness and oblivion. After a long blank, it seemed as if I were being dragged from among splintered timber. I opened my eyes, wildly and saw faces looking on me. The most agonising pains following, I seemed to be on fire in nerve, and I lost consciousness again. After that I remember nothing except a succession of the wildest dreams, and of immitigable sufferings. I was Tantalus in water to my chin dying of thirst, yet unable to drink. I was Prometheus, chained to rock, while familiar came, with red hot pincers, and tore out bits of flesh. Then the visions changed. Pitying, womanly faces hovered about me. Soft, womanly fingers bathed my brow. Oh! such sights of torture, what bliss merely to feel the ice-cold water moistening my burning lips. Among these faces, sometimes came the one which had haunted me for years. And once, looking furtively around, it stooped suddenly and kissed me, a tear falling on my cheek.—Then the dreams of horror came back, and the wheel of fire, on which I was broken limb, by limb. At last, one day, I awoke perfectly sane. In a dim way I was conscious of being in a large and elegant apartment, cool and airy even on that sultry summer noon. I was to weak to rise. One of my arms was bandaged. My chest felt as if crushed in. Feebly turning my head, though not without pain, I saw, reading by the window, a graceful figure. The slight noise I made instantly attracted the reader's attention; she glanced hastily around, started up, and glided from the room. But not before I had recognised the face which had haunted me for years; the face which had looked out of the members of the fire, which I had seen on board the steamer, and which had gazed on me with such ineffable pity in my dreams. Immediately after an elderly black entered, whose dress and manner were those of a lady rather than of a mere nurse. She came directly to the bed, lifting her finger on seeing I was about to speak. "My niece told me you had wakened up," she said in a soft motherly voice. "The doctor said, last night, the crisis was passed. There's not a word yet; your life depends on silence.—But I will tell you, or else, I fear, you won't go to sleep again, that you are with friends. I am Mrs. Burgoyne; this is my house, and you were providentially here from the scene of the accident close by. Your injuries are all doing well; with rest and perfect quiet, you are sure to recover. And now try to sleep. But first, drink this."

She gave me a cooling draught, as she spoke, arranged the pillows and bedclothes deftly, drew the window curtains so as to shut out the glare, and took the seat which had just been vacated. I saw that it was useless for me to attempt engaging her in conversation; and, in truth, my brain was already dizzy with the slight mental effort I had made. I was not sorry, therefore, to close my eyes and obey her instructions. From that hour I minded rapidly. But I never saw the face I most wished to see. Once or twice, early in the morning I fancied I heard a strange voice whispering, out of sight, at the head of my bed; but I could never catch sight of the speaker. At last came the day when I was allowed to rise; and from that time I counted the hours till I had the freedom of the parlor. The first glance about the room, as I entered, showed me what I had waited for so long. There, blushing and embarrassed, but more lovely than ever, was she who had crossed my path so romantically two years before. "My niece, Miss Grayson," said Mrs. Burgoyne, little fancying all the introduction meant to me. How beautiful she was! Just nineteen, with great, brown eyes, a broad Greek brow, and that willowy figure which the Arabs, in their Oriental extravagance, compare to a palm tree. When her first shyness wore off I found she had rare gifts of mind, which had been cultivated to a very high degree. She was full of archness as of old. Her low, sweet laugh was like the gurgle of cool waters—the waters of Damascus. But I am telling a story, not writing foolish rhapsody. If ever there was a happy summer it was that. When I was well enough to ride, or drove, or walked together; at other times we read, or talked, or she played Beethoven, or sang ballads for me. In October I went to my own country house, but it was only to prepare it for her reception, and on Christmas Eve I took her to it, with the Christmas moon sparkling bright on the snow-clad hills

around, and my soul full of "peace and good-will to men." "And so you wanted to find me and educate me for your wife," she said to me, archly, the other day. "Well I am educated, after a fashion, you see; and without any trouble to your High Mightiness. You thought I was poor, too, what a pity I am rich! Did I also think of you? How could a little girl forget such handsome horses or their master? Every body knew who you were, and talked of you. I compared you to the Prince in the fairy tale, and myself, of course, to foolish Cinderella. In town I often wondered why I never met you. But, before the next winter, anti moved away from London; and I never saw you again till I saw you on the steamer. When you leaped overboard, in that brave way, I cried for admiration. Yes! if you will make me confess I loved you from that hour. You were my hero. But, as for kissing you, Sir Impudence, when you lay so ill, we thought you dying, why you know that it's the craziest and funniest delusion in the world." She would deny that kiss, I believe, even at the stake. But for all this, the truest, sunniest, darlinest wife that ever was, is my Little Strawberry Girl.

A STINGY HUSBAND.

Our train rolled out from the Union Depot in the early part of the night, bound for the North. The weather was just sufficiently cool to make one feel agreeable in good company. The whistle sounded for the station north of the Hoosier Capital. As usual, everybody "poked" their heads out to see something, if it was there. "Just married," spoke an old lady, as she drew in her head, after satisfying woman's curiosity, and who could see further into a mill stone than any one else of our party. Every one was satisfied that the old lady was correct, as they witnessed the "hugs and kisses" on the give and take principle, and saw the surrounding relatives climbing into their country wagons, whilst a young couple entered the cars. The conductor passed them to a seat, and the cars rolled swiftly on. The first parting had been gone through with, and the dear old home and the loved ones there could be seen only by the eyes of memory. The fair young bride had forsaken home, parents and all that was dear to her youthful heart, for the one she believed was dearer than all the world beside. The brightest pictures of joy and life dazzled her eyes to the sorrow and grief of the future. An hour passed, and passengers were getting drowsy. Many began to change positions, and fold themselves up, cat fashion, on the seats. The conductor of the sleeping car soon came along, and passing from one seat to the other, he notified them of a chance for a good rest in the rear car. At length he came to the groom and bride. "Double berth in sleeping car, you can have it if you wish—nice bed and falling curtains," said the conductor. The bride blushed, dropped her eyes a moment, and then looked into the face of her chosen. Her eyes rested upon him, and spoke more love than one can write in two weeks. Her swelling bosom told of the heart that was struggling to leap from its prison house, to embrace the object of its affection. "What does it cost in sleeping cars?" asked the husband. "Only one dollar and a half," answered the conductor. The husband commenced calculating. He was in deep study. The wife felt as any other woman would feel under the circumstances, and looked a thousand times better and sweeter than a basket full of ripe cherries. But oh! the cuss that she had chosen for life. Would that some humane being had served him as a refuse pup, and drowned him when he was first born, for he had not sense enough to enjoy life, and was so mean and so stingy that he would not give one dollar and a half of "rag currency" to sleep with his beautiful and loving wife the night they were married.

How to DO UP SHIRT BOSOMS.—We have often heard ladies express a desire to know by what process the fine gloss observable on new linens, shirt bosoms, &c., is produced, and in order to gratify them, we submit the following receipt for making Gum Arabic Starch: Take two oz. fine white Gum Arabic powder, but it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water—according to the degree of strength you desire—and then, having covered it, let it set all night. In the morning pour carefully from the dregs, into a clean bottle, cork it and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water stirred into a pint of starch made in the usual manner, will give to either white or printed lawns a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them after washing. Much diluted, it is also good for thin muslin and bobinet. A man's imagination seldom enters into the sphere of the affections but a woman's is there and always busy. It has a thousand beautifying processes to accomplish, and so far, perhaps, its office is salutary. But it has also a thousand painful possibilities to suggest, and so far its work is purely evil. It torments the heart in which it is born, but this is not the worst; without severe control it will torment the objects of that heart's affections. Practise says Congress has "negro on the brain," but precious little brain on the negro.

THE LABOR OF WRITING.—A rapid long-hand penman can write thirty words in a minute. To do this he must draw his pen through the space of one rod—sixteen and a half feet. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong, and in five and one-third hours one mile. We make, on an average, sixteen curves or turns of the pen in writing each word. Writing thirty words a minute, we must make four hundred and eighty-eight to each second; in an hour, twenty-eight thousand eight hundred; in a day of only five hours, one hundred and forty-four thousand; in a year of three hundred days, forty-three million two hundred thousand. The man who made one million strokes with a pen a month was not at all remarkable. Many men make four millions. Here we have in the aggregate a mark three hundred million long, to be traced on paper by each writer in a year. In making each letter of the ordinary alphabet, we must take from three to seven strokes of the pen, on an average three and a half to four. [In Phonography, an expert can write 170 to 200 words in a minute! Apply your multiplication to this, and see where your long-hand writer stands.]

VALUE OF ACCURACY.—It is the result of every day's experience, that steady attention to matters of detail lies at the root of all human progress, and that diligence, above all, is the mother of good luck. Accuracy also is of much importance, and an invariable mark of good training in a man—accuracy in observation, accuracy in speech, accuracy in the transaction of affairs. What is done in business must be well done; for it is better to accomplish perfectly a small amount of work than to half do ten times as much. A wise man used to say, "Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner. Too little attention, however, is paid to this highly important quality of accuracy. As a man eminent in practical science lately observed, "It is astonishing how few people I have met in the course of my experience who can define a fact accurately." Yet, in business affairs, it is the manner in which even small matters are transacted that often decide men for or against you. With virtue, capacity, and good conduct in other respects, the person who is habitually inaccurate cannot be trusted; his work has to be gone over again; and he thus causes endless annoyance and trouble.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.—Many an unwise parent works hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with the money left him by his relatives is like tying a bladder under the arms of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will not need the bladders. Give your child a sound education. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend on his own resources and the blessings of God, the better.—California Teacher.

OF what trade is the sun? At an answer.

WHY is a dog's tail a very great novelty? Because no one ever saw it before.

WHAT are the most unsocial things in creation? Milestones, for you never see two together.

WHY should the number 288 be never named before ladies? Because it is too (two) gross.

THE editor of a newspaper says that he never dotted an "i" but once in his life, and that was in a fight with a contemporary.

If ladies appreciated the beauty of their feet as they do that of their neck and shoulders, they would probably go to balls barefooted.

MOTTOES.—The lawyer's motto—be brief. The doctor's motto—be patient. The potter's motto—beware. The typesetter's motto—be composed.

SIN-TAX.—"Well, my boy, do you know what syntax means, said a school master to the child of a tuteotaler. "Yes, sir," he replied, "the duty on liquors."

Mrs. Dobbs is of such a tender disposition that before spanking Billy Dobbs, Sally Dobbs, and Ned Dobbs, she administers a dose of the Mountain Dew. They are.

this is a list in hand at confirmation of the two equal annual payments, \$5.00. JOHN T. AKE, ABE. H. HULL, of the Estate of John Ake, dec'd.

dressing I dis world row road DEAL & MRS. M. PER have just returned from assortment of fashionable

ribbons. FLOWERS. GLOVES. use ladies' and gents' hand-4 size, fancy neck-ties, ruffing, committ-dressing, machine silk and cotton-miscellaneous sentenced, under-the tread mill for a month. Heral-1866. At the expiration of his task, great deal of hotheration and ork would have saved us poor era they had but invented it to go like all other wather mills."

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