The Bedford Gazette.

BY MEYERS & MENGEL. BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 11, 1867. VOL. 61.—WHOLE No. 5,375.

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 resolutions of Associations; communications of limited 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 published in this place.

☞ All advertising due after first insertion.

A liberal discount is made to persons advertising by the quarter, half year, or year, as follows:

	3 months.	6 months.	1 year.
*One square	$ 4 50	$ 6 00	$10 00
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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 addressd 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 Tatesville, where a good Church is erected, and where a large School House shall be built. Farms, Land and Timber Leave, from one acre to 500 acres to suit purchasers.

Office nearly opposite the "Mengel Hotel" and Bank of Reed & Schell.

April 6, 1866—1y

J. MCD. SHARPE. | E. F. KERR.

SHARPE & KERR, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. BEDFORD, PA., will practice in the courts of Bedford and adjoining counties. Office on Juliana st., opposite the Banking House of Reed & Schell. [March 2, '66.

R. DURBORROW. | JOHN LUTZ.

DURBORROW & LUTZ, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA., Will attend promptly to all business intrusted 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, Bounty 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.

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., speedily collected.

Office with Mann & Spang, on Juliana street, two doors South of the Mengel House.

Jan. 22, 1864,

J. M. KIMMELL. | J. W. LINGENFELTER.

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

S. F. MEYERS. | J. W. DICKERSON.

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. [may11,'66.

JOHN H. FILLER, *Attorney at Law*, Bedford, Pa. Office nearly opposite the Post Office. [apr.20,'66.—1y.

Physicians and Dentists.

P. H. PENNSYL, M. D., BLOODY RUN, Pa., (late surgeon 56th P. V. V.,) tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. Dec. 22, '65-1y*

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—1y

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.

D. N. HICKOK, | J. G. MINNICH, JR.,

DENTISTS,

BEDFORD, PA.

Office in the Bank Building, Juliana St.

All operations pertaining to Surgical or Mechanical Dentistry carefully performed, and warranted. Tooth Powders and mouth Washes, 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. Washabaugh's.

aug.24,'66.

TRIUMPH IN DENTISTRY!

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN, by the use of Nitrous Oxide, and is attended with no danger whatever.

TEETH INSERTED

upon a new style of base, which is a combination of Gold and Vulcanite; also, upon Vulcanite, Gold, Platina and Silver.

TEMPORARY SETS inserted if called for.

Special attention will be made to diseased gums and a cure warranted or no charge made.

TEETH FILLED to last for life, and all work in the dental line done to the entire satisfaction of all or the money refunded. Prices to correspond with the times.

☞ I have located permanently in Bedford, and shall visit Schellsburg the 1st Monday of each month, remaining one week; Bloody Run the 3rd Monday, remaining one week; the balance of my time I can be found at my office, 3 doors South of the Court House, Bedford, Pa.

nov.16,'66. WM. W. VAN ORMER, Dentist.

Bankers.

JACOB REED, | J. J. SCHELL,

REED AND SCHELL,
Bankers and
DEALERS IN EXCHANGE,
BEDFORD, PA.,

DRAFTS bought and sold, collections made and money promptly remitted.

Deposits solicited.

G. W. RUPP.....O. E. SHANNON.....F. BENEDICT

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.

Drugs, Medicines, &c.

J. L. LEWIS having purchased the Drug Store, lately owned by Mr. H. C. Reamer takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity, that he has just returned from the cities with a well selected stock of

DRUGS,
MEDICINES,
DYE-STUFFS,
PERFUMERY,
TOILET ARTICLES,
STATIONERY,
COAL OIL, LAMPS AND CHIMNEYS,
BEST BRANDS OF CIGARS
SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO,
FRENCH CONFECTIONS, &c., &c

The stock of Drugs and Medicines consist of the purest quality, and selected with great care.

General assortment of popular Patent Medicines.

The attention of the Ladies is particularly invited to the stock of PERFUMERY, TOILET and FANCY ARTICLES, consisting 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 Monaies, &c.

Of Stationery, there is a fine assortment: Billet, Note, Letter, Leaf and Mourning Paper, Envelops, Pens, Pencils, Ink, Blank Deeds, Power of Attorneys, Drafting Paper, Marriage Certificates, &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.

Howe'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 Homeopathic Remedies.

Cigars of best brands, smokers can rely on a good cigar.

Rose Smoking Tobacco,
Michigan and Solace Fine Cut,
Natural Leaf, Twist and Big Plug,
Finest and purest French Confections,
PURE DOMESTIC WINES,
Consisting of Grape, Blackberry and Elderberry
FOR MEDICINAL 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 designs keeping 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—tf

Clothing, etc.

RALLY! RALLY! RALLY!

Come one, come all,

and examine

THE EXCELLENT STOCK OF GOODS

AT LIPPEL'S

CLOTHING EMPORIUM AND FURNISHING

STORE.

A rare chance is offered to ALL to purchase good and seasonable goods, at the lowest prices, by calling at Lippel's.

If you would have a good suit of Ready-Made Clothing call at Lippel's.

If you would have good and cheap
Ladies' Dress Goods.
Calicoes,
Muslins,
&c., &c., &c.,
Call at Lippel's.

If you would have furnishing goods of all descriptions, notions, etc., call at Lippel's.

If you would have the best quality of Groceries, buy them at Lippel's.

Goods of all kinds, sold at the most reasonable prices, and country produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods, at Lippel's

sep.28,'66.

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' furnishing goods 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.

may25,'66.

D. R. ANDERSON,

Licensed Scrivener and Conveyancer,

CENTREVILLE, BEDFORD COUNTY, PA.,

will attend to the writing of Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, Articles of Agreement, and all business usually transacted by a Scrivener and Conveyancer. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

April 6, '66-tf.

DANIEL BORDER,

PITT STREET, TWO DOORS WEST OF THE BEDFORD HOTEL, BEDFORD, PA.

WATCHMAKER AND DEALER IN JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, &C.

He keeps on hand a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Spectacles of Brilliant Double Reined 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-

RICHARD LEO,

Manufacturer of

CABINET-WARE, CHAIRS, &C.,

BEDFORD, PA.,

The undersigned being engaged in the Cabinet making business, will make to order and keep on hand everything in his line of manufacture.

BUREAUS, DRESSING STANDS, PARLOR AND EXTENSION TABLES, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, WASHSTANDS, &C., &C.,

will be furhished at all prices, and to suit every taste. COFFINS will also be made to order.

☞ Prompt attention paid to all orders for work.

☞ Shop on West Pitt Street, nearly opposite the residence of George Shuck.

July 10, 1863.—tf RICHARD LEO.

TERMS for every description of Job PRINTING CASH! for the reason that for every article *we* use, we must pay cash; and the cash system will enable us to do our work as low as it can be done in the cities.

MERCHANTS' SHOW BILLS, printed in superior style, and upon reasonable terms, at THE BEDFORD GAZETTE office

LETTER HEADS AND BILL HEADS, and ENVELOPES for business men, printed in the best style of the art, at THE GAZETTE JOB OFFICE.

PRINTERS' INK has made many a business man rich We ask you to try it in the columns of THE GAZETTE

The Bedford Gazette.

I AM THINE.

The tide will ebb at day's decline
Ich bin dein!
Impatient for the open sea
At anchor rocked the tossing ship,
The ship that only waits for thee;
Yet with no tremor of the lip
I say again, thy hand is mine,
Ich bin dein!

I shall not weep, or grieve or pine,
Ich bin dein!
Go lave once more thy restless hands
Afar within the azure sea—
Traverse Arabia's scorching sands—
Fly where no thought can follow thee,
O'er desert waste and billowy brine,
Ich bin dein!

Dream on the slopes of Appenine,
Ich bin dein!
Stand where the glaciers freeze and frown,
Where Alpine torrents flash and foam,
Or watch the loving sun go down
Behind the purple hills of Rome,
Leaving a twilight half divine,
Ich bin dein!

Thy steps may fall beside the Rhine,
Ich bin dein!
Slumber may kiss thy drooping lids
Amid the mazes of the Nile;
The shadow of the pyramids
May cool thy feet; yet all the while,
Though storms may beat, or stars may shine,
Ich bin dein!

Where smile the hills of Palestine
Ich bin dein!
Where rise the mosques and minarets,
Where every breath brings flowery balms,
Where souls forget their dark regrets
Beneath the strange mysterious palms,
Where the banana builds the shrine,
Ich bin dein!

Too many clusters break the vine,
Ich bin dein!

The tree whose strength and life outpour
In one exultant blossom gush,
Must flowerless be forever more,
We walk this way but once friend—hush!
Our feet have left no trodden line,
Ich bin dein!

Who heaps his goblet hates his wine,
Ich bin dein!
The boat is moving from the land,
I have no chidings and no tears,
Now give me back my empty hand
To battle with the cruel years,
Behold the triumph shall be mine.
Ich bin dein!

A POSITIVE WITNESS.

It is of Warren, the author of Ten Thousand a Year, that this sharp practice in the examination of a man accused of swearing falsely in a will case is recorded. It shows great dramatic power unconsciously exhibited in his daily business.

The prisoner being arraigned, and the formalities gone through with, the prosecutor, placing his thumb over the seal, held up the will and demanded of the prisoner if he had seen the testator sign that instrument, to which he promptly answered he had.

"And did you sign it at his request as subscribing witness?"

"I did."

"Was it sealed with *red or black* wax?"

"With red wax."

"Did you see him seal it with red wax?"

"I did."

"Where was the testator when he signed and sealed this will?"

"In his bed."

"Pray, how long a piece of wax did he use?"

"About three or four inches long."

"Who gave the testator this piece of wax?"

"I did."

"Where did you get it?"

"From the drawer of his desk."

"How did he light that piece of wax?"

"With a candle."

"Where did that piece of candle come from?"

"I got it out of the cupboard of his room."

"How long was that piece of candle?"

"Perhaps four or five inches long."

"Who lit that piece of candle?"

"I lit it."

"What with?"

"With a match."

"Where did you get that match?"

"On the mantle-shelf in the room."

Here Warren paused, and fixing his large, deep-blue eyes on the prisoner, he held the will up above his head, his thumb still resting upon the seal, and said in a solemn and measured tone:

"Now, sir, upon your solemn oath, you saw the testator sign that will; he signed it in his bed; at his request you signed it as subscribing witness; you saw him seal it; it was with red wax he sealed; a piece, two or three inches long; he lit that wax with a piece of candle which you procured for him from a cupboard; you lit that candle by a match which you found on the mantle-shelf?"

"I did."

"Once more, sir, upon your solemn oath, *you did?*"

"I did."

"My Lord—*it's a wafer!*"

A GENTLEMAN who recently put up at a log tavern in Wisconsin, was awakened by a young man who commenced a serenade thus:

"Oh Sally Rice,
I've called you twice,
And yet you lie and snore!
I pray you wake,
And see your Jake,
And ope to him the door; or window, I don't care much which,
for—
It makes but little difference
To either you or I—
Big pig, little pig,
Root hog, or die."

"WILL you run away with me tomorrow night, Kate, dear?" said Philip to his charming country belle, who had just arrived at the years of discretion.

"Oh, no, dear Phil," replied the young lady, with great sense of prudence, "I won't do any such action; but I'll tell you what I will do—I'll run away without you, and then you can run after me, and we will meet at my aunt's the same evening."

THE CRETAN REVOLUTION.

How many times the spark of insurrection has been partially quenched in blood and ashes, and how often it has been revived again in the little Island of Candia, at the mouth of the Ægean sea, the Turks, who have with difficulty held its people in subjection during the past two centuries, know full well. Candia, or Crete, is a long, narrow and irregularly shaped island, with a great backbone of rugged limestone mountains running through the centre of it, honey-combed with cavernsand throwing off spurs that descend, in some places, precipitously to the sea, and, in others, shelter fertile valleysand plains where the olive and the orange grow side by side, and corn and cotton flourish beneath the shadow of the palm. Although but little known at the present day, its traditions date back to the Age of Fable. Long before HOMER sang the siege of Troy, Crete is said to have contained a hundred flourishing cities. In the middle of the seventeenth century its population numbered a million of souls. In 1821 it had dwindled down to two hundred and sixty thousand; but in 1850, when the last census was taken, it amounted to but little over one hundred and fifty-eight thousand, of whom one hundred and twenty-six thousand were Greeks and the remainder Mohammedans. The Cretan mountaineers are a hardy, turbulent race. They liverudely upon the produce of their flocks and herds, plough their scanty patches of soil with oxen yoked after the ancient manner, and hunt the chamois among the precipices of Mount Psiloriti. Their women ply the spindle and the distaff, and weave in primitive looms the coarse fabrics of cotton, or of wool, which are worn by the members of the household.

In the northwestern part of the Island, in the mountainous district of Arkadioti, the Cretans who have risen in insurrection against the Turks, have recently immortalized themselves by an act of heroism worthy of their ancient lineage, and rivaling the self-devotion of Leonidas and his little band of Spartans in the pass of Thermopylæ. On one of the slopes of the Arkadioti range, and within sight of Mount Psiloriti—the ancient Ida—snow-crowned and rising to a height of more than seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, stand now the ruins of what was, but a few weeks ago, the Greek Monastery of Arkadion, a massive structure built of limestone quarried from the adjacent hills, and like the old Greek monasteries of Syria and Asia Minor, at once a fortress and a place of refuge. When Mustapha Pacha, at the head of twelve thousand men, marched from Retimo across the great plain at the foot of the Arkadioti mountains, one hundred and ninety-seven Cretan insurgents, with their families, consisting of three hundred and forty-three women and children, retreated to the monastery, where they determined to defend themselves to the last extremity. The most trustworthy account that has yet reached us states that "the battle lasted two days and nights," during which the walls of the monastery were incessantly cannonaded. After more than a thousand cannon shots were fired, a practicable breach was made, and the Turks, infuriated by the losses they had already suffered, rushed to the assault. They succeeded in gaining the court yard of the monastery, but could proceed no further. In this confined place the Cretans held their assailants at bay, and, gathering strength from the religious exhortations of the monks, and animated by their example, they fought for six hours with the desperation of men who had staked everything on maintaining their position. It was of no avail. Many of their comrades had already fallen; many others were grievously wounded; when the survivors, finding they were in danger of being overpowered by the sheer force of numbers, sprang a mine and blew themselves up, together with their enemies. "Two hundred Turks "were killed outright, and among "them a great many officers. The "number of their wounded was enor-"mous. From official reports more "than two thousand wounded had "been taken to Canea and Souda—the "hospitals at Retimo not being able to "contain them. Mustapha Pacha re-"traced his steps to Retimo, bringing "with him the remainder of his army, "together with sixty women and chil-"dren and a few monks. These were "the only inmates of the monastery "that escaped the horrors of the explosion."

It was a victory gained by the devoted Cretans even in death. The Turkish force under Mustapha Pacha has been pronounced no longer in a condition to resume active hostilities; "so "the order has been given to another "division of the army, at Heraclium, "to march into the province of Missa-"ra, where the insurgents were gather-"ed in great strength."

By this single act of heroism the Cretans have vindicated in the eyes of the world their right to independence. They may be open to the imputations which St. Paul cast upon their ancestors. They may be "abominable and "disobedient, and unto every good "work reprobate," as he said they were. They may be "venal and corrupt," as more modern writers have described them; but they cannot be accused of not loving liberty better than life itself. A people who can dare to immolate themselves, as the Cretans of Arkadioti did, rather than surrender as prisoners of war, must be possessed of nobler instincts than mere courage, and there are episodes in Cretan history which justify the belief that under a good government, and by judicious training, they would be found capable of wiping off every stigma that has been cast upon them. During the four centuries that Crete was a province of the Venetian Republic, the Cretans were more prosperous than any other people inhabiting the islands of the Grecian Archipelago. They had populous cities and a thriving commerce with the ports of the Mediterranean, and if the spirit of wild adventure sometimes led them to undertake enterprises among the islands which smacked strongly of what in these days we should call piracy, it was a common failing of the age in which they lived, when every petty chief made inroads upon the possessions of his weaker neighbor.

But the point of interest just now is not so much what the Cretans once were, as what effect the present insurrection may have in reviving that most perplexing of all questions—the question of Turkish dominion in Europe. Russia, though often baffled in her designs, still covets as ardently as ever the possession of Constantinople and the control of the Bosphorus; whilst the little Kingdom of Greece, in its desire to extend its territory, is so openly encouraging the insurgents as to have provoked a strong remonstrance from the Turkish Government. Other elements, too, are at work. The red shirts of the Garibaldians are said to have been seen in the streets of Athens, and several detachments of these "Free Lances" are reported to have already crossed over to Crete. Victor Hugo, in response to an appeal from Athens, likewise encourages the Cretans to persevere. In strong, nervous, melo-dramatic language he tells them that "the antique tyrannies" are suffering shipwreck everywhere. He adds, what others on this side of the water might do well to believe and profit by, that "an insurrection suppressed is not a principle destroyed," and that although Right may be submerged for a season, and the waves of events pass over it, in due time it will again appear on the surface to vex the oppressor.—*Balt. Gazette.*

ONE OF DODGE'S STORIES.

Dr. Lord, formerly of Boston, has been a resident of the West for about six years. During his first year, he was extensively engaged in buying wool, and, on one occasion, becoming a little bewildered with the multiplicity of crooked roads over the broad prairies, he rode up to a small cabin, enclosed in a clump of locust trees, and hailed a white-headed boy, perched on the top of a hen-coop, with—

"Hallo, boy!"

"I reckon you're a stranger!" was the response.

"Look here sonny."

"I ain't your sonny."

"No, you ain't my sonny, but you'll jump down and come here, and I'll give you a dime."

The boy sprang as if alighting from a wasp's nest, and coming up to the stranger, exclaimed: Well, old hoss, what is it?"

"I have lost my way, and don't know where I am. Can't you tell me?"

"Yes. You are sitting on that hoss."

Mr. Lord laughed at the boy's wit and handed him the dime.

The boy took the money and looked upon it with mingled feelings of wonder and delight, and said:

"I reckon you must have a power of money."

"Why so?"

"Cause you slather it away so."

"What's your father's name?" inquired Mr. Lord.

"Bill Jenks," was the reply.

"Ah, yes. I know him," exclaimed Mr. Lord. "He grows wool, don't he?"

"No, but his sheep duz."

"If you knew me, my lad, you would be more respectful in your replies. I am a friend of your father. My name is Lord."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the astonished and delighted lad. "I have heard pap read about you in the Bible," and starting for the house on a dead run, he bawled out at the top of his voice, "Mother, mother, the Lord is out here on horseback, and has lost his way."

A TRUTHFUL ANSWER.—Bunkhum, in the old North State, is undoubtedly the healthiest spot on earth and it was on that account that some "lower country gentlemen" were surprised one day to see a Bunkhumite at work on an ominous hole in the ground. Of course they inquired what he was about.

"Digging a grave, sir."

"Digging a grave! Why, I thought people didn't die often here—do they?"

"Oh, no sir, they never die but once!"

They never asked that question "but once."

"WHAT are you sitting that child on that quarto dictionary for?" said Mrs, D., as the pater arranged his little boy at the breakfast table.

"I am," replied he, "fixing the basis of a sound English education."

"Yes," said she, "but you are beginning at the wrong end."

"I don't believe it's any use, this vaccination," said a Yankee. "I had a child vaccinated, and he fell out of the window a week after and got killed.

A REAL "DEVIL-FISH."

Victor Hugo's Story Matched

Readers of Mr. Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea," will remember the terrible narrative of the fisherman Gilliatt's encounter with the Octopus or sea-devil, who winds his horrible suckers round his victim, and gradually draws away his life's blood. The poet-novelist has been accused of exaggeration in this incident, but according to Mr Lord, an English traveler, who has just published in London a book about British Columbia and the Pacific coast, the sea-devils of the North Pacific even outdo the terrors of the Channel Island species. Mr. Lord says:

"The octopus as seen on our coasts, although even here called a 'mansucker' by the fishermen, is a mere Tom Thumb, a tiny dwarf as compared to the Brobdignagian proportions he attains in the snug bays and inland canals along the east side of Vancouver Island, as well as on the mainland. These places afford lurking-dens, strong holds, and natural sea-nurseries, where the octopus grows to an enormous size, fattens, and wages war with insatiable voracity on all and everything it can catch. Safe from heavy breakers, it lives as in an aquarium of smooth, lake-like water that, save in the ebbing and flowing of the tide, knows no change or disturbance.

"The ordinary resting place of this hideous 'sea-beast' is under a large stone or in the wide cliff of a rock, where an octopus can creep and squeeze itself with the flatness of a sand dab or the slipperiness of an eel. Its modes of locomotion are curious and varied; using the eight arms as paddles, and working them alternately, the central disk representing a boat, octopi row themselves along with an ease and celerity comparable to the many armed caique that glides over the tranquil waters of the Bosphorus; they can ramble at will over the sand roadways intersecting their submarine parks, and, converting arms into legs, march on like a huge spider. Gymnasts of the highest order, they climb the slippery ledges, as flies walk up a window pane, attaching the countless suckers that arm the terrible limbs to the face of the rocks, or to the wrack and sea weed, they go about, back downward, like marine sloths, or, clinging with one arm to the waving algae, perform series of trapeze movements that Leotard might view with envy.

"I have often, when on the rocks, in Esquimault harbor, watched my friends proceedings; the water being clear and still, it is just like peering into an aquarium of huge proportions, crowded with endless varieties of curious sea-monsters; although grotesque and ugly to look at, yet all alike displaying the wondrous works of Creative wisdom. In all the cosy little nooks and corners of the harbor, the great seawrack (Macrocystics) grows wildly, having a straight round stem that comes up from the bottom, often with a stalk three hundred feet long; reaching the surface, it spreads out two long tapering leaves that float upon the water, this sea forest is the favorite hunting ground of octopi.

"I do not think in its native element an octopus often catches prey on the ground or on the rocks, but waits for them just as a spider does, only the octopus converts itself into a web, and a fearful web too. Fastening one arm to a stout stalk, stiffening out the other seven, one would hardly know it from the wrack amongst which it is concealed. Patiently he bides his time, until presently a shoal of fish come gaily on, threading their way through the sea-trees, joyously happy, and little dreaming that this lurking monster, so artfully concealed, is close at hand. Two or three of them rub against the arms; fatal touch! As though a powerful electric shock had passed through the fish and suddenly knocked it senseless, so does the arm of the octopus paralyze its victim; then winding a great sucker clad cable round the palsied fish—as an elephant winds his trunk round anything to be conveyed to the mouth—draws the dainty morsel to the centre of the disk, where the beaked mouth seizes, and soon sucks it in."

By a sort of poetical justice, these tyrants of the sea caverns are themselves hunted by an enemy of untiring pertinacity. The Indian regards the octopus as a great delicacy, especially when the huge glutinous body is carefully roasted. Were the octopus once to get its long throng-like feelers over the side of the canoe, and at the same time retain a hold upon the seawrack, it could as easily haul it over as a child could a basket. This the crafty Indian, well knows. How he captures him Mr. Lord thus describes:

"Paddling the canoe close to the rocks, and quietly pushing aside the wrack, the savage peers through the crystal water, until his practiced eye detects an octopus, with great rope-like arms stiffened out, waiting patiently for food. His spear is two feet long, armed at the end with four pieces of hard wood, made harder by being baked and charred in the fire; these project about fourteen inches beyond the spear-haft, each place having a barb on one side, and are arranged in a circle round the spear end, and lashed firmly on with cedar bark. Having spied out the octopus the hunter passes the spear carefully through the water until within an inch of the centre disk, and then sends it in as deep as he can plunge it. Writhing with pain and passion, the octopus coils its terrible arms round the haft; redskin, making the side of the canoe a fulcrum for his spear, keeps the struggling monster well off, and raises it to the surface of the water. He is dangerous now; if he could get a hold-fast on either savage or canoe, nothing short of chopping off the arms piece-meal would be of any avail.

"But the wily redskin knows all this, and has taken care to have ready another spear unbarbed, long, straight, smooth, and very sharp, and with this he stabs the octopus, where the arms join the central disk. I suppose the spear must break down the nervous ganglions supplying motive power, as the stabbed arms lose at once strength and tenacity; the suckers that a moment before held on with a force ten men could not have overcome, relax, and the entire ray hangs like a dead snake, a limb, lifeless mess. And thus the Indian stabs and stabs, until the octopus, deprived of all power to do harm, is dragged into the canoe, a great inert, quivering lump of brown-looking jelly."

A USEFUL DOG.

We yesterday made the acquaintance of Jack, a dog that has been raised by the employes of the street railways, and thoroughly educated to the business. He is now a little more than two years old, and was so unfortunate as to lose his parents at a very tender age—or they probably lost him, as he was taken at the stables on Rowan street, a lost and helpless pup. He grew, under the kind treatment of the boys, to his present size, and is now a full grown cur—the friend of every officer, conductor, and driver, on the various roads, and no one among the hundreds of men who know him will ever stand back and refuse assistance when Jack is engaged in the performance of his duties and in difficulty. Jack is not particularly partial to the boys of the city company, but shares his time and services with all the roads. He rides upon the cars, having the privilege of the entire city, and makes it his duty to keep the track clear when cows, hogs, and vehicles are too slow in getting away.

The conductors call Jack a "spotter," one who detects dishonesty on the part of conductors, on the sly, as he frequently spends a whole day riding on one route, jumping from one car to another while both cars are in motion—a feat that would be difficult for any one but himself, without danger. His object in doing this is evidently to look after the interests of the road.

Jack lives high, "boarding round" among his numerous friends, who share with him as they would their best friend. He knows at what time and place to meet the conductor or driver with whom he chooses to dine. He is to be formally presented with a token of respect in the shape of a handsome collar, on Christmas, bearing the inscription, "From the Central Passenger Railway Company. I am a railroad dog. Whose dog are you?"

We are sorry to state that Jack's pride was shamefully humbled yesterday. Wolf, a stable dog, on duty at the Fourth street stables, came to town yesterday, which he seldom does, except on important business, and had a pleasant interview with Jack, after which he took his place on the cars to return. Jack objected to this, claiming that the cars were not for the accommodation of dogs, which objection greatly insulted Wolf, and taking Jack carefully by the surplus of the neck, threw him in the gutter, where he held him until he imparted to his little rival some wholesome advice, to the purport that he had better mind his own business and let other dogs' business alone.—*Louisville Journal.*

A YOUNG man in St. Louis recently wrote to Mr. Horace Greeley to use his influence in obtaining a situation for him. He received the following reply: "New York is just entering upon the interesting process of starving out 200,000 people whom war and irredeemable paper have driven hither. It is impossible to receive and employ more till these are gone."

A burglar was frightened out of his scheme of robbery by the sweet simplicity of a solitary spinster, who, putting her night-capped head out of the window, exclaimed, "Go away, aint you ashamed?"

I think I have seen you before, sir; are you not Owen Smith?

"O, yes: I'm owin' Smith, and owin' Jones and owin' Brown, and owin' every body."

SOMEBODY asked a Parisian editor where he got all his intelligence. "From the newspapers." "Where do the newspapers get it?" "From other newspapers." "But who is the first author of it?" "Nobody."

THE question why printers do not succeed as well as brewers, was thus answered: "Because printers work for the head and brewers for the stomach, and where twenty men have stomachs but one has brains."

PUNCH tells of a city man who never got up till noon, because, he said it was only fair, as the day broke in the morning, to give it a chance of redeeming its position before beginning with it.

"Do you think you can do the landlord in the Lady of Lyons?" said a manager to a seedy actor in quest of an engagement.

"I've done a good many landlords."

AN American lecturer of note solemnly said one evening: "Parents, you may have children, or, if you have not, your daughters may have."

—The temperance movement is making great headway in St. Louis. A new hall, to cost $20,000, is about to be commenced.