

Are again in the field battling against the imposi-

tion of high prices and would respectfully inform

their friends and the public generally that they

have just received a large and varied assortment

of goods, consisting of

Boots and Shoes,

Muslins and Tickings,

Notions and Perfumery,

Groceries and Spices,

Queensware and Glassware,

Tobacco and Segars,

White & Colored Shirts,

Cotton & Woolen Yarns,

Trunks & Valises,

Brooms & Twines,

&c., &c.

Call at No. 2 ANDERSON'S ROW.

If you want a good pair Boots, go to the Regulator.

OUR STOCK OF BOOTS & SHOES

are full and complete.

BOOTS, SHOES, BALMORALS, GAITERS and

SLIPPERS, &c.,

to fit any man, woman and child in the country.

Measures taken for Ladies and Gentlemen

and neat and complete fits warranted or no sale.

At IRVINE & STATLER'S, No. 2 A.'s Row.

If you want a good pair Shoes, go to the Regulator.

GROCERIES—

Prime Rio Coffee, 25 to 30 cents per lb.

do La Guayra, 25 to 30 " "

White Sugar, 18 " "

Light Brown Sugars, 12 1/2 to 15 " "

Teas, \$1.50 to 2.00 per lb.

Spices, all kinds, cheap and good.

Best quality Syrups and Molasses, at the lowest

market prices, at "The Regulator's," No. 2 A. R.

If you want good Toilet Soap or Perfumery, go to

the Regulator.

UNBLEACHED and BLEACHED

MUSLINS,

From the best Manufacturers in the country.

Bleached and Unbleached Muslins from 12 1/2 up.

Sheeting, from 18c up.

Tickings, all grades and prices, at

IRVINE & STATLER'S.

If you want a good Shirt, go to the Regulator.

OUR NOTIONS ARE AT ALL

TIMES FULL AND COMPLETE in

Shirts, Collars,

Neck-Ties, Soaps,

Gloves, Hosiery,

Perfumery,

Suspenders,

Combs, Threads,

Buttons, Wallets,

Brushes, Pins,

Needles,

Sewing Silk,

Linen and Cotton Handkerchiefs,

Shaving Cream,

&c., &c.

At No. 2 Anderson's Row

If you want a variety of Notions, go to the Reg'r.

STATIONERY AND PERFUMERY.

Note, Letter and Foolscap Paper, Envelopes,

Perfumery, all kinds of Toilet Soap, Tooth Brush-

es, &c., AT THE REGULATOR'S.

If you want Queensware or Glassware, go to the

Regulator.

QUEENSWARE & GLASSWARE.

We have a large and magnificent selection of

Queensware and Glassware, of the latest and most

fashionable patterns, and will be sold at the most

reasonable prices, by

IRVINE & STATLER.

If you want good Spices of any kind, go to the

Regulator.

TOBACCO AND SEGARS of the

best brands and manufacture:

Gravelly,

Oronoko Twist,

Century Fine-cut,

Cavendish,

Baltimore Twist,

Natural Leaf,

Congress,

&c., &c.

Smoking Tobacco, all kinds.

Segars from a Cheroot to the finest article.

Also, a large assortment of Pipes.

Call at No. 2 Anderson's Row.

If you want good Hosiery, Gloves, Neck-ties col-

lars, &c., go to the Regulator.

WE HAVE EVERYTHING that

is usually kept in a No. 1 country store.

MARKETING of all kinds taken in ex-

change FOR GOODS, and the highest prices paid.

Any goods desired will be ordered from the East-

ern cities

Country merchants supplied with goods at

a small advance. No trouble to show goods. All

we ask is a call and we feel satisfied we can please

ALL. Thankful for past favors, we solicit a con-

tinuance of the same.

Call at No. 2 ANDERSON'S ROW.

april 26, '67. IRVINE & STATLER.

The Bedford Gazette.

BY MEYERS & MENGEL.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 9, 1867.

VOL. 62.—WHOLE No. 5,404.

Dry-Goods, &c.

SAVE YOUR GREENBACKS!!

You can SAVE 25 per cent. by purchasing your GOODS at the CHEAP BARGAIN STORE of G. R. & W. OSTER, BEDFORD, PA.

They are now opening a large and handsome assortment of NEW and CHEAP DRY-GOODS, Ready-Made Clothing, Carpet, Cotton Yarns, Hats, Boots and Shoes, Sun-Umbrellas, Parasols, Groceries, Queensware, Tobacco and Cigars, Wall Papers, Wooden-ware, Brooms, &c.

LOOK AT SOME OF THEIR PRICES: Best styles DELAINE'S, 22 1/2 and 25 cts. CALICOES, 9, 10, 12, 14, 15, 16, 18, 20 cts. GINGHAM-S, 12, 15, 20, 25 cts. MUSLINS, 9, 10, 12, 15, 18, 20, 22, 25 cts. CASSIMERES, 75, 85, 115, 125, 150, 165 cts. LADIES' 6-4 SACKING, \$1.65, 1.75, 2.00, all wool.

DRILLING and PANTALON STUFFS, 20, 25, 30, 35 cts. GENTS' HALF-HOSE, 10, 12, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35 cts.

LADIES' HOSE, 12 1/2, 18, 20, 25, 30, 35 cts. LADIES' SHOES as low as 90 cts.

Good Rio COFFEE, 25 cts.; better, 28 cts.; best, 30 cts.

Extra fine OOLONG, JAPAN, IMPERIAL and YOUNG HYSOON TEAS.

SUGARS and SYRUPS, a choice assortment.

MACKEREL and HERRING, late caught, fat fish.

We invite all to call and see for themselves. A busy store and increasing trade, is a telling fact that their prices are popular.

Terms CASH, unless otherwise specified. may24m.

SPLENDID OPENING of CHEAP SPRING and SUMMER GOODS, AT FARQUHAR'S New Bargain Store, REED'S BUILDING.

CALICOES (good) 12c. do (best) 18c.

MUSLINS, brown, 10c. do (best) 20c.

do bleached, 10c. do (best) 25c.

DELAINE'S, best styles, 25c.

DRESS GOODS of all kinds VERY CHEAP.

MEN'S and BOYS' COTTONADES, GOOD and CHEAP.

A large stock of FANCY ALL WOOL CASSIMERES ASTONISH-INGLY CHEAP.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

MEN'S AND BOYS' HATS.

GROCERIES: Best COFFEE, 30c. Brown SUGAR, from 10 to 15c.

FISH: Mackerel and Potomac Herring.

QUEENSWARE and a general variety of NOTIONS.

Buyers are invited to examine our stock as we are determined to sell cheaper than the cheapest.

J. B. FARQUHAR. may17

NEW GOODS!! NEW GOODS!!

The undersigned has just received from the East a large and varied stock of New Goods, which are now open for examination, at MILL-TOWN,

two miles West of Bedford, comprising everything usually found in a first-class country store, consisting, in part, of

Dry-Goods, Delaines, Calicoes, Muslins, Cassimers, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Notions, &c., &c.

All of which will be sold at the most reasonable prices.

Thankful for past favors, we solicit a continuation of the public patronage.

Call and examine our goods. may24, '67. G. YEAGER

SLIP BILLS, PROGRAMMES POSTERS, and all kinds of PLAIN and FANCY JOB PRINTING, done with neatness and dispatch, at THE GAZETTE OFFICE.

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 done after first insertion. A liberal discount is made to persons advertising by the quarter, half year, or year, as follows:

1 year. 3 months. 6 months. 1 year. *One square - - - \$4 50 \$6 00 \$10 00

Two squares - - - 6 00 9 00 15 00

Three squares - - - 8 00 12 00 20 00

Quarter column - - - 14 00 20 00 35 00

Half column - - - 18 00 25 00 45 00

One column - - - 20 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.

The Bedford Gazette.

L'AU-TO-DA-FE.

In the hush of the winter midnight— In the hush of the sleeping hours, When no wind stirs in the gloomy fir, The spirit of storm to rouse.

When never a glint of moonlight gleams from a great black sky, By the red fire's glow, as it smoulders low, We crouch, my letters and I.

My letters, they lie where I tossed them, On the crimson hearting-herb there, Still vivid and bright, in the ready light, As eobras in their lair.

I push the hair from my forehead, That burns and throbs so fast, Thinking the while, with a strange dull smile, Of the task I must do at last.

Who knows but I, the comforter, Those foolish letters have been? The depth and scope—the strength and hope— Of those "leaves" that are always "green?"

Who knows but I, how sadly, To-morrow, in my dream, By the ashes gray will weep and say, "Woe's me for that vanished gleam."

"The gleam of idle glances, The glimmer of memories bright, That hid in each line of those letters of mine, Those letters I burn to-night!"

Ah, well! the dream was a folly, Its joy was an idle thing, Its hope was a lie, and its loyalty Died of a whisper's sting.

So a kiss—the last—to my letters, A resolute hand and—there! Do the sad dark eyes of my Paradise Meet mine through the fierce flame's flare? —Temple Bar.

DEATH AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.—Robert Bruce, a celebrated Scotch minister, sat at his breakfast table one morning. Having eaten a bold egg, he turned to his daughter and said: "I think I am yet hungry, you may bring me another egg."

He then grew thoughtful a moment, and, musing a little, added— "Hold, daughter, hold! my Master calleth me."

Here his sight failed him, but calling for a Bible he requested his daughter to place his finger on Romans 9, 38, 39.— This being done he repeated the verse, dwelling especially on "I am persuaded that neither life nor death shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus my Lord."— He then said:

"God be with you, my children. I have breakfasted with you, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus this night."

These were his last words, for, without a shiver or a groan, he at once started on his flight to everlasting glory.

Reader, you breakfasted with your family circle this morning. Suppose, like the good Mr. Bruce, you should die suddenly to day, with whom would you sup to-night?

MEN AND WOMEN.—Men love things—as facts, possessions, and estates; and women, persons; and while a man regards only abstract scientific facts; a woman looks only at the person in whom they are embodied. Even in childhood the little girl loves an imitation of humanity—her doll—and works for it; the boy gets a hobby horse or tools, and works with them. But the noblest quality wherewith nature has endowed woman for the good of the world is love—that love which seeks no sympathy and no return. The child is the object of love, kisses and watching, and answers them only by complaint and anger; and the feeble creature that requires the most repays the least. But the mother goes on; her love only grows stronger the greater the need and the unthankfulness of its object; and while fathers prefer the strongest of their children, the mother feels more love for the feeble and garrulous.

"THERE'S OUR JEREMIAH," said Mr. S., "he went off to get his living by his wits." "Well, did he succeed?" inquired his friend. "No," said the old man tapping his forehead, "he failed for want of capital."

"IT is a shame, husband, that I have to sit here mending your old clothes!" "Don't say a word about it wife; the least said, the sooner mended."

DESCRIPTION OF THE GAME OF BASE BALL.

[From the La Crosse Democrat.]

Eureka! Look at that brace of hands, once soft and pretty, now suffused with Egyptian blushes. Then look into those optics and tell us tales of sympathy. And look at that Mount Tom on our right cheek-bone. Base ball! That is the row.

It came about thus. Sedentary employment is too irksome for the system. The Doctor said we needed exercise. Doctor knows. He told us to join base ball; we joined. Bought a book of instructions, and for five days studied it wisely, if not too well. Then we bought a sugar scoop cap, a red belt, a green shirt, yellow trousers, pumpkin colored shoes, a paper collar, and purple neck-tie, and with a lot of other delegates, moved gently to the ground.

There were two nines. These nines were antagonists. The ball is a pretty little drop of softness, the size of a goose egg, and five degrees harder than a brick. The two nines play against each other. It is a quiet game, much like chess, only a little more chase than chess.

There was an umpire. His position is a hard one. He sits on a box, and yells "fowl!"

I took the bat. It is a murderous plaything, descended from Pocahontas to the head of John Smith. The man in front of me was a pitcher. He was a nice pitcher, but he sent the balls hot. The man behind was a pitcher. He caught it, too!

The umpire said "play." It is the most radical play I know of, this base ball. Sawing cord wood is moonlight rambles beside base ball. So the pitcher sent a ball toward me. It looked pretty coming; so I let it come. Then he sent another. I hit it with the club, and have it gently upward. Then I started to walk to the first base. The ball hit in the pitcher, or his hands, and somebody said he caught a fly. Alas, poor fly! I walked leisurely toward the base. Another man took the bat I turned to see how he was making it, and a mule kicked me on the cheek. The man said it was the ball. It felt like a mule, and I reposed on the grass. The ball went on!

Pretty soon there were two more flies, and three of us flew out. Then the other nine came in, and us nine went out. This was better. Just as I was standing on my dignity in the left field, a hot ball, as they called it, came sky-rocketing toward me. My captain yelled, "Take it!"

I hastened gently forward to where the ball was aiming to descend. I have a good eye to measure distance, and saw at a glance where the erolite was to light. I put up my hands. How sweetly the ball descended. Every body looked—I felt something warm in my eye! "Muffin!" yelled ninety fellows. "Muffin" be d—! It's a cannon ball!" For three days I've had two pounds of raw beef on that eye, and yet it paineth!

Then I wanted to go home, but my gentle captain said "noy." So I nayed and stayed. Pretty soon it was my strike. "Brick to bat!" yelled the umpire. I went, but not all serene, as was my wont. The pitcher sent in one hip high. I missed it. He sent in another neck high. It struck me in the gullet. "Fowl!" yelled the umpire. He sent in the ball again. This time I took it square and sent it down the right field, through a parlor window—a kerosene lamp, and rip up against the head of an infant who was quietly taking its nap in his or its mother's arms.—Then I slung the bat and meandered forth to the first base. I heard high words and looked. When I slung the bat I had with it broken the jaw of the umpire, and was fined ten cents.

The game went on. I liked it. It is so much fun to run from base to base just in time to be put out, or to chase a ball three-fourths of a mile down hill while all the spectators yell "muffin!" "go it!" "home run!" "go round again!" or "go round a dozen times!" Base ball is a sweet little game. When it came my turn to bat again, I noticed everybody moved back about ten rods! The new umpire retreated twelve rods. He was timid! The pitcher sent 'em in hot. Hot balls in time of war are good. But I don't like 'em too hot for fun. After a while I got a fair clip at it, and you bet it went, cutting the daisies down the right field. A fat man and his dog sat in the shade of an oak enjoying the game. The ball broke one leg of the dog, and landed like a runaway engine in the corporeity of the fat man. He was taken home to die.

Then I went on a double-quick to the field, and tried to stop a hot ball. It came toward me from the bat at the rate of nine miles a minute. I put up my hands, the ball went sweetly singing on its way with all the skin from my palms with it!

More raw beef!

That was an eventful chap who first invented base ball! It's such fun. I've played five games, and this is the glowing result:

Twenty-seven dollars paid out for things.

One bunged eye, badly bunged.

One broken little finger.

One bump on the head.

Nineteen lame backs.

A sore jaw.

One thumb dislocated.

Three sprained ankles.

Five swelled legs.

One dislocated shoulder, from trying to throw a ball a thousand yards.

Two hands raw from trying to stop hot balls.

A lump the size of a hornet's nest on my left hip, well back.

A nose sweetly jammed, and five uniforms spoiled from rolling in the dirt at the bases.

I have played two weeks, and don't think I like the game. There is not a square inch on, in, or under me but aches. I sleep nights dreaming of hot balls, "flys," "fowls," and descending "sky rockets." I never worked so hard since Ruth stole wheat, and never was so lame since the burning of Luther.

But I am proud of my proficiency in the game. It's fine exercise—a little easier than being run through a threshing machine, and not much either. It's a nice game for a poet or orator—"will make one sore beyond all accounts."

I've looked over the scorer's book, and find that in two weeks I've broken seven bats, made one tally, broken one umpire's jaw, broken ten windows in adjoining houses, killed a baby, broke the leg of a dog, and mortally injured the bread-baker of a spectator, knocked five other players out of time by slinging my bat, and knocked the water-fall from a school-marm who was standing twenty rods from the field, a quiet looker-on.

I've used up fifteen bottles of arnica liniment, five bottles of lotion, half a raw beef, and am so full of pain that it seems as if my bones were but broken bats, and my legs the limbs of a dead horse-chestnut, instead of the once elegant trotters of

Bawlingly thine, "BRICK" POMEROY. P. S.—All the ladies in favor of "universal suffering" are invited to join our club! B. P.

A LOGAN COUNTY QUAKER SEES "SEM DINGS." Some months ago, a quaker widower of this country, concluded to bless himself with a second wife, chose one accordingly from a very strong "manhood suffrage locality, and took her to his home for an helpmate. Happy! Thrice happy Quaker! The golden hours on angel's wings flew o'er him and his dearie. Fact. And they used to sit together and read the Bellefontaine Republican of Sunday evenings, and under its soporific influence, doze and nod in their chairs, and dream bright dreams of nightrhood suffrage and the Rump Congress. "Visions" 'tis rapture to recall." And sometimes in those dreams they would imagine that the word "white" was stricken from the Constitution, and start from their slumbers in ecstasies of joy. And thus the pensive autumn receded before the stern breath of winter, and anon the spring time came, "gentle Annie," and with it hyacinths, and bird carols, and into the household of our Quaker—A NIGGER BABY, a baby with the word while stricken out! That's so! that's what's the matter! Whether the Quaker thinks more of it, or not quite so much, as if it were of his own body, is not known at