

GOOD NEWS FOR THE PEOPLE! J. M. SHOEMAKER. Has just received a large and varied assortment of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, at unusually low prices.

1868. FALL. 1868. G. R. OSTER & CO. Have just received a large and attractive stock of new and cheap FALL GOODS.

DECIDEDLY CHEAP. Bedford, Oct 16, '68. HENDERSON'S Celebrated Fresh Ground, Extra Family Flour constantly in Store.

A. B. CRAMER & CO. Have now open and offer for sale, the largest and most elegant stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

IN BEDFORD COUNTY! The assortment is complete, and GREAT BARGAINS in every department will be offered.

NEW GOODS!! NEW GOODS. The undersigned has just received from the East a large and varied stock of New Goods.

NEW ARRIVAL.—Just received at M. C. FETTERLY'S FANCY STORE. Straw Hats and Bonnets, Straw Ornaments, Ribbons.

HARDWARE & STOVES! BAUGHMAN, GUMP & CO. Dealers in Iron, Nails, Horse Shoes, Springs, Axes, Thumb Screws, Hubs, Spokes, Felions, Sleigh Runners, Sleigh Bolts, Forks, Shovels, Saws, Axes, Spoons, Cutlery, Cooking and Heating Stoves for coal or wood, Glass, Paints, Oils, Lamps, Woodenware, &c., &c.

THE HOUSEHOLD GAS MACHINE! FOR SUPPLYING DWELLINGS, STORES, FACTORIES, CHURCHES AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS WITH GAS!

D. W. CROUSE. DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF SEGARS, TOBACCO, PIPES. And a general assortment of Smokers and Chewers' articles, BEDFORD, Pa. Oct 31, '68.

ORDERS from a distance for any kind of JOB PRINTING promptly attended to. Send to THE GAZETTE JOB OFFICE, Bedford, Pa.

HOOFLAND'S COLUMN. YOU ALL HAVE HEARD OF HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, AND HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC. Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia. Their introduction into this country from Germany occurred in 1825.

FATHERS AND MOTHERS, And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now the country of the 'red salt' or 'red pills'. They are no tawdry preparation, or any thing like one, but good, honest, reliable medicines. The greatest known remedies for Liver Complaint, DYSPEPSIA, Nervous Debility, JAUNDICE, Diseases of the Kidneys, ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, stomach, or IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

FALL CARE OF GARDENS. We have more than once spoken of the tendency which so often prevails among farmers to neglect proper attention to their gardens at all seasons of the year.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC is entirely vegetable and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs and Berries from which these extracts are made, are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific Chemist.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with pure Santa Cruz Ram, Orange, etc. It is used for the same disease as the Bitters, in cases where more alcoholic stimulus is required.

DEBILITY. There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart a tone and vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause an enjoyment of the food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eyes, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a short-breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.

Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of ninety.

Blood Purifiers. ever known and will cure all diseases resulting from impure blood. Keep your blood pure; keep your liver in order. Keep your bowels open.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867. I find that 'Hoofland's German Bitters' is not an intoxicating beverage, but is a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action in the system.

FROM HON. JAMES TOMPSON, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. PHILADELPHIA, April 25, 1866. I consider 'Hoofland's German Bitters' a valuable medicine in cases of attacks of indigestion, or dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it.

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D. D., Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia. DR. JACKSON—DEAR SIR:—I have been frequently requested to sign my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually it does not. It is a safe and very beneficial to those who suffer from the above cause. Yours very respectfully, J. H. KENNARD, Eighth, below Coates Street.

HOOFLAND'S German Remedies are counterfeited. The signatures of C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia, on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeits. Price of the Bitters, \$1 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for \$5. Price of the Tonic, \$1.50 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for \$7.50.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION. THE BEDFORD GAZETTE is published every Friday morning by MEYERS & MENDEL, 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 sent.

FALL CARE OF GARDENS. I have seen a farmer build a house so large that the sheriff turned him out of doors. I have seen a young man sell a good farm, turn merchant and die in an insane asylum. I have seen a farmer travel about so much, that there was nothing at home worth looking after.

I have seen a rich man's son begin where his father left off, and end where his father began—penniless. I have seen a young girl marry a young man of dissolute habits, and support of it as long as she lived. I have seen the extravagance and folly of children, bring their parents to poverty and want, and themselves to disgrace.

I have seen a prudent, industrious wife, retrieve the fortunes of a family, when her husband pulled at the other end of the rope. I have seen a young man who despised the counsel of the wise and advice of the good, and end his career in poverty and wretchedness.

I have seen a man spend more in folly than would support his family in comfort and independence. I have seen a man depart from the truth, when candor and veracity would have served him a much better purpose.

A "GROWING" ITEM.—A woman in Detroit has been arrested for smuggling tea in her stockings.—Express. In North Carolina the women carry nails in their stockings.—Raleigh Progress.

Nothing wonderful. The ladies of Forsyth carry calves in their stockings.—Salem Observer. And one of our ladies carries her corn in hers.—Rome, Ga., Com.

THE LADIES OF SCANTON are not very particular what they put in their stockings—keeping their souls there—and are so awkward that they often "get their feet in it."—Register.

A TOUGH FOG STORY.—A very heavy fog once visited an Eastern State, which we think somewhat beats the fog of London. A young man was sent out to a meadow to nail a few courses of shingles on a barn, the roof of which was nearly finished.

Where would the party of universal suffrage be without disfranchisement? Just figure it up: All Virginia disfranchised, 170,000 votes; all Texas, 65,000; all Mississippi, 70,000; all Missouri, 50,000; in Tennessee, 100,000; in the so-called reconstructed States, 170,000—total, 605,000. Then when they have taken this out by disfranchisement, they by negro suffrage, juggle in 750,000 making in all a difference of 1,355,000 votes. Can an election so carried be considered a fair one? Is this the voice of the people?

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, At the German Medicine Store, No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia. CHAS. M. EVANS, PROPRIETOR. Formerly C. M. JACKSON & Co. These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers and Medicine Dealers everywhere. Do not forget to examine the article you buy and read the genuine name. may 29/68.

A DILEMMA. Many years ago a young Universalist clergyman started westward to attend a convention of his brethren. He took the precaution to carry a vial of cayenne in his pocket, to sprinkle his food with, as a preventive to fever and ague. The convention met, and at dinner a tall Hoosier observed the parson as he seasoned his meat, and addressed him thus: "Stranger, I'll thank you for a tectle o' that 'ere red salt, for I'm kind o' carious to try it."

The Hoosier took the proffered vial, and feeling himself proof against any quantity of raw whisky, thought that he could stand the "red salt" with impunity, and accordingly sprinkled a junk of beef rather bountifully with it, and forthwith introduced it into his capacious mouth. It soon began to take effect. He shut his eyes and his features began to writhe, denoting a very inharmonious condition physically. Finally he could stand it no longer. He opened his mouth and screamed "fire!"

"Take a drink of cold water from the jug," said the parson. "Will that put it out?" asked the parson. "In a short time the unfortunate man began to recover, and turning to the parson, his eyes still swimming in water, exclaimed: "Stranger, you call yourself a 'Varnish' I believe?"

"I do," mildly answered the parson. "Well, I want to know if you think it is consistent with your belief to go about with hellfire in your breeches pocket?"

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I have seen a man spend more in folly than would support his family in comfort and independence. I have seen a man depart from the truth, when candor and veracity would have served him a much better purpose.

I have seen a man engage in a law suit about a trifling affair that cost him more in the end, than would have roofed all the buildings on his farm.

PLAIN SPEECH TO MOTHERS.—PROFESSOR SIMPSON, of Edinburgh, who has had large experience in the Medical treatment of mothers and children, gave a public address lately on matters of hygiene. He spoke most plainly to mothers who sent their children to the grave by exposing arms and legs, while other parts of the body are warmly dressed. Mothers, be continued, commit their children to the hands of God, and then wonder how God could be so unkind as to take away their darling. They not only murder their children, but in his opinion, commit suicide themselves by exposing their own necks to the cold air. It was a puzzle which he could not understand, that women should cut off the top of their dresses and appear with bare bosoms in refined society, while that part of the dress which should protect the heart and lungs, and other vital organs, is trailing in the mud.

Not to speak of health at the present moment, we would remark that the exhibition of a semi nude bust seldom approaches to the classical standard of harmonious proportions of parts and fullness of outline, and is rarely suggestive of beauty and loveliness. The inquisitive observer feels himself quite at a loss as to the precise line of division between the part which fashion claims for exposure and the rest which modesty would conceal. The boundary is too changeable. More ought to be left to the imagination and less to be condemned by good taste. But if mothers and full grown daughters insist on being the victims of fashion, children ought to be exempt from its insane and cruel requirements. What has fashion to do with children, or they with fashion?

A good newspaper is like a sensible and sound-hearted friend, whose appearance on one's threshold gladdens the mind with the promise of a pleasant and profitable hour. CURRAN was asked by a brother lawyer, "Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" "Nothing but the head," was the reply.

HORSES IN BATTLE. The extent to which a charger can apprehend the perils of a battle field may be easily underrated by one who confines his observation to horses still carrying their riders; for, as long as a troop horse in action feels the weight and hand of a master his deep trust in man keeps him seemingly free from great terror, and he goes through the fight, unless wounded, as though it were a field day at home; but the moment that death or a disabling wound deprives him of his rider, he seems at once to know what a battle is—to perceive its real dangers with the clearness of a human being, and to be agonized with horror at the fate he may incur for want of a hand to guide him.

Reader do not be a robber. He that steals breaks God's eighth commandment. Above all do not rob God's property. Give God his day. I do entreat you for your soul's sake, not to profane the Sabbath, but to keep it holy. Do not buy and sell or idle away your time on Sunday. Let not the example of all around you, let not the invitation of companions, let none of these things induce you to violate the settled rule, that God's day shall be given to God.

Once give over caring for the Sabbath, and in the end you will give over caring for your soul. The steps which lead to this conclusion are easy and regular. Begin with not honoring God's day, and you will soon not honor God's house. Cease to honor God's house, and by and by you will give God no honor at all. Let a man lay the foundation of having no Sabbath, and I am never surprised if he finishes with the topstone of no God. It is a remarkable saying of Judge Hale, "Of all the persons who were convicted of capital crimes while he was upon the bench, he found only a few who would not confess on inquiry, that they began their career of wickedness by a neglect of the Sabbath."

A terrible scaffold scene recently took place at Tambov, in Russia. Young Gorski a pupil at the high school of that place, and eighteen years of age, was to be executed for having murdered a family of seven persons. The young criminal was conveyed to the place of execution on a wagon, and was escorted by a company of dragoons. The gallows was surrounded by ten thousand persons. After the doomed lad had alighted from the wagon, the sentence of death was read to him. He was deadly pale, and fainted before the warrant was read through. The executioner then branded him, after he had been restored to consciousness; the boy struggled violently and uttered heart rending screams when the red hot iron was applied to his forehead. He was then whipped, receiving about thirty lashes. The executioner thereupon undressed him and wrapped him in a long white blanket, tied his feet together, attached the rope to his neck and drew the blanket over his head. He then lifted him on top of a step ladder, and was about to push him from it, when the Secretary of the Criminal Court stepped forward, and told the executioner to stop. The excitement of the crowd had reached the highest pitch by this time, and it seemed as if all the ten thousand persons around the gallows were holding their breath. The executioner lifted the blanket from his face, which was lived and distorted with fear; and then the Secretary read to him a letter from the Emperor changing his sentence to hard labor for life. The executioner then untied his feet, gave him thirty more lashes—the sentence having ordered that he should receive sixty lashes—and then clad him in the convict dress and chained his legs. He was thereupon taken back to his cell, and two days afterward sent to Siberia.

STRENGTH OF CHARACTER consists of two things—power of will and power of self restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings and strong command over them. Now we all very often mistake strong feelings, and strong command over them. Now we all very often mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose burst of fury makes the children of the household quake, because he has his way in all things, we call him a strong man; the truth is, that he is the weak man; it is his passions, that are strong; he mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of feelings he subdues, not by the power of those that subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we ever see a man receive a flagrant injury, and then reply quietly? This is a man spiritually strong. Or did we ever see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent and never tell the world what unkered his home peace? That is the strength. He who with strong passion, remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with many powers of indignation in him, can be provoked and yet restrain himself, and forgive, those are strong men.

A SCHOOL in Massachusetts was under examination, when one of the examiners said: "If I had a mince pie, and should give three-twelfths to John, three-twelfths to Isaac, and should keep half the pie myself, what would there be left?" There was a profound study among the scholars, but finally one lad held up his hand as a signal that he was ready to answer. "Well, sir, what will there be left? Speak up loud, so that all can hear," said the examiner. "The plate," shouted the hopeful scholar.

FRIGHTENED BY A GONG. We have heard a funny story told of a young fellow residing in one of the tobacco growing counties of Virginia, who recently made his first visit to Richmond, the capital of the "Old Dominion," for the purpose of selling his crop, seeing the sights, and rubbing off some of the rust which his back woods "fetching up" had thrown upon his manners. He reached Richmond about the middle of the forenoon, and was fortunate in selling his crop at an advantageous rate and almost immediately. Meeting with an old school-fellow—who had lived in the city long enough to know its ways—he was advised to take up his lodgings at Boyden's, the crack house of the place; and thither he at once went with his baggage. Just before dinner his friend called to see him, and found him comfortably located in a room just at the head of the stairs. It was close upon dinner time. "Suppose we take something to start an appetite," said the chap who had just come down. "Agreed," rejoined the city friend, "a glass of wine and bitters for me." "Let's go down to the bar and get it—dinner's most ready," continued the tobacco-grower. "We might as well have it up here," was the rejoinder. "Good lick; but how are we to call for it?" "Ring that bell there." "What bell?" "The one hanging there." The young man laid hold of the rope and gave it a jerk, and just at that moment the gong sounded for dinner. Never had he heard such a sound before, and the rumbling crash came upon his ear with a report that stunned him. He staggered back from the rope, raised both hands in horror, and exclaimed: "Great Jerusalem what a smash? I've broke every piece of crockery in the house! There ain't a whole dish left! You must stick by me, old fellow," addressing his friend, "don't leave me in this scrape, for my whole crop won't half pay the breakage.—What did you tell me to touch that cursed rope for?"

But before his friend, who was all but bursting with laughter, could answer, a servant entered the room with "Did you ring the bell, sir?" "Bell? no, d—n your bell; I never touched your bell in my life; what bell? I never saw your bell." "Somebody rang the bell of this room, that's certain," continued the servant. "No they didn't. There's nobody here that ever saw a bell"—and then turning to his friend, exclaimed aside, "let's lie him out of it; I shan't have a cent to go home if I pay the entire damage. What do you get such rascally traps as that for, to take folks in from the country?"

AFTER A violent fit of laughter, the friend was enabled to explain that it was only the gong sounding for dinner—a simple summons to walk down to soup," got up on the Chinese plan. They made their way to the dining room, but it was some time before the young tobacco grower could get over the stunning and awful effects of that dreadful gong. "It was a God-send," he said, "that the crash did not turn my hair gray on the spot."

VAIN MAN.—Whilst thou art building castles, the carpenter is building thy coffin. Whilst deceitful influences are gilding thy future prospects, the painter is leisurely putting the varnish upon the casket that is being fitted for thy reception. While thou art striving hard to distinguish thyself among thy fellows, the marble worker is fitting the slab that shall mark thy grave. While you are quarrelsome as to the wherewithal you shall be clothed, the materials for your burial suit are upon the tradesman's shelf. You add field to field, and anxiously reach out for more; but go to the graveyard and stake out the lot to which death will soon assign you. "Then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?"

A country doctor being out for a day's shooting, took his errand boy to carry the game bag. Entering a field of turnips, the dog pointed; and the boy, overjoyed at the prospects of his master's success, exclaimed, "there's a covyer; if you get near 'em, won't you physic 'em?" "Physic them! you young rascal, what do you mean?" said the doctor. "Why, kill 'em, to be sure," replied the lad.