

The Bedford Gazette

BY MEYERS & MENGEL.

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE is published every Thursday morning by MEYERS & MENGEL, at \$2.50 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 advertising 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 interests; 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 Orphan's Court and Judicial Sales, are required by law to be published in this paper.

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	\$ 8.00	\$10.00
*Two squares	8.00	15.00	18.00
*Three squares	12.00	22.00	27.00
*Quarter column	14.00	26.00	32.00
*Half column	18.00	32.00	42.00
*One column	24.00	45.00	58.00

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JOB PRINTING, of every kind, done with accuracy 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.

Job Printing.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE POWER PRESS PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT, BEDFORD, PA. MEYERS & MENGEL PROPRIETORS.

Having recently made additional improvements to our office, we are prepared to execute all orders for PLAIN AND FANCY JOB PRINTING, With dispatch and in the most SUPERIOR STYLE.

CIRCULARS, LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS, CHECKS, CERTIFICATES, BLANKS, DEEDS, REGISTERS, RECEIPTS, CARDS, HEADINGS, ENVELOPES, SHOWBILLS, HANDBILLS, INVITATIONS, LABELS, &c.

Our facilities for printing POSTERS, PROGRAMMES, &c., FOR CONCERTS AND EXHIBITIONS, ARE UNEXCELLED.

"PUBLIC SALE" BILLS Printed at short notice.

We can insure complete satisfaction as to time and price.

THE INQUIRER

BOOK STORE, opposite the Mengel House, BEDFORD, PA.

The proprietor takes pleasure in offering to the public the following catalogues belonging to the Book Business, at CITY RETAIL PRICES:

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.

NOVELS. BIBLES, HYMN BOOKS, &c. Large Family Bibles, Small Bibles, Medium Bibles, Lutheran Hymn Books, Methodist Hymn Books, Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, History of the Books of the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, &c., &c., Episcopal Prayer Books, Presbyterian Hymn Books.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

TOY BOOKS. STATIONERY, Congress, Record, Letter, Sermon, Ladies' Gift, Mourning, Bath Post, Cream Laid Note, WALL PAPER.

Several Hundred Different Papers, the Largest lot ever brought to Bedford county, for sale at prices CLEARLY BELOW THE MARKET.

BLANK BOOKS.

Account Books, Ledger, Pocket Ledgers, Check Memoranda, Pass Books, Money Books, Blank Judgment Notes, drafts, receipts, &c.

INKS AND INKSTANDS.

Barometer Inkstands, Quills, Penholders, Morocco Spring Quills Inkstands, Glass and Ordinary Stands for Schools, Flat Glass Ink Wells and Racks, Arnold's Writing Fluids, Hoyer's Ink, Purple Inks, Carbon's Inks, Ballpoint Ink, pasting, &c.

PENS AND PENCILS.

Gillett's, Hollowback & Carey's, Dunham's, Clark's Indelible, Cohen's, Office, Guttkecht's, Atlantic Monthly, Harper's Magazine, Melrose Democrat's Mirror of Fashion, Electric Magazine, Godley's Lady's Book, Galaxie, Lady's Friend, Ladies' Repository, Our Young Folks, Nick Nax, Yankee Notions, Budget of Fun, Jolly Joker, Phanny Phellow, Lippincott's Magazine, Riverside Magazine, Waverly Magazine, Ballou's Magazine, Gardner's Monthly, Harper's Weekly, rank Leslie's Illustrated, Chimney Corner, New York Ledger, Harper's Bazar, Every Saturday, Living Age, Putnam's Monthly Magazine, Arthur's Home Magazine, Oliver Optic's Boys and Girls Magazine &c.

Constantly on hand to accommodate those who want to purchase living reading matter.

Only a part of the vast number of articles pertaining to the Book and Stationery business, which we are prepared to sell cheaper than the wholesale, are above enumerated. Give us a call. We buy and sell for CASH, and by this arrangement we expect to sell as cheap as goods of this class are sold anywhere.

Miscellaneous.

THE EAST INDIA TELEGRAPH COMPANY'S OFFICE, Nos. 23 & 25 Nassau Street, NEW YORK.

Organized under special charter from the State of New York. CAPITAL.....\$5,000,000 50,000 SHARES, \$100 EACH.

DIRECTORS. Hon. ANDREW G. CURTIN, Philadelphia.

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The Chinese Government having (through the Hon. Anson Burlingame) conceded to this Company the privilege of transmitting the great amount of the Empire by submarine electric telegraph cable, we propose commencing operations in China, and laying down a line of nine hundred miles at once, between the following ports, viz:

	Population.
Canton	1,600,000
Manoa	60,000
Hongkong	250,000
Swatow	200,000
Amoy	250,000
Foo-chow	1,250,000
Wan-Chu	300,000
Ningpo	200,000
Hang-Chow	1,200,000
Shanghai	1,600,000
Total	5,910,000

These ports have a foreign commerce of \$900,000,000, and an enormous domestic trade, besides which we have the immense internal commerce of the Empire, radiating from these points, through its canals and navigable rivers.

The cable being laid, this company proposes erecting land lines, and establishing a speedy and easy mode of communication, which must command there, as everywhere else, the communications of the Government, of business, and of social life of Europe. China has no postal system, and her only means now of communicating information is by couriers on land, and by steamers on water.

The Western World, which China is a very large country, in the main densely peopled, but few yet realize that she contains more than a third of the human race. The latest returns made to her central authorities for taxing purposes by the local magistrates make her population Four hundred and Fourteen millions, and this is more likely to be under than over the actual aggregate.

Nearly all of these, who are over ten years old, not only can but do read and write. Her civilization is peculiar, but her literature is as extensive as that of Europe. China is a land of teachers and traders; and the latter are exceedingly quick to avail themselves of every proffered facility for procuring early information. It is observed in California that the Chinese make great use of the telegraph, though it there transmits messages in English alone. To-day great numbers of fleet steamers are owned by Chinese merchants, and used by them exclusively for the transmission of news of all kinds. If the telegraph we propose connecting all their great seaports, were now in existence, it is believed that its business would be so profitable, and so generally useful, that it would be a desirable investment for any individual or company.

The stock of this Company has been unqualifiedly recommended to capitalists and business men as a desirable investment by editorial articles in the New York Herald, Tribune, World, Times, Post, Express, Independent, and in the Philadelphia North American, Press, Ledger, Inquirer, Age, Bulletin and Telegraph.

Shares of this company, to a limited number, may be obtained at \$50 each, \$10 payable down, \$15 on the 1st of November, and \$25 payable in monthly instalments of \$2.50 each, commencing December 1, 1869, on application to

DREXEL & CO., 34 South Third Street, PHILADELPHIA.

Shares can be obtained in Bedford by application to Reed & Schell, Bankers, who are authorized to receive subscriptions, and can give all necessary information on the subject. sept25y1

W. E. combine style with neatness or fit.

JONES' ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE, 601 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY choice brands of CIGARETTES and CIGARS, at wholesale or retail, is at OSTER'S. Good natural leaf Tobacco at 75 cents. Try our 5 cent Yarn and Havana cigars—they can't be beat, and 100.

The Bedford Gazette.

THE BOY MAGICIAN;

OR

The Secrets of the Sea.

CHAPTER I.

THE PRISONER OF MID-OCEAN.

Late one summer afternoon, a dozen years ago, a solitary white man stood before an idolatrous temple on an island in the South Pacific.

He was of middle age, tall thin, and gaunt, with rugged features and sorrowful eyes, and with every sign of goodness and intelligence.

Beside him was a grim stone idol, in grotesque human form, more than twice as tall as himself which he had just finished, and was indicated by the mallet and chisel in his hands.

"It is done," he muttered. "And these heathen little-suspect that I have cut my name and story in the base of this idol."

He ran his eye rapidly over the inscription in question. It was as follows:

"The 8th of May, 1852, I, David Lester of the firm of Lester & Nichols, of Norfolk, Virginia, sailed as a passenger from Charleston to Hongkong, via Cape Horn, in the ship 'Hecla.' A cyclone struck us in mid-ocean, the ship foundered, and we took to the boats, which all filled, with the exception of the one I was in. After drifting several days, during which my companions perished, I reached this island. The idolatrous inhabitants made me a slave in their temple, and for more than four years I have been doing menial offices and carving images. I have been chained every night, and watched continually by day, but have nevertheless made three attempts at escape, and shall soon make another—doubtless my last, as I am resolved to succeed or die, preferring death to a longer captivity. I therefore write these words upon this idol, praying any one who may see them to report my fate, if possible, to my family at Norfolk, Virginia. Finished this inscription this 7th day of July, 1857."

For several minutes the prisoner contemplated these lines in silence, and then aroused himself, looking warily around.

"Three times I have tried to escape in a canoe," he muttered, "and every time I was caught, and visited with tortures. To be caught again in such an attempt will be certain death. Yet I will risk all the first opportunity that offers. This longing for freedom and my family is becoming a positive madness. Oh, my God! what is that?"

He gazed in perfect stupefaction to the eastward, far out upon the ocean. There, miles and leagues away, was a ship, her white sails gleaming as she lay becalmed upon the waters.

"A ship! a ship!" cried Lester, sobbingly. "At last, oh Heaven! At last my prayer is answered!"

THE PRISONER'S HOME.

On the east bank of the Elizabeth river, just out of Norfolk, and overlooking Hampton Roads, stood a beautiful cottage, the home of the wife and daughter of David Lester, the prisoner of the lone island in the far Pacific.

Near the close of a lovely afternoon in May, Mrs. Lester and her daughter sat together upon their front veranda.

The mother was a lovely sweet-faced, sad-eyed woman of two-and-thirty years.

The daughter, Amy Lester, not yet fifteen, was a strange compound of child and woman.

"You are thinking of father, dear mother?" murmured the maiden, as she marked the lady's longing gaze.

"Yes, child. Your father, my husband; where is he? Somewhere under the sea waves, wracked on a desert island, or languishing on a hostile shore? It is five years since he left us on that fatal voyage to China. My reason assures me that he is dead; yet, Amy, I can only think of him as living."

"It is so with me, mother," said Amy, with a tremulous quiver of her lips. "I dream often that he is living—that he is coming home!"

"We need him in a hundred ways," said Mrs. Lester, sighing. "If anything were to happen to me Amy, I shudder to think what would become of you. You have been brought up in luxury, and would feel keenly any change to poverty."

"Are we not rich, then, mother?" asked Amy, in surprise.

"I supposed so, dear, until three years ago," replied the mother sadly.

"Your father was a merchant and ship-owner, a partner of Colonel Nichols. But two years ago Colonel Nichols informed me that the outstanding debts of the firm more than balanced the assets; in short, Amy, that he was on the verge of bankruptcy, his fortune and ours alike wrecked!"

"I don't like Colonel Nichols!" said Amy, thoughtfully. "If he lost all his money with ours, how does he live in such grand style? To whom do his ships and great house belong?"

"To his nephew, Ally Bell. Colonel Nichols is Ally's guardian. The Colonel has nothing of his own, excepting a farm or two up country, which were not risked in the business.

Amy contracted her little brows reflectively, and was about to reply, when the garden gate swung on its hinges, and a boyish figure came lightly up the walk.

"It's Ally, mother—it's Ally Bell!" exclaimed Amy, all smiles and blushes. "I'll bring him to you."

The young girl ran lightly down the veranda steps and met the newcomer, linking her arm in his and drawing him gently toward the house.

He was a lad of seventeen, an orphan, the nephew and ward of Colonel

CHAPTER III.

LESTER ESCAPES AND HEARS FROM HOME.

We left David Lester on his lonely island, planning his escape, with a ship in sight from the elevated point where he was at work. He waited till night and until a priest of the idolatrous temple came to chain him in his dungeon, where they nightly confined him; and then suddenly leaping upon the priest, he bore him to the floor, chained and gagged him, disguised himself in his priestly robes, stained his face brown with dirt, went to the shore where the canoes were lying, entered one of them, and paddled out to sea in which he had seen the ship.

He paddled for hours with all his strength, had gone so far that the lights of the island could not be seen, and yet no ship had been found; and now the wind was rising and a storm was threatening.

"Oh, God! Am I forsaken?" he cried, in an awful anguish, seized with a fear that the wind would take the ship from him. "Must I perish here?"

At that moment when hope was dying, he beheld a sight that turned all his wild woe into yet wilder ecstasy.

There, to the northward, was a ship standing directly towards him with all sails set to catch the rising breeze, and not half a mile away.

"Yes, there she is!" he shouted. "She is coming this way. I am saved!"

He raised his arms to heaven in a mute thanksgiving and sobbed aloud the glad tears streaming down his worn and haggard cheeks.

The ship came nearer and nearer. Heardoubled his wild shouts, his heart and soul in his voice.

An answering cry came suddenly from the ship's deck, and she drew steadily nearer—swerved from her course slightly, and a rope was thrown from her deck, falling into his canoe.

He seized the rope in desperate eagerness, and a group of sailors leaning over the ship's side drew him aboard.

In an instant more the ship had resumed her course, and was moving in stately fashion before the breeze.

"Safe at last!" murmured Lester, leaning against the bulwarks, weak and nerveless as an infant. "Oh, the gladness of this hour!"

Poor man! He did not dream at that moment that his adverse fate was even then relentlessly closing around him; that he was on one of his own ships—the Cyclone; that that ship was commanded by a bitter foe in league with Colonel Nichols, who, on recognizing him, would without remorse consign him again to the mercies of the Pacific in his Indian canoe.

On inquiry Lester learned that the vessel was the Cyclone, and in the light of the cabin lamp recognized her captain. Tearing off his priestly robe, and wiping the stain from his face with its coarse folds, he exclaimed:

"Captain Sales, don't you know me?"

"David Lester!" cried the Captain, turning ashy pale, and grasping his stationery seat as though he had received a shock.

Lester wiped his brows and sat down, the Captain taking a seat opposite him.

He had so much to ask that his emotions choked his utterance, and prevented him from observing the look of deadly hatred with which the Captain regarded him. But he finally plied his questions fast, and learned that his wife yet lived, that his daughter Amy had grown into a lovely girl, and that both wife and daughter had long mourned him as dead. He also learned of his wife's poverty.

Colonel Nichols settled up the firm affairs," said the captain reservedly, "and there was nothing left for Mrs. Lester. She has been living off my bounty these two or three years!—When your interest in this ship was sold, I bought it. The Colonel owns the other half!"

"But this is base fraud!" exclaimed Lester. "The Colonel has been untrue to the trust I reposed in him. I have had suspicions of his integrity during my long exile, but I have never dared to entertain them. I'll make matters straight on my return. I can prove my claims and bring him to justice, the dastardly villain! My poor Margaret!" and he groaned.

Lester's threat concerning Nichols seemed to stir up all the malice of the Captain's nature. He beheld his interest in the ship, fraudulently acquired, threatened, and he hated still more the lawful owner whose right in the Cyclone he had usurped.

"If report speaks truly," he said, "Mrs. Lester need not be called 'poor.' Colonel Nichols has long been paying her attentions, and when I left port, five months ago, the story was that they were engaged. The Colonel told me himself that he loved her and meant to marry her. No doubt by this time they are married."

This cruel thrust struck home to the poor husband's heart, and uttering a great cry, he fell forward with his face upon the table, while the Captain regarded him with a look of mingled hatred and exultation.

Leaving his victim thus stunned, Captain Sales went on deck, and seeing that a storm was rising, and thinking the time favorable for getting rid of Lester, he informed the crew that the strange man in the cabin was an insane creature, whom it would be unsafe to keep on board, and easily convinced them that it was their duty, as they valued their own lives, to set him adrift again. He then went below, called Lester on deck, and at once set him adrift in a well provisioned boat, notwithstanding the wretched man's piteous appeals for mercy. The Cyclone then sailed on, and Lester's boat was soon lost sight of in the darkness. A short time afterward the storm

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