

The Bedford Gazette.

BY MEYERS & MENGEL.

BEDFORD, PA., THURSDAY MORNING NOVEMBER 11, 1869.

VOL. 65.—WHOLE No. 5,516.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The Bedford Gazette is published every Thursday morning by MEYERS & MENGEL, at \$2.00 per annum, in advance; if not paid in advance, it is paid in advance. 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, \$1.00 per line for each insertion. Special notices one-half additional. All communications, notices, 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 all 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:

One square - 3 months - 6 months - 1 year.	\$4.50 - \$6.00 - \$10.00
Two squares - 3 months - 6 months - 1 year.	8.00 - 12.00 - 20.00
Three squares - 3 months - 6 months - 1 year.	12.00 - 18.00 - 30.00
Four squares - 3 months - 6 months - 1 year.	16.00 - 24.00 - 40.00
Five squares - 3 months - 6 months - 1 year.	20.00 - 30.00 - 50.00

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.

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, RE-
CEIPTS, CARDS, HEADINGS, ENVE-
LOPES, SHOWBILLS, HANDBILLS, IN-
VITATIONS, LABELS, &c. &c.

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

"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 articles belonging to the Book Business, at CITY RETAIL PRICES:

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.

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

SCHOOL BOOKS.
TOY BOOKS.

STATIONERY.
Congress, Letter, Legal, Record, Commercial Note, Ladies' Gilt, Mourning, French Note, Bath Post, Damask Laid Note, Green Laid Note, Envelopes, &c.

WALL PAPER.
Several hundred different figures, the Largest lot ever brought to Bedford county, for sale at prices CHEAPER THAN EVER SOLD in Bedford.

BLANK BOOKS.
Day Books, Ledger Books, Cash Books, Pocket Ledgers, Time Books, Truck Memorandums, Pass Books, Money Books, Blank Judgment Notes, drafts, receipts, &c.

INKS AND INKSTANDS.
Barnum's Inkstands, Gutta Serena, Cocco, and
Morocco Spring Pocket Inkstands, Glass and Ordinary Styles for Schools, Flat Glass Ink Wells and Racks, Arnold's Writing Fluids, Hoyer's Ink, Carmine Inks, Purple Inks, Chariton's Inks, Eukalon for pasting, &c.

PENS AND PENCILS.
Gillott's, Hollowbush & Carey's, Dunlop, and Clark's Indelible, Cohen's, Gutteneck's, Cohen's, Payson, Scribner's Pens, Faber's Tablets, Eagle, Faber's Pencils, Carpenter's Pencils.

PERIODICALS.
Atlantic Monthly, Harper's Magazine, Madame Demore's Mirror of Fashions, Electric Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, Galaxy, Lady's Friend, Ladies' Repository, Our Young Folks, Niek Nax, Yankee Notions, Budget of Fun, Jolly Joker, Planny Phellow, Lippincott's Magazine, Riverside Magazine, Waverly Magazine, Bellows' Magazine, Gardner's Monthly, Harper's Weekly, Frank Leslie's Illustrated New York Weekly, 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 cheapest, 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.
Jan 21/87.

Miscellaneous.

ELECTRIC
TELEGRAPH IN CHINA.
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.

PAUL S. FORBES, of Russell & Co., China.

FRED. BUTTERFIELD, of F. Butterfield & C
New York.

ISAAC LIVERMORE, Treasurer Michigan Cen-
tral Railroad, Boston.

ALEXANDER HOLLAND, Treasurer American
Express Company, New York.

Hon. JAMES NOXON, Syracuse, N. Y.

O. H. PALMER, Treasurer Western Union Tele-
graph Company, New York.

FLETCHER WESTRAY, of Westray, Gibbs &
Hardcastle, New York.

NICHOLAS MICKLES, New York.

OFFICERS.

A. G. CURTIN, President.

N. MICKLES, Vice President.

GEORGE ELLIS (Cashier National Bank Com-
monwealth), Treasurer.

HON. A. K. McCLURE, Philadelphia, Solicitor.

The Chinese Government having (through the
Hon. Argon Burlingame) conceded to this Com-
pany the privilege of connecting the great sea-
ports of the Empire by submarine electric tele-
graph cable, we propose commencing operations
in China, and laying down a line of nine hundred
miles at once, between the following ports, viz:

Canton..... 1,000,000
Hankow..... 800,000
Hong-Kong..... 250,000
Swatow..... 200,000
Amoy..... 250,000
Fuzhou..... 250,000
Wan-Chu..... 300,000
Ningpo..... 400,000
Shanghai..... 1,000,000
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 trustworthy means of communication, which must command there, as everywhere else, the confidence of the Government, of business, and of social life generally. China is a land of teachers and traders; and the latter are exceedingly quick to avail themselves of every proffered facility for promoting 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 early intelligence. If the telegraph we propose connecting all their great seaports, were now in existence, it is believed that its business would pay the cost within the first two years of its successful operation, and would steadily increase thereafter.

No enterprise commands itself as in a greater degree remunerative to capitalists, and to our whole people. It is of vast national importance commercially, politically and evangelically.

The stock of this Company has been un-
qualifiedly recommended to capitalists and busi-
ness 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 \$40 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 applica-
tion to Reed & Sedell, Bankers, who are author-
ized to receive subscriptions, and can give all the
necessary information on the subject. sep25/71

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY
choice brands of chewing Tobacco and Ci-
gars, at wholesale or retail, is at Oster's. Good
natural leaf Tobacco at 75 cents. Try our 5 cent
Yankee and Havana cigars—they can't be beat,
unequalled.

Dry-Goods, &c.

NEW GOODS JUST RECEIVED
AT J. M. SHOEMAKER'S BARGAIN
STORE.

NEW GOODS just Received at J.
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DECENCY IN FEMALE DRESS.

Young girls and riper matrons need not go about robed like religious fanatics; but let those to whom a high-necked and long-sleeved party dress would be a grievous affliction content themselves with showing a modest rim of shoulder above their bodies. And let them not forget that well turned white arms can be seen and appreciated without of necessity being exposed clear up to the arm-pits. No fair young girl ever lost anything in the estimation of men, whose opinion is worth having, by appearing with neck, shoulders and arms chaste and veiled in delicate lace or muslin, instead of exposing them to the promiscuous gaze of a public assembly.

We heard away the jewel that we prize the most; we draw a curtain before the picture that we dote upon; we hide our most sacred feelings in our hearts; we veil the shrine of the temple; we hedge the lily about lest its whiteness should be soiled; we want to cover up from other eyes the things that are the fairest, the dearest, and the most sacred to us.

Oh, woman! the most sacred thing, the fairest and dearest that man has in this world, is *yourself*. And I hold that man's instinctive protest is the best guide in this matter.

And the feelings of the father, the brother, the lover and the husband, when his nature is unperverted, is that the arms that caress and enfold him, the bosom, which is the dearest home his head can have on earth, should be as sacred as was the holy of holies in the days of old Jewish rites.

A woman's body is the temple of her soul, and her soul's outward symbol. What we want to keep pure, holy, and undefiled, we do not expose to be the common bait for all the eyes of all the world, pure and impure to gloat upon.

The way in which men, as a body, act and express themselves, when brought face to face with this dress reform question, is inconsistent, unjust, and ungenerous to women, and unworthy of themselves as gentlemen; they think because a woman is not their sister, or wife, or sweetheart, that it is no concern of theirs how she dresses herself in this matter of dress.

On the contrary, they seem eager to help push her into a false position by hypocritical compliments, and phrases of hollow admiration, which are as false and bitter as Dead Sea fruit, if she will but stop to analyze the feelings from which they spring, the motives which prompt them. Too much familiarity breeds contempt. No one knows this better than the man who watches over the dress and deportment of his wife or sister with the stern jealousy of an Oriental, while at the same time he blandly encourages the wives, and daughters, and sisters of other men in every species of license.

Women do not always know—the very young especially—that a certain dash and freedom in the style of dress encourages familiarity in the manners of men towards them. They too often follow blindly after the reigning mode, without questioning its meaning, or the effect it will have upon men's opinion of them. They feel strong because they go in droves, and in droves they dare to indulge in a style of dress in which any one woman would be ignominiously hoisted out of society, if she dared to appear in it alone, and upon any occasion for which it is not sanctioned by fashion.

If men would but give up their abominable two-sided policy on this question, and act towards every reputable woman, whom they find masquerading in a disreputable attire, just as they would under like circumstances toward their own wives, daughters, or sisters, as far as is consistent with mode and circumstance, this mode of dress would soon be driven to its rightful home—the haunts of the "profligate and the lost woman."

For my own dear countrywomen I have one wish, which has moved me to speak as I have spoken. Plain words and hard words to say, but words which must be spoken, nevertheless, and which are better spoken sooner or later. It is that they should be known as the most modest of women in dress and deportment, even as they are now distinguished for wit, elegance, patriotism and innate purity of character. Let the women of other countries believe themselves if they will, by a mode of attire which is in direct opposition to the dictates of their natural modesty, but let ours set a bright example in this respect to the world, and then, indeed, the nations shall rise up and proclaim the American women blessed!—HOWARD GLENDON, in Packard's Monthly, for September.

A patent has recently been granted for a method of refreshing horses while in harness, which consists in making the bit hollow and having perforations in it. A rubber tube extends from one side of the bit to the carriage, and by pressing a rubber bag which contains water, the driver is enabled to refresh horses whenever he chooses without stopping. For saddle horses the water bag is suspended from the horse's neck, or upon the pommel of the saddle.

The proprietor of a cotton factory near Stockholm, Sweden, has purchased a large tract of land in Southeast Missouri, where he intends establishing colonies of his countrymen and to build factories, &c., which will give employment to 1,300 families. A portion of the colonists are already on their voyage to this country.

"Why," said Bob Pitts to Will Swipes, when he caught him drinking, "I thought you had signed the pledge?" "So I have," said Swipes, "but all signs fail in dry weather."

A LOST CHILD.—His Re-appearance After Thirty-Three Years of Savage Life.

—Thirty-three years ago there lived in Lewistown, Logan county, a farmer by the name of Harris Hopkins, who had a child, a boy between three and four years of age. One day while the farmer was at work in a field some distance from the farm-house, the boy started from the house across the fields to meet his father. The last seen of the little fellow was when he left the house. Hundreds of people turned out to search for the lost child.—The river was dragged, the woods searched, rewards offered, but all to no purpose. After days of weary and anxious search the little fellow was given up by his friends. The few Indians living in that neighborhood were friendly and peaceable, and no suspicion ever attached to them, and the affair was forgotten or talked over as a mysterious disappearance. The Hopkins family at length left their old home and settled in Illinois, and up to ten days ago none of the old neighbors in Logan county had expected to see any of the members of the family again. The astonishment of the old settlers in and about the old neighborhood can be conceived, when, week before last, a tall man, browned by exposure to sun and storm, and speaking the broken English of the half-civilized Indians, made his appearance at Lewistown, and claimed to be the child missed thirty-three years ago. He stated that a Cherokee Indian, wandering through that section, had enticed him from the field as he was going in search of his father, and carried him to the far West. The old chief had treated him as his own son, and having been taken away at so early an age, the memory of his parents and former life had faded from his mind. For thirty odd years he had lived as an Indian, and supposed that he was a son of the chief who claimed to be his father. A few months since, the chief, then high in rank in the Cherokee nation, and very advanced in age, found himself on his death bed. Shortly before he died he called his adopted son to his bedside and informed him who and what he was. As soon as the old chief was dead and buried, Hopkins came to Logan county in search of his parents, whom he found had moved to Campaign City, Ill. He, however, remained last week at Lewistown to gratify the curiosity of the old settlers who had aided in the search for him thirty-three years ago. His reappearance has caused quite as much excitement in Logan county, as did his sudden and mysterious disappearance a third of a century ago.—Sundusky (Ohio) Register, July 28.

THAT WONDERFUL PRAYER.

Which? Why the one that your mother taught you. Did you ever think, short though it be, how much there is in it? Like a diamond in the crown of a queen, it unites a thousand sparkling gems in one.

It teaches all of us, every one of us, to look to God as our parent—"Our Father."

It prompts us to raise our thoughts and desires above the earth—"Who art in Heaven?"

It tells us we must reverence our Heavenly Father—"Hallowed be thy name."

It breathes a missionary spirit—"Thy kingdom come."

And a submissive, obedient spirit—"Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

And a depending, trusting spirit—"Give us this day our daily bread."

And a forgiving spirit—"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

And a cautious spirit—"Deliver us from evil."

And last of all an adoring spirit—"For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever and ever. Amen."

Now is it not both a wonderful and a beautiful prayer? Jesus, our dear Savior, taught it, and who could tell us how to pray to His Father and our Father, to His God and our God.

A MASONIC PIN.—A good story is told of a confident individual, evidently well "read up" in the mysteries, who applied at the outer reception room of a Boston Masonic Lodge for admission. An eminent brother, who was quietly sitting there, but made no sign that he was anybody, requested the stranger to be seated, and he would send in for proper persons to examine the credentials of the visitor. "Oh! its no matter about that; I'm all right!" said the applicant, making sundry extraordinary passes with his hand and contortions of visage. "That may be, but I think they always examine strangers who desire to visit the Lodge," said the attending brother. "Well, I'm ready for 'em," said the visitor, confidently. "Glad to hear it—that is quite an elaborate breast pin you have there?" said the other looking with some interest at the big letter G, which the visitor conspicuously displayed upon his shirt bosom. "Ya-as, that's a Masonic pin," replied the wearer, swelling out his breast. "Indeed—Letter G—well, I suppose you know what that means?" "Oh, yes, certainly; letter G stands for Jerusalem a sort of head quarters of us Masons, you know." The querist didn't know it, and the applicant, it is almost unnecessary to state, did not get any further into the Lodge.

A Schoolmaster in a Lancaster county public school was drilling a class of youngsters in arithmetic. He said to them: "If I cut an apple in two, what will the parts be?" "Halves!" was the answer. "If I cut the halves in two what would you call the parts?" "Quarters!" "If I cut the quarters in two what would the parts be?" Answer (unanimously), "Suits!"

THE FALLEN SON.—Follow him home from the scene of his debauch.

He is an only son. On him the family are centered. Every nerve has been strained to give him the choicest education. Parents and sisters gloried in his talents. Alas! already are these visions less bright. Enter now the family circle. Parents surrounded by lovely daughters. Within that circle reigns peace, virtue and refinement.—The evening has been spent in animated conversation and the sweet interchange of affectionate endearment. But there is one who used to share all this, who was the centre of that circle. Why is he not here? The hour of devotion has come; they kneel before their Father and God. A voice that used to mingle in their praises is wanting. An hour rolls away—another has gone.—Why has all cheerfulness gone? Why do these parents start at every footstep? The step of that son and brother is heard. The door is opened—he staggers in before them, and is stretched out at their feet in all the loathsomeness of intoxication. "Oh, who shall tell the sorrows of a home made dark with sin?"

WOULDN'T BE SPRINKLED.—About thirty-two years ago there resided in the town of Hebron, a certain Dr. T., who became very much enamored of a beautiful young lady, a resident of the same town. The Doctor was a strong Presbyterian, and his lady love a decided Baptist. They were sitting together, one evening, talking of their approaching nuptials, when the Dr. remarked:

"I am thinking, my dear, of two events I shall number the happiest of my life."

"And what may they be, Doctor?" remarked the lady.

"One is the hour when I shall call you wife for the first time."

"And the other?"

"It is when we shall present our first-born for baptism."

"What, sprinkled?"

"Yes, my dear, sprinkled."

"Never shall a child of mine be sprinkled."

"But mine shall."

"They will be, hey?"

"Well, sir, then I can tell you that your babies won't be my babies. So, good night, sir."

FRITTERS.—In a warm contest, a number of years, since, for a seat in Congress, between that old prince of electioneers, John T. Alferro, and Col. Gibson, the former had been successful in obtaining the support of a numerous family by the name of Fritter. It was the custom at that day, in Virginia, for the candidates to take their seats on the court bench during the election, and to thank each individual as he cast his vote, the voting being *en face*. As the members of this family came forward and severally cast their votes, Mr. T., with a graceful bow, would exclaim, "Thank you, Mr. Fritter. His opponent Col. G. who had not been aware of the great number of this family, stood it patiently until about fifteen had cast their votes against him, when, losing his patience he exclaimed, "Well, really, I think we have had fritters enough; I am quite tired of them, and should greatly prefer some pancakes!"

TRUST NOT TO APPEARANCE.—In Dresden there is an iron egg, the history of which is something like this: A young Prince sent this iron egg to a young lady to whom he was betrothed. She received it in her hands and looked at it with disdain. In her indignation that he should send her such a gift, she cast it to the earth. When it touched the ground, a spring cunningly hidden in the egg, opened, and a silver yolk rolled out. She touched a spring in the yolk and a golden chicken was found; she touched a spring in the chicken and a crown was found within; she touched a spring in the crown, and in it a diamond wedding ring was found.

There is a moral to this story, and that is, it will not do to trust to outward appearances.

In Arkansas, Elder Knapp, while baptizing converts at a revival meeting, advanced with a wiry, sharp-eyed old chap in the water; asked the usual question, whether there was any reason why the ordinance of baptism should not be administered. After a pause, a tall, powerful looking chap, with an eye like a blaze, who was leaning on a long rifle and quietly looking on, remarked: "Elder, I don't want to interfere in your business any, but I want to say that that is an old sinner you have got hold of, and I know that one dip won't do him any good. If you want to get the sin out of him, you'd better to anchor him out in deep water over night."

Two negroes jumped from a train running forty miles an hour, in Georgia, last week. One landed on his head, and at last accounts was coming his hair with a horse rake to get out some boulders it had accumulated in the process. The other struck his shin against a decayed stump and gave a job to the coroner.

SONOROUS.—Lady (who is canvassing for a choir at the village church)—I hope, Mrs. Giles, you will persuade your husband to join us. I am told he has a very sonorous voice.

Mrs. Giles.—