

The Bedford Gazette.

BEDFORD, PA. THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 7, 1870.

VOL. 65.—WHOLE No. 3,362.

BY MEYERS & MENDEL.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The Bedford Gazette is published every Thursday morning by MEYERS & MENDEL, at \$2.00 per annum, in advance, or \$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 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 communications of Associations; communications of individuals or of interest, and notices of marriages and deaths exceeding five lines, ten cents per line. Editorial 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:

One square 3 months 6 months 1 year
Two squares 4 50 8 00 15 00
Three squares 6 00 10 00 18 00
Quarter column 8 00 12 00 20 00
Half column 12 00 18 00 30 00
One column 18 00 25 00 45 00
*One square to each of each 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 & MENDEL, Publishers.

Miscellaneous.

THE INQUIRER BOOK STORE, opposite the Mangel 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.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

TOY BOOKS.

STATIONERY.

WALL PAPER.

BLANK BOOKS.

PENS AND PENCILS.

PERIODICALS.

THE BEDFORD COUNTY BANK.

RIBBONS, MILLINERY AND STRAW GOODS.

ARMSTRONG, GATOR, & CO.

BALTIMORE M.D.

SPRING AND SUMMER IMPORTATION.

ARMSTRONG, GATOR, & CO.

BALTIMORE M.D.

SPRING AND SUMMER IMPORTATION.

ARMSTRONG, GATOR, & CO.

BALTIMORE M.D.

SPRING AND SUMMER IMPORTATION.

ARMSTRONG, GATOR, & CO.

BALTIMORE M.D.

SPRING AND SUMMER IMPORTATION.

ARMSTRONG, GATOR, & CO.

BALTIMORE M.D.

SPRING AND SUMMER IMPORTATION.

ARMSTRONG, GATOR, & CO.

BALTIMORE M.D.

SPRING AND SUMMER IMPORTATION.

ARMSTRONG, GATOR, & CO.

BALTIMORE M.D.

SPRING AND SUMMER IMPORTATION.

ARMSTRONG, GATOR, & CO.

BALTIMORE M.D.

SPRING AND SUMMER IMPORTATION.

ARMSTRONG, GATOR, & CO.

BALTIMORE M.D.

SPRING AND SUMMER IMPORTATION.

ARMSTRONG, GATOR, & CO.

BALTIMORE M.D.

SPRING AND SUMMER IMPORTATION.

ARMSTRONG, GATOR, & CO.

BALTIMORE M.D.

SPRING AND SUMMER IMPORTATION.

ARMSTRONG, GATOR, & CO.

BALTIMORE M.D.

SPRING AND SUMMER IMPORTATION.

ARMSTRONG, GATOR, & CO.

BALTIMORE M.D.

SPRING AND SUMMER IMPORTATION.

ARMSTRONG, GATOR, & CO.

BALTIMORE M.D.

SPRING AND SUMMER IMPORTATION.

ARMSTRONG, GATOR, & CO.

BALTIMORE M.D.

SPRING AND SUMMER IMPORTATION.

ARMSTRONG, GATOR, & CO.

BALTIMORE M.D.

SPRING AND SUMMER IMPORTATION.

ARMSTRONG, GATOR, & CO.

BALTIMORE M.D.

SPRING AND SUMMER IMPORTATION.

ARMSTRONG, GATOR, & CO.

BALTIMORE M.D.

SPRING AND SUMMER IMPORTATION.

ARMSTRONG, GATOR, & CO.

BALTIMORE M.D.

SPRING AND SUMMER IMPORTATION.

ARMSTRONG, GATOR, & CO.

BALTIMORE M.D.

1870. A FAMILY 1870.

NEWSPAPER FOR EVERYBODY

"THE PATRIOT," A Daily and Weekly Newspaper

GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO CLEWS.

Only Democratic Paper at the Capital.

THE WEEKLY PATRIOT

An eight-page sheet, and contains forty-eight columns of reading matter. Its columns contain the latest news, correspondence, speeches, agricultural facts and experience, receipts in domestic economy, science and art, discovery of new minerals, anecdotes, historical sketches, state news, items, local occurrences, foreign and domestic news, noted events, telegrams, and all the news of the day, commercial reports, stock and general market quotations and a great variety of current miscellany, besides editorial and commentaries on the news and criticisms upon the past political events of the times. Added to these varied subjects will be full and fresh reports of congressional and legislative proceedings.

TERMS OF THE WEEKLY PATRIOT

One copy, one year, cash in advance, \$2.00

One copy, six months, cash in advance, 1.50

Four copies, one year, 7.50

Twenty copies, one year, 25.00

Thirty copies, one year, 35.00

Fifty copies, one year, 55.00

One hundred copies, one year, 105.00

With the following premiums to persons getting up clubs, a special rate will be paid for the following quantities of money:

To any person sending us a Club of four for \$7.50 cash, \$1.00

Club of six for \$11.25 cash, 2.00

Club of eight for \$15.00 cash, 3.00

Club of ten for \$18.75 cash, 4.00

Club of twelve for \$22.50 cash, 5.00

Club of fifteen for \$30.00 cash, 7.50

Club of twenty for \$40.00 cash, 10.00

Club of twenty-five for \$50.00 cash, 12.50

Club of thirty for \$60.00 cash, 15.00

Club of forty for \$80.00 cash, 20.00

Club of fifty for \$100.00 cash, 25.00

The cash to accompany every order. Agents may retain amount of their premiums.

Yours most devotedly, B. F. MEYERS & CO., Harrisburg, Pa.

Now is the Time to Subscribe for the NEW YORK WEEKLY.

The People's Favorite Journal.

The Most Interesting Stories

Are always to be found in the NEW YORK WEEKLY.

At present there are SIX GREAT STORIES

running through its columns; and at least ONE STORY IS BEGUN EVERY MONTH.

New subscribers are thus sure of having the commencement of a new continued story, no matter what they subscribe for.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY

Each number of the NEW YORK WEEKLY contains several beautiful illustrations, double the amount of reading matter of any paper of its class, and the sketches, short stories, poems, etc., are all the work of the best writers of America and Europe.

The NEW YORK WEEKLY does not confine its usefulness to amusement, but publishes a great quantity of really instructive matter, in the shape of essays, and the N. Y. WEEKLY DEPARTMENTS have attained a high reputation for their brevity, excellence, and correctness.

The Pleasant Paragraphs made up of the condensed wit and humor of many minds.

The Knowledge Box is confined to useful information on all manner of subjects.

The News Items are the latest news of the most notable things all over the world.

The Gossip With Correspondents contains letters to inquirers upon all imaginable subjects.

AN UNRIVALED LITERARY PAPER

IS THE NEW YORK WEEKLY.

Each issue contains from EIGHT to TEN STORIES AND SKETCHES, AND HALF A DOZEN POEMS, IN ADDITION TO THE SERIAL STORIES AND THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS.

THE TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

One Year—single copy, \$2.00

Four copies (\$2.50 each), Ten Dollars

Twenty copies (\$2.50 each), Twenty Dollars

Those sending \$20 for a club of Eight, all sent at one time, will be entitled to a copy gratis.

Orders of clubs can be taken at single copies at \$2.50 each.

STREET & SMITH, Proprietors, nov26m. No. 55 Fulton Street, N. Y.

THE WEEKLY SUN.

BALTIMORE

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

BY A. S. ABLE & CO.,

FROM THE "SUN-BROS. BUILDING,"

At the S. E. corner of Baltimore and South sts.

Terms Cash in Advance:

For One Copy for Six Months, \$1.00

For One Copy for One Year, \$1.50

THE WEEKLY SUN will receive its best efforts as a first-class news and literary journal. Its editorial improvement of modern journalism—by which it is distinguished—will be maintained, and such attention be given to the several departments as will insure their continued interest and whatever may be necessary to render them more complete.

Through no other medium can families and individuals in the towns and villages and rural districts of the country be so well supplied with property, news, and a full knowledge of the world's whole news, from week to week.

MAKE UP CLUBS.

Whichever WEEKLY SUN is afforded at the low rate of \$1.50 per annum to single subscribers, the Club of Ten for \$15.00, carrying the price down as low as one dollar per year when twenty-five copies or more are taken at one post office at a time.

Club of Six Copies, One Year, \$8.00

Club of Twelve Copies, One Year, 15.00

Club of Twenty Copies, One Year, 22.00

Club of Twenty-five Copies, One Year, 25.00

Parties who should get up CLUBS in their towns, villages and neighborhoods, and thus secure the advantage of the low rates. Any proprietor or keeper in the county may easily accomplish this among his acquaintances, or any active person, who has the means and intelligence which such a journal affords will be a moral and social advantage in any community.

To those parties getting up clubs for the WEEKLY SUN, sent to one post office, we will mail hereafter to the address of any one of our subscribers.

A Club of Twenty Copies, One Year, \$20.00

Algebra copy of the Weekly Sun, gratis, for one year; for a

Club of Twenty Subscribers—

We will send a copy of the Daily and Weekly Sun for six months for \$1.00.

Club of Twenty-five Subscribers—

We will send a copy of the Daily Sun for one year, and to the sender of

Club of Thirty-five or More—

We will mail both the Daily and Weekly Sun for one year.

FRESH GARDEN, FRUIT,

HERB, TREE, SHRUB AND EVERGREEN SEEDS, with directions for culture, prepaid by mail. The most complete and judicious assortment in the country. Agents wanted.

25 Sorts of seeds for \$1.00; prepaid by mail. Also Small Fruits, Plants, Bulbs, all the new Potatoes, &c., prepaid by mail. 4 lbs. Early Globe Potatoes, for \$1.00; 4 lbs. General Colossal Asparagus, \$1 per 100; \$25 per 1000. New hardy fragrant everblooming Japanese Camellias, 50 cents each, prepaid. Tom Cato Cod Cranberry, for upland lowland culture, \$1.00 per 100, prepaid, with directions.

Printed Catalogue to any address, gratis; also Trade List, Seeds on Commission.

B. M. WATSON, Old Colony Nurseries and Seed Warehouse, Plymouth, Mass. Established in 1842.

The Bedford Gazette.

MODERN CHURCH-GOING.

Coming in couples, Smiling so sweetly, Up the long aisle, Tripping so neatly.

Envy's bonnet— Envy's leaves; Nodding at neighbors, Peering in faces.

Whispering softly, Heading no sermon; What they go there for, Hard to determine.

On all around them Gazing benignly, Wholly unselfish, Singing divinely.

Pray discouraging, Don't suit their whims, Plain they assemble, Just for the aims.

THE BEGGAR-GIRL OF PARIS.

During the "Reign of Terror" in France there were many deeds of daring performed even by women and many examples of affection exhibited.

The very streets of Paris were deluged with human blood; but near the guillotine it ran in rushing torrents. One dark morning an unusual number of aristocracy had been marched forth, and countless heads rolled from the block. A gasping multitude stood by, and with shouts rent the air as the aristocracy were thus butchered.

Among the assembled multitude that dreary morning, were two females. One of them was plainly clad, while a cloak was thrown around her, with which she kept her features nearly concealed. But a close observation would betray the fact that she had been weeping. Her eyes were inflamed and red, and she gazed long and eagerly on the platform, while a shock of the glittering knife severed the head from the body of some one who had been unfortunate enough to fall under the ban of the leaders. The face of the woman was very beautiful, and she was young—certainly not more than sixteen or eighteen years of age.

The other female was quite different in character. Her face was fair, but there was a brazen expression about it. She was clad in rags, and as each head fell she would dance, and in various ways express her delight, and then exclaim: "There falls another aristocrat who refused me charity when I humbly sued him!"

Each expression of the kind would create a laugh from those who heard her.

But any thoughtful person must wonder how one so young could have been so depraved. The first female watched the creature for a few moments and then pressing her hand upon the shoulder of the wretch and whispered: "Would you like to become rich at once?"

The female in rags turned about with a look of surprise, burst into a loud laugh and then replied: "Of course I would."

"Follow me, and you shall be."

"Enough, lead on."

It was with considerable difficulty that the females extricated themselves from the crowd; but they did so at length, and then the first female asked of the other:

"What shall I call you?"

"Oh! I'm called the beggar-girl Maria."

"You live by begging?"

"Yes; but what's your name and what do you want?"

"My name is Maria, the same as your own."

"Are you an aristocrat?"

"It does not matter. It you know where we can find a room lead me to it, and you shall have gold."

The paupered the way into a narrow, filthy street, and then down into a cellar, and into a dark filthy room. The other female could not but feel a sickening sensation creep over her, but she recovered herself. After contemplating for a time the apartment, and what it contained, she asked: "Are you well known in Paris?"

"Yes. Everybody knows Maria, the beggar-girl."

"Are you known to Robespierre? If so I want to make a bargain with you."

"I am. What do you wish?"

"You see my clothing is better than your own, and I wish to exchange with you. I want you to consent to remain here and not show yourself at all for a short time, or until I come to you again. As a recompense for aiding me I will give you a thousand francs. As security for my return take this ring."

The lady drew a diamond ring from her finger, and gave it to the beggar-girl. Then handed a purse containing gold. The girl appeared a little puzzled and then asked:

"Well what are you going to do with my dress?"

"I want to put it on and go where I first met you."

"Oh, I understand now. You want to see the chopping go on, and you are afraid you will be taken for an aristocrat if you wear that dress. You want to represent me?"

"Yes I want to look as near like you as possible."

"Well that won't be difficult. Your hair and eyes, and even your mouth is like mine. Your face is too white though, but you can alter that with a little dirt."

They exchanged dresses, and soon the young rich and noble Maria de Nantes was clad in rags of Maria the beggar-girl of Paris. The history of Maria de Nantes was a sad one. Her father and two brothers had fallen victims to the remorseless fiends of the revolution and a third and last brother had been seized. But of his fate she was ignorant, although she expected it would be similar to that of her other relatives. He had been torn from her side

but a few hours before. After the change had been made, the pauper looked at the stockingless and shoeless feet, and ankle of the lady and said: "That will never do. Your feet are too white and delicate. Let me arrange matters."

In a few moments Maria was repaired and in the fifth and rags she merged into the street. She now took her course back towards the guillotine, and at length reached the square where the bloody work was still going on. Gradually she forced her way through the crowd and nearer she came to the scaffold. She even forced a laugh at several remarks she heard around, but those laughs sounded; strangely. She now stood within a few feet of the platform, and swept it with her eyes, but her brother was not there. The cry was now raised:

"Here comes another batch."

Her heart fluttered violently, and she felt a faintness come over her as she heard the tramp of the doomed men approaching. Her brother walked proudly and fearlessly forward, and ascended the very steps which led to the block. Up to this moment the strength of poor Maria had failed her, and she was unable to put her resolve into execution. But now a sister's love-welded up in her heart, and she recovered her strength. She sprang forward through the line of guards, and ran up the steps. Grasping her brother by the hand, she cried:

"What does this mean? It is only the aristocrats that are to die."

"Away, woman," exclaimed one of the executioners.

"No I will not away until you tell me why my brother is just bound."

"Your brother?" was the echo.

"Well who are you?"

"I am Maria; don't you know me?"

"The Beggar-girl?"

"Ay."

"But this is not your brother?"

"It is. Ask him—ask him."

Young Antonio de Nantes had turned a scornful gaze upon the maiden, but a light passed across his face, as he murmured:

"Oh, my sister!"

"Is this your brother?" asked Robespierre of the supposed beggar, advancing near her.

"It is."

"I supposed him to be an aristocrat."

"Then you are mistaken. He is my brother. Ask him."

"Does Maria speak the truth?" asked Robespierre.

"She does," was the brother's reply.

"And you are not De Nantes? Why did you not tell us of this before?"

"I attempted to speak but was silenced."

"But you might have declared yourself."

"You would not have believed me."

"But your dress!"

"It belonged to an aristocrat. Perhaps to him for whom I was taken."

Robespierre advanced close to young Nantes, and gazed earnestly into his face, then he approached Maria, and looked steadily into her eyes for a short time. It was a moment of trial for the poor girl. She trembled in spite of all her efforts to be calm. She almost felt that she was lost, when the human fiend whose words was law, turned and said:

"Release this man!"