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BY DAVID OVER.

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Select Poetry.



Song of a Spirit Entering Heaven.

BY MRS. GEORGIANA M'LEOB.

Air—"Home Again!"
Home at last! Home at last!
From an earthly shore,
For Oh, I've joined the ransomed ones,
Here each tear is wiped away,
By God the Holy One,
Here's naught but songs of joy and praise,
Around the Eternal's throne
Home at last! Home at last!
From an earthly shore,
For Oh! I've joined the ransomed ones,
Who passed on long before.

The pure in heart! The pure in heart!
Robed in spotless white
Are here, with stary crowns of joy,
All gloriously bright,
And some I loved so long ago,
Who left me sad and lone,
I find among the heavenly host,
Within our Father's home.
Home at last! Home at last! &c.

Safe at home! Safe at home!
Oh let the echo go,
To soothe the hearts that mourn me yet,
In that first home below.
For His dear arms are round me now,
Who was for sinners slain,
Through him I've won eternal life,
For me to die was gain.
Safe at home! Safe at home!
From an earthly shore,
Pill bless and praise thee, Oh! my God!
Forever, evermore.

AGRICULTURAL.



Experiments and Observations UPON THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

BY JOSEPH S. LOVERING.

(Continued.)

The whole of the foregoing four parcels were at this stage of the process concentrated to 22 deg. Beume, and set aside until I had completed the series on the 21st Oct; they were then collected together, and again clarified with eggs, and a second scum taken off; they were then again placed over the fire, and when at the temperature of 225 F., clear firm water in small quantities was added to coagulate the vegetable albumen, which is not disengaged at a lower temperature, but which is then observed as a whitish scum, very tenacious and glutinous, and is very detrimental to crystallization. After the various delays, heatings and re-heatings consequent on my limited means of working, (the great disadvantage of which, those acquainted with the subject only can appreciate) I commenced filtering the whole, but found it soropy and glutinous that it would not pass through, diluted it to 10 deg. B., when it came through tolerably bright; passed it through 5 feet of animal black; it parted with its coloring matter very freely.

Divided the product into three parts, and boiled it as follows:

1st part to 230 deg. F.—This stood an hour without crystallizing—found it too low, although the thumb and finger proof indicated otherwise.

2d part to 240 deg. F.—which was added to the first, and in a few minutes crystals began to appear.

3d part to 238 deg., being the mean of the other two. On finishing this, the two preceding had formed a thick, opaque mass of good crystals.

Filled one mould, wt. 20 lbs.

Weight of mould, 4 1/2 net wt. 15 1/2 lbs.

Filled one mould, 14 1/2 lbs.

Mould, 4 1/2 " " 10 lbs.

Total net weight, 25 1/2

and next morning set them on pots to drain.—Also boiled down the juice from the tops, 4 1/2 gallons, which produced with the scums 13 1/2 lbs. molasses.

Knocked out the proceeds of this experiment with the following results, viz:

1 mould, gross weight, 20 lbs.

tare, 4 1/2 net weight, 15 1/2

Net weight, 14 1/2

Wt. of molasses 8 1/2 wt. 7 lbs. sugar, 14 1/2

1 mould, gross weight, 14 1/2

tare, 4 1/2 net weight, 10

Wt. of molasses, 5 1/2 wt. 4 1/2 lbs. sugar, 13 1/2

Molasses made from tops, as above, 13 1/2

Total weight of product of 200 feet of a row, 11.50 lbs. sugar, 27.75 lbs. molasses.

Product of an acre in lbs., 625.50 1485.00
A gallon of molasses weighs 12 pounds, therefore, divide 1485 by 12, and we have, gallons, 123.75.

For the acre 625 1/2 lbs. sugar, and 123 1/2 gallons molasses, produced from 18,148 canes, yielding 1,737 gallons juice, weighing 9 lbs. per gallon, or 15,633 lbs., being 4 per ct. of sugar and 9.50 per ct. of molasses, or 13.50 per ct. together.

The sugar is of a yellowish brown color, about as dry as, and about the color of 2d quality Cuba sugar, such as is used by refiners.

THIS EXPERIMENT.

Since the 28th October, the weather has been mild and foggy, with heavy rains; temp. varying from 48 to 60 degs. A very decidedly increased development of sugar in the juice has been ascertained, viz: 7.26 per ct. instead of 5 per ct., and I have gained some experience; so, instead of allowing the syrup to remain from four to twelve days, still containing a great portion of its fermentable impurities, gradually undergoing decomposition and depreciation, I remedy this evil to some extent, as will be seen. I also dispense with the fine ivory black and the filtering, thus simplifying the process.

Nov. 2. Cut and ground 58 feet of a row—100 canes—the upper portion of the stalks turning yellow—leaves dead and dry—ground 5 and 7 of the lower joints—produced 10 gallons juice, weighing 10 deg. B., much less acid than previous samples, and barely changing litmus paper—neutralized with milk of lime and clarified at once perfectly with eggs—passed it immediately through 3 1/2 feet black, and boiled it to 234 deg. F.; after standing an hour the crystals were large and sharp, but not very abundant till morning, it being boiled too low. (To be continued.)

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Times.]
Sad Calamity—Burning of a Whole Family—Heroic Conduct of a Jailor's Wife.

WATERBURY, N. Y. April 5.—The inhabitants of this place have had two rather exciting topics on their tongues for the past few hours, the first relating to a shocking affair in the adjoining town of Le Roy; the second to another affair not so shocking in our own neighborhood.

The first is as I learn by actual personal investigation, somewhat thus: A farmer named Daniel Comstock has been living with his four little daughters, Mary, Maria, Colona and Cora, alone in his house, which is located fourteen or fifteen miles from here, on what is known as the Philadelphia Road. His wife has been absent some two months, in Auburn under medical treatment. Last Sunday night, about 9 o'clock, it was discovered that the residence of Mr. Comstock was in flames, and before assistance could be rendered it was burned to the ground, together with its five inmates! It would seem from the position of affairs as I found them to-day, on the ground, that Mr. C. and his four daughters, (the oldest of whom was only ten years) were all asleep together in one bed room, in a corner of the house.

The first indication they had of the fire was, probably not until the building was full of flames, for it is apparent the fire "took" from a keg of ashes in the wood-house, which is some distance from the bed-room. It must have enveloped everything in flames. Rushing in the darkness forth from the bedroom, the frantic children fled in different directions, blinded by the smoke and flames; while the unnatural father, who loved his money more than his offspring ran up stairs to get his box of valuables while he might have easily opened the bedroom window at the outset, and placed himself and children beyond danger—for the bedroom was on the ground floor. But, alas for human frailty!—his miserly habits ruled him, and his blackened bones and ashes were found, after the fire, lying across his box in the cellar, where he had fallen.

As if this affair were not sufficiently shocking in itself, we are compelled to turn to the poor wife, who, away in Auburn, is contemplating the happiness of her little ones, and the prospect of a speedy reunion with them. Before I left that vicinity, to return to Watertown, a letter was placed in my hands, which had just been received from the poor woman, addressed to her husband, and dated at Auburn, last Friday. I extract for you these portions:

MY DEAR ONES AT HOME: You will all be surprised, and I trust, like me, you will be justly surprised, when I tell you that I am coming home next week. * * * I should have started this morning, if I had an answer to the letter that I sent on Tuesday, last. I feel as if I cannot possibly wait till it comes. * * * I am not strong enough to endure much though I am very much excited with the prospect of going. I am very much excited with the prospect of going home; hope I shall get calmer before I start. I think I see you all looking very happy, my dear children, when pa reads this to you. Be good children, and I hope before another Friday noon to be with you. * * *
Your affectionate mother, A. M. C.
Alas! alas! for this poor woman, when she learns the fate of her "dear children," and realizes that after all she is alone in the world!—May God pity and strengthen her!

The second topic of which I spoke is more agreeable to dwell upon. Early on Sunday morning, four prisoners, named Wilson, Ed. G., Missie and Ward, by feigning the sickness of one of their number, got the jailor at this

place, Mr. Baker, in their power, gagged and bound him and locked him in a cell. This done, they robbed him of his money and the keys of the prison, and were calmly taking their leave, when they were "brought all upstanding" by beholding the jailor's little wife pointing at them, through a railing, a loaded revolver, and calmly informing them that she would put a bullet through the first man who attempted to come forward. A conversation something like this followed:

PRISONER—The devil you will! You don't know how to shoot it.
Mrs BAKER—Try it and see, if you like! I have been practicing with this pistol for the past few days, and I promise you I will kill the first man who comes forward.

PRISONER—Well, if that's your game, we'll be quits with you. Now, take your choice, young woman—either let us pass out in peace, or submit to have your husband's brains knocked out against the walls of the jail. Which do you like best? Perhaps that won't be gay, nor nothing, just to see him laying out there cold and stiff, with his brains laying around. Hal! hal!—d—d pretty picture, ain't it? D—d pretty wife you are, ain't ye, to get your husband killed? Come, now, what d'ye say!—Let us out, and it'll be all right—won't ye!—[And the speaker moved forward a step.]
Mrs BAKER—The first man who steps over that sill dies!

And then that brave man held those men at bay for something like half an hour, until help came, and they were driven into their cells.

Desperate Fight with a Man who Wouldn't Pay his Taxes.

The York county papers give the particulars of a desperate encounter with a man named Daniel Strong, residing in Hellam tp., who is a property holder, but has not paid his taxes for seven or eight years. Whenever a tax collector made his appearance, Strong would drive him from his premises, and no officer had yet succeeded in arresting him. On Wednesday last week officer Waring proceeded to Strong's place to arrest him. Meeting him near the house, he told him his errand, and at the same time attempted to reason with him, saying he had better go with him peacefully, and it would be best for all concerned. At this Strong sent to the house for a pistol, and then commenced swearing in the German language, and abusing the officer in a most shameful manner, thinking, no doubt, to intimidate him and drive him away. The officer tried again to persuade Strong to go with him peacefully, but without avail. He then told him that he would call on the following day, and then he would have to go. He then left Strong and returned to York.

The next day, according to promise, Mr. Waring accompanied by officer Hibner, again paid Strong a visit, and found him and his son Jacob in a field close by their residence, making a fence, with two loaded guns between them. As soon as they observed the officers— which was not until they were but a few feet from the ground the officer also took hold, and now a terrible melee ensued—the elder Strong and Waring striving for the mastery of the one gun, and Jacob and Hibner striving for the other. In the scuffle which ensued, the gun which Jacob had hold of was broken to pieces, and rendered useless. Waring succeeded in wrenching the gun from the old man, fired it off and stood it aside. In the meantime, Mrs. Strong and her daughter Susanna, made their appearance on the field of action, and fought like tigers. After one gun was broken and the other fired off, the two men endeavored to drive the officers away with stones, clubs, fists, &c., but they counted without their hosts; for this time they had men to deal with who would not be driven away. The officers, in self-defence, were compelled to knock them down. Hibner succeeded in getting his man down first, and commenced to get him. The old man, by some means, managed to get away from Waring, seized a pick axe and raised it to strike Hibner, when Waring again took hold of him, threw him down, and proceeded to tie him.

Whilst they were being tied the women rushed to the rescue; the old woman took the gun which had been left standing by the fence and struck Waring with it, (who caught it on his arm,) and broke it to pieces. The daughter struck Hibner with a stone on the back of the head, causing a painful wound. The parties finally submitted, and the old man, his son and daughter, were brought to York and committed to prison.

A FACT FULL OF MEANING.—In a religious excitement in Boston a person met a Christian neighbor who took him by the hand and said:

"I have become a Christian."
"You are a Christian, then, all at once," said the other; "you profess to set strictly on Christian principles. I am glad of it. I congratulate you. Suppose you now have a settlement of the little accounts between us. Pay me what you owe."
"No," said the new-born child of grace, turning on his heel, "religion is religion, and business is business."

So the papers tell us. And what is there so very wonderful about it? Is not the world full of such Christianity?

PATIENCE.—"You can do anything if you only have patience," said an old uncle, who had made a fortune, to a nephew who had nearly spent one.
"Water may be carried in a sieve, if you can only wait."
"How long?" asked the impatient spendthrift, who was impatient for the old man's obituary.
"Till it freezes!" was the uncle's cool reply.

REV. PETER CARTWRIGHT AT THE ASTOR HOUSE.

Some church affairs made it necessary for Mr. Cartwright to visit New York city some years ago, and it was arranged for him that he should stop up at the Astor House. It was here that his brethren expected to meet him; his social and denominational appointments had reference to the Astor House as his headquarters. When Mr. Cartwright, however, appeared at the Astor, there was nothing in his backwoods appearance that suggested to its proprietors his worthy position among the fathers of Methodism; when, therefore, he requested to be shown to a servant to show him up stairs. Up stairs they went—up, up, up—Mr. Cartwright in wandering amazement lost the servant apparently entering in his amusement of ascending. Finally, the servant opened the door of an apartment up in the attic story, and pointed it out to Mr. C. as his room. Father Peter detained the servant while he should take a general survey of the premises—repeated the inquiry if this was the room he was to occupy—and at length, appearing to be well satisfied, he disposed of his baggage, and very politely requested the servant to be good enough to show him down stairs again. The servant preceded Father Cartwright down, down, down, till they reached at length the street landing; but, before the servant could make his escape, Peter inquired if he wouldn't please show him up again! So up they went again, heavenward, and at last Peter found his room, and permitted the servant to depart in peace. The servant, however, had little more than found himself down stairs, when Uncle Peter rang the bell vigorously. In due time, up came the servant, by this time panting with the usual exertion.

"My good friend, I am sorry to trouble you but I should be glad to see the clerk, if you will be kind enough to send him to my room."
"Oh, certainly."
And so down, down goes the servant, to say to the clerk that singular old chap up in the upper story wanted him to come to his room.

And then up goes Mr. clerk.
"Are you the clerk?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well, you will place me under great obligations to you, if you will show me the way down stairs."

And when once more down stairs, after Uncle Peter had taken another careful survey of the surroundings, the clerk very politely inquired if there was anything further he could do for him.

"Yes," says Uncle Peter, "yes my friend, I would be greatly obliged to you for a broad-axe!"

"A broad-axe!" says Mr. Clerk, in astonishment, "and what do you propose to do with a broad-axe?"

"I thought I should like to blaze my way to my room."

It is needless to say that Peter Cartwright was the lion of that week at the Astor; and that it was not further required of him to climb up that endless series of stairways—but, when his friends called again to inquire for, or call upon him, they found him snugly ensconced in one of the most eligible rooms in the house.

A DISTURBANCE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—On Monday, soon after the adjournment of the House of Representatives, the Hon. Mr. Craige, of North Carolina, and a man named Helper, formerly of the same State, and author of an abolition work called "The Impending Crisis," had a slight personal collision in the Hall. The "States" has the following version of the affray:—

A member who was sitting not far from Mr. Craige, states that a conversation of so marked a character as to attract attention had been carried on some time between the two, when, finally, Mr. Craige told Helper to go away; and that he wished to have no difficulty with him. Helper made some insolent reply, and Mr. Craige reached out his hand as if to seize him. This Helper resented by a blow, or an attempt at a blow.

A fistuff, lasting a minute or two, but ending in no material injury to either party, ensued. The rencounter commenced in the centre aisle, and ended in the space in front of the clerk's desk. Members rushed in and separated the belligerents.

According to the Star, Mr. Helper felt himself aggrieved by some recent remarks of Mr. Biggs in the Senate. It appears a northern Senator, in a speech, had quoted from Helper's work something concerning slavery at the South whereupon Senator Biggs indulged in remarks not very complimentary to the author. This induced Helper to endeavor to ascertain what had thus "posted" Mr. Biggs, and as Mr. Craige came from the district where he (Helper) formerly resided in North Carolina, he approached him under the conviction that he was the informant.

Helper was taken before the magistrate by the sergeant-at-arms, and in the afternoon held to bail to keep the Peace. Senator Hale and Montgomery Blair appeared as his counsel.—Upon searching Helper, immediately after his arrest, a pistol and bowie-knife were found on his person.

A bill to erect a monument to the Pennsylvanians who lost their lives in the Mexican War, to be located at Harrisburg, was taken up and passed the Legislature.

Messrs. Rose and Owen, two members of the Pennsylvania Legislature, had a fight in the rotunda of the State Capitol on Thursday last.

Why is the letter *e* a lazy and extravagant letter! Because it is always in bed and never out of debt.

The Second Advent people give out that the world will surely "come off" the present year.

DEATH OF WM. MARKS.

The Pittsburg Chronicle says that Gen. William Marks died about noon, Saturday, in Beaver, in full possession of his senses, and in the hope of that joyful immortality which his long Christian profession and practice justified him in entertaining. He was about seventy-eight years of age.

Perhaps no man in Pennsylvania ever served so long in political life. Entering the Legislature in 1810, he continued in it until 1826, during which time he was for six years Speaker of the Senate, and was generally esteemed a prompt, decided and impartial presiding officer.

In 1829 he was elected to the United States Senate, and served a term of six years. In this distinguished body he was cotemporary with Webster, Calhoun, Van Buren, Benton, Berrien, Hayne, and others of the great men of the day, most of whom have gone before him into the spirit land.

It is noteworthy that for five years he was associated with Col. Benton on the Committee on Military Affairs. They were, as we stated before, about the same age, and though differing radically in political faith, they should have died on the same day, and within a few hours of each other, is truly a strange coincidence. May they both meet the reward of lives well spent.

HOW TO GET A FEATHER BED.—The following extract is from Lover's Handy Andy:—

"In carrying off the small thing of a feather bed, Jake Take, the bold burglar, showed the skill of a high practitioner, for he decended the stairs backwards."

"Backwards!" exclaimed Harry Logan, "what's that for?"

"You'll see by and by," said Croggins.—

"He decended backwards, when suddenly he heard the door opening, and a female voice exclaiming—

"Where are you going with that bed?"

"I'm going up stairs with it, ma'am," said Jake, whose backward position favored his lie, and he began to walk up with it again.

"Come down, said the lady, 'we want no bed here, man!'"

"Mr. Sullivan, ma'am sent me home with it himself," said Jake.

"Come down, I tell you," said the lady in a rage, "there's no Mr. Sullivan lives here."

"I beg your pardon, my lady," said Jack; then turning round and marching off with his bed fair and square. Well, there was a regular shoo in the house, when the thing was found out, and cart ropes wouldn't hold the lady for the rage she was in.

THE HOOPED SKIRT AND BAPTISM.—A Chicago last week a rather amusing scene took place during the baptism of a young lady by the pastor of the Tabernacle. The Union says:—The minister requested her to assume the dress peculiar to such an occasion, but she declined to take off her hoop skirt; the minister told her of the inconvenience that must result from her obstinacy; but like a true female she persisted; but when she came to descend into the bath, the inflated skirt touched the water and rose up around her like a balloon.—Her head was lost to the congregation, she was swallowed up in the swelling shirt, the minister tried to force her down into the bath, but she was kept above the surface by the floating properties of crinoline, and was buoyed up so successfully that it was not until after much difficulty and many foreible attempts to submerge the lady, the minister succeeded in baptizing the fair one.—Finally it was effected, to the relief of the minister and the seriously inclined audience, who could not keep from chucking in their sleeves, and laughing in their pocket kerchiefs.—Boston Herald.

MR. HARRIS OF ILLINOIS.—HIS APPEARANCE IN THE HOUSE.—Hon. S. Colfax, in a letter to his constituents, published in the South Bend Register, says:

Mr. Harris of Ill., is far gone in consumption, and has been bleeding from the lungs in his sick room ever since the last encounter in the House on the outrageous conduct of the Kansas Select Committee, where he acted as the anti-Leecompton leader—when he entered the House exactly five minutes before one o'clock, with feeble step, leaning on the arm of his colleague, Morris, a thrill ran through the House. He could have been spared, but he refused, and declared that if it cost him his life, he should be in his seat to vote his utter condemnation of this shameful Iniquity. When one, who has been for years, a hero of the Hebrews in his devotion to his party, of which he has been an active leader, thus perils his life, to record his hostility to this Tyranny, ought not the people, who love Justice and hate Wrong, to imitate his example and emulate his patriotism, which rises higher than party, and is willing to give his life as a dying protest against it.

Our "Devil," who, a few evenings since escorted a bright-eyed little creature home from church, while on their way she archly looked up into his face; and with a sunny smile upon her countenance, said:

"I'm afraid I shall never get to Heaven," Charley.

"What reason have you for thinking so?" he asked.

"Oh," said she, "because I love the 'Devil' too well."

Many letters addressed to the managers of the bogus lotteries recently broken up in the North, enclosing thousands of dollars, have been forwarded to Washington to be restored to their deluded authors.

The population of India exhibits a grand total of 180,884,297 souls.

ROMANTIC MEETING.—On the 23d ultimo a passenger came to Portland by the steamer Anglo-Saxon, and took lodgings at one of the city hotels. Next morning he took the cars for this city, in company with a gentleman who had remained at the same house with him over night, and whose countenance he somehow or other imagined familiar. They got into conversation in coming down the Eastern Railroad, but nothing transpired to elicit the fact whether they had been old acquaintances. When they arrived at the depot, and had attended to their luggage, one of the gentlemen inquired in the hearing of the other, for a cab to take him to a certain street in Charlestown. The other said he proposed going to the same street, and the two engaged the same conveyance. On arriving at the street in question, it appeared that they both designed to call on the same individual. This strange series of coincidences greatly puzzled both; but their mutual surprise and delight can be imagined in a degree, when they found they were brothers, and that they had thus singularly met at the house of a third brother. One of them had been in the service of the Pasha of Egypt for twenty-two years, the other has spent sixteen years in the East Indies while the third has been in this country during nineteen years past. The brothers are natives of Scotland, and have not seen each other for twenty-four years.—Boston Ledger.

DAD MORTON.—There is an old chap in the State of Vermont, who is known as 'Dad' Morton, and is famous as a story-teller. He relates a great many yarns, some of which are of a Munchausenish character, though by frequently narrating them he has brought himself to believe that they are indisputable facts. I had been talking with the old man of the sensible manners and cautious of our forefathers and their success in doing the business of life, when he broke out:

"I'll tell ye, them 'ancestors of our's didn't do nothin' halfways. But there's a awful fallin' off of sense them times. Why in my time when I was a boy, things went on more economical than now. We all work'd. My work was to take care of the hen and chickens, from one hen; and I'll tell ye how I did it. I took an old whiskey barrel and filled it up with fresh eggs, and then put it on the south side of a barn with some horse manure around the bung hole. The old critter kept her sittin' and in three weeks I heard 'peep.' Then I put my ear to spigot, when the peeping growed like a swarm of bees. I didn't sap anything to the folks at all about the hatching, for they'd all the time told me I was a fool, but the next morning knocked the head out of the barrel and covered the barn floor, two deep, all over, with little chickens. Now, you may laugh as much as you please, but it's true. That's so."

WHERE THE CANARY BIRDS COME FROM.—There is an association in Philadelphia, composed of about thirty Germans, who aim at improving the breed of Canary birds, and last month they published their thirteenth annual report. From that the bird sales of Philadelphia are confined to Germans, and amount to \$40,000 annually, and three-quarters of that sum is derived from the sale of canaries. The common or original Canary is of the least value, and sells at about \$2; the improved kinds bring from \$8 to \$10 apiece, and are from Central Europe. The great majority of these birds were obtained from Belgium, where they are bred in houses by the peasants, who raised them as a pastime. They are what are called "long" and "short" breeds. Birds of the long breed are procured from Brussels, Antwerp and Delft, where they sometimes obtain extravagant prices. Their cost depends upon the color and shape; the pure yellow being the most esteemed. They are only used for the purpose of breeding, and often times sell for \$30 a pair. The short breed is raised by the people of Hartz mountains. Next to the Belgian, the French bird is most prized.

MY LIFE HAS BEEN A FAILURE.—So said a capitalist in this country, worth his several millions, on being asked why he did not have a biography of his life written. What an answer, and what a sad truth to be made and considered by one who has spent a long life in amassing wealth; and now, with trembling limbs, stepping into the grave, the startling truth, quite too late it is to be feared, flashed across the mind, that his life had been a failure—its great object, and the only one worthy the attention of an immortal being, having been entirely overlooked, or neglected! What more than such a thought need occupy a sane mind, to fill and keep it full of unutterable anguish? Life a failure!

Reader—whosoever you may be, poor or rich—did you ever ask yourself whether your life also has been a failure? Whether you are living merely for this world—laying up the treasures of which you cannot avail yourself in your time of greatest need!

A HIT AT OLD SANDS OF LIFE.—The Gleaner publishes the following testimonial:

"Messrs. Editors:—Permit me through your columns, to bear testimony to a valuable medicine. My great aunt has been striving to reach heaven for twenty years—having a cough, she finally fell into the hands of the 'retired physician,' whose 'sands of life have nearly run out.' She purchased a bottle of his *Canabiss Indica*, from which she gained strength, judging from the violence of her cough. On taking the second her strength so increased, that she was able to cough all day and night without interruption. The third landed her in heaven. Thus in the brief space of time, a fond hope and anticipations of more than a quarter of a century are realized for the sum of seven dollars twelve and a half cents."