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Office with S. L. Russel, Esq., near  
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Office same as formerly occupied by Hon. W. P.  
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Offers to give satisfaction to all who may en-  
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prompt attention. Military Claims, Pensions, &c.,  
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lected from the Government.  
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Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to  
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Particular attention paid to the collection of  
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Will attend promptly to all business intrusted to  
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tice.  
They are, also, regularly licensed Civil Agents  
and will give special attention to the prosecution  
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Back Pay, Bounty, Military Claims, &c.  
Office on Juliana street, one door South of the  
'Mangel House' and nearly opposite the Inquirer  
office. April 28, 1865-1yr

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Will faithfully and promptly attend to all busi-  
ness entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoin-  
ing counties. Military Claims, Pensions, Back  
Pay, Bounty, Military Claims, &c., speedily col-  
lected from the Government.  
Office on Juliana street, 2 doors south  
of the Mangel House. April 11, 1864-1yr.

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Respectfully tenders his professional services  
to the public. Office with J. W. Lingenfelter,  
Esq., on Juliana street, two doors South of the  
'Mangel House'. Dec. 9, 1864-1yr.

KIMMEL AND LINGENFELTER,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.  
Have formed a partnership in the practice of  
the Law Office on Juliana Street, two doors South  
of the Mangel House. April, 1864-1yr.

JOHN MOWER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BEDFORD, PA.  
April 1, 1864-1yr.

DENTISTS.

C. S. BICKEL,  
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Office in the Bank Building, Juliana Street.  
All operations pertaining to Surgical or Me-  
chanical Dentistry, executed with skill and  
accuracy, and warranted. TERMS CASH.  
Tooth Powders and Mouth Wash, excellent ar-  
ticles, always on hand. Jan 7-1yr

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I. N. BOWSER, RESIDENT DENTIST, WOOD-  
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month, commencing with the second Tuesday of  
the month. Prepared to perform all Dental  
operations with safety and success. Office  
within the reach of all and strictly except by  
special contract. Work to be sent by mail or  
other, must be paid for when impressions are taken,  
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PHYSICIANS.

DR. GEO. C. DOUGLAS  
Respectfully tenders his professional services  
to the people of Bedford and vicinity.  
Office on Juliana street, opposite the  
'Mangel House'. Office two doors west of Bedford Hotel, up  
stairs. Jan 7-1yr

WM. W. JAMISON, M. D.,  
Respectfully tenders his professional services  
to the people of this place and vicinity. [Dec 2-1yr

DR. B. F. HARRY,  
Respectfully tenders his professional ser-  
vices to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity.  
Office and residence on Pitt Street, in the building  
formerly occupied by Dr. J. H. Hoops. April 1, 1864-1yr.

J. L. MARBOURG, M. D.,  
Has permanently located respectfully  
tenders his professional services to the citizens  
of Bedford and vicinity. Office on Juliana street,  
opposite the Bank, one door north of Hall & Pal-  
mer's office. April 1, 1864-1yr.

JEWELER, &c.

ASALOM GARBLICK,  
Clock & Watchmaker and Jeweller,  
Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., promptly re-  
paired. All work entrusted to his care, warranted  
to give satisfaction.  
Office with Dr. J. A. Mann. my4

JOHN REIMUND,  
CLOCK AND WATCH-MAKER,  
in the United States Telegraph Office,  
BEDFORD, PA.  
Clocks, watches, and all kinds of jewelry  
promptly repaired. All work entrusted to his care  
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WATCHMAKER AND DEALER IN JEWEL-  
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Pitt Street, two doors west of the BED-  
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He keeps on hand a stock of fine Gold and Sil-  
ver Watches, Spectacles of Brilliant Double Redia,  
Gold Chains, Scotch Pebble Glasses, Gold  
Finger Rings, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, best  
quality of Gold Pens. He will supply to order  
any thing in his line not on hand.  
apr. 28-1yr

ANTI-DUST PARLOR STOVES, (Spear's  
Patent) at B. Mc. BLYMYER & CO'S

# Bedford Inquirer

A LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, EDUCATION, LITERATURE AND MORALS.

DURBORROW & LUTZ Editors and Proprietors. BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1866. VOLUME 39; NO 49.

## Poetry.

### IS IT DESTROYED?

BY REV. ALFRED N. GILBERT.

"When slavery raised itself in opposition to the government, we destroyed it altogether."—Mr. Secord's Speech, Feb. 23, 1866.

But the Muse of History asketh,  
Is the labor truly done?  
Is it the captive's basket  
In the light of freedom's sun?  
Are the shackles truly broken,  
Or but changed to other form?  
Has the nation honest spoken,  
Or but eringed to "scape the storm?"

Vain the loss of perished treasure,  
Vain the homestead's vacant chair,  
Vain the blood in copious measure,  
And the death shrieks on the air,  
Vain the widow's moans of sorrow,  
Vain the orphan's tear-drops bright,  
If the freemen stand to-morrow  
Robbed of but a single right.

God's great purpose never falters:  
Years may pass and crime grow strong,  
But the fire flames on his altars  
That of all burn to dust the wrong.  
Oh! in pity to our children,  
Let us justice nobly do,  
Let the boon we gave the bondman  
Be no heritage of woe!

Open up the path of honor  
To all earnest, manly feet;  
Even though the face be dusky  
What of that when heroes meet?  
Color is the rude distinction  
Of a barbarous, childish age;  
Pale it unto quick extinction  
'Neath the wisdom of the sage.

Dusky faces parted on Wagner;  
Dusky forms Port Hudson scaled;  
And in Petersburg entrenchments  
Dusky men were heroes hailed;  
Dusky hands have held the musket;  
Dusky guides have led the van;  
Dusky souls brought priceless knowledge;  
Dusky braves to victory ran.

Shall the hands that held the musket  
Poised to save the nation's life,  
Shall the hearts that bled with valor  
On the field of noble strife,  
Shall the feet that walked full weary  
Where'er the flag might wave,  
Now be brushed in cruel scorn  
By the land they helped to save?

On the page of history shaming  
Punic fraud and Roman wrong,  
Shall America's ungrateful  
Furnish food for scornful song?  
Never! Never!—office with  
Man as man shall honored be;  
No distinction, save of merit,  
Made among our people free.

Then will centuries of labor  
Of the great and good of earth  
Calmly in beaming glory  
In the true republic's birth;  
And the wisest dreams we've cherished  
Of a future bliss and grand,  
Mid the love of God fall shining,  
Be fulfilled in FREEDOM'S LAND.

### THE HARVEST CALL.

BY WM. H. BURLEIGH.

Abide not in the Realm of Dreams,  
Oh man, however fair it seems,  
Where drowsy airy powers repress  
In languor of sweet idleness.

Nor linger in the misty Past,  
Entranced in visions vague and vast;  
But with clear eye the Present scan,  
And hear the call of God and man.

That call, though many voiced, is one  
With mighty meanings in each tone:  
Through sob and laughter, shriek and prayer,  
Its summons meets thee everywhere.

Think not to sleep to fold thy hands,  
Forgetful of thy Lord's commands;  
From Duty's claims no life is free,  
Behold, to-day hath need of thee!

Look up! the wide extended plain  
Is billowy with its ripened grain,  
And on the Summer winds are rolled  
Its waves of emerald and gold.

Thrust in thy sickle! nor delay  
The work that calls for thee to-day:  
To-morrow, if it come, will bear  
Its own demands of toil and care.

The present hour allots thy task!  
For present strength and patience ask,  
And trust His love whose surpluses  
Meet all thy needs as they arise.

Lo! the broad fields with harvest white  
Thy hands to strenuous toil invite;  
And he who labors and believes  
Shall reap reward of ample sheaves.

Up! for the time is short! and soon  
The morning sun will climb to noon:  
Up! ere the herds, with tramping feet,  
Outtramping thee, shall spoil the wheat.

While the day lingers do the best!  
Full soon the night will bring its rest,  
And, duty done, the rest shall be  
Full of beatitudes to thee.

A story is told of a Western candi-  
date that came upon "a poor white man,"  
who had a vote to give, if he did his own  
milk. The candidate, Jones, asked him  
if he should hold the cow, which seemed to  
be uneasy, and the old man consenting very  
readily, he took her by the horns, and held  
fast till the operation was done.

"Have you had Robinson (his rival) round  
here lately?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, he's behind the barn holding  
the calf!"

A gentleman was one day arranging  
music for a young lady, to whom he was  
paying his attentions. "Pray, Miss Josie-  
anne," said he, "what time do you prefer?"  
She replied carefully, "Any time you de-  
sire—but the quicker the better."

"It's a great pleasure entirely to be  
alone, especially when you've your watch-  
with yer," says Paddy shane.

"They say 'cotton is declining,'" ex-  
claimed an old lady, as she removed her  
spectacles and laid down her paper. "I  
thought so," she continued, "for the last  
thread I used was very feeble."

## Miscellaneous.

### CHARLES DICKENS.

#### HOME LIFE OF "BOZ."

I had long felt an ardent desire to make  
the acquaintance of the eminent author  
whose works, and especially those "David  
Copperfield," I had read and re-read. In-  
formed of this desire, my old neighbor Paul  
Feville (who is the most obliging fellow in  
Christendom), offered me a letter of intro-  
duction to Charles Dickens, which I accept-  
ed with alacrity.

The moment I reached London I asked  
for the celebrated novelist's address. I was  
told that "Charles Dickens lived at Gadshill,  
about twenty-four miles from London by  
rail." I wrote to Mr. Dickens the next  
day. The following morning I received a  
note, in very good French, and in a fine,  
regular hand, which formed a marked con-  
trast with the terrible scrawl of your humble  
servant. Mr. Dickens informed me in this  
note that he was scarcely ever absent from  
home except on Saturdays (when he went to  
London to superintend the publication of his  
last novels, which appeared in numbers), and  
invited me to come out to Gadshill.

The railway from London to Gadshill is  
built on the right bank of the Thames, and  
runs parallel with the river almost the whole  
way, consequently the journey is a very pleas-  
ant one. The train takes about an hour to  
run the distance so that at the end of sixty minutes  
I got out of the city of London at Gadshill  
station; and, as I had not informed him of  
my coming, I had to walk up the hill on  
whose summit lies the village in which is  
Mr. Dickens's residence. As I drew near  
the first house of the village, and was about  
to ask my way to a gentleman coming  
up the hill behind me, I asked him to  
step. He was a man about fifty years old,  
of average height, good shape, straight as  
an arrow, with moustache and goatee turn-  
ing slightly gray, and having the energetic  
look and decided air of our officers of the  
Chasseurs d'Afrique. I asked him in ex-  
cellent English, "Will you please tell me  
which is Mr. Dickens's house?"

The gentleman replied in good French,  
"Allow me to show you the way there.  
I am Charles Dickens."

On the way he talked in the most friend-  
ly manner about Paul Feville, whose talents  
he esteems very highly, and about Feviller,  
with whom he is extremely intimate. I no-  
ticed that he had a very sympathetic tone of  
voice, and a clear and abrupt way of talk-  
ing which added to his military manners.

We reached his house, situated at an angle  
of the village. In front of it lay a lawn,  
stretching to the river, and on the lawn  
likewise belonging to Mr. Dickens, lies on  
the other side of the road. It is reached by  
a subterranean passage under the road.  
The stable yard, the stables and carriage  
houses are on the right of the house.

I like most English cottages, Mr. Dickens's  
is plainly built, kept up with the most  
perfect order. It is not more than two stories  
high. As you enter, there is a small  
drawing room on the right, containing Mr.  
Dickens's library; next is Mr. Dickens's  
study, which is very plainly furnished, and  
has no ornament except two or three bronzes.  
The windows open on a sort of garden  
surrounding the house, and, as the house  
stands on a high bank, the garden extends  
a fine view of the neighboring country, which  
can be enjoyed from them. On the left is the  
large drawing room, filled with  
everything to make one comfortable, and  
decorated with great luxury, but with no  
attempt at show. Perfect taste reigns over  
everything. The drawing room opens into  
the dining room; under the dining room is  
the kitchen. Above these rooms are the  
bed chambers, which are irregularly distrib-  
uted, but they are extremely comfortable  
and profusely furnished with those needful  
and vast utensils which are indispensable to  
the toilet of every Englishman.

After talking a few moments in his study,  
Mr. Dickens introduced me to his family.  
It consisted that day of his daughter and  
sister-in-law. He has several other chil-  
dren, as many as six or eight, but they, and  
his sons kept in London by their professions  
rarely come out to see him, except on Sun-  
days. Another daughter, who is now a  
cousin of Wilkie Collins, the author of  
"The Woman in White." The daughter I  
had the honor to meet in Gadshill is a young  
and beautiful lady of twenty, whose court-  
ing and kind features are a good deal like  
those of her father. Her mother is an English  
lady, French, and their conversation has a  
French tinge, which was probably due to the  
annual visits they made to Paris. Dickens is  
very fond of France and the French.

Whatever may be the popularity he en-  
joys in his own country, he is too vigor-  
ously attacked by hypocrites, pseudo christians  
and humbug philanthropists to be free from  
enemies. He gives heart and courage to  
none the less continues his crusade against  
abuses. I need scarcely say that, while at-  
tentionally reading his works, without being  
carried away by the charm of the events he  
unrolls before one's eyes, one may discover  
a great many philosophical views and obser-  
vations upon social economy. While writ-  
ing in a tone of raillery, he sometimes  
advances very practical ideas, which would  
be esteemed very highly were they suggest-  
ed by the official pen of a political writer.

Dickens's favorite time for working is in  
the morning. He rises very early and sets  
to work at once. He lightly breakfasts on a  
half-past nine and continues to work until  
twelve o'clock. At this hour he lunches.  
After lunch he goes out into the fields, and  
does not return home until half past six  
o'clock. He walks every day some eight or  
ten miles.

Dickens's writing is, as I have said, fine  
and regular. It is not unlike Paul Feville's  
hand. He keeps and has had bound the  
manuscript of some of his works. It seems to  
me his favorite novel is "David Copperfield."  
However rarely speaks of his  
works; but when he is driven to talk of  
them, he talks about himself with rare im-  
partiality, without vanity and without false  
modesty. His conversation is striking by  
its vivacity, natural tone and the absence of  
everything like humbug and studied affect.

In England, where old abuses are more  
difficult to uproot than anywhere else, and  
where custom acquires the force of law, a  
foreigner can scarcely conceive what talents  
and energy are required to overthrow a de-  
fective institution by attacking it openly.  
Dickens has never assumed the airs of a  
reformer, either in his conversation or writ-  
ings; nevertheless few men have exercised  
so much influence as himself on the nation-  
al mind. The reforms which are just begin-  
ning to be introduced into the incredible  
intricacy of English pleadings and legal  
practices were prepared, so to say, figuratively  
several years ago in his works by calling  
public attention, and by stigmatizing the  
rapacity of pettifoggers. His railway has  
none of the brutality of English sarcasm.  
Neither does it consist of a cutting word or  
a biting phrase, as is the case with some of  
our French writers. It is felt everywhere in

## THE APPRENTICE.

### TO THE APPRENTICE.

Aspiring apprentice, a word or two in  
your ear. If you desire success in any mat-  
ter pertaining to this life or the coming,  
you must have a purpose—a determination,  
that God helping you, you will ever suc-  
ceed. You may be poor, friendless, un-  
known—your clothing scant, your stomach  
half-filled—your place may be at the foot of  
the ladder; no matter. Whatever your  
position may be, do your duty in it, stoutly  
and perseveringly, with your eye fixed far  
ahead and upward.

Keeping the purpose before you that you  
will rise, be obedient to your employer, at-  
tentive to your business, obliging to your  
shopmates, and courteous to strangers; and  
seize every opportunity to improve your  
heart, your mind and your workman-  
ship. Do everything well—no slighting, no hiding  
defects, aiming always at perfection. Watch  
those who are skillful, and strive to equal  
all by desiring it. Allow no opportunity  
of rendering a service to pass without im-  
proving it, even if it cost you some labor  
and self-denial. Be of use to others, even if  
in a small way; for a time may come when  
they may be of service to you. A selfish  
man may get ahead faster than you, but  
selfishness is contemptible, and you need  
not envy his success; when you achieve  
your object nobly, you will enjoy it, and be  
respected.

Always bear in mind that character is  
everything. To gain this you must be so ver-  
y honestly honest that you would be as willing  
to put live coals in your pocket as a penny  
that is not yours. Never run in debt; do  
without what you cannot at once pay for,  
even though you should suffer somewhat.

No matter what the amount of your earn-  
ings may be, save a portion, becoming your  
heart, your mind and your workman-  
ship will grow, and will stand you in good  
stead some day. Better temporary abstinence  
and constant pliancy afterward, than uncer-  
tain present comfort and future perpetual  
want. Never lie, openly or covertly, by  
word or action. A liar may deceive his fel-  
lows—God and himself never. Conscious  
of falsity, a liar can have no self-respect,  
reputation cannot be achieved.

With a noble purpose as the end of your  
actions, and with action becoming your pur-  
pose, success is merely a question of  
time—always provided you have some brain  
and abundant common sense.—The Ameri-  
can Printer.

### WHERE'S SMITH.

If there's a man by the name of John  
Smith in the United States, he is hereby  
informed that there is a letter for him in the  
Post Office.—Buff. Sun.

The last we heard of Mr. Smith he was  
living in Michigan.—Tribune Blade.

That's a mistake. He was sent to the  
penitentiary from here for appropriating a  
keg of sardine iron whiskey.—Buffalo Adver-  
tiser.

All wrong. John Smith has been sent to  
Sing Sing for participating in a Copperhead  
convention at Albany.—Brown County Re-  
publican.

The identical John Smith above referred  
to recently appeared in this city, and is run-  
ning a snake and monkey show at the corner  
of Fourth and Commercial streets.—Atch-  
ison Press.

You are badly posted for newspaper men.  
John Smith was blown up by a steamboat  
on the Tombigbee a short time since, and  
has not come down yet.—Mobile Times.

That's a mistake. He is a little premature.  
John Smith has come down, and says the  
blowing up of his boat was not by a steamboat,  
but by Mrs. Smith.—Mobile Tribune.

All wrong, gentlemen. There are two  
Johns. Old John is selling razor strops in  
New York, and the other John is running a  
bar in Chicago. Pharaoh, we believe, they  
call it.—Wilmington Indep.

What a stupid set! Every well informed  
man ought to know that old John Smith is  
a popular artist of Madison, having been a  
white-washer here since the flood. And, by  
the way, a prominent Democrat has offered  
him fifteen dollars for a job in that line for  
his last year's work.—Madison Courier.

Mistaken, gentlemen; John Smith is a resident  
of Louisville, Kentucky, and came up here  
on Tuesday to show the Hoosiers how to man-  
age the franchise. John says he is not pin-  
ning the country jail, and that he is not  
going to be a white-washer with illegal vot-  
ing. Let him pine.—Indianapolis Ga-  
zette.

There is certainly a mistake somewhere.  
That there is more than one John Smith is  
scarcely probable, and that said John so-  
journs in "these parts" is a fact that will not  
admit of a doubt. We know him! He is a  
very prominent citizen, having served several  
distinct terms in the county jail, alms  
house, and other offices of like trust. He is  
also a leading Democratic politician, one of  
that class up to voting "early and often,"  
which we infer from the number of times  
that his name is found on the poll book.

We seen him registered at some of the hotels  
last week, and shouldn't be at all surprised  
if he is found to have voted at all the dif-  
ferent elections held at that time. We do  
not think, however, that he was fully "up  
to time" in New York.—Tribune.

### FOR YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN.

Better die in the cradle than live to no  
purpose in the world.

The young man or woman who sees no  
more in life than personal elevation or ag-  
grandizement, is the pitiable victim of a thin  
delusion.

The young man or woman who neglects to  
obey every generous impulse from youth up  
and grows up a miserably selfish man, is  
in a silk stocking, and a complete  
fool and air. For generous impulses  
are the frequent sunbeams glinting from  
heaven to earth, and playing around the  
heads of men and women.

All should have this in mind; that no  
young man should be rich in millions,  
is so rich that he can afford to dwarf body,  
soul or mind, by neglecting even the least  
of the duties precedent to the development of a  
true manhood.

There is no poverty like that of the spirit.  
The true man, though coarsely clad and fed,  
is a prince among nature's nobility, while  
the miserably contented man, who is pure  
and unadorned, is a beggar and pretender among  
conventional nobles.

Every young man should strive first, and  
to the last, to attain to the full moral stature  
of a MAN. For this includes everything  
that can go to establish enduring repute.

Fame is oftener mislaid than won.  
To accomplish this he lived very near the  
people; joyed in their joy, grieved when they  
grieved, in all things sympathized with them;  
and finally died for them!

Martyrs are not too plenty, even now-a-  
days. And we can pay Lincoln no higher  
compliment than to say that he was a true  
and unselfish man, and that as noble as that  
of the noblest of those who fell in the hour  
of battle.

The record of this great man, from his boy-  
hood to his death, is a record of persistent  
endeavor to attain to the true stature of a  
MAN.

His example ought to be a life lesson to  
every young man. When we say that don't  
understand us saying that every boy should  
try to be President. Lincoln as little expect-  
ed to be President as Autocrat of the Rus-  
sians, and the Presidency was an incident of  
his life labor, not the object.

The man who makes public position,  
empty honor, or wealth, the object of life,  
will die of moral and spiritual penury and  
want.

To set from right motives, unbiassed by  
selfish ambitions, is to put money at com-  
pound interest. The man who makes it a  
rule to do right, and abide the consequences  
makes a great pace toward true manhood.

Such a man cannot hope to have the good  
opinion of the selfish, the unprincipled, and  
the base of his laws. But he will, in his  
soul have outlived the fear of man.

Set out in life with your face toward the  
undying light. Put all doubtful enterprise  
behind you. Resolve to be true to your  
highest impulses. Take the responsibility,  
conscience to your Maker. No man can  
appear for you. Therefore the question is  
not, "Did 'my father, or grandfather, walk  
thus, or so, or so believe and practice?"  
but rather—"Is this right, or Wrong? Is  
that true, or false?"

He is exceedingly poor who gives his faith  
up another man's scribe. That faith is  
best which is most intelligently cherished.  
That course is best which is most intelli-  
gently determined upon.

Time is the property of no man. No man  
has any surplus time to waste. So, if a  
young man has no other business than to  
live a thief of Time, a waster of that  
which none can buy by special claim.

Morally to waste time is a greater crime  
against society than the theft of money.  
Money may be replaced; time lost once is  
lost forever.

If a man is worth just what he benefits  
community, what is the value of the young

## THE APPRENTICE.

### TO THE APPRENTICE.

Aspiring apprentice, a word or two in  
your ear. If you desire success in any mat-  
ter pertaining to this life or the coming,  
you must have a purpose—a determination,  
that God helping you, you will ever suc-  
ceed. You may be poor, friendless, un-  
known—your clothing scant, your stomach  
half-filled—your place may be at the foot of  
the ladder; no matter. Whatever your  
position may be, do your duty in it, stoutly  
and perseveringly, with your eye fixed far  
ahead and upward.

Keeping the purpose before you that you  
will rise, be obedient to your employer, at-  
tentive to your business, obliging to your  
shopmates, and courteous to strangers; and  
seize every opportunity to improve your  
heart, your mind and your workman-  
ship. Do everything well—no slighting, no hiding  
defects, aiming always at perfection. Watch  
those who are skillful, and strive to equal  
all by desiring it. Allow no opportunity  
of rendering a service to pass without im-  
proving it, even if it cost you some labor  
and self-denial. Be of use to others, even if  
in a small way; for a time may come when  
they may be of service to you. A selfish  
man may get ahead faster than you, but  
selfishness is contemptible, and you need  
not envy his success; when you achieve  
your object nobly, you will enjoy it, and be  
respected.

Always bear in mind that character is  
everything. To gain this you must be so ver-  
y honestly honest that you would be as willing  
to put live coals in your pocket as a penny  
that is not yours. Never run in debt; do  
without what you cannot at once pay for,  
even though you should suffer somewhat.

No matter what the amount of your earn-  
ings may be, save a portion, becoming your  
heart, your mind and your workman-  
ship will grow, and will stand you in good  
stead some day. Better temporary abstinence  
and constant pliancy afterward, than uncer-  
tain present comfort and future perpetual  
want. Never lie, openly or covertly, by  
word or action. A liar may deceive his fel-  
lows—God and himself never. Conscious  
of falsity, a liar can have no self-respect,  
reputation cannot be achieved.

With a noble purpose as the end of your  
actions, and with action becoming your pur-  
pose, success is merely a question of  
time—always provided you have some brain  
and abundant common sense.—The Ameri-  
can Printer.

### WHERE'S SMITH.

If there's a man by the name of John  
Smith in the United States, he is hereby  
informed that there is a letter for him in the  
Post Office.—Buff. Sun.

The last we heard of Mr. Smith he was  
living in Michigan.—Tribune Blade.

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