SUBSCRIPTION, TERMS, &C.

The INQUIRER is published every FRIDAY morning at the following rates:

ONE YEAR, (in advance,) $2.00
" (if not paid within six mos.)... $2.50
" (if not paid within the year,)... $3.00

All papers outside of the county discontinued without notice, at the expiration of the time for which the subscription has been paid.

Single copies of the paper furnished, in wrappers, at five cents each.

Communications on subjects of local or general interest are respectfully solicited. To ensure attention, favors of this kind must invariably be accompanied by the name of the author, not for publication, but as a guaranty against imposition.

All letters pertaining to business of the office should be addressed to

DURBORROW & LUTZ, BEDFORD, PA.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.—We would call the special attention of Post Masters and subscribers to the INQUIRER to the following synopsis of the Newspaper laws:

1. A Postmaster is required to give notice *by letter*, (returning a paper does not answer the law) when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office, and state the reasons for its not being taken; and a neglect to do so makes the Postmaster *reponsible* to the publishers for the payment.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the Post office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not is responsible for the pay.

3. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, *whether it be taken from the office or not*. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.

4. If the subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it, *if he takes it out of the Post Office*. The law proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post office, or removing and having them uncalled for, is *prima facia* evidence of intentional fraud.

Professional & Business Cards.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

JOHN T. KEAGY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office opposite Reed & Schell's Bank. Counsel given in English and German. [apl26]

KIMMELL 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 Mengel House. [April 1, 1864-tf

M. A. POINTS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the public. Office with J. W. Lingenfelter, Esq., on Juliana street.
Collections promptly made. [Dec.9,'64-tf.

HAYES IRVINE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business intrusted to his care. Office with G. H. Spang, Esq., on Juliana street, three doors south of the Mengel House. May 24:1y

ESPY M. ALSIP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.,
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Military claims, Pensions, back pay, Bounty, &c. speedily collected. Office with Mann & Spang, on Juliana street, 2 doors south of the Mengel House. apl 1, 1864.—tf.

B. F. MEYERS.....J. W. DICKERSON
MEYERS & DICKERSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PENN'A.,
Office nearly opposite the Mengel House, will practice in the several Courts of Bedford county. Pensions, bounties and back pay obtained and the purchase of Real Estate attended to. [may11,'66-1y

J. B. CESSNA,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office with JOHN CESSNA, on the square near the Presbyterian Church. All business entrusted to his care will receive faithful and prompt attention. Military Claims, Pensions, &c., speedily collected. [June 9, 1865.

E. B. STUCKEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, and REAL ESTATE AGENT,
Office on Main Street, between Fourth and Fifth, Opposite the Court House,
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.
Will practice in the adjoining Counties of Missouri and Kansas. July 12:tf

S. L. RUSSELL.....J. H. LONGENECKER
RUSSELL & LONGENECKER,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Bedford, Pa.,
Will attend promptly and faithfully to all business entrusted to their care. Special attention given to collections and the prosecution of claims for Back Pay, Bounty, Pensions, &c.
Office on Juliana street, south of the Court House. April5:1yr.

J. M'D. SHARPE.....E. P. KERR
SHARPE & KERR,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Will practice in the Courts of Bedford and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to their care will receive careful and prompt attention. Pensions, Bounty, Back Pay, &c., speedily collected from the Government.
Office on Juliana street, opposite the banking house of Reed & Schell, Bedford, Pa. mar2:tf

J. R. DURBORROW.....JOHN LUTZ.
DURBORROW & LUTZ,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PA.,
Will attend promptly to all business intrusted to their care. Collections made on the shortest notice.
They are, also, regularly licensed Claim Agents and will give special attention to the prosecution of claims against the Government for Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, Bounty Lands, &c.
Office on Juliana street, one door South of the *Inquirer* office, and nearly opposite the 'Mengel House" April 28, 1865:t

PHYSICIANS.

WM. W. JAMISON, M. D.,
BLOODY RUN, PA.,
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. [dec8:1yr

DR. B. F. HARRY,
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office and residence on Pitt Street, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. J. H. Hofius. [Ap'l 1,64.

J. L. MARBOURG, M. D.,
Having 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 & Palmer's office. April 1, 1864—tf.

DR. S. G. STATLER, near Schellsburg, and Dr. J. J. CLARKE, formerly of Cumberland county, having associated themselves in the practice of Medicine, respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Schellsburg and vicinity. Dr. Clarke's office and residence same as formerly occupied by J. White, Esq., dec'd.
S. G. STATLER,
Schellsburg, April12:1y. J. J. CLARKE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

O. E. SHANNON, BANKER,
BEDFORD, PA.
BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT.
Collections made for the East, West, North and South, and the general business of Exchange transacted. Notes and Accounts Collected and Remittances promptlymade. REAL ESTATE bought and sold. feb22

DANIEL BORDER,
PITT STREET, TWO DOORS WEST OF THE BEDFORD HOTEL, BEDFORD, PA.
WATCHMAKER AND DEALER IN JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, &C.
He keeps on hand a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Spectacles of Brilliant Double Refined Glasses, also Scotch Pebble Glasses. Gold Watch Chains, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, best quality of Gold Pens. He will supply to order any thing in his line not on hand. [apr.28,'65.

D. W. CROUSE
WHOLESALE TOBACCONIST,
On Pitt street two doors west of B. F. Harry's Drug Store, Bedford, Pa., is now prepared to sell by wholesale all kinds of CIGARS. All orders promptly filled. Persons desiring anything in his line will do well to give him a call.
Bedford, Oct 20. '65.,

ALL KINDS OF BLANKS for sale at the *Inquirer* office. A full supply of Deeds, Leases, Articles of Agreement &c,

Bedford Inquirer.

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

DURBORROW & LUTZ Editors and Proprietors. BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1868. VOLUME 41; NO. 5.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

All advertisements for less than 3 months 10 cents per line for each insertion. Special notices one-half additional. All resolutions of Association, communications of a limited or individual interest and notices of marriages and deaths, exceeding five lines, 10 cts. per line. All legal notices of every kind, and all Orphans' Court and other Judicial sales, are required by law to be published in both papers, Editorial Notices 15 cents per line. All Advertising due after first insertion.

A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

	3 monts.	6 months.	1 year
One square.....	$ 4.50	$ 6.00	$10.00
Two squares.....	6.00	9.00	16.00
Three squares.....	8.00	12.00	20.00
One-fourth column.....	14.00	20.00	35.00
Half column.....	18.00	25.00	45.00
One column.....	30.00	45.00	80.00

Poetry.

THE RESURRECTION.

When Lord Lindsey was traveling in Egypt, he found a mummy, the inscription on which showed that it was two thousand years old. Unwrapping it, he discovered in one of its hands a tiny root. He brought the root to England, and planted it, when lo! it bloomed, and produced a lovely flower.

The following beautiful stanzas, by Mrs. S. H. Bradford, were suggested by the interesting incident:

Two thousand years ago, a flower
Bloomed lightly in a far-off land;
Two thousand years ago, its seed
Was placed within a dead man's hand.

Before the Saviour came to earth,
That man had lived and loved, and died,
And even in that far-off time,
The flower had spread its perfume wide.

Suns rose and set, years came and went,
The dead had kept its treasure well,
Nations were born and turned to dust,
While life was hidden in that shell.

The shrivelled hand is robbed at last,
The seed is buried in the earth;
When lo! the life long, hidden there—
Into a glorious flower burst forth.

Just such a plant as that which grew
From such a seed when buried low;—
Just such a flower in Egypt bloomed
And died *two thousand years ago.*

And will not He who watched the seed,
And kept the life within the shell,
When those He loved are laid to rest,
Watch o'er their buried dust as well?

And will He not from 'neath the sod
Cause something glorious to arise?
Aye, though it sleep *two thousand years*,
Yet all that buried dust shall rise.

Just such a face as greets you now,
Just such a form as here we wear,
Only more glorious far, will rise
To meet the Saviour in the air.

Then will I lay me down in peace,
When called to leave this vale of tears,
For "in my flesh shall I see God,"
Even though I sleep *two thousand years.*

HER BRIGHT SMILES HAUNT ME STILL.

'Tis years since last we met,
And we may not meet again;
I have struggled to forge',
But my struggles are in vain.
For her voice lives on the breeze,
And her spirit comes at will;
At midnight on the seas,
Her bright smiles haunt me still.

At the first sweet dawn of light,
When I gaze upon the deep,
Her form still meets my sight,
As the stars their vigil keep.
When my aching eyes I close,
Sweet dreams my senses fill;
When I from sleep arise,
Her bright smiles haunt me still.

I have sailed 'neath alien skies,
I have trod the desert path,
I have seen the storm arise
Like a giant in his wrath;
Every sorrow have I known
That a reckless life can feel,
Yet her presence has not flown—
Her bright smiles haunt me still.

Miscellaneous.

THE NEW VOTERS of the SOUTHERN STATES.

The colored men of the southern states are about to become voters; naturally there is a good deal of discussion of their character—for the most part, we notice, by men who know nothing about them, but who evolve their negro out of the depths of their inner consciousness.

The southern negroes cannot help but be an ignorant class. They and their ancestors for generations have been carefully kept in ignorance; to teach a black child to read was four years ago, a state prison offence in South Carolina and other southern states; to argue that they ought to be taught was enough to secure one's expulsion from the southern states. Every incentive to knowledge was taken away from the blacks; and the white masters, like many English squires, held that the only way to treat their dependents was to keep them in the most abject and stolid ignorance.

It is doubtful if the mass of the southern negroes are much more ignorant than the lower class of the English peasantry. The negroes speak in a barbarous and uninteligible jargon or dialect, but it is not more uncouth or less intelligible than the speech of the English peasant. The field negroes have some strange superstitions, some repulsive habits and customs; but these we believe could be matched, for the most part, by equally strange and repulsive customs among the agricultural laborers of England.

But it does not benefit any one to show that they are no worse than others. The interesting question is, what are they, in themselves? what qualities are they developing? what traits appear prominently in them now that the strong light of freedom is brought to bear upon them?

We have before us the last report of the Superintendent of Schools for Freedom, from which we draw a few facts which will interest the candid inquirer. It is plain, in the first place, that the blacks show a strong and enduring desire for knowledge. There were in the southern states, on the 30th of June, under the general charge of the Freedmen's Bureau, 1,839 day and night schools, 1,126 Sunday schools, 111,442 day and night pupils, and 80,647 Sunday school scholars. These figures tell, perhaps, but a vague story; but in six months the number of day and night schools had increased by 632, containing 657 teachers and 33,444 scholars; the whole number of schools increased in six months by 1,503, with 76,638 scholars; and of the schools 1,056 were supported wholly or in part by the freedmen; 301 of the school buildings were owned by them—who, until about 1865, could not even own themselves; and 699 of the teachers were colored—of a class, that is to say, to whose members, until within three years, the knowledge of reading was counted a capital crime.

There are in the southern states now 21 normal schools, with 1,881 pupils; there are 35 industrial schools; and the report tells us that the average attendance in all the schools is "nearly 75 per cent. of the enrolment," which shows how eager the people are to avail themselves of the means to acquire knowledge.

We learn also from the report, that temperance societies are established among the blacks; and that these associations have a large membership, and are redeeming many from the misuse of spirituous liquors. The grown men and women study at night; and there is a cry for "a spelling book in every house." "I want to know what is on the ticket myself," said a black man who was busy with a primer.

They have shown, in their loyal leagues, considerable talent for organization. They show also thrift as traders; and they have developed remarkable power of adapting themselves to the new state of liberty; have appreciated the advantages of some and the disadvantages of other modes of labor; and on all hands, everywhere, show the most jealous regard for their liberties.

Finally, they save money. They are now twenty savings banks for freedmen, and no doubt numbers of them deposit their savings in other banks. These twenty savings banks have now on deposit over half a million dollars; they have received, first and last, over two millions; and large numbers of Freedmen have become settled in life, going into business or buying homesteads, with the money they have been induced to save; and very many more have been taught habits of economy and thrift by this institution.

With such qualities developed among the blacks during the brief time which has elapsed since they became free, no candid man needs to despair of their improvement; and no unprejudiced mind will object to their admission to the franchise on the score of danger to the general interest. It may continue to be a dogma with ignorant party politicians that negroes ought not vote; but when men like Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, openly and distinctly urge their states, as a matter of policy, to give the blacks the vote, we need not listen to the evil prophecies of northern reactionary politicians who denounce ruin to the country from the adoption of the policy of equal rights and general suffrage.—*New York Evening Post.*

POLITICS AND THE SABBATH.

The Sunday laws are essentially the same in all the States, and do not interfere with the rights of conscience or any man's liberty, but simply protect the people in their right to a quiet day of weekly rest, which is necessary for the body as well as the soul, and is a civil as well as a Christian institution. The highest legal authorities of the country—irrespective of party, have proved the constitutionality and defended the wisdom and necessity of laws for the protection of the Christian Sabbath.

But the immediate aim of the enemies of the Christian Sabbath in New York, is to effect the repeal of the Metropolitan Excise law, which they hate on account of its Sunday clause. This clause reads as follows:

Section 14. "All persons licensed as here in provided shall keep the places at which they are licensed to keep, sell, give, and dispose of strong and spiritous liquors, wines, ale, and beer orderly and quiet, and between the hours of twelve o clock at night and sunrise, and *on Sundays completely and effectually closed.* Nothing herein contained shall be construed to prevent hotels from receiving and otherwise entertaining the travelling public upon Sundays, subject to the restrictions contained in this section."

This section has no political character whatever, it has nothing to do with party platforms and party measures. It stands on high moral ground. It is not oppressive or tyrannical. It prescribes no religious observance for Sunday, but simply prohibits the *public traffic* in intoxicating drink on Sundays. All other kinds of traffic are prohibited. It is in perfect agreement with older State laws prohibiting the liquor traffic on Sundays and election days. It is not severer than the city ordinance of 1855, issued under the administration of, and signed by Mayor Fernando Wood. It has been pronounced constitutional by the Supreme Court and by the Court of Appeals. It is the best feature of the Excise law, it gives to it vitality and moral vigor. It makes it effective for good, and hence the wrath of the rum and lager interest. It has worked admirably for the short time it has been in operation. It has closed more than three thousand of the worst rum holes which lived on Sunday vice and dissipation; it has reduced Sunday arrests more than one half; it saves the hard earnings of the working man which used to be spent for intoxicating drink; it gives us more quiet Sabbaths than we had for years before; it acts as a powerful check upon intemperance, vice and crime, and diminishes in the same proportion, pauperism and taxation. All good and orderly citizens are satisfied with its working.

Certainly a law which has such a favorable record to show ought not only to be sustained, but applied to the whole State. The Sunday clause at least is the very last feature of thd Excise law of 1866, that ought to be repealed. Its repeal would be a public calamity to this city, and inaugurate again the supreme reign of rum and lager on the day which was ordained for repose, for worship, and for the intellectual and moral improvement of the race.

But our people, we trust, will never sell their Sabbath for rum. They will watch the candidates for the offices of public trust and give their support to no man who takes ground against laws which protect the people in the enjoyment of one of their clearest rights and dearest privileges.

ALL THERE.—A whole family in heaven! Who can picture or describe the everlasting joy! No one absent. No father, or mother, nor son, nor daughter are away. In the world below they were united in faith, and love, and peace, and ascended together. Before the throne they bow together in united adoration. On the banks of the River of Life they walk hand in hand, and as a family have commenced a career of glory which shall be everlasting. There is hereafter to be no separation in that family. No one is to lie down upon a bed of pain. No one to wander in the arms of death. Never in heaven is that family to move along in the slow procession, clad in the habiliments of woe, to consign one of its members to the tomb. God grant that, in His infinite mercy, every family may be thus united.

I'LL DO IT TO-MORROW.—There were two boys in a school I used to go to when I was young, which was about forty years ago. One was remarkable for doing with promptness and perseverance whatever he undertook. The other had a habit of putting off everything he could. "I'll do it to-morrow," was his motto. "I'll do it now," was the motto of the other boy. The boy who loved to put things off had the best natural talent, but he was outstripped in the race of life by his neighbor, whose motto was, "I'll do it now." Let that be your motto. Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day.

ONLY A BEAUTY.

Emma Sinclair was the beauty of Willow Grove, and she knew it. Every look and gesture, and even the carriage of her head, was studied. When she was at a party she was continually thinking of the effect she produced; and when she was at home, she was planning some new ornament to wear in public.

Of course she had many admirers. She could never walk half the length of the principal street without being joined by some gentleman; and at a dancing assembly she was sure to be engaged for every set before she had been in the room ten minutes. In the summer there was always a brisk competition for the honor of her company at a picnic. And yet, somehow, she was still unmarried.

Her school companions, one after another had settled in life; but she was left single, alone, of all the number—if we except Mollie Newcomb, who from shyness and excessive plainness, was generally set down as certain to die an old maid.

If truth must be told, Emma was excessively particular. Her notions of herself were so high that she thought but few suitors good enough for her. At last, however when George Budd returned from Europe, and settled down in the large old mansion of his family, the Grove agreed that the beauty had found at last a lover equal to her ideal; for he was both rich and talented and belonged, beside to the most aristocratic set of the country.

George seemed to have been conquered by her charms the very first time they met. He danced with her as frequently as he dared, and when not dancing stood apart stealing glances at her; he hung over her when she sung, and accompanied her home. The next day he called upon her as soon as etiquette permitted, and on Sunday appeared with Emma at church. Everybody said it was an engagement, for if he was fascinated, she appeared not less so.

But all at once George Budd ceased his attentions to the beauty of the village, and was soon beheld as assiduous in his attention to Mollie Newcomb, as he had ever been to her more beautiful rival. Everybody was astounded, except a few elders of the place with whom Mollie had always been a favorite, who shook their heads, saying it was just what they expected, for that Mollie's amiability was a thousand times better than Emma's beauty.

Let us look in on George, as he sits chatting with a confidential friend, and hear the real cause of the change.

"You must know Mollie," he said. "She is modesty personified; yet her talents are extraordinary, and her amiability and accomplishments as great. Indeed her modesty, by causing shyness, makes many think her plain; but plain she is not, at least to those who know her; for in familiar conversation, the enthusiasm of her soul kindles her countenance into a spiritual beauty that is indescribable."

"You were soon off with the beautiful Miss Sinclair, of whom you wrote so rapturously the first week you spent here."—George blushed a little, for he felt how foolish he had been as he replied:

"Yes! She dazzled me for a while, but I soon found my error; though I cannot forgive myself for being duped, even for a week by a pair of fine eyes, and a coquette's artificial manner."

"Is she merely a beauty?"

"Yes, merely a beauty. All she thinks about is how she looks. Her mind is a mere blank; or rather a shallow stream, of which one gets the plummet immediately."

"Yet you seemed so enraptured at first, that I fear she may have begun to like you."

George laughed.

"No fear of that, my good fellow; she loves herself too intensely ever to love any man. Ah! what a contrast between her and Mollie. It is like passing from a crowded, close ball-room, with its glare of gas, and its hum of meaningless conversation, to the free air of heaven, with the birds singing the waters gurgling, and the sunshine sparkling around you."

"You are poetical."

"And so you will be, too, when you know Mollie. But come, put on your hat; it is time to go there, and I want you to be quite intimate before you return to be my groomsman."

A month from that time George Budd married Mollie Newcomb. The bride really looked beautiful on that auspicious morning and what is more has been growing more lovely ever since. Would you know why? Because an intelligent mind, united to a generous heart is the creator of beauty, even where it does not originally exist.

Miss Sinclair is now a faded old maid, with sunken eyes, a skin like parchment and the sharpest of noses. Her face has a sour and discontented look which increases with her years. Ever since she lost George Budd she has been secretly at war with the world.

Now, then, reader which is the better—to be plain, and good, or merely a beauty? We leave it to your special consideration.

WORKING GIRLS.

Happy girls! who cannot love them? with checks like roses bright eyes and elastic step, how cheerfully they go to work. Our reputation for it, such girls will make excellent wives. Blessed indeed will those men be who secure such prizes. Contrast those who do nothing but sigh all day, and live to follow the fashions, who never earn the bread they eat, or the shoes they wear; who are languid and lazy from one week's end to another. Who but a simpleton and popinjay would prefer one of the latter if he were looking for a companion? Give us the working girls, they are worth their weight in gold. You never see them mincing along, or jumping a dozen feet to steer clear of a spider or a fly; they have no affection for silly airs and trying to show off to better advantage, and you feel as though you were talking to a human being and not to a painted automaton or a fallen angel.

If girls knew how sadly they missed while endeavoring so show off their delicate hands unsoiled skin, and putting on a thousand airs, they would give worlds for the situation of working-ladies, who are as far above them in intelligence, in honor, in everything as the heavens are above the earth.

Be wise then, you who have made fools of yourselves through life. Turn over a new leaf and begin, though late, to live and act as human beings, as companions to mortal man, and not playthings and dolls. In no other way can you be happy and subserve the designs of your existence.

DANGEROUS.—When Franklin was ambassador to the French court, a lady who was about being presented to the king, noticed his exceedingly plain appearance, and asked who he was. On being told that he was Dr. Benjamin Franklin, the American ambasssador, she exclaimed:

"The North American ambassador so shabbily dressed!"

"Hush, Madam, for Heaven's sake," whispered a friend, "he is the man that bottles up thunder and lightning."

THE SONG OF THE WATERS.

One of the noblest of New England rivers flowed near the hotel where I passed the night. As I at times awoke, it was a pleasing occupation to listen to the "sound of many waters" as they rushed among the rocks of a neighboring waterfall. It was not jarring and harsh, but quiet and soothing. I mused pleasingly upon the service of song, and, though the music itself was monotonous, yet to me there was instructive variety in the lessons I learned, for

1. It was a song of power. I should not have heard this midnight music if there had been no power in these rushing waters. The sound proved the force with which the massive rocks were struck by the moving flood. Strong was the hand upon the harp. And the strong waters all along in the vast course of the falls had been made by human skill to observe with great power the interests of enterprise and industry. How could I fail of musing upon Him "whose are the resplendent rivers," and who has power to hold all the oceans in "the hollow of His hand."

2. It was a song of wisdom. A drop of water! How curious its composition! And how admirably adapted this vast element to the use of man and the welfare of the world. The fertility of the soil shall answer; so shall the power it furnishes for countless mechanical operations; so shall the highway of commerce and travel it provides; so shall all the life it gives the vegetable world and all the refreshment given to thirsty man and beast. So that was a sweet song of the night, as it freshened all my waking thoughts with the music of the theme—the wisdom and goodness of God.

3. It was a song of the ages. Every time I awoke the music was going on, and no man knoweth how long ago it began. Through years, through ages—none can tell how many—the harp had not been once hung upon the willows. And the midnight music on my ear would be midday and midnight music in the unceasing roll of these running waters. Generations past had heard, generations coming would hear. Would the waters ever run by, so that the musician should drop his harp and the song cease and be resumed no more? Would not this be an unfailing song? Surely, till that remote era when He who commanded the first strains of the song should say, "Let them cease!"

In the soft and soothing music of this midnight song, how easy and natural and pleasant to think of that other River "proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb." To my acquaintance with the sweet melody of these running waters, how blessed to add acquaintance with those to which the Lamb shall lead His redeemed people—living waters, of which if one drinks, he shall never thirst again.—*New York Observer.*

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

They have some affecting weddings out in the flat country, beyond the trees.

In the semi-rural district of Winona, lives, among several other people, a good jolly fellow of a justice of the peace. One fair day, after the ten by twelve dispensary had been swept, there was a step heard on the stair, and a very vigorous rap at the door.

"Come in," said the justice.

A handsome, black-eyed, Spanish looking woman entered. It was a clear case of a senorita, of the New Mexican brand. She had on a short woolen dress, wooden soled shoes; spotted red cheeks, black hair, and eyes that snapped like the lock of a shot gun. In a Spanish accent, and in the worst possible English, she said:—

"You make justicia acquia? You the law man?"

"Yes, madam; be seated—"

"Want paper; want paper to take the man."

Just then a stout French half-breed entered the room. He was unable to speak a dozen words, and he looked either scared or bashful. The Justice saw at once that there was a marriage to come off, and turning to the woman said:—

"Want paper to take this man?"

"Yes; want paper; me teach him."—(Nice woman, thought the justice.)

"All right," as he turned to the man and said; "you know this woman; can take her?"

The man shook his head and muttered unintelligible words.

"Ah, I see; can't talk English; well, never mind."

He ran into the street, invited a few friends up stairs, and then said to the woman:—

"You want to take him?"

"Yes; me pay."

"All right."

Then turning to the man, who stood, trembling:—

"You take this woman, for better or for worse, and promise to keep her?"

"Umph!" and several nods of the head.

"Then in the name of the law, and by virtue of the authority in me vested. I pronounce you man and wife." And he stepped forward before the woman could say a word, and kissed her red lips.

Slap! came her hand in his face, and she clutched his hair. The new husband jumped to take the woman away, and to protect her, as the man supposed, when in self-defence the justice gave him a rap on the nose. The woman pitched into the new husband, who in turn pitched into her, and for about five minutes there was a general bustling.

At last the parties were separated, when the man and woman took another turn at each other, the blood and hair flying in every direction. Down came the stove, over went the table, clatter went the chairs, and into the street like mad went the justice with the bosom of his shirt looking like a warranty deed covered with red seals!

A crowd rushed up stairs and found the man and woman lying on the floor, the woman on top, and compelling the newly made husband with a will.

The newly married couple were separated, when through the aid of two interpretors it was discovered that the parties, occupying adjoining shanties in the lower part of the town, had got into a dispute over some stove pipe that was claimed by both, and from words they had come to blows. Each party had hastened to the justice for a warrant for the other, with the result as stated above.

The last news from there was that the parties had gone in search of another justice to unmarry them.

REJOICING IN GOD.—I will enjoy all things in God, and God in all things, nothing in itself; so shall my joys neither change nor perish. For however the things themselves may alter or fade, yet He, in whom they are mine, is even like Himself, constant and everlasting. Surely we are wise for anything but our souls; and so wise for the body as foolish for them. O Lord, thy payment is sure; and who knows how present? Take the soul that thou hast both made and bought; and let me rather give my life for thy power, then take the offers of the world for nothing.—*Bishop Hall.*

BOOK FARMING.—Book Farming is simply the best farming put in books—yours, reader, if it is the best. A fool cannot write a book; an able man must do it—not a man of mere accomplishments or learning—but one versed in the business he writes upon. It is thus that we have books by the best men in all the departments. These men make our literature—and to be opposed to them, is to be arrayed against knowledge, against schools and newspapers. What is thought of the man who opposes education? And what is education, but to learn to know a thing? If the prejudiced reader (prejudiced against book-farming) knows how to trim his vine, he is the man, if he has words for it, to write a book on the subject—the very man we want, for we are after facts, after the best mode. And yet this would be called "book-farming." It is mere prejudice, depend upon it.

But there is one evil which gives rise to this very prejudice; bad books are foisted on the public. These are read—and they lead into error; and forthwith good and bad are condemned.

Our best men certainly are not the fools. Our ablest men who lead in their departments, are men qualified, if any, to impart instruction. Shall we heed them? or shall we follow after our own half-formed, inexperienced notions? We have our prejudices, and they make us believe we are right, without consulting the facts of the case.—*Rural World.*

OUR LOST YOUTH.—How often, amid the turmoil of busy life, home, like the balmy breath from some fairy land, the enchanting visions of our youthful days; the days when our hearts knew nothing of the wounds of slighted friendship or betrayed trust, and when all the earth seemed perfection, unmarred by blemish. Truly, childhood is the Eden of life, the sunny verdurous Paradise among lovely bowers, blowing none but the most subtle and enrapturing breezes; full of bright flowers, blissful hopes, and pure desires, and which no reality of maturer life can quell.

Say not, O, sordid, there is no joy in dreaming, no pleasure in recalling the past to view, while threading the tortuous windings of the world's ways. The days gone by—the days when buoyant youth crowned our brows and laughed in our radiant eyes, and the earth seemed free from sin—are these nothing? Maturity may bring position, wider experience and thorough knowledge; but of all these, all the rich inheritance of age and wisdom, cannot compare with the innocent care free hours, so fleet-winged and sunny, of the early days gone by. Bright crown of perpetual youth! you will never be donned till the pearly gates are entered in and changing mortality gives way to eternal life.—*Ex.*

THE MANAGING WOMAN.—The managing woman is a pearl among women; she is one of the prizes in the lottery of life, and the man who draws her may rejoice for the balance of his days. Better than riches, she is a fountain in herself—a gold mine never failing in its yield—a spring of pleasant waters, whose banks are fringed with moss and flowers. The managing woman can do anything; and does everything well. Perceptive and executive, of quick sight and steady hand, she always knows exactly what is wanting, and supplies the deficiency with a tact and cleverness peculiar to herself. She knows the capabilities of persons as well things, for she has an infinitive knowledge of character. The managing woman, if not always patient, is always energetic, and can never be disappointed into inaction. Though she has to teach the same thing over and over again, and though she finds her duties dense as boxwood, and hands as inefficient as fishes' fins, still she is never weary of her vocation of arranging and ordering and never less than hopeful of a favorable result.

MILCH AND SUGAR PEOPLE.—A venerable old man gives the following as the result of a life long experience. Let the slandered take comfort; it is only at fruit trees that the thieves throw stones:

"No man that tries to do his duty to his fellow man and endeavors to so live as to bear the fruits of true religion in his daily conduct, can for a moment suppose that he will pass along through life without being slandered more or less. Such a man will of necessity have some enemies; and those enemies will try in every way to injure him, and among others they will not be slow in stirring up the polluted water of defammation and slander.

"A man who has no enemies is merely a milk and water nothing. We would not give three figs for such a man.

"He who is anything—who makes his mark in the world—who does good—will have enemies—and if he has them, he will be sure to be slandered."

TRUTH.—Adhere always rigidly and undeviatingly to truth; but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture—the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage. If a man blends his angry passions with his search after truth, become his superior by suppressing yours, and attend only to the justness and force of his reasoning. Truth conveyed in austere and acrimonious language, seldom has a salutary effect, since we reject the truth, because we are prejudiced against the mode of communication. A man may betray the cause of truth by his unreasonable zeal, as he destroys its salutary effects by the acrimony of his manner. Whoever would be a successful instructor must become a mild and affectionate friend.

NOT BAD.—A good story is related of the democratic meeting held at St. Clairsville, Ohio, the week before the recent election. A deleagtion that left Wheeling met a similar delegation from Bridgeport and the marshal recognized in the marshal of the Wheeling column a rebel officer who had cruelly opposed him, when an inmate of Libby Prison. Turning to his procession he said, 'Boys, here is the rebel Captain—who took my sword when I was so unfortunate as to be taken prisoner. He is marshaling the democratic delegation from Wheeling. I go with no party that thus thrusts traitors forward to positions of honor,' Saying this, he took off his marshal's scarf and turned his horse homeward, followed by all but one man in his delegation.

LET every pious parent regard his family as a little school for the church, and act as a teacher designated by the Saviour on purpose to train the children for his service, and we shall see a glorious result. Let parents neglect this duty, and their children will prove incompetent to meet the responsibilities awaiting them, and the parents must answer for the ruin that will ensue. The laws of Lycurgus required that all children of Sparta should be trained for the State. Jesus teaches his subjects to believe that children are a heritage of the Lord, and to train them for the Church."

THE best quality of mind that any one can come in possession of is the strength to bear up against disappointment and misfortunes.

CONUNDRUMS.—What best describes and most retards a pilgrim? A Bunyan (bunion).

Why do "birds in their little nests agree?" Because they'd fall out if they didn't.

Why is a dishonest bankrupt like an honest poor man? Because both *fail* to get rich.

Why is a mouse like a load of hay? Because the cat'll eat it.

When is a recruit supposed to be raw? Until he has been exposed to fire.

What adventure made Dick Whittington's fortune? A purr adventure.

What sort of blades were the Roman Emperors Augustus and Tiberius? The blades that formed a pair of Cæsars of course.

What roof covers the most noisy tenant? The roof of the mouth.

When is a sermon like a round shot? When it comes from a cannon's mouth.

Who was Jonah's tutor? Whale, who brought him up.

When shall we have another war with Turkey? Next Thanksgiving day.

What magazine would be likely to give the best report of a fire? A powder magazine.

Why is love like the letter R? Because it makes many a Mary marry.

"Why is the letter D like a ring?" said a young lady to her accepted, one day. The gentleman, like the generality of his sex in such a situation, was as dull as a hammer. "Because," added the lady, with a very modest look at the picture at the other end of the room, "*we* can't be *wed* without it."

IF there is any defect more striking than another in the American character it is bashfulness.

Young America, in particular, is painfully affected by it.

An incident is mentioned by a correspondent, who was desired by his aunt to go to neighbor Shaw's and see if he had for sale any straw suitable for filling beds.

'Mr. Shaw,' says our informant, 'was blessed with a goodly number of Misses Shaw, and I therefore felt a little timid at encountering them. To make the matter worse, I arrived just as the family were seated at dinner. Stopping at the doorway, hat in hand, I stammered out, 'Mr. *Straw*, can you spare enough *Shaw* to fill a couple of beds?'

'Well,' replied the old gentleman, glancing around at the large family and enjoying my mistake, 'I don't know but I can; how many will you need?'

Before I could recover, those hateful Shaw girls burst into a chorus of laughter and I returned to my excellent aunt.

A small boy out west, was assisting his father to mark sheep with paint and brush. The father would catch a sheep and say to the boy, 'Mark that.' After the job was done, the boy started for his home, which was some distance, and was overtaken by a minister on horseback, who, seeing the boy barefoot, invited him to ride behind him. After the boy was seated he began to catechise him thus:

'My lad, do you attend the Sabbath School?'

'No!' was the reply.

'You should attend the Sabbath School, mark that! All good children should attend both church and Sabbath School, mark that!'

After many more remarks of this kind the boy replied:

'I have marked your back all over now, and it looks like thunder.'

The reverend gentleman was somewhat astonished when he examined his coat.

THE following colloquy took place between a New York census marshal and a native of Germany:

'Who lives here?'

'Sharmony on der Rhine.'

'What's your father's name?'

'Nix for shtay.'

When did you arrive in Albany?'

'Mit a steamboats.'

'Got any children?'

'Yaw, two parrels mit kraut.'

'How long have you been in this house?'

'Two and der basement.'

'Who owns the building?'

'I pas nothing. Hans pays der same twice a month.'

'Where did you live last year?'

'Across der red store, as you coom up mit der market in your right hand behind der pump what belong to der back smith shop.'

THE TROUBLES OF LIFE.—Sometimes I compare the troubles which we have to undergo in the year, to a great bundle of faggots, far to large for us to lift; but God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry to day; and then another, which we are to carry to-morrow; and so on. This we might carefully manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's sticks over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.

GOD IN NATURE.—He who balances the clouds and hung the earth upon nothing, notices the fall of the sparrow. He who gave Saturn his rings, and placed the moon like a ball of silver in the broad arch of the heaven, gives the rose leaf its delicate tint, and made the distant sun to nourish the violet.

WHILE a gang of telegraph men were stringing wire from a reel in a wagon, the horse being driven along slowly, a countryman rushed up to the driver, and, in the innocence of his heart, informed him that he was *losing his load*; that his wire was scattered all along the road behind him.

IN Texas coin has held its proper place wonderfully. It has been the standard for commercial transactions longer and more extensively than the Texans had a right to hope, but it is giving way to the paper currency, which is taken now on the Texas Central Railway for freight and passage money.

THERE is no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth, which we have been pampering with fond desires, ambitious hopes, and all the bright berries which hang in poisonous clusters over the path of life.

LEAP YEAR DIALOGUE.—"Miss, will you take my arm?"

"Yes, sir, and you too."

"Can't spare but