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All letters pertaining to business of the office hould 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 *responsible* to the publishers for the payment.

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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 discontinuence 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.

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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, in new brick building near the Lutheran Church. [April 1, 1864-tf

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Collections promptly made. [Dec.9,'64-tf.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.,
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MEYERS & DICKERSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
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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

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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

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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.
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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.

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.

S. P. HARBAUGH & SON,
Travelling Dealers in
NOTIONS.
In the county once every two months.
SELL GOODS AT CITY PRICES.
Agents for the Chambersburg Woolen Manufacturing Company. Apl 1:1y

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.,

The Bedford Inquirer.

A Local and General Newspaper, Devoted to Politics, Education, Literature and Morals.

DURBORROW & LUTZ, *Proprietors.* BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1868. VOL. 41: NO. 20.

Poetry.

PRAYER.

Prayer is the weary heart's desire
The sure relief of care;
It is to plead with God his word,
And find deliverance there;
It is to whisper every wish
To him who can fulfill;
A beggar coming to a King,
To ask whate'er he will.

The weakened saint may thus o'ercome
The strongest of his foes
He prays—his God a wall of fire
Around the suppliant throws;
He prays—and all his enemies
Away like smoke are driven;
He prays, and to the fainting one
Jehovah's strength is given,

Is sin the burden of the soul,
While struggling to be free?
Helpless he prays, and grace divine
Gives him the victory,
Is holiness the prize he seeks?
He can obtain it there;
For nothing is impossible
To wrestling faith and prayer,

The spirit teaches him to plead
The merits of the Lamb;
And feeblest prayer acceptance gains,
When perfumed with his name,
Prayer, uttered by that precious One,
Enters the court above,
Whence shining hosts the answers bear,
On rapid wings of love.

NEVER PUT OFF.

Whene'er a duty waits for thee,
With sober judgment view it,
And never idly *wish* it done;
Begin *at once*, and *do it*.

For Sloth says falsely, "By-and-by
Is just as well to do it;"
But *present* strength is *surest* strength;
Begin at once, and do it.

And find not lions in the way,
Nor faint if thorns bestrew it;
But bravely try, and strength will come,
For God will help thee do it.

Miscellaneous.

A FRENCH ROMANCE.

One of those little romances of which the French are so fond, has lately taken place in Paris, and is thus described in a journal: M. Robert, an immensely wealthy and highly accomplished *elegant*, well known not only for his valuable collections of paintings and mediæval relics, but for his rare skill as a designer and painter, hearing that one of his tenants, a Mr. B., whom he had never seen, kept one of the most extensive ateliers of fancy boxes and ornamental objects in France, called on him, with a view to make acquaintance.

Entering the counting room, he found a good natured, eccentric gentleman of middle age, who greeted him, and exclaimed:

"I suppose that you have also seen my advertisement, and come to apply for that situation as a designer?"

For a joke, M. Robert replied that he had. M. B. supplied him with paints and brushes, and requested him to produce a design for a casket. M. Robert soon found that what Mr. B. really wanted, was an artist who would strictly carry out his own ideas, and that these were pure, and formed on extensive knowledge of the art. In a short time he produced a sketch, which suited the employer to a dot—"*a point*."

M. Robert very gravely, engaged himself, exacting good wages, and insisted on having several new articles of furniture placed in the room which was assigned to him. But when he was introduced to the work rooms and found one hundred and fifty girls, many of them young and beautiful, busily employed, and was informed that he would be required to supply them with designs and show the young ladies how they were to be carried out, the young artist began to feel as if he should have to be carried out himself—being very susceptible.

"Working for a living," said he to himself, "is not entirely devoid of attraction. Let us work."

M. Robert being an accomplished artist, delighted his employer, and he soon found a remarkable fascination in seeing his designs realized, in steel, silver, enamel or wood. He took a pleasure hitherto unknown in seeing his works in shop windows and finding them in the boudoirs of his friends. This workshop life was of course carefully concealed from "society," nor did his employer suspect that his artist was his landlord. But M. Robert soon found a more intense object of facination in the daughter of M. B. a young lady who also took part in the duties of the atelier. This damsel was as remarkable for her accomplishments as for her remarkable beauty, and M. Robert soon found that as regarded taste and culture in all matters which specially interested him, he had met with any one like her. Step by step, the pair fell in love, and little by little the artist so ingratiated himself with the father that the latter, after due deliberation, consented to their union.

Previous to the marriage, the old gentleman one day spoke of a dowry. "I shall give Maria fifty thousand francs," said he, with a little air of boasting. "Eh, *mon garcon?*"

"And I suppose," added M. Robert, gravely, "that I, too, must settle something on my wife. Well—I will."

This caused a peal of laughter, which was redoubled when the artist added:

"I will settle this piece of property, house and all, with the building adjoining, on her."

But what was their amazement when M. Robert drew forth the title deeds, and said:

"You seem to forget that I am your landlord? Isn't my name Robert?"

The young lady did not faint, but papa nearly died of astonishment and joy. There was a magnificent wedding, but the bridegroom has not given up business. He declares that there is as much amusement in being useful as in amusing one's self.—*Exchange.*

A PITY TO HAVE AN EMPTY SEAT.

A few weeks ago a gentleman was obliged to go to a distant depot, at an hour when there was no conveyance thither. So, although very weary, and not strong, he was obliged to set out on a walk of two or three miles. After he had gone a little way, he was overtaken by a little boy in a carriage. The fine horse was at once reined in, and his owner said, with a smile, "I presume, sir, you are going but a short way; but this little fellow insisted on my taking you to ride with us. I told him I had no doubt you were going to the next station; but he said "The gentleman is a stranger father; it is very easy to ask him. It always seems to me such a pity to ride with an empty seat."

Now, that ride which cost the gentleman neither money, time, nor trouble was a real blessing to a weary minister of Christ; and he told him so when he thanked him and the dear boy who prompted the kind civility.

"It is a way he has, and always had, sir," replied the father. "From his cradle, he could never enjoy what he could not share with others. If he has any new gift or pleasure, his first thought is for those less favored. It is a way he got from his mother."

It was truly a beautiful "way" that boy had; and it should be a warning to all boys, and boy's mothers too, who hear of him. Remember this you who have horses at your control to use as convenience or pleasure:

"It is a pity to have an empty seat." Remember it mothers, when training your boys for lives of usefulness. The little things of to day will grow into great things of years to come. The boy who is selfish with his toys and his comforts will be so with his money and his sympathies when a man; for the heart grows harder rather than softer by the flight of time.

A carriage is not the only place where it "is a pity to have an empty seat." It is a pity to have one in the church or Sunday School: and there would be a less number so, if all the boys had the spirit of the little fellow of whom we have written. Say, with him, "It is easy to *ask!*" and then go among the boys you know, and urge them to fill an empty seat. You can do more in this way than your minister or your teacher can. Let every seat in the house of God and in Sunday School have a voice for you that shall send you out in the highways and hedges to compel less favored children to come in; and in so doing, you yourselves will receive a blessing. The noble boy who insisted on offering a ride to a stranger, thereby made a new friend who will never forget him, and who may return the kindness a hundred fold, in ways he little dreams of now; and better than this he pleased God, who commands us to be careful to entertain strangers, and reminds us that many in doing so have entertained angels unawares.—*Exchange.*

FASHIONABLE INVALIDISM.

Fanny Fern almost always writes practically and to the point. The following from her pen is well worthy the perusual of all whom it may concern:

I hope to live to see the time when it will be considered a *disgrace* to be such; when people with flat chests and stooping shoulders will creep round the backway, like other violators of known laws. Those who *inherit* sickly constitutions have my sincerest pity. I only request one favor of them, that they cease perpetuating themselves till they are physically on a sound basis. But a woman who laces so tightly that she breathes only by a rare accident: who vibrates constantly between the confectioner's shop and the dentist's office; who has ball robes and jewels in plenty, but who owns neither an umbrella nor a water-proof cloak nor a pair of thick boots; who lies in bed till noon, never exercises, and complains of 'total want of appetite,' save for pastry and pickles;—she is simply a disgusting nuisance.—Sentiment is all very nice; but, were I a man I would beware of a woman that 'couldn't eat.' Why don't she take a nice little bit of beefsteak with her breakfast, and a nice *walk*—not *ride*—after it? Why don't she stop munching sweet stuff between meals? Why don't she go to bed at a decent time, and lead a *clean, healthy* life? The doctors and confectioners have ridden in their carriages long enough, let the butchers and shoemakers take a turn at it. A man or a woman who 'can't eat' is never sound on any question. It is wasting breath to converse with them. They take hold of everything by the wrong handle. Of course it makes them very mad to whisper pityingly '*dyspepsia*,' when they advance some distorted opinion; but I always do it. They are not going to muddle my brain with their theories, because their internal works are in a state of physical disorganization. Let them go into a lunatic asylum and be properly treated till they can learn how they are put together, and how to manage themselves sensibly.

How I *rejoice* in a man or a woman with a chest; who can look the sun in the eye, and step off as if they had not wooden legs. It is a rare sight. If a woman now has an errand round the corner she must have a carriage to go there; and the men more dead than alive, so lethargic are they with constant smoking, creep into cars and omnibusses, and curl up in a corner, dreading nothing so much as a little wholesome exertion. The more 'tired' they are, the more diligently they smoke; like the women who, drink perpetual tea 'to keep them up.'

Keep them up! Heavens! I am fifty-five and I feel half the time as if I were just made. To be sure I was born in Maine, where the timber and the human race *last*, but I *don't* eat pastry, nor candy, nor icecream. I don't drink tea—bah! I *walk*, not ride. I own stout boots, and pretty ones too! I have waterproof cloak, and no diamonds. I like a nice bit of beefsteak, and anybody else who wants it, may eat pap. I go to bed at ten, and get up at six. I dash out in the rain, because it feels good on my face. I don't care for my clothes, but I *will* be well; and after I am buried, I warn you, don't let any fresh air or sunlight down on my coffin, if you don't want me to get up.

WOMAN AND MARRIAGE.

I have speculated a great deal on matrimony. I have seen young and beautiful women, the pride of the gay circles, married as the world says, well. Some have moved in their costly houses, and their friends have all come and looked at their furniture and their splendid home for happiness, and have gone away and committed them to their sunny hopes, cheerfully and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for them as the young are sometimes carried away with similar feelings.

I love to get unobserved into a corner and watch the bride in her white attire, and with her smiling face and soft eyes meeting me in the pride of life; weaving a walking dream of future happiness, and persuade myself it will be true. I think how they will sit upon the luxuriant sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur in low tones the not now forbidden tenderness; and how thrilling the allowed kiss and beautiful endearments of wedded life will make even their parting joys, and how gladly they will come back from the crowded and empty mirth of the gay to each other's quiet company.

I picture to myself that young creature, who blushes even now at his hesitating caress, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, wishing he would come, and when he enters at last, and with an affection as undying as his pulse, folds her to his bosom. I can feel the tide that goes flowing through the heart, and gaze with him on the graceful form as she moves about in the kind offices of affection, soothing all his unquiet cares, and making him forget even himself in her young and unshadowed beauty.

I go forward for years and see her luxuriant hair put soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces resigned into dignity and loveliness, chastened with the gentle meekness of maternal affection. Her husband looks on with a proud eye, and shows the same fervent love and delicate attention which first won her, and her fair children are grown about them, and they go on, full of honor and untroubled years, and are remembered when they die.—*Exchange.*

THEY tell a good story of a trial justice in the town of Spenser, Mass., in relation to enforcing the prohibitory law. In one case a man was arranged for liquor selling—the article sold, being ale, thin, sour, and beady. The judge ordered the officer to bring along with the prisoner a pitcher of ale. The prisoner pleaded that he had not violated the law, the ale wasnot intoxicating. "We will see about that," said the justice: "you drink half of what is in the pitcher and I will drink the other half, and then I will adjourn the court until two o'clock (now ten) and see." The ale was divided and drank, and the court adjourned. On reassembling, short work was made of the case, "Guilty, and sentenced to three months."

MORAL beauty, the reflection of the soul in the countenance, is as superior to superficial comeliness as mind is to matter. Those who look good cannot fail to be goodlooking.

PARENTAL INFLUENCES.

There are but few married people who do not at times bring before each other the examples of their own parents as models of some excellence which they wish gently to hint the deficiency of in their own partners. The husband who has married the only child of some tender father will appreciate this. "*My father* used to do *thus* and *so*." And on the other hand the young lady who marries the son of a really neat, indefatigable housekeeper of the old school, may speak French and Italian, may sing, play and paint to perfection, but if the piano is not dusted, or the cloth soiled and awry, or the room disorderly, or the dinner ill cooked, she may hang her harp upon the willow, for his only accompaniment will be—"*My mother* never kept her house in this style."

It is true that persons of refinement and delicacy of feeling will usually avoid drawing such ungracious and often irritating contrasts, but the *feeling* will remain equally strong in such as have been blessed with excellent parents, and most devoted conjugal affection will scarcely serve to efface it in many instances. In fact, a deep philosophy lies underneath it, invaluable in its results to all the families of the earth. It is, that during the long years of youth and home life, there has been gradually maturing within each heart a beau ideal conception of family government—of what a father *ought to be*, and what a mother ought to be. In proportion as the family is well regulated, each child looks upon his own father as the most perfect of all fathers, and his own mother as the most excellent of all mothers. Silently this conviction has grown unconsciously until brought in contact with the conflicting idea of other family arrangements, and each settles down to do just as his parents did, except where he can or thinks he can improve. That is not a wise or well-governed family in which the child does not begin by considering his father the bravest, most noble, just and generous of men, and his mother the most tender, wise and judicious of women. It may not be absolutely true, but it is true *to that child*, as far as all practical purposes are concerned. And all through life, this intuitive disposition to look back to the models of our youth in all points and follow them, until we have found better models by which in part we modify our beau-ideal of excellence, is the grand conservative force by which all the results of past experience in the most important affairs of life is preserved.

WALKING AND TALKING.

There is one rule to be observed in taking exercise by walking—the very best form in which it can be taken by the young and able bodied of all ages—and that is, never to allow the action of respiration to be carried on through the mouth. The nasal passages are clearly the medium through which respiration was by our Creator designed to be carried on. "God breathed into man's nostril's the breath of life," previous to his becoming a living creature. The difference in the exhaustion of strength by a long walk, with the mouth firmly closed and respiration carried on through the nostrils, instead of through the mouth, is inconceivable to those who have never tried the experiment. Indeed, this mischievous and really unnatural habit of carrying on the work of inspiration and expiration through the mouth, instead of through the nasal passages, is the true origin of almost all the diseases of the throat and lungs, as bronchitis, congestion, asthma, and even consumption itself. That excessive perspiration to which some individuals are so liable in their sleep, which is so weakening to the body, is solely the result of such persons sleeping with their mouths unclosed, and the same unpleasant and exhaustive results arise to the animal system from walking with the mouth open, instead of when not engaged in conversation—preserving the lips in a state of firm but quiet compression. As the heat and velocity of the blood through the lungs depend almost entirely upon the quantity of the atmospheric air inhaled with each inspiration, and as it is unavoidable that it should be taken in, in volume, by the mouth, whilst it can only be supplied through the nostrils, it is clear that the body must be much lighter and cooler, and the breathing much freer and easier, when the latter course rather than the former is the one adopted. Children ought never to be allowed to stand or walk with their mouth open; for, besides the vacent appearance it gives to the countenance, it is the certain precurser of coughs, colds and sore throats.—*Exchange.*

APHORISMS IN LOVE.—Women like men who flatter them; but love those who despise them. Every man, by the general law, loves all women; all women love one man. Men are by nature polygamists; women, monogamists. Magnificent lovers make wretched husbands, and excellent husbands the worst of lovers. Women become attached to men not for what men do for them, but what they do for men. Gratitude paves the way to their esteem, but selfishness opens the road to their love.—The smallest tenderness outweighs with a woman the greatest sacrifice. She will forget the hero who would die in her behalf, for the mere gallant who would give her caresses, and nothing more. When women's hearts are touched they are all kindred. The merest dowdy then become the sister of the proudest duchess. Women desire to love, primarily, and men to be loved; hence, women idealize and men analyze, the objects of their affections. If a woman will not love you make her hate you, and she is half yours, for hate is too unnatural to her to last, and its first rebound is tenderness, and the second passion. Men never love women whom they do not, understand and women never love men whom they do understand. "Forever," in the rhetoric of woman's affection is a sentimental hyper sole meaning a period of exactly two months.—*From the Galaxy.*

WHY WE SHAKE HANDS AND KISS.—A learned Theban gives us the solution of this frequently conjectured problem. In the first place it is a very old fashioned way of indicating friendship. Jehu said to Jehonadad; "Is thine heart right as my heart is with thine heart? If it be, give me thine hand." It is not merely an old fashioned custom; it is strictly a natural one and as usual in such cases, we may find a physiological reason if we only take pains to search for it. The animals cultivate friendship by the sense of touch as well as by the sense of hearing and sight; and for this purpose they employ the most sensative parts of their bodies. They rub their noses together or lick one another with their tongues. Now, the hand is a part of the human body in which the sense of touch is highly developed; and after the manner of animals, we not only like to see and hear our friend, we also like to touch him, and promote the kindly feelings by the contact and reciprocal pressure of the sensitive hands. Observe, too, how this principle is illustrated by another of our modes of greeting. When we wish to determine whether a substance be perfectly smooth, and are not quite satisfied with the information conveyed by the fingers, we apply it to the mouth.

HOW A DIAMOND BRACELET WAS LOST AND WON.—A lady in Paris recently found in her muff a bracelet of great value—a splendid collection of diamonds and opals, worth thirty thousand francs. How it got there she could not imagine. Some evenings after, at a select party, she heard the Countess B—— mourning over a lost bracelet, the description corresponding to that which had been so marvelously found. The lady produced it, and the countess was enraptured. At last she said:—"I have no idea how I lost it. I have been to the milliner's, the glove store, the fur store—" "The fur dealer's?" That suggested something. "Did you try on any muffs while you were there?" "Yes, several." "Was this one of them?" and the lady exhibited her own. "Yes; and I remember the man told me it had only been sent for repairs, and was not for sale." The mystery was explained.

UNIVERSITY OF LEIPZIG.

Leipzig, like nearly all of the German cities, exhibits an odd mixture of the old and new. You might walk for hours through the broad streets that constitute the great outer belt of the city without imagining that there are any other than modern houses to be found. Then the beautiful promenades, which are not laid out in the stiff, uniform French style of the days of Louis XIV., betray none of the marks of antiquity which are really so near at hand. But leave the promenades, and enter one of those narrow, dark streets that look uncomfortably like the necks of the black beer bottles that a cluster of red-capped students have just emptied at the out door table of the restaurant on the corner, and you almost immediately find yourself transported to the quaint architecture of the Middle Ages.

The University stands on a large open area. It was easy enough to tell where it was from the little clusters of students, with caps and watch bands of bright colors, who stood at the door-way, smoking and eating cherries. The Library is not as large as many others in Europe, but it is well arranged and kept in excellent condition. I was fortunate in being conducted through it by a very excellent young clergyman, who was connected with it. One of the treasures is a beautifully illuminated Hebrew MS. of the twelfth century. Two of the first printed Bibles, in clear type and on the finest vellum, keep each other company in a special case. The University was founded in 1409, by the German seceders from the Bohemian University of Prague. On the wall there hangs a portrait from life of John Huss, which the seceders brought with them. Near it there are the celebrated pictures of Luther and Melancthon, taken by Lucas Cratach, after their death—one of the miner's son who, with heavy pick and mighty muscle, brought up the rough quartz from its long concealment, the other of the skilful artificer, who knew how to polish the pure gold into forms of exquisite and lasting beauty.

The University has some of the foremost divines of Germany in its theological faculty. Tischendorf lectures on the Epistle to the Galatians twice a week; Luthard, Hofmann, Bruckner, Fricke, Tuch, and Holemann also give exegetical lectures. Kahnis and Fricke, have in hand systematic theology, and Kahnis and Lechler, historical theology. Delitzsch, of Erlangen, is to remove to Leipzig in the autumn, when he will take his place among them. I suppose it must be Delitzsch who draws the young Scotchmen to Erlangen. There are as many as eight of them there now.

I have given up all speculations as to the physical appearance of these leading men before seeing them, I had long ago pictured Kahnis to myself as a gray-haired, wiry, cross looking man. But on going to hear his early morning lecture on systematic theology, I found a short, stout, Spurgeon-looking man, with coal black hair, piercing eye, and a voice which, in its higher key, was harsh and rough. His manner and appearnace were not attractive at first, but as soon as he laid aside his notes, and walked up and down his platform, as he elaborated his propositions, his voice softened down into real melody, his face became boyishly beautiful and smiling, and his language so terse and transparent, that the most inattentive could not refrain from listening, nor the dullest from comprehending. He explained the sin against the Holy Ghost as having been committed by the Pharisees, when they attributed Christ's miracles to the power of Satan. This had probably been heard by all of Kahnis's auditors many a time before, but he aroused them all when he said in ringing words: "The sin against the Holy Ghost may still be committed. He who has experienced the power of divine grace, and openly, wilfully, and defiantly attributes God's work to Satan's agency, commits the unpardonable sin. It can be done now as well as in Christ's time. If Luther at Worms had attributed the new revival of faith and life to any other than God, he would have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost." Kahnis, unlike most of his theological associates whom I have heard, stands, while lecturing, instead of sitting. To all appearances, he has many a good day before him, and he is one of those men who will work just as long as the day lasts.—*Methodist.*

"OWES ME A LIVING."—It is among men who try to get a living by some shift or trick of laziness that we hear the familiar words, "The world owes me a living." A loafer who never did a useful thing in his life, who dresses at the expense of his tailor, and drinks at the cost of his friends, always insists that the world owes him a living, and declares his intention to secure the debt. I should like to know how it is that a man who owes the world for every mouthful he ever ate and every garment he ever put on, should be so heavy a creditor in account with the world. The loafer lies about it. The world owes him nothing but a very rough coffin and a retired and otherwise useless place to put it in. The world owes a living to those who are not able to earn one—to children, to the sick, to the disabled and the aged—to all who, in the course of nature or by force of circumstances, are dependent; and it was mainly for the supply of the wants of these that men were endowed with the power to produce more than enough for themselves. To a genuine shirk the world owes nothing; and when he tells me, with a whine, that the world owes him a living, I am assured that he has the disposition of a highway robber, and lacks only his courage and his enterprise.—[J. G. Holland.]

WIT.—Almost all the great poets, orators and statesmen of all times have been witty. When wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use and despise it who can be witty and something much better than witty; who loves honor, justice, decency, good nature, morality and religion, ten thousand times better than wit; wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness,—teaching age, and care, and pain to smile,—extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit, like, this is surely the flavor of the mind! Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and, support his life by tasteful food; but God has given us wit and flavor, and brightness, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his pained steps over the burning marle."—*Sidney Smith.*

EARLY JEWISH SCHOOLS.—Eighty years before Christ, schools flourished throughout the length and breadth of the land; education had been made compulsory. While there is not a single term for "school" to be found before the captivity, there were by that time about a dozen in common usage. Here are a few of the innumerable popular sayings of the period, betokening the paramount importance which public instruction had assumed in the life of the nation:—"Jerusalem was destroyed because the instruction of the young was neglected." "The world is only saved by the breath of the school children." "Even for the rebuilding of the Temple the schools must not be interrupted." "study is more meritorious that sacrifice." "A scholar is greater than a prophet." "You should revere the teacher even more than your father. The latter only brought you into this world, the former indicates the way into the next. But blessed is the son who has learnt from his father; he shall revere him both as his father and his master; and blessed is the father who has instructed his son."—*Quarterly Review.*

MONEY GETTING.—Some people think that it is necessary to be mean and miserly in order to become wealthy. There never was a greater mistake. Any man of common intelligence may be prosperous if he chooses to labor diligently and faithfully in a calling which he thoroughly understands. Of course prudence is indispensible to success—prudence, mind, not niggardly meanness. The man, who commencing with little or nothing, has resolved to rise, must also resolve to sacrifice nothing to appearance. He cannot gain one true friend, nor obtain any popularity that will be really useful to him in his efforts to achieve independence, by endeavoring to seem to have that which he has not. The world is shrewder than Pretension supposes it to be. It is a curious world—looks sharply into people's private affairs, and if an individual makes a show beyond his means, soon discovers and distrusts him. No one who has a fortune to make, or who desires to receive even a moderate competence, can afford to incur the world's distrust. Therefore, if you are at the foot of the ladder and want to mount, go up in your work day guise and don't effect purple and fine linen.

NEWSPAPER POWER.—"Thirty years ago," says Wilkes' Spirit, "the senators ruled America: to day it is ruled by the editors.', It adds; "There is a class of men among bankers and merchants and lawyers who affect a condescension toward the journalist which is intensely amusing. The writer for the newspaper appears to their blinking eyes a kind of literary adventurer, who is to be tolerated for his genius, but not to be trusted in business. They are ignorant that he sells their goods, furnishes all their facts, and presents them gratuitously with opinious. They do not know, as Jay Cooke does, that the newspapers of America hold two thousand millions of national bonds. They do not know, as Edwin M. Stanton knows, that the newspapers of America sent five hundred thousand men to the war. They do not know that the newspapers of America will nominate the Presidency, determine the election, dictate the legislation of Congress, and decide whether Andrew Johnson is to be impeached. Newspapers lead them by the nose wherever they go; but they do not feel the pressure, which is the reason why we give this special weak."

RUSTIC ECONOMY.—A stout, hungry lumber man, from the interior of Maine, who had been deprived for several weeks of his usual quantum of good things which make up the principal daily meal, went into a hotel in Portland the other day, when dinner was preparing, and very seriously inquired the price of a dinner. "Fifty cents," said the landlord. "And what do you charge for a breakfast?" said the half-starved countryman. "Twenty-five cents." "Well then I guess I'll take a breakfast."

SOME one who has seen Jules Favre on the tribune describes him as a "very handsome man, 69 years of age, of gigantic stature, with thick bushy hair, ample gray beard, commanding forehead, and large blue eyes." He might have added that the "bushy hair" is usually in picturesque disorder.

Religious.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

"I am not good enough to become a member of the church. This is the readiest excuse for those unwilling to confess the name of Jesus before men. Let us paraphrase the words. "I am not good enough to try to be saved from death." "I am not good enough to learn how to please God." "I am not good enough to ask God to help me to do his will." "I am not good enough to unite with vile sinners in striving to escape from hell." As well might a young man decline to enter a machine shop to learn the machinist's art because he cannot now make a complete steam engine. As well might a school boy refuse to enter the academy because he does not perfectly understand all the branches taught there. You are not to enter the church as a *perfect* Christian. By no means; for the church is our school, to prepare us for the duties and privileges of that higher life beyond the clouds. You must first be a beginner, perhaps even a bungler, but in course of time, by the discipline you undergo in church, through the providence of God, you shall be *made* perfect. Through faith and baptism you may become a child of God. Then you may labor to attain to the full stature of a man in Christ Jesus. The worst man needs most of all the helps which the church affords in preaching and the sacraments.

You fear that you will bring disgrace upon the church, and discredit upon the cause of Christ? That is the language of unbelief. Christ gives us to understand that His grace is sufficient for us. He promises the aid of the Holy Spirit to all that believe: yet you think that God cannot or will not aid you sufficiently to make you worthy of His love. I fear the true secret is that you are unwilling to expend the time and labor necessary in the contest with sin and Satan. If you "join church" with honest motives, and a desire to do that which is well pleasing in the sight of the Lord, He will enable you so to live that you may be an example to your fellows and an ornament to the church.

Your fears are based on observation? So many attach themselves to the church and soon become apostates from the faith? The world has a proverb to shame you; "nothing risked, nothing gained." Truly you have not the spirit of Moses, who, "when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt; for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward." When you believe the promises of God with respect to those who love Him, and when you hunger and thirst after righteousness, then such skeptical fears will have no place in your bosom. The man who refuses to leave a burning house because he fears that he cannot maintain his respectability in the world without, is insane. So are you morally insane.—*Exchange.*

THE WORD OF GOD ABIDETH FOREVER.

We find the following beautiful thought in the *North British Review*:

"It is a matter of congratulation that the Bible has passed triumphantly through the ordeal of verbal criticism. English infidels of the last century raised a premature peaæ over the discovery and publication of so many various readings. They imagined that the popular mind would be rudely and thoroughly shaken, that Christianity would be placed in imminent peril of extinction, and that the Church would be dispersed, and ashamed at the sight of its Magna Charta. But the result has blasted all their hopes, and the oracles of God are found to have been preserved in immaculate integrity.

The storm which shakes the oak only loosens the earth around its roots, and its violence enables the tree to strike its roots deeper in the soil.

So it is that Scripture has gloriously surmounted every trial. These gather around the Bible a dense "cloud of witnesses," from the ruins of Ninevah and the valley of the Nile; from the slabs and bas reliefs of Sennacherib, and tombs and monuments of Pharaoh; from rolls of Chaldee paraphrast, and Syrian versionists; from the cells and libraries of monastic scribes, and the dry and dusty labors of scholars and antiquarians.

Our present Bibles are undilvted by the lapse of ages. Her oracles written amid such strange diversity of time, place and condition—among the sands and cliffs of Arabia, the fields and hills of Palestine—in the palaces of Babylon, and in the dungeons of Rome—have come to us in such unimpaired fullness and accuracy, that we are placed as advantageously towards them as the generation which hung on the lips of Jesus, as he recited a parable on the shores of the Gallilean lake, on those churches which received from Paul or Peter one of their epistles of warning exposition.

Yes! the river of life, which issues out from beneath the throne of God and the Lamb, may as it flows through so many countries, sometimes bear with it the earthly evidences of its conquests, but the great volume of its waters has neither been diminished, nor dimmed in its transparency nor bereft of its healing virtue.—*Exchange.*

HUMAN DEPRAVITY.—When a son forsakes his father's house, when he refuses to comply with his entreaties to return, when he chooses to endure all the evils of poverty rather than return, we are ready to suspect that his father must be a very disagreeable, unlovely, or cruel character, since his own children cannot live with him. At least we shall think this unless we have a very bad opinion of the son. We must condemn one or the other. So when God's own creatures, whom he has nourished and brought up as children, forsake him, and refuse to return or be reconciled, it gives other beings cause to suspect that He must be a very cruel, unlovely being; and they must either conclude that He is so, or form a very bad opinion of us. Now, sinners will not allow that the fault is theirs; of course they throw all the blame upon their Creator, and represent Him as such an unkind, cruel Parent, that his children cannot live with or please him. It is true, God has power to vindicate His own character, and to show the universe that the fault is wholly ours. But this is no thanks to us. The tendency of our conduct is still the same; it still tends to load its character with the blackest infamy and disgrace. This is all the return we make him for giving us existence. Thus do you requite the Lord, O foolish people, and unwise.

CHARACTERISTICS OF LUTHER.—Men of Luther's stature are like the violent forces of Nature herself.—terrible when roused; and in repose, majestic and beautiful. Of vanity he had not a trace. "Do not call yourselves Lutherans," he said, "call yourselves Christians. Who and what is Luther? Has Luther been crusified for the world?" I mentioned his love of music. His songs and hymns were the expression of the very inmost heart of the German people. "Music" he called "the grandest and sweetest gift of God to man." "Satan hates music," he said, "he knows how it drives the evil spirit out of us." He was extremely interested in all natural things. Before the science of botony was dreamt of, Luther had divined the principles of vegetable life. "The principles of marriage runs through all creation," he said, "and flowers as well as animals are male and female." A garden called out bursts of eloquence from him; beautiful sometimes as a finished piece of poetry.—*From Froude's Short Studies on Great Subjects.*

MINISTERIAL SUPPORT.—Dr. Guthrie, in a little speech, said: "I think all ministers are underpaid. I am not one now, and am free to say so. I hold that doctrine, and have learnt it from bitter experince—all underpaid, every one of them. I was stating this to a Free Churchman, who said, 'O but ministers should not be rich men.' 'My good friend,' said I, 'no more should any other body.' I do not want ministers to be rich, but to be delivered from the curse and the nigthmare and the distress of poverty. I want a man to be able to walk the streets of the town in which he lives, and not to be compelled to jerk round a corner when he sees the butcher or the baker whose account is not paid. I asked my friend, 'Do you think the prayer of Agur was made only for ministers—'Give me neither riches nor poverty.' I tell you, it was made for all: and I tell you more, that I believe money would be of more use in the hands of ministers than of some other people."

BISHOP HEBER SAID:—"It is a fatal mistake to suppose that there can be no apostacy from Christ, where we are not absolutely called on to deny His name, or to burn insence to an idol. We deny our Lord whenever, like that Demas, we through love of this present world forsake the course of duty which Christ has plainly pointed out to us. We deny our Lord whenever we lend the sanction of our countenance, our praise, or even our silence, to measures or opinions which may be popular or fashinable, but which we ouselves believe to be sinful in themselves or tending to sin. We deny our Lord whenever we forsake a good man in affliction, and refuse te give countenance, encouragement, and support to those who, for God's sake and for the faithful discharge of their duty, are exposed to persecution and slander."

MRS. STOWE, in her "Chimney Corner" papers, quotes the story of a young Methodist who felt that he had a call to preach, and who was crushed by the question of the elder, who asked him, "Hast thou noticed whether people seem to have a call to hear thee?"

Temperance.

THE SCOURGE.

Those who live near Vesuvius, we are told, are so accustomed to the desolation from the volcanic eruption that they become insensible to the danger except at the moment of actual peril. Then attention is arrested only when the burning stream rolls down in torrents upon their houses, and as soon as the molten lava cools they return to their old haunts and homes to repair the waste and soon live on with little apparent concern about any future danger. Their history illustrates a moral phase of society. Drunkenness sweeps over our land. Next to Great Britain, probably there is not a more besotted nation in the world than ours. Whether this be so or not, the curse is here, and blights and blasts on all sides. The New York *Tribune* computes that the whole cost of liquors annually made and sold in the United States, that is whiskey either in pure or derivative state, is about $500,000,000. In the consumption of this liquor, 60,000 lives are yearly destroyed, 100,000 men and women are sent to prison, and 200,000 children are bequeathed to poor houses and charitable institutions. In addition, 300 murders and 400 suicides are committed, and the expense connected with these events is $200,000. It is estimated that one in every fifteen persons in the State of New York is substantially made a pauper by drunkenness. Eight hundred thousand baskets of champagne more than are produced in all the champagne districts of Europe are drank in this country. Where do these come from? Madeira is made by passing the oil of whisky through carbon. Vinegar, beet-root, sulphuric acid, and copperas, are used to make port wine. New York city alone, says the *Tribune*, annually manufactures wines to the value of $8,000,000.

What is the result? The report of the New York State Inebriate Asylum contains one answer. Here is the record of applications;—

Clergymen,	30
Judges,	8
Merchants,	340
Physicians,	226
Gentlemen,	240
Rich Men's Daughters,	1,300

Here are facts. Drunkenness is not simply the vice of the ignorant and the poor. The bloated faces of men in broadcloth, the dissipated expression of the countenances of well-dressed clerks, attest the presence of this great foe. And yet how indifferent the community as a whole, is to the great curse! How many good and influential men and women give the use of wines and even stronger drinks the sanction of their example. Eminent clergymen will drink with their parishioners, and we have heard not long since of one case where a person who was struggling against this habit, was invited by a clerical friend to join him in a glass, and the latter must have known that if the former complied it was at the peril of a return to his old drunkenness.

We ask then of all friends of humanity to aid the cause of temperance by giving the force of their words and example against the use of wine and other liquors on festive occasions. Teach the young the doctrine, and enforce on them the practice, of total abstinence from strong drink as a beverage. It is the old beaten path; still it is the strait and narrow way that leads to virtue, peace and true religion, Think a moment. We pay 500,000,000 dollars annually, for what? To make men drunkards, and then we have to spend another item of hundreds of millions for jails and asylums to take care of the criminals and paupers that are made by the first 500,000,000 dollars.—*Christian Register.*

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 Associations, communications of a limited or individal 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.

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One column	30.00	45.00	80.60

THE ABSURDITY OF DRINKING

It has become a sort of popular—almost national—faith that it is not possible to be truly happy unless you drink. Among certain classes—and they are by no means exclusively the lowest—drink is the beginning and end of everything. The very name of liquor is held to be synonymous with enjoyment, and the dearer the liquor the more it is prized and coveted. Yet every man who is not a downright drunkard, is well aware that the pleasures of drinking are, beyond a certain point, a mockery, delusion, and a snare. I put it to any one who has stood half the night at a bar, or sat half the night in a club room, drinking, smoking, and bandying reckless talk, if the enjoyment of such an evening has been anything like that of a few quiet hours spent at home with a book or newspaper? The evil influence of tavern pleasure on the health is too obvious to be denied by any one, and the illusory natures of the pleasures themselves would be undeniable also, if the persons who indulge in them, did not deceive themselves, and put the truth out of sight.

No one ever brought any good out of a drinking bout yet. It is a short, feverish spasm of animal enjoyment, which leaves nothing behind but moroseness, regret, bad temper, self-reproach, and headache. I should like to ask you, sir, if you say your prayers when you come home in that state? No, you don't. Yo are ashamed to say them. You postpone them until you have purged yourself, your mind, and your lips, by more sober and rational behavior. Next night, when you pass the hours quietly at home with a book or a friend, you feel that you have had real enjoyment, and that the time has passed pleasantly, that you have not injured your health. You are not ashamed to say your prayers, and you get up next morning with a clear head, a good appetite, and an increased facility for work and enjoyment of life.—*All the Year Round.*

THE BEST LIQUOR.—"Give us a glass of your *best* liquor," said a toper the other day, as he entered a shop.

The keeper filled a glass and gave it to him. The toper, without noticing it, dashed it down his throut at a swallow. He soon began to taste and taste, scemingly not exactly satisfied.

"What's the matter? said the keeper, "wasn't it good?"

"Why, yes, it was good enough, but it seems to me it wasn't very strong. What kind of liquor was it?"

"*Cold water*," was the reply; "that's the *best liquor* we have in the shop, and I believe it's the best in the town. As for any other kind, we have not got any, for I left off selling some time ago. So you're saved your ten cents, and you'll feel better for it afterward.'

"Well," said the toper, "if this isn't a regular take in; but I believe you're half right for all that. And, as you don't charge anything for your liquor, I have a good mind to be your customer, and see if I can't get rid of my headache and sore eyes."

The shopkeeper encouraged him never to drink anything but the *best liquor*, and he departed.

Odds and Ends.

"NAT, what are you leaning over that empty cask for?" "I'm mourning over departed spirits."

MISS JOY says she is glad she is not "a thing of beauty," for she would not like to be "a Joy forever."

THE young lady who was told to take exercise to improve her health, says that she "will *jump* at any offer, and *run* her own risk."

MANY a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning a rascal, when it is a full stomach. One should be careful and not mistake potatoes for principles.

A GENTLEMAN presented a lace collar to the object of his adoration, and, in a jocular way, said: "Do not let any one else rumple it."

"No, dear," said the lady, "I will take it off."

SETTLE UP.—Tell me ye angelic hosts, ye messengers of love, shall swindled printers here below have no redress above? The shining angel band replied, "to us is knowledge given; delinquents on the printer's book can never enter heaven."

"WHY does the operation of hanging kill a man?" inquired Dr, Whately. A physiologist replied, "Because inspiration is checked, circulation stopped, and blood suffuses and congests the brain."

"Bosh," replied his grace. "It is because the rope is not long enough to let his feet touch the ground."

AN Irishman who had lain sick a long time, was one day met by the parish priest, when the following conversation took place:

"Well Patrick, I am glad you have recovered—but were you not afraid to meet your God?"

"Oh, no, your riverence, it was the meetin' of the other chap I was afraid uv," replied Pat,

THE RULING PASSION.—Colonel Barns, of Boston, who died a few days ago, was an officer under the United States government. He was a man of great wit and humor, full of rare and racy stories which he always told with the most imperturable gravity, whilst his listeners were convulsed with laughter. His stories always received a flavor from his peculiar voice which was quite thin and pitched upon a high key, and in his later years "tuned towards childish treble."

In his last sickness he very forcibly illustrated Pope's well known lines of the

"Ruling passion strong in death."

His physician came in an hour or two before he died, and asked how he was feeling.

"Shan't live till morning," said the Colonel, forcibly.

"Oh, yes, I think you will; you don't seem to be very near your end."

"Yes I am," piped out the Colonel.

The doctor then felt of his feet, and finding them quite warm, he said to him:

"Your feet feel quite warm; I think there is no immediate danger."

"Can't help it; shan't live till morning persisted the sick man.

"But," said the doctor, "your extremities are warm, Colonel. Did you ever know any one to be very near dying whose feet were as warm as yours are?"

"That's nothing to do with it. I shan't live till morning wheezed out the Colonel as if he were determined to die.

"You are quite unreasonable Colonel," gently interposed the doctor. "I never knew a man to be so near his end whose feet were as warm as yours."

"Well, I have."

"Who, pray?"

Turning toward the doctor, with a droll twinkle in his eyes, he laboringly gasped out—

'John Rodgers' [illegible]