

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS, & C.

The Freeman is published every Friday morning... One Year, (in advance), \$2.00... (If not paid within the year), \$3.00

The Bedford Free Press

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

JOHN LUTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, FEB. 12, 1869.

VOL. 42, NO. 6.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 3 columns: Rate per line, Duration, Total cost. Includes rates for one-half additional, all resolutions of associations, communications of a limited or individual nature, notices of marriage, etc.

Inquirer Column.

TO ADVERTISERS:

The 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 to make the Postmaster responsible to the publishers for the payment.

THE BEDFORD INQUIRER.

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY JOHN LUTZ, OFFICE ON JULIANA STREET, BEDFORD, PA.

Professional & Business Cards.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

JOHN T. KEAGY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office opposite Reed & Schell's Bank.

Office opposite Reed & Schell's Bank. Counsel given in English and German. [ap126]

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.]

M. A. POINTS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Respectfully tenders his professional services to the public. Office with J. W. Lingenfelter, Esq., on Public Square near Lutheran Church. Collections promptly made. [Dec. 9, '64-tf.]

E. SPY M. AISP,

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, etc. promptly collected. Office with Mann & Spang, on Juliana street, 2 doors south of the Mengel House. April 25, 1864-tf.

J. R. BURBOROW,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. Collections made on the shortest notice. Office on Juliana street, one door South of the Inquirer office, and nearly opposite the Mengel House. April 25, 1864-tf.

R. S. 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, etc. Office on Juliana street, south of the Court House. April 25, 1864-tf.

J. M'D. 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, etc., promptly collected. Office on Juliana street, opposite the banking house of Reed & Schell, Bedford, Pa. mar12

PHYSICIANS.

W. M. W. JAMISON, M.D., Bloody Run, Pa. Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. [dec18]y

D. R. B. HARRY,

Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office at residence on Pitt Street, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. J. H. Hofus. [Ap11, '64.]

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 promptly made. REAL ESTATE bought and sold. 6522

DANIEL BORDER,

First 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 Refracting Glasses, also Scotch, Public 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 every two months. SELL GOODS AT CITY PRICES. Agents for the Chambersburg Woolen Manufacturing Company. April 1y

D. W. CROUSE,

DEALER IN CIGARS, TOBACCO, PIPES, &c. On Pitt street one door east of Geo. K. Oter & Co.'s 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. 26, '64.

WASHINGTON HOTEL.

This large and commodious house, having been taken by the subscriber, is now open for the reception of visitors and boarders. The rooms are large, well ventilated, and comfortably furnished. The table will always be supplied with the best the market can afford. The Bar is stocked with the choicest liquors. In short, it is every way adapted to keep a FIRST-CLASS HOTEL. Thanking the public for past favors, I respectfully solicit a renewal of their patronage. N. B. Hacks will run constantly between the Hotel and the Springs. WM. DIBERT, Prop'r. may17, '67.

BLOODY RUN MARBLE WORKS.

R. H. SITES having established a manufacturing of Monuments, Tomb-stones, Table-Tops, Counters, etc., at Bloody Run, Bedford, Pa., and having on hand a well selected stock of foreign and American Marble, is prepared to fill all orders promptly and at moderate charges. All marble work, and on the most reasonable terms. All work warranted, and jobs delivered to all parts of the State and adjoining counties without extra charge. M'ENGL & BURNS, Proprietors. jan24, '68-tf.

LIVERY STABLES, in rear of the "Mengel House," Bedford, Pa.

M'ENGL & BURNS, Proprietors. The undersigned would inform their friends, and the public generally, that they are prepared to furnish Horses, Baggies, Carriages, Sporting Wagons, or anything in the Livery line of business, in good style and at moderate charges. Terms Cash, unless by special arrangement. jan24, '68-tf. M'ENGL & BURNS.

OUR FACILITIES FOR DOING ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING

are equalled by very few establishments in the country. Orders by mail promptly filled. All letters should be addressed to JOHN LUTZ.

Poetry.

"ROCK ME TO SLEEP."

Backward, turn backward, O Time! in your flight Make me a child again—just for to night! Another, come back from the echoes shore, Take me again to your heart as of yore; Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care, Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair: Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—Rock me to sleep, Mother—rock me to sleep!

THE ELEVATION OF LABOR.

The Republican party has, from its very inception, endeavored assiduously to make labor honorable. The Democratic party, on the other hand, has been led generally by southern slaveholders, who have systematically sought to degrade toil. At the very time when the baser demagogues of that party at the north were deluding many of the operatives of this section by appeals to class and race prejudices, the southern leaders of the same faction were terming our laborers "the mudsills of society."

Here, in Independence Square, Howell Cobb, addressing an immense Democratic ratification meeting, before the war, said to his hearers that the difference between the north and the south was simply this: "You give your labor, we own it."

That era has passed away. This landed oligarchy no longer owns its labor. The slave is emancipated. He is not driven to the cotton field in chain gangs. His wife and children are not sold at the auction block. He is not beaten into desperation and then hunted to death with blood hounds. He has shoes to his feet, a hat on his head. His wife and children are gathered around his own hearth. He is paid for his work. He is actually not forbidden to learn to read! Men and women are not imprisoned for teaching him. His evidence is received in courts of justice. He stands before the law possessed of equal rights with his oppressor. His children go to school. The chattel has become a citizen. The wings of the national eagle cover and protect him. His freedom, his citizenship and his civil rights are alike guaranteed by the Constitution, and now he has a vote to enable him to protect himself!

So much the Republican party has done for the most oppressed and degraded of our American laborers. So much it was bound to do by its principles. But has not the free white operative of the north been cared for? The Republican party found him poorly paid and often idle, because the production of his industry were subject to a ruinous competition from the immense masses of foreign goods poured into the country by the paper labor of Europe. To keep up with such an opposition we must either vigorously protect our own manufactures or we must reduce the wages of industry to a mere song. The Democratic party, true to its southern instincts, supported the British free trade system, because the slaveholding leaders were accustomed to pay nothing for their labor, and therefore regarded the reduction of the wages of northern operatives as a matter of no consequence in its effects upon the laborers themselves.

The Republicans, firmly adhering to their principle of making work honorable, preferred protection, because under that system, while the American manufacturers could successfully lay on the field, their workmen would be well paid, constantly employed, and able to live like civilized human beings. The whole realm of the two parties is of a piece with this. The Democrats gave the people the most villainous paper currency ever inflicted upon a nation, and this was an incessant means of loss to the laboring classes who were obliged to use it. The Republicans have given them a sound, well secured national currency, with which there is no possibility of loss to the people. The Democratic land policy fostered land monopoly and the building up of great landed estates. The Republican policy has offered a homestead on the public lands to all actual settlers, and so elevated the condition of the American poorer classes. Let the people judge of the two parties by these things.

GENIUS.

Alexander Hamilton said to an intimate friend: "Men give me some credit for genius. All the genius I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly. Day and night it before me. I explore in it all its bearings. My mind becomes permeated with it. Then the effort which I make, the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought."

Mr. Webster once replied to a gentleman who pressed him to speak on a subject of great importance. "The subject interests me deeply but I have not time. There, sir, pointing to a huge pile of letters on the table, "is a pile of unanswered letters to which I must reply before the close of the session which was three days off. I have no time to master the subject so as to do it justice."

"But Mr. Webster, a few words from you would do much to awaken public attention to it."

"If there is so much weight in my words as you represent, it is because I do not allow myself to speak on any subject until my mind becomes imbued with it."

Demosthenes was once urged to speak on a sudden and great emergency. "I am not prepared," said he, and obstinately refused.

The law of labor is equally binding on genius and mediocrity.

WHAT TO READ.—Are you deficient in taste? Read the best English poets, such as Gray and Goldsmith, Pope and Thompson. Cypher and Colveridge, Scott and Wordsworth.

Are you deficient in imagination? Read Milton and Akenside, and Burke and Shakespeare.

Are you deficient in power of reason? Read Chillingworth, and Bacon, and Locke.

Are you deficient in judgment and good sense in the common affairs of life? Read Franklin.

Are you deficient in sensibility? Read Goethe and Mackenzie.

Are you deficient in political knowledge? Read Montesquieu, the "Federalist," Webster and Calhoun.

Are you deficient in patriotism? Read Demosthenes, and the "Life of Washington."

Are you deficient in conscience? Read some of President Edwards' works.

Are you deficient in piety? Read the Bible.

HORACE GREELY AT WORK.

A writer in *Harvard's Monthly* gives the following pen and ink portrait of the most distinguished editor in the world, as seen in his private room, preparing articles for the press.

Mr. Greeley's back is towards us. He is seated at his desk. His head is bent over his writing, and his round shoulders are quite prominent. He is scribbling rapidly. A quill of foolscap, occupying the only clear place on his desk, is melting beneath his pen. A glance at the manuscript reveals two dozen knotty figures. You may be sure of a leader on the national debt tomorrow morning. The desk itself is a heap of confusion. Here is Mr. Greeley's straw hat in a peak of newspaper clippings, not neatly rolled up but loosely sprawled over the desk. At his left a rickety pair of scissors catches a hurried nap, and at his right a paste pot and half a broken box of wafers, appear to have had a rough and tumble fight. An odd-looking paper holder is just ready to tumble on the floor. An old-fashioned sand box, looking like a dilapidated hour glass, is half hidden under a slashed copy of the *New York World*. Mr. Greeley still sticks to wafers and sand instead of using manila and blotting paper.

A small drawer, filled with postage stamps and bright steel pens, was crawled out on the desk. Packages of folded missives are tucked in pigeon holes, winking at us from the back of the desk, and scores of half-opened letters mixed with soiled brown envelopes, flop lazily about the table. Old papers lie gabbed and mangled about his chair, the debris of a literary battle field. A clean towel hangs on a rack to his right. A bound copy of the *Tribune Almanac*, from 1838 to 1868, swings from a small chain fastened to a staple screwed in the side of his desk, two other bound volumes stand on their feet in front of his nose, and two more of the same kind are fast asleep on the book-rack in the corner. Stray numbers of the *American* peep from every nook.

The room is kept scrupulously neat and clean. A waste paper basket squats between Mr. Greeley's legs, but one-half the torn envelopes and lousy communications flutter to the floor, instead of being tossed into the basket.

Pen, ink, paper, scissors, and envelopes are in unobtrusive demand. The cry, "Mr. Greeley wants writing paper!" creates a commotion in the counting room, and Mr. Greeley gets quicker than a hungry fisher man could pick an eel.

Mr. Greeley can lay Virginia wool fence in less than an hour either in New York city. He thinks a great deal on it, but during an experience of three years has failed to learn the simple principle of sinking without getting his mouth full of ink, and he generally uses as an empty receiver. He makes a dash at the ink bottle every twenty seconds, places the third finger of his left hand on the paper, and scratches away at his work faster like one possessed. He writes marvellously fast. Frequently the point of his pen pricks through his sheet, for he writes a heavy hand, and a snap follows, spreading ink spots over the paper, resembling a blacksmith's hammer. Blots like mashed spiders or crushed huckleberries occasionally intervene, but the old veteran dashes them with sand, leaving a swearing compositor to scratch off the soil and dig out the word underneath.

CONCERNING LONGFELLOW.

The family of the poet consists of two sons, who have arrived at manhood, and three bright, merry charming little daughters. The reader has not forgotten the terrible accident by which, some years ago, Mr. Longfellow lost a beautiful and universally beloved wife, a lady of family, of most graceful culture, and a kindness of heart which will long be remembered by the neighborhood in which she was the most shining, though most modest ornament. Since that frightful event, the husband has been a changed man.

Those who remember him in his happy married life—who recollect the genial exuberance of his spirits, the cheerfulness of his disposition, the warmth of his welcome, the bright wit which flowed constantly, the buoyancy of a soul upon which stood the sunshine of life, and atwart which a cloud never seemed to pass—note with grief the expression of settled melancholy, the love of solitude, and the quickly grown white locks which one sees to day.

Still Longfellow is not so far changed but that the kindness of heart, the old warmth of friendship, the old love of the bright and beautiful things of the world, and not seldom, that noble and now venerable face light up with genial cheerfulness, and sparkling brilliancy of speech come out, and it is evident that sorrow has caused no decline of intellectual vigor, no bitterness of temper, no diminution in the old love of mankind.

Let us, without impertinence, take a few notes of the poet's personal appearance, as he passes us of a morning on the way to the "Square." A man about the middle height, and although stout, solid and well proportioned; head now a little bent, a noble, pointed head, with long waving hair, nearly white, reaching almost to the shoulder; forehead high and square, the hair brushed well back; blue, brilliant, genial eyes—true eyes of a poet, which observe everything; a long nose, a long moustache, which creeps down his breast; a flowing beard that rests upon his joints; the hair and beard not so grayly arranged, carelessly and naturally disposed; the whole countenance strikingly handsome, serene, wide-awake beaming with unusual intelligence; of late patriarchal, the face of a poet philosopher, a fine and hit-or-miss studied for the artist, for no artist has yet fixed a just portrait of Longfellow.

His face needs the touch of an old Master; Triton would have done it worthily. The broad forehead is wrinkled rather with sorrow than great age, for the poet is not yet beyond the prime of life; he is much younger than he looks to be. But he is a very different, and it a more patriarchal, certainly a far nobler face than that which one sees in frontispieces, representing him in early manhood. The dress is neat and plain, unobtrusive far from ostentation; he no means careless, or of the silly romantic Byronic order. It is of that character which is not noticeable in any way; the highest art, as we conceive of dressing.

IF YOU CAN EARN A LIVING, STAY AT HOME.

We are often addressed by young men and persons of family for information in regard to this, that and the other place, with a view of emigrating from their old homes to some new place. The most of these letters are from the South, and their inquiries are in respect to the West and the Territories. In answer to all of these inquiries, we would say honestly and from experience, in the words with which we head this article, "If you can earn a living, stay at home!" And who can do best where he is best known but a rascal? It is a delusion to suppose that one can do better somewhere else than at home, where he was raised, or has long lived—a delusion which experience fully establishes in 99 cases in every hundred. Young men with small means can do no more in the west than in the East, North and South, and as is too often the case, much worse. It takes more money to make a living in the West, as a general thing, than elsewhere; more money and greater labor, for prices of labor are no greater; wages are really lower, than elsewhere. If the emigrant is a farmer, he finds land but little cheaper, and the cost of establishing him self, and of getting his products to market, much greater than in more populous neighborhoods. As in the past fortunes are not so acquired in the West honorably at this age. The labor in the mines is the hardest in the world and the return not as great as that earned by any good citizen in any of the cities. To make money easy in the far West needs a large cash capital, or a stock of mean winks! Few are doing so well in Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Utah and Nevada, or east of these territories—in Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Minnesota—as those who follow up the line of construction on the P. R. R., and sell rot gut whisky to the hands employed. What young man, who reads this, would give up his friends and home in the South or East to make money by such means? We know of what we speak, when we say that all that has been said of the flashy towns of the West and the wondrous inducements held out to emigrants, are delusions. There is nothing but deception in store for all who rely upon the colorings put upon the West by those whose interest it is to delude people into emigrating westward. We say to all, if you can earn a living at home, stay there. If you can make a living where you are, it is better more than when you make it in the West. Stay at home—do the best you can—set honorably—be discreet and judicious, and you will be happier and wealthier in time than if you are led about by popular deceptions.—*Watchman*.

A MODEL PATRIARCH.

How completely the pastoral life of the East now reproduces the pictures so vividly drawn for us in the Scriptures, has been many times remarked, but it is long since we have seen so eloquent and striking a description of a scene which fulfills these conditions as in the following picture of a model patriarch among the Algerines, from Mr. Henry Blackburn's "Artists and Arabs."

"Around the camp this evening there are groups of men and women standing, that I feel forcibly to mind the points of the early patriarchs from which we are apt to take our first, and perhaps, most vivid impressions of eastern life; and we cannot wonder at French artists attempting to illustrate Scriptural scenes from incidents in Algeria. There are Jacob and Joseph, and here is a patriarch coming down the mountain, with a light about his head as the sun's last rays burst upon him, that Herbert might have seen when he was painting Moses with the tables of the law. The effect is accidental, but is perfect in an artistic sense, from the solemnity of the man, the attitude of his crown of flowers, the grand mountain forms which are partially lit up by gleams of sunset, and the sharp shadows cast by the strong. This man may have been a warrior chief, or the head of a tribe; he certainly was the head of a large family, who pressed round him to anticipate his wants and do him honor. His children seemed to be everywhere about him; they were his furniture, they warmed his tent and kept out the wind; they begged for him, prayed for him, and generally helped him on his way. Looked upon as a colored statue, he was in some respect a perfect type of beauty, strength, and dignified repose—what we might call a sturdy," as he sat waiting, whilst the woman prepared the opportunity for exciting these faculties in benevolent and self denying efforts for the welfare of our fellow men so many and great, that it is really worth while to live. The heart which is truly elevated by benevolent motives may luxuriate in an age like this. The promises of God are inexhaustibly good, the main tendencies of things so manifestly in accordance with them, the extent of moral influence is so great, and the effects of its employment so visible, that whoever aspires after benevolent action and reaches for things that remain for us, to the true dignity of its nature, can find free scope for his intellect, and all inspiring themes for the heart.

A STORY is told of an old hunter in Michigan, who, when the country was new, got lost in the woods several times. He was told by a pocket compass, which he hid, and a friend explained to him its use. He soon got lost and lay out as usual. When found, he was asked why he did not travel by the compass. He stated that he did not dare to. He wished to go north, and he "cried hard to make this point north," but "t'wont no use," would diddle, diddle, diddle right around, and point southeast every time!

THERE is food for thought in the story that is told of a young lad, who for the first time accompanied his father to a public dinner. The waiter asked him, "What will you take to drink?" Hesitating for a moment, he replied, "I'll take what father takes." The answer reached his father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. In a moment his decision was made; and in tones tremulous with emotion, and to the astonishment of those who knew him, he said, "Water, I'll take water."

To speak ill upon knowledge, shows a want of charity. To speak ill upon wisdom, shows a want of honesty. To know evil of others, and not speak it, is some times discretion. To speak evil of others, and not know it, is always dishonesty. He may be evil himself who speaks good of others upon knowledge; but he can never good himself who speaks evil of others upon suspicion.—*Warwick*.

During the late war, after a long march, a captain ordered, as a sanitary precaution, that the men should change their undershirts. The O. S. suggested that half of the men only had one shirt each. The captain hesitated for a moment, and then said, "Military orders must be obeyed. Let the men change with each other."

What is the difference between a special constable and a constable? The former's sworn in, and the latter's sworn out.

FRONT had against a hasty temper. Anger will come, and resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all your life. Never revenge an injury.

ELECTRICITY.

Perhaps one of the most novel applications of electricity has been made by Robert Houdin, who lives in the village of Saint Gervais, a short distance from the city of Blois, in France. A visitor presenting him self before the door sees a gilt plate bearing the name of Robert Houdin, below which is a small gilt knocker. He raises this, and no matter how feeble the blow, a delicately turned chime of bells, sounding through the mansion announces his presence. When the attendant touches a button placed in the hall the chime ceases, the bolt at the entrance is thrown back, the name of Robert Houdin disappears from the door, and in its place appears the word "entree" in white enamel. The visitor pushes open the door and enters; it closes with a spring behind him, and he cannot depart without permission. By a certain number of chimes, which are sounded the number of visitors is announced. When a carriage arrives at the gate, the movement of the gate is announced at the house. The letter box has an electric communication with the house. The carrier, previously instructed, drops in first all the printed matter together, then he adds the letters, one by one. Each addition sounds the chime. And when he is desired to take away letters for mailing, another chime, of a special nature, warns him that they are ready. An electric current regulates the time throughout the house, Mr. Houdin's study clock being the standard. Every morning this clock sends, at different hours, electric impulses to awaken three persons. But in addition, the apparatus forces them to rise, by continuing to sound until the circuit is broken by moving a small key placed at the further end of the room. To do this the sleeper must rise, and then the object sought is accomplished. The temperature of the green house is also recorded by electricity, so that the gardener cannot neglect his duties without his master knowing all about it; and he evidently regards Houdin as a sorcerer.

A YOUNG MAN'S CHARACTER.

No young man who has a just sense of his own value will sport with his character. A watchful regard to his character in early youth will be inconceivable to him in all the remaining years of his life. When tempted to deviate from strict propriety of deportment, he should ask himself, Can I afford this? Can I endure hereafter to look back upon this?

It is of amazing worth to a young man to have a pure mind; for this is the foundation of a pure character.—The mind, in order to be kept pure, must be employed in topics of thought which are themselves lovely, chastened, and elevating. That the mind has its own power the selection of its theme of meditation. If youth knew how (rightly were the moral depravations which a cherished habit of loose imagination produces on the soul—they would shun them as the bite of a serpent. The power of books to excite the imagination is a fearful element of moral decay when employed in the service of vice.

The cultivation of an amiable, elevated and glowing heart, alive to all the beauties of nature and all the sublimities of truth, invigorates the intellect, gives to the will independence of base passions, and to the affections the power of adhesion to whatever is pure, good and grand, which is adapted to lead out the whole nature of a man into those scenes of action and impression by which its energies may be most appropriately employed, and by which its high destination may be most effectually reached.

The opportunities for exciting these faculties in benevolent and self denying efforts for the welfare of our fellow men are so many and great, that it is really worth while to live. The heart which is truly elevated by benevolent motives may luxuriate in an age like this. The promises of God are inexhaustibly good, the main tendencies of things so manifestly in accordance with them, the extent of moral influence is so great, and the effects of its employment so visible, that whoever aspires after benevolent action and reaches for things that remain for us, to the true dignity of its nature, can find free scope for his intellect, and all inspiring themes for the heart.

AMONG the recent English patents we notice one upon an invention which consists in saturating glue, hemp, or other fibre woven into canvas, cloth, or in its manufactured state, with gutta serena in a soft or liquid state, and pressing layers of such saturated fibre or canvas cloth together with warm steam so as to form a tough fabric of any required thickness, which may be used for the soles and heels of boots and shoes, and for other purposes.

AMONG the passengers in a street car was a little gentleman who had possibly seen five summers. The car being quite full, he sat in the lap of another passenger. While on the way, something was said about pickpockets, and soon the conversation became general on that interesting subject. The gentleman who was then holding our young friend remarked: "My fine fellow, how easy I could pick your pocket." "No, you couldn't," replied he, "I've been looking out for you all the time."

MR. WIGNER, an analytical chemist in England, had been studying Leviticus, and concluded that the "ashes of an heifer"—i. e. animal charcoal—and blood poured out upon the ground—i. e. blood and clay all mixed together, would make an excellent purifier. He tried his mixture in thirty-six thousand gallons of sewage and purified it in twenty minutes; the residuum was found to be worth twice the cost of the experiment. It has always been a mystery how the sacrificial food of the temple was kept pure, and Mr. Wigner's experiment may explain the method.

A very remarkable feature in the topography of the country presents itself in Wise county, Virginia. At or near the Pound Gap, on the Kentucky side, is a mountain about four miles in circumference at its base; in this mountain back four rivers, flowing in different directions, nearly corresponding with the four cardinal points of the compass. The four springs can be seen at one view from the top of this mountain, and they are nearly equidistant from each other, say a mile apart. These rivers are the Gunters river, flowing south into the Clinch; the Lick fork of the Kentucky, running west; the Cumberland river south; and the Pond river north into the Sandy. They flow through four States, and are all tributary to the Ohio river.

A Washington letter says: "Among the valuable patents which have recently expired and which the Government has refused to renew, is that of Col. Hoe, whose huge printing presses may now be manufactured by anybody with capital enough. Hoe is a sprightly, ingenious man, already a millionaire, full of fame, undiscovered, and has conceived several new machines, presses among them. There will probably be no competition with him in the Hoe press—in this country, at any rate; for the Hoe press, whose processes are more simple and more thorough, is already the favorite. This latter, however, is already a fact. Last year, an endless roll, at the rate of sixty-three double impressions a minute."

THE insensitive and universal taste of mankind selects flowers for the expression of its finest sympathies, their beauty and fleetingness serving to make them the most fitting symbols of those delicate sentiments for which language itself seems almost too gross a medium.