The Bedford Inquirer.

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

JOHN LUTZ. *Editor and Proprietor.* BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 11. 1869. VOL. 42: NO. 23

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 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 months.	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

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.

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.

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, 1869-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. [April,1'69-tf.

LUSPY 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, 1869.—tf.

J. R. DURBORROW,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PA.,
Will attend promptly to all business intrusted to his care. Collections made on the shortest notice.
He is, also, a regularly licensed Claim Agent 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 1, 1869: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. April 1:69:1yr.

J. M'D. SHARPE ..... E. F. 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. Apr 1,'69:tf

W. C. SCHAEFFER
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PA.,
Office with J. W. Dickerson Esq.. 23apr1y

PHYSICIANS.

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 1,69.

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. April 1:69

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,
DEALER IN
CIGARS, TOBACCO, PIPES, &C.
On Pitt street one door east of Geo. R. Oster & 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 April 1.'69..

C. N. HICKOK, DENTIST.
Office at the old stand in
BANK BUILDING, Juliana st., BEDFORD.
All operations pertaining to
Surgical and Mechanical Dentistry
performed with care and
WARRANTED.
Anæsthetics administered, when desired. Artificial teeth inserted at, per set, **$8.00** *and upward.*
As I am determined to do a CASH BUSINESS or none, I have reduced the prices for Artificial Teeth of the various kinds, 20 per cent., and of Gold Fillings 33 per cent. This reduction will be made only to strictly Cash Patients, and all such will receive prompt attention. 7feb68

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
This large and commodious house, having been re-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 my purpose 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.
may17,'69:1y WM. DIBERT, Prop'r.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
HUNTINGDON, PA.
This old establishment having been leased by J. MORRISON, formerly proprietor of the Morrison House, has been entirely renovated and refurnished and supplied with all the modern improvements and conveniences necessary to a first-class Hotel.
The dining room has been removed to the first floor and is now spacious and airy, and the chambers are all well ventilated, and the proprietor will endeavor to make his guests perfectly at home. Address, J. MORRISON,
EXCHANGE HOTEL,
21julytf Huntingdon, Pa.

MAGAZINES.—The following Magazines for sale at the Inquirer Book Store: ATLANTIC MONTHLY, PUTNAM'S MONTHLY LIPPINCOTT'S, GALAXY, PETERSON, GODEY, MD'M. DEMORESTS, FRANK LESLIE RIVERSIDE, etc. etc. tf

Inquirer Column.

TO ADVERTISERS:

THE BEDFORD INQUIRER.

PUBLISHED

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

BY

JOHN LUTZ,

OFFICE ON JULIANA STREET,

BEDFORD, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

IN

SOUTH-WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULATION OVER 1500.

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AND IN THE

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WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS,

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ORDER BOOKS,

SEGAR LABELS,

RECEIPTS,

LEGAL BLANKS,

PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS,

BILL HEADS,

LETTER HEADS,

PAMPHLETS,

PAPER BOOKS,

ETC. ETC. ETC. ETC. ETC

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.

Bedford Inquirer.

ITEMS.

THE old English blockade runners that were so successful during the American war are being refitted, to engage in blockade running at Cuba.

THE proposed bridge over the East river at New York, is estimated to cost $7,000,000, and to require six years for its construction. It will be a mile in length.

A TEXAS gentleman has received a quantity of silkworm eggs from France through the mail. Some of the eggs hatched on the way, and the worms were living on their arrival.

ENGLAND.—We never knew till now what a saintly old creature England was and is. Here, by her own confession, we find that through all our war she was beset by sore temptation to give us a dig under the fifth rib in the recognition of the Confederacy. Her 'ally,' urged her to it, her own interests demanded it, her disposition led that way; but she refrained. Why? Because she was fond of us, and did not want to effect unfavorably the great experiment of Republican Government. Kind old creature!

EDUCATION IN EUROPE.—A map giving the rank of the different countries of Europe, based upon the relative efficiency and extent of the education imparted in their primary schools, has recently been published. The several nations rank as follows: Saxony, Switzerland, small States of North Germany, Denmark, Prussia, Sweden, Baden, Wurtemberg, Holland, Norway, Bavaria, France, Belgium, England, Italy, Austria, Greece, Papal States, Spain, Portugal, Waldo-Wallacia, Turkey.

HOW A WOMAN KEEPS POSTOFFICE.—Mrs. Keziah B. Johnson was lately appointed post-mistress of Leavenworth, Kansas, and the local papers say that she commenced operations without a desk, box or table, tumbling the mails all over the floor simply because she got huffy, and wouldn't buy, borrow, or take as a gift the fixtures of her predecessor. Consequently the office had to be shut up for a day, and was not opened until the business men of the city, by a united effort, prevailed upon her to take the furniture and get matters into some sort of shape.

THE CHESAPEAKE FISHERIES.—Herring fishing, on an extensive scale, says the Wilmington, Del., *Commercial*, has about closed on the Chesapeake, and the hauling seine fisheries "cut out," i. e., cut the seine out of the ropes, and quit during last week. "The hauling seine" fishermen have had a very successful season this year. The hauls have been regular and the prices have been uniform. Herring sold at the beginning of the season at $1 per hundred, and this price was maintained up to the close of the season. Shad also brought $14 per hundred, a very good price, the whole season through.

FIXING THE STANDARD.—Anna Dickinson maintains that Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Livermore and Miss Anthony, the greatest women of the age, are superior in intellect to New York aldermen and legislators. We think they are—just about. But we would like to know if this claim of superiority to the aldermanic intellect is all the claim the women make on behalf of their great lights. If so their modesty is commendable. We would have put them a great deal higher. We would have compared them with George Francis Train, Senator Sprague, Colorado Jewett, the Right Honorable Mr. Gladstone, Garibaldi and the Mayor of Cork.

BEECHER ON CHURCH UNION.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher on Sunday preached against the schemes of Church union, whether planned by Pope, Protestant or Pagan, taking the novel ground that the strength of the Christian religion lies in the number of the existing denominations. He hopes to see the sects increase in number rather than combine, and prefers to have the Gospel preached by wicked men rather than not have it preached at all. He did not claim originality for these novel ideas, but showed that they were in consonance with those of that astute lawyer, Saint Paul.

GEORGIA COTTON CROP.—We continue to receive from all sections most discouraging accounts of the cotton crops. The continued cold nights and the recent cold winds which have prevailed throughout the entire eastern and middle sections of the State have caused the plant to die, and in many localities the crop has been plowed up and replanted in corn. There can be no longer the slightest doubt that the crop is at least twenty to twenty five days later than usual, and that the stand is generally very deficient. If the season should become more favorable at an early day, a fair crop may be made, but this is quite uncertain.

THE GOOD COUNTRY.—Edna Dean Proctor, writing in the *Independent*, of her arrival at the Hudson River Railroad depot, in this city, at an early morning hour says:

Among the throng waiting the departure of the train was a group of emigrants; and in it two children crying bitterly, apparantly from sheer, sleeplessness and fatigue.

"Poor little things," I said, "how tired they seem."

"Yes" answered the mother, who stood by, trying to comfort them—a meanly-clad, worn-looking woman, but with soft dark eyes and abundant chestnut hair coiled under her torn hood. "Yes, we landed yesterday from England, after five long weeks at sea. But thank God! I don't mind it now. *We've got to the good country.*"

CROP PROSPECTS IN CALIFORNIA.—The rain which has fallen since Tuesday night was greatly needed for maturing the early and saving the late grain from utter blight. It is the opinion of farmers with whom we conversed from many parts of the State, says the Sacramento *Union*, of the 21st ult., that without this rain there could hardly have been half the average yield per acre this year. Had it come ten days sooner it would have been better, but coming as it has it will greatly increase the yield by saving the late sowing from the destruction with which it was menaced. Such weather as we have had since Tuesday night, continued through this week is just what we wanted. It will add millions of bushels to the wheat harvest and improve the quality of the yield. As for injuring the hay crop that is not to be feared. If the wet weather holds out long enough to damage what has been cut and still remains in the field, it will send forward a new and better growth of grass than the old, and give us a June haymaking that will more than make up for the small losses thus occasioned.

Poetry.

THE BURIAL OF LOVE.

Two dark-eyed maids, at shut of day,
Sat where a river rolled away,
With calm, sad brows and raven hair,
And one was pale, and both were fair.

Bring flowers, they sang, bring flowers unblown,
Bring forest blooms of name unknown;
Bring budding sprays from wood and wild,
To strew the bier of Love, the child.

Close softly, fondly, while ye weep,
His eyes, that death may seem like sleep,
And fold his hands in sign of rest.;
His waxen hands, across his breast.

And make his grave where violets hide,
Where star-flowers strew the rivulet's side,
And blue birds in the misty spring
Of cloudless skies and summer sing.

Place near him, as ye lay him low,
His idle shafts, his loosened bow,
The silken fillet that around
His waggish eyes in sport he bound.

But we shall mourn him long, and miss
His ready smile, his ready kiss,
The prattle of his little feet,
Sweet frowns and stammered phrases sweet;

And graver looks, serene and high,
A light of heaven in that young eye;
And these shall haunt us till the heart
Shall ache and ache, and tears will start.

The bow, the band shall fall to dust,
The shining arrows waste with rust,
And all of Love that earth can claim,
Be but a memory and a name.

Not thus his nobler part shall dwell,
A prisoner in his narrow cell;
But he whom now we hide from men,
In the dark ground, shall live again;

Shall break these clods, a form of light,
With nobler mien and purer sight,
And in the eternal glory stand
Highest and nearest God's right hand.

Miscellaneous.

AN UNPLEASANT SITUATION.

John Smith—you've heard of him—is very bashful; too bashful in truth. He was born and raised in the country. His father gave him a good education and allows him plenty of money. But John, with all other attainments never could accustom himself to the society of females, not because he did not like the girls, but because his shy nature would not permit him to associate with the fair sex. It once happened, not very long ago either, that John's father had some very important business to transact in the city. He also had some very particular affairs to attend to at home, which demanded his personal attention, and not possessing the power of ubiquity, he delegated his son John to transact that in the city.

John, being thus commissioned, immediately proceeded to the city and to the residence of his father's old friend, whom he found to be a very nice old gentleman, with a beautiful daughter, and gold spectacles.

John was ushered into the parlor (a new thing for him,) and motioned to a seat—not a sofa [another new thing.]

But we must use his own language:

I took my seat and made observations. Everything was fine! Fine carpets, fine tables, fine curtains, fine books, fine pianos, fine everything, and especially a fine young lady who was dressed in fine silk, fine satin, and who had fine curls, and a fine appearance generally.

After chatting with the old gentleman a few minutes, he took down his hat, told me to make myself at home for an hour or two and left—left me alone with his daughter and a small mischievous boy, the young lady's brother. I didn't relish the situation at all. The idea of keeping a city belle engaged in conversation for two hours; perdition! Silence reigned in the parlor for a short time, you may bet. I amused myself as much as possible with the boy—that is I loaned him my knife and watch key, and wathced him cut holes in the carpet with one, and spoil the other. I don't know what I would have done had it not been for that boy—he was so good to attract one's attention, you know.

It's true, he asked some startling questions, occasionally, such as this, for instance: "Are you going to court sister Emily?" but such things must be expected under such circumstances.

Miss Emily, thinking no doubt that to be a good hostess she must keep her guests engaged in conversation, asked me "how I liked country life," etc. She said that it must be a beautiful sight to see the laborers, male and female, romping on the new mown hay on New Year's day; that she always did think she would like to spend a Christmas in the country a nut gathering with the village lads and lasses; that it always had been a mystery to her how they got eggs off the trees without breaking them.

In return, I thought to keep up my part of the conversation, it was necessary for me to quote poetry and the like, which I did. Among other quotations, I unfortunately repeated the well-known lines of Shakespeare:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as you will."

At this juncture, the boy, who had perched himself upon my knees, looked very earnestly in my face and said:

"Divinity shaped the end of your nose, mighty curious."

I'm certain that I wished somebody would spank the young rascal. We talked of hills, mountains, vales, cataracts—I believe I said waterfalls, when the boy spoke up and said:

"Why, sister's got a trunk full of 'em up stairs—papa said they are made out of hess hair."

This revelation struck terror into me and blushes into the cheeks of my fair companion.

It began to be very apparent to me that I must be very guarded in what I said, lest said boy might slip in his remarks at uncalled for places; in fact I turned my conversation to him. I told him he ought to go home with me, and see what nice chickens we have in the country. Unluckily I mentioned a yoke of calves my brothers owned. The word calves ruined all. The little fellow looked up and said.

"Sister's got a dozen of 'em, but she don't wear 'em only when she goes up in town o' windy days."

"Leave the room you unmannerly little wretch" exclaimed Emily, "leave immediately."

"I know what you want me to leave for, replied he; "you can't fool me—you want to set in that man's lap and kiss him like you did Bill Simmons the other day—you can't fool me, I'll jest tell you, Gimme some candy like he did; then I'll go. You think because you've got the Grecian bend that you're smart. I know a thing or two. I am mad at you anyhow, 'cause pap would a bought me a top yesterday, if it hadn't been for your getting them curls, doggone yer!—You need not turn so red in the face, 'cause I can't see it for the paint. There ain't no use in winkin' at me with that glass eye of yourn, 'cause I ain't going out'n here, now that's what's the matter with the purps. I don't care if you are twenty-eight years old, you ain't no boss o' mine, you old fool."

That is all of the story that John related. He says he don't know how he got out of the scrape.

AMERICAN GIRLS.

American girls have a certain something which is not inaptly called dainty; dainty features, dainty forms, dainty feet.

With what taste they dress! It is true they dress expensively; not because American ladis are extravagant, but because articles for the fair sex are dear.

We have no home manufactures, but must import our silks, velvets, laces, linens, gloves, and almost everything that goes to make up the toilet; the very same dress would cost an American treble what it would a Frenchwoman in her native land. No wonder the latter can dress better than the farmer on less money.

Americans do not invent fashions, but they seize upon them at once, and wear them as gracefully as those who do invent them.

It is a saying as true, alas! as it is old, that American women fade early; still when their day of positive beauty is past, they are good wives and mothers, affectionate, cheerful companions; in their homes they are excellent housewives, even as much so as Englishwomen, who in this respect are patterns.

It is time to credit our countrywomen with something beyond mere beauty; though not in the world-crowded boulevards of the luxurious French capital, nor in the principal streets of the sturdy metropolis of Great Britain, can one meet in an afternoon's stroll such throngs of lovely girls and women as flock down Broadway on a sunny day.

The American women are the most intelligent among civilized nations. The French only equal them in quickness of perception and in wit, but not in face, for the latter are notoriously ugly, as a general thing—a pretty face in France being almost as rare as an ugly one here. Americans are better educated, too, than most women; so, what with learning, wit, cheerfulness, grace and beauty, they may be pronounced as nearly perfect as it is possible for mortal women to be. Fortunately, they are sufficiently defective to answer Coleridge's oft quoted lines; they are *not*

—"Too bright and good
For human nature's daily food."

In addition to possessing all the charms and virtues of the women of other nations, they have a self-reliant manner and self sustaining, invincible virtue, which none others are conceded to have at so early an age; for our custom of entrusting mere girls in the society of gentlemen alone is the subject of wonder and outcry among foreigners.

To the eternal honor of American men be it said they have in general the most sacred respect for the purity of young girls, and that, with the high sense of propriety which prevails among the latter, causes our country to be almost altogether free from that hideous crime which brings in its crimson train the infanticide of illegitimate offspring.

Can that system be entirely wrong which averts the betrayal of young girls? This, in Great Britain, has almost become a national crime.

So little is infanticide thought of in England now, that the wretched unwedded mother is seldom hanged, or even transported, but is condemned to imprisonment for from six to eighteen months.

The Hester Vaughans of England do not suffer long; it is simply because the supposed or actual crime of the unfortunate creature now languishing in a Philadelphia jail is so rare here that it awakens unusual horror.

While we have considerably less of the vimes of seduction and child murder than England, we have not more depravity nan exists there in wedlock, and much less than in France; though as married happiness in the latter country is based upon the violation of the first principles of matrimony, a comparison is possible.

Let us admire the bewitching beauty of American women—their girlish freshness, their enchanting grace, as they develop into women; let us do homage to their sprightliness of speech—which, if not actual wit, closly approaches it—and their strong intelligence. And as, with all their gifts, they are not exempt from suffering, let us remove the prejudice against their laboring to winbread for themselves and little ones; this wild be a greater boon than the suffrage; or voting is not an absolute necessity—and no doubt will come in time—but bread is.

Whoever a woman, by her intellect, can work side by side with a man, let her be paid manly well. This seems but justice to the present as well as to the coming generation for whatever tends to elevate beyond poverty and ennoble the mind of the mother, must lift up and advance her sons; so, little by little, the whole race is benefited.

It is useless to lament the necessity for a woman's working; since it exists, let us cope with its dark evil as best we may; and if the change tends to the welfare of men it must do the same by women.

Recently, this present outcry for the suffrage and the right to labor is but an outcroping of the intelligence, the heart, the soul, the genius of the lovely and noble-minded American women.—Celia Logan Kegg, *in Packard's Monthly, for June.*

INGEROUS PLEASURES.—I have sat upon the sea-shore and waited for its gradual approches, and have seen its dancing waves as white surf, and admired that He who measured it with his hand had given it such grand motion; and I have lingered until the gentle waters grew into mighty billows, and had well nigh swept me from my firmest footing. So have I seen the heedless youth grow with a curious spirit upon the sweet visions and gentle approaches of inviting pleasure; till it has detained his eye and imponed his feet, and swelled upon his soul and swept him to a swift destruction.

STRONG DRINK.

The history of strong drink is the history of ruin, of tears, of blood. It is perhaps the greatest curse that ever scourged the earth. It is one of depravity's worst fruits—a giant demon of destruction. Men may talk of earthquakes, storms, conflagrations, famine, pestilence, despotism and war; but intemperance, in the use of intoxicating drinks, has sent a volume of misery and woe into the stream of thi-world's history, more fearful and terriffic than either of them. It is the Amazon and Mississippi among the rivers of wretchedness. It is the Alexander and Napoleon among the warriors upon the peace and good of man. It is like the pale horse of the Apocalypse, whose rider is Death, and at whose heels follow hell and destruction. It is an evil which is limited to no age, no continent, no nation, no party, no sex, no period of life. It has taken the poor man at his toil and the rich man at his desk, the senator in the halls of state and the drayman on the street, the young man in his festivities and the old man in his repose, the priest at the alter and the layman in the pew, and plunged them into a common ruin. It has raged equally in times of war and in times of peace, in periods of depression, and in periods of prosperity, in republics and in monarchies, among the civilized and among the savages, Since the time that Noah came out of the ark, and planted vineyards, and drank of their wines, we read in all histories of its terrible doings, and never once lose sight of its black and bloody tracks. States have recorded enactments against it, ecclesiastical penalties have been imposed upon it, societies, have succeeded societies for its extermination; but, like him whose name was Legion no man has been able to bind it. For these four thousand years, it has been raging over the world, destroying some of virtue's fairest flowers and some of wisdom's fruitage. It was this that brought the original curse of servitude upon the decendants of Ham, that has eaten away the strength of empires, wasted the energies of states, blotted out the names of families, and crowded hell with tenants. Egypt, the source of science—Babylon, the wonder and glory of the world—Greece, the home of learning and of liberty—Rome with her Cæsars, the mistress of the earth—each in its turn had its heart lacerated by this dreadful cankerworm, and thus become an easy prey to the destroyer. It has drained tears enough to make a sea, expended treasure enough to exhaust Golconda, shed blood enough to redden the waves of every ocean, and wrung out wailing enough to make a chorus to the lamentations of the under world. Some of the mightiest intellects, some of the most generous natures, some of the happiest homes, some of the noblest specimens of man, it has blighted and crushed, and buried in squalid wretchedness. It has supplied every jail, and penitentiary, and almshouse, and charity hospital in the world with tenants. It has sent forth beggars on every street, and flooded every city with beastiality and crime. And it has, perhaps, done more toward bringing earth and hell together, than any one other form of vice. Could we but dry up this one moral ulcer, and sweep away forever all the results of this one form of sin, we would hardly need such things as prisons, asylums, charity houses, or police The children of haggard want would sit in the halls of plenty. The tears of orphanage and widowhood, and disappointed hope, would dwindle in a goodly measure. Disease would be robbed of much of its power. The clouds would vanish from ten thousand afflicted homes. And peace breathe its fragrance on the world, almost as if the day of its redemption had come.—*Dr. J. A. Seiss.*

MEN WHO WIN WOMEN.—God has so made the sexes that women, like children, cling to men; lean upon them for protection, care and love; look up to them as though they were superior in mind and body. They make them the suns of their system, and they and their children revolve around them. Men are gods if they but knew it, and women, therefore, who have good minds and pure hearts want men to lean upon. Think of them reverencing a drunkard, a liar, a fool, or a libertine. If a man would have a woman to do him homage, he must be manly in every sense, a true gentleman, not after the Chesterfield school, but polite, because his heart is full of kindness to all; one who treats her with respect even deference, because she is a woman; who never condescends to say silly things to her; who brings her up to his level, if his mind is above hers; who is never so anxious to please, but always anxious to do right; who has no time to be frivolous with her; always dignified in speech and act; who never spends too much upon her; never yields to temptation, even if she puts it in his way; who is ambitious to make his mark in the world, whether she encourages him or not; who is never familiar with her to the extent of being an adopted brother or cousin; who is not over careful about dress; always pleasant and considerate, but always keeping his place of the man, the head, and never losing it. Such deportment, with noble principles, a good mind, energy and industry, will win any woman in the world who is worth winning.

OUT AT NIGHT.—Fathers and mothers, look out for your boys when the shades of evening have gathered around you!—Where are they then? Are they at home, at the pleasant, social fireside, or are they running the streets? Are they gaining a street education? If so, take care; the chances of their ruin are many. There is scarcely anything so destructive to their morals as running abroad at night. Under cover of darkness they acquire the education of crime; they learn to be rowdyish, if not absolutely vicious; they catch up loose talk, they hear sinful thoughts and they see obscene things, and they become reckless and riotous. If you would save them from vulgarity, save them from ruin, save them from prison, see to it that night finds them at home. More than one young man has told the chaplain of the State Prison that here was the beginning of his downward course that finally brought him to the felon's cell. Let parents solemnly ponder this matter, and do all they can to make home attractive to all the children, so attractive that the boys will prefer it to roaming in the streets. There is no place like home in more senses than one—certainly no place like home for boys in the evenings.

A DEAD POPE.

There was joy at Rome in the year 1513, for Pope Julius II. was dead. It was no unusual thing indeed, for the Romans to rejoice at the death of a Pope. If there was any one the people of the Holy City contemned and hated more than all other men it was usually their spiritual father, whose blessings they so devoutly received and next to him his countless officials, who preyed upon their fellow citizens as tax-gatherers, notaries, and a long gradation of dignities. But upon Julius, the withered and palsied old man, the rage of the people had turned with unprecedented vigor. He had been a fighting Pope. His feeble frame had been torn by unsated and insatiable passions that would have become a Cæsar or an Alexander, but which seemed almost damoniac in this terrible old man. His ambition had been the curse of Rome, of Italy, of Europe; he had set nations at enmity in the hope of enlarging his temporal power; he had made insincere leagues and treaties in order to escape the punishment of his crimes; his plighted faith was held a mockery in all European courts; his fits of rage and impotent malice made him the laughing-stock of kings and princes; and the cost of his feeble wars and faithless alliances had left Rome the pauper city of Europe.

And now Julius was dead. The certainty that his fierce spirit was fled forever had been tested by all the suspicious forms of the Roman church. The Cardinal Camerlengo stood before the door of the Pope's chamber, struck it with a mallet, and called Julius by name. Receiving no answer, he entered the room, tapped the corpse on the head with a mallet of silver, and then fall ing upon his knees before the lifeless body, proclaimed the death of the Pope. Next the tolling of the great bell in the Capitol, which was sounded upon these solemn occasions alone announced to Rome and to the Church that the Holy Father was no more. Its heavy note was the signal for a reign of universal license and misrule. Ten days are always allowed to pass between the death of a Pope and the meeting of the conclave of cardinals for the election of his successor, and during that period it was long an established custom that Rome should be abandoned to riot, bloodshed, pillage, and every species of crime. The very chamber of the dead Pope was entered and sacked. The city wore the appearance of a civil war. The papal soldiers, ill paid and half fed, roamed through the streets robbing, murdering, and committing a thousand outrages unrestrained. Palaces were plundered, houses sacked, quiet citizens were robbed, murdered, and their bodies left in the street or thrown into the Tiber. "Not a day passed," wrote Gigli, an observer of one of these dreadful saturnalia, "without brawls, murders, and waylayings." At length the nobles fortified and garrisoned their palaces, barricades were drawn across the principal streets, and only the miserable shop-keepers and tradesmen were left exposed to the outrages of the papal banditti.—Eugene Lawrence, in *Harper's Magazine.*

WHITHER ARE YOU GOING.—Three travelers from Frankfort to Bale, fell asleep. They had entered a wrong carriage, and were taken away toward Strasburg. They never discovered their error until they reached the bank of the great river, where there tickets were asked for. Their vexation on discovering what their sleep had cost them, suggested a solemn lesson. I thought of another journey—of the thousands who are passing on to eternity fast asleep; of the speed with which they are hurrying along; of another river; of other sleepers awaking to find that they have been on the wrong way, and that they must face an eternity undone. "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

I have read a story of a professional fool, one of those who once formed an appendage to every great house. The king, his master, on investing him with the badges of his office—the cap and staff and bells—told him to wear them till he found a greater fool than himself. The king was dying. He sent for the fool, and told him that he was going on a journey—a very long journey—and that he would never return. "What provision have you made for your journey?" said the fool. None, said the dying man. What! said the other; are you going into eternity without making any provision? Yes, said the king, with a heavy sigh. The fool dropped his staff, cap and bells, and laid them before the king, saying: "I was only to keep them till I had found a fool greater than myself, and I have found him."

SABBATH BELLS.—Said Daniel Webster: "I once defended a man charged with the awful crime of murder. At the conclusion of the trial I asked him what could induce him to stain his hands with the blood of a fellow-being. Turning his blood-shot eyes full upon me he replied, in a voice of despair 'Mr. Webster, in my youth I spent the holy Sabbath in evil amusements, instead of frequenting the house of prayer and praise.' Could we go back to the early years of all hardened criminals, I believe, firmly believe that their first departure from the path of morality was when they abandoned the Sabbath school, and their subsequent crimes might thus be traced back to the neglect of youthful religious instruction.

"Many years ago I spent a Sabbath with Thomas Jefferson, at his residence in Virginia. It was in the month of June, and the weather was delightful. I remarked: 'How sweetly, how very sweetly sounds that Sabbath bell!' That distinguished statesman for a moment seemed lost in thought, and then replied: 'Yes, my dear Webster, yes; it melts the heart, it calms our passions and makes us boys again.'"

HERE is a story in rhyme, with a moral in prose which people in business will do well to read at their leisure. It runs thusly: When trade grew slack, and notes fell due the merchant's face grew long and blue; his dreams were troubled through the night, with Sheriff's bailiffs all in sight. At last his wife unto him said, "Arise at once, get out of bed, and get your paper, ink and pen and say these words unto the men; 'My goods I wish to sell to you, and to your wife and daughters too; my prices are so very low, that each will buy before they go." He did as his good wife advised, and straightway went and advertised. Crowds came and bought out all he had, his notes were paid, his dreams were glad; and he will tell you to this day, how well did printer's ink repay. He told us with a knowing wink how he was saved by printer's ink.

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INFLUENCE OF CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.—In one of the darkest periods of the Reformation, when Luther, Melancthon, and others, were assembled to consult upon what should be done, Melancthon retired from the council under great dejection of spirit. After a short time he returned, his countenance beaming with confidence and joy; and when all were surprised at the change, he told them that he had just seen a sight which assured him of success. He had seen some little children engaged in prayer for the Reformation. Their mothers, who had assembled for the same purpose, had brought them together; and he was assured such prayers would be heard of God. Courage in the needful hour for the greatest work ever accomplished by uninspired men was thus breathed into the soul by children's prayers. Such prayers the church need yet. Children, do you pray—not only for father and mother, for brother and sister, but also for the Church of God and the world?—*Visitor.*

ETERNITY.—Eternity has no gray hairs!" The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages but time writes wrinkles on the brow of eternity.

Eternity! Stupendous thought! The ever present, unborn, undecaying, undying—the endless chain, compassing the life of God—the golden thread, entwining the destinies of the universe.

Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave! its honors, they are but as the gilded sepulchres; its possessions! they are but bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourne.

In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay. Its day will know no darkening—eternal splendors forbid the approach of night. Its fountains will never fail; they are fresh from the eternal throne. Its glory will never wane, for there is the ever present God. Its harmonies will never cease! exhaustless love supplies the song.

A TOUGH STORY.—The other evening, in our "private crib," there was a learned dissertation; subject: "Bedbugs and their remarkable tenacity of life." One asserted of his own knowledge that they could be boiled and then come to life. Some had soaked them for hours in turpentine without any fatal consequences. Old Hanks, who had been listening as an outsider, here gave in his experience in corroboration of the facts. Says he, "Some years ago, I took a bedbug to an iron foundry, and dropping it into a ladle where the melted iron was, had it run into a skillet. Well, my old woman used that skillet pretty constant for the last six years, and here the other day she broke it all to smash, and what do you think, gentlemen, that ere insect just walked out of his hole where he'd been layin' like a frog in a rock, and made tracks for his old roost up stairs! "But," added he, by way of parenthesis, "by George, gentlemen, he looked mighty pale."

A CONUNDRUM.—A young man seated at dinner, the other day, said to his wife:

"Ellen, if you are good at guessing, here is a conundrum for you: If the devil should lose his tail, where would he go to get another one?"

After some time spent in guessing, she gave it up.

"Well," said he, "where they retail spirits."

Eager to get it off, she hastened to a lady friend with:

"Oh, Marian, I have such a nice conundrum! Joe just told me of it. I know you can't guess it, If the devil should lose his tail, where would he go to get another one?"

Her friend Marian having given it up she said:

"Where they sell liquor by the glass."

Marian didn't see the point of the joke.

ABOUT HANDS.—Arsene Housays says in his latest essay on female beauty:

"Irish girls have the most beautiful hands English girls have too fleshy and plump hands. The hands of American girls are too long and narrow. The fingers of German girls are too short and palms too broad. Next to the Irish girls, the daughters of Poland deserve the palm, so far as the beauty of the hands is concerned. The hands of French, Italian and Spanish girls, may not be called indifferent, though there are more beautiful hands to be seen in France and Italy than in spain. The porisiennes bestow a great deal of care on their hands, and the consequence is that superficial and inexperienced observers will believe that they have finer hands than the women of any other part of France or any other country."

It is a sin for men to disfigure their bodies, injure their health, corrupt their minds, and shorten their lives, by taking intoxicating liquors.

It is a sin for men to neglect their families, punish their wives and children, and increase misery at home by drinking intoxicating liquor.

It is a sin to associate with persons who frequent grog