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The Bedford Inquirer.

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

LUTZ & JORDAN, Editors and Proprietors.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, FEB. 25, 1870.

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Inquirer Column.

Bedford Inquirer.

Poetry.

GREEN APPLES.

[This beautiful poem is taken from Trowbridge's "The Vagabond and Other Poems."]
Pall down the bough, Bob! Isn't this fun?
Now give it a shake, and—there goes one!

TO ADVERTISERS:

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 on the office, and state the reasons for its not being taken...

THE BEDFORD INQUIRER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY LUTZ & JORDAN, OFFICE ON JULIANA STREET, BEDFORD, PA.

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GOVERNMENT SECURITIES, GOLD, SILVER, STERILIZED AND CONTINENTAL EXCHANGE bought and sold.

U. S. REVENUE STAMPS of all descriptions always on hand.

ACCOUNTS OF Merchants, Mechanics, Farmers and all other collected.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS, Jan. 7, 70.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, HUNTINGDON, PA.

THE dining room has been removed to the first floor, and is now airy and bright, and the proprietors are all well ventilated, and the proprietor will endeavor to make his guests perfectly at home.

J. MORRISON, HUNTINGDON, PA.

LETTERS should be addressed to LUTZ & JORDAN.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS, &c.

The Inquirer is published every FRIDAY morning by the following rates: One Year, (in advance) \$2.00; Six Months, (in advance) \$1.25; Three Months, (in advance) \$0.75; Single Copies, 5 cents each.

PARTY JOURNALISM.

Thorough-going party journalism in the United States—that is the old-fashioned kind of party journalism that felt itself bound, as a matter of course, to support all the measures and opinions that emanated from the politicians of its own set, and to disapprove whatever was thought, said or done by its opponents—is fast dying out.

In this connection, we have a word for readers of newspapers. We are overwhelmed by the logic of facts, to believe that there is a certain class of readers, and we are very sorry to say a very large class, who like to feel, before they take up a paper, that the subject or the result what it may, they are sure to find the measures and advocates of this party lauded to the skies, and the opposite as vigorously abused.

With the press independently criticizing the politicians, and the people independently criticizing the press, we might look for the political millennium. There is a vast improvement in the press during the past few years; and intelligent people, while holding fast to vital political faiths, are casting aside political faiths. Let us hope the good work will go on.—Brooklyn Inquirer.

WEALTH.

One great cause of the poverty of the present day is, the failure of the common people to appreciate small things. They feel that if they cannot save large sums they will not save anything. They do not realize how a daily addition, be it ever so small will soon make a large pile. If the young men and young women of to-day will only begin and begin now, to save a little from their earnings, and plant it in the soil of some good savings bank, and weekly or monthly add their mite, they will wear a happy smile of confidence and independence when they reach middle life.

TO CHEAT THE PRINTER.

is regarded by some people a small matter, but honest people regard it as a very mean and small business. To subscribe for and read a newspaper devoted to the interest of a community, and then try to sneak out without paying for it, shows very bad character. Such men generally have had character along in the world. They soon get known by the community, and are watched, and seldom trusted, thus losing more than they make. Honesty is always the best policy, depend upon it.

AN INVETERATE DINER.

upon a journey, stopped to dine at a hotel. On attempting to help himself to pepper at the dinner, he found after a violent shaking, that there was no pepper to be had. He turned around, and beckoning to the waiter, commenced: "Wa-wa-wa-wa-wa, this pepper p-p-p-per box is some-some-some-some-thing like me." "Why, so, sir?" "Po-po-po-po pepper delivery."

MARK OF ILL-BREEDING.

There is no better test of ill-breeding than the practice of interrupting another in conversation, by speaking or commencing a remark before another has fully closed, no well bred person ever does it, or continues conversation long with one who does. The latter finds an interesting conversation abruptly waived, closed, or declined by the former, without suspecting the cause. A well bred person will not even interrupt one who is in respect greatly inferior. It is amusing to see persons priding themselves on the gentility of their manners, and putting forth all their efforts to appear to advantage in many other respects, so readily betray all in this respect.

IF ANY SMALL BOY ASKS WHAT FRUIT IS LIKE THE SITE OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY, TELL HIM AN APPLE IS.

not, you have lost what would have been "a joy forever," to remember.

"Six down, my love," said the old lady, as I wended my way among chairs and hassocks to an immense chest of drawers. A moment after she brought me a box of something like a modern work-box.

"There my dear!" she cried triumphantly, "that once belonged to your great grandmother, when she was Elsie Wainwright. It has been in my possession twenty years."

"I got it at a vendue, when my Uncle Safford, dear—old old. How he came in possession of it, I never said. It has been said, though, that his father was an old lover of Miss Wainwright's dear, but she had lovers in plenty! She was so fascinating, you know."

All this time I had been examining the box, which was made of sandal wood, was delightfully odorous, and dotted in a curious manner with minute pieces of ebony, one of which I noticed, after much scrutiny, protruded from the box about midway between the cover and the bottom.

"It looks a little loose," I said, and pressed it with my thumb. Instantaneously out sprang a drawer, with a fresh waft of odor fragrance, filled with a package of yellow paper, closely written over, though the ink had faded to a pale dusty red.

"Well, well," cried the old lady in astonishment, "to think I should have had it so long, and probably it was in my uncle's family thirty odd years, and never known to anyone but me! What is it—letters, did you say? Take it, my dear, whatever it is."

I gladly availed myself of her permission, and unfolding the paper, some parts of which fell from my grasp, deciphered with difficulty. "DIARY OF ELISIE WAINWRIGHT, FOR THE YEAR 17—"

"You have the best right to it, of course my dear," said the old lady, after we had discussed the matter thoroughly; if you think there is anything there that would interest me with a betrayal of confidence, I will you would like to hear it."

I took the manuscript home, and with some difficulty read and copied it, with special allowances for peculiar old-fashioned spelling, and a word gone here and there, it ran as follows: DIARY.

June 21st, 17—My birthday! Nineteen years old! and to-night my first ball! Aunt Grizz, peering out through that huge false front of hers, says I must evacuate some of those British officers. Most! I fancy I shall not have to try very hard, aunts mine. Not that I like them particularly, though Captain Flossvelt is a gem of an officer—the handsomest man except one I ever saw. But, oh! that one, in whose face shines something beyond beauty.

Papa has asked the captain to dine here to-morrow. I like that, he is so droll, so entertaining. What pretty pictures of him both he gives us. One sees the count through his eyes, the spangles and feathers, the rich robes and shining trappings by gawdy pages. I wonder how I should look tricked off so bravely? Aunt Grizz thinks I shall be sometime; I know it is the supreme wish of her heart—poor soul—Tory that she is. I wonder if I shall live to be so old and grim, and snap my eyes, and wear a false front? Never! I'll hold fast.

Feb. 17th. I had been a weary, long winter, with a great deal of fighting, Papa and Aunt Grizz have both been ill and I have been very ill; in January she breathed her last. The day before she died she sent for me, telling me that she had a confession to make, her poor blue eyes all hollow, her cheeks tinted with red, like fire.

"Oh, it's hard to tell you—you won't curse me?" she cried, showing her thin arms over my neck, "promise me you won't curse me. I shall be gone in a few hours, but I cannot die till you forgive me."

"What have I to forgive darling?" I asked. "Ah when you know—when you know! You remember the time Colonel Washington came here with Lieutenant Moine?" Ah, me! I felt the scariest in my face.

"Blessings," said he, "if every degree, 'Ripening early, and ripening late. 'And great joys hanging over his head 'Happiness, honor, and great estate, 'For those who patiently wait."

"Take them in season, pluck and eat, 'And the fruit is wholesome, the fruit is sweet 'But, O, my friends!—here he gave a rap On his desk, like a regular thunder-clap, 'And made such a bang, 'Old Deacon Lang Woke up out of his Sunday nap—"

"Green fruit," he said, "God would not bless; 'But half life's sorrow and bitterness, 'Half the evil, and ache, and crime, 'Came from tasting before their time 'The fruits of Heaven sent."

THE CHINESE IN THE SOUTH.—A letter has been received in this city from Gen. J. G. Walker announcing that he had arrived in Texas with the 250 Chinese laborers lately conveyed by him from San Francisco via the Mississippi river. General Walker writes that the Chinesen are at work on the Texas Central Railroad, near Calvert, Texas, where they were giving entire satisfaction, and appeared contented. He thinks it probable that he will return to California for a fresh lot of the same kind of labor during the spring.

THE TENNESSEE CONVENTION.—The work of the Tennessee constitutional convention thus far, in brief: Giving the Governor a limited veto power; restricting the sessions of the Legislature to seventy-five days for regular session, and twenty days for called sessions; prohibiting the State from loaning its credit or issuing its bonds in aid of railroads and such like improvements; changing the number of supreme judges from three to five; making all judges elective by the people; making universal the franchise, with prepayment of poll tax required before voting.

JURY DUTY.—The New York Journal of Commerce, in a thoughtful article upon the failure to do jury duty, proposes a remedy. It would "allow all civil suits to be tried before a judge alone in every case where neither party demanded a jury. This would strike out the call for such service from three-fourths, if not nine-tenths, of the civil cases on the calendar. There are few disputes in which both parties and their lawyers would not rather leave the decision to the bench than to the jury box. In the remaining cases, let any party demanding a jury be compelled to give security for the payment of a sum sufficient to furnish ample remuneration to those who may be compelled to give their valuable time to the task."

NEW JUDICIAL DISTRICTS.—The proposed Northern Judicial District of Pennsylvania, according to the bill introduced into the United States House of Representatives, is to consist of the following counties: Schuylkill, Carbon, Monroe, Pike, Wayne, Wyoming, Luzerne, Columbia, Montour, Northumberland, Clinton, Cameron, Elk, Susquehanna, Bradford, Tioga, Potter, and McKean. The District Judge is to possess the same powers within the district as are possessed by the District Judge for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. The terms of the court are to be held at Pottsville, Schuylkill county, on the second Mondays of January and July, and at Wilkesbarre, Luzerne county, on the fourth Mondays of April and September. The District Judge, with the Circuit Judge, is authorized to hold Circuit Courts at Wilkesbarre, Pottsville and Williamsport. Cases now pending, if originally cognizable with the new district, can, on petition, be removed to the new District Court.

A CREEL BLOW.—Also for Indiana divorce lawyers and the "crisis" widows and widowers temporarily adjoining there! We see that the United States Supreme Court has decided that divorces obtained in that State by parties residing in other States, but that by that State for the sole purpose of being divorced, are void. The court held that the only exception is that, where a husband abandons his wife and establishes a different domicile, and even then the wife can only retain the domicile where she was abandoned, and seek her remedies there, or go back to her original domicile and have redress there. This is cruel. It strikes at the one branch of business that specially thrives in that State. Then, too, it indirectly strikes a blow at Chicago. Not a divorce seeker reside legally in Indiana, but spend nearly all their time in Chicago, thus bringing money to the exchequer of this city, and sometimes adorning our fashionable society.

COUNTERFEIT FIVE CENT COINS.—A large number of counterfeit five cent coins are reported in circulation and are thus described: The motto "in God we trust," is much larger in the counterfeit than in the genuine. The yellow color of the spurious coin is also another test. This is caused by the presence of zinc. Mr. Eckfeldt, the assayer of the mint at Philadelphia, says that the most ready test with all kinds of coins is the weight, which counterfeiters are seldom able to get right. He adds: "The true weight is 77.16 grains. Three of the pieces were grossly in error, being under 70 grains; a fourth suspected piece happened to be just right. This last piece was subjected to assay, and proved to contain 14 per cent. nickel instead of 25, the lawful proportion. It also contained a large proportion of zinc, making, in fact, the usual German silver. The dies were the same as in the other three, except the date, 1869, the other being 1868 and 1867. All of these four pieces have a yellowish tint, and the engraving is false and coarse, but not sufficiently so to be detected by a hasty inspection. On the whole, it is a dangerous issue, and proves that, with more skill in engraving and alloying, great frauds could be practiced.

"Dear me, let me put on my glasses not that I can't see to sew and the like without them," said the garrulous old lady placing her gold bow spectacles upon her nose with trembling fingers. "I've heard about it, some love affair," she added in a whisper, intended for my ear only. And I think she did some brave act or other—"do you know?"

I answered that I had heard something of the kind, but did not know the facts. After dinner I had to go to the grounds. All the old ladies who had ever heard of the wonderful Miss Elsie Wainwright begged to get a look at the brooch, which I unfastened and passed from one to the other. I felt conscious of being the object of much scrutiny and many comments.

"Beauty culminates like everything else and then deteriorates," I overheard one say, by which remark I supposed she was commencing upon my unlikeliness to the celebrated beauty, or to any one whose birth right was beauty. I am not handsome, but have often heard that I have the "Wainwright nose," and I must add that I have always feared.

"My dear," said the first named old lady, "I want you to come up in my room I have something to show you." So I followed her into the old-fashioned front chamber, whose furniture displayed the amplitude and richness of old Virginia upholstery. Here you ever sojourner, reader, in one of those noble mansions, once the pride of the Old Dominion, where the chairs are miniature lounges, and one could hardly be prevailed on to leave their luxurious depths; Where the beds, piled Pelion upon Ossa, on a frame whose ample dimensions would more than fill many a modern room, carved with elaborate designs, and hung about with flowering curtains of lace in summer, and thick, rich stuffs in winter, might truly be said, to invite repose. Where, over the many windows and along the edges of the ceiling, some master's pencil had designed fruits and flowers of exquisite delicacy. If