The Bedford Inquirer.

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

LUTZ & JORDAN, *Editors and Proprietors.* **BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 6, 1870.** **VOL. 43: NO 18.**

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.

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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 discontinuence until the payment is made.

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

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

Professional & Business Cards.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

J. M. REYNOLDS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PA.
All business intrusted to him will be attended to with great care. Upon notice will appear for parties in suits before Justices of the Peace in any part of the county. Office with J. W. Dickerson, Esq., on Juliana St., next door north of Mengel House. 4marly.

W. C. HOLAHAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BEDFORD, PA.
Jan. 28, '70-tf

G. H. SPANG ..... A. KING, JR.
SPANG & KING,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
BEDFORD, PA.
Will promptly attend to all business intrusted to their care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Office in Gazette building, on the corner of public Square and Juliana street. Sap

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 in the INQUIRER Building, (second floor.)
☞ Collections promptly made. [April, 1'69-tf.

ESPY M. ALSIP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Justice of the Peace, 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 in room on Juliana Street lately occupied by Reed & Schell Bankers. apl 1, 1869.—tf.

J. R. DURBORROW,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PA.,
Will promptly attend to all business intrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining Counties.
Office on Juliana street in the building occupied for many years by King & Jordan, and lately by Hall & Keagy.

S. L. RUSSELL. ..... J. R. 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

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.

JACOB BRENNEMAN,
WOODBERRY, PA.,
SCRIVENER, CONVEYANCER, LICENSED CLAIM AGENT, and Ex-Officio JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Will attend to all business entrusted into his hands with promptness and despatch. Will remit money by draft to any part of the country. 17sely

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.

DR. J. ROSS ANDERSON,
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity.
Office three doors East of the Bedford House.
☞ Night calls attended to with promptness.
April 8, 1870-tf

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

W. M. LLOYD
BANKER.
Transacts a General Banking Business, and makes collections on all accessible points in the United States.
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES, GOLD, SILVER, STERLING and CONTINENTAL EXCHANGE bought and sold.
U. S. REVENUE STAMPS of all descriptions always on hand.
Accounts of Merchants, Mechanics, Farmers and all other solicited.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.
Jan. 7, '70.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES.—On hand and for sale at the *Inquirer* office, a fine assortment of Marriage Certificates. Clergymen and Justices should have them.

Inquirer Column.

TO ADVERTISERS:

THE BEDFORD INQUIRER.

PUBLISHED

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

BY

LUTZ & JORDAN,

OFFICE ON JULIANA STREET,

BEDFORD, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

IN

SOUTH-WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULATION OVER 1500.

HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

A FIRST CLASS NEWSPAPER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

JOB PRINTING:

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE

WITH

NEATNESS AND DISPATCH,

AND IN THE

LATEST & MOST APPROVED STYLE,

SUCH AS

POSTERS OF ANY SIZE,

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BUSINESS CARDS

WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS,

BALL TICKETS,

PROGRAMMES,

CONCERT TICKETS,

ORDER BOOKS,

SEGAR LABELS,

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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

LUTZ & JORDAN.

Bedford Inquirer.

ITEMS.

A private letter from Wyoming says: "Now send along your superfluous women!" which is as much as to say that the act was passed for the especial purpose of enticing the ladies to the Territory.

AN important rumor has been circulated that Minister Thornton protested against the ratification by this Government of the Darien ship canal treaty, on the ground that it violates the provisions of the treaty between the United States and England, providing that in such enterprises both countries shall be equal partners.

THE vote in the Indiana Conference of the M. E. church on the question of lay delegation stands 2,812 for and 2,277 against, in the several districts, and the ministerial vote before the Conference was sixty-seven in favor. The majority report of the Committee on the Methodist Book Concern was endorsed, on the ground that ten persons were more likely to be correct in the judgment of the case than three.

SENATOR REVELS does not seem inclined to accept the patronage of any one. He exacts all the etiquette due to his office, and to a man who thought he was conferring a favor by inviting him to call at his rooms at Willard's, the Senator replied: "I am at 28 North A street, and shall be pleased to have *you* call on *me*."

A VIRGINIA correspondent writes that notwithstanding the friends of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson have indignantly denied the report that that lady was soon to be married to a well-known Boston millionaire, it is not very probable that they will deny that she is soon to be married to one of Virginia's most distinguished divines.

THE HOUSE decides by a close vote in favor of increasing its membership. The supplementary act of '62 limited the number of Representatives to 241. The present bill increases the number to 275, with suitable provision for the rights of new States yet to be erected. The main opposition was made by Republican members. With so close a vote in the House, the fate of the measure in the Senate is very uncertain.

THE passage of the Congressional apportionment bill by the House on Monday is regarded as a shrewd dodge on the part of the west and south to gain additional power and, in fact, control the action in making the permanent apportionment. A few slight concessions were made to the eastern and middle States, but in the main the new additional members will come from the south and west. The eastern members fought the bill hard, but the west and south carried it through by their combined strength.

IN the Chicago Common Council Monday night a report was presented stating that during the late war the railway companies were allowed, in consideration of the increased cost of iron and other materials, to raise their fare from five to six cents, for those not buying tickets, but that now, on account of the depreciation in prices, the rates should be reduced, and if the companies do not make such reduction in ten days the Corporation Counsel will investigate whether they have not, by such illegal charges, forfeited their charters.

THE Louisville *Courier-Journal* is not excessively complimentary to those Democrats who have so suddenly changed their hate into affection for their colored brother. That paper says:

When a man who has been a rampant secessionist and a bull-headed hater of abolitionism all his life suddenly takes the negro to his arms as a long-lost brother or sister and commences to abuse the white people at the same time, you have but to point your gun at him and pull the triger if you wish to shoot down a full blown scalawag in search of negro votes.

THE vitality statistics of Michigan have just been published. The fact brought out that will strike the reader as the most singular is, that the professional men were the longest-lived class. The average age of clergymen and physicians was 59 years, while that of farmers was 51,27 years, being even less than that of shoemakers, whose average age was 55,50. Clerks enjoyed a shorter life than any other class, only 33.14 years being allotted to them. Of the various diseases that swept away the people, consumption was the most fatal, its victims numbering 841, out of a total number of deaths of 6,326.

THE *Bazar* originated in rather a curious way. A German servant girl who was employed in the family of Fletcher Harper, Jr, used to receive the *Bazar* of Berlin from her friends at home. The ladies of the family happening to see the paper, suggested the feasibility of establishing a similar periodical in this country. The project was carried out, and an arrangement was effected, as already stated, to obtain advance sheets and duplicate plates from the *Bazar*. It is not generally known that the Paris fashions are copied from Berlin, and by the present arrangement the newest styles are published in New York simultaneous with—if not in advance of those in Paris.

THERE is said to be living in the neighborhood of Dumfries, Prince William county, Va, the widow of a revolutionary soldier—Mrs. Chloe Flatford, who has reached the unusual age of 115 years. She enjoys good health, but is very deaf, and her eyesight is somewhat impaired. She has lost all of her teeth, but has a thick suit of gray hair. Her memory is good. She says she was a grown woman at the time of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. She is in the receipt of a pension from the United States Government, and is very comfortably cared for. The old lady both chews and smokes tobacco.

GEN. VAN VLEIT at the Philadelphia meeting to honor the death of General Thomas, said: "We entered West Point together; we studied together; we roomed together; we graduated together, and we were assigned to the same regiment and ordered to Florida; and there in the everglades, in the war in Mexico, and in the late rebellion, we were more or less together, and in all that time I never knew him to be guilty of an unkind word or act. He stated to me a short time before being transferred to the command of California, that he had never solicited an appointment or asked for a promotion. This was characteristic of the man who, in the face of defeat, could carry the field of Chickamauga."

Poetry.

MAY.

The red-winged merle from bending spray,
With graceful pinions poising,
Pours out a liquid roundelay
In jubilant rejoicing:
The cock-grouse drums on sounding log,
The fox forsakes the cover,
The woodcock pipes from fen and bog,
From upland leas the plover.

The speckled trout darts up the stream
Beneath the rustic bridges,
While flocks of pigeons glance and gleam
O'er beech and maple ridges:
The golden robin thrills his note
Among the netted shadows,
The bob-o'-link, with mellow throat,
Makes musical the meadows.

The peeping frogs with silver bells,
In rhythmical ovation,
Ring out a chime of treble swells
In joyous gratulation:
The low of kine is mingling with
The song of lark and sparrow,
And fallow fields are growing blithe
Beneath the plough and harrow.

The moon all night, serene and white,
On lake and stream is glowing,
While rippling fountains seek her light,
Through woodland valleys flowing;
And all night long a low sweet song
Sweeps o'er the misty hollow,
From marsh and fen, from hill and glen,
From brook, and field, and fallow.

It is the time of pleasant things,
When Love makes up his issues,
And hearts well up, like hidden springs,
From rusted cells and tissues—
A time to hear at break of day
A silver-chorused matin—
A liquid fretwork in crochet
On atmospheric satin,—

A time to feast the soul, the eyes,
To watch each bird that passes,
And half surmise that birds are wise,
And men are only asses;
And then to turn and raise the load
With weary shoulders bending,
And take the old, well-beaten road
That leads—unto the ending.

GEORGE W. SEARS.

—*From Lippincott's Magazine for May.*

THE following exquisite hymn, written for the occasion by John G. Whittier, was sung by the choir of Arlington Church, Boston, during the funeral services over the remains of the Hon. Anson Burlingame:

With silence only as their benediction
God's angels come,
Where in the shadow of a great affliction
The soul sits dumb.
Yet would we say what every heart approveth,
Our Father's will,
Calling to Him the dear ones whom he loveth,
In mercy still.
Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel;
The good die not.
God calls our loved ones, but we loved not wholly
What He has given;
They live on earth in thoughts and deeds as truly
As in His Heaven.

Miscellaneous.

KENNETH'S AMBUSCADE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Three girls domiciled in the very next room! By the beard of Mahomet and Confucius' spectacles, there's an end of my writing for one month, at least!"

Kenneth Ross pushed his papers into a confused heap, shut his writing-desk with a vindictive snap, and lighted a cigar in a sort of quiet dispair.

"Three chattering, noisy, giggling girls—three of 'em, each with a tongue three times its proper length! There's my cousin Flora, Alice Aymer, and Rosa Fernall—blue eyes, black eyes, and melting gray; by the way, that little monkey Rosa isn't bad looking. I rather fancy that peculiar shade of filbert-brown hair, and big gray eyes, and cheeks where the blood flutters like a pink pennon. Rosa Fernall would make a tolerable study for my next heroine. I may as well put her to some useful purpose. Heigho! I think Aunt Meg was crazy to invite all those girls here at once."

Kenneth Ross paused a moment, as the merry peal of girlish laughter echoed in the adjoining apartment. He bit his lip.

"They're laughing at me, I'll bet my opal scarf-pin. Girls always think a bachelor fair game; they've no more respect for the dignity of man than so many Brazilian monkeys. I see nothing so very ridiculous in my manners, or personal appearance."

And Mr. Ross loooked rather complacently in the mirror opposite, which reflected an oval brown face, with shining black hair and mustache, brilliant dark eyes, and a mirthful, spirited mouth.

Tap, tap, tap, sounded softly on the panel of his door, even while he was engaged in taking this personal survey of himself, and he had just time to take his heels off the table before Miss Flora Edgeworth put her sunshiny little head into the room.

"Cousin Kenneth, are you there?"

"Well, what's wanting now?" was Mr. Ross' rather ungracious response.

"May we come in?"

"Why, you'll come in, whether I grant permission or not, and I may as well say yes."

"I just want the girls to see what a dear little scholarly den you've got here, all hung with pictures and meerschaums and deer's horns, and darling dismal skulls, and—"

Flora threw open the door, and admitted her two companions—rosy, laughing damsels of eighteen and twenty one.

"Here he is, girls, the old bachelor, as he appears in his native wilds."

"Now I tell you what, young ladies," said Mr. Ross, throwing his half smoked cigar deliberately out of the window, "I'll trouble you to be a little less unceremonious."

For Alice and Flora had pounced on his sheets of loose manuscript like honey bees on a bed of heliotrope, and were already laughing over the rather illegible chirography. Miss Fernall stood near the door a little confused and very pretty, in her blushes and uncertainty.

"Alice! Flora! *don't!*" she appealed.

"It's no use, Miss Rosa!" said Kenneth dispairingly. "They are regular little pirates, and I don't see why they don't hoist the black flag at once, and have done with it. Girls, *will* you be so kind as to leave my writing desk alone? Where's your homage to the dignity of manhood?"

"What an absurd idea, Kenneth," said Flora audaciously, as she tried the key of the desk. "The dignity of manhood, indeed! I for one never could properly appreciate it."

"That is your own loss," said Mr. Ross, solemnly. "A woman is—well, she's nothing *but* a woman; while a man possesses all the majesty of human nature, combined with— There's no use in looking in that drawer, unless you are particularly interested in blacking brushes and old boots."

"How can you, Flora?" pleaded the shocked Rosa.

"Oh, my! Girls," twittered Miss Edgeworth ecstatically, "here's a bottle of real Farina cologne! Out with your pocket handkerchiefs, quick! Go on, Ken.; what were you saying about the majesty of—what's its name?"

But Mr. Ross preserved a stately silence.

"Don't be cross, Kenneth," said Flora, sprinkling a scented dew on her yellow curls from the slender, foreign shaped bottle. "We're going down to the post-office now. Rosa Fernall has written a twelve page letter to her sweet-heart out in Canada—"

"Flora!" exclaimed Rosa Fernall, turning scarlet.

—"And," pursued the relentless Flora, "we're going to post it. Come girls; the sun is getting more oppressive every moment."

And the next moment Mr. Ross was left alone in the Summer silence of the room, with the heavy musk rose nodding at the open casement, and the dreamy murmur of maple boughs and far-off bees in his ear.

"A twelve-page letter to her sweetheart!" pondered Mr. Kenneth, with a very ominous contraction of his eyebrows. "She must have had something very interesting to write. I wonder who he is. Canada, eh? I wish it was Van Dieman's Land."

Mr. Ross rose from his easy chair, and began to walk up and down the floor.

"It's too confounded hot to breathe here!" he said, impatiently taking up his straw hat. "I'll go and take a tramp in the woods. Twelve pages! what *could* she have found to fill up twelve pages?"

Flora Edgeworth had succeeded in planting a rankling thorn in her cousin's breast all unconscious though she had been.

The sun was low in the cloudless western sky when Kenneth Ross returned from his abstracted ramble in the woods, and the wide, old-fashioned country house was very still, as he ascended the oaken staircase and went absently along the corrider toward his own apartment.

"Hallo!"

Mr. Ross gazed vacantly around the room with something of the bewildered feeling that might have belonged to the Eastern Prince, when he found himself transported from pole to pole in an enchanted dream.

"I'm in the wrong room, I do believe—for there is Flora Edgeworth's white zephyr shawl on the bed, and Rosa's black velvet Derby hat, and no end of ribbons and gloves and lace collars on the bureau. I don't see how I ever came to make such a blunder—I must have been in a brown study!"

He balanced the coquettish little black velvet "Derby hat" on his hand as he spoke.

"So this is the fashionable style of *chapeau*, eh? It certainly is a fact that women borrow their chief dress nowadays from the nobler sex. This hat is just a fac simile of my last summer's tile, and that little saque with the big horn buttons is my cut-away coat over again, I wonder now whether Rosa's little hat would fit me!"

Mr. Ross adjusted the article of dress jauntily on one side of his curls and viewed himself, not ill pleased, in the large mirror.

"Upon my word, it don't look so bad, only this long flapping vail is confoundedly in the way. And now where's the saque? A little tight in the sleeves, but otherwise quite a decent fit, if a fellow holds his arms well back. There's Alice's blue muslin dress. I've two minds and a half to put them on, just for the joke of the thing."

A momentary silence ensued, broken by the rustling of muslin.

"Don't meet around the waist by a good six inches, but I can hold it up. I wonder what makes the thing drag on the floor and cling round one's legs so. Oh, I know—the crinoline ought to go under."

For the "dignity of manhood" we are reluctant to chronicle the fact that our hero, intent on his *tableau solitarie*, did actually, then and there, proceed to the closet and piratically take down a hoop-skirt, which he solemnly put on.

"Jupiter! how comical it feels!" he ejaculated, with an amused face. "Why, I shouldn't dare to go within a yard of a vase or statuette, and I'm quite certain I'd swamp all the chairs and tables I came near. Bother this trailing muslin—always in the way!"

For Mr. Ross had unthinkingly plunged his masculine boot through the delicate fabric of the dress.

"I'm not certain but that I should make quite a nice looking woman," mused Lenneth, strutting backward and forward before the mirror, with his Derby hat balanced daintily, and the blue muslin revealing about a foot and a half of calf-skin boot and trowsers. "On the whole—Tomb of the Prophet! is that the girls?"

Mr. Ross gave a blindly desperate jerk at his saque, and a pull at the crinoline; but all in vain. The sweet, gay voices, intermingled here and there with a ringing laugh, or a snatch of song, drew nearer and nearer. For an instant Mr. Ross wildly contemplated a rush through the hall to his own door, but a moment's reflection convinced him that such a retreat would be simply impossible.

"I must stay and face it out!" thought he, with a cold perspiration breaking out on his forehead; "but hold on there's the closet. It's just possible they will only stay here a minute or two."

And Mr. Kenneth Ross, totally oblivious of the "majesty of man," fled precipitately into the closet, stumbling over the crinoline and muslin in a most disastrous manner, and hopelessly splitting open the seams of poor Alice's sacque.

"Why the deuce didn't I think to secure the key?" he thougt, as the girls streamed into the room. "However, I can hold tight on the door handle, if any one attempts to get in. *If!* By Jove, if the girls *should* see me in this rig I should never hear the last of it. I don't see either, why I'm not obliged to play eavesdropper against my will!"

He leaned up against the shelves, and breathlessly awaited the progress of events.

"Why!" ejaculated a soft voice—Rosa's own—"where's my Derby? Was I careless enough to leave it down stairs? Flora you have hidden it."

"I wonder what you'll accuse me of next?" said Flora, in an injured voice.

You told Mr. Ross that cousin Simon's letter was to—to—"

"Your sweetheart! Well, he ought to be, I'm sure. Mr. Simon Myntrose is the handsomest young man I know."

"Oh, Flora! he don't compare with Mr. Ross."

"Rosa Fernall, be honest," said Flora, speaking indistinctly, with two or three hairpins in her cherry mouth; "which do you like best—Cousin Ken., or Simon Montrose?"

"Flora!"

"Tell me now, honestly."

The answer came in a low, half-inaudible voice.

"Kenneth!"

The heart under Alice's sacque gave a great joyous jump. Mr. Kenneth Ross' head came in contact with something on the upper shelf, and down came a rain of bandboxes on his occiput.

There was an instant's terrified silence, and then all the girls began to scream in chorus.

"Mercy," ejaculated Alice, "what is it?"

"How silly we all are," said Rosa tremulously; "it's only the cat."

"As if a cat could make such a noise as that," sobbed Flora. "Call Uncle John. Bring a revolver. Alice, do look and see what it is."

"No—*you* look," faltered Alice, retreating behind the bureau.

"I'll look myself," said Rosa Fernall, bravely advancing to the rescue. But when the door handle refused to turn, even she blenched.

"Some one is holding the door inside. Call the men."

"There's no necessity." quoth a voice from behind the panels, and the next moment the closet door flew open, disclosing a tall form in blue muslin and crinoline, and a countenance whose utter sheepishness can never be described.

"Cousin Ken." shrieked Flora.

"Mr. Ross," faltered Miss Fernall.

"Why, it can't be possible," ejaculated Alice.

And then the three girls clung to each other in irrepressible paroxysms of laughter.

"The fact is ladies," commenced Kenneth confusedly, "I— *Won't* some one help me off with this mousetrap of a hoopskirt? Miss Alice, I'm very sorry I've split your sacque open, but— Well, if you won't stop laughing I can't explain, that's the long and the short of it."

But Rosa Fernall had stopped laughing already and the pink of her cheeks was deepening into scarlet. She had just remembered the words carelessly spoken in that very room not five minutes ago.

In an inexplicably short space of time Mr Ross had torn off his feminine adornments, and fled ignominiously, followed by the peals of laughter of his cousin and Alice Aymer. Rosa—strange little piece of contradiction—had began to cry.

"Poor little thing! she's hysterical," said Aunt Meg, who had just appeared on the scene.

But Rosa Fernall was not hysterical.

The full, delicious moon of Summer was in the mid-heaven that nignt, as Kenneth Ross strolled into the garden, moodily puffing at a cigar, and contemplating the feasibility of leaving Warburgh to avoid the girls' sarcasm.

"I was a fool!" quoth Kenneth, aloud; "but— Who's there?"

It was Rosa, with two or three white clove pinks in her hand, coming from the lower part of the garden. And by the full brilliant moonlight, Kenneth saw the traces of tears on her cheek.

"Rosa, you have been crying!"

"No, I haven't!" And to prove the truth of her assertion, Rosa began to cry afresh.

"Look here, Rosa," said the young man gravely, "I have been thinking of leaving Warburgh to-morrow."

Rosa cried on.

"But," pursued Mr. Ross, "I'l stay if—if—you'll only tell me to my face what you told my cousin when I was hidden away like a great, foolish rat in a trap, Rosa. Speak to me, little one!"

"What shall I tell you" faltered Rosa.

"That you love me! that you will be my dear and cherished wife!"

And she told him so—in the language lovers best like to hear. And Mr. Kenneth Ross stayed in Warburgh, and braved the ridicule of Alice and Flora, with little Rosa marshaled on his side.

But he never read the girls any more homilies on the dignity of manhood, or the majesty of human nature. To use Miss Flora's expressive language, "It wouldn't have gone-down!"—*N. Y. Ledger.*

ADVICE TO PARENTS.—A letter from a druggist calls attention to the enormous sale of a preparation known as "soothing syrup," an analysis of which is alleged to detect a large per centage of morphine, and from which several cases of narcotic poisoning have been reported in menical periodicals of high authority. It is averred that not only are children proportionately less tolerant than adults of the action of opiates, but that in them the operation of these drugs is exceedingly capricious and uncertain, and hence medical writers are unanimous in impressing the utmost caution in their administration to the young. Hoffman states that opiates are dangerous to children, not only in their immediate effects, but as leading, in some instances, to "permanent mental imbecility and loss of muscular power," and warns against the popular custom of giving anodynes for slight attacks of colic or other pain.

EAR ACHE.—There is scarcely any ache to which children are subject so bad to bear and so difficult to cure as ear ache. But there is a remedy never known to fail. Take a bit of cotton batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie it, dip it in sweet oil, and insert it in the ear. Put a flannel handkerchief over the head to keep it warm. It will give immediate relief.

THE press, the pulpit, the petticoats—the three ruling powers of the day. The first spreads knowledge, the second, morals, and the third spreads considerably.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage is a fair transaction on the face ov it.

But there iz quite too often put-up jobs in it.

It is an old institushun, older than the pyramids, and az phull ov, hyroglypics that nobody can prase.

History holds its tongue who the pair waz who first put on the silken harness, and promised to work kind in it, thru thick and thin, up hill and down, and on the level, rain or shine, survive or perish, sink or swim, drown or float.

But whoever they wos, they must have made a good thing of it, or so menny ov their posterity would not hav harnessed up since and drove out.

There is a great moral grip to marriage; it iz the morter that holds the soshul bricks together.

But there ain't but darn few pholks who put their money in matrimony who could sit down and give a written opinyon whi on arth they com to did it.

This iz a grate proof that it iz one ov them natural kind of ackidents that happen, just az birds fly out ov the nest when they hav feathers enuff, without being able tew tell why.

Some marry for buty, and never diskover their mistake; this is lucky.

Sum marry for money, and don't see it.

Sum marry for pedigree, and feel big for six months, and then very sensibly cum tew the conclusion that pedigree ain't no better than skim milk.

Some marry bekawes they hav bin high sted sum where else; this is a cross match, a bay and sorrel; pride may make it endurable.

Sum marry for love without a cent in their pocket, nor a friend in the world, nor a drop of pedigree. This looks desperate, *but it is the strength of the game.*

If marrying for love ain't a success then matrimony is a ded beet.

Sum marry because they think wimmin will be scarce next year, and live tew wonder how the crop holds out.

Sum marry to get rid of themselves, and discover that the game was one that two could play at, and neither win.

Sum marry the second time to get even and find it a gambling game—the more they put down the less they take up.

Sum marry tew be happy, and not finding it, wonder where all the happiness goes when it dies.

Sum marry they can't tell why, and live they can't tell how.

Almost everybody gets married and it is a good joke.

Sum marry in haste, and then sit down and think it carefully over.

Sum think it over carefully fust, and then set down and marry.

Both ways are right, if they hit the mark.

Sum marry rakes to convert them. This iz a little risky, and takes a smart missionary to do it.

Sum marry coquetts. This is like buying a poor farm heavily mortgaged, and working the balance of your days to clear off the mortgages.

Married life haz its chances, and this iz just what gives it its favor. Every boddy luves to phool with the chances, bekauze every boddy expects to win. But I am authorized tew state that everyboddy don't win.

But after all, married life iz full az certain az dry goods bizness.

No man can swear exactly where he will fetch up when he touches calico.

Kno man kan tell jist what calico haz made up its mind to do next.

Calico don't know even herself.

Dry goods ov all kinds iz the child ov circumstansis.

Sum never marry, but this iz just ez risky; the disease iz the same, with another name to it.

The man who stands on the banks shivering, and dassent, iz more apt tew ketch cold than him who pitches hiz head fust into the river.

There iz but few who never marry bekause they *wont*—they all hanker, and most on them starve with bread before them (spread on both sides) just for the lack of grit.

Marry young! iz mi motto.

I hev tried it, and I kuow what I am talking about.

If enny boddy asks you why you got married (if needs be), tell him *you don't recollekt.*

Marriage iz a safe way to gamble—if you win, yu win a pile, and if you loze, you don't lose ennything, only the privilege of living dismally alone, and soaking your own feet.

I repeat it, in italics, *marry young!*

Ther iz but one good excuse for a marriage late in life, and that iz—*a second marriage.*—*Josh Billings.*

"WANTED."

There is a long catalogue of wants yet wanted. Wanted, *men* who will condemn wrong in friend or foe—fear or favor, wrong in themselves as well as others, themselves before others. *Wanted*, men who know their places and will fill them, and not push for other and greater and more lucrative and responsible, which they can't fill. It is the push of small men into big places, the overleaping of ambition which so embarrasses affairs, movements of governments, armies, and finance. *Wanted*, men who know their own business, will stick to that, and let everybody's else alone; who will be content that God shall rule the universe without their engineering, and that man shall go his way without their meddling. *Wanted*, men "not too lazy to work, nor too proud to be poor; willing to eat what they have earned and wear only what they have paid for." *Wanted*, men with no hinges in their knees, no cringing in their manner, no craven in their hearts, who are going to stand up straight in their honest manhood, not flunky to money, or learning, or place, or circumstance—only and always and everywhere downright, self respecting men. *Wanted*, men who shall be men in treatment of their wives—not bitter, cynical, supercilious domineering, aggravating; but men of the charities and courtesies they show to other women, with a little of the chivalry flung in. *Wanted*, men who are going to stick by one another in their straits; who are going to make friendship no fiction, trade no cheating, politics no barter, religion no form, life no shipwreck and death no horror!

MR. SMITH says that "a lady can show anger as well by her back, in leaving a room, as by her face." This must be when her "back is up."

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS, &C.

The INQUIRER is published every FRIDAY morning the following rates:

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

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

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

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

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LUTZ & JORDAN, BEDFORD, PA.

CINDERS IN THE EYE.

The following is from a communication in Hearth and Home, by an eminent physician:

"Called to prescribe for Mrs Andrew's inflamed eyes; learned that she had a bit of cinder in her eyes; occurred while traveling in the cars four days ago; eye very much inflamed, painful and attended with severe head ache. This is one of hundreds of cases where a little knowledge would not have been a dangerous thing, and would save a world of pain. Nothing is more distressing to a traveler than a piece of cinder in the eye, and no disorder is moreeasily remedied. Calling the family together, I proceeded to show them that it was not an eye-wash that Mrs. Andrews needed to relieve her suffering, but the removal of the foreign substance.

The cinder will be found just underneath the margin of the upper lid, where there is a small groove or gutter for the flow of tears to the inner angle of the eye. Foreign bodies tend to fall into this groove, and if they are very angular, like cinder, they adhere in spite of the current of tears which now flow in great abundance, and sooner or later carry off smooth substances. Now, if you will raise the margin of the upper lid and turn it over, the cinder or grain of sand will be exposed; and may easily be removed with the point of a pencil, or with the finger covered by a handkerchief.

I then demonstrated this simple operation on one of the boys, thus: Taking my pencil in my right fingers, with the thumb and first finger of my left hand I seized the eyelashes of the upper lid, and drawing the lid gently out from the ball, pressed the point of the pencil downward upon the upper surface of the lid, about one fourth of an inch from its margin, and at the same time carried the margin upward over the pencil by the eye lashes, when the lid readily rolled over the pencil so as to expose completely the gutter described.

I then asked one of the young ladies to perform this operation upon her mother, which, after two or three failures, she accomplished, and as I had predicted, small angular pieces of cinder were found beneath the margin of the lid, which she very adroitly removed with the point of the pencil.

Mrs. Andrews expressed immediate relief. So much interest was felt in this painless operation, that all in turn performed it, being much aided by requiring the person operated upon to look downward when the lid was being everted, and upward when the operator wished to restore the lid."

A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER was running for Congress, and his opponent was a young man, who had "never been to the wars," and it was the custom of the old revolutionary hero to tell the hardships he had endured. Said he:

"Fellow-citizens: I have fought and bled for my country. I helped to whip the British and the Indians. I have slept on the field of battle, with no other covering than the canopy of heaven. I have walked over the frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood—"

Just about this time one of the sovereigns, who had become greatly interested in his tale of sufferings, walked up in front of the speaker, wiped the tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat tail, and interrupted him with: "Did you say you had fout the British and the Injins?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you say you slept on the ground, while serving your country, without any kiver?"

"I did."

"Did you say your feet covered the ground you walked over with blood?"

"I did," said the speaker, exultingly.

"Well, then," said the sovereign, as he gave a sigh of tearful emotion, "I guess I'll vote for t'other fellow; for I'll be blamed if you ain't done enough for your country."

THE PEACAN NUT.—Doubtless many of our readers are familiar with an oblong brow nut, offered for sale in most of our fruit and confectionary stores, and known as the pecan nut. It belongs to the hickory family, and is a native of the extreme Southern States, being found in the greatest abundance in Southern Louisiana and Texas. Within the past few years considerable attention has been paid to its cultivation in the States named. It is a very productive fruit, a tree at full maturity yielding from one to two barrels, which sell readily at from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars per barrel. It thrives well in any good hickory soil, and succeeds admirably in the "bottoms" or rich ridge soils of Florida, Texas, Louisiana and other Southern States.

MEAN MEN.—Henry Ward Beecher says of mean men: "I have hope of wicked men; slender hope of a mean one. A wicked man may be converted and become a prominent saint. A mean man ought to be converted six or seven times, one right after the other, to give him a fair start and put him on an equality with a bold, wicked man. I have known men who thought the object of conversion was to cleanse them as a garment is cleansed and that when they are converted they were to be hung up in the Lord's wardwrobe, the door of which was to be shut, so that no dust could get at them. A coat that is not used, the moths eat; and a christian who is hung up so that he shall not be tempted, the moths eat him; and they have poor food at that."

TO RENEW SILK OR RIBBONS.—Scrape several large potatoes and