

# Bedford Inquirer and Chronicle.

A Weekly Paper, Devoted to Literature, Politics, the Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, &c., &c.—Terms: Two Dollars per annum.

BY DAVID OVER.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1857.

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## Select Poetry.

### DIFFERENCES.

The king can drink the best of wine—  
So can I,  
And has enough when he would dine—  
So have I;  
And cannot order rain or shine—  
Nor can I.  
Then where's the difference—let me see—  
Betwixt my lord the king and me?

Do trusty friends surround his throne  
Night and day?  
And make his interests their own?  
No; not they?  
Mine love me for my self alone—  
Blessed be they!  
And that's one difference which I see  
Betwixt my lord the king and me.

Do knaves around me lie in wait  
To deceive?  
Or fawn and flatter when they hate,  
And would grieve?  
Or cruel pangs oppress my state—  
By my leave?  
Not Heaven be thanked! And here you see  
None difference 'twixt the king and me.

He has his flocks, with jacks and quips,  
When he'd play;  
He has his armies and his ships—  
Great are they;  
But not a child to kiss his lips—  
Well-a-day!  
And that's a difference 'twixt me and  
Betwixt my lord the king and me.

I wear the crown, and his the crown—  
What of that?  
I sleep on straw, and he on down—  
What of that?  
And he's the king, and I'm the clown—  
What of that?  
I hope I, and wretched he,  
I hope the king would I change with me!

### For the Inquirer and Chronicle.

**TUSCARORA ACADEMY.**  
Aug. 24, 1857.

Mr. Ervon:—When in our youthful days the "Inquirer" was the companion of many a solemn moment, we little thought of our ever separating as one of the contributors to its columns. But "life is full of changes," and so we have found it. The companions of our youth

have been scattered like roses in bloom, some at the altar and some at the tomb. We live, having no such happy epoch in our history as our friend, the "Inquirer," when we could be congratulated on a happy union, are still plodding our weary way single and alone. However, we are not envious of the happiness of others, neither do we wish to be selfish. Being content and happy ourselves, and having no one with whom to divide our cares and double our joys, we propose to divide with the friends of our youth, hoping that

Some solemn, slipshodded brother, sharing, may take hope again."

We will not refer to our life since our leaving left Bedford Co., further than to notice the cause of our present pleasing condition. For the last year we have been at Tuscarora Academy, and we feel thankful to an overruling Providence that ever directed our course hither. May we say why? Because we have enjoyed peculiar advantages for study. These advantages are principally owing to the healthy and retired location—good teaching—comfortable accommodations and the elevating influences by which we are surrounded. If not presuming, allow me to particularize these advantages. By Tuscarora Academy I do not mean either Mr. Wilson's school, called "Aix View," at Perryville, or Tuscarora Female Seminary. Though near, yet it is entirely separate from the latter, and six miles from the former. There are no boys here. The atmosphere is pure, the produce clean and repel it generally unpleasant and unhealthy; but, on the other hand, the hills and surrounding scenery give to the air a freshness that invigorates the brain, inspires the soul with a love for nature, and exerts a softening influence on the better feelings of the heart. And this is not all. The moral atmosphere is as free from sources of pollution as the natural; and the influences of the social circle are no less refining than the beauties of the natural scenery. The society of the neighborhood is decidedly refined and intelligent, and possessed of a high tone of religious cultivation. During the summer we have had many visitors from the eastern cities, who added much to our society, as well as spoken loudly of the healthy nature of the place. We are glad to be able to say that our boarding is of a superior order. We speak particularly of this because of its being the representative of our country against so many institutions. The Principal has an excellent steward, who provides an abundance of the first class of suitable provisions. We, of course, do not

live on dainties, such as an epicure would wish, but we always have plenty of the kind best suited to the student, and always clean and neatly cooked. But, finally, we would recommend Tuscarora because we have felt that God is here. During the whole history of this institution, God has seemed to hover over it in a cloud of mercy, and not infrequently, he descends in copious showers of converting and enlivening grace, both upon us and our neighboring institution, the Seminary. The cause of this, no doubt, is owing much to the prayers of pious parents, but more, perhaps, to the influences brought to bear upon the mind of the student by the example and instruction of teachers who feel the importance of the soul. So fully does the Principal realize the duty of teaching and training for eternity, that he will not, under any consideration, retain a student an hour after he has once been convinced of his influence being deleterious. Thus many who come here thoughtless, return home to gladden the hearts of their relations, and rejoice that they were ever permitted to spend a part of their life at Tuscarora Academy.

J. H. W.

### FRUITS IN SUMMER.

By an arrangement of Providence, as beautiful as it is benign, the fruits of the Earth are ripening during the whole Summer season. From the delightful strawberry on the opening of Spring, to the luscious peach of the Fall, there is a constant succession of delightful aliments; made delightful by that Power whose kindness is in all His works, in order to stimulate us to their highest cultivation, connecting with their use, also, the most health-giving influences, and with the rich profusion of a well attended fruitery, it is one of the most unaccountable things in nature that so little attention is paid, comparatively speaking, to this branch of farming.

It is a familiar fact that, while the warmth and exposure of the Sun tend to biliousness and fevers, the free use of fruits and berries counteract their tendency. Artificial acids are found to promote the separation of the bile from blood with great mildness and certainty. This led to the supposition that the natural acids, as contained in fruits and berries might be as available, and bring more palatable, would necessarily be preferred. Experiment has verified the theory; within a late period medical writers have suggested the use of fresh, ripe, perfect raw fruits, as a reliable remedy in the diarrhea of Summer.

How strongly the appetite yearns for a pickle, when nothing else can be relished, is in the experience of most of us. It is in the instinct of nature pointing to a cure. The want of a natural appetite is the result of the bile not being separated from the blood, and if not remedied, fever is inevitable, from the slightest grades to that of bilious, congestive and yellow. "Fruits are cooling," is a by-word, the truth of which has forced itself on the commonest observers. But why they are so, they had not the time, opportunity inclination to inquire into. The reason is, the acid of the fruit stimulates the liver into great activity in separating the bile from the blood, which is its proper work, the result of which is, the bowels become free, the pores of the skin are opened. Under such circumstances, fever and want of appetite are impossible.

### HOW TO USE FRUITS.

To derive, from the employment of fruits and berries, all that healthful and nutritive effect which belongs to their nature, we should—

1st. Use fruits that are ripe, fresh, perfect raw.

2d. They should be used in their natural state, without sugar, cream, milk, or any other item of food or drink.

3d. Fruits have their best effect when used in the early part of the day; hence we do not advise their employment at a latter hour than the middle of the afternoon; not that, if perfect and ripe, they may not be eaten largely by themselves, within two hours of bedtime, with advantage; but if the sourness or decay should happen to taint them, or any other liquor should inadvertently be largely drunk afterwards, even cold water, acidity of the whole mass may follow, resulting in a night of distress. So it is better not to run the risk.

To derive a more decided medical effect, fruits should be largely eaten soon after rising, in the morning, and about midday, between breakfast and dinner.

An incalculable amount of sickness and suffering would be prevented every year, if the whole class of desserts were swept from our table during Summer, and fresh, ripe, perfect fruits and berries were substituted, while the amount of money that would be saved thereby, at the New York prices of fruits, would, in some families, amount to many dollars, enough to educate an orphan child, support a colporteur a whole year, in some regions of our country.—*Half's Journal of Health.*

### THE ART OF LEAVING OFF.

It was Charlotte Bronte, I believe, who, when she was urged to write more books, said she thanked God for the ability to keep silent when she had nothing to say. I wish her beautiful art were more appreciated, for we have too much even of a good thing; but as brevity is the only excellency of common places, it seems a pity that the quantity should be so often wanting. There is always a right point, beyond which to proceed is dangerous and ridiculous; timidity sometimes comes short of it, but confidence often overleaps it, and falls on the other side.

"On the little more, and how much it is! And the little less, and what worlds away! How a sound shall quicken content to bliss. Or a breath suspend the blood's best play."

Speaking of this good world in which we live, I once heard a clergyman say, with the simple directness of real eloquence, "And our Father made it all." Unfortunately, however, that concise statement failed to satisfy him, and he bodied forth the following: Yes, my friends, the great omniscient and eternal Jehovah created this mundane planetary sphere, and that, too, without any materials.

I was yesterday a good deal amused in witnessing the parting of one of those happy pairs who are likely to forget that there is anybody except themselves in the world.—God bless you, my dear—God bless you, exclaimed the lover, with a fervency of emotion almost pathetic, and at the very next moment, becoming aware of my proximity, he added, and you, too; but the rapidness of the addenda rendered it perfectly ludicrous.

Many a clever man has lost his sweet-heart by saying too much, and making courtship an impertinence, a drop more added to the sweet-enough makes it nauseating.

Familiar handling rubs off the bloom from the delicate fruits, and when we have said so much that nothing more can be said, why say more?

Many an author hides his meaning with a cumbersome load of words, as if poverty of thought could be concealed by any such artifice. To say what we mean, and there end, is true wisdom; but even when forced at last to come to the conclusion that we have nothing more to say, we cannot cease speaking without first saying we have nothing more to say. The accomplishment of happily and effectively leaving off should be placed among the fine arts, I think, and studied as such, so that our writing and speaking might be less upon the school girl model of "I believe I have nothing more to say at present—I believe I have told you all I can think of at present—I believe I must draw my letter to a close, as I can think of nothing more at present to tell you." The book called *Last Words of Baxter*, had a remarkable sale, but when some poor imitator wrote another and called it *More Last Words of Baxter*, there was no demand for it.—*Alice Carey.*

### A French Detective.

It is said that since Paris has been given over to the millionaires nothing has been more common than cashiers taking flight, bankers stopping payment or speculators making false calculations. Since money is plentiful, and nothing but money is talked of, it is necessary to have a great deal of it, and to get it, therefore, somehow, is one of the necessities of life. Apropos of money and deficits, there is a curious anecdote, which is circulating just now among the financial worthies, the truth of which cannot be avouched for.

M. P., one of the authorities on "change, on looking over his monthly accounts, discovered a deficit of one hundred thousand francs. Now, his cashier was an old school friend of his, and an intimate friend of his family. He could not suspect him. To despair he went to the police.—There one of the detective officers was deputed to attend to his case.

"How old is your cashier?" inquired that official.

"About eight and twenty."

"Disappointed?"

"No; lives in the house with me; is a friend of my wife's and myself."

"How old is your wife?"

"Twenty."

"Pretty?"

"Very, and devoted to me."

"Hum!" replied the detective. After a pause: "Won't you go out of town for a week? I'll find the money!"

M. P. obeyed, and the detective began his watch. On the second evening after M. P.'s departure he suddenly towards eleven o'clock in the night, made his appearance in the boudoir of Mme. P.—She was not alone—the cashier was with her.—Great was the consternation.

"Now my little angel," said the detective, "where's the money? just fork it over."

"We have only one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs left."

"Never mind that will do. Now," continued the detective, having got hold of the money, "my dear sir, bid this lady good-bye. This gentleman is going to Havre, and thence to America."

Expostulation was in vain. The lover was escorted to the Havre, generously given ten thousand francs by the detective, and is now, for aught I know, winning the hearts of some of the belles at Cape May, as a distinguished foreigner.

M. P.—was astonished and overjoyed at recovering so large a portion of his money. His wife is more devoted to him than ever. He has told her how his cashier deceived him, and all too for some worthless woman, of whom the detective forgot to tell him the name. All Paris knows the adventure. M. P.—don't. Where ignorance is bliss, &c.

### TEACHING A DEACON.

A gentleman of this State, who resides in the town of Ellmore, Mequango county, is, as he described himself, very ornate in politics, and besides that, is the most on-sartain practical joker we have heard of, or late. Here is one of his jokes:

The gentleman was in his store on Sunday morning, preparing for the duties of the day, when the deacon entered. An unfortunate pack of cards was lying on the counter, and the deacon, as in duty bound, remonstrated with our joker on this villainous practice. The latter admitted that it was at least an idle waste of time, and taking the cards in his hand, moralized on the subject as well and warmly as the deacon. At the same time he allowed a few cards to fall here and there on the counter, they lying very much in the shape of tricks, and looking as if the two had really been "taking a hand."

At this juncture, another member of the church came in, (the Post Office was in the store,) and all at once the joker, placing his finger on a couple of cards on the counter, exclaimed—

"Now, deacon, I tell you this won't do.—The queen always takes the jack, and the ten the nine, and so down; and if you don't attend, you will never learn the game.—That jack is a good card, but my queen takes it, counts me one point, besides one on count for game."

"Why, neighbor," exclaimed the horrified deacon, "what do you mean by that?"

"Exactly what I say," was the reply—"the queen takes the jack, and it's mine—you might have trumped with it and saved it long ago, now this jack, with low and game, puts me out."

At this moment, the gentleman from Mequango county turned around, pretended for the first time to notice the brother deacon who had entered, looked confused, dropped the cards and vanished.

Of course the deacons caught. The horrible tale was told of his having been caught playing cards on Sunday. He was excited to appear before the Church for his backsliding, and as the evidence was complete, would have been convicted and severely punished, in spite of all his protestations of innocence, had not our acquaintance of the town of Ellmore made his appearance in the nick of time, as a witness in favor of the deacon, told a round unvarnished tale, and procured for him an acquittal.

It is said to-day, the deacon has an increasing horror of cards, and though he feels a conviction that the Queen will take the Jack, and that the Jack can take the deacon, yet he has an utter aversion of giving his thigh, or, Jack.—*Racine Advertiser.*

### A Picture of Illinois Farming.

The great granaries of Egypt hardly bear comparison with the enormous productions of the West. We read of a single county in Illinois producing over a million of bushels of grain and we now hear from one in the State, who is acquainted with what he writes and with facts upon which to base his reasoning, that he estimates the wheat crop of Illinois this year at 35,000,000 bushels, all the corn crop at 290,000,000, and, says the writer, I am persuaded the conclusion is correct, as almost any one who should see these extensive fields would be of opinion.

The sue writer, in a letter to the Newark Advertiser, says of one of the farmers in Marshall county where the wheat averages from 2 1/2 to 2 5/8 bushels to the acre:

"He would like to sell at once, and if we will give him 90 cents per bushel, he will engage to deliver it all at our mill in ten days. But that is the starting price for the harvest and the immense crop promises that we shall shortly for less money. That is all we can offer for this week; the next must take a chance, and 75 to 80 cents will shortly be the work. There are fields here which for several years have alternated

wheat and corn, and there is yet no apparent diminution in the crop. I know of one field which has this year the eighteenth consecutive crop of corn upon it, and I doubt not this will be as copious as any."

"The following is a picture of the Illinois Harvest:

"Ascending a gentle knoll, which to your view seems rising from the long distance, we stop and look around us; what a busy scene! The clatter of the reaper on every side strikes the ear. Look around and count—twelve, fifteen reapers—each four horses attached, requiring at numberless sheaves. Ride to the next knoll—the work is here a little farther advanced, and two or more farmers have joined their forces and are gathering the bountiful harvest into the ricks—they never make stacks here—but long and broad ricks—the size of which I dare not put in figures. Another half mile and you are upon the unbroken prairie; but have all the cattle of the township been gathered in to this one field or rather pasture? Count them. Without stirring from the spot, I count two hundred cattle, and some thirty horses; cross that gentle undulation, and a similar scene is repeated, and again I am sure I could have counted not less than a thousand cattle in that one ride!"

DISASTER TO THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH CABLE.—Mr. Field has telegraphed of the following to Mr. Richard Stuart, agent of the Associated Press at Liverpool:—

LONDON, Saturday Morning.—Her Majesty's steamer *Leopard* arrived at Portsmouth on Friday evening the 11th inst., and reports that the Atlantic cable was lost at a quarter before 4 o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 11th instant, after having paid out successfully 335 nautical miles of the cable and lost 100 miles of it in water over two miles in depth, and the greater part of this at the rate of rather more than five knots an hour.

The *Cyclops* was sent back with despatches to Portsmouth to join the *Leopard* at Portsmouth.

Although the unfortunate accident will postpone the completion of this great undertaking for a short time, the result of the experiments has been to convince all that took part in it of the entire practicability of the enterprise; for with some slight alterations in the paying out machinery, there appears to be no great difficulty in laying down the cable, and it has been clearly proved that you can telegraph successfully through twenty-five hundred miles of cable, and know that its submersion at a great depth had no perceptible influence in the electric current.

There is no obstacle to laying it down at the rate of five miles per hour in the greatest depth of water on the plateau between Ireland and New Foundland.

The experience now obtained must be of great value to the Company, and it is understood that the Directors will decide whether or it is best to have more cable made and try again, immediately after the equinoctial gales are over, or wait until another trial will take place in October. A Liverpool paper reports the arrival of the *Niagara*, Susquehanna and Agamemnon at Plymouth on Friday, but doubtless it was a mistake.

### HOW TO PROSPER IN BUSINESS.

In the first place, make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake; decide upon some particular employment and persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity.

Be not afraid to work with your own hands, and diligently too. "A cat in gloves catches no mice."

Attend to your own business, and never trust it to another. "A pot that belongs to many is ill-served, no worse boiled."

Be frugal. "That which will not make a pot will make a pot lid."

Be abstemious. "Who dainties love shall beggars prove."

Rise early. "The sleeping fox catches no poultry."

That every one with respect and civility. "Everything is gained and nothing lost by courtesy." Good manners insure success.

Never anticipate wealth from any other source than labor. "He who waits for dead men's shoes may have to go for a long time barefoot."

Heaven helps those who help themselves. If you implicitly follow these precepts nothing will hinder you from accumulating.

"Can you tell me what are the wages here?" inquired a laborer of a boy.

"I don't know, sir."

"What does your father get at the end of the week?"

"Get," said the boy, "why he gets as tight as a brick."

The heart of an old coquette resembled an Egyptian tomb filled with mummies.

### An Old Advertisement—Franklin's Breaches Stolen.

On the 15 inst., by one William Lloyd, out of the house of Benj. Franklin, an half worn Sagathe coat, lined with silk, four fine homespun shirts, and a fine Holland shirt, ruffled at the hands and bosom, a pair of black broadcloth breeches, new seated and lined with leather, two pair of good worsted stockings, one of a dark color and the other of a light, a coarse cambric handkerchief marked with an F. in red silk, a new pair of calfskin shoes, a boys new castor hat, and sundry other things.

N. B. The said Lloyd pretends to understand Latin and Greek, and has been a schoolmaster; he is an Irishman, about 30 years of age, tall and slim; had on a litish colored great red jacket, a pair of black silk breeches, an old felt hat, too little for him, and sowed on the side of the crown with white thread, and an old dark colored wig; but may perhaps wear some of the stolen clothes above mentioned.

Whosoever secures the thief so that he may be brought to justice, shall have thirty shillings reward, and reasonable charges paid by

B. FRANKLIN.  
Philadelphia, Feb. 22, 1738.—9.—Penn. Gazette.

THE DIFFERENCE.—It will be remembered that several weeks ago the police of New York, while attempting to arrest some disorderly characters, accidentally shot a German. The excitement was tremendous; five thousand armed foreigners paraded the streets in utter contempt of the law, breathing vengeance against the police, and beating every American they met. The New York Herald, Tribune and Sun were vehement in their denunciations of the policemen and in applauding the spirit of the Germans. But mark the difference—a young American is murdered in Hoboken under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, by a set of German desperadoes, and these very same papers mention it merely as an item of news. We think American lives are becoming too cheap altogether. It is time, if we pretend to any spirit, to show these cowardly knaves that Americans are not to be slaughtered with impunity, and the law of the land trampled upon.—*Washington American.*

END OF A FAST MAN.—A young man named Pressley McFall, aged but twenty years, stabbed himself a few days since, and died in the Charity Hospital. His brief career is thus described in the New Orleans Crescent. It speaks for itself:

"He died on Saturday, not from the effects of the wound, but from the effects of hard drinking, under the influence of which he inflicted it. His story is a brief one, but a moral might be drawn from it. He was a Kentuckian, only twenty years of age, and came to this city last winter, full of the youthful appetite for excitement, and with a pocket full of money. He gave himself up to fast living, two items of which—wine and women—brought him down. It is said that he squandered upwards of \$20,000. At last, when he became bloated with drink and his money failed, the painted bawd who had helped him on to destruction deserted him, and refused to smile on him any more. Exasperated, he drew his knife and attempted to kill her—did wound her slightly and then attempted to kill himself. Though he exhausted his means here, the luckless young man is said to have still owned property amounting to a fortune in his native State."

WORKING ON SUNDAY.—An exchange says that a few Sundays since, a preacher in one of the rural districts near Augusta, Me., seeing that none but females were present at church service, rose and remarked that all the men were evidently in the fields taking care of their hay; he thought it their duty to do so, and his to go and help them. So he dismissed the ladies with benediction, and went forth among his friends, to show them his countenance and help their operations by the labors of his hands.

MORE DISCOVERIES.—The following articles have recently been discovered, and premiums have been awarded therefor:

A pint of that excellent hot water in which people are perpetually plunging.

The lock of the door through which silly youths have in all ages rushed to destruction.

The hand of charity, standing open, with a counterfeit sixpence in it.

The daguerreotype of the printer of the book of fate.

COMING OVER.—Mr. James Berney Marshall, late editor of the *Columbus Statesman*, the State organ of the Democratic party of Ohio, has abandoned that organization in disgust and declared himself in favor of the principles of the American party. It is said that he is about to undertake the editorial management of the *Capital City Fact*, the American organ at the State Capital.

### Bedford Classical School, AND FEMALE SEMINARY.

Male and Female Departments Distinct.

Rev. Geo. W. ALPHENBAUGH, A. M., Principal.  
Mrs. Geo. W. ALPHENBAUGH, Preceptress.  
Miss CORNELIA A. EGARTS, Music, French, Drawing, &c.  
Mrs. Lucy SPOTTSWOOD, Oil Painting and Shell Work.  
Miss MARY HELEN SMITH, Assistant.

THE duties of this institution will be resumed on Monday, Aug. 31st. Owing to the limited accommodations of the Seminary Building, the number of pupils will be limited. It is important, therefore, that applications for admission be made at an early day. Those who enter before the expiration of half the quarter, will be charged for the whole quarter; those who enter after the expiration of half the quarter, will be charged for half the quarter. No deduction made for absence except in cases of protracted illness.

In this school students are prepared for the higher classes of any college, or to enter at once upon the active duties of life.—Whilst special care is taken to form in our pupils habits of order, strict punctuality and thoroughness, their Physical, Moral and Social Education is not neglected.

The government of the school is designed to be parental. It is the aim of the Principal and his associates to excite in their pupils a love of right doing; and to awaken within them some proper consciousness of the dignity of humanity. Parents may rest assured that any gross delinquency on the part of their children will be reported to them immediately, should circumstances require it, or the discipline of the school fail to accomplish the desired reformation.

TERMS per quarter of 11 weeks, including Board, Tuition, Fuel, Room, Washing, Light and Fuel, \$40.00,—one-half in advance.

### EXTRA CHARGES.

|                                              |         |
|----------------------------------------------|---------|
| Music,                                       | \$10 00 |
| Use of Instrument,                           | 2 00    |
| French,                                      | 6 00    |
| Drawing, and painting in Water Colors, each, | 5 00    |
| Oriental Painting,                           | 5 00    |
| Grecian Painting,                            | 5 00    |
| Oil Painting,                                | 10 00   |
| Ornamental Needle Work,                      | 5 00    |
| Shell Work,                                  | 5 00    |

### TERMS FOR DAY SCHOLARS.

|                     |        |
|---------------------|--------|
| Elementary English, | \$4 00 |
| Higher,             | 4 00   |
| Classics,           | 6 25   |

Bedford, August 6, 1857.

### TUSCARORA ACADEMY.

SITUATED in Juniata County, Pa., 8 miles from the W. M., and 6 miles from the Perryville Stations of the Pa., R. Road. This Institution is especially noted in the following particulars:

- 1st. Healthy location—buildings nearly new—in the midst of beautiful scenery.
  - 2d. The surrounding community is marked for intelligence, morality, and high christian character.
  - 3d. Being in the country, students are not beset by temptations, as in towns and places of public resort.
  - 4th. Thorough instruction is given in all the branches necessary for BUSINESS, for TEACHING or for COLLEGE.
  - 5th. Mild, but firm discipline.
  - 6th. Vicious students are not retained.
  - 7th. Special pains are taken in the Boarding Department to have healthy food, in sufficient quantity and properly prepared.
  - 8th. The comfort, happiness and mental improvement of pupils is constantly kept in view.
- Terms: For Tuition, Boarding, Washing and Furnished Room, per session of 5 mo., \$80, payable quarterly in advance. Light and Fuel extra. The Winter Session opens on the 31st of November next.
- For further particulars apply to  
J. H. SHUMAKER, A. M., P. M.,  
Academy, Juniata Co., Pa.  
Aug. 28, 1857.—5m.

### Administrator's Notice.

LETTERS of administration on the Estate of Samuel Mock, late of St. Clair Township, dec'd, having been granted to the subscriber, residing in said Township, all persons indebted to said estate are notified to bring in and pay to me immediately, and those having claims against the Estate, will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

NATHAN H. WRIGHT,  
Adm'r.  
Aug. 14, 1857.—4

### INFORMATION WANTED.

Whereas, A certain man named Matthew Garner being deranged by his mind, left his home in Woodcock Valley about the first of May last, and has not been heard of since the first of June. Said Garner is about 5 feet 9 or 10 inches high, gray eyes, dark complexion, 58 years of age, and his hair is graying long and gray. Any information of his whereabouts directed to John Garner, Jr., Spruce Creek Huntingdon County, will be thankfully received.

Sept. 1, 1857.—3m.

### STRAY CATTLE.

CAME to the residence of the subscriber, living in Southampton Township, on the 1st of June last, four yearling heifers, three brown and white spotted, the other red and white, two marked with a slit in the left ear; no other marks visible. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take them away.

THOMAS KINSER.  
Sept. 4, 1857.—5

### CAUTION.

All persons (not trespassing on my property, by hunting, or otherwise, as I will most certainly put the law in force against any one offending. So look out and save trouble.

W. M. ALKIN.  
Bedford Tp., Aug. 28, 1857.—4