

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS. P. H. PENNSYLVANIA, M. D., BLOODY Run, Pa., (late surgeon 56th P. V. V.) tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. Dec. 22, '65-13*

W. JAMISON, M. D., BLOODY Run, Pa., tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. Office one door west of Richard Langdon's store. Nov. 24, '65-13

D. R. J. L. MARBOUGH, Having permanently located, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office on Juliana street, east side, nearly opposite the Banking House of Reed & Schell. Bedford, February 12, 1864.

DENTISTS. C. N. HICKOK, J. G. MINNICH, JR., Office in the Bank Building, BEDFORD, PA. All operations pertaining to Surgical or Mechanical Dentistry carefully performed, and warranted. TERMS—CASH Bedford, January 6, 1865.

BANKERS. R. REED AND SCHELL, DEALERS IN EXCHANGE, BEDFORD, PA. DRAFTS bought and sold, collections made and money promptly remitted. Deposits solicited.

RUPP, SHANNON & CO., BANKERS, 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. Oct. 20, 1865.

MISCELLANEOUS. DANIEL BORDER, PITTSBURGH, PA. WATCHMAKER AND DEALER IN JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, &c. He keeps on hand a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Spectacles of Brilliant Double Refracting Glass, 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. Oct. 20, 1865.

H. F. IRVINE, ANDERSON'S ROW, BEDFORD, PA. Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Queensware, and Varieties of Orders from Country Merchants respectfully solicited. Oct. 20, 1865.

DAVID DEFIBAUGH, Gunsmith, Bedford, Pa. Shop same as formerly occupied by John Border, deceased. Having resumed work, he is now prepared to fill all orders for new work at the shortest notice. Repairing done to order. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. Oct. 20, 1865.

BEST BEREA GRINDSTONES assorted sizes, also patent casters for same

The Bedford Gazette.

BY MEYERS & MENGEL.

BEDFORD, PA. FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 19, 1866.

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The Bedford Gazette.

MISCHIEF MAKERS.

Oh! could there in this world be found Some little spot of happy ground, Where village pleasures might go round Without the village tattling?

How doubly blest that place would be, Where all might dwell in liberty Of gossip's endless prattling! If such a spot were really known, Dame Peace might claim it as her own, And in it she might fix her throne Forever and forever;

There, like a queen, might reign and live, Where every eye would soon forgive, The little slight they might receive, And be offended never.

The mischief-makers that remove Far from our hearts the warmth of love, And lead us all to disapprove, 'Tis they who bring the peace of life, They seem to take one's part, but when They see you heard your case, unkindly then They soon recall them all again.

Mixed with poisonous measure, And they have such a cunning way Of selling tales. They say, "Don't mention what I say, I pray; I would not tell another."

Oh! that the mischief-making crew Were all reduced to one or two, And they were painted red and blue! That every one might know their name, Then would the village soon forget To rage and quarrel, fume and fret, And fall into an angry net.

For 'tis a sad, degrading part, To make another's bosom smart, And plant a dagger in the heart, 'Tis to be everlastingly such, Then let us everlastingly be found In quietness with all around.

While friendship, peace, and joy abound, And every feelings pure.

BATTLES OF THE SWORDFISH AND THE WHALE.

Among the extraordinary spectacles sometimes witnessed by those who "go down to the sea in ships," none are more impressive than a combat for a supremacy between the monsters of the deep. The battles of the swordfish and the whale are described as Homeric in grandeur. The swordfish goes in shoals like whales, and the attacks are often regular sea-fights. When the two troops meet, as soon as the swordfish have betrayed their presence by a few bounds in the air, the whales draw together and close their ranks. The swordfish always endeavors to take the whale in flank, either because its cruel instinct has revealed to it the defect in the cuirass—for there exists near the brachial fins of the whale a spot where wounds are mortal—or because the flank presents a wider surface to its blows.

The swordfish recoils to secure a greater impetus. If the movement escapes the keen eye of its adversary, the whale is lost, receives the blow of the enemy, and dies almost instantly. But if the whale perceives the swordfish at the instant of the rush, by a spontaneous bound it springs clear of the water its entire length, and falls on its flank with a crash that resounds many leagues, and whittens the sea with boiling foam. The gigantic animal has only its tail for defence. It tries to strike its enemy, and finish him with a single blow. But if the active swordfish avoids the fatal tail, the battle becomes more terrible. The aggressor springs from the water in its turns, falls upon the whale, and attempts, not to pierce, but to saw it with the teeth that garnish its weapon. The sea is stained with blood; the fury of the whale is boundless. The swordfish harasses him, strikes on every side, kills him and flies to other victories. Often the swordfish has not time to avoid the fall of the whale, and contents itself with presenting its sharp saw to the flank of the gigantic animal which is about to crush it. It dies then like Macabeus, smothered beneath the weight of the elephant of the ocean. Finally, the whale gives a few last bounds into the air, dragging its assassin in his flight, and perishes as it kills the monster of which it was the victim. The heroic combats of the swordfish with the whales would assuredly furnish matter for a strange poem, in which the grand would contend with the eccentric. The sea of blood, loaded with monstrous bodies devoid of life, and slain upon each other, would be a picture worthy of inspiring a rival of the singer of the Batrachomyomachia. If the divine Homer did not hesitate to celebrate the wars of mice and frogs, why should not one of the sons of Apollo accord the recital of the exploits of the swordfish, and the formidable resistance of the giant of the waters?

A WESTERN correspondent says: In a district in the far west we had a gentleman teacher who thought it advisable to give some lessons in politeness. Among other things he told the boys in addressing a gentleman they should always say sir, and gave them examples, and made quite a lesson of it. One boy was particularly delighted; and took occasion to speak to his teacher often, to show he profited by his teachings. When he went home to dinner his father said:

"Tom, have some meat?" "Yes, Sir, I thank you." The next thing that the child knew his father's hand came whack on his ear, and his father's voice thundered forth, "I'll teach you to sass your dad!" Tom gave up being polite.

The following story is told of the Rev. Morse: At an association dinner a debate arose as to the use of the rod in bringing up children. The doctor took the affirmative, and the chief opponent was a young minister, whose reputation for veracity was not high. He maintained that parents often do harm to their children by unjust punishment, from not knowing the facts of the case. "Why," said he, "the only time my father whipped me was for telling the truth." "Well," retorted the doctor, "it cured you of it, didn't it?"

A HATTER IN SEARCH OF FUR.

On one occasion a hatter named Walter Dibble called to buy some furs of us. For certain reasons I was anxious to play a joke upon him. I sold him several kinds of furs, including "beaver" and "coney." He wanted some "Russia." I told him we had none, but Mrs. Wheeler, where I boarded, had several hundred pounds.

"What on earth is a woman doing with Russia?" he said. I could not answer, but assured him that there were one hundred and thirty pounds of old Russia and one hundred and fifty pounds of young Russia in Mrs. Wheeler's house, and under her charge, but whether it was for sale I could not say.

Off he started, with a view to make the purchase. He knocked at the door. Mrs. Wheeler asked him to walk in and be seated. She, the elder, made her appearance.

"I want to get your Russia," said the hatter. Mrs. Wheeler asked him to walk in and be seated. She, of course, supposed he had come after her daughter Russia.

"What do you want of Russia?" asked the old lady. "To make hats," was the reply. "To trim hats, I suppose you mean?" responded Mrs. Wheeler.

"No; for the outside of hats," replied the hatter. "Well, I don't know much about hats, but I will call my daughter," said the old lady.

Passing into the other room, where Russia the younger was at work, she informed her that a man wanted her to make hats.

"Oh, he means sister Mary, probably. I suppose he wants some ladies' hats," was Russia's reply, as she passed into the parlor.

"I suppose you wish to see my sister Mary; she is our milliner," said the younger Russia.

"I wish to see whoever owns the property." Sister Mary was sent for, and soon made her appearance. As soon as he was introduced, the latter informed her that he wished to buy Russia.

"Buy Russia!" exclaimed Mary, in surprise. "I don't understand you." "Your name is Miss Wheeler, I believe?" said the latter, who was annoyed at the difficulty he met with in being understood.

"It is, sir." "Ah, very well. Is there old and young Russia in the house?" "I believe there is," said Mary, surprised at the familiar manner in which he spoke of her mother and sister, both of whom were present.

"What is the price of old Russia per pound?" "I believe, sir, that old Russia is not for sale," replied Mary, indignantly.

"Well, what do you ask for young Russia?" pursued the hatter. "Sir!" said Russia the younger springing to her feet, "do you come here to insult defenceless females? If you do we will soon call our brother, who is in the garden, and he will punish you as you deserve."

"Ladies!" exclaimed the hatter, in astonishment, "what on earth have I done to offend you? I came here to buy some Russia. I was told you had old and young Russia in the house. Indeed, this young lady just stated such to be the fact, but she says the old Russia is not for sale. Now if I can buy the young Russia, I want to do so; but if it can't be done, please say so, and I will trouble you no further."

"Mother, open the door, and let the gentleman pass out; he is undoubtedly crazy," said Miss Mary.

"By thunder! I believe I shall be, if I remain here long," exclaimed the hatter, considerably excited. "I wonder if folks never do business in these parts, that you think a man is crazy if he attempts such a thing?"

"Business, poor man!" said Mary soothingly, approaching the door. "I am not a poor man, madam," replied the hatter. "My name is Walter Dibble. I carry on hating extensively in Danbury. I came to Grassy Plains to buy fur, and I have purchased some 'beaver' and 'coney,' and now it seems I am to be called 'crazy' and a 'poor man,' because I want to buy a little 'Russia' to make up an assortment."

The ladies began to open their eyes a little. They saw that Mr. Dibble was quite in earnest, and his explanation threw considerable light on the subject.

"Who sent you here?" asked sister Mary. "The clerk at the store opposite."

"He is a wicked young fellow for making this trouble," said the old lady. "He has been doing this for a joke," she continued.

"A joke!" exclaimed Dibble, in surprise. "Have you got any Russia, then?"

"My name is Jerusha, and so is my daughter's," said Mrs. Wheeler, "and that, I suppose, is what he meant by telling you about old and young Russia."

Mr. Dibble bolted through the door without a word of explanation, and made directly for our store.

"You young scamp!" said he, as he entered, "what do you mean by sending me over there to buy Russia?"

"I did not send you over there to buy Russia. I supposed you were either a bachelor or a widower, and wanted to marry Russia." I repeated with a serious countenance.

"You lie, you dog, and you know it," replied he. But never mind, I'll pay you off for this, some day."

POE'S RAVEN IN NEW FEATHERS.

In October, wet and dreary, sat this writer, weak and weary, pondering o'er a memorandum book of items used before—book of scrawling head notes rather—items, taking days to gather them, slowly rocking, (through our mind queer ideas flocking,) came a quick and nervous knocking—knocking at the sanctum door.—"Sure that must be Jinks," he muttered, "Jinks that's knocking at our door—Jinks the everlasting bore."

Wah, full well do we remind us, the wails which then confined us, the "exchanges" lay behind us, and before us, and around us, scattered o'er the sanctum floor. Think we, "Jinks has come to borrow some newspapers till to-morrow, and 'twill berelief from sorrow to get rid of Jinks, the bore, by opening the door." Still the visitor kept knocking—knocking louder than before.

And the scattered piles of papers cut some rather curious ciphers, being lifted by the breezes coming through another door; and we wished (the wish was civil for one deemed always civil) that Jinks was at the devil, to stay there evermore, and there to find his final level—Jinks, the nerve unstringing bore!

Bracing up our patience firmer, though, without another murmur, "Mr. Jinks, your pardon, your forgiveness we implore. But the fact is, we were reading of some curious proceedings, and thus was unheeding your loud knocking there before—" Here we opened wide the door. But phancy our phelinks—for it was not Jinks, the bore,—Jinks, the nameless evermore!

But the form that stood before us caused a trembling to come o'er us, and our truant memory bore us back again to days of yore—days when "items" were in plenty, and wherever this writer went he picked up interesting items by the score. "Twas the form of our office 'devil,' in attitude uncivil; and he thrust his head within the open door, with 'The foreman's out o' copy sir, and says he wants some more!' Yes, like Alexander, wanted more!"

"Now, this 'foel' had already walked about till near dead—he had sauntered through the city till his feet were very sore—walked through the street called Dauphin and the byways running off into portions of the city both public and obscure; had examined store and cellar, and had questioned every 'feller' whom he met from door to door, if anything was stirring—any accidents not published heretofore—and met with no success; he felt a little wicked at that ugly little bore, with his message from the foreman that he wanted something 'more.'"

"Now, it's time you were departing, you young scamp!" cried we, upstarting; get you back into the office—office where you were before—or the words which you have spoken will get your bones all broken!" (and seized a cudgel, oaken, that was lying on the floor.)

"Take your hands out of your pockets, and leave the sanctum door; tell the foreman there is no copy, you ugly little bore." Quoth the devil, "send him more."

And our devil, never sitting, still is fitting back and forth upon the landing just outside our sanctum door. Tears down his cheeks are streaming—strange light from his eyes is beaming—and his voice is heard, still screaming, "Sir, the foreman wants some more!"

And our soul, pierced with that screaming, is awestruck in his draining; and has lost its peaceful seeming that it used to have before, for the fancy which comes o'er us, that each reader's face before us, bears the horrid chorus—"we want a little more!" Words on their forehead glancing, "your funny column needs a little more!"

CHINAMEN AND THEIR WAYS.—A California letter has the following: Queer chaps these Chinamen are, and queer customs they have. In one corner of the room sits my Chinese boy, reading a book upside down, and after the manner of his country, grinning like a chimpanzee over hieroglyphics that look like bunches of black radishes. He understands it all, though, and probably finds that style of literature very funny. I attended the Chinese dinner which was given to Colfax, ate with chop-sticks, swallowed a little of each of the hundred and eighty-nine courses that constituted the repast.—We sat down at six sharp, and got through at one prompt. Yes, I ate boiled bamboo, and stewed whalebone—which perhaps may be styled the spring vegetables of the Chinese—sharks' fins, birds' nests, and other delicacies too recuperative to mention. By way of dessert they have pickled cucumber and melon seeds, and all manner of sweet things. Taken as a whole, however, I don't think I should like a steady course of Chinese diet, though the tea which they gave us was of a most wonderful flavor. It was served up without sugar or cream, and cost \$50 a pound, which is perhaps the reason why they did not ask us to take a second cup. You would have been amazed could you have seen each guest making frantic attempts to get something into his mouth with the chop sticks. Try to eat with knitting needles, and you will have some idea of the difficulty of the feat. If I were a board-ing-house-keeper I think I'd ring them in upon my boarders to use instead of knives and forks. A little hash would go a wonderful great way with them. I flanked the difficulty by taking hold of anything with them by sharpening mine off at the end and harpooning the

A SKETCH.—The depopulating pestilence that walketh at noonday, the carnage of cruel and devastating war, can scarcely exhibit their victims in a more terrible array, than exterminating drunkenness. I have seen a promising family spring from a parent trunk, and stretching abroad its populous limb like a flowering tree covered with a green and healthy foliage. I have seen the unnatural decay beginning upon the yet tender leaf and knawing like a worm in an unopened bud, while they dropped off, one by one, and the scathed and ruined shaft stood alone, until the winds and rains of many a sorrow laid that too in the dust. On one of those holy days when the patriarch, rich in virtue as in years, gathered about him the great and the little ones of the flock—his sons with their sons and his daughters with their daughters—I, too, pledged them in the social wine-cup, and rejoiced with them round the board; and expatiated with delight upon the eventful future; while the good old man warmed in the genial glow of youthful enthusiasm, wiped the tear of joy from his glistening eye. He was happy. I met with them again when the rolling year brought the festive season round. But they were not all there. The kind old man sighed as his suffused eye dwelt upon the then unoccupied seat. But joy yet came to his relief and he was happy. A parent's love knows no diminution—time, distance, poverty, shame, but gives intensity and strength to that passion before which all others dissolve and melt away. Another elapsed. The board was spread but the guests came not.—The old man cried, "Where are my children?" And echo answered where! His heart broke—for they were not. Could not Heaven have spared his gray hairs this affliction? Alas! the demon of drunkenness had been there. They had fallen victims of his spell. And one short month sufficed to cast the veil of oblivion over the old man's sorrow and the young one's shame. They are all dead.

A CHINESE TRIAL.—I heard to-day a curious case that lately came to the knowledge of Mr. Milne, having occurred in Peking. A man caught his wife and a paramour together unawares, and killed them both. He then took their heads to the district magistrate, and denounced himself as their murderer, stating the circumstances under which he had been led to perpetrate the deed. A singular hydrostatic test was then adopted, with the view of enabling the magistrate to decide as to whether the man spoke the truth, and was, therefore, justified in what he had done. The heads were placed in a tub of water, and both made to spin round at the same moment, the decision depending on the manner in which they were placed when they became still. They stopped face to face, and this was considered satisfactory proof that the man was right. Had the heads ceased spinning round with the faces averted, the case would have been given against him, and his own life forfeited. Lynch law, consequently, in such cases, is rather a hazardous experiment for injured husbands to try.—Peking and the Pekingese. By D. F. Rennie, M. D.

GOOD SOCIETY.—It should be the aim of young men to go into good society. We do not mean the rich, the proud, the fashionable, but the society of the wise, the intelligent, and the good. Where you find men that know more than you do, and from whose conversation one can gain useful information, it is always safe to be found. It has broken down many a man by associating with the low and vulgar—where rivalry was incited, and the indolent story, to excite laughter and influence the bad passions. Lord Clarendon has attributed his success and happiness in life to associating with persons more learned and virtuous than himself. If you wish to be respected, if you desire happiness and not misery, we advise you to associate with the intelligent and good. Strive for mental excellence and strict integrity, and you will never be found in the sinks of pollution, and on the benches of retailers and gamblers. Once habituate yourself to a virtuous course—a love of good society—and no punishment would be greater than by accident to be obliged for half a day to associate with the low and vulgar.

TELEGRAPHIC FREAK.—Of all the freaks of the telegraph, the following is the most laughable which has come under our personal knowledge.—Not long since a graduate from one of our eastern theological schools was called to the pastoral charge of a church in the extreme southwest. When about to start for his new parish, he was unexpectedly detained by the incapacity of his presbytery to ordain him. In order to explain his non-arrival at the appointed time, he sent the following telegram to the deacons of the church, "Presbytery lacked a quorum to ordain." In the course of its journey the message got strangely metamorphosed, and reached the astonished deacons in this shape, "Presbytery lacked a worm on Adam." The sober church officers were sorely discomfited and mystified, but after grave consultation concluded it was the minister's facetious way of announcing that he had got married, and accordingly proceeded to provide lodgings for two instead of one.

The internal revenue receipts since

JOSH BILLINGS ON WATERFALLS.

I rather like waterfalls. I can't tell why I love them more than I can tell why I love kastor oil—but kastor oil is good for a laziness or no laziness—not even in musketeers.

I want my musketeers lively. But all this is foreign to my purpose. I like waterfalls—they are so easy and natural.

They attack all the sex. Some they attack with great fury, while other they approach more like a scize, working up slowly.

I saw one yesterday. It was no bigger than a small French tarrip. It had attacked a small woman only nine summer's duration.

She was full of recreation, and when she bounded along the sidewalk (it was on the west side of St. Clair street, in the city of Cincinnati, fornest Baker & Davis' yellow soap store, the waterfall highest up and down in an oscillating manner, resembling much the sportive terminus of a bob tailed lamb in a great hurry.

The effect was purely electric. I also saw another one pretty soon, which belonged to a mature matron.

She might have saw 75 summers, her hair white as flour Perkins "A," worth 15 dollars a barrel, delivered; but the waterfall was black.

I asked a bystander how he could account for that. He said "it was younger."

I also saw another one pretty soon, which was the property of a gusher. She was about 19 years old, and was as ripe as a 2 year peach.

She swept the streets like a thing of life. Men stopped to gaze as she passed, and put in a new chew of tobacco. Little boys pocketed their marbles in silence.

Her waterfall was about the size of a corn-basket turned inside out. It was inklosed in a common skap net, and kivered with blazing diamonds of glass.

It shone in the frisky sun like the tin dome on the Court House, where the supervisors meet.

But I rather like waterfalls. It has been sed that they would run out, but this, I think, is a error, for they don't show no leak yet.

In the language of the expiring Canadian on our northern frontier, I say—"Vive la Bag-a-tale."

"BEE, ARP"—a reb, on Union principles—writes from his home in Georgia to the Metropolitan Record: "For two moments and inspirin weeks the Legislature have been in solemn session one of whom I am proud to be which. For several days we were engaged as skouts, makin a sorter rekonsance to see whether Georgy were a State or an Injm Territory—whether we were in the old Un-ion or out of it—whether me and my fokes and you and your fokes were somebody or nobody, and lastly, but by no means leasly, whether our poor innocent children, born durin the war, were all illegal and had to be born over again or not. This last pint are much unsettled, but our women are advised to be kalm and serene."

"My friends, our aim has honestly been to git you all back into the folds of the glorious old Un-ion. Like the prodgal son, we had nuthin to live on, and feelin lonesome and hungry, have been bowin and scrapin and makin apolojys for five or six months. We have been seen standin aroff for weeks and weeks, but darn the ef do they kill for us. They know we've got nuthin, for they eat up our substance, and as for puttin rings on our fingers, we couldent expect it until they bring me back the jewelry they carried away. I cannot say, in the language of the poet, that our labor has been a labor of love, for we've had monstrous poor encouragement to be shore; but we had all set our heads toward the stars and stripes, and we jintly determined that, come wool come wo, sink or swim, survive or perish, thunder or lightning, we'd slip back, or sneak back, or git back somehow or somehow else, or we'd stay out forever and ever amen and be hangd to ten, so called, I golly."

A NEW COUNTERFEIT on the fifty dollar compound interest note is well executed, and very liable to deceive. The general engraving in the counterfeit is coarser than in the genuine; the word "fifty" in the lower right and left hand corners approaches near the bust and die; in the counterfeit there is quite an open space. The shadow of the constitution in the vignette of the genuine is quite light; in the counterfeit it is darker and the engraving coarser. The X in the "six percent" of the genuine is crossed; in the counterfeit it is not. All that have thus far appeared are dated July 15, 1864.

A CHICAGO bootblack accented a returned soldier with the usual salutation—"black your boots, sir? make 'em shine!" Looking at his unpolished gumbots" in a contemplative way, the war-worn veteran replied: "Well, I don't care if you do—fall in promptly, though." The urchin gazed a moment at the soldier, surveying him from his "leathers" upwards, and then, turning to a comrade near by, shouted out: "I say, Bill, lend me a hand, won't yer? I've got an army contract."

The New York Times objects to the new gold coin motto—"In God we trust" because it will be carrying our religion in our pockets. Little fear of

DOMESTIC.

To STOP COUGHING.—Slight irritation of the throat may be relieved by sipping a little thick slippery elm tea, or by sucking a piece of gum arabic.—These articles coat over the mucous membrane, and prevent the irritation of the air. A few drops of paregoric held in the mouth, and allowed to trickle down the throat, will allay coughing. The best cough medicine for children, one which we have used for several years with entire satisfaction, is the following: Mix in a vial equal parts of paregoric, castor oil and ipecac. Always skake well before using. A few drops of this swallowed, but not washed down by water or other fluid, will always soothe a cough. Repeat the dose as often as the coughing returns. From one-fourth to one-half a teaspoonful, or even a whole teaspoonful may be given when a less quantity will not suffice. A large dose after a full meal may produce a little nausea. Children subject to coughs should eat very light suppers and indeed all children should eat much less, and simpler food, at night than at morning or noon. The above mixture may be kept on hand ready prepared, as it does not deteriorate if kept corked. It may interest those afraid of mineral medicines (though they partake freely of common salt which is mineral) to know that the ingredients are all "vegetable."

CHAPPED HANDS.—They may in a great measure be prevented by using very little soap, if any, keeping it on as briefly as possible, washing it off clean and then finishing the washing with water to which a little vinegar is added—a teaspoonful to a pint of clear water will answer. This neutralizes any alkali of the soap left on the skin, and gives it a soft feel, while it stops the destruction of the cuticle, and saves chapping. The diluted vinegar is also good as a final washing after shaving the whiskers. A little tallow, or even lard, thinly applied at night, or when going out into the cold air, to the hands and face, if chapping, and well rubbed off if necessary, goes far toward preventing further chapping, and promotes the healing of all cracks already formed.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—A lady of culture, refinement, and unusual powers of observation and comparison, became a widow. Reduced from affluence to poverty, with a large family of small children dependent upon her labor for daily food, she made a variety of experiments to ascertain what articles could be purchased for the least money, and would at the same time "go the fittest," by keeping her children long-est from crying for something to eat. She soon discovered that when they eat buckwheat cakes and molasses, they were quiet for a longer time than after eating any other kind of food.

A distinguished Judge of the United States court observed that when he took buckwheat cakes for breakfast, he could sit on the bench the whole day without being uncomfortably hungry; if the cakes were omitted, he felt obliged to take a lunch about noon. Buckwheat cakes are a universal favorite at the winter breakfast table, and scientific investigation and analysis has shown that they abound in the heat-forming principles; hence nature takes away our appetites for them in summer.

SELECTING MILCH COWS.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Farmer's Club says that Col. Woodman, in the State of Maine, for about forty years has kept a dairy, and generally reared his own cows. He has always found, in his experience, that if a heifer's first calf was a male she never proved to be much of a milkier—indeed, that she, in subsequent years, never gave more milk than on her first calving, but if her first product was a heifer she was sure to represent all the milking qualities of a valuable mother. He did not know how this might be others' experience, but in forty years of his own he had known of no exception to the rule—always indicated. Coming from a man so trustworthy in every respect as I know him to be, I thought I should like to submit it for the consideration of other farmers and stock breeders.

PRUNING GRAPE VINES.—The books generally advise winter pruning in the month of February. The objections to that season are that the work is liable to run into March, which does not allow time for the cut to become dry enough to check the flow of sap a little later; the weather is apt to be cold, rendering it uncomfortable; besides, the wood is frozen much of the time, in which it ought not to be disturbed. There is sufficient leisure now, as the vines are pliable and can be handled at will, while the mild weather will dry and harden the cuts, so that there will be no danger of bleeding in spring. A pair of pruning shears will be found to be very convenient in making cuts—in fact, they are almost indispensable to the horticulturist in trimming his shrubbery, roses, honeysuckles, blackberries, etc., in addition to the grape vines.

THE BOREE.—We are determined (says the Maine Farmer,) to persecute the borers till they shall seek other quarters than our orchards. We