

The Bedford Gazette.

BY MEYERS & MENGEL.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 15, 1867.

VOL. 61.—WHOLE No. 5,380.

PURE AIR AND SLEEP.

Dr. Arnott, in his Physics, states that canary birds suspended near the top of a curtained bedstead where persons are sleeping, will generally be found dead in the morning, from the effects of carbonic acid gas, generated in respiration. He sets forth this as a fact, to show the necessity of breathing pure air in sleeping apartments, and a sweeping argument against the old-fashioned, high curtained bedsteads. A healthy man breathes about twenty times in a minute, and inhales in that period about seven hundred cubic inches of air; this he exhales again in the form of carbonic acid gas and water, which vitiates the atmosphere. Three and one-half per cent. of carbonic acid gas in the air renders it unfit for the support of life; this shows how necessary it is to provide a supply of pure air for the support of respiration.

There are also certain facts which go to prove that more danger exists—that there is a greater proneness of disease—during sleep than in the waking state. In Turkey and Hindoostan, if a person falls asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field, over which the wind is blowing towards him, he is liable to "sleep the sleep that knows no waking." The peasants of Italy who fall asleep in the neighborhood of the Pontine marshes are invariably smitten with fever. Even travelers who pass the night in the Campagna di Loma, inevitably become more or less affected with the noxious air, while those who pass through without stopping escape the marsh fever. Those who have traveled in tropical climes, and who have been attacked with bilious fevers, uniformly ascribe the cause of their sufferings to night exposure in the open air.

An English traveler in Abyssinia has asserted that he could live in health in that sickly country, by a proper selection of the situation where he slept every night. There is abundant evidence, it would appear, which goes to prove that by proper attention to the place where, and the circumstances under which persons sleep, diseases may be avoided.

THE WAY COUNTERFEITERS PROCEED.—The *modus operandi* of the counterfeiting gang is described as follows: A suitable person approaches a first-class engraver with an offer of \$10,000 or even \$20,000 for a plate. The latter is seldom able to resist this temptation, and as he no doubt has a daily engagement in some bank note establishment, the work is done by him in over time, such as nights and Sundays. When the bills are printed they are distributed with surprising celerity and are "shoved" simultaneously in different parts of the Union. In this manner a large number is got off before suspicion is aroused. The best counterfeit greenback on record is the \$50 issue which was at first accepted in the Treasury at Washington. Roberts, the artist, who executed the plate, received \$20,000 for his services, but was detected, and is now serving out a sentence of twenty years at Sing Sing.

WIFE SELLING IN FRANCE.—There still exists, among even well-informed French people, a tradition that in England a husband commonly puts a halter around his wife's neck, leads her to Smithfield, and sells her to the highest bidder. A laborer named Martin, age 30, at Vire (Calvados) recently went still further. He not only sold his wife and cupboard together for five francs to a young man named Vautier, but assisted the latter by force to take possession of his purchase. For this grave offence the two men have just been tried at the Court of Assizes of Caen. The hearing of the case took place with closed doors, and the jury having returned a verdict of guilty, but with extenuating circumstances, Martin was condemned to eight years' hard labor, and Vautier to five years' imprisonment.

An eminent divine, remarkable for his devoted piety and spotless purity of his character, was heard to say that he never read or heard of a crime in his life, no matter how heinous, without feeling an inward consciousness that under certain conditions of education, training or association, he might have committed the same crime himself. The same feeling must have been experienced more or less by all reflecting, enlightened men; and yet—and yet, how little charity there is in the world!

A PERTINENT QUESTION.—The Washington *Chronicle* asks: "Does it pay England to hold Ireland, merely by aid of bayonets and artillery?" A much more pertinent question for American editors to discuss is, Will it pay the United States to hold the South by the same tenure?

Rousseau says: Men will argue more forcibly about the human heart, but women will read the heart much better. Women have most wit; men have most genius. Women observe; men reason. The world is the book of women.

A CONNECTICUT pedler asked an old lady to whom he was trying to sell some articles, if she could tell him of any road that no pedler had ever traveled. "I know of but one, and that is the road to heaven," was the reply.

In Washington county, Tenn., twenty miles northeast of Jonesboro, is an ancient birch tree, on the bark of which is still legible the following inscription: "1771—D. Boon killed a bar."

"It seems to me," says F. W. Robertson, "a pitiful thing for any man to aspire to be true and to speak the truth, and then to complain in astonishment that truth has not crowns to give but thorns."

"A traveler" wishes us to explain what sense there is just now in the term "railroad securities" seeing there is no security on any of the railroads.

"GEARY A LOAFER—AN IGNORAMUS—A MISERABLE APOLOGY OF A MAN."

The Erie Dispatch, the ablest Republican paper of the Northwestern section of the State, "goes off," as follows, at Geary, Cameron, and the rest of the unwashed and unregenerated Radicals, who now have control of the State.—By the way, what is therein said are not "copperhead lies." Read:

The State is emphatically in the hands of the most despicable and degraded class of knaves that ever disgraced a Commonwealth, and the times not far distant when the names of Cameron and Geary will sound so much like Ben Wood, Vallandigham, and Raphael Semmes that no one will be able to justly classify them in a different catalogue.

We do not know but that we are giving too much prominence to Geary, as he is such an ignoramus, and such a miserable apology of a man, such a complete loafer, who is allowed to sponge a subsistence from his more prosperous neighbors, that he alone is not able to gain distinction as a knave, or even as a loafer. The promises which he has already made and violated, the influence which he consented to have used to effect his election, and the manner in which he is dovetailed with men in the State who are known to be knaves, ought to be sufficient to keep him from being inaugurated as Governor of the State. But they will not. He will be placed in the office of Chief Executive with a howl of triumph, amidst a tournament of sin and corruption.

Our uninitiated readers may wonder why we have not before given our opinions upon this subject, if they were held from the beginning. We have informed them before; and have warned the people of the State in general, the Republican party in particular, that they were egregiously sold on John W. Geary; but we hoped that the management which had him in charge would be sufficiently prudent to cover up a portion of their nakedness, and manifest by subsequent events that it was their desire to foster the principles as well as the interests of the party. But they have done nothing of the kind. They seem to sacrifice every principle to policy, and bury not only the honor and power of the party, but all its adherents in a grave of dishonor and oblivion.

The power of the Republican party in Pennsylvania is for the present used up. The imbecility and inefficiency of our next Governor, as a man within himself, will disgust every member of both parties, and the great public of the Commonwealth will not dare trust the party with the selection of another man to rule over them. The term of John W. Geary will be the era from which will date the decay of the Republican party in Pennsylvania, and which will furnish examples of folly to be guarded against in the future. It will constitute a severe, and we hope, a beneficial lesson to the party, which will teach it that honesty and consistency must not be sacrificed to the policy of the time and illegitimate power sufficient to control at all times an honest majority in the party. The people are already disgusted with Geary. Their expressions are loud and unmistakable, and though they may be smothered for a time, it will be but a little while before they will flame out all over the State in all their truth and power.

We are not disposed to award him so much honor as to give him the benefit of having created this dissatisfaction himself. On the contrary, we know he has not the ability to do it. It has been brought about by the knaves and demagogues who have had the management of him. The party has allowed these men to deceive and swindle it, to barter it off for a mess of pottage which has not the merit of being either palatable or digestible, and at once gives the Democracy the advantage of the sympathy of the dissatisfied, and an opportunity of regaining power by offering men whom the people are willing to accept on account of real merit. The conclusion is, that the Republican party in Pennsylvania must either be washed and regenerated, or conclude to reënter suffer defeat.

IN THE BEGINNING.—"Where did you get your nice new warm sack?" asked a lady of a little girl.
"From God, ma'am," said the little girl modestly.
"Why, did not your mother make it?" asked the lady.
"Yes, mother sewed it," said the child.
"And did she not buy the cloth of the shopkeeper?" asked the lady.
"Yes," said the little girl, "but the shopkeeper bought it from the factory where it was spun and wove, and the factory man bought the wool from the farmer, and the farmer took it from the lamb's back, and the lamb got it from God, who clothes the little lambs with their soft wool, to keep them warm. The lambs could not dress themselves, nor could their mothers dress them. God dresses them. So God is in the beginning, mother says, and without God I should not have had it."
That is the very first thing the Bible says:
"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."
And so of everything in the world; since everything we eat, drink, wear or use, if we follow them up to the origin, we shall find God. It is God, God, God every where.—*Child's Paper.*

to be appalling, and all had become breathlessly still. Suddenly we were lighted up with a crackling fire, that seemed to play all round and through us, and which was followed by a crash of thunder that shook us from our feet. The ladies screamed, and I believe every man of us, not even excepting the professor, uttered exclamations of surprise and terror. We had a large, five pronged grapnel aboard, for catching into trees, bushes, fences and hedges, when near the earth, and we were afraid the lightning would be attracted by this. It was terrible to think of the consequences which would follow a little damage to our frail vessel. Thousands of feet below us, our breathless mangled bodies would be found by strangers. Again that awful lightning crackled over us, lingering around, and seeming to set us all on fire, and again that crashing peal succeeded. In the comparative silence that followed we could hear the wild roaring of the wind below us; but with us all wastill. Five times more did that crackling fire and almost deafening roar make us think our last moment was at hand, and then we suddenly emerged into a lighter region, and saw the stars above and the clouds below us.

Alas! we had only escaped one danger for another. We were ascending, and the valve was fast! We had no means by which to force our selves down! Already the gas was pouring out below, and we soon began to feel the unpleasant sensations in our heads. We were going up, up, up, and would soon beat a point where the balloon burst! What was to be done? Something quickly, or our voyage would end in eternity. The professor himself became alarmed. He pulled and tugged at the cord till he felt it was hopeless, and then stood for a few minutes with his hands pressed against his temples. There was no crying or complaining. We all knew our danger; and in silence, except, perhaps, an occasional moan, were preparing ourselves, by repentance and prayers, for our last great change.

Suddenly the professor started and threw off his outer garments with great rapidity, and then drew off his boots. The next moment, without a word to us, and before we were aware of his purpose, he had swung himself clear of the car, and was boldly climbing up the ropes to keep him from the eternal fall but the frail hold of his hands. We comprehended his designs; and ah! how prayerfully we watched him, in the dim light, till he had gone beyond our sight! and then how we clasped each other's hands, with tremulous expectation, and silently stared in each other's wondering faces, and fervently prayed for his success.

Five minutes, that seemed like an eternity then, and we heard the peculiar sound of the escaping gas. Noble man! God bless him! he had saved us! Another minute, and in the dim light we saw his form descending, and we prayed for him still, for we could not aid him. Down, down—slowly, cautiously—till at last his feet rested on the car; and then, with a wild shout, we caught him in our arms, and mingled our tears of gratitude with his.

We now struck a current of air that carried us away from the storm, and then we descended to the earth as gently as a bird on the wing, and found ourselves within two miles of a railway station and a hundred from London. The next morning we were within the limits of the mighty city, relating our adventures to our anxious and wondering friends.

LAYING UP FOR CHILDREN.
Parental affection naturally inquires what it can best do for the welfare of its children in future years, and when the bosom which now throbs with love to its offspring shall be cold in death. Many plans are laid, and many days and hours of anxious solicitude are spent in contriving ways and means of rendering children prosperous and happy in future life. But parents are not always wise in the provisions which they seek to make for their children; nor do they always seek direction and counsel from God in this matter. The best inheritance for children, beyond all contradiction, is true piety towards God, the salutary truths and principles of religion laid up in the hearts of children—a good education—good and virtuous habits—unbending principles of moral conduct—the fear of God, and the hope of heaven. This is the inheritance for children, and which all parents should be most anxious to lay up for them.

Many an unwary parent works hard and lives sparingly all his life, for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives, is like tying bladders under the arms of one who cannot swim, ten chances to one he will lose the bladders or go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will not need the bladders.

Give your child a sound education. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you have given what will be more valuable than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend upon his own resources, and the blessing of God, the better.

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UP IN THE CLOUDS.

A Tale of an Air Voyage.

BY J. F.

A number of years ago, when the science of aërostation was confined to the comparatively few, I received the following note from Prof. Colchester: "MY DEAR FAIRCHILD: Baum has disappointed me—he will not go up to-day. There are only four besides myself—two ladies and two gentlemen. Will you take B's place? Let me know positively by three o'clock, for another gentleman has applied for a passage, and my answer to him will depend on yours to me. We are advertised for 4, and shall certainly not lose by 5. I give you the preference over all others, but please decide as soon as possible. I cannot foresee the result, of course, but the day promises to be fine and I think the trip will be an agreeable one to all parties."

This note was signed and dated from a well-known garden in the suburbs of London, and, as has probably been conjectured, was a special invitation to make an ascent in a balloon, then a much rarer venture than now. It had long been a wish of mine to see *terra firma* from the clouds, and now I could have my desire gratified. The professor had already made three ascensions with passengers, and as this was announced as his last for the season, I lost no time in agreeing to become one of the privileged few for an aerial flight.

The day promised to be all that could be desired. It was clear without being hot, and there was little or no breeze. Between 3 and 4 o'clock I was at the garden, and saw the balloon in the act of being inflated. As a man surveys a ship in which he is about to embark on an uncertain perilous voyage, so did I examine my aerial vessel. As far as I could judge, everything was right. It was a monster in size, made of the best lustrous silk, and required 40,000 cubic feet of gas to fill it. This silk was well covered with an elastic coating of oil and india rubber, and further protected by a close net work of Italian hemp; but still, as I looked up at it, slowly swaying and rolling from side to side, swelling out with gas and tugging to get loose from its fastenings, I thought how comparatively frail a thing it was to carry humanity above the clouds and through the mid-heavens, and I shuddered at the thought of what would become of us should any portion of it give way in the thousand different strains it would be put to in the ever-varying strata of air. Attached to the balloon, by eight strong ropes, was a car of wicker-work, capable of containing twelve persons—though, compared to the balloon in size, it was a pea suspended below the point of a large humming-top.

At 5 o'clock the professor announced everything was ready for a start, and we, the passengers, immediately took leave of our friends and entered the car. There were some laughing, some crying, according to the different views of the various parties. In one case a husband and father was leaving his wife and children, who clung to him with such fondness, and so pitiously begged him not to do so, that had I been in his place I certainly should have remained with them. He, however, continued firm to his purpose, and made so light of their fears, that at length they began to smile—though I shall never forget the agonized expression of his wife's face, as I caught a glimpse of it at the moment when we were bounding into the world of air.

"Give my love to the man in the moon!" cried a merry voice.
"Just put a hextingisher hover one of the stars!" exclaimed a true-blooded cockney.
"Bring us back a chunk of chain-lightning!" laughed a third.
"Don't come down fast enough to butt a hole through the earth!" shouted a fourth.

At exactly 5:20 the signal was given, the rope was severed and away we flew, amid the shouts and plaudits of the assembled crowd, and next to half of London, who were in the streets looking at us. It did not seem to us as if we moved, but as if we were remaining stationary and the earth was receding from us. I experienced a sensation of giddiness and nausea, which at first destroyed all my pleasure; and both of the ladies, almost fainting, threw themselves down in the bottom of the car, and clung spasmodically to whatever they could get hold of. Fortunately these disagreeable sensations did not last long, and in a few minutes we were all on our feet, delighted with the magnificent panorama spread out before us.

London had become a dense cluster of little toy houses; the Thames was a mere silver ribbon; the bridges over it looked like twigs; the shipping on it were only nut-shells cut in half; St. Paul's Cathedral resembled a snuff-box with fancy carving, and miles of country appeared to be but a variegated acre of scenery. As for people, I could not distinguish them at all with the naked eye, and through the glass they seemed rather like the smallest kind of ants, than human beings puffed up by worldly vanity into ruling gods performing a mighty part in the economy of creation.

Up, up—still higher—till London itself could scarcely be distinguished by the naked eye. The air had now become so cold that we were glad to envelop ourselves in our cloaks and overcoats, and so rarified that we could only breathe it with great difficulty; and there was a pain about the temples, pressure in the eyes, and a kind of roaring, crackling sound in the ears. The gas, too, was rushing out of the bottom of the balloon with great force, pouring right down upon and half strangling us. Looking directly up at it, I was startled, and for a moment thought our balloon was on fire—for the gas, which I had observed in the garden below as presenting a color of beautiful pinkish red, now had the appearance of a dense, black smoke. The professor noticed my expression of alarm, and made me a sign that all was right. He now pulled open the valve made for the escape of the gas at the top, and our aerial vessel soon descended to an altitude where we could breathe easily and hear each other speak.

We struck a strong current of air, and began to pass rapidly to the westward. In a few minutes I observed a cloud that looked like a huge ledge of gray rocks, coming toward us with such velocity, that, till we entered it, I could not dispossess myself of the fear that we should be dashed to pieces. When we did enter it, we found ourselves in a cold fog, so dense that we could not see half a dozen feet in any direction. Here there was no breeze whatever, and our balloon soon became stationary, or at least, moving only with the cloud. What had become of the wind which had carried us to it with such velocity, I could not imagine; but the professor explained it by saying we had got out of the current.

"Within half a mile of us," pursued he, "there are probably at this moment two strong currents of air rushing in exactly opposite directions; while, as you perceive, everything is still. It is thought by some that when these things come to be better understood—when we shall have got them reduced to a science, in fact—we shall then be able to navigate the air as well as the water. 'Well, ladies, what do you say—shall we go above this cloud, or below it?'"
"We should like to see it from above," was the answer. "But, professor, how can you tell which way we are going now?"
"Thus," he answered, taking a piece of paper, making a ball about the size of a pea, and dropping it over the side of the car, where it slowly disappeared below us. "You see," he continued, "we are descending but not so fast as the paper ball. If we were either stationary or ascending, it would have our right! and then how we clasped each other's hands, with tremulous expectation, and silently stared in each other's wondering faces, and fervently prayed for his success.

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Drugs, Medicines, &c.

J. L. LEWIS having purchased the Drug Store, lately owned by Mr. H. C. Reamer, takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity, that he has just returned from the cities with a well selected stock of DRUGS.

MEICINES.
DYE-STUFFS.
PERFUMERY.
TOILET ARTICLES.
STATIONERY.
COAL OIL LAMPS AND CHIMNEYS.
BEST BRANDS OF CIGARS.
SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO.
FRENCH CONFECTIONS, &c. &c.

The stock of Drugs and Medicines consist of the purest quality, and selected with great care. The attention of the Ladies is particularly invited to the stock of *permanente*, *roulet* and *panty* articles, consisting of the best perfumes of the day. Colognes, Soaps, Preparations for the Hair, Complexion and Teeth; Camphire for chapped hands; Teeth and Hair Brushes, Port Monies, &c. Of Stationery, there is a fine assortment: Billot, Note, Letter, Leaf and Mourning Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Ink, Blank Books, Power of Attorneys, Drafting Paper, Marriage Certificates, &c. &c. Also, a large quantity of Books, which will be sold very cheap.

Coal Oil Lamp Hinge Burner, can be lighted without removing the chimney—all patterns and pieces. Glass Lanterns, very neat, for burning Coal Oil. Lamp chimneys of an improved pattern. Lamp Shades of beautiful patterns. *Our Family Dye Colors*, the shades being light Fawn, Drab, Snuff and Dark Brown, Light and Dark Blue, Light and Dark Green, Yellow, Pink, Orange, Royal Purple, Scarlet, Maroon, Magenta, Cherry and Black. *Humphrey's Homeopathic Remedies*, which will be sold very cheap.

Rose Smoking Tobacco, *Mexican and Solano Fine Cut*, *Natural Leaf Pure and Big Plug*, *Finest and Purest French Confections*, *PURE DOMESTIC WINES*, *Consisting of Cognac, Brandy and Elderberry* FOR MEDICAL USE.

The attention of physicians is invited to the stock of *Drugs and Medicines*, which they can purchase at reasonable prices. Country Merchants' orders promptly filled. Goods put up with neatness and care, and at reasonable prices.

J. L. LEWIS designs keeping a first class Drug Store, and having on hand at all times a general assortment of goods. Being a Druggist of several years experience, physicians can rely on having their prescriptions carefully and promptly compounded. (Feb. 9, '66—)

THE EXCELLENT STOCK OF GOODS
AT LIPPEL'S
CLOTHING EMPORIUM AND FURNISHING STORE.

A rare chance is offered to ALL to purchase good and seasonable goods, at the lowest prices, by calling at LippeL's.

If you would have a good suit of Ready-Made Clothing call at LippeL's.
If you would have good and cheap Ladies' Dress Goods, Calicoes, Muslins, &c., &c., call at LippeL's.
If you would have furnishing goods of all descriptions, notions, etc., call at LippeL's.
If you would have the best quality of Groceries, buy them at LippeL's.
Goods of all kinds, sold at the most reasonable prices, and country produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods, at LippeL's, sep. 28, '66.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE is published every Friday morning by MEYERS & MENGEL, at \$2.00 per annum, if paid strictly in advance; \$2.50 if paid within six months; \$3.00 if not paid within six months. All subscription accounts MUST be settled annually. No paper will be sent out of the State unless paid for IN ADVANCE, and all such subscriptions will invariably be discontinued at the expiration of the time for which they are paid.

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS for a less term than three months TEN CENTS per line for each insertion. Special notices one-half additional. All "editors" of Associations; committees of meetings or individual interest, are notified of notices and deaths extending five lines, ten cents per line. Editorial notices fifteen cents per line. All legal notices of every kind, and Orphans' Court and Judicial Sales, are required by law to be published in both papers published in this place.

All advertising done after first insertion. A liberal discount is made to persons certifying by the quarter, half year, or year, as follows: One square - 3 months - \$ 5.00 6 months - \$ 8.00 1 year - \$ 10.00 Two squares - 3 months - 9.00 6 months - 12.00 1 year - 15.00 Three squares - 3 months - 14.00 6 months - 20.00 1 year - 25.00 Half column - 3 months - 18.00 6 months - 25.00 1 year - 30.00 One column - 3 months - 25.00 6 months - 35.00 1 year - 45.00 One square to occupy one inch of space.

JOB PRINTING, of every kind, done with neatness and dispatch. The *Power Press* Office has just been refitted with a new Gallez and new type, and everything in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.—TERMS CASH.

All letters should be addressed to MEYERS & MENGEL, Publishers.

Attorneys at Law.

JOSEPH W. WATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA., will promptly attend to collections of bounty, back pay, &c., and all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Cash advanced on judgments, notes, military and other claims. Office on Juliana street, near the "Mengel House," and nearly opposite the *Inquirer* office.

THURPE & KERR, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA., will practice in the courts of Bedford and adjoining counties. Office on Juliana street, opposite the *Inquirer* office. (March 2, '66.)

DURBORROW & LUTZ, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA., will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care. Collections made on the shortest notice. They are also, regularly licensed Claim Agents and will give special attention to the prosecution of claims against the Government for Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, Bounty Lands, &c. Office on Juliana street, near the "Mengel House," and nearly opposite the *Inquirer* office.

JOHN P. REED, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Respectfully tenders his services to the public. Office second door North of the Mengel House, Bedford, Aug. 1, 1861.

JOHN PALMER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Particular attention paid to the collection of Military claims. Office on Juliana Street, nearly opposite the Mengel House, Bedford, Aug. 1, 1861.

OSPY M. ALSIP, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Military claims, back pay, bounty, &c., speedily collected. Office with Messrs. Spang on Juliana street, 3 doors South of the Mengel House. Jan. 22, 1864.

KIMMEL & LANGENFELTER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Have formed a partnership in the practice of the law. Office on Juliana street, two doors South of the "Mengel House." (Apr. 20, '66—)

C. H. SPANG, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to collections and all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Office on Juliana Street, nearly opposite the "Mengel House," and nearly opposite the residence of Mrs. Tate. May 13, 1864.

M. F. MEYERS & DICKERSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA., office same as formerly occupied by Hon. W. P. Schell, two doors east of the Gazette office, will practice in the several courts of Bedford county. Pensions, bounty and back pay obtained and the purchase and sale of real estate attended to. (May 11, '66.)

JOHN H. FILLER, Attorney at Law, Bedford, Pa. Office nearly opposite the Post Office. (Apr. 20, '66—)

Physicians and Dentists.
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—ly*
W. 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. 21, '65—ly.