

Are again in the field battling against the imposition of high prices and would respectfully inform their friends and the public generally that they have just received a large and varied assortment of goods, consisting of Boots and Shoes, Muslins and Tickings, Notions and Perfumery, Groceries and Spices, Queensware and Glassware, Tobacco and Segars, White and Colored Shirts, Cotton and Woolen Yarns, Trunks and Valises, Brooms and Twines, &c., &c.

Call at No. 2 Anderson's Row.

If you want a good pair Boots, go to the Regulator.

OUR STOCK OF BOOTS & SHOES are full and complete.

BOOTS, SHOES, BALMORALS, GAITERS and SLIPPERS, &c., to fit any man, woman and child in the county.

Measures taken for Ladies and Gentlemen and neat and complete fits warranted or no sale. At IRVINE & STATLER'S, No. 2 A.'s Row.

If you want a good pair Shoes, go to the Regulator.

GROCERIES

Prime Rio Coffee, 25 to 30 cents per lb. do La Guayra, 25 to 30 " " White Sugar, 18 " " Light Brown Sugars, 12 1/2 to 15 " " Teas, \$1.50 to 2.00 per lb. Spices, all kinds, cheap and good.

Best quality Syrups and Molasses, at the lowest market prices, at "The Regulator's," No. 2 A. R.

If you want good Toilet Soap or Perfumery, go to the Regulator.

UNBLEACHED AND BLEACHED MUSLINS,

From the best Manufactories in the country. Bleached and Unbleached Muslins from 12 1/2 up. Sheeting, from 18 up. Tickings, all grades and prices, at IRVINE & STATLER'S.

If you want a good Shirt, go to the Regulator.

OUR NOTIONS ARE AT ALL TIMES FULL AND COMPLETE in

Shirts, Collars, Neck-Ties, Soaps, Gloves, Hosiery, Perfumery, Suspenders, Combs, Threads, Buttons, Wallets, Brushes, Pins, Thimbles, Needles, Sewing Silk, Linen and Cotton Handkerchiefs, Shaving Cream, &c., &c.

At No. 2 Anderson's Row.

If you want a variety of Notions, go to the Regulator.

STATIONERY AND PERFUMERY.

Note, Letter and Foolscap Paper, Envelopes, Perfumery, all kinds of Toilet Soap, Tooth Brushes, &c., &c., at THE REGULATOR'S.

If you want Queensware or Glassware, go to the Regulator.

QUEENSWARE & GLASSWARE.

We have a large and magnificent selection of Queensware and Glassware, of the latest and most fashionable patterns, and will be sold at the most reasonable prices, by IRVINE & STATLER.

If you want good Spices of any kind, go to the Regulator.

TOBACCO AND SEGARS of the best brands and manufacture:

Gravelly, Oroonoke Twist, Century Fine-cut, Cavendish, Baltimore Twist, Natural Leaf, Congress, &c., &c. Smoking Tobacco, all kinds. Segars from a Cheroot to the finest article. Also, a large assortment of Pipes.

Call at No. 2 Anderson's Row.

If you want good Hosiery, Gloves, Neck-ties, collars, &c., go to the Regulator.

WE HAVE EVERYTHING that is usually kept in a No. 1 country store.

MARKETING of all kinds taken in exchange FOR GOODS, and the highest prices paid. Any goods desired will be ordered from the Eastern cities.

Country merchants supplied with goods at a small advance. No trouble to show goods. All we ask is a call and we feel satisfied we can please ALL. Thankful for past favors, we solicit a continuance of the same.

apr 26, '87. IRVINE & STATLER.

If you want any thing in our line, go to the Bedford Regulator, No. 2, Anderson's Row.

The Bedford Gazette.

BY MEYERS & MENGEL.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 26, 1867.

VOL. 61.—WHOLE No. 5,402.

Dry-Goods, &c.

SAVE YOUR GREENBACKS!!

You can SAVE 25 per cent. by purchasing your GOODS at the CHEAP BARGAIN STORE of G. R. & W. OSTER, BEDFORD, PA.

They are now opening a large and handsome assortment of NEW and CHEAP DRY-GOODS, Ready-Made Clothing, Carpet, Cotton Yarns, Hats, Boots and Shoes, Sun-Umbrellas, Parasols, Groceries, Queensware, Tobacco and Cigars, Wall Papers, Wooden-ware, Brooms, &c.

LOOK AT SOME OF THEIR PRICES: Best styles DELAINEES, 22 1/2 and 25 cts. CALICOES, 9, 10, 12, 14, 15, 16, 18, 20 cts. GINGHAM, 12, 15, 20, 25 cts. MUSLINS, 9, 10, 12, 15, 18, 20, 22, 25 cts. CASSIMERES, 75, 85, 115, 125, 150, 165 cts. LADIES' 6-4 SACKING, \$1.65, 1.75, 2.00, all wool.

DRILLING and PANTALON STUFFS, 20, 25, 30, 35 cts. GENTS' HALF-HOSE, 10, 12, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35 cts. LADIES' HOSE, 12, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35 cts. LADIES' SHOES as low as 90 cts. Good Rio COFFEE, 25 cts.; better, 28 cts.; best, 30 cts.

Extra fine OOLONG, JAPAN, IMPERIAL and YOUNG HYSON TEAS. SUGARS and SYRUPS, a choice assortment.

MACKEREL and HERRING, late caught, fat fish.

We invite all to call and see for themselves. A busy store and increasing trade, is a telling fact that their prices are popular.

Terms cash, unless otherwise specified. may 24m3.

SPLENDID OPENING of CHEAP SPRING and SUMMER GOODS, AT FARQUHAR'S New Bargain Store, REED'S BUILDING.

CALICOES, (good) 12 1/2c. do (best) 18c. MUSLINS, brown, 10c. do (best) 20c. do bleached, 10c. do (best) 25c. DELAINEES; best styles, 25c.

A large stock of FANCY ALL WOOL CASSIMERES ASTONISHINGLY CHEAP.

BOOTS AND SHOES. MEN'S AND BOYS' HATS.

GROCERIES: Best COFFEE, 30c. Brown SUGAR - from 10 to 15c.

FISH: Mackerel and Potomac Herring.

QUEENSWARE and a general variety of NOTIONS. Buyers are invited to examine our stock as we are determined to sell cheaper than the cheapest.

J. B. FARQUHAR, may 17.

NEW GOODS!! NEW GOODS!! The undersigned has just received from the East a large and varied stock of New Goods, which are now open for examination, at MILL-TOWN, two miles West of Bedford, comprising everything usually found in a first-class country store, consisting, in part, of

Dry-Goods, Delaines, Calicoes, Muslins, Cassimers, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Notions, &c., &c.

All of which will be sold at the most reasonable prices.

Thankful for past favors, we solicit a continuance of the public patronage.

Call and examine our goods. may 24, '87. G. YEAGER

SLIP BILLS, PROGRAMMES FOR POSTERS, and all kinds of PLAIN AND FANCY JOB PRINTING, done with neatness and despatch, at THE REGULATOR'S OFFICE.

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 resolutions of Associations; communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of marriages and deaths exceeding five lines, ten cents per line. Editorial notices fifteen cents per line.

All legal Notices of every kind, and Orphan's 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 advertising by the quarter, half year, or year, as follows: One square - 3 months 6 months 1 year. 2 1/2 3 1/2 4 1/2. Three squares - 6 10 12. Quarter column - 14 20 26. Half column - 18 26 34. One column - 24 34 42.

One square to occupy one inch of space.

JOB PRINTING, of every kind, done with neatness and despatch. THE GAZETTE OFFICE has just been refitted with a Power Press 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.

The Bedford Gazette.

AT THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

By Amy Randolph.

'You don't care for me, Lucy!'

Miss Lucy Taylor put one little taper finger meditatively up to her blue veined temple and affected to think deeply on the subject.

'Care for you, Carl? N-no, I don't think I do—that is, very much.'

Carl Wicklow bit his moustached lip with unavailing wrath and vexation, as the arch blue sparkle of the lovely eyes met his! What a bright, coquetish specimen of the female butterfly she was, that gold-haired blonde, with her long eyelashes and coral lips and skin like rose-shadowed wax? Carl Wicklow could feel the invisible chains tightening around his heart, even while the fiery impulses of masculine pride urged him to snap them in sunder, and assert himself heart-whole.

'Lucy!'

'Well, Mr. Wicklow!'

'(The question short, sharp and imperative—the answer demure in the highest degree.)'

'Will you listen to me seriously, for just half-a-minute?'

'Presently, Carl. I've forgotten all about my poor, dear, little Canary.'

Carl bit his lip again.

'Oh, hang your Canary!'

'That's just what I'm going to do—up among the climbing roses in the porch, where pussy can't by any possibility get at him.'

'Lucy, I am in no mood to be trifled with.'

'That's almost a pity, isn't it, now?' responded Miss Taylor. 'For, to tell you the truth, I never felt more inclined to tease and trifle in the whole course of my life.'

'Miss Taylor,' said Carl, gravely and sternly. 'I will be listened to!'

'And I won't listen! so there!'

In her pretty, girlish spirit of defiance, mingled with a rising spirit of anger, Lucy Taylor fluttered through the wide open door, where the rippling tides of the June sunshine crowned her with misty gold, as she passed—and disappeared.

Carl Wicklow stood looking after her, with a brow that had blanched to a dull, deadly whiteness, for a single moment. Then he, too, turned away and walked silently down the little path among the velvet-green meadows, where a tiny rivulet ran gurgling all the way by his side in a voiceless refrain, which he, in the bitterness of his soul, interpreted into the mocking words of the ballad:

'Beware! trust her not! She is fooling thee!'

'Oh, Carl Wicklow! Carl Wicklow! what a dunce you were in the great mystery of a girl's heart!'

'Isn't Mr. Wicklow to be here to-night?'

Lucy Taylor asked the question carelessly, as she stood before the mirror twisting a spray of spicy honeysuckle among her bright curls, with half-a-dozen village girls chattering around her, as only village girls can chatter.

'Mr. Wicklow! Why, didn't you know? Haven't you heard?'

'Heard what?'

She stopped, with the honeysuckle trembling strangely in her hand.

carpeted with mossy velvet, and shadowed with pink and gold lights from silken curtains and merry morning sunshine, and Mrs. Theodore Wicklow sat in her little rocking chair, with two dimpled hands up to her ears, and her black eye-brows elevated at an angle of acute despair, while six or seven rosy, pretty little ones, of any age from twelve to two, tossed and tumbled and climbed on chairs, tables and bijouterie, like a swarm of noisy human bees.

'I shall go crazy,' said Mrs. Wicklow. But as, according to her own statement, she was reduced to the verge of insanity half a dozen times a day the last assertion produced no sort of impression.

'Mr. Wicklow, do you hear?' demanded the aggrieved little woman of an abstracted gentleman, who was deep in the columns of a morning paper.

'I hear, my dear, I hear,' he responded absently.

'No, you do nothing of the sort,' said Mrs. Wicklow, peevishly.—'You're off in China, somewhere, or you're listening to a debate in the snuffy old English Parliament, or you're running up and down the price lists. Now, will you pay a little attention to me?'

'You certainly will break your neck, and I can't mend it! Else, let the statuettes alone! Mr. Wicklow, I say! I shall certainly lose my senses!'

'That's nothing new, my dear,' said her husband, dryly.

'But what shall I do?' pleaded Mrs. Wicklow, as two teeming little ones, with hair like floating flax, pursued one another over her lap. 'All of these children and no nurse-maid, and such a neuralgia that I can't stir out of the house. Do, please, put down your everlasting newspaper, and give me a little advice.'

My dear, how very unreasonable you are. If you were only aware of it, my everlasting newspaper, as you call it, is the very thing that's going to help you out of our dilemma.'

'I should like to know how.'

'Then just listen.'

'A young woman from the country desires a situation to take charge of children in a respectable family. Wages not so much an object as a good home.'

'That sounds very nice,' said Mrs. Wicklow, reflectively. 'Where does she advertise from, Theodore?'

'An intelligence office, down town.'

'Would—would you go and see her?'

'Certainly not, dear!' said Mr. Wicklow, with a calm decision that dashed his wife's budding hopes prone to the ground. 'I have no time to run over town after nurse-maids. Business, Eleanor—business must be looked after.'

'Perhaps Carl would go?'

'Perhaps he would,' said Mr. Wicklow, in a doubting tone, that brought the vexed flush to his wife's cheek.

'I am sure he wouldn't mind the trouble—Carl is so obliging, and here he comes now.'

In the same moment the door swung slowly open on its silver plate hinges, and Carl Wicklow entered.

As brown and handsome as ever, with the same hazel light in his frank eyes, and the dark crimped hair tossed away from a square forehead. Eight years have changed him very little, and yet people in society had fallen into the habit of calling Carl Wicklow an old bachelor.

'Hallo!' said Carl, good-humoredly surveying the disorderly scene; 'it strikes me that our children are rampant to-day. Take care, Tommy—your head's pretty hard, but it is not equal to a marble mantle in point of density. My poor Eleanor! you'll be entirely annihilated at this rate!'

'If you would only oblige me, Carl?'

'How?'

Mrs. Wicklow took the newspaper out of her husband's unresisting hands and read the advertisement aloud.

'Don't you think she would suit us, Carl? A country girl you know, wouldn't have any of those horrid cified ways that Mary Ann had—and she would be so good to the children.'

'And you want me to go down and secure this paragon for you? Is that it, Eleanor?'

'That's just it, Carl.'

'Very well; I may as well lounge away my time in that way as any other. Give me the address—I'll go.'

The intelligence office was crowded with Irish, French, German and English, as Carl Wicklow bowed his tall head to enter—a miscellaneous appearance.

'Is it a cook ye're wantin', sir?' demanded a ponderous Hibernian.—'Sure I'm theone ye're after—wid two years recommend from my last place, and—'

She stopped abruptly as the pale, sallow little clerk advanced.

persons we have here every day—quite the lady, sir—and she's up stairs with my wife, I really hadn't the face to ask her to come down here.'

And the clerk gave his head a little jerk towards the assemblage that lined the walls. 'Walk up stairs, sir, if you please—first door to the right.'

And Mr. Carl Wicklow walked up stairs accordingly, and tapped at the indicated door.

'Come in.'

There was something in the soft ring of the clear voice that made Carl's heart throb a little strangely. He opened the door and went in.

It was a small, low-ceiled room, with red curtains and a glaring red carpet and stiff plaster-of-paris ornaments on the wooden mantel—a vulgar looking, dreary little room, without one home association within its four blank walls.

And beside the ash-choked fire, with her fair head inclined thoughtfully downward, sat a solitary woman dressed in a deep black, relieved only by the burnished gold of one stray curl that had escaped from its net and lay over her shoulder.

She arose as he entered, and Carl Wicklow stood face to face with his first love and his last—Lucy Taylor.

She had been very pale at first; but as she met his earnest, astonished gaze, the crimson rushed over her whole face in a bright billow of carmine, and then she bent her head.

'Lucy!'

'You are astonished, Mr. Wicklow—scarcely more so, however, than I am. Did you require the services of a children's nurse? You see it was necessary for me to earn my own living; my education was hardly thorough enough to enable me to take a situation as governess, and I am not sufficiently healthy to sew steadily. I will do my best if you will kindly employ me.'

In all the bloom and freshness of her earliest youth Lucy had never looked so lovely in Carl Wicklow's eyes as she did at this moment, with her pretty head drooping, like a lily crushed down by summer showers, and a meek patience in her eyes. He stood there gravely watching her with a strong purpose slowly maturing in his mind.

'Most people fancy I am not strong enough,' she said in subdued accents; 'but indeed I am; and if your wife—'

'I have no wife, Lucy.'

She blushed like a whole flower garden of roses.

'I beg your pardon—you are a widow, are you?'

'Nor that either, Lucy. I was speaking only of my sister's children.'

'Do you think I should suit her?'

'I think you won't suit her. No! A chill shadow of disappointment came on the meek, pale face. Carl Wicklow took Lucy's hand in his.

'My dearest, I think you are determined not to understand me. Mary Ryan down stairs will do very well for my sister's children, for I want to engage you for life!'

'Carl!'

'Yes—you may look astonished, but I'm in earnest! Isn't it as easy to take care of one crusty old bachelor as half-a-dozen children?'

The arch shadow of one of the old smiles came to dimple Lucy's lips—her hand trembled a little in Carl's.

'I thought you had forgotten me long ago, Carl.'

'Where?'

'To be married!'

And Carl Wicklow—who never did things like any body else—went to the nearest church and married Lucy Taylor.

'Well, Carl, what luck?' demanded Mrs. Theodore Wicklow, as her brother-in-law came in at night.

'First rate! I've found you a nurse-maid. She's down stairs in the hall with a bundle as big as herself and two hand-boxes—Mary Ryan by name.'

'Didn't you find the young person from the country?'

'Yes—I found her, but the truth is, I've married her, and she's now at the C—Hotel!'

Mrs. Theodore Wicklow opened her black eyes prodigiously wide, and Carl told the whole story.

TRUE AS PREACHING.

If men and women were willing to live within their incomes, disposed to begin life at the bottom of the ladder, obey the primary impulses of their nature, and enter upon the cares, trials, and pleasures of the domestic circle, bind their hearts and twine their hopes around the family altar, they would be greatly the gainers. But here comes the difficulty—they must live when they begin, just as others are living, or in better style perhaps, who for thirty or forty years have been carefully and economically journeying along until they found they could afford to show off a little. It would be well if our modern fair ones were more willing to do as Eve did, when, with a new creation smiling around her, she and her husband began their housekeeping. We don't believe she thought the house would look too common without a velvet tapestry on her parlor or sitting room floors, nor do we believe she had a chamber maid to nurse and run after little Cain and Abel. There is little doubt, in our mind, she made Adam's trousers and hemmed his pocket handkerchief, fixed up his Sunday coat, and kept things, generally, nice and tidy in the house. While she was doing this, Adam was probably tending his flock, or working in the garden, fencing his potato patch, and attending to out door things generally. Thus they got along "right smartly" and economically, became quite rich and aristocratic, had many children, lived to a good old age, and died among friends. This affair is the true way for both male and female. Begin upon a small scale and gradually rise from that point. Never begin at the top and come down. Augusta Press.

SENSIBLE TALK FROM THE SOUTH.—George W. Kendall writes from Texas in the following sensible vein to his old paper, the New Orleans Picayune: "The lesson which adversity teaches are hard yet they must be learned.—And these lessons are always useful. I know that it comes hard for a young man to walk behind a plow who once rode behind a fast trotter; nor is it agreeable to a young lady to make and put on her dresses all by herself, who formerly had a couple of servants to take these irksome jobs off her hands. Yet I can see no other remedy, at least for those who have simply been ruined by the war, and the list is a long one. That a large majority have accepted the situation cheerfully I am glad to say is true—I mean the situation to earn their own living; all must do it. And there are many who think, and I am one of them, that in the long run it will be all the better for the rising generation of the South—a generation which is to follow one notoriously brought up in ignorance of work and indolence as to any useful occupation. The race of men growing up will be more muscular—the women stronger and heartier—and their children again improve upon the stock. I have never heard that exercise was hurtful, and I have consulted good physicians on the subject.

"How often do we hear people complain that they have been out all day hunting for a servant without success. Had they turned to in the morning, they could have done all their work themselves in a couple of hours, and saved money and shoe leather by the operation. Too many people in the South have been brought up to be waited upon; they must now tie their own shoes, and I repeat that the sooner they begin like any body else—it will be. I know that many think they can escape this state of things by going to Brazil or some other out-of-the-way country; but toil is the common lot of the poor man the world over, so far as I have seen, and in no part of the world is toil as remunerative as in the Southern States of America. Let us work."

Who can estimate the value of a newspaper? No one, until he has lost it; until the pleasant periodical, like the face of a dear friend, bringing such a fund of wit, news and general intelligence, that he is always greeted with a hearty welcome, are withdrawn. It is in one sense, the light of the world, without which the mental universe would be as much in darkness as the terrestrial is without the sun.

There are books, it is true, good, wise, entertaining; but they do not tell us what we want to know of passing events, or direct us to the best place of business. Neither do they inform us who our friends are passing away or getting married; or who is doing a driving business, or who is bankrupt, or who has sailed from the Eastern Continent, or who has returned from a tour thither, &c.

CALIFORNIA STYLE.—Not long since a German was riding along Sansame street, near Sacramento, when he heard a pistol shot behind him, and heard the whizzing of a ball near him, and felt his hat shake. He turned and saw a man with a revolver in his hand, and took off his hat and found a fresh bullet hole in it.

"Did you shoot at me?" asked the German.

"Yes," replied the other party, "that's my horse; it was stolen recently."

"You must be mistaken," said the German; "I have owned the horse for three years."

"Well," said the other, "when I came to look at him, I believe I am mistaken. Excuse me sir; won't you take a drink?"

WHAT CAN'T A MILITARY GOVERNOR DO?

A military governor, under the reconstruction act, can— Suppress newspapers. Silence lectures.

Remove Mayors of cities, Governors of States, Boards of Commissioners, &c. Can exclude white aldermen and appoint black in their places.

Can take possession of saving banks. Can enact laws and postpone the payment of debts.

Can prohibit the distillation of corn and the sale of liquor. Can run down city stocks and repudiate city currency.

Can spend \$500,000 for registering black voters and ask for \$500,000 more. Can abolish local taxes and regulate the circulation of papers.

Can settle the rate of wages and the price of commodities. Can disobey the President and insult the Cabinet.

They can do all this, and far more. What they can't do, no one has ventured to say.

Yet an extra session of Congress is called to give more power to these military chieftains; to make them so absolute that for even the President to question the limits of their authority will be a ground of impeachment.

This is what the dog-day Congress is to do. Is it not madness?

LEGISLATIVE BRIBERY.—The corruptness of that political organization which delights to style itself "the party of great moral ideas" is certainly unparalleled. The New York Times, itself a consistent supporter of the party to which a large majority of the New York Legislature belong, says that in '65 the New York Central Railroad wanted a bill passed allowing an increase of fare. It was referred to a committee of five. The chairman was not for sale, but the other four demanded \$6,000 apiece for reporting