

HUNTINGDON AND BROAD TOP R.R.—SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS—TIME TABLE.—Express Train leaves Mt. Dallas at 1.30 p. m., and arrives at Huntington at 4.45 p. m.; leaves Huntington at 7.45 a. m., and arrives at Mt. Dallas at 10.59 a. m.

Mail Train leaves Mt. Dallas at 6.10 a. m., arrives at Huntington at 9.10 a. m.; leaves Huntington at 6 p. m., and arrives at Mt. Dallas at 8.57 p. m.

Bedford by Gas-Light.—The Press-gang on ye ancient locality.—Now, by the beard of Mahomet, here is a pretty state of affairs! It never rains but it pours, and one newspaper correspondent never writes about Bedford, but a dozen follow his example. Just now Bedford is seen, through the medium of newspaper gas-light, by "the whole world and the rest of mankind." It is now as much a matter of course to find "Our Bedford Letter," in the leading dailies and hebdomadals, as it once was to see "Correspondence from the Seat of War." This is the case, from the Somerset Democrat down to the N. Y. Herald. Now, we would like to publish all that the papers say of our place, but we haven't the storage room. So we must do the best we can, and give our readers a taste of the different things said about us by different persons. We begin, then, with jolly Jack Hiestand, of the Lancaster Examiner, who thus discourses in his paper of July 24th:

A delightful ride of twelve hours brought me to this famous watering place among the mountains of Pennsylvania. The valley of the Juniata which has been so often described and sketched by the summer tourist, was yielding to the hand of the reaper the richest harvest that has ever been gathered. The ride over the stills and gorges, as that in the comfortable cars of the Pennsylvania Central, is at least exciting enough for any person of weak nerves, constantly reminding him of life insurance policies and all that. When on the bridge at Saxton, gazing down from a height of one hundred feet into the mountain gorges, if he is of a literary turn, he may call to mind Shakespeare's description of a dizzy elevation in Lear. But that it may quiet the nerves of any timorous old lady or gentleman, it may be necessary to remind them that no accident has yet occurred on the carefulness of its management, one of the safest roads in the country.

There is already quite a large company gathered here, and it is daily increasing. These Springs have always been a favorite resort of two distinguished men of Lancaster, who, if agreeing in nothing else in their lives, have always united in their praises of the healthful waters, pure air and delightful scenery of these mountains. Hither have they come year after year, to recuperate their energies after the hard labors of public life, and to forget, if they could, for a little while, the fierce personal and political controversies in which they had been engaged. There is not an urchin in this neighborhood who does not know Stevens and Bachman.

Unwonted cards of ancient "Crockfords." No busy fingers are drawing the cards from the cold silver box. The counters, red and white, are piled up in even and innotched rows. "The tiger" with out-stretched paw, yawns lazily upon his carpet of green. The "pharo" man sits peacefully and shuffles the cards mechanically, like Napoleon at Longwood playing "Solitaire." Little do the unsuspecting loiterers on the lawn dream that a beast is cooing so near, that at a touch from its keeper will grapple its victim with deadlier hug than that of any tiger in the prairie.

But Crockford had a little flip of excitement a few days ago. A stranger arrived from the city of R—, in New York. He was a fine-looking, accomplished fellow. He played a brilliant game of billiards, frequently running a hundred points with perfect ease, and making those wonderful croms that have made Berger, Kavanagh and Nelms so famous. A capital shot, he brought down with his Manton double-barrel more than his share of woodcock on the wing, and hooked more trout than the kitchen sink of Old England in the neighborhood. Then, too, he had an amiable way of making presents of the spoils of field and brook. Hence it is easy to guess that he soon became a favorite among the promiscuous multitude who assemble at the Springs.

The other evening he received a friendly invitation to join in a little game of "draw," at Crockford's, "only for amusement, you know." He left the next morning, the gossip says, with two thousand in cash. And Madame Rumor further hath it that the gay "gauboliers" who congregate in the vicinity of the Springs, were not alone in their grief over the sudden and unexpected departure of the stranger. He danced with the grace of the admirable Crichton, and while in the mazes of the German, he whispered in the ear something which, together with his dancing and good looks, won the heart of one of the fairest of our datasets; and she sadly sits now beneath the lindens on the lawn, awaiting the return of him who has gone to some other fashionable resort, and joined other souls who "won't go home till morning."

The hotel is very well conducted this year. The mutton and spring chickens never were better, and if these do not satisfy you, you can have woodcock for breakfast; and these are good, as I know from daily experience.

By the way I am informed by a friend who occasionally indulges in a "trip" that the whisky sold here is of a most excellent quality—equal to genuine J. B. I mention this fact for the information of any who may wish to visit the Springs, so that they need not encumber themselves with that kind of baggage. It is as fresh as do so as "carrying coal to New Castle."

earth.—I descended the mountain from this place to Mr. Jacob Hillegas (the old Keffe property.) Here too, was once a favorite resort for the young and merry, and many times I whirled in the excitement of the giddy dance. At this place, onward I proceeded past Peter Hillegas (the Palmer property) George G. Walker's (the Sprout property) and reached that old veteran Democrat, John Corly, for dinner. This place is called West End, and is in Bedford county. Ad. Geller keeps a hotel, and George Gardill has a store. Mr. Gardill is just manager of the Peace and the gallant Democracy of Juniata township.

After I reached the top of the Ridge, I looked upon the most beautiful sight ever beheld by mortal vision. Here is a valley walked all around with mountains, of the most magnificent gorge. On the west, extending north, are the monster Alleghenies with their summit piercing the clouds; on the south is the not less towering Savage, extending East, until it reaches the "Kinton Knob." Far off in the northeast can be seen the town of Saxton, and in the distance the beautiful little village of Buena Vista, with its white houses shining like diamonds in a cluster of emeralds.—Here it is that William Keyser, a noble, generous and hospitable man and an energetic Democrat, resides. In the West is seen the valley around New Baltimore. This is a village of the Somerset county. Its citizens are industrious and intelligent, and they are nearly all Democrats. When they go to the elections, Allegheny township always rolls up a tremendous majority. A little further down in this valley, can be seen the elegant home of N. E. Ryan, Esq., the very best of a man and Democrat. He is now on a visit to his friends in "old Ireland." This whole valley is dotted with splendid residences and well cultivated farms. Running through it are the crystal waters of the Juniata. No doubt, this is a most beautiful valley, but this, but doubtless a God never did. When we look upon this valley we are led to exclaim, "the people who live here are highly favored"—and knowing the people, we exclaim, "they deserve all they have." This valley gives a large Democrat majority.

To J. M. Fyler, Esq., the former owner of the splendid house, and who, we bid an affectionate adieu by requesting them to continue in the good work.

For more than ten miles this valley is seen; we lose view of it for a few moments when we come down the hill to the town of Saxton, formerly owned by John Metzgar, but now by a Mr. Ling, from Shade township. From Metzgar's along the road are seen good houses and generally well cultivated farms. I arrived next at the hotel kept by Joseph Cessna, Esq., seven miles on this side of Bedford. Mr. Cessna is a splendid house, and is a number one Democrat; his apostate brother, little John Cessna, could not lead him astray. Long live Joe Cessna, says your correspondent.

I pass on to the forks of the Stoystown and Bedford road. Here Hon. George W. Crampton, of the Democratic Associate Judges for Bedford, lives, and has his "shuck" shops and his molasses manufactory. He makes a great deal of sorghum molasses and finds its manufacture profitable. Here may be seen a hand-board painted by the same artist who painted the "Sphinx" in the city of London. Next here is the comfortable residence of the price of Democrats, John Sill, Esq. I pass through several small places and finally find myself at Bedford, and will for a while bid you adieu.

Next we clip from the Indiana Democrat, edited by Col. J. B. Sanson, one of the ablest editors and cleverest gentlemen in the State. Sanson has been around this way lately and gives his readers the following spicy account of what he saw in this region:

"We shall not attempt a description of Bedford. The town has very pleasant associations connected with youthful days, and if we depicted it in glowing colors our description might possibly be thought an exaggeration. Suffice it to say that it is one of the handsomest, cleanest, healthiest towns in the State, and the 'gayest of the gay.' The people have of late years made great improvements in their private residences, and to those blessed with plenty of this world's goods it is all that can be desired as a place of residence. The town is justly celebrated for its handsome women, and the women for their extravagance in dress and gaiety. The city ladies who go to Bedford to 'stun' and take down the natives, generally find themselves mistaken after a brief stay, and are thrown quite in the shade by the superior style displayed by the rosy-checked fair of the paragon town of Juniata. Whether the business of the town is in the hands of the 'draw,' at Crockford's, 'only for amusement, you know.' He left the next morning, the gossip says, with two thousand in cash. And Madame Rumor further hath it that the gay 'gauboliers' who congregate in the vicinity of the Springs, were not alone in their grief over the sudden and unexpected departure of the stranger. He danced with the grace of the admirable Crichton, and while in the mazes of the German, he whispered in the ear something which, together with his dancing and good looks, won the heart of one of the fairest of our datasets; and she sadly sits now beneath the lindens on the lawn, awaiting the return of him who has gone to some other fashionable resort, and joined other souls who 'won't go home till morning.'"

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Now we pick up that ably conducted newspaper, the Somerset Democrat, and we eliminate therefrom the following description of a trip made to Bedford, by a correspondent of that paper, who subscribes himself "Traveler."

"From Roxbury I commenced ascending the Allegheny Mountains, and toiled on until I reached the 'White Horse.' Here I was refreshed with a drink of pure mountain water, cool as it comes from the bowels of the earth. The 'White Horse' was once a celebrated stand. I remember well the days when it was kept by Mr. Jordan, when it was the summer resort of many persons, and my mind now reverts to the delicious strawberries and rich cream we used to get. Mr. Jordan is now mouldering with his mother

Meyers, Esq., the talented editor of the Gazette, (of late, Capt. Jacob Reed John P. Reed, Esq., Isaac Mengel, the gentlemanly proprietor of the 'Mengel House,' one of the best kept hotels in the State, and the Democratic candidate for County Treasurer, E. F. Kerr, Esq., the District Attorney of Bedford county, and a candidate on the Democratic ticket this fall for the same position; J. W. Dickerson, Esq., Capt. Tom Lyons and a host of others.

We will add that the visitors to the Springs who wish to economize in their expenses, can get excellent board at the hotels in the town at a moderate price, or at the 'Arrandale House,' a handsome new hotel just finished on the road to the Springs, or at the 'Chalybeate House' about one mile north-east of Bedford. The latter house is situated at the 'Chalybeate Spring,' and is a very handsome hotel, admirably kept by Wm. Chenoweth.

GRANDMOTHER GRUMBLE.—Messrs. Editors:—"It takes all kinds of people to make up the world." This remark was made by some eminent philosopher, but whether it was Plato, or Confucius, or Des Cartes, or Jean Paul, or somebody else, I am unable to say. Of this, however, I am sure, that if it did not "take all kinds of people to make up the world," there would be no room on this mundane sphere for the Grandmother Grumble who writes the "local" for the Bedford Inquirer. Did you ever see such a snappish, snarling, sniveling, snuffling apology for a man as the fellow (excuse the masculine gender, for Grumble, though a grandmother, is said to be of that persuasion) who gets up those things? He reminds one of a teething baby, squalling, squealing, spewing on this person and befouling that, and if he were not a grandmother in pantaloons, people might easily take him to be a cross bear in the pangs of dentition. Now he pitches into the Bedford Springs and nudges with his fustiness, the healing waters of our delightful Spa. Private property has no sanctity in his eyes and he threatens to smash things to smithereens, if people don't regulate their own estates to suit his peculiar notions. The proprietors of the Springs must do as this Grandmother Grumble dictates, or the squalls will be intolerable. The water-tank is taken off, and lo! the strut and swagger and puffed-up air of this self-conceited scribbler. His whole mien (and mean enough he is, to be sure) has written over it, I did it! Now, his great goggle-eyes, those owl-like that can't bear day-light, get a little dirt in them from a passing "hack," and off he darts to indite a "local" about the dust created and high prices charged by the hack-men. Grandmother Grumble is perpetually growling about the hack-men. They refuse to haul Grandmother's carcass to and from the Springs, free of charge; that's what's the matter. The hack-men can't do it. They can't afford to make every few fence corners along the road a station, either for the benefit of Grandmother or any other man. So grumble away, Granny, and wall and whine and whimper about "the dust" (but come down with it if you want to ride) and moan and mumble and mutter about their high prices (25 cents a passenger) just as much as you please. The hack-men will be even with you some day, though you may get some boot. Waiting till Grandmother grumbles away, I remain Yours Sincerely, QUI?

LARGE SALE OF TOWN LOTS.—On Tuesday last, S. L. Russell, Esq., Administrator, with the Will annexed, of the estate of Eliza Watson, deceased, exposed at public sale a portion of the old Watson farm adjoining the borough of Bedford on the South. The land was sold in the shape of town lots, which caused quite a rush of bidders. The lots were, nearly all, sold to persons who intend building upon them, and who have heretofore occupied, and now reside in, tenement houses in this place. The sales amounted, we are told, to \$34,000. We are glad to note these signs of a new growth for our town, and doubt not that in a year from this time, John street will cease to be the Southern boundary of Bedford at the East, as it has already ceased to be at the West, end of town. So note it be.

A SEASONABLE RECIPE.—As the blackberry season is at hand, we give place to the following from the Germantown Telegraph for the information of our readers: There is no wine equal to the blackberry when properly made, either in flavor or for medicinal purposes, and all persons who can conveniently do so, should manufacture enough for their own use every year, as it is invaluable in sickness as a tonic, and nothing is a better remedy for bowel diseases. We, therefore, give the receipt for making it, and having tried it ourselves, we speak advisedly on the subject: "Measure your berries and bruise them; to every gallon adding one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar; cork tight, and let it stand till the following October, and you will have wine ready for use, without further straining or boiling. This makes a most excellent and palatable wine."

NOTICE.—I take this method of informing my friends and customers, that I have this day sold to Rev. H. Heckerman & Son my Drug Store. All those indebted to me will please settle immediately, as I design leaving Bedford in a few weeks. Recommending my successors to all my patrons and customers, and returning thanks for the patronage extended to me, I am respectfully,
J. L. LEWIS.
Bedford, Pa., July 18 1867.—w2.

CEMETERY LOTS.—The Directors of the Bedford Cemetery Association will offer for sale, a large number of lots, at the Cemetery, on Friday, the second day of August. All lots not sold at that time will be advanced twenty-five per cent in price.

THE NURSERY, for August, has been received, and is a gem for the little ones, and they are so glad to receive it. The present number is full of entertaining and interesting matter for young children. The pictures cannot fail to interest them. Every child of a family should see that this excellent little monthly should get into the home of children. Subscription price only \$1.50 a year in advance. Address John L. Shorey, 13 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

SUMMER FASHIONS.—We notice that the latest style of street dresses is made so as to only just clear the ground. We learn, with pleasure, that ladies' bonnets are to be worn much larger. For summer, they will be trimmed with long wreaths of flowers, which fall on either side, and are tied with narrow ribbon, having a loose ribbon, of black or white lace over them. Parasols are trimmed with feather trimming of all colors—pretty, but very frail.

ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday last, as Mr. William McMullen, of this place, was engaged in cleaning a gun in his store, the piece, (which was supposed by Mr. McMullen to be without a load,) was accidentally discharged, and the contents lodged in the ankle of C. McD. Bowen, who was entering the store at the time. It is thought that Mr. Bowen is not seriously injured.

CURE FOR FELONS.—Within the past week, we have met with several friends who are tormented with those troublesome things, known as felons. The following recipe, is said to be a sure cure: "As soon as the parts begin to swell, get the tincture of lobelia and wrap the part affected with a cloth saturated thoroughly with the tincture, and the felon is dead." An old physician says he has known it to be tried in a score of cases, and it never fails if applied in season.

LEAVE OF ABSENCE.—Col. John H. Filler, who was recently appointed to a Lieutenantcy in the regular army, has been given leave of absence until Dec. 1, 1867, by order of Gen. Grant. Col. Filler's appointment has been confirmed by the Senate. We congratulate the Colonel on the length of his furlough. Lucky fellow.

BLAIR COUNTY.—We had the pleasure of a call, a few days ago, from our friend Col. J. C. Everhart, of Martinsburg, Blair county. The Colonel is one of the most genial fellows alive, and we are always glad to meet him. Dr. Thompson and family, of Williamsburg, Blair county, are stopping at the Mengel House.

PHILADELPHIA.—R. D. Barclay, Esq., whilom of the Bedford Bar, and now of Philadelphia, is at present on a visit to his friends in this place. Mr. Barclay is one of the rising men of the State. Our old friend S. Creutzburg, is also rusticated among his friends in this place. We are always glad to see him.

HUNTINGDON COUNTY.—R. Milton Speer, Esq., and John M. Baily, Esq., of the Huntingdon bar, are at present at the Springs. Mr. Roman, a merchant of Huntingdon, is also at the same place. Mr. B. R. Foust and family, of Huntingdon Co., are at the Mengel House.

JUDGE THOMPSON.—Hon. James Thompson, of the Supreme Court of this State, is at present staying at Bedford Springs. Judge Thompson is an ornament to the Supreme Bench, and should be kept up during his lifetime.

THE REGULATOR.—Don't forget the Regulator. Boots, Shoes, Queensware, Notions, &c., will be found at that place, in great variety. Irvine and Statler are bound to sell lower than the lowest, and as good articles as the best.

BARGAINS in Clothing, Hats, Dress Goods, Muslins, Furnishing Goods, Notions, &c., &c., at the popular establishment of R. W. Berkstetter & Co., on Julianna street.

FARMERS, if you want to succeed in your occupation, you must drill in your grain. Don't borrow nor hire. That is a poor way. Own a drill of your own.

MARRIED. GROVE-GIFFIN—On 21st inst. at the house of the bride's parents, by Rev. G. C. Probst, Mr. James A. Grove and Miss Emma Giffin, both of East Providence tp.

CRYSTAL STEAM MILLS.—All persons knowing themselves indebted to the undersigned, will please call at HARTLEY & METZGAR'S Store and settle at once. Interest will be charged on all unsettled accounts by the 15th of August. No more flour, feed, or mill stuff will be sold on credit.
Respectfully,
J. G. & W. M. HARTLEY.
aug2w2

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS in Volunteer Bounty Account of Liberty township, Bedford county, Pa.
TREASURER DR.
To amount collected, as follows:
By S. F. Shoup, 1864, 56, 66, 77, 268 00
By G. W. Gibbons, " " " " 268 00
By D. Cyphers, " " " " 395 30
By Jacob Leach, " " " " 174 45
By Samuel Bollinger, " " " " 333 93
By Henry Kellier, " " " " 238 98
By Geo. Marford, unsettled lands, 73 24
Total collections, \$825 75
By Treasurer CR.
24 Sept '64, Paid J. Fulton on Bond No. 11, \$505 00
do do C. Recker do 12, 505 00
21 Sept '65, do D. Heffer, do 7, 424 00
do do S. McChen, do 12, 563 50
do do Geo. Boyce do 14, 318 00
21 Sept '66, do Geo. Roads do 1, 560 00
do do Jacob Roads do 2, 265 00
3 Dec. do do C. Post, do 5, 662 50
Jan '66, do S. F. Shoup, collector, 24 00
29 Oct. do D. Cyphers, do 4 41
29 Dec. do S. Shoup, do 16 80
16 Feb. '65, do S. I. Bollinger, do 3 86
4 Nov. '67, do S. Shoup, do 8 81
10 do do D. Cyphers, do 3 80
Balance in hand, \$844 38
181 37
\$825 75
JNO. FULTON, Treasurer.

NOTICE TO HUCKSTERS.—All persons Huckstering in the county of Bedford are hereby notified that the Law relating to Huckstering will be strictly enforced. The people are requested to return any body found Huckstering without license, to GEO. MARJORFF, July 19, 1867.
ISAAC KENSINGER, GEO. ROADES, Auditors.
aug2w3

Dry Goods, etc. NEW GOODS AND NEW TERMS! CASH AND PRODUCE STORE! J. M. SHOEMAKER has just returned from the East and is now opening a NEW AND CHEAP STOCK OF GOODS, bought at the late decline in prices.

The following comprise a few of his prices: Calicoes, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 cents. Muslins, 10, 12, 15, 18, 20, and best, 22. Cassimeres, 75, 90, 100, 110, 120, 150 a yard. Gingham, 12 cents up to 25. Cottonades, from 18 1/2 cents up to 50. Ladies' Hose, 12, 16, 20, 25, 50. Gents' Half-Hose, 12, 20, 25, 40, 50. Boots and Shoes, all sizes and prices.

Hats, a large assortment, from 15 cents up. Coffee, 25, 28 and 30. Green and Black Teas, from \$1.50 up to \$2.20. Sugars, 12, 15, 16, 17, 18, and best at 19 cents. Rice, 12 1/2 cts per lb. Clothing—Linen Coats, \$1.50, 1.75 and \$2.00.

Extensive Private Sale of Valuable Real Estate.—The undersigned will sell at private sale, several adjoining and contiguous tracts of land, lying on the headwaters of Dunning's Creek, in St. Clair township, Bedford county, containing 745 acres, now divided into four tracts, three tracts containing respectively 157, 163, and 183 acres and the other, being the Saw Mill tract, containing 202 acres. These tracts will be sold as they are subdivided to suit purchasers.

Valuable Land for Sale.—The undersigned offers for sale the following valuable tracts of land: THREE TRACTS OF LAND, containing 160 acres each, situated on the Illinois Central Railroad, in Champaign county, State of Illinois, 8 miles from the city of Urbana, and one mile from Rental Station, on said Railroad. Two of the tracts adjoin, and one of them has a never-failing pond of water upon it. The city of Urbana contains about 4,000 inhabitants, and is the greatest wheat growing county in Illinois.

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TO CAPITALISTS.—I have for sale, on easy terms, over 200,000 acres of farming, timber and mineral lands, situated in Bedford, Centre, Clearfield, Fulton, Huntingdon, Somerset, Westmoreland, and other counties, in Pennsylvania, which will be sold in tracts ranging from 100 to 10,000 acres.

FARMING LANDS.—With limestone and red state soils. TANNERIES—And fine sites for same, with large tracts of timber and iron ore lands. WATER PRIVILEGES, on never failing streams. COAL AND COLLIERIES—Collieries in full operation, with houses, shops, tracks, &c., undeveloped coal lands with a seam 20 feet thick. Also, orders, mineral and anthracite coal lands.

TIMBER.—Large tracts covered with white and yellow pine, spruce and hemlock; red, white and rock oak; chestnut, walnut, locust, cherry, poplar, &c. Also, Steam Saw Mills. IRON ORES.—Bog, Specular, Fossil and Hematite. Fossil vein from 2 to 3 feet thick, Hematite bog from 12 to 18 feet thick.

SAND-STONE, of pure quality, for making glass. Also, farms, and farming, timber and mineral lands, in all Western, Southern and Pacific States, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland. WILLIAM F. SCHELL, Attorney at Law, Bedford, Pa. july19w3

FOR SALE OR TRADE. In the city of Omaha, Nebraska. 2 tracts, of 100 acres each, within three miles of a depot on the Union Pacific Railroad, back of Omaha. 1 tract of bottom land, timbered and prairie, two miles from Omaha city. One-third of 7,000 acres in Fulton county, Pa., including valuable ore, mineral and timber lands, near Fort Littleton.

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