

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The BEDFORD GAZETTE is published every Friday morning by MEYERS & MENGEL, at \$2.50 per annum, if paid strictly in advance; \$2.50 if paid within six months; \$3.00 if not paid within six months.

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.

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.

A liberal discount is made to persons advertising by the quarter, half, year, or as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Quantity (One square, Two squares, Three squares, Quarter column, Half column, One column) and Price (1 year, 6 months, 3 months).

JOHN PRINTING, of every kind, done with neatness and dispatch. 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.

Attorneys at Law.

RUSSELL & LONGENECKER, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, of Bedford, Pa. Will attend promptly and faithfully to all business entrusted to their care.

SHARPE & KERR, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care.

JOHN P. REED, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Respectfully tenders his services to the public.

ESPY M. ALSIP, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

KIMMEL & LINGENFELTER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Have formed a partnership in the practice of the Law.

G. H. SPANG, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

M. P. MEYERS & DICKERSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Office same as formerly.

HAYS IRVINE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Office in Harris' block.

B. J. WILLIAMS & SONS, LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF VENETIAN BLINDS.

SELL AT THE LOWEST PRICES. Blinds Repaired, Store Shades, Trimmings, Pictures, Plain Shades of all kinds.

FURNITURE AND CABINET ROOMS. THOMAS MERWINE, AT THE OLD STALL WOOD SHOP.

DR. H. FRAESSLEY, PHYSICIAN FOR THE TREATMENT OF CHRONIC DISEASES.

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BY MEYERS & MENGEL.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 19, 1868.

VOL. 62.—WHOLE No. 5,448.

Hooiland's Column.

YOU ALL HAVE HEARD OF HOOILAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

AND HOOILAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia.

Their introduction into this country from Germany occurred in 1825.

THEY CURED YOUR FATHERS AND MOTHERS,

And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now in the country called Bitters of Tonic.

They are no tasters, and no preparations, or any thing like one; but good, honest, reliable medicines.

They are the greatest known remedies for Liver Complaint,

DYSPEPSIA, Nervous Debility,

JAUNDICE, Diseases of the Kidneys,

ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN,

and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver,

and IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Constipation, Flatulency, Laxative Piles, Fallows of Blood to the country, Acidity of the Stomach,

Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Chloric or Flatulent Stools,

Pit of the Stomach, Swallowing of the Heart, Harried or Difficult Breathing,

Flushing at the Heart, Glowing or Seething Senses, Omissions when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Debility of Respiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flashes of Heat,

Hairing on the Face, Constant Imaginations of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits.

All these indicate diseases of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

HOOILAND'S GERMAN BITTERS is entirely vegetable and contains no liquor.

It is a compound of Plant Extracts, the Roots, Herbs, and Bark from which these extracts are made, are gathered in Germany.

All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific process.

These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters.

There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitter that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

HOOILAND'S GERMAN TONIC is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with pure Santa Cruz Ram, Orange, etc.

It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in case where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required.

You will bear in mind that these remedies are entirely different from any others advertised for the cure of the diseases named, these being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere decoctions of run in some form.

The TONIC is decidedly one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. Its taste is exquisite. It is pleasant to take, while its life-giving, exhilarating, and medicinal qualities have caused it to be known as the greatest of all tonics.

DEBILITY. There is no medicine equal to Hooiland's German Bitters or Tonic in cases of Debility.

They impart a tone to the system, strengthen the stomach, and give an enjoyment of the food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a short-breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.

Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of ninety.

These remedies are the best Blood Purifiers ever known.

ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from impure blood. Keep your blood pure; keep your liver in order; keep your digestive organs in a sound, healthy condition; by the use of these Remedies, and no diseases will ever befall you. The best men in the country recommend them. If years of honest reputation go for anything, you must try these preparations.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.

I find that "Hooiland's German Bitters" is not an intoxicating beverage, but is a genuine, useful, and safe medicine for the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action in the system.

Yours Truly, GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1866.

I consider "Hooiland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in cases of attacks of indigestion or dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it.

Yours, with respect, JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D. D., Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

DR. JACKSON—DEAR SIR:—I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of medicinal remedies, and regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness and value of Hooiland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation.

In some cases it may fail; but usual, by I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes. Yours, very respectfully, J. H. KENNARD, Eighth, below Chestnut Street.

CAUTION. Hooiland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The Genuine have the signature of C. M. Jackson on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

Price of the Bitters, \$1 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for \$5.

Price of the Tonic, \$1.50 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for \$7.50.

The Tonic is put up in quart bottles. Recollect that it is Dr. Hooiland's German Remedies that are so generally used and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggist to induce you to take anything else that he may sell as just as good, because he makes a larger profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, At the German Medicine Store, No. 63 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.

CHAS. M. EVANS, PROPRIETOR.

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & Co.

These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers and Medicine Dealers everywhere.

Do not forget to examine the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

may 29/68

The Bedford Gazette.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR GAZETTE:—The Report of the House Committee on the Washburne Donnelly Wisconsin, which Mr. Eldridge, of Wisconsin, mildly termed "ambiguous," is one of the most remarkable documents, produced by remarkable members of Congress, during this very remarkable age.

The House returns in a body from the Senate, where the President of the United States is being tried, before the High Court of Impeachment for high crimes and misdemeanors, prominent among which is the charge of having spoken disrespectfully of the Congress of the United States. This imposing and immaculate body had scarcely returned to its own Chamber, before Mr. Donnelly, of Minnesota, an Impacher, rises to a point of order, and charges Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, another Impacher, with having violated the rules of the House, of social intercourse, of everything that was good, decent or respectable. Washburne replies, charging the Minnesotan with having changed his name to escape the Penitentiary, with being a renegade to his God and Religion, with being concerned in all schemes of plunder and corruption, etc. Despite the efforts of a few of their fellows to stop the old adage about thieves falling out, they still continued. The blood of the Yahoos was up, and they continued to hurl excrement in each other's faces and the faces of their fellow-members, until the very air was tainted, until the olfactory of all not trained in Boston or Oberlin, were overcome by the truly 'loil' stench. How eminently characteristic of the party of moral ideas and holy practices! How fitting the actors, time and place. The slurs and sewers of the worst canker-spots of the worst modern cities, could not furnish such an amount of villainous vituperation. Epithets that are but sparingly used in Bawdy and Boosers Kings, flew through the Halls of Legislation in more than bacchanal profusion. Familiarity, with vice and crime, at least with the worst of their vocabularies, was more apparent than with the language or laws of Commerce or the "quips and quirkles" of the legal gentleman. Each Hon. gentleman succeeded in proving his adversary—and himself—a most villainous, gangrened scoundrel, totally unfit to occupy any position of honor and profit, to breathe the same air with whom, so contamination to all honest, honorable men and such as no other civilized country under Heaven would allow to retain their places for a moment after such and expose.

But what can we expect or hope from a Nation ruled by such characters as Butler, of Massachusetts, and Logan, of Illinois, and their worthy confederates. Male prostitutes, who, "in plying their vocation," have sacrificed every thought, feeling and impulse characteristic of the gentleman, and are notoriously willing and anxious to continue.

"Give us an ounce of Civet, Good Apothecary."

Reverend a Nons Monodus, we have a few words to say yet on the fight of the Yahoos, or rather of the action of that white-washing committee, headed by Poland, of Vermont.

"A decent respect for the opinions of mankind required" them to appoint a Committee of Investigation, organized and instructed to do for Washburne and Donnelly what the Committee of the Pennsylvania Legislature of a few years ago, headed by an illustrious citizen and blood-stained Warrior of ye ancient Borough of Bedford, was intended to do and did to, for Simon Cameron, that is white-wash him.

This Committee, like the other, was authorized to send for persons and papers, and before commencing they let it be understood that the papers must be acceptable to modern investigators, and Impachers were Greenbacks. As for persons, the absence of Sanford Canover, was deeply to be regretted and interfered sadly with the working of their committees, particularly the Smelling Committees, but as long as Ashley, of Ohio, and Butler, of Massachusetts, remained in Congress and ruled in National Affairs, they had hopes for the "God and Morality" party, and hoped to be able by "strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed," &c. (See Small bills).

The Committee met on the 14th May. Washburne and Donnelly appeared personally and by Attorney. It was announced to the Committee that the language used on the floor of the House had been drawn and had only been spoken in a Pickwickian sense. Nothing remained therefore for them to examine but the letter of the Illinoisian, in which he charged that Donnelly had run away from Philadelphia in my own family, of the usefulness and value of Hooiland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation.

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it, &c. And ask that the Committee be discharged and the Resolution tabled, and so ends the most wanton, outrageous and disgraceful scene that has occurred in a deliberative body, since the world began. There is not a tribe of Savages on earth, feeding on locusts, lizards, cold mare meat, or train oil, that would submit to the deep disgrace of being led by such men, and yet the once proud, free and boastful American Nation, bears this and infinitely more from this 'loil' party.

Let us stop our Missions, quit the Tract business, stop sending Bibles and Preachers through the world, and try to clean up before our own doors, as they did in Jerusalem.

A KIND HEART. A True French Romance.

Knowing that the general class of readers are more interested in tales founded upon facts than fiction, we give the following sketch, which, although rivaling many of those romantic pictures drawn by fiction writers, is vouched for by an old English journal as being founded upon a real life occurrence, and merely polished by the pen of the writer. A newly married couple had just come from the altar, and were about starting on a bridal tour, as the following conversation took place:

The newly married husband took one of his bride's hands in his own. "Allow me," said he, "thus to hold your hand, for I dread lest you should quit me. I tremble lest this should be an illusion. It seems to me that I am the hero of one of those fairy tales which amused me in my boyhood, and which, in the hour of happiness, some malignant fairy steps ever in to throw the victim into grief and despair."

"Re-assure yourself, my dear Frederic," said the lady. "I was yesterday the widow of Sir James Melton, and to-day I am Madame de la Tour, your wife. Banish from your mind the idea of the fairy. This is not a fiction but a history."

Frederic de la Tour had, indeed some reason to suppose that his fortunes were the work of a fairy's wand; for, in the course of one or two short months, by a seemingly inexplicable stroke of fortune, he had been raised to happiness and wealth beyond his desires.

A friendless orphan, twenty-five years old, he had been the holder of a clerkship which brought him a scanty livelihood when, one day, as he passed along the Rue St. Honore, a rich equipage stopped suddenly before him, and a young and elegant woman called from it to him, "Monsieur, Monsieur," said she.

At the same time, on a given signal, the footman leaped down, opened the carriage door, and invited Frederic to enter. He did so, though with some hesitation and surprise, and the carriage started off at full speed.

"I have received your note, sir," said the lady to M. de la Tour, in a very soft and sweet voice; "and, in spite of refusal, I hope yet to see you to-morrow evening at my party."

"To see me, Madame!" cried Frederic. "Yes, sir, you—Ah! a thousand pardons," continued she, with an air of confusion. "I see my mistake. Forgive me, sir! you are so like a particular friend! What can you think of me? Yet the resemblance is so striking that it would have deceived any one."

Of course Frederic replied politely to the apologies.

Just as they were terminated the carriage stopped at the door of a splendid mansion, and the young man could do no more than offer his arm to Lady Melton, as the fair stranger announced herself to be. Though English in name, the fair lady, nevertheless, was evidently of French origin. Her extreme beauty charmed M. de la Tour, and he congratulated himself upon the happy accident which had gained him such an acquaintance. Lady Melton loaded him with civilities, and he was not ill-looking, certainly; but he had not the vanity to think his appearance was magnificent; and his plain and scanty wardrobe prevented him from doing credit to his talents.

He accepted an invitation to the party spoken of. Invitations to other parties followed; and, to be brief, the young man soon found himself an established visitant at the house of Lady Melton. She, a rich and beautiful widow, was encircled by admirers.—One by one they disappeared, giving way to the poor clerk, who seemed to engross the lady's whole thoughts. Finally, almost by her own asking, they were betrothed. Frederic used to look sometimes at the glass which hung in his humble lodging, and wonder to what circumstances he owed his happy fortune. He used to conclude his meditations by the reflection that assuredly the lovely widow was fulfilling some unobtainable award of destiny. As for his own feelings the lady was lovely, young, rich, accomplished, and noted for her sensibility and virtue—could he hesitate?

When the marriage contract was signed his astonishment was redoubled, for he found himself, through the lady's love, the possessor of large property both in England and France. The presence of friends had certified and sanctioned the union, yet, as has been stated, Frederic felt some strange fears, in spite of himself, lest all should prove an illusion, and he grasped his bride's hand as if to prevent her being spirited away from his view.

"My dear Frederic," said the lady, smilingly, "sit down beside me and let me say something to you."

The young husband obeyed, but did not quit her hand. She began, "Once on a time"—Frederic started, and half seriously exclaimed, "Heavens! it is a fairy tale!" "Listen to me, foolish boy," resumed the lady. "There was once a young girl, the daughter of parents well-born, and at one time rich, but who had declined sadly in circumstances. Until her fifteenth year the family lived in Lyons, depending entirely for subsistence upon the labor of her father. Some better hopes sprung up and induced them to come to Paris; but it was difficult to stop in the descent down the path of misfortune. For three years the father struggled hard against poverty, and at last died in the hospital. The mother soon followed; and the young girl was left alone, the occupant of a garret of which the rent was not paid. If there were any fairy connected with the story this was the moment for her appearance; but none came. The young girl remained alone, without friends or protectors, harassed by debts which she could not pay, and seeking in vain for some species of employment. She found none; still it was necessary for her to have food. One day passed on which she tasted nothing. The night that followed was sleepless. Next day was again passed without food, and the poor girl was forced into the resolution of begging. She covered her head with her mother's veil, and the only heritage she had received, and stopping so to simulate age, she went out into the street.—When there, she held out her hand. Alas! the hand was white, and youthful, and delicate. She felt the necessity of covering it up in the folds of the veil, as if it had been leprous. Thus concealed, the poor girl held out her hand to a young woman who passed—no more happy than herself—and asked, 'A sou—a single sou—to get bread.' The petition was unheeded. An old man passed. The mendicant thought that experience of the distresses of life might have softened one like him, but she was in error. Experience had only hardened, not softened, his heart.

"The night was cold and rainy, and the hour had come when the night police appeared to keep the streets clear of all mendicants and suspicious characters. At this period the shrinking girl took courage once more to hold out her hand to a passer by. It was a young man. He stopped at the silent appeal, and diving into his pockets pulled out a piece of money, which he threw to her, being apparently afraid to touch a thing so miserable. Just as he did this, one of the police said to the girl: 'Ah, I have caught you, have I?—you are begging. To the office with you! Come along!'

"The young man interposed. He took hold hastily of the mendicant, for her whom he had before seemed afraid to touch, and addressing himself to the policemen, said reprovingly: 'This woman is not a beggar. No; she is—she is one whom I know.' But, sir, said the officer.—'I tell you that she is an acquaintance of mine,' repeated the young stranger. Then turning to the girl, whom he took for an old and feeble woman, he continued: 'Come along, my good dame, and permit me to see you safely to the end of the street. Giving his arm to the unfortunate girl, he then led her away, saying: 'Here is a piece of a hundred sou. It is all I have—take it, poor woman.'

"The crown of a hundred sou passed from your hand to mine," continued the lady, "and as you walked along, supporting my steps, I then, through my veil, distinctly saw your face and figure."

"My figure?" said Frederic, in amazement.

"Yes, my friend, your figure," returned his wife, "it was me that you gave arms on that night. It was my life—my honor, perhaps—that you then saved."

"You a mendicant—you, so young, so beautiful, and now so rich," cried Frederic.

"Yes, my dearest husband," replied the lady, "I have in my life received alms—once only—and from you; and those alms have decided my fate for life."

"On the day following that miserable night an old woman, in whom I had inspired some sentiments of pity, enabled me to enter as seamstress in a respectable house. Cheerfulness returned to me with labor. I had the good fortune to become a favorite with the mistress whom I served, and, indeed, I did my best, by unwearied diligence and care, to merit her favor. She was often visited by people in high life. One day Sir James Melton, an Englishman of great property, came to the establishment along with a party of ladies. He returned again. He spoke with my mistress, and learnt that I was of good family; in short learnt my whole history. The result was, that he sat down by my side one day and asked me plainly if I would marry him."

"Marry you!" cried I, in surprise.

"Sir James Melton was a man of sixty, tall, pale and feeble-looking. In answer to my exclamation of astonishment, he said: 'Yes, I ask if you will be my wife? I am rich, but have no

comfort—no happiness. My relatives seem to yearn to see me in my grave. I have ailments which require a degree of kindly care that is not to be bought from servants. I have heard your story, and believe you to be one who will support prosperity as well as you have adversity. I make my proposal sincerely, and hope that you will agree to it."

"A that time Frederic," continued the lady, "I loved you; I had seen you but once, but that once was too memorable for me ever to forget it, and something always insinuated to me that we were destined to pass through life together. At the bottom of my soul, I believe this. Yet every one around me pressed me to accept of the offer made me, and the thought struck me that I might one day make you wealthy. At length my main objection to Sir James Melton's proposal lay in a disinclination to make myself the instrument of vengeance in Sir James's hands against relatives whom he might dislike without good grounds. The objection, when stated, only increased his anxiety for my consent, and finally, under the impression that it would be after all carrying romance the length of folly to reject the advantageous settlement offered to me, I consented to Sir James's proposal."

"This part of the story, Frederic, is really like a fairy tale. I, a poor orphan, penniless, the wife of one of the richest baronets of England. Dressed in silks, and sparkling with jewels, I could now pass in my carriage through the very streets where, a few months before, I had stood in the rain and darkness—a mendicant?"

"Happy Sir James!" cried M. de la Tour, at this part of the story; "he could prove his love by enriching you."

"Our marriage, so strangely assorted, proved much more conducive, it is probable, to his own comfort than if he had wedded one with whom all the parade of settlements, of pin money, would have been necessary."

"Never, I believe, did I for an instant repent of our union. I, on my part, conceived myself bound to do my best for the solace of his declining years; and he, on his part, thought it incumbent on him to provide for my future welfare. He died, leaving me a large part of his substance—as much indeed, as I could prevail upon myself to accept. I was now a widow, and from the hour to which I became so, I vowed never again to give my hand to man, excepting to him who had succeeded me in my mourn of distress, and whose remembrance had ever been preserved in the recess of my heart. But how to discover that man? Ah, unconscious ingrate! to make no endeavor to come in the way of one who sought to love and enrich you! I knew not your name. In vain I looked for you at balls, assemblies, and theatres. You went not there. Ah, how I longed to meet you!"

As the lady spoke she took from her neck a ribbon, to which was attached a piece of a hundred sou. "It is the same—the very same which you gave me," said she, presenting it to Frederic; "by plugging it I got a little bread from a neighbor, and I earned enough afterward in time to permit me to recover it. I vowed never to part from it."

"Ah, how happy I was, Frederic, when I saw you in the street! The excuse which I made for stopping you was the first that rose in my mind. But what tremors I felt even afterward, lest you should have been already married! In that case you would never have heard aught of this fairy tale, though I would have taken some means to serve and enrich you. I would have gone to England, and there passed my days in regret, perhaps, but still in peace. But happily, it was to be otherwise. You were single."

Frederic de la Tour was now awakened, as it were, to the full certainty of his happiness. What he could not but before look upon as a sort of freak of fancy in a young and wealthy widow, was now proved to be the result of deep and kindly feeling, most honorable to her who entertained it. The heart of the young husband overflowed with gratitude and affection to the lovely and noble-hearted being who had given herself to him. He was too happy for some time to speak. His wife first broke silence.

"So Frederic," said she gayly, "you see that if I am a fairy it is you who have given me the wand—the talisman—that has effected all!"

RELIGION is common sense, and the reason why men and women do not see it is, because they put out their eyes by indulging themselves in evil.

Miss Hattie Robinson, the famous lady of the Howland will case, has just died in Paris. If her child lives it will inherit, when of age, \$35,000,000. That child ought to be willing to stay on earth a while."

EQUITIES was one of the very few men who have been choked to death by the seed of a grape, but a great many die every day from swallowing the juice.

"You cruel man!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, "my tears have no effect on you at all!" "Well drop them, my dear," said Jones.

A PANTHER, supposed to be a member of the