The Bedford Gazette.

BY MEYERS & MENGEL. BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 4, 1868. VOL. 64.—WHOLE No. 5,471.

Dry-Goods, etc.

GOOD NEWS

FOR THE PEOPLE!

J. M. SHOEMAKER

Has just received a large and varied assortment of

FALL and WINTER GOODS,

of all descriptions, which have been bought at

UNUSUALLY LOW PRICES,

and which he is determined to sell CHEAP. They consist in part of

Dry Goods,
Boots and Shoes,
Ready-made Clothing,
Hats and Caps,
Fresh Groceries,
Buckets and Brooms,
Queensware,
Tobacco,
Segars &c.

Give him a call and see for yourselves.

nov6 h,'68 J. M. SHOEMAKER.

1868. FALL. 1868.

G. R. OSTER & CO.

Have just received a large and Attractive Stock of new and CHEAP

FALL GOODS,

COMPRISING

Ladies dress goods,
Cloths,
Cassimeres,
Satinetts,
Tweeds.
Jeans,
Flannels,
Ready made clothing,
Hats,
Caps,
Boots,
Shoes,
Fresh Family Groceries,
Tobaccos,
Segars, &c.,

DECIDEDLY CHEAP.

Bedford oct16,'68

HENDERSON'S Celebrated Fresh Ground, Extra Family Flour constantly in Store and for sale by G. R. OSTER & CO.

oct16,'68

A. B. CRAMER & CO.

Have now open and offer for sale,

AT REDUCED PRICES,

the largest and most elegant stock of

FALL and WINTER GOODS

to be found

IN BEDFORD COUNTY!

The assortment is complete, and GREAT BARGAINS in every department will be offered.

nov6,'68. A. B. CRAMER & CO.

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 goods.

may24,'67. G. YEAGER

A full assortment of

NEW GOODS

AT M. C. FETTERLY'S CORNER,

opposite the Washington Hotel, where will be found at all times DRY and FANCY GOODS adapted to the daily wants of families:

Shawls,
Bonnets,
Hats,
Cloak Goods,

of the best qualities and latest styles. A full line of White Goods, Woolen Goods, Hosiery, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Laces, &c., &c.

Thankful to the public for past patronage, we hope to merit a continuance of the same in the future. M. C. FETTERLY.

nov13m3*

HARDWARE & STOVES!

BAUGHMAN, GUMP & CO.,
Bloody Run, Pa.

DEALERS IN

Dealers in Iron, Nails, Horse Shoes, Springs, Axles, Thimble Skeins, Hubs, Spokes, Felloes, Sleigh Runners, Sleigh Bells, Forks, Shovels, Saws, Axes, Spoons, Cutlery, Cooking and Heating Stoves for coal or wood, Glass, Paints, Oils, Lamps, Woodenware, &c., &c.

They manufacture Tin and Sheet Ironware and have constantly on hand an assortment of

TINWARE and STOVE PIPE.

All goods kept by them will be sold at the lowest prices. oc 2m6

THE HOUSEHOLD GAS Machine!

FOR SUPPLYING DWELLINGS, STORES, FACTORIES, CHURCHES AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS WITH GAS!

Generates Gas without Fire or Heat!

The simplicity and ease by which this Machine is managed, as also its economy and great merit, recommends it to public favor. Call and see machine in operation at the store!

Manufacturer and Sole Agent,
DAVID JONES,
TIN FURNISHING STORE, No 733 GREEN ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Send for illustrated Circular. aug21m3

D. W. CROUSE,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

SEGARS,
TOBACCO,
PIPES,

And a general assortment of Smokers and Chewers' articles, BEDFORD, Pa.

jul31,'68y1

Hoofland's Column.

YOU ALL

HAVE HEARD OF

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

AND

HOOFLAND'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 Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonics. They are no tavern bitters, preparation, or anything 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, stomach, or

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits.

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

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS

is entirely vegetable and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Barks from which these extracts are made, are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific Chemist. 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 Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC

is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with PURE Santa Cruz Rum, 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 rum 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 a pleasure to take it, 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 Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart a tone of vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause 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 or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. 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 and will cure all diseases resulting from bad 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 assail 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 "Hoofland's German Bitters" is not an intoxicating beverage, but is a good tonic, useful in disorders of 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 "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in case 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 different kinds of medicines, but 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 of Dr. Hoofland'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 usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes. Yours, very respectfully,

J. H. KENNARD,
Eigth, below Coates Street.

CAUTION.

Hoofland'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. Hoofland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggist to induce you to take anything else that he may say is 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. 631 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.

may29'68y1

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 Orphans' Court and Judicial Sales, are required by law to be published in both papers published in this place.

☞ All advertising due after first insertion.

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

	3 months.	6 months.	1 year.
*One square	$4 50	$6 00	$10 00
Two squares	6 00	9 00	16 00
Three squares	8 00	12 00	20 00
Quarter column	14 00	20 00	35 00
Half column	18 00	25 00	45 00
One column	30 00	45 00	80 00

*One square to occupy one inch of space

JOB 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 addressd to

MEYERS & MENGEL,
Publishers.

THREE BRAVE MEN.

Pretty Barbara Ferros would not marry. Her mother was in consternation.

'Why are you stubborn, Barbara?' she asked. 'You have plenty of lovers?'

'But they do not suit,' said Barbara, coolly tying back her curls before the mirror.

'Why not?'

'I want to marry a man who is brave, equal to any emergency. If I give up my liberty, I want it taken care of!'

'Silly child! what is the matter with Big Barney, the blacksmith!'

'He is big, but I never heard that he was brave.'

'And you never heard that he was not. What is the matter with Ernest, the gun-smith?'

'He is placid as woet's milk.'

'That is no sign that he is a coward. There is little Fritz, the tanner, he is quarrelsome enough for you, surely!'

'He is no bigger than a bantam cock. It is little good he can do, if the house was set upon by robbers.'

'It is not always strength that wins a fight, girl, it takes brains as well as brawn. Come, now, Barbara, give these three young fellows a fair trial.'

Barbara turned her face before the mirror, letting down one raven tress and looping up another.

'I will, mother,' she said at last.

That evening, Ernest the gunsmith knocked at the door.

'You sent for me, Barbara?' he said, going to the girl, who stood upon the hearth coquettishly warming one pretty foot and then the other.

'Yes, Ernest,' she replied, 'I've been thinking on what you said the other night when you were here.'

'Well, Barbara?'

Ernest spoke quietly, but his dark blue eyes flashed, and he looked at her intently.

'I want to test you.'

'How?'

'I want to see if you dare to do a very disagreeable thing.'

'What is it'

'There is an old coffin up stairs. It smells mouldy. They say Redmond the murderer was buried in it; but the devil came for his body and left the coffin empty at the end of a week; and it was finally taken from the tomb. It is up stairs in the room grandfather died in, and they say grandsire does not rest easy in his grave for some reasons, though I know nothing about it. Dare you make the coffin your bed to night?'

Ernest laughed.

'Is that all? I will do that and sleep soundly. Why pretty one did you think I had weak nerves?'

'Your nerves will have good proof if you undertake it. Remember, no one sleep, in that wing of the house.'

'I shall sleep the sounder.'

'Good night, then. I will send you a lad to show you the chamber. If you stay till morning,' said imperious Miss Barbara, with a nod of her pretty head, 'I'll marry you.'

'You vow it?'

Ernest turned straight away and followed the lad in waiting through dim rooms and passages, up echoing stairs, along narrow damp ways, where rats scuttled before to a low chamber.—The lad looked pale and scared, and evidently wanted to hurry away but Ernest made him wait till he took a survey by the aid of his lamp. It was very large and full of recesses, which had been barred across. He remembered that old grandsire Ferros had been insane several years before his death, so that this precaution had been necessary for the safety of himself and others. In the centre of the room stood a coffin, beside it was placed a chair. The room was otherwise perfectly empty.

Ernest stretched himself out in the coffin.

'Be kind enough to tell Miss Barbara it is a very good fit,' he said.

The lad went out and shut the door, leaving the young gunsmith alone in the dark.

Meanwhile, Barbara was talking with the big blacksmith in the sitting room.

'Barney,' said she pulling her hand away from his grasp, when he would have kissed her, 'I've a test to put you to before I give you any answer.—There is a corpse lying in the chamber where my grandsire died, in the untenanted wing of the house. If you dare sit with it all night and let nothing drive you away from your post you will not ask me again in vain."

'You'll give me a light and a bottle of wine and a book to read?'

'Nothing.'

'Are these all the conditions you offer me, Barbara.

'All. And if you are frightened, you need never look me in the face again.'

So Barney was conducted to his post by the lad, who had been instructed into the secret, and whose involuntary start at Ernest's placid face as he lay in the coffin, was attributed by Barney to the natural awe of a corpse. He took his seat and the boy left him in the darkness, the rats and the coffin.

Soon after, young Fritz the tanner arrived, flattered and hopeful, from the fact that Barbara had sent for him.

'Have you changed your mind, Barbara?" he asked.

'No; and I shall not until I know if you can do a really brave thing.'

'What shall it be? I swear to satisfy you, Barbara.'

'I have a proposal to make to you.—My plan requires skill as well as courage.'

'Tell me!'

'Well, in this house there is a man watching a corpse. He is sworn not to leave his post till morning. If you can make him do it, I shall be satisfied that you are as smart and as brave as I require a husband to be.'

'Why nothing is so easy! exclaimed Fritz. 'I can scare him away. Furnish me with a sheet, show me the room and go to your rest, Barbara. You shall find me at the post in the morning.'

Barbara did as required, and saw the tanner step lightly away to his task. It was then nearly twelve o'clock, and she sought her own chamber.

Barney was sitting at his vigil and so far all had been well. The night seemed very long, for he had no means of counting the time. At times a thrill went through him, for it seemed as if he could hear low suppressed breathing not far away; persuaded himself that it was the wind blowing through the crevices of the old house. Still it was very lonely and not at all cheerful.

The face in the coffin gleamed white still. The rats squeaked as if there was a famine upon them and they smelled the dead flesh. The thought made him shudder. He got up and walked about but something made a slight noise behind him, and he put his chair with his back against the wall and sat down again. He had been at work all day, and at last grew sleepy. Finally he nodded and snored.

Suddenly it seemed as if somebody touched him. He awoke with a start and saw nobody near, though in the centre of the room stood a white figure.

'Curse you get out of this!' he exclaimed in affright, using the first words that came to his tongue.

The figure held out his right arm and slowly approached him. He started to his feet. The spectre came nearer, pressing into the corner.

'The mischief take you!' cried Barney in his extremity.

Involuntary he stepped back; still the figure advanced, coming nearer and nearer as if to take him in a ghostly embrace. The hair started up on Barney's head; he grew desperate and just as the gleaming arm would have touched him, he fell on the ghost like a whirlwind, tearing the sheet, thumping, pounding, beating and kicking, more and more enraged at the resistance he met, which told the truth.

As the readers know, he was big and Fritz was little; and while he was pummelling the little fellow terribly, and Fritz was trying to get a lunge at Barney's stomach, to take the wind out of him, both kicking and plunging like horses, they were petrified by hearing a voice cry:

'Take one of your size, big Barney!'

Looking around they saw the corpse sitting up in his coffin. This was too much. They released each other and sprang for the door. They never knew how they got out; but they got home in hot haste, panting like stags.

It was Barbara herself who came and opened the door next morning.

'It's very early; one more little nap,' cried he, 'one more little nap,' turning in his coffin.

So she married him, though she sent Fritz and Barney invitations to the wedding, they did not appear. If they discovered the trick, they kept the knowledge to themselves, and never willingly faced Barbara's laughing eyes.

A "CULLUD" WITNESS.—The Baton Rouge Advocate gives the following extract from testimony of a witness examined about the participation of one Sam Bowman in a late robberry. When asked if he knew the prisoner he said:

'Oh, yes, I bought ice cream from him often.'

'What is his name?'

'That is none of my business; got somethin' else to do, 'sides follerin' people about to find out dar names.'

'How do you know that this is the same man.'

'Don't I tell you, boss, I'se bought ice cream from him lots of times. Of course he is de man. Don't I reckelect his painted wagon and his sassers, and the way he hollered ice cream. Of course he is de man.'

'What were you doing when the robbers came to Mrs. Clark's?'

'Nuffin; I was asleep.'

'How did you know that they were on the place?'

'Ain't I got ears?'

'How long did you stand out in the yard watching?'

'Till my feet got cold.'

New York has twelve clergymen who are each paid over $10,000 a year, and a hundred others who don't get $1,000 each.

THE NIAGARA OF THE WEST.

The *Oregon Statesman* gives the following description of the neighborhood of the splendid Shoshonee Falls, Idaho:

Snake river is the south fork of the Columbia, having the alternative name of Lewis river. The valley of the Snake lies along an almost direct line from the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, and in the early days it furnished the most practicable route overland to the Pacific. In its decent over the elevated plains of Idaho, about 400 miles from whence it takes its rise in the Rocky Mountains. Snake river forms the great Shoshonee Falls. The river here runs through a narrow, rocky gorge, which widens and terminates abruptly in precipitous cliffs, the summit of which is about one hundred feet above the level of the rapids, and so steep that the traveler can descend at only one point—an old Indian trail, its numerous windings making it about a mile in length. Following this trail slowly and carefully, the tourist will in due time find himself standing upon the bank of the river on a level with the rapids and overlooking the falls. The width of the river at this point has been variously estimated; we thought it at least two hundred yards.

The rapids here form a series of cascades, ranging from thirty to sixty feet each in height, and just below them the river, in one unbroken mass, leaps two hundred and ten feet into the bottomless pit below. The course of the river at this point is almost due east and west; the contour of the falls is that of an irregular horse shoe, and their width, following the course of the water, is at least four hundred yards. Although the river is not quite as wide at this point as the Niagara river, the falls are higher and quite as beautiful. The most complete views of the falls, including the river above and below the rapids, cliffs and surrounding scenery, is obtained from Lookout Point. Lookout Point is a narrow cape of rocks projecting from the main bluff about three hundred yards lower down on the river than the fall, so narrow that two persons cannot walk abreast.

Standing upon this point, we will endeavor to name the prominent places of interest. The first object which attracts our attention is Eagle Rock, a perpendicular pillar of rock about one hundred feet in height, rising from the midst of the rapids fifty yards from the south bank of the river, and almost overhanging the main cataract. Upon the topmost peak of this rock an American eagle has built his eyrie, a fitting home for our national bird—long may he live to occupy his unique and romantic abode! Just above and about the centre of the cataract is Ballard Island, a small rocky island covered with cedar and juniper trees. Several smaller islands to the right and left of the large one, or Ballard Island add to the beauty and picturesqueness of the scene.

The Two Sentinels—two huge rocky pillars—one on the north, the other on the south side, overlooking the falls, and reminding one of grim sentinels guarding their object. Lower down the river, and from a higher standpoint, one can obtain a fine panoramic view of the whole—the falls, the foaming rapids, Eagle Rock, the Two Sentinels, the huge pillars of perpetual spray arising from the bottom and near the centre of the cataract, but extending as it rises to either side, and made beautiful by the many-colored rainbows which shed a halo of glory upon the whole scene. Still lower down the river is Prospect Gulch. Several gentlemen of the party, actuated by the spirit of adventure, determined to attempt through the gulch to reach the river below the falls. They lowered themselves fifty feet on the rope down the perpendicular sides of a rocky cliff. Reaching firm ground, they managed with but little difficulty to scramble down about five hundred feet to the banks of the river. Arriving there they found that their troubles had just begun; they were six hundred yards from the falls, to reach which their path lay around and over some huge boulders of slippery rock, winding along the foot of the steep banks, and then through the foaming and boiling waters, the heavy swells of which reminded them strikingly of the breakers on the sea-shore. Finally they reached a point about thirty feet from the falls. Their journey here came to an abrupt termination by the shelving of the rocks into deep water. The wind struck this point with such violence that they feared to trust themselves in an erect posture. On their knees, they held with their hands to the overhanging brush to prevent being blown into the river.

We think that one cannot fully comprehend the immensity of the sheet of water and the sublimity of the scene, until he can gaze upward as we did. This point is the cave of the Winds. The Shoshonee Falls, as a whole, will compare favorably with Niagara. Those of our party who have seen both places pronounce the former superior in many respects. In beauty and mildness of scenery, the Shoshonee cannot be surpassed. Niagara excels in magnitude only.

'How are you John? I'm deuced glad to see you.' 'Very well, Charlie. Come and take a drink, old fellow.—'Taint often we meet.' 'That's a fact, John, and when we do, it's meet and drink.'

Secretary McCullough says that under no circumstances would he remain in office after the 4th of March, and that his only desire is to hand over the department to his successor in the best possible condition.

Twelve per cent. of English criminals are said to be under sixteen.

KILLING A DESPERADO.

The Los Angelos (Cal.) *News* of October 6th, states that one Alvitre, residing near the old mission, belonged to a gang of horse thieves, and a warrant was issued for his arrest. Alvitre told the officers or sent word to them, that they might all come, for they could not take him alive. Five went after him, and arrived at his house about five A. M. just before daylight, and before they had any time to make any preparation, he opened the door and commenced shooting, and fired four shots before the officers fired. The officers were armed with one of Henry's repeating rifles and six shooters, while Alvitre had a Spencer rifle and three six-shooters. The firing then became general, Alvitre retiring about forty-three yards from the house. Here he hid behind a sycamore tree, and remained but a moment, but sufficient time to receive a wound which evidently made him sick, and then he returned toward the house, he firing at the time all the shots he had—some fifteen or sixteen shots. About half way to the house he received a mortal wound. During the whole time of the combat not one word was uttered by any one. The firing took place when it was too dark to draw a sight, and the firing was all range shots, but were remarkably close on the part of Alvitre. Duarte received a shot through the coat sleeve and one of Alvitre's shots killed a horse. The Alvitre family bears a notorious character, the father, Chandes Alvitre, having killed his wife some ten years ago—and two of the sons assisting in hanging the father with a riata; one of the sons was hung for killing an American on the other side of the Monte, one in the Penitentiary, and the other an escaped convict.

THE ORIGINATOR OF MORMONISM.

A Vermont correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* claims for Middletown, in that State, the infamy of having originated Mormonism. Or rather claims for one Wood, who lived in Middletown, this infamy, for the inhabitants generally seem to have regarded the abortion with becoming disgust. Wood is represented as a proud, headstrong, power-loving man, too good in his own estimation probably, but really too bad to be tolerated in the Christian Church, of which he was originally a member. Being cast out of the church, the devil took him up, and set him to work making a system of religion more to his taste than Christianity. Wood set up for a prophet, drew around him followers as wicked as himself and weak enough to be deluded by his pretensions, and gradually involved the essential elements of Mormonism, which Joe Smith got hold of, and tried to dignify as a new revelation to himself. Identified with this new delusion was a considerable amount of downright knavery.

For a while Wood ruled his dupes by his prophetical pretensions. One Winchell, an expert counterfeiter, and fugitive from justice, ruled Wood and made all his disciples and others contribute to his benefit. He was particularly strong in the money-finding, witch-hazel line, and set people to digging in various directions for hid treasure, which they never found, though Winchell got well paid for his knavery. Joe Smith was of Wood and Winchell's disciples, and with them learned the trade of his masters so well that he was ultimately able to set up for himself, and to secure for himself the signal infamy of being the father of Mormonism, though really Wood was its discoverer and inventor.

A HUNDRED YEARS IN PRISON.

A certain housebraker was condemed, in the latter portion of the last century, in France, and under peculiar circumstances, to a hundred years in the galleys; and, strange to relate, this man recently made his appearance in his own native province, at the advanced age of 120 years, he being about twenty years of age when the sentence which condemned him to such a dreadful punishment was passed. It is difficult to conceive what the feeling must have been with which he returned, as soon as emancipated from the shackles which had enthralled him for a century, to breathe once more the cherished air of the scene of his infancy. Bourg, in the department of his native home, but time had so changed the aspect of the whole that he recognized it only by the Church of Bron, which had undergone no alteration. He triumphed over laws, bondage, man, time, everything. Not a relation had he left. Not a single being could he hail in acquaintance, yet he was not without experiencing the homage and the respect the French pay old age. For himself he had forgotten everything connected with his early youth; even all recollection of the crime for which he had suffered was lost, or, if at all remembered, it was a dreary vision, confounded with a thousand other dreary visions of days long gone by, His family and connections, for several generations, all dead, himself a living proof of the clemency of Heaven, and the severity of man regreting, perhaps, the very irons which had been familiar to him, and half wishing himself again among the wretched and suffering beings with whom his fate had been so long associated. Well might he be called the patriarch of Burgulars.

An ardent young couple called upon a Chicago minister the other evening and were made one. Half an hour afterwards a Chicago banker rushed into the minister's house, learned the facts, and went away very red in the face because his daughter had married "*that* fellow." Half an hour later still a Chicago broker rushed into the minister's house, learned the facts, and went away very red in the face, because his son had married "*that* girl."

FUNNY SCENE IN A COURT.

The Judge of one of the New Orleans municipal courts sat gloom and grand on his bench of ermine. The prisoner occupied the dock, apparently meek and downcast.—She had a merry twinkle in her eye, however, that promised mischief, and had the magnate but percieved it, he would have been careful in his questions:

'How many times are you coming up here?'

'What, yer honor?'

'How many times are you coming before me? This is the third time this present week.'

'Oh no, yer honor!'

'Didn't I see you here yesterday?'

'Why, no, yer honor, it was last night yer seed me, in the concert saloon. It was a bit of drink we had together, and yer honor did talk beautifully, wid your cunning ways and saucy jokes. Aye, yer honor's the man for the gals. The devil admire ye, but yees are smart;'

'Stop your tongue—you can go!'

'Thank you, yer honor!

The prisoner went out, the Judge blushed, and the audience roared.

VALUABLE RECIPES.—To remove freckles—cut them out with a razer and throw them away. They will never return.

To bring out a moustache—tie it to a strong cord, twenty feet long, to the end of which attach a heavy smoothing iron, and throw the latter from a fourth story window.

To produce a fair complexion—go to sea in a crazy old boat, and the first gale you get into, your face will become white.

To get rid of red hair—hold your head for a few minutes in a strong blaze of gas.

To preserve your eyes—put them in a bottle filled with alcohol.

To avoid corpulence—quit eating.

To conceal bad teeth—keep your mouth shut.

To keep out of debt— acquire the reputation of a rascal, and no one will trust you.

To gain time—steal a watch.

To keep your name up—write it frequently on the dome of the capitol, state house steeple, and other high places.

To keep from stuttering—don't talk.

To become a competent bookkeeper—borrow all the books you can and never return them.

To keep out of a fight—stay by yourself.

To keep your doors from being broken open by burglars—don't close them.

To "raise the stamps"—say a funny thing on the stage.

WORDS FOR BOYS TO REMEMBER.—Liberty is the right to do whatever you wish, without interfering with the the rights of others.

Save your money and you will find it one of the most useful friends.

Never give trouble to your father or mother.

Take care of your pennies and they will grow to dollars.

Intemperance is the cause of nearly all the trouble in this world; beware of strong drink.

The poorest boy, if he be industrious, honest and saving, may reach the highest honor in the land.

Never be cruel to a dumb animal; remember it has no power to tell how much it suffers.

GOOD RULES FOR ALL.—Profane swearing is abominable. Vulgar language is disgusting. Inquisitiveness is offensive. Tattling is mean. Telling lies is contemptible. Slandering is devilish. Ignorance is disgraceful, and laziness is shameful. Avoid all the vices, and aim at usefulness. This is in the road in which to become respectable. Walk in it. Never be ashamed of honest labor. Pride is a curse—a hateful vice. Never act the hypocrite. Keep good company. Speak the truth at all times. Never be discouraged, but persevere and mountains will become mole-hills.

IN a certain family, a pair of twins made their appearance, and were shown to their little sister of four years. It happened that whenever their cat of the household had kittens, the prettiest was saved and the rest were drowned. When the twins were shown the child by their happy father, she looked at them earnestly, and at length putting her finger tip on the cheek of one of them, looked up with all the seriousness possible, and said: "Papa, I think we'll save this one."

Somebody says editors are poor, whereupon an exchange remarks: "Humbug! Here we are, editor of a country newspaper, fairly rolling in wealth. We have a good office, a paste-pot, a double-barrelled gun, two suits of clothes, three kittens, a Newfoundland pup, two gold watches, thirteen day and two night shirts, carpet on our floors, a pretty wife, one corner lot, have ninety cents in cash, are out of debt, and have no rich relatives. If we are not wealthy, it is a pity."

THE VALUE OF LIFE.—The mere lapse of years is not life. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence.

A man's wife is his best lawyer, his best counsel, his best judge, his best adviser, and also the cheapest and most reasonable.

A man who gives his children habits of industry, provides for them better than by giving them a fortune.

A clergyman, observing a poor man by the road breaking stones, and kneeling to get at his work better, made the remark, "Ah! John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking these stones."—"Perhaps, master, you do not work on your knees," was the reply.