The Bedford Gazette.

BY MEYERS & MENGEL. BEDFORD, PA., THURSDAY MORNING NOVEMBER 4, 1869. VOL. 65.—WHOLE No. 5,515.

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THE BEDFORD GAZETTE is published every Thursday 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.

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MEYERS & MENGEL,
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Gardner's Monthly,
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Constantly on hand to accomodate those who want to purchase living reading matter.

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Jan21870.

Miscellaneous.

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The Chinese Government having (through the Hon. Anson Burlingame) conceded to this Company the privilege of connecting the great seaports of the Empire by submarine electric telegraph cable, we propose commencing operations in China, and laying down a line of nine hundred miles at once, between the following ports, viz:

	Population.
Canton	1,000,000
Macoa	60,000
Hong-Kong	250,000
Swatow	200,000
Amoy	250,000
Foo-Chow	1,250,000
Wan-Chu	300,000
Ningpo	400,000
Hang Chean	1,200,000
Shanghai	1,000,000
Total	5,910,000

These ports have a foreign commerce of $900,000,000, and an enormous domestic trade, besides which we have the immense internal commerce of the Empire, radiating from these points, through its canals and navigable rivers.

The cable being laid, this company proposes erecting land lines, and establishing a speedy and trustworthy means of communication, which must command there, as everywhere else, the communications of the Government, of business, and of social life especially in China. She has no postal system, and her only means now of commuuicating information is by couriers on land, and by steamers on water.

The Western World knows that China is a very large country, in the main densely peopled; but few yet realize that she contains more than a third of the human race. The latest returns made to her central authorities for taxing purposes by the local magistrate make her population *Four hundred and Fourteen millions*, and this is more likely to be under than over the actual aggregate. Nearly all of these, who are over ten years old, not only can but do read and write. Her civilization is peculiar, but her literature is as extensive as that of Europe. China is a land of teachers and traders; and the latter are exceedingly quick to avail themselves of every proffered facility for procuring early information. It is observed in California that the Chinese make great use of the telegraph, though it there transmits messages in English alone. To-day great numbers of fleet steamers are owned by Chinese merchants, and used by them exclusively for the transmission of early intelligence. If the telegraph we propose connecting all their great seaports, were now in existence, it is believed that its business would pay the cost within the first two years of its successful operation, and would steadily increase thereafter

No enterprise commends itself as in a greater degree renumerative to capitalists, and to our whole people. It is of vast national importance commercially, politically and evangelically.

☞ The stock of this Company has been unqualifiedly recommended to capitalists and business men, as a desirable investment by editorial articles in the New York *Herald*, *Tribune*, *World*, *Times*, *Post*, *Express*, *Independent*, and in the Philadelphia *North American*, *Press*, *Ledger*, *Inquirer*, *Age*, *Bulletin* and *Telegraph*.

Shares of this company, to a limited number, may be obtained at $50 each, $10 payable down, $15 on the 1st of November, and $25 payable in monthly instalments of $2.50 each, commencing December 1, 1868, on application to

DREXEL & CO.,
34 South Third Street,
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Shares can be obtained in Bedford by application to Reed & Schell, Bankers, who are authorized to receive subscriptions, and can give all necessary information on the subject. sept25y1

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604 MARKET STREET,

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WE combine style with neatness of fit.

And moderate prices with the best workmanship

[sep11,'68,y1]

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY choice brands of chewing Tobaccos and Cigars, at wholesale or retail, is at Oster's. Good natural leaf Tobaccos at 75 cents. Try our 5 cent Yara and Havanna cigars—they cant be beat, junel8m3.

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NEW GOODS JUST RECEIVED AT J. M. SHOEMAKER'S BARGAIN STORE.

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Bedford, Pa., June 11, 1869.

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COME SEE AND BE CONVINCED!

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BRING ALONG YOUR CASH and we will guarantee to SELL you Goods as CHEAP as the same styles and qualities can be sold in Central Pennsylvania.

Be assured that CASH in hand is a wonderfully winning argument, and that those who BUY and SELL for CASH are always masters of the situation.
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TEACHER'S EXAMINATIONS.—The Examinations of Teachers for Bedford county will be held as follows:
Snake Spring, Hartley's, Friday, Oct. 8;
East Providence, Householder's S. H., Saturday, Oct 9;
Londonderry, Bridgeport, Wednesday, Oct. 13;
Harrison, Buffalo Mills, Thursday Oct. 14;
Juniata, Buena Vista, Friday, Oct. 15;
Napier and Schellsburg, Schellsburg, Saturday, Oct. 16;
St Clair, Eight Square, Monday, Oct. 18;
Union, Moses', Tuesday, Oct. 19;
South Woodbury, New Enterprise, Wednesday, Oct. 20;
Woodbury borough and Middle Woodbury, Woodbury, Thursday, Oct. 21;
Hopewell, Dasher's, Friday, Oct. 22;
West Providence and Bloody Run borough, Bloody Run, Saturday, Oct. 23;
Liberty and Saxton, Stonerstown, Tuesday Oct. 26;
Broad Top and Coaldale borough, Hopewell, Wednesday, Oct 27;
Monroe, Clearville, Thursday Oct. 28;
Southampton, Adam's Friday, Oct. 29;
Colerain and Rainsburg, Brick Church, Saturday, Oct. 30;
Cumberland Valley, Centreville, Monday, Nov 1;
Bedford borough and Bedford township, Bedford, Tuesday, Nov. 2;
Special Examinations at Bedford, Saturday Nov. 6, and Saturday Nov. 13.

No other special examinations will be held. All examinations will begin at 9 a. m. Applicants will be examined only in those townships in which they have made application for a school.
H. W. FISHER,
Bedford, oct7w4. Co. Supt.

NOTICE.—I hereby give notice to all persons not to harber or trust my wife, SARAH, on my account, as I will not be responsible for any debts she may contract—she having left my bed and board without just cause or provocation. ANDREW POTE.
Union tp. Aug 12 w3*

LETTER HEADS AND BILL HEADS, and ENVELOPES for business men printed in the best style of the art, at THE GAZETTE JOB OFFICE.

The Bedford Gazette.

JOHN WALTON'S REVENGE.

"Be off from here you little beggars!" said Oscar Ronalds, imperiously.

The speaker was a well dressed boy of fourteen, and the words were addressed to a boy about his own age and his sister of eight. The contrast between outward appearance was striking. Oscar was of a light complexion, and looked like the petted child of the aristocracy. He held a club in his hand, which, it might be judged from his scowling face, he would not be unwilling to use.

John Walton, who confronted him without fear, was a stouter boy than Oscar. His complexion was dark, his hair, black as raven's wing, hung over his forehead. His clothing was coarse and well worn; his pants were tucked up nearly to his knees, and shoes and stockings were luxuries which he dispensed with. His little sister terrified by Oscar's rude manner, clung to her brother in affright.

"Don't be scared of him, Lizzie," said John. "He won't dare to touch you."

"Won't I though?" said Oscar, clutching his stick tighter.

"Not if you know what is best for yourself," said John, looking fixedly at him.

"You have no business here, you beggars," said Oscar furiously.

"I'm no beggar," said the barefooted boy, proudly.

"This is my father's land. Can you deny that?" demanded Oscar

"I know it is, and I suppose it will be your's some day."

"Then why have you intruded here?"

"I did not suppose it would be any harm to pick a few berries, which would otherwise decay on the vines."

"Then you know it now. I don't care for the berries, but I don't want any beggar's brats on my father's place."

"Stop there young master," said John, firmly. You called me a beggar, and I did not care much; but if you call my mother by that name, you will be sorry."

"I?" said Oscar very contemptuously. "What will you do?"

"I'll beat you with that stick you hold in your hand."

"Then I do call her a beggar," said Oscar, furiously. "What are you going to do about it?"

"You'll see."

John Walton let his sister's hand fall, and springing upon Oscar, he wrenched the stick from his hand, laid it over his back with sharp emphasis three times, and then threw it in the pond near by.

Leaving his young enemy prostrate, he took his terrified sister by the hand, saying:

"We'll go home now, Lizzie."

Oscar picked himself up, mortified and furious. He would have pursued John and wreaked instant vengence upon him had he dared, but in the hands of the young savage, as he mentally characterized him, he had felt his own utter inability to cope with him, and resolved that vengeance should come in another form.

"My father shall turn the beggars out of house and home," he muttered. "I wish they might starve."

The father of Oscar Ronalds was the proprietor of a handsome house and large landed estate, including several tenements which he rented out. In the poorest of these lived John Walton and his mother. They lived poorly enough; how, it would be hard to tell, but at all events they lived and never sought help.

When John told the story of his encounter to his mother, she was disturbed, fearing that trouble might come of it. So, indeed, it did.

The next morning Squire Ronalds, with his stiff, erect figure, was seen approaching the widow's cottage.

Mrs. Walton opened the door.

"Won't yon come in, Squire Ronalds;" she said, nervously.

"No, madam, I have but a word to say, and that is soon said. Are you aware that your boy grossly insulted my son, yesterday?"

"He told me that Oscar called him names, and he knocked him down. He has a hasty temper."

"Your son is a ruffian ma'am."

"Not so bad as that. He is a good boy to me, Squire Ronalds."

"It is a pity he cannot treat others with respect."

"Do you think he was wholly to blame?"

"Certainly he was. My son caught him trespassing on my land, and he very properly ordered him off. I don't care to urge the matter. If he will apologize to Oscar, I will let it pass. Otherwise, as your month is up to-day, I shall require you to leave this tenement.

John, who had been inside aud heard what nad been said, came forward, looking resolute and self-sustained.

"I shall not apologize to Master Oscar, sir," he said. It is he who should apologize to me."

"Apologize to you! That would look well; would it not?" said the Squire scornfully.

"It would be right," said John, firmly.

"You are an impudent young rascal."

"Mother," said John, quietly, "there is no use listening further. I shall not apologize and am ready to take the consequences. Do not be alarmed. I will take care of you."

"You must leave this house to morrow," roared the Squire in undignified rage, stamping his gold-headed cane upon the grouud.

"Very well," said John. "Good day, sir," and John closed the door, leaving the Squire under a vague impression that he had got the worst of the encounter.

"What shall we do, John?" said Mrs. Walton, dismally.

I'll tell you mother. There is nothing for me to do here. We'll go to Brandon, where there are wooden mills. There I can get a chance to work, and I'll rise, never fear. It is best for us to go."

Tne next day Mrs. Walton's tenement was empty, and no one knew where the family had gone. Oscar exulted in what he regarded as his triumph.

Twenty years passed. To the barefooted boy they brought wonderful changes. At twenty-four he found himself superintendent of the mill where he had entered as a poor operative, earning a salary of five thousand dollars a year. He had built a handsome house, over which his mother presided with matroney dignity. His sister Lizzie was the wife of a young physician in successful practice in the same town.

One winter evening they were all seated in a luxuriously furnished room, before a glorious fire. His sister had come to spend the afternoon, but was prevented by the violent storm from returning to her own home.

"What a storm it is!" she exclaimed, wonderingly. "I pity those who are out in it."

"Yes," said her brother, "it is the most violent storm of the year. The snow must be two feet deep at least. But we need not feel troubled. It is summer in-doors."

"Who would have thought, John, that we should come to live in such comfort?" said his mother. "Twenty years ago we were poorly off."

"I well remember. It was a lucky thing we came to Brandon."

"So it has turned out. But I was alarmed when you quarreled with young Oscar Ronalds."

I have forgiven him. The harm he intended has only done us good."

"Have you heard of him lately?" she inquired.

"Not lately. His sister died ten years ago, and I'm told Oscar is very extravagant. That is all."

The storm increased in violence, shaking the house, firm and strong as it was. All at once the door bell rang sharply.

"I'll go myself," said John. "The servant may not be able to close the door again."

He opened the door and a sharp cutting wind entered with a flurry of snow.

"Will you give me shelter?" said a faint voice.

It was a man who spoke, still young. He stepped in quite exhausted, and John Walton closed the door.

"You have had a hard struggle in the storm, have you not?"

"I have indeed. I am chilled to the bone."

"Come to the fire," and John threw open the door of the sitting room.

He perceived that the stranger had no overcoat and appeared thoroughly chilled. Warm bricks were ordered, and in half an hour he was more comfortable. He looked thin and haggard. his face bore the impress of dissipation, He more than once looked earnestly at John Walton. Finally he said abruptly:

"Will you tell me your name? Your face looks familiar."

"My name is John Walton."

"What?" said the other, with a start. "Did you live, when a boy, in the town of M——?"

"Yes, but I don't remember you."

"I am Oscar Ronalds," said the other, in a low voice.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the three, and they involuntarily glanced at the ill-clad stranger.

"I see what you are thinking of. I do not look much like the boy you used to know. I have been wild and extravagant, and lost and squandered all my property. I have gone down hill—you have gone up."

"I am sorry for your misfortunes," said John kindly. "If I can be of any service to you, I will."

"I came here hoping to get the post of clerk, which I understood was vacant. If I had known that you were here I would not have come."

"And why?"

"Because you cannot have forgotten my ill-treatment of you."

"It is not forgotten, but quite forgiven," said John Walton, kindly. "Unconsciously you did me a service. The clerkship you seek is mine to bestow. You shall have it, and I will guarantee your conduct. The salary will be small—only eight hundred dollars."

"It will be a fortune to me, who am penniless. God bless you, John Walton, for your generosity. You shall not find your confidence ill-bestowed."

I have no more to tell, except that then and there began a new and better life for Oscar, who was after a while promoted, and now has a modest and cheerful home of his own, with a good wife to add to his happiness. And this was John Walton's revenge—a noble and Christian revenge, the only one worth taking for an injury.

Bridal breakfast parties, two days before the wedding, to show off the presents, are a late invention.

A fashionable woman the other day undertook to make a sixty dollar bonnet for herself, and did it at a cost of two dollars and fifty cents.

While a clerk in the Boston post office was stamping a letter last week, it exploded, injuring his arm severely. The letter contained a quantity of percussion caps.

A single English colony has lately bought 30,000 acres of land in Kansas. The tract is to be divided among no fewer than 1,200 families, consisting of well-to-do farmers and artisans. German and Swedish colonists have also purchased largely.

TO LET—INQUIRE WITHIN.

The lady flounced out in a rage.

Two young damsels and a spinster aunt followed, and after a lengthy inspection of the premises, came to a state council in the parlor.

"I like the house very much," said spinster aunt solemnly, "and with a few alterations, I will engage it for my brother's family.

"Very well, ma'am," said Nahum, rubbing his hands, and scenting a speedy termination to his trials.—"Name 'em."

"The door handles must all be gilded, and I should like the house newly papered in velvet and gold, and repainted, and a partition between the parlors taken down and replaced by an arch and an extension dining-room built on behind, and a new style of range in the kitchen, and a dumb waiter put in, and new bronze chandeliers throughout, and—"

"Hold on, ma'am—just hold on one minute, said Nahum, feebly grasping for breath. "Wouldn't you like the old house carried away and a new one put up in its place? I think it would be rather less trouble than to make the trifling changes you suggest."

"Sir!" said the spinster loftily.

"I don't think we can agree ma'am."

"Very well—very well. Come, girls."

With prime dignity the lady marshalled her two charges out, muttering something about the "extraordinary ideas of landlords now-a-days."

While Nahum, wildly rumpling his iron-gray hair with his hands, soliloquized:

"Well, if Job had been alive, and had a house to let, there never would have been any book of Job written. There goes that everlasting bell again! I'll haul it out by the roots if this thing goes on much longer. I'll tear down the bill and put the place up at auction."

Another lady—but quite different from the other—a slender little cast down lady, with a head that dropped like a lilly of the valley, and a dress of brown silk, that had been mended and turned and re-trimmed, and even Nahum Briggs, man and bachelor though he was, could see how shabby it was. Yet she was pretty, with big blue eyes and shining brown hair, and cheeks tinged with a fair fleeting color, where the velvet roses of youth had once bloomed in vived carmine. And a golden haired little lassie clung to her dress, as the tiny lilly buds to a blooming chime of flower-bells.

As Nahum Briggs stood looking at her, there came back to him the sunny days of youth, a field of blooming clover crimsoned the June light like waves of blood, and a blue-eyed girl leaning over the fence with her bright hair barred with level sunset gold, and he knew that he was standing face to face with Barbara Wylie, the girl that he had quarreled with years and years ago, and whose blue eyes had kept him an old bachelor all his life long.

"This house is to let I believe?" she asked, timidly, with a little quiver in her mouth.

"I believe it is, Barbara Wylie."

She looked up, starting with a sudden flush of recognition. And then Barbara turned very pale and began to weep, with the little golden-haired girl clinging to her skirts, and wailing:

"Mamma, mamma—what's the matter, mamma?"

"Nothing now," said Barbara, resolutely brushing away the tears.

"If you please, Mr. Briggs, I will look at the house; I am a widow now, and very poor, and I am thinking of keeping a boarding-house to earn my daily bread. I hope the rent is not very high."

"We'll talk about the rent afterward," said Nahum, fiercely swallowing down a big lump in his throat that threatened to choke him.

"Come here, little girl, and kiss me; I used to know your mother when she wasn't bigger than you are."

Barbara, with her blue eyes still drooping, went all over the house without finding a word of fault, and Nahum Briggs walked at her side, wondering if it was really fifteen years since the June sunshine lay so brightly on the clover field.

"I think the house is beautiful," said meek Barbara. "Will you rent it to me, Nahum?"

Well yes," said Nahum, thoughtfully. "I'll let you have my house if you want it, Barbara."

"With the privilege of keeping a few boarders?"

"No, ma'am!"

Barbara stopped and looked wistfully at him.

"But, I don't think you understand how poor I am Mr. Briggs."

"Yes, I do."

"And that I cannot afford to take the house without the privilege of boarders?"

"I tell you what Barbara," said Mr. Briggs, dictatorially. "I'll give you the privilege of keeping just one boarder, and him, you have got keep all your life long, if you once take him."

"I don't think I quite understand you, Nahum Briggs," said Barbara, but she blushed very becomingly, and we are rather inclined to think that she told a naughty little fib.

"What do you say to me for a boarder, Barbara?" said the old bachelor, taking the widows hands in his. "Barbara, we were young fools once, but that is no reason why we should be old fools now. I like you just as well now as ever I did, and I'll do my best to be a good husband to you, and a good father to your little girl if you'll be my wife."

Barbara blushed again, and hesitated, but Nahum was not obliged to be deluded thus.

"Shall I take down the sign 'To Let,' Barbara?"

"Yes," she murmured, almost under her breath.

So Nahum went deliberately out, and coolly tore down the bill, to the great astonishment and disappointment of a party of rabid house-hunters, who were just ascending the steps.

"And when shall we be married, Barbara!" he next demanded.

"In the summer, perhaps," said Barbara slyly.

"To-morrow," said Nahum, decisively, and to-morrow it was.

"Upon my word Barbara," said Nahum, on the first day of May, as he watched his wife behind the coffee urn, you can't think how much jollier it is with you for a house-keeper than that old hag, Mrs. Parley."

Barbara only laughed, and said, "he was a dear good old stupid."

So the probabilities are that neither Mr. Naham Briggs nor his brownstone house will be in the market again, "To let—inquire within."

A Murderer and Bigamist Arrested after Thirty Years' Concealment.

The Dubuque *Times* has the following: For the last fifteen or twenty years there has lived, about a dozen of miles south of this city, a farmer named Costello, who, in his own community, and among those with whom he was acquainted, has enjoyed the reputation of being an upright, honorable, and fair-dealing man. Matters prospered well on his farm; he was all attention to his duties, and was considered a good husband and father.

Costello was born in Ireland, and lived there until manhood. He had settled down, and rejoiced in the possession of a wife and several children. But an unlucky day came, when, in a dispute, which we will hope was caused by temper or liquor, and not in cold blood, he struck the blow which made him a fratricide—a brother murderer, an outlaw, and a fugitive from justice. Escaping the officers of the law, he fled the country, embark d on an emigrant ship, and came to America.

After many years of rambling thro' this country, he came to Dubuque, where, by industry and economy, he succeeded in securing a good farm.—Meantime, his wife and children still remained in the old country, entirely ignorant of his whereabouts. He could not write to have them come out to America, for that would only lead to his discovery, and bring him surely to the gallows. So he adds another, the crime of bigamy, to that of fratricide, by taking a wife, and, unhappily, has brought others into the world to share his shame.

But his terrible secret has at last crept out. Last week his nephew, the son of the murdered brother, arrived here, and, after securing the necessary legal papers, proceeded to the farm of Costello and had him arrested for the murder committed thirty years ago. He is now on the way to Ireland to be tried, and if no circumstances can be adduced to justify the fratricide, to suffer for it to the full extent.

ANIMAL SAGACITY.

In Indianapolis, a few days ago, a rare exhibition of animal sagacity was exhibited by the elephants of Baily & Co.'s great combination. There are two elephants—mother and baby—with the caravan. When the elephants arrived at the bridge the large one refused to enter the long dark covered way; and the little one of course clung to its dam. The latter however, seemed to explain the matter to it with a few touches of the trunk, and the little one came over the bridge alone. The monster elephantess backed and took water, but instead of going above the bridge where the bank is most sloping on the side of the river, it went below, to the astonishment of all, where the bank is almost perpindicular. Instead of coming directly across, it obliqued to about 100 yards below, where the exvation for the foundation of a building had been almost to the water's edge. Although the way of egress was not visibie from the bridge as the cut strikes, the river at an angle down stream, the sagacious animal doubtless saw the track made by the horses and wagons and argued that there must be a way out, and acted accordingly.

On Cunningham's run, Harrison county, West Virginia, a disease called typhus flux, has been making terrible ravages. The Clarksburg Conservative states that a daughter of Walter Cunningham, aged six years, died on the 29th of August, on the day following, her brother, aged about sixteen, on September 1, another brother, aged about fourteen; on the 7th, another brother, aged about 8, and on the 8th still another brother, making in one family five victims in little more than a month.

A gentleman doing business in New York city, but who resides in New Jersey, has commenced a suit against the Long Island Railroad for $50,000 damages on account of injuries he received in the accident on that road last April, the worst of which was the loss of his eye-sight.

Mrs. Elizabeth Keckley, the colored dress-maker, who published a sketch of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln in book form has commenced legal proceedings against the publisher who induced her to commit her recollections to him, on the allegation, that, promising her one-half the profits, he has failed to pay her a cent.

Governor Claflin, of Massachusetts, is said to have lost $60,000 lately by the failure of a St. Louis firm.

Somebody reports the following as Humboldt's opinion of Bayard Taylor: "Of all the men I ever knew he has traveled most, and knows least of the countries he has visited."