The Bedford Gazette.

BY MEYERS & MENGEL. BEDFORD, PA., THURSDAY MORNING DECEMBER 16, 1869. VOL. 65.---WHOLE No. 3,347.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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.

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.

Miscellaneous.

THE INQUIRER
BOOK STORE,

opposite the Mengel House,

BEDFORD, PA.

The proprietor takes pleasure in offering to the public the following articles belonging to the Book Business, at CITY RETAIL PRICES:

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.

NOVELS.

BIBLES, HYMN BOOKS, &C.:

Large Family Bibles,
Small Bibles,
Medium Bibles,
Lutheran Hymn Books,
Methodist Hymn Books,
Smith's Dictionary of the Bible,
History of the Books of the Bible,
Pilgrim's Progress, &c., &c., &c.
Episcopal Prayer Books,
Presbyterian Hymn Books,

SCHOOL BOOKS.

TOY BOOKS.

STATIONERY,

Congress, Legal,
Record, Foolscap,
Letter, Congress Letter,
Sermon, Commercial Note,
Ladies' Gilt, Ladies' Octavo,
Mourning, French Note,
Bath Post, Damask Laid Note,
Cream Laid Note, Envelopes, &c.

WALL PAPER.

Several Hundred Different Figures, the Largest lot ever brought to Bedford county, for sale at prices CHEAPER THAN EVER SOLD in Bedford.

BLANK BOOKS.

Day Books, Ledgers,
Account Books, Cash Books,
Pocket Ledgers, Time Books,
Tuck Memorandums, Pass Books,
Money Books, Pocket Books,
Blank Judgment Notes, drafts, receipts, &c

INKS AND INKSTANDS.

Barometer Inkstands,
Gutta Percha,
Cocoa, and
Morocco Spring Pocket Inkstands,
Glass and Ordinary Stands for Schools,
Flat Glass Ink Wells and Rack,
Arnold's Writing Fluids,
Hover's Inks,
Carmine Inks, Purple Inks,
Charlton's Inks,
Eukolon for pasting, &c.

PENS AND PENCILS.

Gillot's, Cohen's,
Hollowbush & Carey's, Payson,
Dunton, and Scribner's Pens,
Clark's Indellible, Faber's Tablet,
Cohen's Eagle,
Office, Faber's
Guttknecht's, Carpenter's Pencils.

PERIODICALS.

Atlantic Monthly,
Harper's Magazine,
Madame Demorest's Mirror of Fashions,
Electic Magazine,
Godey's Lady's Book,
Galaxy,
Lady's Friend,
Ladies' Repository,
Our Young Folks,

Nick Nax,
Yankee Notions,
Budget of Fun,
Jolly Joker,
Phunny Phellow,
Lippincott's Magazine,
Riverside Magazine,
Waverly Magazine,
Ballou's Magazine,
Gardner's Monthly,
Harper's Weekly,
Frank Leslie's Illustrated,
Chimney Corner,
New York Ledger,
New York Weekly,
Harper's Bazar,
Every Saturday,
Living Age,
Putnam's Monthly Magazine,
Arthur's Home Magazine,
Oliver Optic's Boys and Girl's Magazine &c.

Constantly on hand to accomodate those who want to purchase living reading mattter.

Only a part of the vast number of articles pertaining to the Book and Stationery business, which we are prepared to sell cheaper than the cheapest, are above enumerated. Give us a call. We buy and sell for CASH, and by this arrangement we expect to sell as cheap as goods of this class are sold anywhere

Jang1870.

AGENTS WANTED FOR
CHAMBERLIN'S
LAW OF WOOK
FOR THE PEOPLE!

CONTAINING Full Instructions and Practical Forms, adapted to Every Kind of Business, and to all the States of the Union.

BY FRANKLIN CHAMBERLIN
Of the United States Bar.

"There is no book of the kind which will take rank with it for authenticity, intelligence, and completeness."—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

This is the Only New Book of the kind published for many years. It is prepared by an able Practical Lawyer, of twenty-fiive years' experience, and is just what everybody needs for daily use.

It is highly recommended by many eminent Judges, including the Chief Justice and other Judges of Massachusetts, and the Chief Justice and entire Bench of Connecticut.

Sold only by Subscription. Agents Wanted Everywhere. Send for Circulars.

O. D. CASE & CO., Publishers, Hartford, Conn.; No. 1 Spruce St., New York; Cincinnati, O.; and Chicago, Ill.

CAUTION.

An old law-book, published many years ago has just been hastily re-issued as "a new book," without even a suitable revision of its obsolete statements. Do not confound that work with CHAMBERLIN'S LAW-BOOK FOR THE PEOPLE.

july30m6.

LATEST STYLES
WINTER GOODS
MRS. E. V. MOWRY

Has just returned from Philadelphia and New York, and now opened a stock of the latest styles of

MILLINERY, DRY GOODS, FANCY NOTIONS, &C., &C.

All of which will be sold at very short Profits.
Bedford oct28m3

Miscellaneous.

I was cured of Deafness and Catarrh by a simple remedy, and will send the receipt free. MRS. M. C. LEGGETT, Hoboken, N. Y.
dec9w4.

A THIEF.

He has been traveling about humbugging druggists and private parties, mixing up and selling a base compound which he calls WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT. All of Wolcott's genuine remedies have a white outside wrapper (*with signature large*). Look out for counterfeits.

Six Pints of WOLCOTT'S ANNIHILATOR for Catarrh and Colds in the head, or one Pint of Pain Paint, for Ulcers or Pain, sent free of express charges, on receipt of the money at 181 Chatham Square, N. Y.; or one Gallon of Pain Paint (double strength) for $20. Small bottles sold by all Druggists. R. L. WOLCOTT.
dec9w4.

BEST CABINET ORGANS AT LOWEST PRICES.

That the MASON & HAMLIN CABINET and METRIPOLITAN ORGANS are the best in the world is proved by the almost unanimous opinion of professional musicians, by the award to them of *Seventy-Five Gold* and *Silver Medals* or other highest premiums, at principal industrial competitions within a few years, including the Medal at the Paris Exposition, and by a sale very much greater than that of any similar instruments.—This Company manufacture *first-class instruments*, and will not make "cheap organs" at any price, or suffer an inferior instrument to bear their name. Having greatly increased their facilities for manufacture, by the introduction of new machinery and otherwise, they are now making Better Organs than ever before, at increased economy in cost, in accordance with their fixed policy of selling always at least remunerative profit, they are now offering at Prices of Inferior Work. Four Octave Organs, Plain Walnut Case, $50. Five Octave Organs, Double Reed, Solid Walnut Case, carved and paneled, with Five Stops (Viola, Diapason, Melodia, Flute, Tremulant), $125. Other styles in proportion.

Circulars, with full particulars, including accurate drawings of the different styles of organs, and much information which will be of service to every purchaser of an organ, will be sent free, and postage paid, to any one desiring them.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO.,
154 Tremont St., Boston; 586 Broadway, N. Y.
dec9w4.

THE AMERICAN FAMILY
KNITTING MACHINE

Is presented to the public as the most

SIMPLE, DURABLE, COMPACT AND CHEAP

Knitting Machine ever Invented.

PRICES, ONLY $25.

This Machine will run either backward or forward with equal facility;

MAKES THE SAME STITCH AS BY HAND,

but far superior in every respect.

WILL KNIT 20,000 STITCHES IN ONE MINUTE,

AND DO PERFECT WORK, leaving every knot on the inside of the work. It will knit a pair of stockings (any size) in less than a half an hour. It will knit

Close or Open, Plain or Ribbed Work,

with any kind of fine woolen yarn, or cotton, silk or linen. It will knit stockings with double heel and toe, drawers, hoods, smoking caps, comforts, purses, muffs, fringe, afghans, nubias, undersleeves, mittens, skating caps, lamp wicks, maps, cord, undershirts, shawls, jackets, cradle blankets, leggins, suspenders, wristers, tidies, tippets, tufted work, and in fact an endless variety of articles in every day use, as well as for ornament.

FROM $5 TO $10 PER DAY

Can be made by any one with the American Knitting Machine, knitting stockings, &c., while expert operators can even make more, knitting fancy work, which always commands a ready sale. A person can readily knit from twelve to fifteen pairs of stockings per day, the profit on which will be not less than forty cents per pair.

FARMERS

Can sell their wool at only forty to fifty cents per pound; but by getting the wool made in yarn at a small expense, and knitting it into socks, two or three dollars per pound can be realized.

On receipt of $25 we will forward a machine as ordered.

We wish to procure active AGENTS in every section of the United States and Canadas to whom the most liberal inducements will be offered.

Address
AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE COMPANY
dec9w4 Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

VINEGAR.—How made in 10 hours without drugs. For circulars, address L. SAGE Vinegar Works, Cromwell, Conn. [nov25w8

AGENTS WANTED FOR BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS AND BEHIND THE SCENES, by Olive Logan. A high-toned, rapid selling book. A complete expose of the show-world. 650 pages; 60 engravings. Prospectus and sample free to Agents. PARMELEE & CO.,
nov25w8 Philadelphia, or Middletown Ct.

AGENTS WANTED for our great Househould Work,
OUR HOME PHYSICIAN!

A new Handy-Book of Family Medicine. By Dr BEARD, of the University of the City of New York, assisted by medical professors in the various departments. Three years devoted to its preparation. Quackery and humbuggery exposed. Professors in our leading medical colleges testify that it is the best family doctor book ever written. Outfit and sample free to agents. A. H. HUBBARD, 400 Chestnut St., Philadelphia Pa.
nov25w4

AGENTS WANTED.—Newest and greatest invention out—the New Self-adjusting Guides, for cutting perfect fitting Pants, Roundabouts, and Ladies' Dresses. Indispensible in every household. Address RAMSEY & SCOTT, Pittsburg, Pa. nov25w4

I was cured of Deafness and Catarrh by a simple remedy and will send the receipt free. MRS. M. C. LEGGETT, Hoboken, N. J.
nov11w4

FREE TO BOOK AGENTS.—We will send a handsome prospectus of our New Illustrated Family Bible, to any Book agent, free of charge. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. nov11w4.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY—VIRGINIA LAND.—We will send to any address a Pamphlet of One Hundred pages, giving descriptions of 600 Farms, with other valuable information. Will sell 75,000 acres of land from $1 to $2 50 per acre. P. McCRACKEN & ERO,
Send postage stamp. Box 153 Fredericksburg, Va.
nov11w4

THIS IS NO HUMBUG!

By sending 35 cents, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer, No 24, Fultonville, N. Y.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS OF
P. T. BARNUM.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. IN ONE LARGE OCTAVE VOLUME—NEARLY 800 PAGES—PRINTED IN ENGLISH AND GERMAN. 33 ELEGANT FULL PAGE ENGRAVINGS.

It embraces Forty Years Recollections of his Busy Life, as a Merchant, Manager, Banker, Lecturer, and Showman. No book published so acceptible to all classes. Every one wants it. Agents average from 60 to 100 subscribers a week. We offer extra inducements. Illustrated Catalogue and Terms to agents sent free. J. B. BURR, & CO., Pub's. Hartford Conn. [nov11w8

OLD ARMS WANTED.—
Sharp's Carbines and Rifles,
Henry's 16 Shot Carbines and Rifles,
Spencer Carbines and Rifles,
Colt's Navy Pistols.
Colt's Army Pistols.
Remington's Army or Navy Pistols,
Smith & Wesson's 5 & 6 shot Revolving Pistols.

Parties having any of the above arms in any quantity from a single arm upward can find a liberal cash purchaser by addressing
CHAS. A. WILSON,
nov25w3 Jersey City, N. J.

SECOND AND LAST NOTICE.—We have extended our Notice till the 15th of December, after which time the books of Geo. Blymyer, Geo. Blymyer & Son and B. M. Blymyer & Co., will be placed in the hands of Esq., Nicodemus for Settlement, without respect to persons. nov 25 1869, w3.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE is the best FAMILY paper published in Penna.

The Bedford Gazette.

CAPTAIN OBSTINATE.

My story commences (said an old soldier of the "grand army," who had left one of his arms on the field of battle,) on the 5th of November, 1812, a short time after the battle of Wiazma. We beat a retreat, not before the Russians, for they were at a respectable distance from our camp, but before the sharp and bitter cold of their detestable county—a cold more terrible to us than the Russians, Austrians and Bavarians all put together.

During the preceding days our officers had told us that we were approaching Smolensko, where we should get food, fire, brandy and shoes; but in the meantime we were perishing in the glaciers and continually harassed by the Cossacks. We had marched six hours without stopping to take breath, for we knew that repose was certain death. An icy wind blew the drifting snow in our faces, and from time to time we stumbled over the frozen corpse of a comrade. We neither spoke nor sang; even complaints were no longer heard and that was a bad sign. I marched by the side of my captain—short, strongly built, rough and severe, but brave and true as the blade of his sword; we called him "Captain Obstinate," for when he once said a thing, it was fixed; he never changed his opinions. He had been wounded at Wiazma, and his usual crimson face was then ghastly pale, while a ragged white handkerchief, all stained with blood, was bound round his head, and added to the palor of his countenance. All at once I saw him stagger on his legs like a drunken man, then fall like a block to the ground.

"Good heavens! captain," I said, bending over him, "you cannot remain here."

"You see that I can since I do it." replied he, showing his legs.

"Captain," said I. "you must not give way;" and lifting him in my arms, I tried to put him on his feet. He leaned on me and attempted to walk, but in vain; he fell again dragging me with him.

"John," said he "all is over. Leave me here, and rejoin your company as quickly as possible. One word before you go! At Veroppe, near Grenoble, lives a good woman, eighty-two years of age, my—my mother. Go and see her, embrace her for me, and tell her that—that—tell her what you will, but give her this purse and my cross. It is all I have! now go!"

"Is that all, captain?"

"That is all, God bless you! Make haste Adieu!"

My friends, I do not know how it was, but I felt two tears roll down my cheeks.

"No, captain," I cried, "I will not leave you; either you come with me, or I will remain with yon."

"I forbid you to remain."

"You may put me under arrest, then, if you like, but at present you must let me do as I please."

"You are an insolent fellow."

"Very good, captain, but you must come with me."

He bit his lips with rage, but said no more. I lifted him and carried him upon my shoulder like a sack. You can easily imagine that with such a burden, I could not keep pace with my comrades. In fact, I soon lost sight of their columns, and could see nothing around me but the white and silent plain. I still walked on, when presently appeared a troop of Cossacks galloping towards me, with furious gesticulations and wild cries.

The captain was by this time completely insensible; and I resolved, whatever it might cost me, not to abandon him. I laid down on the ground, and covered him with snow. Then I crept beneath a heap of dead bodies; leaving, however my eyes at liberty. Presently the Cossacks came up, and began to strike with their lances right and left, while their horses trampled us under their feet. One of these heavy beasts set his foot upon my arm and crushed it. My friends, I did not speak, I did not stir; I bit my mouth lo stifle the cry of torture which nearly escaped from me, and in a few minutes the Cossacks had dispersed.

When the last of them had disappeared I quitted my refuge, and proceeded to disinter the captain. To my joy he gave some signs of life. I contrived to carry him with my one arm toward a rock which offered a sort of shelter, and then I laid myself by his side, wrapping my cloak round us both.

The night closed in, and the snow continued to fall. The rear guard had long since disappeared, and the only sound that broke the stillness of the night was the whistle of the bullet or the howling of the wolves feasting on the corpses that lie stretched around. Heaven knows what thoughts passed through my soul during that dreadful night, which I felt sure, would be my last upon earth. But I remembered the prayer which my mother had taught me long before, when I was a child at her knees; and bending low, I repeared it with fervor.

That did me good, and I felt astonishingly calmed when I returned to my place by the captain. Yet the time passed, and I had fallen into a state of half stupor, when I saw a group of French officers approach. Before I had time to speak to them, their chief, a little man dressed in a furred pelisse, stepped toward me, and said—

"what are you doing there? Why are you away from your regiment?"

"For two good reasons," said I, pointing first to the captain, and then to my bleeding arm.

"The man says true, sir," observed one of those who followed him; I saw him marching in the rear of his regiment, and carrying this officer on his back."

The emperor—for, my friends, it was he—gave me one of those glances that only he, or the eagle of the Alps, could give, and said, "It is well. You have done very well." Then opening his pelisse, he took the cross which decorated his green coat, and gave it to me. At that instant I was no longer hungry, no longer cold; I felt no more pain from my arm than if that awkward beast had never touched it.

"Davoust," added the emperor, addressing the officer who had spoken to him, "see this man and his captain placed in one of the baggage wagons. Adieu!" And making me a motion of the hand, he rode away.

Here the veteran ceased and resumed his pipe.

"But tell us what became of Captain Obstinate," cried many impatient voices.

"The captain recovered, and is now a general on the retired list. But the best of the joke was that as soon as he got well, he put me under arrest for fifteen days, as punishment for my infraction of discipline. This circumstance came to the ears of Napoleon, and after laughing, he not only set me free, but promoted me to the rank of sergeant. As to the decoration, my children, here is the ribbon at my button-hole, but the cross I wear next to my heart.

And opening his vest, he showed the precious relic, suspended from his neck in a little satin bag.

THE PLOW AND THE BOND!

He who by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

The other day we saw a plow in the furrow, its bright and visible now and then as the steady pulling team drew it around and around on its great work. We stood by the roadside and thus ran our thoughts. Who will agree with them?

Now look at that plow. In the hands of the farmer's son, drawn by willing cattle, it is doing a great work. It cost but a few dollars. It is worth untold millions to the nation. It prepares the ground for the seed which will bring forth crops which will benefit all. The mold board, the plow-share, the beam, handles and cross-rung, all are the work of a man, his work, still to benefit others.

The man who owns this land pays taxes thereon. The man who owns the plow, the cattle, pays taxes on them. He pays taxes on all he has, on all he raises, on all he has invested. And he must do so year after year. For what?

We will tell you.

School taxes, that his children may be educated.

Road taxes, that the roads may be kept in order.

Town taxes, that the taxes of the district may be collected and rightly applied.

County taxes, that the courts, sheriffs, jurors, and county officers may be supported.

State taxes, for like purposes.

The man, the cattle, the plow pays the taxes. That plow is of use. If all the plows in the land should be exempt from work for five years!—Would not the man and the cattle rejoice?

But hold on—how would the man, his family, his cattle live? And how would the workmen everywhere live?

And how the weeds would grow over their fields.

And who would, who could pay the taxes when the plow rested in rust and idleness hidden away in some shed or cellar?

God-speed you, plough and plowman. And man care for you, plow and plowman. And protect you, as you make the wild into a garden, give employment and reward therefor, for the benefit of the people and country.

Whoa!

Now, then—*get up!*

And the cattle pull, the plowman manages, lifts, twists, and settles down to the handles. The eyes of the beast and man protrude from their sockets—the muscles of man and beast swell and stretch—the plow point is fast in something, and there is a bad break in the furrow.

What is the cause? A root—a stump—a stone—a rock?

No!

Only an iron box—a fire proof safe. Handle it with care—the Government stamp is thereon, and you must not break, mar, cancel or repudiate it.

The iron box is full of bonds.

All nicely printed and folded.

These bonds are hidden away to escape taxation. One of them earns more than ten plows, but it is not taxed.

The plow earns wheat.
The bond earns gold.
The plow pays taxes.
The bond does not.

The plow earns gold to drop into the iron box, in the shape of taxes.

And the man who bought the plow paid all it was worth, and each year lessens its value.

The man bought the bond paid half its worth, and it is increasing in value each year.

Who owns the bond?

The man who just rode by in his carriage,

Who owns the plow?

The man who is working with it to support his family—who works while the other rides.

The plow earns.
The bond earns.
The plow is taxed.
The bond is not.

The plow fears the heat, the fly, the rust—the wet may keep back the reward.

The bond fears nothing, for if the plow does not earn the interest the bond calls for, the cattle are sold and dropped into the iron box.

The farmer is taxed on all he has—the iron box full of bonds pay no taxes.

The farmer supports the man who owns the bonds, which are but notes he must pay.

And the plows are everywhere.

The bonds are everywhere.

How came the plows in the fields?

Men placed them there to do a great work with.

How came the bonds there?

When the people were fighting and the plow idle in the furrow, those who dare not fight dug holes and hid their boxes. The Government filled them with bonds, and placed stamps of exemption thereon.

The bondholder planted bonds, and his crop of gold is certain.

The farmer planted sons on battle fields—he now works to enrich the ones who own the Government, the bonds, the plow, the land, the farmer and the muscle of America every where.

The plow and the bond.

We like the one and the man who holds it.

We hate the other as we hate any one or any government that robs labor of its reward.—*N. Y. Democrat.*

MARK TWAIN IN HAYTI.

* * * * * * *

Arrived at my hotel, I asked the small colored boy what I owed him for carrying my valise.

"Nine hun'd dollars, sah."

I fainted.

When I came to, a number of people were about me, applying restoratives, and doing what else they could to help me. The soulless, colored boy was standing there, cold and serene.

I said:

"How much did you say, boy?"

"Nine hund'd dollars, sah, reg-lar price, sah."

I appealed to the bystanders for protection. An old gentleman of noble countenance and commanding presence said the boy was right—he was charging only the usual rate. I looked at the other faces. They all mutely endorsed the venerable conspirator's statement.

I sadly handed the boy a thousand dollar bill. He walked off.

I was stupefied with amazement.—"Gentlemen," I said, "what does this mean? Theae's a hundred dollars change coming to me."

"True," the old party said "but it is not the custom to regard a trifle like that."

Stunned and dizzy, I hurried to my room and threw myself on the bed, almost satisfied that I had lost my reason. I applied tests. I repeated the multiplication table without a mistake. It was plain my comprehension of numbers was unimpaired. I repeated "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck" without a blunder. It was plain my memory was sound. I read one of Mrs. Browning's poems, and clearly understood some of it. It was plain that my intellectual faculties were in a condition of even unusual vigor.—Then, what in the world was the matter? Had I not suddenly developed a monomania? a craziness about money only?

I wandered round the town for three hours, as crazy as a loon—perfectly desperate. It was plain enough to me now that I had gone crazy on the subject of money. How I had ever come to do such a thing is a mystery, for I had always been a sort of spendthrift, a man who had never worshipped gold or greenbacks to any alarming extent. But I was reluctant to accept the situation, anyhow, and so I said to myself that by this time Charley must have bought all the things we wanted, and got the bills to the hotel. I would go and pay them. I would see if this dismal hallucination was in force. When I arrived, I told the landlord to make out his bill and add the tradesmen's bill to it, and give it to me as quickly as possible. I sat down to wait—a smothering volcano of anxiety and impatience—for if my mind was not straight by this time, I dreaded that my madness might increase under my distress and drive me to commit some fearful crime. I shuddered presently when I thought I felt a desire creeping through me to spring on a decrept old man near me and throttle him. I moved away and turned my back, and then I covertly threw my pocket knife out of the window. Now the bill came. I read thus—I translate:

Mark Twain to Kingston House Dr.

To room rent (two persons)	$3,000
To removing baggage to room	900
Total	$4,500
To tradesmen's bills as follows:	
5 Bunches Bananas	$2,700
12 Pine Apples	2,000
10 Dozen Oranges	900
5 Boxes Cigars	92,000
2 Baskets Claret	22,000
2 Baskets Champagne	88,000
7 Dozen Lemons	800
1 Pair Boots	21,000
1 Dozen Socks	18,500
2 Dozen Handkerchiefs	48,000
Total	$265,400

Received payment.

Two hundred and ninety-five thousand four hundred dollars. I read this bill over deliberately six or seven times, and never said a word. Then I said I would step out and get a breath of fresh air.

* * * * * * *

I got it—the breath of fresh air. I walked gently around the corner, whistling unconcernedly. And then glanced back, and seeing nobody watching me, sauntered toward the American packet ship at the rate of about ten or eleven miles an hour.—I picked up Charley on the way. He hid between decks a couple of hours, till the vessel was out of the sight of land, and the cigars and things—the landlord had them. I trust he has them yet. We have parted to meet no more. I have seen enough of Hayti. I never did take much interest in Hayti, anyhow.

MARK TWAIN.

P. S.—I understand it all now. I have been talking with the Captain. It's very simple when one comprehends it. The fact is, the war has been raging so long that Haytien credit is about dead, and the treasury very dry. Therefore one dollar in gold will buy eighteen hundred to two thousand dollars worth of Haytien greenbacks, according to the tenor of the current war news. I wish I had my valise back.—*Buffalo Express.*

HOW THEY COURT DOWN EAST.

Sally, the housemaid, paring apples in the corner. Enter Obadiah, who seats himself in the corner opposite Sally, without saying a word for fifteen minutes, but finally scratching his head, breaks the silence with—

Obadiah—"There's a considerable imperceptible alterin' in the weather since last week."

Sally—"Taint so injudicious and so dubitable cold as it was; thernomicon has lowered up to one hundred degrees higher than zenith.

Obadiah—"I think it's likely, for the birds of that specis fly a great deal higher in warmer days than cold ones."

Both parties assume a grave and improving look, and a long pause ensues. Finally, Obadiah gives his pate another harrowing scratch and again breaks the silence with—

Obadiah—"Well, Sally, we chaps are going to raise a sleigh ride; it's such inimicle good sleddin' to-morrow. I suppose they'll have insatiate good times on it. I should be supenial happy if you would disgrace me with your company. I should take it as a deropidary honor; besides we're carculatin' to treat the gals well with rasins and black strap."

Sally—"I should be supernatural glad to disgrace you, but our folks suspect company. I can't go."

Obadiah sits a while, and at length starts up as though a new idea had come upon him.

Obadiah—"Well, now, I know what I'll do. I'll go home and thrash out those beans what have been lying down in the barn such a darned long while."

Exit Obadiah.

ARTEMUS WARD'S SPIRITOMETER.

Dolly Davenport, whose lives are as numerous as his friends, tells a good joke on himself, which occurred in England during the time that the late Chas. F. Browne (Artemus Ward), was delivering his facetious lectures in London:

Upon arriving in the English capital, Dolly's first care was to pay a visit to his friend Artemus, and was met at the door by a buxum lass, who asked him in her bruadest cockney accent for his card. Dolly, having forgotten his name at home, substituted a sixpense, which, with magical effect, showed him to the door of Artemus' room. Artemus was engaged in shaving, and turning around to see who the intruder was he dropped razor, paper and everything else. His face assumed an aspect of terror, and he commenced crouching around the room, hugging the wall, until he reached a huge trunk in the corner, and, without saying a word to Dolly, he pulled out a bottle of the "cratur" which he, with the same expression of fright, placed on the center of the table, and retreated to his corner. Dolly walked up to the table, and raising the stuff to his lips, took a hearty swig. A shriek of joy came from Artemus, who, with open arms, rushed toward Dolly, and embracing him, exclaimed: "I heard you were dead, but now I know it's a lie." The test had worked wonderfully.

CRAWLED UP.—Once upon a time a gentleman found in his henroost a simple-minded soul of the vicinity, who lived without visible means of support.

"What are you doing here, you rascal? Stealing my chickens?"

"No, sir" was the response; "I ain't thought of doing nothing of the sort."

It unfortunately happened that the simple minded individual wore a high straw hat, of the deminsions of a beehive, and the crown thereof was dilapidated to a serious extent. Just as he had put in his denial, the head of a half grown pullet was seen to protrude from the aperature.

"See there," said the gentleman; "how did the chicken get in your hat!"

"Well!" exclaimed the simple minded individual, with an air of honest surprise and embarrassment, "that is the strangest thing that ever happened to me. I suppose the darned critter must have crawled up my trowers leg!"

EXTREME DELICACY.—"Is there any thing the matter?"

"There is, sir," was the host's savage reply.

"Have I given any offence?"

"You have, sir."

"Really, I am ignorant of it."

"Well sir let me tell you such language don't suit here."

"My dear, sir, what language? We were only talking of soup!"

"Well, sir, but you said *ox-tail!*"

"Well, suppose I did?"

"Why, sir, it's that very word that sent all the ladies blushing out of the room—it's highly unbecoming language—very improper indeed!"

"But my dear sir, what would you have me say? I called the soup by its proper name, didn't I?"

"No, sir, you did not; and whenever you have occasion to speak of that particular soup again, never say *Ox tail soup!* Say *Fly-disperser soup!* that's the proper word, sir."

HUMOROUS.

What kind of sweetmeats did they have in the ark? Preserved pairs.

'I despise mankind,' said an arrogant fellow to a clergyman. 'I see you have studied your own nature deeply,' was the quiet reply.

"Lenny, you're a pig," said a father to his little five-year old boy. "Now, do you know what a pig is, Lenny?" "Yes, sir; a pig is a hog's little boy."

A lady cought her husband breaking her hoops. Two hours afterwards, the unfortunate man was seen at a drug store purchasing hair restorative.

"Mother, I'm afraid a fever would go hard with me." "Why, my son?" "Cause, you see, mother, I'm so small that there wouldn't be room for it to turn."

"My wife," said a wag the other day, "came near calling me honey, last night."

"Indeed! how was that?"

"Why, she called me old beeswax."

"Oh, my prophetic soul! my uncle!" Beecher is prophesying a new rebellion and a division of the Union into four pieces. We hope neither Henry Ward nor Ma'am Stowe will come on cur piece.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Select smooth, even-sized apples; peel, core them, and fill the cavities with sugar and a little cinnamon. Divide your paste into as many parts as you have apples. Roll each one out square, and inclose the apple in it, slightly wetting the edge to make it stick. Bake in a shallow pan, and eat with a dry sauce made of butter and sugar beaten together.

Another instance of Massachusetts morality appears in a case in Court, in which two men swapped wives, and, as no divorces had been procured the men were each married to two wives; the women to two husbands.

A lady out with her little boy and girl, bought the boy a rubber baloon, which escaped him and flew up in the air. The girl seeing tears in his eyes, said. "Never mind it, Neddy; when you die and go to heaven you'll dit it."

"Kitty, where's the frying pan?" 'Johny's got it carrying dirt and oyster shells up the alley, with the cat for a horse." "The dear little fellow! what a genius he'll yet make; but go and get it. We're going to have company, and must fry some fish for supper."

People who are resolved always to please, at all events, frequently overshoot the mark. A lady of this sort, going to a friend's house, one morning, ran to the cradle, as soon as she came in, to see the fine 'boy.' Unforfunately the cat was occupying the baby's place, but before she could discover her mistake, she exclaimed, with uplifted hands, "Oh, what a sweet child, the very picture of its father."

A few days ago a gentleman whose proboscis had been lost, was invited out to tea. "My dear," said the good lady of the house to her little daughter, "I want you to be very particular, and to make no remarks about Mr. Jenkins' nose." Gathered around the table everything was going on well; the child peeped about, looked rather puzzeld, and at last startled the table: "Ma, why did you tell me to say nothing about Mr. Jenkins' nose; he hasen't got any!"

A young lawyer was examining a bankrupt as to how he had spent his money. There were about two thousand dollars unaccounted for, when the attorney put on a severe, scrutinizing face, and exclaimed with much self-complacency, "Now, sir, I want you to tell this court and jury how you used those two thousand dollars?" The bankrupt put on a serio-comic face, winked at the audience and exclaimed, "The lawyers got that!"—The judge and audience were convulsed with laughter, and the counselor was glad to let the bankrupt go.

INTERESTING TO HUSBANDS AND WIDOWS.—An interesting case has just been decided by the Supreme Court of Ohio. A husband died and willed all his property to his wife so long as she remained a widow. In case of her contracting a marriage, the property was to revert to the children. She did marry, and brought suit to recover her dowry. The Court decided that her acceptance of the conditions imposed by the will was a bar to any further claims. She therefore cannot live with her second husband and draw her support from the first. Widows will take a note, and, contest such wills in season if they are not quite sure that their love is undying, and a life of widow-hood is there choice.

STANDING BY A FRIEND.—In the flush times of Vicksburg, when the phrase "hard case" meant something more than it does now, Harvey Jenkins was admittedly one of the hardest. By some strange accident Harvey found himself at church one evening. The sermon being over, the preacher requested all who were friendly to religion to rise and hold up their hands. The whole audience apparently were on their feet. After they were seated the minister continued:

"Now if there is a single one here who desires to see Satin and his kingdom prosper, he will rise and hold up his right hand."

Harvey, with some difficulty, got to an erect position, and said:

"Had the vote been less unanimous, I should have retained my seat; but I make it a point of honor never to abandon a friend under adverse circumstances."