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THE BEDFORD INQUIRER. PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY JOHN LUTZ.

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WASHINGTON HOTEL, BEDFORD, PA.

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MAGAZINES.—The following Magazines for sale at the Inquirer Book Store...

The Bedford Inquirer.

A Local and General Newspaper, Devoted to Politics, Education, Literature and Morals. BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1869.

Inquirer Column.

TO ADVERTISERS:

1. A Postmaster is required to give notice by writing...

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OFFICE ON JULIANA STREET, BEDFORD, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

CIRCULATION OVER 1500.

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JOB PRINTING.

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

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POSTERS OF ANY SIZE, CIRCULARS, BUSINESS CARDS, WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, BALL TICKETS, PROGRAMMES, ORDER BOOKS, SEAGRAM LABELS, RECEIPTS, LEGAL BLANKS, PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS, BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, PAMPHLETS, PAPER BOOKS, ETC. ETC. ETC. ETC.

OUR FACILITIES FOR DOING ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING ARE EQUALLED BY VERY FEW ESTABLISHMENTS IN THE COUNTRY.

Orders by mail promptly filled. All letters should be addressed to JOHN LUTZ.

Bedford Inquirer.

ITEMS.

It is conceded on all sides that Hon. H. W. Williams will be the unanimous nominee of the Republican State Convention for the Supreme Bench.

Old iron rails are largely imported from England, via Baltimore, for re-manufacture in the mills of this State.

A YOUNG MAN named Henry R. Wilson, while engaged at shifting cars at Alton on Tuesday last, was thrown upon the track and run over by several cars, causing fatal injury.

JOHN B. GOUGH is going to publish an autobiography. That of P. T. Barnum is suggested as a model, and it is thought Nesby may be secured to correct his orthography and syntax.

MEXICAN advices state that extensive gold fields have been discovered near Colima. The district is represented as being one hundred and twenty miles in length, and to exceed the California mines in richness.

THE "ANCIENT PREJUDICE."—A colored man named James Washington has brought suit in Quincy, Ill., against the St. Louis and Keokuk Packet Company, to recover damages in the sum of \$2,000.—the officers of one of that company's boats having refused to allow him to sit at the table with white passengers.

TWENTY-FOUR States, including Indiana, have ratified the XVth Amendment. Vermont will, beyond all doubt, follow the good example.

RUSH OF EMIGRANTS WEST.—Mayor Knight, of Dubuque, Iowa, who has recently returned from a tour in the Northwest, says the rush of emigrants West this Spring is beyond all precedent.

TROPLONG, one of Napoleon's most cunning and servile tools, it has now been ascertained, died in consequence of a violent altercation which he had with Haussmann.

A GIRL keeper of a toll gate in England was asked by a small schoolboy, who thought to chaff her, how much he had to pay.

ON a farm in Lewiston, Maine, there is a very curious and extensive beaver dam. Ninety years ago this dam was built as good as it is now.

GENERAL THOMAS has ordered a military expedition of south-eastern Nevada, with a view to ascertaining the character and resources of the country before establishing military posts there.

THE American Institute of Homoeopathy has finally yielded to the claims of the women. One or two female practitioners were on the ground applying for admission.

PROVINCIALISMS.—Many years ago the celebrated Andrew Broaddus, of Carolina, was at the Merry Oaks, a noted tavern in Hanover county.

"THE DEVIL TO PAY."—This phrase, doubtless, originated in a printing office, on some Saturday night's settlement of wages.

Miscellaneous.

A CHICAGO SONG IN LONDON.

A correspondent gives the following account of the singing of "Father Come Home," in one of the music halls in London.

Having reached the hall, we paid an admission fee of sixpence. There was a very neat stage, with gaudy drop scene, side wing and a tolerable good orchestra.

A name was announced from the chairman which we could not catch, and amidst clapping of hands and stamping of feet, there was a buzz of "This is the song!"

"Father, dear father, come home with me now. The clock in the steeple strikes one!"

"The clock in the steeple strikes two!"

"The clock in the steeple strikes three!"

"The clock in the steeple strikes four!"

"The clock in the steeple strikes five!"

"The clock in the steeple strikes six!"

"The clock in the steeple strikes seven!"

"The clock in the steeple strikes eight!"

"The clock in the steeple strikes nine!"

"The clock in the steeple strikes ten!"

"The clock in the steeple strikes eleven!"

"The clock in the steeple strikes twelve!"

CURIOUS STATISTICS.

CONCERNING MEN WHO TRADE OR PROFESSIONS.

In a recent conversation with Dr. Gibson, private Secretary of Gov. Geary, we gained a curious fact concerning crime and men without trades or professions.

These not acquainted with the burdensome routine of Executive duty in this respect, cannot possibly form any idea of the embarrassment in the barrowing solicitude and the overwhelming responsibility of properly wielding the pardoning power.

As there is only one business a politician out of office can go into, and maintain his standing in the Democratic party, I had sent a note over to my friend Tom Acton to ask him if he had a second hand license he could let me have cheap, and I was looking around for an eligible site for a bar-room.

As Dennis O'Keefe is going to Albany, I thought he might let me have one of his two hotels, so I went to him and offered to buy him out.

It is said he couldn't afford to keep one here.

He explained to me the mysteries of the business, how a man must keep two bar-rooms to live.

It is this: When a customer has run his credit at one house as long as the house can stand it, they send him to the other house to get rid of him.

Whisky is variously and wonderfully made, and taking one kind of poison for any length of time injures a man's health.

When they see a steady customer failing, he is recommended a change of whisky, and instead of going to a strange place he is sent to the other establishment of the same proprietor.

By judiciously rotating them from one bar to another, some customers have drunk his liquor regular upwards of two years, and still live.

I told him that I hadn't capital or experience enough to run two establishments.

He said in that case I had better hire out as a barkeeper somewhere for six months, then I would acquire enough of both to run half a dozen hotels.

He said he was going to say about the "sweet little cherub," &c.

No sooner is election over, than an interesting series of BANK ROBBERIES providentially occur, to make the newspapers long.

Robbing banks is almost as profitable as being a politician in the rig.

And nearly as safe.

I don't put any trust in banks. Not my cash either.

I always felt able to take care of all the money I got.

I don't see why I should trust banks, they never trusted me.

I never asked them to, but to oblige a creditor of mine who had a singular hallucination on the subject of my financial standing I let him try the value of my name on a check.

The bill had been standing for some time; but he hadn't said anything to me about it, and I hadn't said anything to him, because I thought I could afford to let it stand as long as he could, and if he hadn't revived the subject I shouldn't.

He did at last remind me of the fact, in a very polite note, stating that he had some engagements to meet.

Naturally I felt some interest in learning how my creditor made out at the bank.

He didn't make out anything.

He came to me in a more excited state than I had seen him before.

"Sir," said he, "your check is not worth anything."

"The next time you see him," said I, "tell him to read the Eagle, particularly on Saturday."

"But why did you give me your check when you had no money in the bank?" said he.

"Because you said you would like to have my check, and when a man makes a reasonable request I like to accommodate him if I can."

CORRY O'LANUS' EPISTLE.

Newspaper Periodicals.—A Refuge for the Discarded.—About Banks and Bank Robberies.

A gentleman named Dibbin, who was a salt water poet of some eminence in his day, said:

There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, And keeps a lookout for the life of poor Jack.

I think there's not to be a cherub or something keeping a lookout for newspaper men, and providing them with something to write about.

I was afraid that when the election was over I should have to go into some other business.

As there is only one business a politician out of office can go into, and maintain his standing in the Democratic party, I had sent a note over to my friend Tom Acton to ask him if he had a second hand license he could let me have cheap, and I was looking around for an eligible site for a bar-room.

Frank White promised to sell out to me if he was vacated a editor.

But he wasn't.

As Dennis O'Keefe is going to Albany, I thought he might let me have one of his two hotels, so I went to him and offered to buy him out.

It is said he couldn't afford to keep one here.

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CELEBRATED ROADS.

That over the Simplon was projected by Napoleon, and made at the joint expense of France and Italy. It was completed 1805—being thirty-six miles long, about twenty-five feet broad, and passes over two hundred and sixty-four bridges, through six short tunnels of solid rock—one, however, being thirteen hundred feet in length, by twelve in width. It was the most stupendous enterprise ever undertaken by man.

Another road, marvellous in all respects, passes over Monte St. Bernard, lying between Switzerland and Italy. It passes between two of the highest points of the mountain—the road at that point being eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. The route is very circuitous, and passes a celebrated monastery, distinguished for the humanity of the monks and the sagacity and monstrous size of a breed of dogs kept there for the assistance of travelers. Napoleon crossed there with an army in 1800.

Over Mount St. Gothard is another wonderful road, only twelve feet wide, paved with granite. The Devil's Bridge, on this road, spans with a single arch (having peals of rocks for abutments) an awful abyss, which must have exercised the highest order of engineering genius to have spanned. All three are among the wonders of the world.

Ancient Rome at one epoch in her history had twenty nine costly military roads—many of them bordered on either side by splendid temples and palatial residences. Every twelve miles buildings were erected where relays of horses were always in readiness for couriers, and also carriages and beasts of burden for the conveyance of baggage and goods. At intervals of thirty miles there were edifices for lodging soldiers. Such was the admirable finish of these roads, running generally directly from one city to another, that they have actually endured for over two thousand years in some places, and exist in antiquity, still on account of their excellent construction.

The Hoosac Tunnel in Western Massachusetts, when completed, will far excel any road in ancient or modern times. It is destined to be a wonder of wonders.

ENDLESS DAY.

Nothing strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at the season of the year when the days are longest, than the absence of the night. Mr. Baird relates some interesting facts. He arrived at Stockholm from Gottenburg, four hundred miles, to see some friends. He returned about midnight, when it was as light as it is in England an hour before sunset. You can see distinct, but all was quiet in the streets; it seemed as if the inhabitants had gone away or were dead. The sun in June goes down in Stockholm a little before ten o'clock. There is great illumination at night, as the sun passes round the earth to throw the north pole and the refraction of its rays such that you can see to read at midnight without any artificial light. The first morning Dr. Baird awoke in Stockholm his room was surprised to see the sun shining in his room. He looked at his watch and found it only three o'clock. The next time he awoke it was five o'clock, but there were persons in the street.

The Swedes in the city are not very industrious. There is a mountain at the head of Bothnia, where on the 21st of June the sun does not appear to go down at all. The steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of conveying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It occurs only one night. The sun reaches the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes more it begins to rise. At the North Cape, latitude 72 degrees, the sun does not go down for several weeks. In June it would be about 25 degrees above the horizon at midnight. In the winter the sun disappears and is not seen for weeks; then it comes and remains for ten or fifteen minutes, after which it descends, and finally does not set at all, but makes almost a circle round the heavens. Dr. Baird was asked how they managed in those latitudes with hired persons, and what they considered a day. He replied that they worked by the hour, and twelve hours was considered a day's work. Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at the usual hour, whether the sun goes down or not.

MOSQUITOES.—The eggs of the mosquito are laid in a bowl-shaped mass upon the surface of stagnant water by the mother fly. After hatching out they finally become the "wiggle tails" or wriggling worms that may be seen in the summer in any barrel of water that is exposed to the atmosphere for any length of time. Finally, the "wiggle-tails" come to the surface, and the full-fledged mosquito bursts out of them, at first with very short limp wings, which in a short time grow both in length and in stiffness. The insect is repeated again and again, probably several times in the course of one season. It is a curious fact that the male mosquito, which may be known by its feathered antennae, is physically incapable of sucking blood. The mosquito is not an unmitigated pest. Although in the winged state the female sucks our blood and disturbs our rest, in the larva state the insect is decidedly beneficial purifying stagnant water, that would otherwise breed malarial diseases. Linnæus long ago showed that if you place two barrels of stagnant water side by side, neither of them containing any "wiggle-tails" or other living animals, and cover the one over with gauze, leaving the other one uncovered, so that it will soon become full of "wiggle tails" hatched out from the eggs deposited by the female mosquito, then the covered barrel will in a few weeks become very offensive, and the uncovered barrel will emit no impure and uneasy vapors.—Linnæus.

Dr. JOHNSON was one day dining at the house of a lady, when she asked him if he did not think her pudding good. "Yes," growled the great moralist; "it is very good for dogs." "Shall I help you to another plateful, then?" asked the polite hostess.

A BOSTON exchange is responsible for the following story: A short time since a man appeared at the Boston City Hall, requesting an interview with the Chief of Police.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the official.

"Are you the Chief?"

"Yes."

"Can I speak to you privately?"

"Yes—speak out."

"Will no one hear us?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, listen. As I was crossing the Common last night, about twelve o'clock I saw a woman approach with a baby in her arms, looking carefully followed all the while to see if she was followed; and then, when right at the edge, stopped and—"

"Threw the child into the Frog Pond!" exclaimed the appalled officer, his face white with horror.

"No," replied his visitor—"washed it face."

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS, & C.

The Inquirer is published every FRIDAY morning at the following rates: One Year, (in advance) \$2.00. Six Months, (in advance) \$1.00. Three Months, (in advance) \$0.50. Single Copies, 10 cents. All papers outside of the county discontinued without notice, at the expiration of the time for which the subscription has been paid. Single copies of the paper furnished, in wrappers, at five cents each. Communications on subjects of local or general interest, are respectfully solicited. To ensure attention, favors of this kind must invariably be accompanied by the name of the author, not for publication, but as a guarantee against imposition. All letters pertaining to business of the Inquirer should be addressed to JOHN LUTZ, Bedford, Pa.

A GREAT MANY DUCKS.—The Louisville Courier, in noticing a visitor of "Johnny" Moreshead, that city is reminded of an incident that occurred in the good old days when his father was Governor of Kentucky. Powell, who kept a restaurant and drinking saloon, in Frankfort, rendered his monthly account to "Johnny" (the boys could get credit then), which amounted to \$150. "Johnny" went to his father to get the money.

"One hundred and fifty dollars, Johnny?" said the Governor: "it's a large bill for you."

"Yes, I entertained a great many friends during the month."

"Have you the bill with you?" "I believe so"—hesitatingly.

"Let me see it, son."

"Johnny" slowly drew forth a long strip of bill paper, on which there were exactly thirty one items put down as "Ducks," ranging from ten cents to as many dollars. The Governor adjusted his specs, and regarded it attentively, and said:

"D.K.S.—D.K.S.; Johnny, my son what does D.K.S. stand for?" "Ducks, father ducks! But of course they were not all ducks—some were partridges and snipe, and even geese and cygnets. But Lou Morris puts them down as ducks."

The Governor looked first at "Johnny" and then at the bill, and giving an ominous "hem" wrote a check.

Nobody ever believed the Governor was a fool, but after that—"will you take a look?"—was for a long time a favorite conversational diversion with the Frankfort boys.

HORACE GREELEY's manuscript is notoriously bad, and it is said to require a printer of no ordinary skill to set up his copy if he happens to write in a hurry. The recent newspaper anecdote of an article headed "William H. Seward," which Mr. Greeley had returned to him set up "Richard III.," is fresh in the minds of all, but an occurrence still more funny is related which happened in the Tribune office some time since.

A compositor had made so many errors in setting the philosopher's copy, that it irritated him to such a degree that he wrote the type a letter discharging him from further duty. The compositor being unable to decipher the contents of the note on receiving it, took it to the foreman, who explained to him that it expressed that he was not a careful man, and Mr. Greeley dispensed with his services. The man laid down his stick, put on his coat and left. The next day he applied for a situation as assistant foreman in a large printing office in the same street.

The proprietor inquired if he could bring a recommendation from his last employer.

"All I have is this letter from Mr. Greeley," said the young man, boldly producing the document.

The worthy job printer scanned it some moments with a perplexed air. "H—m—will engage you," said he, "and he did, and he never learned till two years afterward that the letter from Mr. Greeley was one of discredit instead of commendation, as he had supposed.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

DEFINITIONS OF BIBLE TERMS.—A day's journey was 33 and 1/3 miles. A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

Ezekiel's reed was 11 feet, nearly. A cubit is 22 inches, nearly. A hand's breadth is equal to three and five eighths of an inch.

A finger's breadth is equal to 1 inch. A shekel of silver was about 50 cents. A shekel of gold was \$8.00. A talent of silver was \$516.32. A talent of gold was \$13,300. A piece of silver or a penny was 13 cents. A farthing was three cents. A cerah was one cent. A mite was one and a-half cents. A homer contains seventy-five gallons and five pints. A nephth or bath, contains seven gallons and five pints. A bin was one gallon and two pints. A irkin was seven pints. An omer was six pints. A eah was three pints.

The Ten Commandments adopted by the "craft" and expected to be followed: 1. Enter softly. 2. Sit down quietly. 3. Subscribe for the paper. 4. Don't touch the poker. 5. Engage in no controversy. 6. Don't smoke. 7. Keep six feet from the table. 8. Don't talk to the printer. 9. Hand off the paper. 10. Eyes off manuscript.

Gentlemen observing these rules when entering a printing office will greatly oblige the printers, and need not fear the "devil." The ladies who sometimes bless us with their presence for a few moments, are not expected to observe the rules very strictly, and, indeed, it will be agreeable to us to have them break the eighth as often as convenient.

Boys, unless accompanied by their fathers, are particularly requested to keep their hands in their pockets.

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