

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

All advertisements for less than 3 months 10 cents per line for each insertion. Special notices one-half additional. All resolutions of Associations, communications of a limited or individual interest and notices of marriages and deaths, excluding obituaries, 10 cents per line. All legal notices of every kind, and all Orphans' Court and other judicial sales, are required by law to be published in both papers. Editorial notices 50 cents per line. All advertising done after first insertion. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

The Bedford Inquirer

A Local and General Newspaper, Devoted to Politics, Education, Literature and Morals.

LETZ & JORDAN, Editors and Proprietors.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1870.

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SUBSCRIPTION TERMS, & C.

The Inquirer is published every Friday morning except on the following dates: One Year, (in advance) \$2.00. (If not paid within six months, \$2.50. (If not paid within the year, \$3.00. All papers outside of the State are sent by mail, at the expense of the time for which the subscription has been paid. Single copies of the paper, in wrappers at five cents each. Communications on subjects of local or general interest, are respectfully solicited. To ensure attention to these notices, they must invariably be accompanied by the name of the author, not for publication, but as a guaranty against imposition. All letters pertaining to business of the office should be addressed to LETZ & JORDAN, Bedford, Pa.

Inquirer Column.

TO ADVERTISERS:

1. A Postmaster is required to give notice by letter, (returning a paper does not answer the law) when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office, and state the reasons for its not being taken, and a neglect to do so makes the Postmaster responsible to the publishers for the payment. 2. Any person who takes a paper from the Post office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not is responsible for the pay. 3. If the subscriber orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher, who continues to send it until payment is made, and the whole amount, unless he is advised from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made. 4. If the subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, the publisher is bound to do so, and the subscriber is bound to pay for the paper up to the date of the stoppage. 5. The Post office has decided that referring to late newspapers and periodicals from the Post office, or removing and having them recalled, for a prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

THE BEDFORD INQUIRER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY LETZ & JORDAN, OFFICE ON JULIANA STREET, BEDFORD, PA.

Professional & Business Cards.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

J. M. REYNOLDS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. All business entrusted to him will be attended to with great care. Upon notice will appear for parties in suits before Justices of the Peace in any part of the county. Office, W. Dickerson, Esq., on Juliana St., next door north of Menzel House, 4marly.

W. C. BOLAHAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.

Jan. 25, 70-41. ALEX. KING, JR., ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt and careful attention. Office, three doors south of the Court House, W. Dickerson, Esq., on Juliana St., next door north of Menzel House, 4marly.

KIMMEL AND LINGENFELTER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.

Have formed a partnership in the practice of the Law, in new brick building near the Lutheran Church. [April 1, 1869-41] M. A. POINTS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Respectfully tenders his professional services to the public. Office in the Inquirer Building, (second floor.) Collections promptly made. [April, 1869-41] E. SPY M. ALSIP, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and vicinity. Military claims, Pensions, back pay, Bounty, &c. specially collected. Office with Mann & Spang, on Juliana street, 2 doors south of the Menzel House. April 1, 1869-41.

J. R. BURBOROUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.

Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. Collections made on the shortest notice. He is also a regularly licensed Claim Agent and will give special attention to the prosecution of claims against the Government for Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, Bounty Land, &c. Office on Juliana street, one door South of the Inquirer office, and nearly opposite the "Menzel House" April 1, 1869-41.

RUSSELL & LONGENECKER, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.

Will attend promptly and faithfully to all business entrusted to their care. Special attention given to collections and the prosecution of claims for Back Pay, Bounty, Pensions, &c. Office on Juliana street, south of the Court House, April 1, 1869-41.

J. M. D. SEARLE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.

Will practice in the Courts of Bedford and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to their care will receive careful and prompt attention. Pensions, Bounty, Back Pay, &c. specially collected from the Government. Office on Juliana street, opposite the banking house of Reed & Schell, Bedford, Pa. Apr 1, 1869-41.

PHYSICIANS.

D. R. F. HARRY, M.D.

Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office and residence on Pitt Street, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. J. H. Hodus. [Apr 1, 1869-41]

MISCELLANEOUS.

JACOB BRENNEMAN, SCRIVENER, CONVYANCER, LICENSED CLAIM AGENT, AND EX-OFFICIO JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Will attend to all business entrusted into his hands with promptness and despatch. Will receive money by draft to any part of the country. 17ely

DANIEL BORDER, FINE CUTTING, TWO DOORS WEST OF THE RED HOTEL, BEDFORD, PA.

WATCHMAKER AND DEALER IN JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, &c. He keeps on hand a stock of fine Gold and Silver Spectacles, Spectacles of Brilliant Double Refracting Glass, also Scotch Pebble Glasses, Gold Watch Chains, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, best quality of Gold Pens. He will supply anything in his line not on hand. [Apr. 25, '65]

D. W. CROUSE, DEALER IN CIGARS, TOBACCO, PIPES, &c.

On Pitt street, one door east of Geo. R. Oster & Co. store. He has a large stock of cigars prepared to sell by wholesale all kinds of CIGARS. All orders promptly filled. Persons desiring anything in this line will do well to give him a call. Bedford April 1, '69.

C. N. HICKOK, DENTIST.

Office at the old stand in the Inquirer Building, Juliana St., BEDFORD. All operations pertaining to Surgical and Mechanical Dentistry performed with care and WARRANTED.

W. M. LLOYD, BANKER.

Transacts a General Banking Business, and makes collections on all accessible points in the United States.

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES, GOLD, SILVER, STEELING and CONTINENTAL EXCHANGE bought and sold.

U. S. REVENUE STAMPS of all descriptions

for sale at the lowest rates.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.

Jan. 1, 70.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES.—On hand and for sale at the Inquirer Building, 20 cents each. Gold Willings \$3 per cent. This reduction will be made only to strictly Cash Patients, and all such will receive prompt attention. 76669

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 LETZ & JORDAN.

ITEMS.

A DIVERGE HUSBAND

Wanted to hear—A DIVERGE HUSBAND wanted to hear of a man who would be willing to secure a divorce from his trusting wife, but the child and her fever took him into his right mind, and he went back repentant to ask forgiveness.

A WONDERFUL EXHIBITION

A WONDERFUL exhibition at a Vermont fair was a frying pan that came over in the May-flower. That is nothing to what we shall have here in a few days—May flowers themselves.

A CINCINNATI LADY

A CINCINNATI lady claimed an excitement the other morning, by creating a mob of \$6,000 by two men who came up into her room in a balcony. She proved to be slightly ballooning.

AN ENGLISH PEOPLE

An English people of Philadelphia suggests that the British people and Englishmen in this country raise a fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of the men lost by the sinking of the *Oreida*.

AN OCTAGONIAN OF CHICAGO

An octagonian of Chicago tried to poison his daughter and two grand children by putting deadly nightshade into the potatoes. They call this a "dreadful attempt at notoriety," in Chicago.

THE FUNDING BILL

THE FUNDING bill will not be immediately taken up, as was designed. Other bills are pressing, and with the Tariff measure, will occupy the House for a month hence at least.

ONE DAY LAST WEEK

ONE DAY last week the Prince of Wales hunted with the Earl of Maclesfield's hounds, dined with Lord Sydney, and went to a dance at the Duke of Marlborough's in the evening. Hard work; but let it be a season of penance.

GEN. BUTLER'S RESOLUTION

GEN. BUTLER'S resolution, which he attempted to offer in the House the other day, gives the consent of Congress to the Dominican Republic becoming part of the United States, with the consent of a majority of the people of that island. He will again present the resolution, and have it referred to the Foreign Affairs Committee.

UNWOMANLY BENEFITS

UNWOMANLY benefits are not the lot of humanity. At a sale of unclaimed express packages at Denver on the 25th ult., a man bought a large box for \$8. On opening it, he finds currant jelly and oat mingled inseparably. He bitterly complains that there is too much jelly for good horse feed, and too much oats for jelly cake.

MRS. CHERBELL

MRS. CHERBELL, who advocates Woman Suffrage in Vermont, refused the company of a man who is a member of the Woman Suffrage Association, and declared that he was not her canvas or she would leave the State. He is said to have needed her support, being drunk. It is rather early in the history of this movement for it to suffer from the vice that is so apt to overcome the politician.

A CORRESPONDENT OF THE BOSTON COMMONWEALTH

A correspondent of the Boston Commonwealth states that the chair now occupied by Senator Revels is not the actual piece of furniture once used by Jefferson Davis. In April, 1861, when the Sixth Massachusetts regiment—that had been attacked in Baltimore just previously—was guarding the Capitol, one of the soldiers accidentally, by inquiry, which chair had been occupied by a rebel chief, and broke it to pieces. Perhaps the thought that the precious relic was thus saved from the contaminating touch of the colored Senator may reconcile the friends of Mr. Davis to the circumstances of its destruction.

IF WOMEN REALLY BELIEVE THEMSELVES ANXIOUS

IF women really believe themselves anxious to assist the vast numbers of their sex who with difficulty support themselves in our crowded cities, let them organize plans to convey the surplus to those parts of the country where there is famine of women. It is, for instance, that at Salem's Diggins, Sierra, California, there are only two single ladies to 60 single gentlemen; and when the married folks get up balls and meetings, the emulous sixty break into platoons of thirty adores apiece to each of the attractive two. We doubt moreover, whether there is an instance on record of a California miner seeking a divorce, and wives are pressure of good treatment when their places are so hard to supply.

STEAM SUPERSEDED.—The New York correspondent of the Boston Journal describes a new invention for displacing steam by electricity and says that lathes, planing machines and other mechanical arrangements are driven by this power. To run an engine of twenty horse power by this invention would require only a space of three feet long, two feet wide and two feet high. The cost per day would be thirty-five cents. On a steamship no coal would be required, and the space now used for coal and machinery could be used for cargo.

THE SUBURBAN RESISTANCE

THE SUBURBAN resistance has, it is believed, overcome. A continuous battery has been secured and other difficulties removed principally through the coil of the magnet. If the invention works as well on the large scale as it does on the machinery to which it is now applied, steamships will soon ply the ocean under the new propelling power. A machine of great capacity is being constructed and will soon be on exhibition in New York. The whole thing, might equally well carry a Canard to Liverpool, can be secured in a small trunk.

THE OMO WOMEN.—They Do Not Want to Vote.

THE OMO WOMEN of Ohio will not make themselves heard on the question of suffrage. One hundred and forty one of them, living in Loraine county, all intelligent and highly educated, have already sent to the Legislature the following memorial: "We acknowledge no inferiority to men. We claim to have no less ability to perform the duties which God has imposed upon us, than they have to perform those imposed upon them. We believe that God has wisely and justly adapted each sex to the proper performance of the duties of each. We believe our trusts to be as important and sacred as any that exist on earth. We feel that our present duties fill up the whole measure of our time and abilities; and that they are such as none but ourselves can perform. Their importance requires us to protest against all efforts to compel us to assume those obligations which cannot be performed by us without the sacrifice of the highest interests of our families and of society. It is our fathers, brothers, husbands and sons, who represent us at the ballot box. Our fathers and brothers love us. Our husbands are our choice, and one with us. Our sons are what we make them. We are content that they represent us in the corn field, the battle field, and at the ballot box, and we them in the school room, at the fire side, and at the cradle; believing our representation, even at the ballot box, to be more noble and impartial than it could possibly be, were all women allowed to vote. We do, therefore respectfully protest against any legislation to establish 'Woman's Suffrage' in our land, or in any part of it. It is reported that during the reading of the names attached to this memorial the little band of members who believe in woman suffrage retired in confusion.

Poetry.

APRIL SHOWERS.

All day the low-bung clouds had drooped Their garnered fullness down; All day that soft gray mist had wrapped Hills, valley, grove, and town.

There has not been a sound to-day To break the calm of nature; Nor motion, I might almost say Of life, or living creature—

Of waving hough, or warbling bird, Of cattle faintly lowing; I could have half believed I heard The leaves and blossoms growing.

I stood to hear—I here I well— The rain's cogitation sound; Small drops, but thick and fast they fell, Down straight into the ground.

Fairy thickness is not yet Earth's naked breast to screen, Though every dripping branch is set With shoots of tender green.

Sure since I looked at early morn, Those honey-sucked buds Have swelled to double growth; that thorn Hath put forth larger studs;

That lilac's cleaving cones have burst, The milk-white flowers revealing; Even now, upon my senses first Methinks their sweets are stealing.

The very earth, the steamy air, Is all with fragrance rife; And grace and beauty everywhere Are flushing into life.

Down, down they come,—those faithful stores, Those earth-rejoicing drops! A momentary deluge pours,— Then thence, descends, stops.

And ere the dimples on the stream Have circled out of sight, Lo! from the west a parting gleam Breaks forth of amber light.

But yet, behold! abrupt and loud, Come down the glittering rain; The farewell of a passing cloud, The fringes of her train.

IN THE MOUNTAINS.

In the Fall of 1856 I was traveling eastward in a stage coach from Pittsburgh over the mountains. My fellow travelers were two gentlemen and a lady. The oldest gentleman's appearance interested me exceedingly. In years he seemed about fifty; in air and manner he was calm, dignified and polished, and the contour of his features was singularly intellectual. He covered on different topics until the road became more abrupt and precipitous; but on my directing his attention to the great altitude of a precipice, on the verge of which our coach wheels were leisurely rolling, there came a marked change in his countenance. His eyes, lately filled with the light of intelligence, became wild, restless and anxious—the mouth twitched spasmodically, and the forehead was bedewed with a cloud of perspiration. With a sharp, convulsive shudder, he turned his gaze from the dizzy height, and clenching my arms tightly with both hands he clung to me like a drowning man.

"Use the cologne," said the lady, handing me a bottle with the instinctive goodness of her sex.

I sprinkled a little on his face, and he became more composed; but it was not until he had entirely traversed the mountain, and descended into the country beneath, that his features relaxed from their perturbed look, and assumed the placid, quiet dignity, that I had at first noticed.

"I owe an apology to that lady," said he with a bland smile and a gentle inclination of the head to our fellow companion, "and some explanation to my fellow travelers also; and perhaps I cannot better acquit myself of the double debt than by recounting the cause of my recent agitation.

"It may pain your feelings," delicately urged the lady.

"On the contrary it will relieve them," was the respectful reply.

Having signified our several desires to leave more, the traveler proceeded: "At the age of eighteen I was light of heart and I fear [he smiled] light of head. A fine property on the banks of the Ohio belonged to me sole owner. I was habitually home to enjoy it, and delighted to get free from college life. The month was October, the air bracing, and the mode of conveyance a stage like this, only more comfortable. The other passengers were few—only three in all—one old, gray-headed planter of Louisiana, his daughter, a joyous, bewitching creature, about seventeen, and his son, about ten years of age."

"They had just returned from France, of which country the young lady discoursed in terms so eloquent as to absorb my entire attention.

"The father was taciturn, but the daughter was vivacious by nature, and we soon became mutually pleased with each other that it was not until a sudden flash of lightning and a heavy dash of rain against the windows elicited an exclamation from my charming companion that I knew how the night passed. Presently there came a low, rumbling sound, and then several tremendous peals of thunder, accompanied by successive flashes of lightning. The rain descended in torrents, and the angry wind began to howl and moan through the forest.

"I looked from the window of our vehicle. The night was dark and cloudy, but the lightning showed the danger of our road. We were at the edge of a fearful precipice. I could see at intervals huge, jutting rocks, far away down its side, and the sight made me solicitous for my fair companion. I thought of the mere hairbreadths that were between us and eternity; and a single little rock in the track of our coach wheels, a tiny billet of wood, a top root of a tempest-torn tree, restive horses, or a careless driver—any of these might hurl us from our sublunary existence with the speed of thought.

"'Tis a perfect tempest," observed the lady, as I withdrew my head from the window. How I do love a sudden storm! There is something grand about the winds when fairly loose among the hills. I never encountered a sight like this, but Byron's magnificent description of a thunder storm in the *Jura*, recurs to my mind. But are we on the mountain yet?"

"Yes we have begun the ascent."

"Is it not said to be dangerous?"

"By no means," I replied in as easy a tone as I could assume.

"I only wish it was daylight, so that we

BEACONS AND SIGNALS.

Concerning the possibility of seeing artificial light at a great distance, the Ordnance Survey furnishes the most interesting and trustworthy experience. It is necessary, in the highly scientific details of such a survey, that certain elevated spots should be rendered visible at great distances one from another, for the determination of large triangles of which the angles can be accurately measured. The custom has generally been to wait for a clear sky, and then to employ a powerful telescope to view the summit of a distant mountain. When Colonel Colby was placed in charge of the Irish Ordnance Survey in 1824, he at once saw the necessity, in so misty a climate as that of Ireland, of employing some intense artificial light to render the stations visible one from another. Lieutenant Drummond had, shortly before that period, conceived the idea that the almost unapproachable light of incandescent lime, reflected from a parabolic mirror, might be used as a night beacon; and Colby and he thereupon proceeded to test the theory in practice. A particular station, called Slieve Snaught, in Down, had long been looked for from Davis Mountain near Belfast, a distance of sixty-six miles. The mist, day after day, was too great to permit it to be seen; and then Colby determined to employ Drummond's light. The night selected was dark and cloudless, the mountain was covered with snow, and a cold wind gushed across the wintry scene. Colby was on Davis Mountain, Drummond on Slieve Snaught; on the instant the latter displayed his lime light, the former saw it as a brilliant star, shining over the intervening Lough Neagh. It was a complete success of a beautiful experiment. The light was produced by placing a small ball of lime, only a quarter of an inch in diameter, in the focus of a parabolic mirror, and directing upon it (through a flame arising from alcohol) a stream of oxygen gas; the lime became white hot, giving out a light, the intensity of which alike surpassed conception and description. It is literally true that a tiny bit of lime was visible sixty-six miles distant; and it was not flame that was seen, but the actual white-hot lime itself. The experiment having once succeeded, it was applied in various ways. One of the famous triangles established by Colonel Colby for his three points Ben Lomond in Dumfriesshire, Cairn Mor in Kirkcubrightshire, and a mountain in Antrim in Ireland, each station was rendered, by the lime light, visible from each of the other two, although the distances were sixty seven, eighty-one, and ninety five miles respectively. On another occasion he even exceeded a hundred miles, by this wonderful light.

The Ordnance surveyors have also succeeded in rendering their far distant stations visible in the daytime, by a peculiar employment of sunlight. Small pieces of polished tin, speculum metal, silvered copper, or looking-glass, are so fixed in apparatus, that the sun's rays may be reflected in a line leading to the distant station, where a telescope renders the rays visible. Little gleams of sunshine have thus been rendered visible at distances exceeding a hundred miles.

Signal signs are being improved almost as decidedly as land signals. A simple and handy system of dash-and-dot flash signals, for use at night when flags cannot be seen, has been introduced into the navy. The electric light, the lime light, and a peculiar light which burns petroleum vapor incited by a kind of blowpipe, all have been tried, and all are available under diverse circumstances, as well as Argand and other lamps. The principle is to give long flashes and short flashes, the light being visible for a greater or less number of seconds at a time.

Various modes of applying opaque screens and other temporary obstacles have been adopted to regulate the alterations of long and short flashes; but, when once adjusted, and properly worked, the long and short flashes are translated into nautical words and phrases by means of a dot-and-dash codebook. Two ships are thus able to "speak with" each other at night when several miles apart; and an admiral commanding a fleet may be able to signal to every point of the compass at once, by using what is called an "all-round" light. All the Year Round.

MARRIAGE.

BY A. D. MAYO.

The young women of our country are to decide the great controversy now arising between the Christian and Pagan ideas of marriage. I would not seem insensible to all the sweet and pure and lofty family life in our country. But I cannot shut my eyes to the cloud that seems rising to eclipse our home. If we can believe half we hear, and read, and see, we must be entirely blind not to see that the American home is threatened with destruction. A growing multitude of people all over our land, especially in the Western American States, now insist on trying a series of new experiments in marriage. They have decided that marriage is not a Christian sacrament of love between one man and one woman, only to be entered into to with holy fear and unselfish consecration and only to be dissolved by that sin which strikes at the heart of a family. They are giving the old Pagan systems a new trial. In savage countries a woman refuses to be married at the peril of her life, and they treat a woman who cannot satisfy her noblest womanhood in marriage, more like a barbarian than a Christian community. They prepare their daughters for the best market and buy and sell at the altar as basely as women are sold in the slave markets of the Orient. They fill the souls of our girls with falsehood and folly on this most sacred theme and behold them enter the most different and solemn relation of life as giddy and thoughtless as a flock of butterflies are drifted before a summer wind. They make a young lady such an expensive luxury, that the young man she could love and honor, runs from her in affright, seeing the bankrupt act and the sheriff in the very lines of her face. They offer a premium on sensuality, by making marriage almost a game of chance, and build up the house of perdition on the ruins of the home. And we have permitted them to go to the Legislature and make laws of divorce that are the scandal of a Christian age and unless repealed, will render western society into a house of uncleanness and social anarchy. Under the reckless administration of these laws we virtually abolish Christian marriage and permit men and women to disport themselves through a succession of unions scarcely more lasting than the leagues of infamy itself. The land is swarming with male and female philosophers who teach

might enjoy the mountain scenery.

But what's this? and she covered her face from a sheet of lightning that illuminated the rugged mountain with brilliant intensity.

"Peal after peal of thunder instantly succeeded; there was a heavy volume of rain coming down at each thunder burst, and with deep moaning, as of an animal in dreadful agony, breaking upon our ears. I found that the coach had come to a dead halt."

"Louise, my beautiful fellow traveler, became as pale as ashes. She fixed her eyes on mine with a look of anxious dread, and turning to her father, she hurriedly remarked that the coach had come to a dead halt."

"We are on the mountain."

"I reckon we are," was the unconcerned reply.

"With unostentatious activity, I put my head through the window and called to the driver, but the only answer was the moaning of an animal, borne past me by the swift winds of the tempest. I seized the handle of the door and strained in vain—it would not yield. At this instant I felt a cold hand in mine, and heard Louise articulate in my ears the following appalling words: 'My God! we are lost, the horses have been killed by lightning, and in their efforts to rise, have broken the tongue of our coach. We will be thrown over the precipice.'"

"Never shall I forget the fierce agony with which I tugged at the coach door, and called on the driver in tones that rivaled the fierce blast of the tempest, whilst the conviction was burning in my brain that the coach was being slowly moved backward! 'I rushed against the door with all my force, but it withstood my utmost efforts. One side of our vehicle was sensibly going down. The moaning of the agonized animal became deeper, and I knew from his desperate plunges that it was one of our horses. Crash upon crash the thunder rolled over the mountain, and vivid flashes of lightning flashed over our heads. By the light I could see for a moment the old planter standing erect, with his hands on his hips and his lips moving as if in prayer. I could see Louise turn her ashen cheeks to me for assistance, and I could see the bold glance of the boy flashing defiance at the war of elements and the awful danger that awaited him. There was a roll, a desperate plunge, a harsh grating jar, a sharp, piercing scream of mortal terror, and I had but time to clasp Louise firmly with one hand round her waist, and seize the fastenings attached to the roof with the other, when we were precipitated over the precipice.

"I can distinctly recollect preserving consciousness for a few seconds of time, how rapidly my breath was being exhausted, but of that dreadful descent I soon had all further knowledge by a concussion so violent that I was instantly deprived of all sense.

The traveler paused. His features worked for a moment or two, as they did when we were on the mountain; he passed his hands across his forehead as if in pain, and then resumed his thrilling narrative.

"On a low couch, in an humble room of a small country house, I next opened my eyes in this world of light and shade. Gentle hands smoothed my pillow, gentle feet glided across my chamber, and a gentle voice lashed all my questioning. I was kindly tended by a young girl of sixteen. One morning, finding myself sufficiently recovered to sit up, I insisted on knowing all.

"You were discovered sitting on the ledge of rocks amidst the branches of a shattered tree, clinging to the roof of your broken coach with one hand and the insensible form of a lady with the other.

"And the lady?" I gasped, scanning the girl's face with an earnestness that made her blush.

"She was saved, sir, by the tree that saved you."

"And her father and brother?" I demanded.

"I was found both crushed to death at the bottom of the precipice, and we buried them in one grave down in our meadow."

"Poor Louise! poor orphan! God pity you!" I muttered in broken tones unconsciously.

"God pity her indeed, sir," said she, with a gush of heartfelt sympathy. Would you like to see her?"

"I found her bathed in tears for her kindred, and she received me with a sorrowful sweetness of manner. I need not detain you by describing the efforts I made to soothe her grief, but briefly acquaint you that I succeeded, and twelve months after the dreadful occurrence which I related we stood at the altar as man and wife. She still lives to bless me with her smiles, but on the anniversary of that dreadful night she secludes herself in her room, and devotes the hour of darkness to solitary prayer.

"As for me," said the traveler, white a faint blush tinged his noble brow, "as for me, that accident had colored me to the condition of a physical coward at the sight of a mountain precipice.

"But the driver," asked the lady passenger, who had listened to the story with much attention, "what became of the driver, and did you ever learn the reason of his deserting his post?"

"His body was found on the road, within a few feet of the place where the coach went over. He had been struck dead by the same flash of lightning that blinded the restive horses."

THE ART OF FINANCING.

A singular financial transaction occurred in one of the dock offices a day or two since. By some means or other it happened that the office boy owed one of the clerks three cents, the clerk owed the cashier two cents, and the cashier owed the office boy two cents. One day last week the office boy having a cent in his pocket concluded to diminish his debt and therefore handed the nickel over to the clerk, who, in turn, paid half of his debt by giving the coin to the cashier. The latter handed the cent back to the office boy, remarked, "now I only owe you one cent." The office boy again passed the cent to the clerk, who passed it to the cashier, who passed it back to the office boy, and the latter individual squared all accounts, paying it to the clerk, thereby discharging his entire debt. Thus it may be seen how great is the benefit to be derived from a single cent if only expended judiciously.—Buffalo Express.

JOHN NEAL

says some persons read mankind as they do a proof sheet, to find the errors and omissions.

our boys and girls that love as free as air,

and that our passionate caprices are the rightful law of our life.

There is but one power in American civilization that can save us from plunging into a slough of such all-prevailing sensuality as this world has never seen and that is the power of Christian womanhood. If the consecrated mothers and daughters of this nation will rise up in holy indignation and rebuke this whole abominable idea of marriage, will resolve that with them at least matrimony shall be a sacrament of the soul, entered upon only from high and holy sentiments, used for