Independent Republican.

H. H. FRAZIER, Publisher. "Freedom and Right against Slavery and Wrong." $2.00 per annum, in advance.

VOLUME 11. MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO., PA., TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 1865. NUMBER 10.

Business Directory.

C. M. CRANDALL,

MANUFACTURER of Linen-wheels, Wool wheels, Wheel-heads, Clock-reels, &c., &c. Wood-turning done to order, and in the neatest manner. Turning Shop and Wheel Factory in Sayres' Foundry Building, up stairs.
Montrose, January 30th, 1865.—tf

B. S. BENTLEY, JR., NOTARY PUBLIC, MONTROSE, PA.,

TAKES Acknowledgment of Deeds, Mortgages, &c., for any State in the United States. Pension Vouchers and Pay Certificates acknowledged before him do not require the certificate of the Clerk of the Court. Montrose, Jan. 2, 1865.—tf.

CHARLES HOLES,

DEALER IN CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY Repairing done as usual, on short notice and reasonable terms Shop on east side Public Avenue in F. B. Chandler's store.
Montrose, Pa., Nov. 7, 1864.

DR. E. L. HANDRICK,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Friendsville and vicinity. Office in the office of Dr. Leet. Boards at J. Boford's.
Friendsville, July 27, 1864.—tf

E. W. SMITH,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Licensed Claim Agent. Office over Lewis Drug store.
Susquehanna Depot January 25, 1864.

H. BURRITT,

DEALER in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oils and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes, Groceries, Provisions, &c.
New Milford, Pa., April 11, 1864.—tf

S. H. SAYRE & BROTHERS,

MANUFACTURERS of Mill Castings, Castings of all kinds Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Agricultural Implements, and Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c.
Montrose, Pa., February 22, 1864.

BILLINGS STROUD,

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. Office in Lathrop's building, east end of Brick Block. In his absence, business at the office will be transacted by C. L. Brown.
Montrose, February 1, 1864.—tf

J. D. VAIL, M. D.,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all calls in his profession with which he may be favored. Office and Residence West of the Court House, near Bentley & Fitch's.
Montrose, February 1, 1864.—Oct. 22, 1861.

A. O. WARREN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BOUNTY, BACK PAY and PENSION CLAIM AGENT. All Pension Claims carefully prepared. Office in room formerly occupied by Dr. Vail, in W. H. Boyd's building, below Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, Pa., Feb. 1, 1864.—feb1yr 1863.

S. S. ROBERTSON,

MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES, Over Co Street, Montrose, Pa.
Montrose, January 25, 1864.—tf

CHARLES MORRIS,

FASHIONABLE BARBER and HAIR DRESSER, over F. B. Week's Store, Montrose. Hair Cutting, Shampooing, Shaving, and Whisker Coloring done in the BEST STYLE. Ladies' Hair Dressed in the most APPROVED FASHION.
Montrose, Sept. 23, 1863.—tf

LEWIS KIRBY & E. BACON,

KEEP constantly on hand a full supply of every variety of GROCERIES and CONFECTIONERIES. By strict attention to business and fair dealing they hope to merit the liberal patronage of the public. An OYSTER and EATING SALOON is attached to the Grocery, where bivalves in season, are served in every style that the tastes of the public demand. Remember the place, Lot 66 Mott Grocery stand, on Main Street, below the Postoffice.
Montrose, Nov. 17, 1863.—mch17,63.—tf

DR. CALVIN C. HALSEY,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, AND EXAMINING SURGEON for PENSIONERS. Office over the store of J. Lyons & Son, Public Avenue. Boards at Mr. Etheridge's.
Montrose, October, 1859.—tf

D. A. BALDWIN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Pension, Bounty, and Back Pay Agent, Great Bend, Susquehanna County, Pa.
Great Bend, August 10, 1862.—1y

BOYD & WEBSTER,

DEALERS in Stoves, Stove Pipe, Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron Ware; also, Window Sash, Panel Doors, Window Blinds, Lath, Pine Lumber, and all kinds of Building Materials Tin Shop south of Searle's Hotel, and Carpenter Shop near the Methodist Church.
Montrose, Pa., January 1, 1864.—tf

DR. JOHN W. COBB,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Susquehanna County. Having had seven years experience in the United States Army, as Surgeon, especial attention will be given to SURGICAL OPERATIONS.
☞ Residence on Maple Street, East of R. S. Farrell's Hotel.
Montrose, Susq. County, Pa., June 22, 1863.—tf

DR. WILLIAM W. SMITH,

SURGEON DENTIST. Office over the Banking House of Cooper & Co. All Dental Operations will be performed in his usual good style and warranted. Remember, office formerly of H. Smith & Son.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

E. J. ROGERS,

MANUFACTURER of all descriptions of WAGONS, CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, &c., on the best style of workmanship and of the best materials. Shop at the well known stand of E. H. ROGERS, a few rods east of Searle's Hotel in Montrose, where he will be happy to receive the calls of all who want anything in his line.
Montrose, June 1, 1863.—tf

BALDWIN & ALLEN,

DEALERS in FLOUR, Salt, Pork, Fish, Lard, Grain, Feed Candles, Clover and Timothy Seed. Also GROCERIES such as Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Tea and Coffee. West side of Public Avenue, one door below J. Etheridge.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

DR. G. W. BEACH,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having permanently located himself at Brooklyn Center, Pa., tenders his professional services to the citizens of Susquehanna County, on terms commensurate with the times. Occupies the office of the late Dr. B. Richardson, and boards at Mrs. Richardson's.
Brooklyn Center, Pa., June 4, 1864.—1y

F. B. WEEKS,

PRACTICAL BOOT AND SHOE MAKER; also Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Leather, and Shoe Findings. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch. Two doors above Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

JOSEPH RICE,

MANUFACTURER and DEALER in CHAIRS, Bedsteads, and Cabinet Ware. Shop four miles east of New Milford Borough.
New Milford, October 1, 1862.—tf

DRS. PATRICK & GARDNER,

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, will attend faithfully and punctually to all business that may be entrusted to their care, commensurate with the times. Diseases and deformities of the EYE, Surgical Operations, and all Surgical Diseases promptly attended to. Office over Webb's Store. Office hours from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m. E. PATRICK, JR.,
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf E. L. GARDNER.

WM. & WM. H. JESSUP,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Practice in Susquehanna, Bradford, Wayne, Wyoming and Luzerne Counties.
Montrose, Pa., January 1st, 1861.

ALBERT CHAMBERLIN,

DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office over the Store formerly occupied by Post Brothers.
Montrose, Pa., January 1, 1860.

J. LYONS & SON,

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware Flowers, Books, Melodeons, Pianos, and all kinds of Musical Instruments, Sheet Music, &c. Also carry on the Book Binding business in all its branches. J. LYONS,
Montrose, January 1, 1864. T. A. LYONS.

ABEL TURRELL,

DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs, Varnishes, Window Glass, Liquors, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Wall-Paper, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments, Trusses, Clocks, Brushes, &c.—and Agent for all of the most popular Patent Medicines. Montrose, January 1, 1861.

C. O. FORDHAM,

MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES, Montrose, Pa. Shop over DeWitt's Store. All kinds of work made order, and repairing done neatly. Work done when promised. Montrose, April 8, 1861.—tf

CHARLES N. STODDARD,

DEALER in BOOTS & SHOES, Leather and Findings, on Main st., third door below Searle's Hotel. N. B. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly.
Montrose, Pa., December 12, 1860.

B. R. LYONS & CO.,

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, Ladies' Gaiters, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Wall and Window Paper, Paints, Oils, &c. Store on the east side of Public Avenue.
B. R. LYONS, - - - - - J. D. LYONS.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

READ, WATROUS, & FOSTER,

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Iron, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Perfumery, &c., Brick Block, Montrose.
C. F. READ.....A. WATROUS.....H. C. FOSTER.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.

PHILANDER LINES,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Brick Block, over Read, Watrous & Foster's store, Montrose, Pa.
Montrose, Pa., July 27, 1859.

JOHN GROVES,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR. Shop opposite the Republican Steam Printing Office.
Montrose, Pa., October 23, 1860.—tf

D. A. LYONS,

DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Salt, Crockery, Hardware, &c. Store on Main Street.
Susquehanna Depot, February 11, 1862.—tf

BEAUMONT & WARD,

WOOL CARDING, Cloth Dressing, and Manufacturers, at the old stand known as Smith's Carding Machine. Terms made known when the work is brought.
JOHN BEAUMONT.
Lanesboro, May 20, 1864.—1y. JOHN P. WARD.

I. H. BURNS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office with William J. Turrell, Esq., opposite Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, Sept. 23, 1863.

ENOCH ARDEN BOILED DOWN.

Philip Ray and Enoch Arden,
Both were "spoons" on Annie Lee;
Phil did not fulfill her notions,
She preferred to mate with E.

Him she wedded, and she bore him
Pretty little children three;
But, becoming short of rhino,
Enoch went away to sea.

Leaving Mrs. Arden owner
Of a well-stocked village shop,
Selling butter, soap and treacle,
Beeswax, whip-cord, lollipop.

Ten long years she waited for him,
But he neither came nor wrote,
Wherefore she concluded Enoch
Could no longer be afloat.

So when Philip came to ask her
If she would be Mrs. Ray,
She, believing she was widow'd,
Could not say her suitor "nay;"

And a second time was married,
Gave up selling bread and cheese,
And in due time Philip nursed
A little Ray upon his knees.

But, alas! the long-lost Enoch
Turned up unexpected-ly,
And was vastly disconcerted
By this act of bigamy.

Yet reflecting on the subject,
He determined to atone
For his lengthened absence from her
By just leaving well alone.

Taking to his bed he dwindled
Down to something like a shade,
Settled with his good landlady,
Next the debt of nature paid.

Then, when both the Rays discovered
How poor Enoch's life had ended,
They came out in handsome style,
And gave his corpse a funeral splendid.

This is all I know about it.
If it's not sufficient write
By next mail to Alfred Tenny-
Son, P. L., the Isle of Wright.

Melbourne Punch.

DEAD.

All tranced and pale I stand,
And hold thy marble hand,
In fearful wonder that thou dost not speak
Oh, best beloved, hear!
Know'st thou that I am near?
Or hast thou grown too dying, faint and weak?

Too late! oh heavens, I rave!
Apparelled for the grave
Thou liest here in dreamless calm and rest,
Immortal life is thine,
Thou art no longer mine,
But His, the starry King of all the blest.

Thine eyes' sweet violet
In death's dark night has set,
Those rose red lips no more will shape my name,
But clasped in death's embrace,
Thou turnest thy dear face
Towards the mystic bourne from whence the mandate came.

But oh, my love, my own!
How did'st thou die alone,
Without my voice to cheer and comfort thee?
Did the Messiah stand
And hold thy trembling hand,
Until God's glorious face thy weary eyes could see?

Oh, for one last caress!
Once more to clasp and press
This broken lily to my breast, and say,
"Dear love—now all divine—
If look or word of mine
E'er wounded thee, forgive me now, I pray."

But I, who loved so much,
No more have right to touch
This holy thing, now God's and God's alone;
For up in heaven she stands,
Clasping her radiant hands,
Among the saints that gather round the Throne.

GRAND BURLESQUE.

We are in receipt of a pamphlet with the subjoined contents—a most happy take-off on the current fever of speculations in oil wells, etc.:

Prospectus of the Munchausen, Philosopher's Stone and Gull Creek Grand Consolidated Oil Company—Capital Stock, $4,000,000,000—Working Capital, $37,50—4,000 Shares—$1,000,000 each—Dividends semi daily (Sundays excepted)—Territory 153,000,000 acres in fee simple, and the exclusive right to bore on the thirtieth part of an acre on Gull Creek (Coal privilege on this lease)—River Frontage on Choral River unlimited, on Gull Creek still larger, and fully adapted to Hydraulic Boring—Directors, S. W. Indle, President; Hon. R. Ascal, Vice President; D. Faulter, Treasurer; S. Teal, Secretary; Olly Gammon, Legal Adviser; John Low, Chief Manager; Lemuel Gulliver, Sir John Mandeville, Fernand ouan Mendez Pinto, Hon. C. Heat, M. Rabelais, Baron Munchausen, S. Kinner, Sinbad T. H. E Sailor.

This Company, incorporated under the laws of the State of Verdancy, (*vide* Pamphlet Laws, 1873, page 6,061,) having purchased and consolidated the many tracts embraced in the annexed map, amounting in the aggregate to SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY THREE MILLION ACRES IN FEE SIMPLE, are about to open their subscription books for a *limited* number of shares.

Parties subscribing to partake in the profits of the *original* undertaking.

Every tract embraced in the schedule is free of "Royalty," and the greater portion free of Disloyalty, and it is more than confidently expected, that prior to the end of the Rebellion, or some other time, the dividends, instead of semi-daily, will be declared semi-hourly, or more so, as the directors may find how *their* bank accounts stand.

As a *safe, paying* and *permanent* investment, it is, perhaps, the best in the world; and owing to the small amount of the capital, for speculation, the inducements are unequaled.

A large portion of the stock is held by parties in Lilliput, Brobdingnag, and the Mountains of the Moon, which insures a wide spread interest in the concern.

The Directors are men of undoubted integrity, as a careful examination of their names will show.—They will devote their best judgment and energy to the management of the affairs of the Company, and to the care and SAFE KEEPING of the money of the stockholders. As an evidence of their disinterestedness, it need only be stated that the lands were sold by them to the Company at only 7500 per cent. in advance of the price they originally paid, and they are not desirous of occupying the position of Directors, after they have disposed of their stock to the best advantage.

The lands of the Company are easily accessible, and may be reached in a few years by a line of balloons recently established by the Company. It is the earnest desire of the Directors, that all persons disposed to subscribe for stock, shall visit and examine the lands themselves *as is the usual rule in Oil Companies*, and they will be *taken in*, and *go up in a balloon*, without further charge, as this company has been established for the purpose of making money for the stockholders, and not for the originators of this great enterprise.

THE MUNCHAUSEN TRACT.

This is the largest and best developed tract owned by the Company. As the Directors are well known as men of undoubted veracity, and are willing to vouch for the truth of the description, what follows can be taken as *absolutely true*.

The large shaft on this tract was sunk to the depth of 16,000,011 feet 3 1-10 inches. In sinking the shaft, a careful record was kept of the different strata, and it is now on file, and can be seen at the office of the Company, with the 63,034 affidavits attached.

A few extracts will show the wonderful resources of the tract:

"April 1st, at the depth of 183½ feet, a vein, 25 feet thick of No. 1 Cooking Butter." This butter is of the highest *rank*. It can be found on the tables of all the hotels on this continent.

"Immediately succeeding, a vein of No. 6 Lard, based upon a vein of Shoemaker's Wax, 4½ feet thick." Government shoe contractors use this instead of glue in fastening the soles of army shoes.

"On the following Wednesday, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, struck a vein of XXX Ale. This is thrown out in half-barrels, with revenue officer's receipt for the tax on the ale; and also receipts accompanying each barrel, for the income tax of any person who drinks a glass of it. As the barrels have not to be returned, nothing alls this product of the well."

"The next day, a large vein of Quinine." This is generally administered without charge to any of the stockholders seized with fever, or shaky about the value of their shares.

Some distance below, we struck a vein of Substitutes. Each one had his bounty-money in his pocket, with a certificate that he was a *veteran*, and would not desert. They have not voted, and may be considered *aliens*.

One week after this great oil vein was struck on this tract, it threw out in the first five minutes eighty-nine thousand and seventy-three barrels of the best refined oil. Barrels painted green with ends white, with receipts for all taxes, and the income tax of all going it throughout all future time. It has been increasing in quantity and quality ever since, doubling the yield every five minutes. Persons who visited the premises concur in declaring "they never saw anything like it before, then or since."

The big well on the High Cockalorum yields nearly as much Lubricating Oil. These wells do not flow on Sunday, which is abundant testimony of the high moral tone observed in the management of this Company.

MUNCHAUSEN WELL.

Struck as follows: Cooking Butter, XXX Ale, Mush and Milk, Cod Liver Oil, Billy Patterson, Quinine, Brigadier Generals, Sardines, Turtle Soup, Lottery Tickets, Bear's Oil, For Higher Wages, Substitutes, Bounty Money, Greenbacks, Peace Propositions, Lawyers, Brimstone, Milk of Human Kindness, Oil, A Leak.

THE MOONSHINE TRACT.

This tract is appropriately named Moonshine. It was purchased when the full moon exerted the same influence upon the oil underlying the land as it does upon the tide-water—it caused the oil to rise in the fissures of the rocks, to such an extent as to inundate the whole tract. It was first called Luna tract, and having been purchased on *tick*, some evil disposed persons called it the Luna *tic* tract. As this evil cognomen was likely to damage the prospects of the Company, the Directors, at a full meeting, changed it to the Moonshine.

The land on this tract is heavily timbered, with Mahogany, Rosewood, Ebony, Sandalwood, Night-blooming Cereus, Century Plants and other varieties, suitable for building purposes, and the manufacture of hermetically sealed barrels.

Upon this land, and along the banks of Cheat River, were found some fine diamonds of the first water. The specimen on exhibition at the office of the Company, was picked up on this tract. It is a large and splendid jewel, which far exceeds in lustre the famous Kohinoor, or any other diamond since the great Mogul was cut. The ground was so rich in precious stone, that the Surveyor who first laid it, discovered—ere he had half completed his survey—that he had a large *Carbuncle* on his neck.

The most remarkable discovery made was that of an antique copper coin, with heads on both sides; also, some loaded dice, marked cards, and lottery tickets. These are all-convincing proofs that Oil Companies must have been known in the remote ages of antiquity.

THE ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA TRACT.

This, though a small tract, embracing only 65,000,000 acres, is worthy of a careful examination of all who desire to invest in the stock of the Company.—The first strike was a large vein of originators of oil schemes. Each one had a prospectus containing an accurate description of the property, and stating what percentage per month each Company would pay from its start. It is only necessary to state that each prospectus was as truthful and correct in every feature as this one. It was evident, from their appearance, that their only anxiety was to make money for others without a thought for themselves.—Here also was found a *correct* list of the incomes of all persons not connected with the company.

Immediately succeeding was a vein of Lawyers.—This was an unfortunate strike, and far from profitable. Upon being landed safely, they claimed that as they were part of the land, they had a *lien* in it.—Our learned legal adviser contended, upon the trial, that as they had not been in possession of the surface, and had no make arms; and how the Yankee ladies could let their soldiers go hungry through their great cities, and their families—"

"But don't you see all this is so much the better for us?" cut in Graham, lee on the surface, but hugging himself mentally. And the retort brought her life, as he had anticipated; for the indolent little hypocrite, professing rebel sentiments, quite forgot herself, and bestowed on the rebel officer advancing rebel sentiments a look of genuine "Union" scorn, blushed the next instant over her mistake, and, grown suddenly conciliatory and pussy-cattish, switched off the conversation on another track; to which Tom offered no objection, but believed all the more firmly in the honesty of that one unguarded look.

"I see you are in the service. You volunteered, I presume," said the lady.

"Volunteered," repeated Tom, with a singular intonation. "Well, you can call it so. I entered the army on a conviction of—bryonuts crossed at the door—the only way of getting out of the provost marshal's office."

"Ah!" his companion had opened her lips to say more, but seemed unable or afraid to get out the words. She was startled entirely out of her high-bred repose; her quiet hands twitched nervously, her color came and went uneasily; and all the while sat Tom, not tense and self-controlled, but as if self-control were not needed; muscles lax in his easy indifferent *pose*; eyes cool, bright, and resting carelessly on things nearest him; not the quiver of an eyelash to tell how high leaped his heart, or how low it sank, as he said to himself.

"Tom, old boy, if that woman's face is a lie you have your pass to 'kingdom come.'"

The lady drew a long breath.

"Apparently, sir, you are in the Medical Department."

"Yes. Surgeon at —— hospital."

The dash represents the mumble which Graham substituted for the name.

"And were the people of ——" (with a ludicrous imitation of the mumble) patriotic?"

"Rather; say about boiling-point. The hospital was a sort of Tavite among them, and got its dues not only of corn, wine, and oil, but of fruit, flowers, and jellies; and the girls there had an excellent habit of being pretty and visiting the wards in person."

"You were in clover then?"

"Exactly."

"I could understand scrambling out of a thistle bed," remarked the lady, with an affectation of being puzzled, "but considering the scarcity of the other growth along life's highway, it is odd that you were willing to leave it."

"Ah, madam, I appreciate clover as keenly as you can, but the calls of business have no respect for clover."

"Business!" she repeated, and suddenly, as only a woman knows how, melted from reserve and suspicion into candor and pity. "I see you will not trust me; well, I dare trust you. I am for the Union, and I believe in your heart you are also, and that your 'business' is simply running away from a detested service; and if you are a wolf in sheep's clothing after all—"

"I am not," he said, hastily; and then, as if ashamed of his warmth, "though it is just possible that I may be the ass in the lion's skin."

"You know best on that point; but if I am right in my conjecture, I can hardly understand why you are going to Chattanooga. Do you know that it is filled with soldiers? is in fact a great military camp, and that so near the Federal lines you can have no hope of getting a pass beyond? You are running from the rebel frying-pan into the trap."

"True; but on the probability of a wire bent or broken out. I know it is but the shadow of the ghost of a chance; but it is the first time I have found even that."

"Shadow indeed, my dear Sir, if you go to a hotel; but you must not go to one. You will be questioned and suspected at once. You must let me help you, and come home with me. We live very quietly, in my younger sister and I. My father is dead; my mother is always confined to her room."

Cork jackets to be thankfully received and no questions asked, said Tom to himself, remembering his thoughts on starting, and accepted the invitation; but then both fell off into silence. The color that crept into the lady's cold cheek burned and deepened there as she thought. Perhaps in her heart she would have been more at ease in playing the Good Samaritan to something grayer and grimmer than this handsome young officer; while Tom was pondering, as he had the frankness to tell her when she questioned him a moment after, "the case of one Jael, who tried, 'Come in, my lord!' and then drove a thundering big nail through the poor fellow's temples."

"You are no physiognomist," cried the lady, laughing, "or you would see that my nose shuts me out at once from that role. How *could* one conspire with a *nez retroussé*? You would infallibly spy the hammer and nails in my pocket. Moreover, my name is not Jael, but Mary—Mary Arden."

"Miss Arden, Dr. Graham at your service," responded Tom, as if going through with an introduction.

Miss Arden smiled, but instantly sobered again, as if mirth jarred on her humor. The train jolted wearily along; the dull afternoon dragged as wearily, wearing itself out into twilight. It was dark when "Chattanooga" sounded hoarsely through the cars.

Miss Arden had spoken of a "quiet home," and Graham saw in vision: an old house slumbering somewhere in the suburbs of Chattanooga, dimly lighted, faintly echoing slippered footsteps of that soft, gliding, low-voiced, younger sister, whom she had called Alice. Miss Arden's dwelling, in its bold, tall, square reality, stood, with an evident sense of dignity, among the more imposing buildings of Chattanooga. A broad flare of light streaming from the lower windows, flooding the gravel walks, and tipping and reddening dark masses of shubbery and great tree boles. The wind met them with laughter and music, as well as the scent of roses; and in the drawing-room was not only the sparkle of mirror and gleam of vase and cornice, but sparkle and gleam of epaulet and sword hilt also—a Colonel, Captain, and two Lieutenants in full uniform. Graham saw, but too late to draw back. He was in full view of the drawing-room and the maroon sofa, with its gorgeous sitters. To go forward looked like sure destruction in the long run; to go back was destruction. Hot heart bounded up in the fierce resolve to sell his life dearly; brain counseled coolly, "Wait till worse comes." Turning on Miss Arden he grated a single fierce whisper in her ear, "Jael!" She pressed his hand—there was no time for more—and led him into the drawing-room.

"My cousin, Dr. Graham; Colonel Lightwood, Captain Allen, Lieutenant Spark, Lieutenant Ranger. Alice, he *has* grown almost out of recollection; but have you quite forgotten cousin Tom?"

Graham bowed, grimly. The Colonel, the Captain, and the two Lieutenants returned the salutation with severe politeness, as due to themselves as gentlemen, but, as suitors of Mistress Alice there by the window, in a state of disapprobation of male cousins on general principles. Mistress Alice herself hesitated an instant, her eyes on her sister, not the new-comer, and Tom recalled his portrait of a pallid, willowy, sighing Alice. This Alice was a flattered, softened, glowing copy of her sister; glowing not in color—she had hardly as much as reddens a delicate sea shell in her cheek—but with that sort of freshness that you find in some white roses faintly tinted, and on the broad leaves of the arum; erect as Miss Arden herself, but rounded where she was angular; eyes softer; hair as abundant, but of the loveliest brown; nose only piquant; chin melting into a very handsome throat; and a little hand that rested on Tom's like a floating flower leaf or the brush of a bit of white fur.

"Dear Tom," she said, her eyes sparkling with a mischief that he only could appreciate, "I find I have forgotten you indeed. I should never have known you. I used to think, you know—I can tell you now since you are so improved—that you were just a little—gawky."

"And I," retorted Tom, kissing her, "used to think you were—just a little you know—charming, and it seems you are not well over it yet."

The Colonel, the Captain, and the two Lieutenants sat aghast. Miss Arden turned away and began discussing Rosbens, as the first seizable subject, with an occasional cough from time to time that sounded as if it had a vehement inclination to become a single laugh. And Tom, forgetting the danger in the fun, led his cousin (?) to a seat to talk over "old times." Alice was scarlet with anger and mortification. She would have liked to cry, to box his ears, to tell him that he was ungentlemanly, to sweep majestically from the room, and she dared do none of these things, because wholly ignorant of what might be her sister's secret and important stranger. If he would have looked repentant, or abashed, by her evident displeasure; but it was only too clear that, despite an evident danger, he was keenly enjoying the situation. He had placed her in the shadow of the recessed window, and seating himself in the full light, was zealously enacting the part of affectionate excavator of foolish remembrances, invented of course, something in this wise:

"Aunty Fairleigh, Alice, what has become of her? Do you remember how we used to go there as children eighteen years ago or more? The old dame had a liking for you, I believe, but persisted in calling me Sir Scaut d'Grace."

"I could hardly have a very vivid recollection of events eighteen years back," murmured Alice. "I am not eighteen years old till next month."

"Ah!" responded Tom, not in the least disconcerted, and went off at a canter in another direction, among aunts and uncles and cousins, till he came finally to Alice's mother; "why had she not written? He was always fond of Aunt Alice, and felt the slight keenly."

"Yes; mamma was speaking of you only this morning; let us go to her room; she is always awake at this hour," cried Alice, in utter desperation, pulling rather than leading Tom from the room; and then, when they were fairly out of ear shot,

"Do you mean to ruin yourself, whoever you may be?" she said, angrily. "My mother write to you! She has paralysis; and her name is Judith, not Alice."

"I think it should be yours also," retorted the incorrigible Tom, "for I am sure you will have my head in a basket before morning."

For all reply the indignant girl turned her back squarely on him, and seating herself in the most distant part of the room, and looking determinedly out at the window, while Tom established himself at a table with a book. So Miss Arden found them, when at last the Colonel and his satellites were good enough to go.

"You called me Jael," she said to him directly; "but I have done worse than betray you, I have blundered. To save you the publicity of the Crutchfield House I have brought you to the notice of four prominent rebel officers. Notice means suspicion here. Every one is suspected, as is quite natural where they are trying to stick a Government and people together with a disintegrating principle. You are a stranger, and doubly suspicious in that character; and I am sorry to say that Colonel Lightwood, unlike the majority of his sex, has eyes and ears and uses them. Alice, you must have seen—"

"I saw nothing," cut in that young lady sharply.

"My dear—"

"Really, Mollie, I don't think you can well expect anything further of me in this gentleman's behalf. It is enough that in love for you I did not resent his audacity as it deserves, where it would have been well and speedily avenged. There is no further need of feigning; and as for my advice, I am not sufficiently interested to give it."

"Would it not be more just in Miss Arden to remember that it is the desperation of my position that forces upon me such disagreeable and painful necessities?" retorted Tom, with great affectation of meekness.

At this Miss Arden sat down and laughed till she cried; but Alice, whose poor little heart had filled to overflowing in that short interval, the window could not keep her eyes from brimming over with tears, and that brought out what Tom called "the weak soft Graham," but what I am inclined to think was the better part of him, at once.

"Miss Arden," he said earnestly, "you cannot believe for an instant that I feel any thing but respect and admiration for the girl who had the generosity to lose a very natural resentment in care for the safety of an utter stranger. There are few, I believe, who would have listened to pique, and crying, not to mention, I deserved, into the hands of my enemies; and remember, if you please, that I considered my offense necessary as a part of my disguise. I always kiss my cousins at home, and it it *was* delight—I mean pleasant—it was not my fault, but yours. It must have been the same if you had a red nose and cork-screw curls. I kissed an abstraction—an imaginary cousin, not a very pretty—"

The sentence remained unfinished, but peace was concluded.

Early morning found Miss Arden at her breakfast table looking anxiously across the coffee-urn at Dr. Graham.

"I have been reviewing the situation," she said. "In fact I did little else all night. We are ourselves known to the Union sympathizers, and on the suspected list. Alice is pretty, and we have good wines; so the rebel officers, in place of imprisoning, visit us, and have us under constant surveillance. I *have* a cousin in the Confederate service, unknown to the men whom you saw here; but to day Colonel Lightwood will make quiet mention of Miss Arden's cousin, and how long before somebody will perk up to blow—'Gunpowder!' That last is his name. I know him well—Will Stanley, and left him only two days back in Montgomery, where he is fast enough—up to his ears in business.' Nothing *could* be worse than bringing you here, unless it were to keep you. We must have you out of Chattanooga this very day.

"To that last clause I say Amen with all my heart," said Tom; "but you must suffer me to get myself out. I see no reason for involving you in the risk."

"Why, indeed you are not to deny me. We can not fall into the ranks and fight for our country. This is our only way of serving her, and we who risk and lose all things for her sake love her better than those who simply hear of a war. More than that, you can hardly help yourself out. You can not leave Chattanooga in that uniform; you would never be permitted to pass the gates. You can not procure a disguise without attracting attention, and attention, as I have told you, means here suspicion."

"I understand then, madam, that you and Miss Alice here are to charge sword in hand at the opposing rebels, and that when you have hewn a lane over their dead bodies, that I am to close my eyes, put my fingers in my ears, and 'head' for the 'open,' never stopping till I run on the Union lines."

"On the contrary, I and 'Miss Alice here' are to dress you out as our grandmother, or, to speak more literally, as the aunt of Jake Buttergood—an honest Union farmer who supplies us with what he is pleased to style 'truck;' and the said farmer is to put you dutifully into his wagon, and convey you with the reverence due his aunt and your years to the nearest ferry, from whence you will make your way to the Union lines. Why do you shake your head? You surely are not too proud to take your liberty at the hands of a woman? Better at mine than of some slave, your only other helper. Making your own way out is very magnificent, no doubt, but the days of paladins are past, and you owe your life to your country; you have no right to throw it away."

And of course she carried the question; and Tom, having yielded the great point, did not show sight on the details. *Atropos*, otherwise Alice, demanded the sacrifice of his mustache. Tom hinted that old ladies occasionally sported something of the sort. She fired at once: "Not such ugly ones, Sir." Then it was discovered that they had been up since three in the morning piecing together two old calico gowns and a couple of quilts, because over his long legs a skirt, as they called it, came ridiculously short of the floor. They stuffed him back and front with two doll's pillows, a pillow-case, several pairs of stockings, a towel, and a flannel petticoat; they brought his waist well up under his arms; they got his hands into mitts, put on him a collar broad enough for a mule-sail, chalked his eyebrows, painted wrinkles on his cheeks, and put patches of court-plaster over his front teeth, and adorned his closely-cropped head with their mother's wig, tied on over that a frilled night-cap, and above that a huge bonnet and veil, and finally wrapped him in a cloak that concealed the gown piecing, and pronounced him ready—ready, but Miss Arden was not; something held her fast to the spot.

"God bless you!" she said at last. "The Lord Almighty have you in keeping, and bring you safe to your mother, to liberty, and the flag that we all love. Oh, God keep you! He will keep you; and if there comes to you any great peril take heart, for Alice and I will be here praying for you, and God hears the prayers of those who trust in him."

Jake Buttergood and his wagon were at the door.

"Be careful of your aunt, Jake," said Miss Arden as she helped Tom into the wagon; "and Mrs. Buttergood, I would recommend you, in consideration of your years, not to bounce into wagons like a young kid;" for Tom had cleared the wheel at a single step, to the manifest astonishment of Colonel Lightwood, who, most inopportunely passing, had halted and was curiously taking notes.

"Good-by," cried Alice. "Look well to yourself, Mrs. Buttergood, and don't omit sending the yarn you prom—"

The words were drowned in the clatter of the crazy vehicle, as the gaunt, lean-ribbed horses started off on a floundering gallop, which soon subsided, however, into their ordinary pace of two miles an hour. The farm utensils on the wagon bottom clattered and banged together, the various baskets and bundles bounced about uneasily. The farmer, nearly double on his seat, seemed taking a nap. "Mrs. Buttergood" beside him heaved a little sigh (for he was somewhat sore at heart when he thought of the two women-folk whom he had left behind him,) and swore alternately at the slowness of their pace and the woman's gear, that ripped and split at every move. At last they found themselves fairly out of the streets, past the last guard, and with the open country lying free before them.

"Now, Mollie, I don't think you can well expect anything further of me in this gentleman's behalf. It is enough that in love for you I did not resent his audacity as it deserves, where it would have been well and speedily avenged. There is no further need of feigning; and as for my advice, I am not sufficiently interested to give it."

"Would it not be more just in Miss Arden to remember that it is the desperation of my position that forces upon me such disagreeable and painful necessities?" retorted Tom, with great affectation of meekness.

At this Miss Arden sat down and laughed till she cried; but Alice, whose poor little heart had filled to overflowing in that short interval, the window could not keep her eyes from brimming over with tears, and that brought out what Tom called "the weak soft Graham," but what I am inclined to think was the better part of him, at once.

"Miss Arden," he said earnestly, "you cannot believe for an instant that I feel any thing but respect and admiration for the girl who had the generosity to lose a very natural resentment in care for the safety of an utter stranger. There are few, I believe, who would have listened to pique, and crying, not to mention, I deserved, into the hands of my enemies; and remember, if you please, that I considered my offense necessary as a part of my disguise. I always kiss my cousins at home, and it it *was* delight—I mean pleasant—it was not my fault, but yours. It must have been the same if you had a red nose and cork-screw curls. I kissed an abstraction—an imaginary cousin, not a very pretty—"

The sentence remained unfinished, but peace was concluded.

Early morning found Miss Arden at her breakfast table looking anxiously across the coffee-urn at Dr. Graham.

"I have been reviewing the situation," she said. "In fact I did little else all night. We are ourselves known to the Union sympathizers, and on the suspected list. Alice is pretty, and we have good wines; so the rebel officers, in place of imprisoning, visit us, and have us under constant surveillance. I *have* a cousin in the Confederate service, unknown to the men whom you saw here; but to day Colonel Lightwood will make quiet mention of Miss Arden's cousin, and how long before somebody will perk up to blow—'Gunpowder!' That last is his name. I know him well—Will Stanley, and left him only two days back in Montgomery, where he is fast enough—up to his ears in business.' Nothing *could* be worse than bringing you here, unless it were to keep you. We must have you out of Chattanooga this very day.

"To that last clause I say Amen with all my heart," said Tom; "but you must suffer me to get myself out. I see no reason for involving you in the risk."

"Why, indeed you are not to deny me. We can not fall into the ranks and fight for our country. This is our only way of serving her, and we who risk and lose all things for her sake love her better than those who simply hear of a war. More than that, you can hardly help yourself out. You can not leave Chattanooga in that uniform; you would never be permitted to pass the gates. You can not procure a disguise without attracting attention, and attention, as I have told you, means here suspicion."

"I understand then, madam, that you and Miss Alice here are to charge sword in hand at the opposing rebels, and that when you have hewn a lane over their dead bodies, that I am to close my eyes, put my