

**KOOLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,**  
and  
**KOOLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,**  
PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The greatest known remedies for  
**Liver Complaint,**  
**DYSPEPSIA,**  
**Nervous Debility,**  
**JAUNDICE,**  
**Diseases of the Kidneys,**  
**ERUPTIONS of the SKIN,**  
and all Diseases arising from a Dis-  
ordered Liver, Stomach, or  
**IMPURITY of the BLOOD.**

As the following symptoms, and if you find that your system is affected by any of them, you may rest assured that disease has commenced its attack on the most important organs of your body, and unless soon checked by the use of powerful remedies, will terminate in death, will be the result.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Head-ache, Burning, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Swelling of the Face, or Fluctuating at the Pit of the Stomach, or Swelling of the Head, Headache or Difficulty Breathing, Fluctuating at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Chest, Inefficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Swelling of the Feet, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Feet, Chills, Trembling, Faintness, Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits. All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

**Kooland's German Bitters** is a vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is composed of Fluid Extracts, the Roots, Herbs, and Bark from which the medicinal virtues are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific process, and the extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of the Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is safe for the most delicate and can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

**Kooland's German Tonic** is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with some of the most powerful and purest of the vegetable kingdom. It is a powerful tonic, and is used in cases where the system is debilitated, and the strength is exhausted. It is a powerful tonic, and is used in cases where the system is debilitated, and the strength is exhausted.

**CONSUMPTION.**  
Thousands of cases, when the patient supposes himself afflicted with this terrible disease, have been cured by the use of these remedies. Extreme emaciation, and the cough, are the usual attendants upon severe cases of dyspepsia or disease of the digestive organs. These remedies will be found of the greatest benefit, strengthening and invigorating.

**DEBILITY.**  
There is no medicine equal to Kooland's German Bitters for the cure of Debility. They impart a tone and vigor to the system, and restore the appetite, cause an enjoyment of the food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, healthy complexion, and restore the patient from the effects of a short-sighted, enervated weak.

**Weak and Delicate Children** are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. They are perfectly safe to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of ninety.

**Blood Purifiers** are known, and will cure all diseases resulting from impure blood.

**THE COMPLEXION.**  
Ladies who have fair skin and good complexion, free from a yellowish tinge and all other disfigurement, should use Kooland's German Bitters. The Liver in perfect order, and the blood pure, will result in sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks.

**CAUTION.**  
Kooland's German Bitters are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of C. M. Jackson on the front of the outside wrapper of the bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

Thousands of letters have been received, testifying to the virtue of these remedies.

**READ THE RECOMMENDATIONS.**  
FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,  
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia, March 16th, 1867.  
I find Kooland's German Bitters to be a most valuable and useful medicine, and in cases of indigestion, dyspepsia, and all other diseases of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and nervousness of the system.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,  
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia, April 25th, 1866.  
I am a sufferer from Kooland's German Bitters, and in cases of indigestion, dyspepsia, and all other diseases of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and nervousness of the system.

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D.D.,  
Pastor of the South Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

## DON'T STAY TOO LATE TO-NIGHT.

The heart of home is beaming  
With rays of rosy light,  
And lovely eyes are gleaming  
As falls the shades of night,  
And while thy steps are leaving  
The circle pure and bright,  
And tender voice, half grieving,  
Says, "don't stay late to-night."

The world in which thou movest,  
Is busy, brave and wide;  
The world of her own best  
Is at the angle side;  
She waits for thy warm greeting;  
Thy smile is her delight,  
Her gentle voice, entreating,  
Says, "don't stay late to-night."

The world, cold, inhospitable,  
Will spurn thee, if thou fall;  
The love of one poor woman  
Outlets and shames them all;  
Thy children will cling around thee,  
Let fate be dark or bright,  
At home no shaft will wound thee,  
Then "don't stay late to-night."

(From the Philadelphia Press.)  
**AGNES WILLARD.**

## A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

CHAPTER II.

The following day found Agnes with more to do, and a new, before unknown, sorrow and anxiety gnawing at her heart. A ragged hat and sunburnt face seemed ever in her mind. Between her and work came the rebel brother; his brave, honest face, hot with fury, looked up from the disheveled, the scrub pail, and the pump. Imagination still painted on his face the scene of the revolt, and he was in a desperate haste. Silently she prayed for the poor wanderer summarily thrown adrift into the whirl and tumult of life. She also remembered Mr. Stewart; his handsome face and cheery tones echoed pleasantly in her young mind—a bright spot in her uneventful existence.

Agnes had no idea of love as a great master passion; only the delicious knowledge of something new and sweet, to dream over at will, came with the recollection of Robert's voice. What woman cannot recall such a memory far back in the past, when a step, a tone, a gesture had power to set beating a new pulse of affection—rare, strange, and so dear; foreshadowing the mighty woman's love, ordained of God to bless mankind?

Agnes felt the wondrous charm, but she did not once look herself in the admiring mirror; she was far too simple in mind for anything so presumptuous; she liked to think of him however. Somehow it made work lighter, and the long, hot summer days cooler and shorter than formerly; she could be busy all the day, yet think of Robert Stewart.

Washing, ironing, or churning, it made no matter; she could still see his white hand patting Pomp's shaggy coat, blushing scanning her own brown little digits.

After dinner, when the pressing hurry of the day was over and the kitchen neatly put to rights, Mrs. Hatfield asserted that it was a shame and sin to have berries wasting on the bushes for want of picking, and ordered Agnes to spend the remainder of the afternoon in gathering them.

This command her daughter obeyed with joyful alacrity; it being one of her few pleasures to wander alone about the field when chance opportunities permitted. She revelled in the berry season; for then she could ramble at will free from the watchful chiding of her mother. It was her yearly vacation—her little season of freedom, which, in her rare, she enjoyed intensely, regardless of scratched hands and torn dresses, the latter a grave offence in the eyes of careful Mrs. Hatfield, who considered it ample cause for a two hour's lecture, dampening somewhat Aggie's pleasure; nevertheless she enjoyed it immensely, in spite of these mishaps, the unrestrained liberty of hills and valleys and brooks. The waving grain, rustling corn, and fragrant clover, all combined to weave a spell enchanting to the soul of the rustic maiden. Her voice, which rivalled the birds in sweet melody, thrilled out free and blithe, unrebuked by the startled thrush or wildwood plover.

Agnes found the berries exceedingly plenty, and soon succeeded in filling her basket with the delicious fruit; leisurely strolling home through the Walnut Grove, careless of stone walls and five-barred fences; easily clambering over them, without danger to her agile limbs, and but little damage to her scrapie calico.

The beauty of the scene and coolness of the place acted like a charm on the sad farmer's girl, slowly wandering along the narrow path, fringed with clover and dwarfed, shaded daisies.

Tossing off the despoiled sate bonnet, as if it oppressed her brow, she threw herself on the grass, beneath a majestic walnut tree. With hands clasped and her head, and her glowing face, returned to the blue sky. Yagnely trying to fathom the distant heaven, she burst into a wild, impassioned melody—now low and tender, now gay and triumphant, sad and changeful, clear as a silver bell; warbling like an inspired angel of song, she lay, with the gentle south wind blowing over her, and the leaves lightly stirring, as though dancing in tune to the harmony.

Agnes had one grand gift, of which no one could dispose her—a wondrous rich musical voice, that charmed and astonished all who heard its surprising volume and tone. She had once timidly hinted a wish to attend the village singing school, but a decided, emphatic "No" from her mother effectually silenced the young hope. Mrs. Hatfield deemed singing schools extravagant follies, tending to fill chits of girls with vanity and all sorts of nonsense, taking their minds from work—the only essential accomplishment of life—and the source of a deal of mischief generally. She would have no over-acting "Do, do, do, me's about her kitchen." Therefore the matter was settled and never mentioned again. Alone with nature, Agnes warbled out the pent-up music of her soul, unrestrained by word or frown, awaking the solitude far and near with her sweet notes, until the very birds hushed their songs to listen.

Thus she lay on the short grass, under the trees, forgetful of brier-scratched hands and faded calico. Clapping her hands when the last soft cadence died away, she cried rapturously:

"This is mine; my own gift! Thank God I can sing my soul among the clouds, away from earth and all I hate! No one can take it from me. 'All my own! Forever mine!'" She laughed aloud in her joy, with radiant face and beaming eyes.

"Yes; all your own, and a most glorious gift it is," said a deep, strong voice beside her.

"You must forgive my listening, for I was spell-bound under the witchery of your song, Miss Willard."

Miss Willard, abashed, sprang up, half in fright, half in girlish embarrassment and pleasure. Snatching at the discarded sun-bonnet to hide her confusion, she overturned the basket of berries gathered with so much care. Poor Agnes looked annoyed and ready to cry at the stupid accident, but Robert Stewart stood calmly smiling down on her in that easy, careless attitude which so provokes us when we know we are appearing particularly flustered and awkward. His assuring smile and roguish, admiring black eyes sent all the blood in her fast beating heart to her crimson cheek; not knowing what to do with his distressed little self, only to shrink and tremble, blushing and pining alternately, before the self-possessed young man, who said—

"I fear I have ruined your afternoon's work by my abrupt intrusion. Allow me to assist you, as I am in part the cause of the accident."

Without waiting her answer, he began to pick up the scattered berries; not very briskly, for he liked the task, and would find prolonging it under the shy glance of Agnes Willard's brown eyes.

"He calls me Miss Willard," she thought, blushing drawing her stockingless foot under the scant gown—thinking, in dismay, of her frowzy, unbecoming pig-tails, and hard scratched hands—fancying that her dresses were getting shorter every moment, and the skirt more narrow and faded. Mechanically her nimble fingers picked up the luscious "black caps"; but all the time she was hoping in her heart that he would not think her ugly and untidy. "Indeed I have no time to properly arrange my hair or dress. I wonder if he will not guess as much?" was the mental vindication of her shabby appearance.

For the first time a new wish to be beautiful in his eyes came over her. A sweet chord was struck in her innocent heart, dumb before, silently awaiting the master hand that should change the world, giving smiles for tears and joy for sorrow.

We have all recognized the touch of our other life, whether for good or for ill. It was the first pure love that dawned on our ideal world. It may have been but a shadow—a delusion of the heart; yet, oh, how we worshipped and hugged to our bosom the fitting dream—the dearest and best of all others.

Agnes could not understand why she should tremble when Mr. Stewart's strong white hand touched hers. She was quite sure that neither Al's nor John's clasp affected her thus, though given as warmly. Whence came the wild tumult throbbing in her breast? Truly Robert must have possessed some marvellous power to send the warm blood so eloquently to the cheek and brow of the simply country rustic.

Furtively she watched the glitter of the opal ring on his finger, glancing about over the berries, comparing it to the miserable little jet on her own hand that Al had made in an idle moment, out of an old rubber comb. Once she had been proud of it. For Al's sake it was still dear, but the quivering opal had destroyed its value.

The faint perfume of his garments seemed to Agnes like the scent of some balmy garden, with the flowers pressed with dew-violet, geranium and rose altogether mingling in one soft, sense-lulling order. How elegant, handsome and good he looked, kneeling on one knee beside her! She could hear his watch tick the moments away. What a pretty chain. How everything about him charmed and fascinated her naturally refined mind.

Apparently he took no notice of her shabby dress, but she instinctively felt that he had noted everything from the hideous sun-bonnet to the filthy fitting shoes. Suddenly she became painfully ashamed of her dress, brown hands and bare ankles, wishing that the earth would open and hide her from view.

Robert Stewart, the only son of the wealthiest man in Chester, had just graduated at Harvard, and, after a short vacation at the old homestead, was to commence the study of laws in the city.

Agnes had often seen, but never spoken to him during his boyhood, being not only much younger, but, as society goes, much lower in the social scale than he. Accordingly their paths in life seemed far apart. Bob had not been spoiled neither at home nor at school, returning with a smile and a kindly greeting for all his old associates.

Full of fun, gay, clever, fond of pleasure, but true, he came again to the home of his childhood. Had he been other than true he might have proved a dangerous friend to Agnes, who would have made him a hero, had he been the most treacherous of men, all the same. He had called the first warm glow to her cheek, the first flutter of pain and pleasure to her heart, troubling the dull waters of her life with love's magic wand, causing the once stagnant current to musically murmur in and out among the little care and trials of his daily existence. She had shrined her saint and was doing homage, unconscious of the new poetry of life awakened in her soul.

Look back, fair lady, and recall how tenderly you chronicled the first sweet love dream on your girlhood. How long that first kiss lingered on your lips! A flower, a passing breeze, had power to revive it yet, in spite of the years that have slipped between the now and then. Other love may claim us, but the memory of that dear first remains a sunbeam of the heart which passing clouds may shadow, but never obliterate.

Presently Agnes looked up, forgetting everything but her friendless situation.

"Has Al gone, really gone?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, to the city. I bade him good-bye here in this grove, with my best wishes and ample funds for his journey as well as for suitable clothing, together with a letter to my uncle John, a wealthy merchant in New York, who will do well by him. Al will succeed, trust him for that; he has perseverance and energy, as well as considerable courage, by yesterday's display of firmness; and what more does one require to begin the world with?"

Bob smiled down on the beaming face lifted to his in speechless gratitude in an easy, complacent way, pleased to note the swift waves of feeling flitting over the radiant features.

"Oh! thank you, Mr. Stewart, thank you! I am so grateful, and so much indebted to you. I don't know how to thank you

in words, but my heart does a thousand times, and will continue to do so as long as I live."

Frankly she held out her hand; the bright tears, welling up to the brown eyes, lay sparkling on the long lashes, ready to fall in drops of gratitude.

Gently she took the berry-stained hand in his holding it in a warm clasp while falteringly she continued:

"My brother's life was hard at the farm, and he is high spirited and impetuous; but, indeed, he is good at heart, I'm sure of it. Your own kind nature must tell you how much I feel your kindness."

The tears in the truthful brown eyes ran over, and the quivering lips could scarce form the words that crowded to them. A hot tear fell on the changing opal, quenching its brilliant rays in a drop more bright than the rarest gem.

The vague wrong that careless Robert Stewart at first dimly contemplated perished with the one silent tear upon his hand, shielding her unprotected youth and worldly inexperience as securely as if surrounded by a father's guarding arm—a tender mother's watchful care.

"She is wondrous lovely despite her frightful dress," thought the handsome graduate, contemplating shyly the sweet creature before him. "As fresh and pure as a mountain daisy. If she was only well educated, what a magnificent woman she would make!"

"Are you fond of books?"

"Oh, yes," was the eager reply. "You can't tell how I long to possess just a few, to be all my own like my voice. To read alone while nobody talks around me, something good and true, better and different than the rough language of every day. I have but little time to read though," she added dejectedly, looking down at the ground in the old weary way.

"You have the evening to yourself, I suppose?" he questioned thoughtfully.

"Not always, you see there is so much to do at our home," she replied apologetically, pulling at the tape strings of her apron. She might have added that she was never allowed a light in her room other than the moon; going to bed summer and winter in the dark; lying awake in cold nights, shivering watching the pale stars come and go. "Nature's bright lamps hang in the sky lonely and still, like me," she used to fancy, vainly trying to read their mystery. Evidently her companion divined the true state of affairs, for he looked at her pityingly, saying encouragingly:

"Girls always find some time amidst all their work to call a little pleasure. If you will come here to-morrow—the berries must be picked you know—perhaps you may find a few books that will please you in the cavity of the old oak tree yonder, the third on the right. It has been the storehouse of many generations of squirrels. Henceforth we will call it a storehouse of the mind—literally a tree of knowledge dedicated to you, whose fruit shall cheer and strengthen the mind. You will be sure to read carefully the passages marked."

"Indeed, oh, indeed I will. I'll ponder every line and word with such a grateful heart," she cried, at the same time trembling with delight.

Mr. Stewart, with natural vanity, felt confident that she would joyfully dream over the designated portions without a suggestion from him; but he liked to see the rich color run to her eager face, and the happy wonder of the hazel brown eyes.

They parted good friends, with a mutual shake of the hand, each in a different way thinking of the other—he haunted by the memory of the sweetest voice and the loveliest face he had ever seen. "Dressed fitly and educated," he kept repeating mentally, "and she would be superb—gloriously beautiful. Away from the slavery of the farm house and its sordid inmates, she would blossom into the ideal of a perfect woman. What splendid eyes! how that tear on my hand startled me! What a tender, confiding mouth! Poor girl! and such a mother! I wish she was away from all that drags her down."

Bob pulled his dark mustache thoughtfully, musing about Agnes Willard, until he entered his father's gate. Meeting his only sister Annie on the porch, he exclaimed gaily:

"By Jove, sis, I found a Hebe in the Walnut Grove. Such a wildflower, to call that old Hatfield, father, and his hard, coarse wife mother. She sings like a nightingale, and she's so good, she's so kind, she's so true, which only forgets its sorrows in song, bearing away beyond the unrefining influences of the farm and its mean owners to transcendent bliss."

"You mean young Agnes Willard," said Annie, smiling at his enthusiasm. "Yes, she is a sweet girl; but I seldom see her patient face, much less hear her wonderful voice, though I have two or three times, while walking out, heard her singing when she thought no one near. Were her mother less peculiar, I should like to win her friendship; for Robert, she is worthy of true friendship of me, and from you."

Annie said this pointedly, searching her brother's face with a wistful, anxious look on her own.

Bob came to her side, and kissed the noble brow, fully comprehending the meaning of her earnest words.

"You are the best of women, Annie, the truest of sisters, and I am your brother; does that satisfy you? I want you to be the friend of little Agnes; for the poor, lonely girl's sake, not mine."

Then he laughingly related the barn-yard battle; the surrender of Hatfield; the retreat of Al; and the alarm and anxiety of Agnes. How that he had met her in the grove by chance, and unobserved listened to her singing.

stone wall was not so high, or the bars so difficult to "let down," as formerly. She shouted in rapturous joy, laughing to hear the echoes among the hills.

Her entire being seemed changed, and why? She could not have told why; only the joy was in her heart, such a glad sense of exquisite joy, and she must let Nature know her goodness.

What were frowns, bitter words, and tired limbs now—only a rivet to bind closer still his image.

She did not dream of his ever loving her, content with the meagre privilege of worshipping him in secret; treasuring each word, look, and smile, as something precious, to be thought and dreamed over alone.

On her return to the house, she ran past her mother, feeling as if she must know all about the secret confidence so suddenly sprung up between Robert and herself. Then she began to anticipate all sorts of evils. What if the old tree should blow down? What if the berries should show signs of being spoiled? A thousand new fears tormented her. Would her mother notice the unwonted glow of her cheeks—she felt them blooming—or the unusual brightness of her eyes? Filled with these thoughts, blissful while they frightened her, Agnes whisked on the tea things with most extraordinary vigor, to the infinite surprise of Mrs. Hatfield, and looked at the berries, over which she was sprinkling sugar so lovingly, that her mother stared in wonder. Little she thought that to Agnes every berry was an opal, and that this day always associates black caps and opals with that summer afternoon.

Agnes could not refrain from kissing little Nellie a dozen times in succession; she smiled when her mother scolded and hurried—softly singing, "Comin' through the Rye," as she went about fitting from cellar to kitchen, much to the disgust of Mrs. Hatfield, who fancied that she must have lost her wits.

"Good night, mother!"

"Exclaimed Aggie, blithely; and not waiting for a reply, she ran up stairs to bed, and fell asleep dreaming of dangerous black eyes, a kindly smiling mouth, and an opal gemmed hand, that lingered in hers with a man's warm clasp. A sweet perfume hung over all, as she sank into innocent slumber with another dearer than herself sheltered in her heart—as who of us has not?

CHAPTER III.

For a wonder, as Mrs. Hatfield expressed it, Agnes came down next morning without being called, before the chickens had fairly left their roosts, blinking about in the damp dawn as if not quite certain of whether they were not getting up rather early.

A faint line of red and yellow just tinged the eastern horizon, when she appeared among the cows, humming merrily, "Five o'clock in the morning," in a voice as pure and fresh as the dewy morn, laughing demurely to see her step father, with a savage growl, hurl the battered pail—that lay a burished memento of Al's valor peacefully in the yard—spitefully over the fence, among the smart-weeds, leaving it, with a muttered curse, to rust and rot.

After the affair of the grove, a close observer might have noticed that Aggie took particular pains to carefully draw on a pair of huge, ugly gloves when she had occasion, as she frequently did, to go out in the sun. She would blush guiltily if any one approached, and hasten to thrust her hands under her apron, as if detected in a crime; always taking care to conceal the cotton gloves until safely out of sight, dreading the ridicule of her mother and the coarse jeers of her father.

She took frequent opportunity to remark that never were black caps so large and exceedingly plentiful as they were this season, and was accordingly hurried off every afternoon to pick them. And of course Bob sauntered about under the trees, ostensibly to while away the heat of the day in the shady wood, but in reality to wait for her coming.

The trees told no tales; the wind did not repeat the sweet story—only whispering, sighingly, their approval; nothing of the low-toned reading under the majestic walnuts during the balmy summer days, until the sun declined towards the west; nothing of tender glances and young hopes born there, sighed over by the trees. Nature is mute, never betraying the confidence committed to her.

Agnes lived in a heaven of her own, beyond the penetration of those about her, and was happy—oh, so happy—in her new found love. And yet, oh! foolish Agnes! What had she? A gay man's smile—the sound of a winning voice—the touch of a careless hand—the passing admiration of a man of the world.

He is your sun and moon, your joy by day and night, while you are but the smallest and most obscure of planets that Fate has placed in his orbit; a solitary star that the slightest cloud may forever hide from view,—"loved to-day, forgotten to-morrow," so says the sage. Yet trust not to be happy! We will not detract the prince, for, too, have faith in human nature and true love's pure devotion. Anoint with the dew of your simple affection the idol of all your thoughts; give him your young heart, innocent in the purity of untarnished girlhood, unblemished with thoughts of another, and trust in my honor to hold the gift sacred, and in all faith shelter the dove that he has lured to his bosom from the coldness of a loveless nest.

The hollow tree was, indeed, proving one of knowledge to Agnes, and its fruit sweetened may a stolen hour.

"You finished milking late to-night," said Mrs. Hatfield, glancing approvingly towards the yellow harvest moon. "But never mind, you can wash up the milk-things by moonlight just as well; come, come, fly about; be spry!"

Aggie obeyed, briskly rising and clattering the pails and pans standing on a long bench in the door-yard, back of the kitchen, where the 'milk-things' were generally washed up.

"Yes," she sighed as her mother bustled away. "God be thanked for the blessed mellow moonlight; how bright and serene it hangs over the earth, making everything seem holy and gentle."

Her bright face grew soft and prayerful, upturned to the shining orb, with a saint-like expression hovering about her mouth and brow, mutely thanking the Great All Father for his infinite goodness and mercy to all earth's erring children.

Very different were the thoughts of mother

and daughter—the one intent on taking advantage of the moonlight to finish the evening's work; the other, oblivious of milk pails and dish-wipers, was secretly dwelling upon the contents of the stealthily-obtained books then securely hidden in her bed upstairs, and of how she would feast on their contents when free, aided by its friendly beams.

Lately she had become as gay as a lark, as active as a humming-bird, and as musical as a nightingale, which all combined to puzzle her mother, to such a degree that she deemed it proper to take her to task on the subject; as she said severely—

"I declare, Agnes, you are the strangest creature. Is it because you have a brother less than you are happy?"

She had never alluded to the absent so before, and her tart query startled her daughter, fearing that she would guess the truth intuitively; but the innocent parent did not heed her visible agitation, continuing: "A few weeks ago you went drowsing, moping and sighing about, glum from morning till night. Now you are everlastingly humming some outlandish tune, yelling silly songs up stairs and down, from the time you get up until you go to bed. You provoke me past endurance with your gloves, and finikin before the glass, putting on airs, and teasing to wear stockings every day in warm weather. Did any one ever hear of such extravagance? I expect you will soon be above work altogether. Goodness knows you hardly earn your salt now. You'll want to be called Miss Willard, no, I suppose, my fine lady; but I tell you, I'll have none of your fine lady airs about me."

Her mother paused for breath, pinning up her sleeves with a jerk.

Agnes blushed, confused, at this unbecoming home thrust, and hastily left the room with a little note lying warm on her heart, addressed to "Miss Willard."

Oh, Mrs. Hatfield! in those few weeks your child has become a woman! Your reign is over; your power gone! What wonder that she was gay, and not easily frowned down? Doing little acts of kindness, regardless of snappish returns, and smiling in the face of unmerited fault-finding!

Often Mrs. Hatfield, ever on the alert for shortcomings, detected a peculiar change in her daughter's churning. Frequently, of late, the usually regular sound of the dasher would almost cease, as if the operator were falling asleep. At such times the "ignorant lady would thump loudly on the floor, over head, as a gentle reminder to the young delinquent that the cream must be kept in active motion. Agnes would obey the warning by churning for a moment most energetically, but soon the dull splash would become slower and slower, driving her mother almost to despair. Simultaneously with the knocking over head would the vigorous thump of the dasher go on below. Now the truth is that Agnes was trying to read as well as churn, and, of course, as the book became interesting, the churn grew silent. Once she narrowly escaped detection by her mother suddenly appearing on the scene to personally investigate the matter. Aggie adroitly managed to throw the book out of the low window—looking wondrously innocent and industrious. Her mother scolded of course, but the book remained safe in the tall weeds outside, as mute as Agnes on the subject of the bewitched churn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**TOUCHING INSTANCE OF CHILDISH DEVOTION.**  
—Three children of New Brunswick got astray. One was about six years of age, the others four and three. It was a wild region, and in wild weather, and at the edge of the night. From signs, it seems that the six years' old soon felt sure that there was no hope of their being found, or finding themselves that night, and so it took measures at once for the safe keeping of its little ones. Putting them at once in the most sheltered nook it could find, it stripped away its own garments to put on them, and set out to gather dry seaweed and brush to cover them up in and defend them. Quite a quantity of this had been gathered and piled about the babes in a sort of a nest, and there they lay when the people found them, still alive; but the six year old matron and martyr lay out on the shore dead of the cold—lay beside the last pile of brush it had been able to gather, but was not able to bring in.

"So your honor, I just hauled off and struck his jaw. Just then his dog came along and I hit him again."

"Hit the man?"

"No, yer honor, hit the dog. I then up wid a ston, and throwed it at him, and it rolled him over and over."

"Throw a stone at Jack?"

"At the dog, yer honor. And he got up and hit me again."

"The dog?"

"No, Jack. And wid that he run off 'Jack'?"

"No, the dog. And then he came back and got me down and punched me, yer honor."

"The dog came back at you?"

"No, Jack, yer honor, and he isn't hurt any at all."

"Who isn't hurt?"

"The dog, yer honor."

"THE TRAITOR'S LAST ACT.—Andrew Johnson consummated his complicity with treason by issuing a sweeping proclamation of amnesty and pardon to all traitors and murderers who undertook to destroy the life of the nation. This, if we understand its scope releases Jeff Davis with other greater and lesser criminals, and is an end to all suits for treason, and starts the grave question as to whether there can be treason to the United States. While traitors occupy the presidential chair we must not expect traitors to be punished, and when that same President has connived at murders and persecution in its worst form, it would be but natural for him to protect his accomplices as long as he has power to do so. This proclamation restores political rights, congress and the State Constitutions and Legislatures having generally taken care that Andrew Johnson should not place all political power in rebel hands.

"GIVE me a pound of oysters," said a man to a oyster vender who was passing by. "I sell by measure, not by weight," replied the oysterman.

"Then give me a yard of them," said the man.

The oysterman shook his head dubious and passed on.