

Published by Theodore Schoch.
TERMS—Two dollars a year in advance—and if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars and fifty cents will be charged.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.
Advertisements of one square (eight lines) or less, one or three insertions \$1.50. Each additional insertion, 50 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

JOB PRINTING,
OF ALL KINDS,
Executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

S. HOLMES, JR.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND GENERAL
CLAIM AGENT.
STROUDSBURG, PA.
Office with S. S. Drcher, Esq.
All claims against the Government prosecuted with dispatch at reduced rates.
An additional bounty of \$100 and of \$50 procured for Soldiers in the late War, FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE. ☞
August 2, 1866.

DR. A. REEVES JACKSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Begs leave to announce that, in order to prevent disappointment, he will hereafter devote **THURSDAY AND SATURDAY** of each week exclusively to CONSULTATIONS and SURGICAL OPERATIONS at his office.—Parties from a distance who desire to consult him, can do so, therefore, on those days. Stroudsburg, May 31, 1866.—tf.

Furniture! Furniture!
McCarty's New Furniture Store,
DREHER'S NEW BUILDING, two doors below the Post-office, Stroudsburg, Pa. He is selling his Furniture 10 per cent. less than Easton or Washington prices, to say nothing about freight or breakage. [May 17, 1866.—tf.]

DINING-ROOM FURNITURE in Walnut, Oak and White Ash, Extension Tables, any size you wish, at McCARTY'S new Ware-Rooms. [May 17, 1866.—tf.]

IF YOU WANT A GOOD PARLOR Suit in Rose, Mahogany or Walnut, McCARTY has it. [May 17, 1866.—tf.]

IF YOU WANT A GOOD MELODEON, from one of the best makers in the United States, solid Rosewood Case, warranted 5 years, call at McCARTY'S, he would especially invite all who are good judges of Music to come and test them. He will sell you from any maker you wish, \$10 less than those who sell on commission. The reason is he buys for cash and sells for the same, with less than one-half the usual percentage that agents want. J. H. McCARTY. May 17, 1866.—tf.

UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Particular attention will be given to this branch of the subscriber's business. He will always study to please and consult the wants and wishes of those who employ him. From the number of years experience he has had in this branch of business he cannot and will not be excelled either in city or country. Prices one-third less than is usually charged, from 50 to 75 finished Coffins always on hand. Trimmings to suit the best Hearer in the country. Funerals attended at one hour's notice. J. H. McCARTY. May 17, 1866.—tf.

Saddle and Harness
Manufactory.
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Stroudsburg, and surrounding country, that he has commenced the above business in Fowler's building, on Elizabeth street, and is fully prepared to furnish any article in his line of business, at short notice. On hand at all times, a large stock of
Harness, Whips, Trunks, Valices, Carpet Bags, Horse-Blankets, Belts, Skates, Oil Cloths, &c.
Carriage Trimming promptly attended to. JOHN O. SAYLOR. Stroudsburg, Dec. 14, 1865.

Gothic Hall Drug Store.
William Hollinshead,
Wholesale and Retail Druggist.
STROUDSBURG, PA.
Constantly on hand and for sale cheap for CASH, a fresh supply of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oil, Glass, Putty, Varnish, Kerosene Oil, Perfumery and Fancy Goods; also
Sash, Blinds and Doors.
Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal purpose.
P. S.—Physicians Prescriptions carefully compounded.
Stroudsburg, July 7, 1864.

TIN SHOP!
The undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has now opened a **TIN SHOP**, on Main street, near the Stroudsburg Mills, opposite Troch & Walton's, formerly R. S. Staples' Store, where he is prepared to manufacture and sell at wholesale and retail, all kinds of
Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron-Ware.
ALSO,
Stoves, Stove Pipe and Elbows.
Old and second hand Stoves bought and sold, at cash rates.
CASH paid for Old Lead, Copper and Brass.
Roofing, Spouting and Repairing promptly attended to and warranted to give satisfaction. Call and see for yourselves.
WILLIAM KEISER.
Stroudsburg, Dec. 8, 1865.

COMMON CHAIRS of all kinds, Cane, Flag and Wood Seats; Dining, Bar-Room and Office Chairs, with or without Cushions, Rocking-Chairs of every description at McCARTY'S Ware-Rooms.
May 17, 1866.—tf.

Sonthheimer & Herrmann,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
FANCY GOODS
AND
YANKEE NOTIONS,
STROUDSBURG, PA.
August 11, 1864.—tf.

BEAUTY!
Auburn, Golden, Flaxen & Silken Curls,
PRODUCED by the use of Prof. DEB-REUX' FRISER LA CHEVEUX.—One application is warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair of either sex into wavy ringlets or heavy massive curls. Has been used by the fashionables of Paris and London, with the most gratifying results. Does no injury to the hair. Price by mail, sealed and post-paid, \$1. Descriptive Circulars mailed free. Address BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists, No. 285 River St., N. Y., Sole Agents for the United States. [Feb. 14, 1867.—ly.]

WHISKERS
AND
MUSTACHES!
FORCED to grow upon the smoothest face in from three to five weeks by using DE SEVIGNE'S RESTAURATEUR CAPILLAIRE, the most wonderful discovery in modern science, acting upon the Beard and Hair in an almost miraculous manner.—It has been used by the elite of Paris and London with the most flattering success.—Names of all purchasers will be registered, and if entire satisfaction is not given in every instance, the money will be cheerfully refunded. Price by mail, sealed and post-paid, \$1. Descriptive circulars and testimonials mailed free. Address BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists, No. 285 River Street, Troy, N. Y., Sole agents for the United States. [Feb. 14, '67.—ly.]

Crisper Coma.
Oh! she was beautiful and fair,
With starry eyes, and radiant hair,
Whose curling tendrils soft, entwined,
Enchained the very heart and mind.
CRISPER COMA,
For Curling the Hair of either Sex into Wavy and Glossy Ringlets or Heavy Massive Curls.

By using this article Ladies and Gentlemen can beautify themselves a thousand fold. It is the only article in the world that will curl straight hair, and at the same time give it a beautiful, glossy appearance. The Crisper Coma not only curls the hair, but invigorates, beautifies and cleanses it; is highly and delightfully perfumed, and is the most complete article of the kind ever offered to the American public. The Crisper Coma will be sent to any address, sealed and post-paid for \$1.
Address all orders to
W. L. CLARK & CO., Chemists,
No. 3 West Fayette Street, Syracuse, N. Y.
Feb. 14, 1867.—ly.

There cometh glad tidings of joy to all,
To young and to old, to great and to small;
The beauty which once was so precious and rare,
Is free for all, and all may be fair.
BY THE USE OF
CHASTELLAR'S
WHITE LIQUID
ENAMEL,
For Improving and Beautifying the Complexion.

The most valuable and perfect preparation in use, for giving the skin a beautiful pearly tint, that is only found in youth. It quickly removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blisters, Moth Patches, Sallowness, Eruptions, and all impurities of the skin, kindly healing the same and leaving the skin white and clear as alabaster. Its use cannot be detected by the closest scrutiny, and being a vegetable preparation is perfectly harmless. It is the only article of the kind used by the French, and is considered by the Parisian as indispensable to a perfect toilet. Upwards of 30,000 bottles were sold during the past year, a sufficient guarantee of its efficacy. Price only 75 cents. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of an order, by BERGER, SHUTTS & Co., Chemists, 285 River St., Troy, N. Y. Feb. 14, 1867.—ly.

Reparator Capilli.
Throw away your false frizzes, your switches, your wig—
Destructive of comfort, and not worth a fig;
Come aged, come youthful, come ugly and fair,
And rejoice in your own luxuriant hair.
REPARATOR CAPILLI
For restoring hair upon bald heads (from whatever cause it may have fallen out) and forcing a growth of hair upon the face, it has no equal. It will force the beard to grow upon the smoothest face in from five to eight weeks, or hair upon bald heads in from two to three months. A few ignorant practitioners have asserted that there is nothing that will force or hasten the growth of the hair or beard. Their assertions are false, as thousands of living witnesses (from their own experience) can bear witness. But many will say, how are we to distinguish the genuine from the spurious? It certainly is difficult, as nine-tenths of the different Preparations advertised for the hair and beard are entirely worthless, and you may have already thrown away large amounts in their purchase. To such we would say, try the Repurator Capilli; it will cost you nothing unless it fully comes up to our representations. If your Druggist does not keep it, send us one dollar and we will forward it, postpaid, together with a receipt for the money, which will be returned you on application, providing entire satisfaction is not given. Address,
W. L. CLARK & CO., Chemists,
No. 3 West Fayette Street, Syracuse, N. Y.
Feb. 14, 1867.—ly.

NEW STORE
—AND—
NEW GOODS
—AT—
REDUCED PRICES!

DARIUS DREHER, begs leave to announce to his friends and to the public generally, that he has just received a general assortment of
Dry Goods, Notions, Dress Trimmings,
AND
MILLINERY GOODS
consisting, in part of the following desirable articles, viz.:
Calicoes,
Lacines,
French Chintzes,
Children's Dress Goods,
Worked Edgings,
Parasols, Zepher's,
Shetland Wools,
Shetland Wool Shawls,
Delaines,
Muslins,
White Dress Goods,
Insertings,
Lady's and Children's Sacks
Flannel and Cloth,
Lady's, Misses and Men's Hoos,
Gloves and Collars,
Mourning Goods,
Shroudings, &c., &c.,
Goods shown with pleasure. "Quicks sales and small profits" at the old and well known Millinery Stand of F. A. DREHER. The Millinery business will be carried on as usual by Mrs. DREHER.
Patronage respectfully solicited.
DARIUS DREHER.
April 26, 1866.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT!
Death to High Prices!
Up Town in a Blaze!
METZGAR & STORM, respectfully inform the public that the days of imposition prices have gone by in Stroudsburg, for the proof of which they invite their friends, from both town and county, to call at their new Store, on Elizabeth Street, in Stroudsburg, one door below the Indian Queen Hotel, examine their goods and learn how low they sell them.
We have DRY GOODS in almost endless variety,
Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings,
Calicoes, Delaines and Muslins,
Trimmings and Notions,
and everything in that line.
We have GROCERIES and PROVISIONS,
SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS,
SPICES, FISH, PORK,
and a full assortment in that line.
We have Crockery Ware, Wooden Ware, Willow Ware, Hardware, a general assortment.
TOBACCO of all kinds,
BOOTS AND SHOES, and in fact almost everything that can be called for in a completely stocked Store.
Call and see for yourselves. We take pleasure in showing goods without price, and can sell you calicoes from 12 1/2 cents to 25 cents per yard, and everything else proportionately low.
We feel duly thankful for the many evidences of already received appreciation of our efforts to knock down war prices, and can assure the public that there is still room for a few more evidences of the same sort. Don't forget the place and give us a call.
J. P. METZGAR,
March 29, 1866. JEROME STORM.

TERRIBLE EXCITEMENT!!!
No for Stroudsburg!
ALL ABOARD FOR THE
NEW STORE WITH NEW GOODS.
MESSRS. DETRICK & WILLIAMS have opened a New Store for the sale of
DRUGS,
MEDICINES,
WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
and JEWELRY,
on Main-street, in Stroudsburg, next door to the Post-office, where they have on hand the largest and best assortment of
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Drugs, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass, Sashes, Doors, Blinds, Brushes of all kinds, Perfumery, Spices and Stationery, ever offered for sale in this County.
Call and be Convinced.
1st. That we have the largest and best assortment of choice goods in the market.
2d. We have all NEW GOODS.
3d. We are determined to please all who favor us with their patronage.
4th. We will sell lower than any other house in the Borough.
Country Merchants and Physicians' orders will be filled at the lowest wholesale prices. Please call before purchasing elsewhere.
NO CHARGE FOR SHOWING GOODS.
Particular attention paid to the repairing of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, &c., and all work warranted.
C. S. DETRICK,
P. S. WILLIAMS.
Stroudsburg, May 10, 1866.

LOOK THIS WAY!
READ! READ!
Chas. Schaefer & Co.
FRENCH & GERMAN
STEAM DYEING ESTABLISHMENT.
EASTON, PENNA.
Will dye Woolen, Silk and Cotton Goods of Every Description, in any Color desired.
Orders can be left with H. S. WAGNER, STROUDSBURG, PA.
June 21, 1866.—ly.

For the Jeffersonian.
Sufferance.

Did you ever see any thing yet
So comically comical by half?
And is it not more than enough
To make almost any dog laugh!—
To sit in the rear of a car,
Or country church, rear pew,
And take from such point a glance
At the club-headed, clump-knotted view?
These clumps they are twisted and bent
In a sort of a la barrette skew,
Whilst colors most varied are lent
To make a most grotesque view:
And the tenderest miss of her teens
And the matron stiff and staid,
To this wonderful fashion lean
With a zeal that cannot be swayed.
Behind one a tow-ponch is hung,
Which looks like a hanging bird's nest,—
So much so in fact that you peer
To get sight of an unfledged breast:
Beside her a little black twist
Is pinched till it scares you quite,
For the great black eyes in front
Can never be winked up tight.
Another head on beyond
Is curled up and crimped down to kill,
And you would wonder and ask yourself
What such a queer head can fill:
The hat is no hat at all,
A straw and a ribbon or two,
Or a jockey so very small
That nothing sticks everywhere through.
I've often laughed in my sleeve
To look at the silly sight,
And wondered how long it must be
Till this play had passed its high,
When reason and judgment and taste
Would fit out a lady's head
And make it look graceful and neat
With common sense filling instead.
Don't talk of the suffrage right
Till of suffrage they have their fill;
Whilst heads are so porous and light
Let Fashion control and kill;
When Reason enthrones herself,
And woman is woman indeed,
Then, then we will open the ring,
Strike hands and bid her "God's speed."
WHACKHAMMER.
March 15, 1867.

For the Jeffersonian.
Telling the Truth for a Single Day.

Pshaw!
"Yes Dick it's so. Human nature as he has just said is very weak; and the idea of your resolution is an impossibility."
"I'll wager you ten dollars."
"Done. That you will upon your honor, conscientiously tell, or speak nothing but the unblemished truth for one day."
"Yes. Upon my honor." And Dick and Henry shook hands.
The above conversation happened one Sunday afternoon, as our two worthies were returning home from divine service: the preacher having descended at considerable length on the difficulties of speaking the truth in Godly fear. The attention of Harry was wrapped up in the discourse, as each admonition found a place in his heart, and examining his conscience by the solemn appeals of the preacher, he found that for truthfulness and integrity of purpose, he was light in the balance.
Not so with the truth-telling Dick.—He dismissed the idea as unbecoming in a Christian, the expression of the Creator, and after hearing the impressions of Harry upon the subject, he bluntly and expressly argued him down, by asserting what he had related above.
The friends parted, and to find the sequel we must accompany Richard home, and await the proceedings of the ensuing day.
He retired to rest, nor invoked the Author of Truth to sustain him in the painful issue of his rashness and imbecility.
The family were all astir the following morning, before Dick awoke to a sense of his resolution. Breakfast was over before he appeared, and father demanded authoritatively the cause of his absence. Then for the first time, Dick repeated his wager.
He must tell the truth for that day, and he stammered out—
"I was too sleepy and didn't like to rise."
"You did not like, didn't you, eh?" repeated the father.
"What an unmannerly child, John," added his mother, "after all our pains."
"Surely the boy must be asleep yet," reiterated Mrs. Wolf, "else he would never speak so."
And the old woman prattled on in her insinuations, seeing Dick with bowed head, and cautious deportment standing still without palliating his offense by a single word.
"It's true what I have often told you, John," she continued, "the boy cares nothing about us. How the world is upside down. Goodness me, who would have ever thought the like when I was a girl? He is really unnatural!" And Mrs. Wolf sobbed aloud.
"I tell you," resumed his father, "that you must mend your conduct and obey me," this he added sternly, seeing that Dick remained silent. "Mark me I will punish you to the last degree, if you still persist in your impertinence."
"How he mocks us," cried Mrs. Wolf, sharply, "I am sure the boy would not care if we were dead and buried."
"Ask him," she repeated, turning towards her husband, who still kept regarding Dick in silent anger.
Then she put the question herself directly to Dick, and she saw his countenance turn pale. Then she repeated her

question with frantic eagerness. Dick trembled. He remembered his resolution with pain. His father was rich, he loved Susan Dorset, and often calculated how happy they should be when he would inherit his father's riches.
He shuddered. A cold sweat moistened his brow, but he remembered the injunction of Harry and answered hoarsely—
"No."
Then Mrs. Wolf sat down exhausted. The wrongs of nature instantly seized upon her soul, and she cried bitterly.
Dick had already been expelled from the house, by the strong and iron arm of his father. Expelled without food.
He hurried off to his daily employment, entered the store just as Mr. Green, the proprietor of the establishment, appeared to see everybody in his services, prompt at their posts, and he turned quickly and accosted Dick—
"You are late by two hours, Richard Wolf. You must attend to your business more punctual, or not at all. Such folks don't quite answer me I assure you."
Dick thought it would be better to avoid questioning, and having made some incoherent excuse, in palliation of his fault, he moved slowly away to his work.
He stood behind the counter, when several gaudily attired ladies entered the store, and desired to examine some dozen yards of brocade. Mr. Green stood aloof. Several bales were presented, and all marked as genuine by the proprietors; and a young lady having fixed her choice upon a fashionable piece, she turned to Dick and said—
"You pronounce this to be excellent and warrantable, will you not?" she repeated, seeing Dick looking serious.
Mr. Green's eyes were riveted upon him. He must tell the truth at all hazards.
"No!" he repeated in a low tone.
"Then why mark them so? she angrily resumed, it is really extortion in the worst possible way. Can you say it is good or serviceable?" she enquired again: for she liked the piece and would purchase it.
"I cannot do that either," he added, politely: for he knew by the expression of Mr. Green's countenance, that his hours were numbered in the store. Besides he should tell the truth.
The young lady pouted and drew away in astonishment.
Mr. Green's face had the glow of youth upon it. It was red and almost swollen with passion as he listened to the solemn declarations of Dick. The ladies withdrew without purchasing anything.
"So, Mr. Wolf you are a most brilliant salesman," retorted Mr. Green as soon as they drove away, "are you not?" he reiterated growing red and pale with excitement. "Leave my premises instantly," he cried with an oath, and almost pushed Dick into the gutter in his delirium of rage.
Dick hurried along the street crest-fallen. He was bareheaded, and his countenance was stricken, and all for telling the truth: but his worst woe was yet to come.
He strode hurriedly along. He was an outcast now, from every one but Susan. Oh how he loved her now. He must go see her at once, and tell her all—that that passed that day, every word, and every calamity, and that it was all for the truth.
On his way to Susan, a beggar stopped and craved an alm. He could not say he had no money, nor yet to refuse the cry of distress. He was almost as a beggar now. He drew his purse, and to his mortification, found that it contained all five-dollar pieces in gold. He could not stop to parley with the beggar, who still followed him close behind. His five must go, so he dropped it upon the pavement, and passed on. The beggar picked it up with astonishment, and remained watching Dick, till he was out of sight among the crowd.
"A little cracked in the upper story, that gent," mused the beggar, as he turned in the opposite direction to beg from every body else that passed.
Dick walked on. He knew that relief for all his trials was near at hand. He must kiss his Susy, and that would tend to alleviate all his sufferings in a great measure.
Then she would pity him, and give him another, and rest her head upon his bosom, and tell him that she loved him the better for all his misfortunes. And with these assurances of her affection he would be able to do battle with the world, and overcome the enemies of his truth.
Susan was at her needle when he entered; but started up in joy upon the appearance of Dick. Then they seated themselves, and the whole proceedings of the day related.
She listened with tears in her eyes, commended him upon his integrity of heart, and returned the pressure of the hand which Dick gave her. Then he was relieved.
"You haven't seen my new hat," she inquired, after they dwelt at considerable length upon the things of the day.
"No," he answered, "but I am sure it must be exceedingly pretty, pray Susan let me see you wear it."
She hastened to find it, in joyful anticipation of Dick's praise with regard to her beauty, and returned singing Dick's favorite song, to compliment him for the goodness he would give. But Dick was unfortunate again.
"Does it not look prettily upon me?" she said, smiling, as she brushed back her fine ringlets of dark brown from her forehead. "Does it not, Richard?" But Dick shook his head.
"Dearest Susy, you are pretty enough without it," he said, playfully; the green is a shade too dark, and the feathers do not coincide with the trimmings."
Susan looked dismayed.
"You say then, Richard, that it does not become me," she asked, seriously, as a pout was upon her lips.
"It does not, Susy," he added, soothingly. But Dick suffered for the truth.
"You seem not to take any interest in whatever I have," she retorted, pettishly.
"I wonder why you come to see me so often, except it is to condemn what you see?"
"No, Susy, no," he said, and he soothed her, and took her hand in his and kissed it. But his doom was sealed.
"You don't condemn what Lucy Armour wears," she said, "no, no, you never do, but whatever I have, you do always."
"Lucy Armour! really Susy, you are joking, I have not seen her since Sunday afternoon; besides she dresses so pretty, that one cannot find fault."
"Yes, you love her then," she cried, almost sinking down, "it's true then what Harry Phillips told me!"
"Harry Phillips! Surely love, you cannot say, you know him. He would never say anything evil of me."
"Then where were you on Saturday?"
"In John Armour's."
"And you went to the masquerade with Lucy?"
"I must tell the truth. I did, but—"
But Susan had left the room, and again Richard Wolf was after losing the last friend that he had. His own Susy, his intended.
He left the house and was returning in the direction of his home. He loitered about till evening, and then sought to get admittance privately. He wanted to see his sister, who was Susan's best friend. He turned up the street.
Then as he was musing what to do, a hand was placed violently upon his shoulder, and looking behind, he found a party of people coming toward him crying out:—
"That's him! hold him fast! Mr. Bloomfield he is strong. Hold him! there is no knowing what mischief he is planning now, for he's as mad as a March hare!"
And the law officer tightened his grasp, although Dick vainly endeavored to free himself; and amidst a hoisting crowd, he was borne along to the police depot.
And behind followed his father, mother, and sister. And Susan Dorset, and Mr. Green; and all to prove satisfactorily, that Richard Wolf was insane, and needed the shelter of a Lunatic Asylum.
And the beggar was there to state, that he saw that same gentleman walking through the streets bareheaded, and was insane enough to throw a five dollar piece in the gutter.
And all gave testimony against Dick, and he was put over for further examination on the following day.
And Harry Phillips was there and laughed over it all.
That night Dick cried himself to sleep in a felon's cell; but Harry cleared the whole affair next day.

When and Where Does the Day Begin?
The Scientific American says: As we travel eastward the day begins earlier; near the equator starlight appears an hour four for each thousand miles going east. When it is sunrise in New York, the people of Europe have had sunlight many hours, and the Californians are still in their beds dreaming. Evidently the day has a first beginning, and at the eastward. But how far and where? What are the people who first see the light of Monday morning? It is the sun which brings the day; where does he first bring Monday? If we could travel with him we might find out. Let us suppose the case. We will take an early start; at sunrise on Sunday morning, with the sun just at the point of peeping over the horizon behind us, we travel westward. As we go, the people give us a Sunday greeting; we bring Sunday with us to Pittsburg, St. Louis, Salt Lake, San Francisco. At San Francisco our faithful chronometer informs us that we have been on the tramp about five hours. But we started on Sunday morning and it is Sunday morning still. We go on, still on Sunday morning. Will this Sunday morning ever end? The quiet Pacific knows very little of Sunday or other day, and our question scarcely receives an echo for reply. When we get to Yokohama in Japan, or Shanghai in China, we search for some Yankee, wide awake in the early morning, and we are told for the first time that Monday has come. Everywhere now we bring Monday, and in twenty-four hours by the chronometer after starting we are in New York again, and find the merchants taking down their shutters; and the Monday newspaper tells us what happened during our absence.
"No Name."
An archin leading a small dog along the street some days ago was accosted by a gentleman as follows:
"Well, my son, what's your dog's name?"
"Hain't got any name yet."
"Well, why don't you name him?—Give him some good name." Call him Grant."
"I don't like to do that," said the boy—"it would be disrespectful to the General."
"Vell, then, call him Andy Johnson."
"No, I won't do that, neither, for that would be an insult to the dog."