The Tioga County Agitator

Is published every Wednesday Moorning at $2 per year, invariably in advance.

COBB & VAN GELDER.

[N. H. COBB.] [P. O. VAN GELDER.

ADVERTISING RATES.

TEN LINES OF MINION, OR LESS, MAKE ONE SQUARE.

No. of Sq'rs.	1 In.	3 Ins.	4 Ins.	3 Mos.	6 Mos.	1 Year
1 Square,.....	$1,00	$2,00	$2,50	$3,00	$7,00	$12,00
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The Tioga County Agitator.

"The Agitation of Thought is the Beginning of Wisdom."

VOL. XV. WELLSBORO, PA., JUNE 17, 1868. NO. 24.

JOBBING DEPARTMENT.

The proprietors have stocked the establishment with a new a varied assortment of

JOB AND CARD TYPE

AND FAST PRESSES,

and are prepared to execute neatly and promptly,

POSTERS, HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, BILL-HEADS, CARDS, PAMPHLETS, &c., &c.

Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, and a full assortmnet of Constables' and Justices' Blanks on hand.

People living at a distance can depend on having their work done promptly and sent back in return mail.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

W. D. TERBELL & CO.,

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, and dealers in Wall Paper, Kerosene Lamps, Window Glass, Perfumery, Paints and Oils, &c., &c. Corning, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1868.—1y.

WILLIAM H. SMITH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW Insurance, Bounty and Pension Agency, Main Street Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1868.

S. F. WILSON. J. B. NILES.

WILSON & NILES,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW, (First door from Bigoney's, on the Avenue)—Will attend to business entrusted to their care in the counties of Tioga and Potter. Wellsboro, Jan 1, 1868.

HILL'S HOTEL,

WESTFIELD Borough, Tioga Co. Pa., E. G. Hill, Proprietor. A new and commodious building with all the modern improvements. Within easy drives of the best hunting and fishing grounds in Northern Penn'a. Conveyances furnished. Terms moderate. Feb. 5, 1868—1y.

GEORGE WAGNER,

TAILOR. Shop first door north of L. A. Sears's Shoe Shop. ☞ Cutting, Fitting, and Repairing done promptly and well. Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1868.—1y.

JOHN R. SHAKSPEARE,

DRAPER AND TAILOR. Shop over John R. Bowen's Store. ☞ Cutting, Fitting, and Repairing done promptly and in best style. Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1868—1y

WM. GARRETSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Notary Public and Insurance Agent, Blossburg, Pa., over Caldwell's Store.

JOHN I. MITCHELL

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa. Claim Agent, Notary Public, and Insurance Agent. He will attend promptly to collection of Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty. As Notary Public he takes acknowledgements of deeds, administers orths, and will act as Commissioner to take testimony. ☞ Office over Roy's Drug Store, adjoining Agitator Office.—Oct. 30. 1867

John W. Guernsey,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Having returned to this county with a view of making it his permanent residence, solicits a share of public patronage. All business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. Office 2d door south of E. S. Farr's hotel. Tioga, Tioga Co., Pa. sept. 26. '65.—tf.

ISAAK WALTON HOUSE,

Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

HORACE C. VERMILYEA, Prop'r. This is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pennsylvania. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public. [Jan. 1, 1868.]

PETROLEUM HOUSE,

WESTFIELD, PA., GEORGE CLOSE, Proprietor. A new Hotel conducted on the principle of live and let live, for the accommodation of the public.—Nov. 14, 1866.—1y.

GEO. W. RYON,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW, Lawrenceville, Tioga Co., Pa. Bounty, Pension, and Insurance Agent. Collections promptly attended to. Office 2d door below Ford House. Dec. 12, 1867—1y

R. E. OLNEY,

DEALER in CLOCKS & JEWELRY, SILVER & PLATED WARE, Spectacles, Violin Strings, &c., &c., Mansfield, Pa. Watches and Jewelry neatly repaired. Engraving done in plain English and German. 11sept67-1y.

Thos. B. Bryden.

SURVEYOR & DRAFTSMAN.—Orders left at his room, Townsend Hotel, Wellsboro, will meet with prompt attention. Jan. 13, 1867.—tf.

FARR'S HOTEL,

TIOGA, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.,

Good stabling, attached, and an attentive hostler always in attendance.

E. S. FARR, . . Proprietor.

Hairdressing & Shaving.

Saloon over Willcox & Darker's Store, Wellsboro, Pa. Particular attention paid to Ladies' Hair-cutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, etc. Braids, Puffs, coils, and switches on hand and made to order.

H. W. DORSEY. J. JOHNSON.

D. BACON, M. D., late of the 2d Pa. Cavalry, after nearly four years of army service, with a large experience in field and hospital practice, has opened an office for the practice of medicine and surgery, in all its branches. Persons from a distance can find good boarding at the Pennsylvania Hotel when desired.—Will visit any part of the State in consultation, or to perform surgical operations. No. 4, Union Block, up stairs. Wellsboro, Pa., May 2, 1866.—1y.

NEW PICTURE GALLERY.—

FRANK SPENCER

has the pleasure to inform the citizens of Tioga county that he has completed his NEW PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, and is on hand to take all kinds of Sun Pictures, such as Ambrotypes, Ferrotypes, Vignettes, Cartes de Visite, the Surprise and Eureka Pictures; also particular attention paid to copying and enlarging Pictures. Instructions given in the Art on reasonable terms. Elmira St., Mansfield, Oct. 1, 1866.

Wm. B. Smith,

KNOXVILLE, Pa. Pension, Bounty, and Insurance Agent. Communications sent to the above address will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate. [jan 8, 1868—1y]

U. S. CLAIM AGENCY.

For the Collection of

Army and Navy Claims and Pensions.

THE NEW BOUNTY LAW passed July 28, 1866, gives two and three years' soldiers extra bounty. Send in your discharges.

OFFICERS' EXTRA PAY.

Three months' extra pay proper to volunteer officers who were in service March 3, 1865.

PENSIONS INCREASED

To all who have lost a limb and who have been permanently and totally disabled.

All other Government claims prosecuted.

—JEROME B. NILES.

Wellsboro, October 10, 1866—tf

NORMAN STRAIT,

AGENT for the National Series of Standard School Books; published by A. S. Barnes & Co. 111 & 113 William, corner of John Street, N. Y.—keeps constantly a full supply. All orders promptly filled. Call or address by mail. N. STRAIT. Osceola, Pa., June 19, 1867-1y.

BLACKSMITHING.

THE undersigned having returned to Wellsboro and opened his shop, on Water street, solicits a share of patronage. He proposes to do

WORK CHEAP FOR CASH.

Shoing horses $3,50 and other work in proportion. April 29, 1868.—6m. J. W. RITTER.

J. G. PUTNAM,

MILL WRIGHT—Agent for all the best TURBINE WATER WHEELS. Also for Stewart's Oscillating Movement for Gang and Muley Saws. Tioga, Pa., Aug. 7, 1867, 1y.

Bounty and Pension Agency.

HAVING received definite instructions in regard to the extra bounty allowed by the act approved July 28, 1866 and having on hand a large supply of all necessary blanks, I am prepared to prosecute all pension and bounty claims which may be placed in my hands. Persons living at a distance can communicate with me by letter, and their communications will be promptly answered. WM. H. SMITH. Wellsboro. October 24, 1866.

C. L. WILCOX,

Dealer in DRY GOODS of all kinds, Hardware and Yankee Notions. Our assortment is large and prices low. Store in Union Block. Call in gentle man.—may 20 1868—1y.

GITY BOOK BINDERY AND BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY,

8 Baldwin Street,

(SIGN OF THE BIG BOOK, 2D FLOOR,)

ELMIRA, N. Y.

OUR MOTTO:

GOOD AS THE BEST, CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

BLANK BOOKS

Of every description, in all styles of Binding, and as low, for quality of Stock, as any Bindery in the State. Volumes of every description Bound in the best manner and in any style ordered.

ALL KINDS OF GILT WORK

Executed in the best manner. Old Books rebound and made good as new.

MAGAZINE READERS

COMPLETE YOUR SETS!

I am prepared to furnish back numbers of all Reviews or Magazines published in the United States or Great Britain, at a low price.

BLANK BOOK & OTHER PAPER,

Of all sizes and qualities, on hand, ruled or plain.

BILL HEAD PAPER,

Of any quality or size, on hand and cut up ready for printing. Also, BILL PAPER, and CARD BOARD of all colors and quality, in boards or cut to any size.

STATIONERY,

Cap, Letter, Note Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, &c.

I am sole agent for

Prof. SHEPARD'S NON-CORROSIVE STEEL PENS, of various sizes, for ladies and gentlemen,

Which I will warrant equal to Gold Pens. The best in use and no mistake.

The above stock I will sell at the Lowest Rates at all times, at a small advance on New York prices, and in quantities to suit purchasers. All work and stock warranted as represented.

I respectfully solicit a share of public patronage. Orders by mail promptly attended to.—Address, LOUIS KIES, Advertiser Building, Elmira, N. Y. Sept. 28, 1867.-1y.

JOHN SUHR,

WOULD announce to the citizens of Wellsboro and surrounding country, that he has opened a shop on the corner of Water and Crafton streets, for the purpose of manufacturing all kinds of

CABINET FURNITURE,

REPAIRING AND TURNING DONE

to order. COFFINS of all kinds furnished on short notice. All work done promptly and warranted. Wellsboro, June 27, 1866.

UNION HOTEL.

MINER WATKINS, PROPRIETOR.

HAVING fitted up a new hotel building on the site of the old Union Hotel, lately destroyed by fire, I am now ready to receive and entertain guests. The Union Hotel was intended for a Temperance House, and the Proprietor believes it can be sustained without grog. An attentive hostler in attendance. Wellsboro, June 26, 1867.

JOHN ETNER,

TAILOR AND CUTTER, has opened a shop on Crafton street, rear of Sears & Derby's shoe shop, where he is prepared to manufacture garments to order in the most substantial manner, and with dispatch. Particular attention paid to Cutting and Fitting. March 26, 1868—1y

HAMILTON HOUSE,

On strictly Temperance principles, Morris Run, Pa. R. C. BAILEY, Proprietor. Horses and Carriages to let.—March 8, 1868.—1y.

E. R. KIMBALL,

GROCERY AND RESTAURANT,

One door above the Meat Market,

WELLSBORO, PENN'A,

RESPECTFULLY announces to the trading public that he has a desirable stock of Groceries, comprising, Teas, Coffees, Spices, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, and all that constitutes a first-class stock. Oysters in every style at all seasonable hours. Wellsboro, Jan. 2, 1867-tf.

Boots & Shoes.

Great Excitement! Johnson Impeached, and Embree's Boots and Shoes triumphant! The subscriber would say to the people of Westfield and vicinity that he is manufacturing a Patent Boot which he believes to possess the following advantage over all others: 1st, there is no crimping; 2d, no wrinkling, save as they break to the feet; 3d, no ripping. In short, they are just the thing for everybody. Samples on hand and orders solicited. Sole right of Westfield township and Boro' secured. He has also just received a splendid set of balmoral patterns, latest styles. Come one, come all! We are bound to sell cheap for cash or ready pay. Shop one door south of Sanders & Colegrove. Westfield Boro', Feb. 13 1868. J. R. EMBREE.

WELLSBORO HOTEL.

C. H. GOLDSMITH, Proprietor.—Having leased this popular Hotel, the proprietor respectfully solicits a fair share of patronage. Every attention given to guests. The best hostler in the county always in attendance. April 29, 1868.—1y.

TIOGA GALLERY OF ART.

I would respectfully inform the citizens of Tioga and vicinity, that I have built a new

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY

In the Borough of Tioga, and having a good Photographic Artist in my employ, I am now prepared to furnish all kinds of Pictures known to the Photographic Art. Also having in my employ a number of first class Painters, I am prepared to answer all calls for house, sign, carriage, ornamental and scenery painting. Address A. B. MEADE, May 6, 1868—6m. Tioga, Pa.

THE PLACE TO BUY DRUGS.

AT the Lawrenceville Drug Store, where you will find every thing properly belonging to the Drug Trade

CHEAP, CHEAPER, CHEAPEST,

and of the best quality for Cash. Also, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Lamps, Fancy Notions, Violin Strings, Fishing Tackle, Window Glass, &c. Cash paid for Flax Seed. C. P. LEONARD. Lawrenceville, May 8, 1867.

Glen's Falls Insurance Company,

GLEN'S FALLS, N. Y.

Capital and Surplus $373,637.66.

FARM RISKS, only, taken. No Premium Notes required. It is LIBERAL. It pays damages by Lightning, whether Fire ensues or not. It pays for live stock killed by Lightning, in barns or in the field. Its rates are lower than other Companies of equal responsibility. I. C. PRICE, Agent, Farmington Centre, Tioga Co. Pa. May 29, 1867—1y*

WALKER & LATHROP,

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, NAILS,

STOVES, TIN-WARE,

BELTING, SAWS, CUTLERY,

WATER LIME,

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

Carriage and Harness Trimmings,

HARNESSES, SADDLES, &c.

Corning, N. Y., Jan. 2, 1867—1y.

CHOICE LOT OF GRAIN BAGS for sale cheap! at WRIGHT & BAILEY'S. Wellsboro, June 5, 1867.

CALENDER, French, Marine and Church Clocks, at [dec19] FOLEY'S.

INTRODUCED INTO AMERICA FROM GERMANY, in 1835.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

and

HOOFLAND'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 Disordered Liver, Stomach, or

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Read 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, a miserable life, soon terminating in death, will be the result.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering 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 Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits.

All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

Hoofland's German Bitters

is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Barks from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then brought to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitters that can be used in every where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

Hoofland's German Tonic

is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with pure Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc. It is ready for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required. You will bear in mind that these remedies are not offered as a drink, or as any other advertised for the cure of the diseases named, these being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere decoctions or rum in some form. The TONIC is decidedly one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. It taste is exquisite. It is a pleasure to take it, while its life-giving, exhilarating, and medicinal qualities have caused it to be known as the greatest of all tonics.

CONSUMPTION.

Thousands of cases, when the patient supposed he was afflicted with this terrible disease, have been cured by the use of these remedies. Extreme emaciation, debility, and cough are the usual attendants upon such cases of dyspepsia or disease of the digestive organs. Even in cases of genuine Consumption, these remedies will be found of the greatest benefit, strengthening and invigorating.

DEBILITY.

There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart a tone and vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause an enjoyment of the food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheek, and change the patient from a short-breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.

Weak and Delicate Children

are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of ninety.

These Remedies are the best

Blood Purifiers

ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from bad blood.

Keep your blood pure; keep your Liver in order; keep your digestive organs in a sound, healthy condition; together with the use of these remedies, and no disease will ever assail you.

THE COMPLEXION.

Ladies who wish a fair skin and good complexion, free from pimples, yellowish tinge and all other disfigurement, should use these remedies, occasionally. The Liver in active order, and the blood pure, will result in sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks.

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of C. M. Jackson on the front of the outside wrapper of each 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 Hoofland's German Bitters" is a valuable tonic, containing no spirits, but a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action in the system. Your's truly, GEO. W. WOODWARD.

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

PHILADELPHIA, April 28th, 1866.

I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in cases of attacks of indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect, JAMES THOMPSON

From REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D.D., Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

DR. C. M. JACKSON—Dear Sir:—I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of any appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the virtues of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes. Yours, very respectfully, J. H. KENNARD, Eighth, below Coates St.

Price of the Bitters, $1.00 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for $5.00.

Price of the Tonic, $1.50 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for $7.50.

The Tonic is put up in quart bottles.

Recollect that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggist to induce you to take any thing else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a larger profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,

No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia,

CHAS. M. EVANS, Proprietor,

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Dealers everywhere.

Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

The above Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine dealers, everywhere throughout the United States, Canadas, South America, and the West Indies.—Mar. 11, '68-1y.

Poets' Corner.

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

BY T. B. READ.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The wife beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles.
Though heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart shall shed a drop as dear
As ever dewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds the husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And gravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder—
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of war around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE LIVE SOFA.

Mr. Lundy was a peculiar looking man, with a thin face, and long, straight hair, that he fancied never needed cutting. He had, at one time, been very unfortunate in his business; but, though made rich since by a large legacy, he was not in a condition to enjoy it. The fact is, Mr. Lundy was a confirmed hypochondriac.

For many years Mrs. L. had said at home and humored his whims, but one season her pretty daughter wanted to go to a watering place, not for any disease in particular, but to see the world and the young folks in it.

Behold them, then, comfortably established in a sea side hotel. For two days Mr. Lundy has been all right; but one morning his poor wife knew what was coming, by the peculiarity of his looks and motions. Her book fell from her hand; Minnie turned pale.

"He's been flighty all the morning," said Mrs. L. "Dear, dear, see him whirl—what is it, Lundy?"

"A feather, my dear—a feather; catch me—hold me. Don't you see the wind is blowing me everywhere? It will take me out to sea, and I shall get saturated—yes, wet through Mrs. Lundy. I beg you to catch me; pin me to your bonnet; I shall be safe there. Just see how frightfully I ruffle; the slightest puff of air agitates me throughout. I'd rather be anything than this; do put me in your bonnet my dear."

"I'll put you in a mad-house before long," muttered the exasperated wife, "if you cut up capers. Come into the hotel, Mr. Lundy."

"Come into the hotel, madam; you talk as if I had legs. Did you ever see a feather walk? Why, I'm lighter than a snow drift; I wish I had a brick in my hat to keep me down. Oh! I envy everything stationary. Observe how I quiver; stick a pin in me my dear, and listen me to the floor. Is there enough of me for a pen? Am I a hen-feather, or a duck-feather, or what?"

"Goose-feather, if anything, you tiresome mortal," cried his wife. "I'm sick of your vagaries. First, you're a cat on the roof, mewing and keeping everybody awake; then you're a glass bottle full of water, freezing and snapping; you're anything and everything but a reasonible man. I'm tired of it."

"Mrs. Lundy, will you have the kindness to put me in your pocket? squeeze me in your hand; anything, that I may feel safe in your protecting care. I'm afloat."—(singing.)

"I'm afloat, I'm afloat'—ah—what's that?"

"Nothing, Mr. Lundy, but Joe's whip, I called him from the conch-house; lay on Joe."

"But my love, my legs."

"Nonsense, Mr. Lundy; lay on Joe. Feathers haven't got legs."

"True, Mrs. L., but they have marrow, and that's what feels. Pray beg Joe to stop."

Just then up ran little Tom—the only male hope of the Lundy family—and, strange to say, in his hand a handsome hen's feather. A triumphant smile illuminated the face of Lundy the elder.

"Now, my dear," he said gravely, taking the feather in his hand, "I hope you'll believe me. My child, look on that feather, and be thankful; that was me."

And little Tom, chuckling at the idea, ran up and down the piazza, repeating merrily—

"Pa was a hen, once; dear me, how funny."

Minnie Lundy was captivating; there is no doubt about that. In pink, blue, white or green she looked equally charming. There were rich men there who would have been glad to possess her, and nice men, and silly to that extent that they were fools, and didn't know it. But it happened that a young physician was luckier than them all, and poorer. "I must have that girl," he said, sotto voce, a dozen times a day, and then heartily wished she had a fever. Probably he saw Minnie through the back of his head, for he was always looking out of the window when she came in, and always blushed violently.

One day Minnie followed her mother into the parlor. As usual Dr. Stag was there.

"My dear," cried Mrs. Lundy, who had just come from the garden, "you look excited."

"O, mamma!" and her voice was so sweetly low, so softly agitated—"we shall have to leave this place, indeed we shall. Father is taking on terribly; some of the boarders are laughing—others are shocked."

"What is the freak now, my dear?"

"O! he's a rooster, and crows till he's black in the face."

"A rooster! horrible! And here we are—not a doctor we know—

Somebody wheeled around for the window.

"Madam, I heard you speaking of—the—ahem—need of a doctor. Excuse my forwardness—but I am a physician."

Of course, Minnie was more beautiful than ever in her confusion.

"My poor husband has an unfortunate tendency that annoys everybody near him."

"Perhaps he is a hypochondriac. I think I've seen him. Where is he, Madam?"

"On the north porch," said Minnie.

"And I am sure we are very much obliged," added the mother, "if you can only help him."

The first sound that struck their ears, as they issued from the door was a grand and sonorous "cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"John—Mr. Lundy," cried his wife, what a sad spectacle you are making of yourself."

"I'm not a spectacle, good woman; I'm a rooster. Get out of my way—do you not notice the expanse of my wings? Cock-a-doodle-doo?"

"What shall we do?" cried the poor wife, turning to the doctor. "O, sir, can you stop this ridiculous exhibition."

"Trust me, madam," said the young man biting his lip, for the sight was almost to ridiculous for his gravity.

"Upon my word," he continued, addressing the deluded man, "what a magnificent creature? Why, his feathers are a yard long. Where did you get such a splendid specimen? Is he imported?"

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" yelled the human biped, stuttering more than ever. "That woman had nothing to do with me, sir—nothing at all. I'm a rooster on my own account—cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Here the doctor gave orders aside to one of the servants, who went away grinning. Then turning to the rooster, who was by this time red in the face with exertion, he said:

"I declare, it makes my mouth water to think what a capital dinner that bird would furnish. May I wring his neck, Madam? It will take but a few seconds."

"No you don't," cried the other; "I'm tough—I'm very tough—I'm an old bird, sir—not to be caught with chaff."

"But you are a rooster; what else are you good for?"

"Good to crow, sir; good to crow," after which ensued the loudest screech of all, succeeded by a somersault and a sensation of suffocation. Another moment and the servant re-appeared with a dead fowl in his arms.

"I assure you, sir, it had to be done," said the doctor, gravely, and Mr. Lundy rubbed his face and pinched his throat.

"Did you really wring my neck sir?" the hypochondriac asked gravely.

"When you were a rooster, certainly."

"Did I die game?" asked the other, with a manner of solemn importance.

"You did—particularly game," replied the doctor.

"Thank you, sir. If I should happen to turn into a rooster again, I shall know where to go."

"I shall be most happy to—to wring your neck for you, sir, on any such interesting occasion."

"Very kind, I'm sure. If you should ever get into trouble, John Lundy will stand your friend."

"Do you promise me that, sir?"

"I do, and I never break my word."

After that Minnie walked in the garden sometimes; and Minnie was not alone—not she.

"I love violets best," said the doctor to her one day.

"And I roses." So Minnie, being the least bit sentimental, quoted Pope on roses—something about dew. And the doctor went on Shakespear, very bad, indeed, till somehow in some way—he never could tell how, nor in what way (neither could she)—he said it.

See dictionary for "it."

"Indeed, I must not listen to this," murmured Minnie, dying to hear it again.

"My father, if he knew—"

"Would disapprove, perhaps," cried the young doctor. "And why? Because I am poor. And you, too, perhaps—"

"No, no; I—I—you know—I—love—you—but—"

"Hark! Who calls?"

Enter Tommy.

"Oh, sis! pa's took again, he's going it awful!"

"What is it now, dear?" asked Minnie, with the face of an angel: but perhaps she was not a little cross at the interruption.

"Oh, he's a sofa, and ma says please somebody come and smash him all to bits."

"What shall we do?" sighed Minnie; "that is the most ridiculous freak of all."

"Don't be frightened, my love," said the young doctor. "Tommy run right home and tell your mother I will be there in five minutes. Now, Minnie, there is but one way I know of to cure your father at once, and that is by giving him a shock."

"What! of electricity?"

"No, dear—far more powerful than that. You must go to the little brown house over there and be married."

"Oh, never; my father would kill me."

"Does he ever break his word?"

"I never knew him to."

"All right. He promised me that if I should ever get into trouble he would help me out?"

"Did he, really? Then he will."

"But it is necessary that we give him the shock first. Delay not, my darling; you shall never regret it."

Of course she went.

"All I ask is that nobody'll sit on me, I'm cracked. Besides, I'm just varnished, and not quite dry yet. Do, my dear, stand at the door and tell people as they come in that I cannot be sat on, or in any way meddled with. I'm so flimsily fastened together."

This was the speech that greeted Dr. Stag as he entered Mr. Lundy's parlor with Minnie. Mrs. L. was in tears.

"Doctor, as soon as ever I get home I'll have the ridiculous man carried directly to the hospital—indeed I will," cried the poor woman. I've borne it long enough, and I'm completely worn out."

"So am I, my dear," piped up her husband, "I expect I'm second hand; should not wonder in the least, my legs feel so shaky. Pray don't touch me. Isn't one roller gone my dear?"

"Roller gone—your wits are gone. I wish I was a man. I'd varnish you in such a way that you'd never want to be a sofa again on any piece of furniture."

The doctor stood near, gravely considering.

"My dear you are better as you are, for I see in the last five minutes you have come out a beautiful washbowl and pitcher. But isn't your nose a little cracked, or do I see awry? Shouldn't wonder for my head is full of brass tacks. I think I've snuffed them up my nose. It's worse than influenza."

"Was ever poor creature so afflicted?" murmured Mrs. Sofa—I mean Mrs. Lundy.

"Never, my love. I protest that I could not be anything else if I would—but a sofa I am, and a poor one at that."

At that moment the doctor sprang forward and planted himself upon the prostrate body of Mr. Lundy.

"Capital sofa this," he said, keeping his position in spite of his victim's struggles.

"Get up, I'm cracking in six places. Good heavens! you'll ruin me—you'll break my back! Get up till I'm properly mended, for pity's sake."

"Upon my word," said the doctor, calmly, "this price of furniture acts as if it was alive. It kicks and wriggles and makes me laugh at its antics. What a ridiculous sofa!"

"I tell you I'm second hand!" cried the hypochondriac more faintly than before, for 130 pounds, dead weight, was no light infliction. "I'm brass tacked—old—very old—full of cracks—one roller gone. O! pray don't lean your weight on me."

The doctor lifted himself cautiously. The sofa gave one deep inspiration.

The doctor looked serious.

"Are you sure you are a sofa?"

"Of course I am."

"Then you are no longer Mr. Lundy?"

"I am no longer Mr. Lundy."

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Certainly I can."

"Do you know old Lundy's daughter?"

"I guess I do."

"Won't you let on to the old fellow if I tell you something?"

"Not if you say no."

"Well, I've just married her. She's my wife."

Off went the sofa like a gun.

"What! You villain!"

"Take care—you'll break?" cried the doctor.

"You young rascal!"

"You old sofa!"

"You desperate young thief!"

"You ricketty old sofa, with your head full of brass tacks, I tell you," cried the doctor, "if you had not been a feather, and a rooster, and a sofa, and the cats know what, you'd look after your daughter better than you have. But come, let's be friends, and thank me for cursing you. You'll never be a hypochondriac again—I'll take good care of that—for you see it's a nice thing to have a medical adviser in the family. Besides, you promised me once that if I was in trouble you'd help me through Come, come, let's be quits.

"I see I can't help myself," said the old man gravely; "but I tell you what, I shall consider you a thief until you are able to support your wife in the style she is accustomed to."

"And I, sir, shall consider you a sofa until you revoke the decision."

It is needless to add, that was the last of the trouble.

COLONEL GONZALES.

BY PAUL SKETCHER.

A long march after a great victory, and when the American army halted the walls of the Mexican capital lay before them.

It was a glorious sight, worthy even of the noble lives lost on hard-won fields and in long marches under a tropical sun to reach it. Long lines of weary, dust-stained men marched by to take the posts assigned them. Greasy natives watched them silently in sullen hate, or cursed them secretly by patron saints innumerable. Officers of every rank dashed by. One rode slowly, noting everything with quick, restless eyes. A great shout went up from the very hearts of the soldiers.

It was General Scott. "To-morrow we will be quartered in the city," said a soldier, already cooking his supper of hard bread, beef and coffee. Cavalry men polished their sabres and artillery men their guns, petting and talking to the grim, brass-throated monsters as though they were children. And long streets and squares of tents grew up as if by magic.

A young man, wearing the uniform of captain, watched the scene eagerly. To him it meant more than the mere disposal of a great army. Beyond the barriers of military rank and dicipline, he recognized the invincible pluck and courage that characterizes an American wherever you find him, whether he carries a private's knapsack or wears a general's stars.

A staff officer approached him. "The General wishes to see you," he said respectfully.

"Am I to be court-martialed, or promoted?" the captain asked carelessly.

"Neither," was the quiet reply. "I merely have orders to conduct you to headquarters."

"Captain Thorne, I believe?" said the general as they entered the tent.

The captain bowed.

The general gave the handsome bronzed face a quick, searching glance. Then he at once addressed him.

"I have a difficult and dangerous undertaking for you Captain."

The captain looked interested.

"One that requires great skill and secrecy," he continued, apparently satisfied with the manner in which the captain received the news.

"I am at your service, General."

"Several officers, one of them a member of my staff, with important dispatches, have disappeared mysteriously of late," the general said, tilting himself back on his camp-stool, uncomfortably, "and in such a manner that I am convinced they must have been captured within our lines, and then disposed of in some way unbeknown to me, but which I trust you will soon discover."

"I shall require assistance, general."

"Certainly. I have detailed men enough from your command to overcome fifty Mexicans—a much larger force than you will be likely to encounter."

"Why, there are not fifty well men in my company, general," the captain exclaimed in astonishment.

The general smiled. "I said equal to fifty. Corporal Judkins is to accompany you, and I have reckoned your your strategic, and his fighting powers, equal to that number of the enemy."

"You are complimentary, general."

"I am no stanger to the fame of captain Thorne and corporal Judkins," the general said, good-naturedly; "and now as I have business elsewhere, adjutant Gray will write the necessary orders for the execution of our plan."

"The man of all men I would have chosen to accompany me," said the captain.

"Who? Judkins?"

"Yes; why, the man is a giant in power, and as shrewd as he is powerful."

"I have heard the general speak of him," replied the adjutant as he wrote the orders.

In all New England there was not another such a Yankee. Nor in all the army a braver man than corporal Judkins. In person he was tall, bony and muscular, with large, ungainly feet and hands, and ragged, homely features, strongly marked with that strange mixture of cunning and simplicity, so characteristic of the genuine Yankee.

As all of the missing officers had been seen last in the vicinity of the General's tent, it was decided to make that the base of their operations. Accordingly, about midnight they left the General's tent as carelessly as though they had passed the evening over cards and wine, instead of anxious consultation with the General.

One by one the lights died out, until the vast camp lay in silence and darkness. For a while they discovered nothing to arouse their suspicions, until a figure came suddenly out of the darkness before them.

After a whispered consultation they decided to advance as though they had not discovered it. As they drew nearer they saw that it was a woman old and bent nearly double, who hobbled along with great apparent difficulty.

The captain recognized her at once. "It is the old woman who sells fruit to the soldiers," he remarked to the corporal.

"But what is she doing here?"

"Doubtless some of the soldiers have stolen her oranges, and she is coming to the General with a most piteous complaint," laughed the captain.

Possibly. There is nothing in the world so ugly as a Mexican woman of the lower class, after threescore years have passed over her. A Granada Gypsy of that age is tolerably homely, but a Mexican is positively hideous. And this one might have been queen of them all, just as Quasimodo was Pope of the Fools, by virtue of his supreme ugliness.

"So the senor watches for Mexican spies," she said, addressing the captain in a harsh, shrill voice, as he drew near. And then not seeming to notice the captain's surprise, she continued, "the old woman's sharp eyes have discovered two spies secreted inside the camp. What would the senor give to discover them?"

The captain took a handful of gold from his purse. "This shall be yours," he said eagerly. The woman grasped it covetously and said sharply, "come with me."

"I think we shall discover the mystery at last," the captain whispered to his companion. If he had only known what he was to discover. Through the whole length of the sleeping camp their guide led them with a swiftness that would have awakened their suspicions at any other time. Neither of them thought of summoning assistance.