OUR NEW PIG.

A PIG!" I exclaimed, in great tonishment, pausing in the act We were at breakfast.

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Dobb, " a pig. We could keep one just as well as not, and it would be quite an item of saving, when meat is so high."

"Why, Susan, you'd have to buy food for it-corn and apples, and I don't know what all-it would cost more than

it would come to." "No," persisted my wife, "It would not, James. Father always kept a

pig." "But he lived in the country,"

" But that makes no difference, I was talking with neighbor Jones about it over the fence yesterday, and he said we threw away swill enough every day to keep ten pigs."

"I should like to know what Jones knows about our swill," said I,

" Why, he judged from his own experience, James. He keeps a pig."

And while we are on the subject, Susan, I'd just take the opportunity to say I do not approve of your flirting with married men over the fence.'

"James, do be serious. Flirting, indeed, with pigs and swill for a basis of conversation. You just want to vex me. 11

"Oh, pigs are a pretext; anything will do for a pretext when a woman is determined to flirt. I knew a woman once who tried to use a portrait of her dead grandmother as a pretext for a flirtation. And as for Jones-

" Now, James, you shall not go on in that way; before the chiffdren, too. Look at Nellie's eyes,

" Perhaps you'll pretend," I continned, "that Jones didn't bring you a bunch of Isabellas at the same time-"

"Yes, and you are the best part of them last evening yourself, for I saved them for you, and you know Mr. Jones' grapes are much superior to ours; I'm sure I'm thankful for all he gives me. Will you get a pig for me, James, or won't you?"

"Oh, if you ask it as a favor, Susan, of course I will. I'll get you anything that will be a source of pleasure, you know; but if you want a pig for a pet, don't try to pretend it's for economy's

"A pet!" pouted Susan. "How ridiculous you are! I detest pets."

"Then why don't you avoid them,my dear ?"

"What are you driving at? I don't know."

"Why, you are in one, now, Susan. Be calm. The coffee will get cold."

Mrs. Dobb gave me one despairing look, and then poured the coffee. Before I left the house I had promised to see about getting a pig.

Now, if there is an catable animal I know less about than I do about another it is the pig. I remembered having seen pigs alive when I was a boy, but since I grew up my knowledge of the species has been confined to the porcine corpses I have seen suspended from books in the market places, and to certain works of art in which they had been represented-not in landscapes, I may remark; so if there had been a market for live pigs adjoining my studio, I could not have selected an available one from the lot. I thought about it a good deal during the day, and the result of my meditations was, on my homeward way in the afternoon, I made a circuit around by the residence of Peter Von Popp, a Dutchman, whom I employed to take care of my garden, and to do such other beavy work as might be necessary about the house from time to time. On consultation I found that Peter was just the man for the business. He had a brother who kept a small farm up in the vicinity of Schraalenburg, back of the Pallisades on the Hudson; and Peter said:

" Next week I goes up to see Hans, and my wife she goes along, too, so I brings you a pig home, Mr. Dobb."

"Good!" said I. "I'll pay your fare for your trouble, Peter, besides the price of the pig. A good one, now! None of your snub-nosed, pug-eyed fellows, you know-a sleek, intelligent one."

" Yah," sald Peter.

A few days later the pig came. I was just leaving the house to go down town when I met Peter with a pig in the bag.

"I got him," Peter remarked-very unnecessarily, however, for the pig announced the fact in his own behalf. Nothing but a pig could have squealed

"Where I put him ?" asked Peter.

"Oh, put him in the barn," said I. There is a barn attached to our house, but there was nothing in it. Animated by a desire to put the barn to some useful purpose, I bought a cow and put her in there last summer, but she gave no milk after the second week, and so I sold her. I was glad to have another tenant for the barn.

But Peter shook his head. That wouldn't do. A barn was no place for a pig. I would have to have a pen, he

"It would hardly do to let him run in the garden, I suppose," I said, musingly. Can you build a pen, Peter ?

"Yab," Peter said he could, and so I sent him off after tools and materials, having the pig tied to a tree by one leg. My family gathered about the newcomer, and viewed him with deep interest. He was a little fellow, but healthy, as was proved by the capacity of his lungs, "Mercy!" cried Susan, "what a noise

he makes. He must be hungry ,James." Susan's experience with babies encouraged her to this conclusion.

"I know what'll make more noise than that," said my Fred, with a roguish

twinkle in his eyes. "What is it?" I asked to encourage

my son. "Two pigs," said Fred.

When I came home at night the pig was fast asleep in his pen on a heap of straw, and I felt quite a pride in him. I had secret hopes of my own in regard to him, though I dld not impart them to Susan. He cost only \$2-that is per se. The pen cost about \$10 more, and Peter's fare brought the sum total up to \$14.83.

I watched the growth of our porker with a high degree of interest. The swill pail always stood by the side of the wood house door, and, though it was not an agrecable object in an aesthetic point of view, I could not for some time get over a vexatious kind of curiosity as to its contents. I found some strange things in it sometimes-viewed as articles of food; one of Fred's boots, for instance, or a pair of selssors, or a tenspoon. Once when I found a silver fork in the swill, I remonstrated with the servant girl-a stupid German creature, who had succeeded to our intelligent Bridget when the latter got married.

" It is not so much that I care for the silver, Kathrine," said I, " but I don't want the porker choked to death in his

prime." My wife discharged Kathrine, in an impatient moment, soon after this, because the girl threw into the swill pail four quarts of rich cream-covered milk that had been procured with great trouble from the country, to make a prize pudding for a dinner party that I gave to some of my friends. Kathrine was pure city bred, and had never seen such looking milk before in her life; she supposed it spoiled, and into the swill pail it went.

We had our porker about a month, and he had grown with marvelous celerity. The condition of things in my back garden occupied a large share of my attention, for though small, it had been liberally stocked and diligently cared for, and there was quite a rivalry between my neighbor Jones and myself in this matter. Jones boasted of very superior erudition in these things, and being a gentleman of leisure he had more time to look after them than I had, but I struggled hard not to be distanced. There was no disputing the point of Jones' Isabelias being rather ahead of mine, but in most respects I felt myself his peer.

September showed our garden rich with an abundance of tomatoes, cabbages, onions, beets and so on, while the apple tree, the two plum trees, and the grape vines hung heavy with their load.

One day our porker got out of his pen and went rooting around in the garden with a tumultuous exercise of his freedom. Of course those women never saw him; it was washing day, I believe. The havoc he had made by the time I came home at night was thrilling to witness. Nobody could tell how long he had been out, but judging by the devastation I witnessed he must have been out since morning. Tennyson's verse in "Maud" may give a faint indication of my emotions as I stood in the back door that evening:

"The roots of my hair have stirred . . . And my pulses crosed their gates with a shock on my heart."

There was nothing to do now, however, but to put him back in the pen. As he had grown, the porker had developed a very ugly expression of countenance, and as I looked at him now with his tusks, protruding in a villainous way, I confess it was not a cheerful sight for a timid man. However, I got a big stick and went at him with loud "shoos" and extravagant flourishings of my weapon. He eyed me quietly out of his vicious little optics, and whisked his tall deflantly. I soon found there was no driving him back to the pen. He dodged me in the most exasperating manner. He doubled and twisted in a way to set at naught all my calculations. I was no match for him. Jones came out while I was exercising the porker, and laughed at me over the fence.

"You don't go at it the right way,

Dobb," said he.

"Perhaps you'd like to try it yourself, Mr. Jones," I said with some dignity, and a very red face.

"Take him by the tail," said Jones, calmly, in reply. "Get his nose aimed toward the pen, and then pull his tail. The more you pull one way the more he'll pull the other, and he'll be in the pen before you know it."

Susan, who was standing on the back steps looking at me, laughed so heartily at this that I felt quite good humored

again, and asked Jones to come over and give us the benefit of his superior wisdom. After a little banter, and the handing of a cluster of Isabellas to Susan, he climbed the fence.

"Now, Dobb," said Jones, "we'll form a line-you and I, and Mrs. Dobb and the servant girl."

"I beg to be excused, Mr. Jones,' laughed Busan, with a timid glance at the porker.

"My dear madam," said Jones, gallantly, "there no danger at all. I am quite in earnest, I assure you. It is a pig's nature to yield to overwhelming numbers. We have only to form a line and close down upon him in a sort of cresent, and he will give up the struggle at once, as you will see."

So it was undertaken. Peter stood by the fence, eyeing us with a deep expression of interest. We moved down upon him; he wheeled about, snorted, and then made a dive at us, or rather at me, and, whish! he went right between my legs so that I sprawled out on the ground most ungracefully. Susan and the servant girl ran screaming into the house, and Jones was over the fence in no

The result of it was we sent for Peter. It had now grown dark, but Peter made short work of the job. He got a rope and took in his other hand the big stick I had been flourishing; then he went up to the porker, fetched him one tremendous blow over the probosels and while poor piggy was staggering and seeing a million of stars, slipped the rope over one of his hind legs, and had him into the pen in a trice.

"Peter," said I, after that, "you may come round to-morrow, if you are not engaged, and gather up what's left of the

He did so. There was a good deal left after all. Porker's havoe was greater in appearance than in reality. Peter stored the cellar with abundance-among other things, with a nice lot of superior beans in the soft pods, which lay there till they got very mouldy, and were fit for nothing but swill.

I remember, as if it were but yesterday, the morning those beans were fed to our pig. I was going out of town to be gone three days on business of importauce. I saw a supply of the mouldy beans fed to the porker, and then I departed. To say that I did not think of my pig while I was away, would be to state an untruth. I did think of him. Though lost to sight he was to memory

I am seldom away from home, and consequently I am missed when I am away-and my welcome on returning is wont to be of the most affectionate description. But on this occasion, greatly to my surprise, Susan was not in the front hall to greet me. I waded through the children into the back part of the house, where Susan was. I fancied she looked at me with a half frightened air, but I took her fondly to my arms, and was about imprinting a rapturous kiss on her lips, when my eye chanced to go out of the window, and I suspended the kiss midway of delivery. The door of the pig pen stood wide open, and there was a peculiar aspect of desolation about

"Where's our porker?" I asked, post-

poning the kiss pro tempore.
"Our porker," said Mrs. Dobb,gravely "is in his grave."

"Good Heavens!" I cried, "dead!" and immediately went out to look at his

deserted abode. I was quite calm by dinner time, and informed Susan that I was ready to hear

the particulars of the sad event. "Well, James, she commenced, "you know you directed those beans to be fed to him ?"

"That's it. I thought it would be laid at my door in some manner, notwithstanding the little circumstance that I was over two hundred miles away. Well

proceed.1 "So the girl gave him beans for dinner, and beans for supper, and the next morning she went out with some more, and then I heard her scream. I went out and there he was-swelled up-oh, dreadfully-twice as large as life, dearand lying on his side and kicking his legs faintly. Neighbor Jones looked the over fence and asked what the matter

"With a bunch of Isabellas doubt-

less."
"And when we told him he came over to see the pig, and said pooh! he wasn't dead; that he knew what was the matter with the pig; bloated stomach; he could cure him. 'Have you any brandy ?' said he. I told him we had, and came into the house and got a bottle."

"What! that S. O. P. brandy ?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, dear, of course." "Good gracious! And you gave that fifteen dollar brandy to that miserable

two dollar pig ?" "Yes, dear; but it did no good. Then neighbor Jones bled him-"

"The savage!" " And that did no good, either. So at last we gave it up, and neighbor Jones had his man bury it in the garden."

"Mrs. Dobb," I asked, "do you mean to tell me that you have buried the dead hog in our garden.'

"No, dear-in Mr. Jones' garden."

A sudden idea crossed my mind. "Well, upon my word!" I responded. "It seems we are not even to have the benefit of the carcass as a fertilizer of the soil. This caps the climax."

"What do you mean, James ?"

"Why, Susan, don't you know that dead animals enrich the soil where they are buried, in decomposing and supplying ammonia and phosphoric acid and things that make the vegetable grow

big ?" James, how can you talk such

"Stuff! Not a bit of it. Jones knows all about it. That's the way he fertilizes his garden. He's got a dead dog and three dead cats buried at the foot of his grape vines-which accounts for the superiority of the Isabellas, my dear."

"Mr. Dobb, if you don't stop I shall leave the table." said Susan, in great

So I stopped like a dutiful husband. But Susan hasn't eaten a grape from Jones' garden since.

We have had the pig pen cleaned up nicely for the children, and they use it for a play house. It makes a very good play house.

Coincidences of the St. Louis Fire.

A St. Louis special tells the following: In the despatches, it was stated that a man employed at Schnalder's garden picked up on the premises there two pieces of sheet music, partly burned, which evidently had been wafted thither by the wind from the doomed Southern, the words that could be deciphered being the following:

Thy boasted towers in smoky ruins lie, From this dead scene, ab, whither shall we fly !

The curious adaptability of the lines to the condition of those suffering the agonies of death from fire when the sheets were taken upon the heated winds has attracted general remark.

Another case was brought to the notice of your correspondent which adds one more to the list of curious coincidences, and it is connected with the one just mentioned. About the time of the discovery of the sheets of music in Schnaider's garden, Mr. M. N. Burchard, of the firm of Cheever, Burchard & Co., who lives on Shaw avenue, west of Grand avenue, three and a half miles from the scene of the fire, found in his yard a piece of sheet music much scorched and defaced, upon which the following words were distinguishable: "I pray this terrible night." Mr. Burchard's residence is more than a mile from Schnaider's garden, but the quotation from the paper he found is a part of the words of the music before noted.

A Pleasanter if not a Better Job.

One of the Methodist ministers of Rochester was, a few days ago, called upon by a German and requested to conduct the funeral services over his wife, who had just died. Brother Lewith his usual urbanity, consented of course, and the services were held with due decorum and solemnity. After the funeral was over, the feriorn widower stepped up to the minister and the following dialogue ensued:

German-"Vell, Mr. L-, how much you charge for burying my wife?" Preacher-"Oh! I do not charge anything for attending funerals."

German (smiling significantly)-"Vell, now, this is fery kind uv you. But shtop a minute. In a few days I give you a better job than dot."

Preacher-"Why, what may that be?" German-"Oh! ferry much better job than dot, I be's going to get married

Two Crazy Lovers.

John Kennedy, who is demented, was taken to Keokuk, Iowa, Wednesday night a week, and lodged in jail. While in the employ of David Robinson, near Belfast, in that state, Kennedy fell in love with the former's wife. His love was reciprocated, and the two made arrangements to leave the state together. While crossing the Des Moines river in a skiff on their flight, a few days ago, the women was seized with a sudden delirium, and is now hopelessly insane. On being separated from Mrs. Robinson, Kennedy also went crazy, and after repeated but unsuccessful attempts to gain access to the house where the woman is being cared for, he took an axe and deliberately chopped off his left hand. Both Kennedy and the woman will probably be sent to the asylum. Neither had shown any indication of insanity previous to their attempted flight.

A Louisiana paper says that in that State horse stealing is managed as follows: "The owner of a horse makes a bargain with the theif to take the horse to Iberville or Baton Rouge and sell him. The thief brings the owner half the money, and tells the name of the purchaser. Then the owner goes and reclaims the horse as having been stolen."

TO ALL PARTICULARLY INVALIDS.

spring is a trying season. Indications of sickness should at once be attended to. Fatal diseases may be caused by allowing the bowels to become constituated and the system to resmain its a disordard condition, until the disorder has time to develop itself. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, is an old and truth(ni saying. Therefore, we advise all who are troubled with the complaints now prevaient—headache, indigestion disordered liver, want of appetite, natisea, or fewerish skim, to take, without delay, Schenck's Mandrake Falls. We know of no remedy so harmless and decisive in its action. It at once strikes at the root of the disease and produces a healthy tone to the system. People never need suffer from any disease arising from a disordered condition of the liver if they would take this excellent medicine when they less that first inclinations of the mailady. Families leaving home for the summer months should take three or four boxes of these pills with them. They have an almost instantaneous effect. They will relieve the patient of headache in one or two hours, and will rapidly cleanse the liver of surrounding life, and will effectually prevent a billious attack. They are sold by all druggists.

VEGETINE

He Says it is True.

He Says it is True.

Seneca Falls, Nov. 9, 1575.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:—Dear Sir — As you are an entire stranger to me, I want you to know what YEGETINE has done for me. Only those who have been raised from death's door can know the value of such a good medicine. I am fix years of age. Three-years ago I was taken sick with what the doctors called Lumbago. For weeks I was confined to my bed. I had three different physicians, without any help. I received no relief; I was a great safferer; finally I b-came entirely helpless. The last doctor told me there was no help: he said he might possibly save my life by ejecting morphine in my arm- and legs. The encouragement for saving my life by having this done was no small a chance I could not consent to run the risk. About this time my son read your advertisement in our paper, a testimony of a person who had been very sick with about the same complaint, and was corred. My son went right away to the apothecary store and bought a bottle of VEGETINE. Before I had used the first bottle I found great relief; I could move mysell in bed. After taking three bottles I was able to sit up and move about my room. I continued taking the Vegetine, and I was in a few weeks restored to my former health. The Vegetine saved my life after the physicians said there was no help for me. I have had no doctor since. If I feet unwell take a does of Vegetine, and I recommend it to my friends.

Your Vegetins ought to be in every family. My doctor was surprised to see me. In good health.—He says Vegetine is a good medicine. I tell him it cured me. He says, "It is true." I cannot feet too thankful. Very gratefully yours.

Seneca Falls, Seneca County, N. X.

VEGETINE.

ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD. If Vegetine will relieve pain, cleanse, purify and cure such diseases restoring the patient to perfect health after trying different physicians, many remedies, suffering for years, is it not conclusive proof, if you are a sufferer, you can be cured? Why is this medicine performing such great cures? It works in the bood in the circulating fluid. It can truly be called the Great Blood Purifier. The great source of disease originates in the blood; and no medicine that does not act directly upon it, to purify, and renovate, has any just claim upon public attention.

VEGETINE. WILLCURE

CANKER HUMOR.

ROCKPORT, March 31, 1876.

BIT—Last fall my husband got two bottles of your Vegetine to take for the Canker Humor, which I have had in my stomach for several years, I took it and the result was very satisfactory. I have taken a good many remedles for the Canker Humor, and mone seemed to help me but Vegetine. There is no doubt in my mind that every one suffering with Canker Humor can be cured by taking Vegetine. It gave me a good appetite, and I felt better in every respect.

Yours, with respect.

Mrs. ELIZA. ANN POOLE. ROCKPORT, March 31, 1876.

VEGETINE.

NOTHING EQUAL TO IT.

SOUTH SALEM, Mass., Nov. 14, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir—I have been troubled with Scrofula, Canker and Liver Complaint for three years—Nothing ever did me any good until I commenced using VEGETINE. I am now g tting along first-rate and still using the Vegetine. I consider there is nothing equal to it for such complaints. Can hearts by recommend it to everybody.

Vous truly. Mrs. Lazzie M. PACKARD.

Yours truly, Mrs. Lizzie M. Packard, No. 16 Lagrange St., South Salem, Mass

VEGETINE thoroughly eradicates every kind of humor, and restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

VEGETINE.

Prepared by H.R. Stevens, Boston, Mass. Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

EATHER &C.

THE subscriber has now on hand at

LOW PRICES.

Good Sole Leather,

Kip of Superior Quality, Country Calf Skins,

LININGS, ROANS, &c,

F. Mortimer. NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA.

French Calf.

NOW IS THE TIME TO PLANT.

IT PAYS

To plant FRUIT TREES and GRAPE VINES. They willyield 50 per cent. more profit sure than ordinary crops, and pay for themselves the first year they bear.

IT DON'T PAY

To plant poor, dried-out stock, brought from a long distance and sold by an irresponsible agent, whose only interest is to buy as cheap as he can, regardless of quality or condition. You can GET THE BEST GUARANTEED STOUK, at bottom prices, fresh and vigorous, by sending or coming direct to

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