

am I charged? What have I done?" asked Caspar.

"Tut, tut, you have heard the proclamation; for all your innocent looks, you know well the Governor's orders. Hark my master! do you hear it?" and the officer pointed his staff toward the court, where the goat was at that moment heard to cry.

"Away with him?" exclaimed one of the officers, a gigantic, burly fellow; and as he spoke he seized the youth by the collar, and suddenly dragged him into the street, when he was instantly surrounded by the guards.

"Be still, be patient, Caspar Brandt," said one of the officers; "for if the people should learn your crime, they will tear you piecemeal."

"Crime! crime!" cried the bewildered Caspar.

"The proclamation of yesterday makes your offence a fatal one. What! at a time like this, feed a beast with fine wheat bread! When Christian babes are withering with want, cast loaves to goats!" cried the officer. But come, and take my counsel; come peaceably, the judge will hear you."

Caspar conscious of the innocence, nay, of the goodness of his intentions, resigned himself into the custody of his guards, and, assured that he could satisfactorily justify the seeming wastefulness condemned by the officer, felt confident of speedy liberty. His only anxiety his only fear, was lest his mother had overheard the parley between himself and his captors, lest his sudden absence from the house should cause her new alarm. As he was led to the justice-hall the following crowd continued to increase, and with eagerness inquired the offence of the prisoner. At length one of the guards—he had been roughly handled by Caspar when hauled into the street—dropped a few malicious hints to two or three earnest inquirers, who were not slow to piece out an ample enormity wherewith to charge the culprit. The story ran from mouth to mouth losing nothing as it went.

"Oh! the monster! feed cattle with bread! nourish dogs on loaves, and men and women perishing with hunger!" cried one.

"Dogs!" exclaimed a second; feed dogs! I doubt not he hath somewhere a whole pack of hounds, fat and sleek with food stolen from Christians."

"Ha! ha!" shouted Simon Holzkopf, "and this is the rare fellow who preached more patience to us this morning; who gave us a sermon on the goodness of starvation! Look at the villain, townsmen—did ye ever see so stout, so burly a rogue, filled to the lips with the fat of the land? But this is not enough, 'tis not sufficient that he must lard his own stomach, but he must rob the poor to feed his beasts."

"What said the proclamation?" asked another; "the Governor's proclamation of yesterday?"

"What said it?" echoed Hans Potts; "why it said death to all who should keep a dog, or cat, nay, so much as a linnet, to consume the food that Christian lips are white for. And you heard the knave this morning talk of the dinner of the Governor. Well, he forsooth must keep a pet goat—ay, must run away from schooling us, to throw I know not how many loaves to his pretty favorite. Well, well; if there's justice in the city, we shall see a hanging day."

"To the gallows with him!" cried a dozen voices, and the cry was immediately taken up by the whole crowd. "No trial—to the gallows with him!"

The crowd increased, and the shouts for vengeance on the unfortunate Caspar became loud and incessant. The square below the justice hall was filled with the multitude, whose roaring voices pealed through the building.

"Let the Governor judge the prisoner; the Governor's proclamation makes him guilty. Let the Governor be judge," said the burgomaster, unwilling to bear the obloquy, which, in better times, would be certain to rise against him, should he condemn Caspar.

"The people cry for his death," said an officer; "we had hard work to keep him from their nails."

"Ay, let the famine cease, and the same people will curse the judge who sentenced him. Let the Governor, who makes such laws, execute them. To the garrison with the prisoner!"

Such were the words of the burgomaster, who with his officers had that morning vainly endeavored to move the Governor to capitulate, and who now sought to aggravate the evils of his obstinacy.

"Hang a man for keeping a milch goat!" said the magistrate. "No; again I say, since the sword makes laws, let the sword execute them. Take your prisoner to the garrison!"

"The prisoner, Brandt, to the gallows!" again rose from the crowd and rung through the hall.

"Take him through the Western passage, and so you will avoid the mob," said the magistrate; and Caspar, who had now resigned himself to certain death—was led away to the garrison, the hall still echoing with the cries and curses of the multitude, who, when they

learned the escape of their victim—or, we should rather say, his brief reprieve—followed, hallooing and shouting, to the walls; their rage redoubled by disappointment.

The Governor, his officers, and their men-at-arms, were speedily assembled; and Caspar Brandt, with pale, yet unclouded and undaunted brow, stood before his Judge.

"Young man," said the Governor, "I am sorry for you; but these are times when the duty of the citizen becomes religion. Did you hear the proclamation?"

"Ay, my lord," said Caspar, calmly. "And braved it? I am sorry for you. The penalty is death."

"I am prepared to die," answered Caspar, "and yet—yet—"

"Speak," said the Governor, "and bold. If there be any doubt of your guilt—nay, if there be the slightest—"

"My lord," interrupted one of the officers, "we have brought testimony sufficient. Room there," and the officer beckoned to one of his followers, who, making his way through the crowd, flung from his back the carcass of the slaughtered goat.

Caspar sprung like a hound upon the fellow. "May the band wither," he exclaimed, "that did this!" And, when, again seized by his guards, his eyes fell upon the slaughtered animal, he burst into tears, and covering his face with his hands groaned—"mother! dear, dear mother!"

"This is no time to cast bread to beasts—let the prisoner have a confessor, and then," and the Governor paused, surveying the youth with looks of pity, "and then dispatch him."

"Here's Father Francis," said the officer, as an old monk broke through the crowd, and without a word, hurrying to Caspar, embraced him.

"My son! My dear son! Oh, my lord Governor, what would you with this youth? A nobler creature, a gentlersoul, a youth in whom more virtuous gift are mingled, lives not in this city. And here! a captive! What is his crime?" asked the monk.

"Look there, father," said the Governor, and he pointed to the dead goat.

"You have heard the proclamation, you know the measures which our care for the common good imposes upon all."

"Mine—mine, is the fault," cried the monk.

"Thine!" said the Governor.

"This youth—he has a mother, yet a young and comely woman, but this is little—it is her goodness, her tenderness, her more than motherly affection for the brave lad, they have made him forfeit his life for her from whom he drew it."

"But your share in his fault?" asked the Governor.

"I was his mother's confessor; and when her means failed, her physician—for in my youth I studied medicine and hence the lowly poor, thanks to my skill, have often owned the value of my art. As the rigors of the siege increased, the poor widow pined and wasted, coarse food she could not take—death seemed inevitable. Milk was her only nourishment—this poor lad sold all but his last garment to buy the goat, now slaughtered at your feet; from day to day, and week to week, unknown to his poor dying mother, deprived himself of needful food, that the animal—to him a sacred thing, since his mother's life depended on it—might not want provender; nay, when your proclamation was made known, dared to despise it, for a parent's life."

"I am sorry for him, most sorry," said the Governor, with melting eyes, "but justice must be done, father; prepare your penitent for heaven."

"My lord, grant me one prayer. I ask not for my life," cried Caspar, "you say 'tis forfeited, the cruelty of the time demands it—let it go; the sentence cannot stain my memory—let it go. But my mother—oh! my lord! if ever yours were dear to you, protect mine when I am gone, save her from the sharp misery of—"

A piercing shriek was at this moment heard—a shriek of such wild agony, that the sternest soldier felt his heart grow cold at the sound. Another moment, and the wretched widow nerved by desperation, burst through the crowd, and fell upon her son's neck. "Caspar! my own boy! my brave, brave—"

"Oh God, she's dead!" exclaimed Caspar, as he beheld the white face, the fixed lips, of his motionless parent. The soldiers gathered about the mother and son, and a murmur of compassion rose from the crowd. The Governor's wife and daughter heard the tale, and fled to the spot to sue for mercy. Still unconscious of the presence of all, save the one dear object, Caspar gazed on the pale features of the widow. "She's dead—dead!" he uttered, in that cold, hopeless voice, that sounds of a broken heart.

"No, no, my son, her pulse beats," said the monk, "she breathes."

"Hark, hark!" exclaimed a soldier, and he leaped upon the wall. "The trumpets! our friends!" And a loud hurrah rose from the garrison.

"Silence," cried the Governor. "I

hear nothing." And there was a profound pause, and the gloom of disappointment gathered on the faces of all men, who with bushed breath listened, their brows growing darker with the silence. Another second, and the trumpets came shrilly upon the wind—shouts rose from the garrison, and a thousand weapons flashed from their scabbards.

"My lord, a sword! let me die there!" and Caspar—the monk having borne away his mother—rushed to the feet of the Governor, and pointed beyond the walls.

"I grant your prayer," said the Governor; "and now, men, unbar the gates and sally upon them; we have the foe between us."

Wild and joyous were the shouts with which the men rushed on the besiegers, who, hemmed between the two parties, were, after a fierce and sanguinary fight, utterly defeated.

Many were the deeds of valor done that day. Caspar fought as though he hungered for death. At least twenty of the foe fell beneath his maiden sword. He returned to the city with the conquerors, and next day appeared before the Governor.

"My lord," said Caspar, "I am still your prisoner. I sought for death."

"And have found knighthood! I marked you on the field," said the Governor, "I am myself your debtor for a life. Kneel, and rise a valiant knight."

The filial piety, the bravery of young Caspar, became a famous story through the city. The fair daughter of the Governor had heard from his mother's lips the history of her son's virtues, learned from her father the glory of his deeds; and, with her father's glad consent, became in after years, the young knight's bride.

From the day of battle, the widow gathered health and strength, and lived to be a gray-haired matron, happy in her son's greatness.

In the cathedral of the besieged city, may be seen a monument, where, lying at the feet of a warrior in complete mail, is sculptured a young milch goat. That monument records the filial piety of Caspar Brandt.

BURDOCK'S GOAT.

LAST MONDAY afternoon the eleven Boblink boys surrounded and caught an enormous, shaggy, strong smelling, wicked looking goat, of the masculine gender, turned him loose in Burdock's garden, nailed up the gate and then went home and flattened their eleven little noses against the back windows to watch for coming events.

Before his goatship had spent three minutes in that garden, he had managed to make himself perfectly at home, pulled down the clothes line and devoured two lace collars, a pair of undersleeves and a striped stocking belonging to Mrs. B. and was busily engaged sampling one of Burdock's shirts when the servant girl came rushing out with a basket of clothes to hang up.

"The saints preserve us," she exclaimed, coming to a full halt and gazing open mouthed at the goat, who was calmly munching away at the shirt.

"Shew, shew, shew, there," screamed the girl, setting down her basket, taking her skirts in both hands and shaking them violently toward the intruder.

Then the goat, who evidently considered her movements in the light of a challenge, suddenly dropped his wicked old head and darted at her with the force of an Erie locomotive and just one minute later by the city hall clock, that girl had tumbled a back somersault over the clothes basket and was crawling away on her hands and knees in search of a place to die, accompanied by the goat, who butted her on the bustle ground every third second.

It is probable he would have kept on butting her for the next two weeks if Mrs. Burdock, who had been a witness of the unfortunate affair, had not armed herself with the family poker and hurried to the rescue.

"Merciful goodness. Anne, do get up on your feet," she exclaimed, aiming a murderous blow at the beast's head and missing it by a few of the shortest kind of inches. It was not repeated, owing to the goat suddenly raising up on his hind feet, waltzing towards her and striking her in the small of the back, hard enough to loosen her finger nails and destroy her faith in a glorious immortality.

When Mrs. B. returned to consciousness, she crawled out from behind the grindstone where she had been tossed and made for the house, stopping only once, when the goat came after and butted her, head first into the grape arbor.

Once inside the house, the door was locked and the unfortunates sought the solitude of their own rooms and such comforts as they could extract from rubbing and growling, while the goat wandered around the garden like Satan in the book of Job, seeking what he could devour and the eleven little Boblink boys fairly hugged themselves with pleasure over the performance.

By the time Burdock returned home

that evening and learned all the particulars from his arnica soaked wife the goat had eaten nearly all the week's washing, half the grapevine and one side out of the clothes' basket.

"Why in thunder didn't you put him out and not leave him there to destroy everything?" he demanded angrily.

"Because he wouldn't go and I was not going to stay there and be killed, that's why," answered his wife, excitedly.

"Wouldn't fiddlesticks," he exclaimed, making for the garden, followed by the entire family.

"Get out of here, you thief," he shouted, as he came into the garden and caught sight of the shaggy and highly perfumed visitor.

The goat bit off another mouthful of the basket and regarded him with a mischievous twinkle of his eyes.

"You won't go, hey?" exclaimed Burdock, trying to kick a hole in the enemy's ribs. "I'll show you wheth—"

The sentence was left unfinished, as the goat just then dropped his head on Burdock's shirt bosom and before he could recover his equilibrium, he had been butted seven times in seven fresh spots and was down on his knees crawling around in a very undignified manner, to the horror of the family and the infinite glee of the eleven young Boblinks next door.

"Look out he don't hurt you," screamed Mrs. Burdock, as the goat sent him flying into a snow pile.

When Burdock had got his bald head out of the snow, he was mad all over his clothes and tried to clutch the brute by the horns, but desisted after he had lost two front teeth and been rolled in the mud.

"Don't make a living show of yourself before the neighbors," advised his wife.

"Come in, pa and let him be," begged his daughter.

"Golly, dad look out, he is comin' agin'," shouted his son, enthusiastically.

The Burdock waxed profane and swore three story oaths in such rapid succession that his family held their breaths and a pious old lady, who lived in a house in the rear, shut up her windows and sent out the cook to hunt for a policeman or a missionary.

"Run for it, dad," advised his son a moment later, when the goat's attention seemed to be turned away.

Burdock sprang to his feet and followed his offspring's suggestion. He was legging it in superb style and the chances of his reaching the house seemed excellent, when the fragrant brute suddenly clapped on more steam, gained rapidly and darting between his legs, capsized him into the ash box.

His family dragged him inside, another candidate for rubbing, arnica and a blessed haven of rest.

The back of the house has been hermetically sealed and Burdock now proposes extending an invitation to the militia regiments of Boston to come down and practice marksmanship off the roof, promising to furnish a live goat for a target and a silver plated napkin ring as the first prize.

A Widow Who was not a Widow.

Five years ago the people of Lawrenceburg were shocked by what was supposed to be a foul murder between that place and Sunnysville. The victim was John Buckhorst, a farmer who lived on the Manchester pike. He sold his farm at considerable sacrifice, obtaining his wife's signature to the deed with some difficulty, and on the day prior to the supposed tragedy he visited Sunnysville and collected about \$1,000. In the evening he started ostensibly for home. The next day his coat, hat, and shirt were found torn to threads, near a spot that bore evidence of a terrible struggle.

An old farmer named Falke was arrested on suspicion, and a creek near the spot was dragged for the body, but without result. The fact that Falke was flush with money was regarded as sufficient circumstantial evidence to warrant summary action. A vigilance committee was therefore organized, and a rope was prepared, and but for the earnest pleadings of some sober-minded men, poor Falke might have been hanged as the murderer of Buckhorst.

Meantime Buckhorst's wife was dependent upon charity, the farm having been sold and the money collected. She has thus lived ever since, and mourned for her husband as one dead. And now comes the denouement. One day last week an old neighbor of Buckhorst, being in Louisville, saw a man driving a back who looked very much like his old neighbor Buckhorst, and after pressing him drew from him the acknowledgment that he is the same who disappeared from Lawrenceburg five years ago. He is working in a livery stable, and takes a new alias every few weeks. He has been known in Louisville as J. J. Williamson. He is living with another woman.

DR. SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP.

SEA WEDD TONIC, AND MANDRAKE PILLS.—These medicines have undoubtedly performed more cures of Consumption than any other remedy known to the American public. They are compounded of vegetable ingredients, and contain nothing which can be injurious to the human constitution. Other remedies advertised as cures for Consumption, probably contain opium, which is a somewhat dangerous drug in all cases, and if taken freely by consumptive patients, it must do great injury; for its tendency is to confine the mind in the system, which, of course, must make a cure impossible. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup is warranted not to contain a particle of opium; it is composed of powerful but harmless herbs, which act on the lungs, liver, stomach, and blood, and thus correct all those secretions, and expel all the diseased matter from the body. These are the only means by which Consumption can be cured, and as Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Sea Wedd Tonic, and Mandrake Pills are the only medicines which operate in this way, it is obvious they are the only genuine cure for Pulmonic Consumption. Each bottle of this invaluable medicine is accompanied by full directions. Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office, corner Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters for advice must be addressed.

VEGETINE IS MY FAMILY MEDICINE; I WISH NO OTHER.

PROVIDENCE, APRIL 7, 1876. MR. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir: When I was about 5 years of age a humor broke out upon me, which my mother tried to cure by giving me herb teas and all other such remedies as she knew of, but it continued to grow worse, until finally she consulted a physician and he said I had the salt rheum, and doctored me for that complaint. He cleared me some, but said could not be permanently cured as the disease originated in the blood. I remained a great sufferer for several years, until I heard of and consulted a physician, who said I had the scrofulous humor, and if I would allow him to doctor me he would cure me. I did so, and he commenced healing up my sores and succeeded in effecting an external cure, but in a short time the disease appeared again in a worse form than ever, as dangerous humor upon my lungs, throat and head. I suffered the most terrible pain, and there seemed to be no remedy, and my friends thought I must soon die, when my attention was called, while reading a newspaper, to a VEGETINE medicine of Mr. Waterhouse, No. 364 Athens St., South Boston, and I, formerly residing in South Boston and being personally acquainted with her and knowing her former feeble health, I concluded to try the Vegetine. After I had taken a few bottles it seemed to break the sores out of my system. I had running sores in my ears which for a time were very painful, but I continued to take the Vegetine until I had cleared about twenty-five bottles, my health improving all the time from the commencement of the first bottle, and the sores to heal. I commenced taking the Vegetine in 1872, and continued its constant use for 6 months. At the present time my health is better than it has been since I was a child. The Vegetine is what helped me, and I most cordially recommend it to all sufferers, especially my friends. I had been a sufferer for over thirty years, and if I used the Vegetine, I found no remedy; now I use it as my faithful medicine, and wish no other. Mrs. B. C. COOPER. No. 1 Joy Street, Providence, R. I.

VEGETINE.

The range of disorders which yield to the influence of this medicine, and the number of defined diseases which it never fails to cure, are greater than any other single medicine has hitherto been credited with. It is recommended by the proprietors of some of our best medical works. These diseases are Scrofula and all eruptive diseases and Tumors Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, and Spinal Complaints and all inflammatory symptoms, Ulcers, all Syphilitic diseases, Kidney and bladder diseases, Dropsy, the whole train of painful disorders which so generally afflict American women, and which carry annually thousands of them to premature graves. By its use the permanent cure of American manhood, Heartburn, Flatulency, Constipation, Nervousness, inability to sleep, and impure blood. This is a formidable list of human ailments for any single medicine to successfully attack, and it is not probable that any one article before the public has the power to cure the quarter of them except Vegetine. It lays the axe at the root of the tree of disease by first eliminating every impurity from the blood, promoting the secretions, opening the pores, and the great escape valves of the system—invigorating the liver to its full and natural action, cleansing the stomach and strengthening digestion. This much accomplished, the speed and the permanent cure of not only the diseases we have enumerated, but likewise the whole train of chronic and constitutional disorders, is certain to follow. This is precisely what Vegetine does, and it does it so quickly, and so easily, that it is an accomplished fact almost before the patient is aware of it himself.

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LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., Sept. 23d, 1875. MR. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir—I desire to state to you that I was afflicted with a breaking out of blotches and pimples on my face and neck for several years. I have tried many remedies, but none cured the humor on my face and neck. After using two or three bottles of your Vegetine the humor was entirely cured. I do certainly believe it is the best medicine for all impurities of the blood that there is in the land, and should highly recommend it to the afflicted public. Truly yours, P. FERRINE, Architect. Mr. Ferrine is a well-known architect and builder at Little Falls, N. Y., having lived there and in the vicinity for the last 33 years. 23 1m.

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