

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. "A way 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 piece-meal."

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—"

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.

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—"

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, and thus correct all mucous 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 cures 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 cleaned 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 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 Mrs. 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 taken 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 until 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.

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, walking 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

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.

BEST REMEDY IN THE LAND. LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., Sept. 23d, 1876. 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. Prepared by H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass. Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

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BLAIN SELECT SCHOOL, REV. G. W. LEISHER, A. M., Principal. THE Spring term will open TUESDAY, APRIL 15th, continuing 10 weeks. Tuition \$5.00 per week. Pupils of both sexes received. Special instruction given to those preparing to teach. A Primary Department in connection with the Normal Department will be organized for younger children. Tuition 25 cents per week. For more particulars made a specialist. For further information address, G. W. LEISHER, Blain, Perry Co., Pa.