

Teh Democratic Watchman.

BELLEVILLE PA

MY WIFE AND CHILD.

[The following lines are from the pen of Gen Stonewall Jackson, of Confederate fame. They breathe the true spirit of poetry and tender pathos. As a beautiful expression of thought they will no doubt be appreciated by our readers.]

The tattoo beats—the lights are gone, The camp around in slumber lies. The night with solemn pace moves on, The shadow thickens o'er the skies. But sleep my weary eyes hath flown, And sad uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee my dearest one, Whose love my early heart hath blest, Of those and him—our lady's son— Who slumbers on thy gentle breast, God of the tender, frail and lone, Oh guard the tender sleeper's rest.

And hover gently, hover near To her, whose watchful eye is wet— To thee, my wife—the double dear, In whose young heart lies the life of me— Two streams of tears—deep and unceasing— And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now, while she kneels before thy Throne, Oh teach her, Father of the skies, What, while by Thy best love alone, Earth's mightiest powers fall and use, No fear is left to these unknown, No hair is lost, no sparrows die.

That Thou canst stay the ruthless hand Of dark disease, and soothe its pain, That only by Thy stern command, The battle is lost, the soldier slain, That from the distant sea or land, Thou bringst at the wand or home again.

And when upon her pillow lone, Her ear is wet with thy soft kiss, May happier visions beam upon The trembling current of her breast, No thought of loss or agony to her, Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

What ever fate those forms may show, I lead with a passion in mine will— By day I fight in hope or woe— My fears of loss, or hopes are galled, From every danger, every foe, Oh God! protect my wife and child.

The Registry Law!

To the Democratic readers of Centre county

Your attention is directed to the following explanation of the Registry Law. Read it carefully, in order to ascertain what is your duty in the premises, and see whether your names are placed upon the Assessor's list.

Naturalized citizens will see that the Republican Legislature has imposed additional duties upon them. Let them comply fully with the law, in order that they may vote for the party which has always stood by them.

Examine the Assessor's list, one of which is posted on the house where the elections are to be held, and the others in the assessor's hands. You have a right to examine them, free of charge.

These lists should contain your name, and the names of all other qualified voters in the district. They should state, if they are house keepers, the number of your house, the street it fronts on; your occupation, if you board, where and with whom you board, if you work for another, your employer's name, and opposite your name should be written the word "voter."

If you have been naturalized, there will also appear the letter "N." If you have merely declared your intention to become a citizen, the letter "D." If you are between 21 and 22 years old, the word "age." If you have moved into the district since the last election, the letter "R" will appear opposite your name.

Make it your personal duty to see that your name is upon the list. Do not trust this matter to any one else.

If you find your name is not on the list, go yourself to the assessor, and make your claim to be put on. He is bound to add your name. He cannot question your right. You need not discuss the matter with him, your claim is enough. Give him also your precise residence, occupation, etc. He will mark "V" opposite your name. If you delay until within ten days of the election, you may lose your vote. You must show your papers to the assessor, in order to get your names registered.

If you intend to take out your last papers before the election, you must show your first papers to the assessor. See that your names are on the list. Those of you who do not need to have first papers and intend to be naturalized before the election should get naturalized first, immediately; and go to the assessor with your papers. All naturalized citizens must take their papers with them to the polls, unless they have been voting for ten years in the same district.

You must take your papers with you when you vote, even if your name is on the list. Do not forget this, or your enemies will deprive you of your vote.

The law in relation to the payment of taxes unchanged. If you have paid neither a State or county tax, assessed within two years, do it without delay. Take your last tax receipt with you to the polls. Do not delay registering or paying your taxes; attend to the matter now, for fear something may prevent hereafter.

A man over in Jersey named Hotchkiss, thought he would amuse himself, one night in searing his wife by dropping bricks down the chimney in her bedroom. He went on the roof, lit his night shirt, and dropped them successive bricks down that chimney, successively bricks down that chimney, but each one with a vigorous slam, he wife didn't scare worth a cent, he wife didn't thought he'd go down, he see what was the matter, but got a see what about the countenance when he found that his wife had been looking from the sky-light all the while, and had just laetened it on the inside, and staid there all night, singing it lonely to night, love.

SCULL race—a college examination.

A Ten Dollar Dog.

A coon fight is one of the glories of life in Kentucky. The programme is this:

"Some one announces to the gentlemen planters of an extended neighborhood that he will give a barbecue and coon fight on a certain day, at such a place, and they are invited to bring themselves, and their friends and their dogs, for his coon is a veteran, and will make a big fight. The coon is placed in a barrel with one head out, and laid flat so that he cannot be taken on the flank or rear, and the dog that brings out the coon—and it takes one of pluck to do that—wins the bet.

On the occasion to be described, a large party assembled with numerous fine dogs eager for the fray. The fray began—but every dog of the party was whipped out by the sharp teeth and claws of the gullant coon. As a matter of course there was a clamor and some tough swearing at the result. There was a seedy Yankee present, looking on with a grin of delight, as each defeated dog gave up the battle. He had with him a miserable yellow cur, which went sneaking about with its tail between its legs, snapping and shying at every dog that offered to take of friendly introduction.

In the midst of the uproar, the Yankee quietly remarked— "Wal, gentlemen, I think I have got a dog that will bring out that 'ere coon."

"Where is he? Where is he? Bring him out," shouted a score of witnesses.

"There he is!" pointing to the miserable cur.

There was a general laugh, and immediately offers of bets in any quantity.

"Wal, gentlemen, I hain't got much money, but here's my watch and ten dollars. That 'ere watch is a little old, but it's an all-fired nice time-keeper."

"I'll bet you ten dollars against your watch and the money."

"Wal, I guess that's about fair. I'll do it."

After a great deal of coaxing and pulling, the mongrel was hauled close to the mouth of the barrel. The Yankee after patting and calling his dog pet names for a minute or two suddenly seized him, and thrust him into the barrel, stern first. The next instant with an agonized yelp, out came the dog—and out came the coon too—fastened by tooth and claw to the launch of the fleeing dog. The screams that followed may not be described.

"I guess I'll take that 'ere money and watch," quietly remarked Mr. Yankee, and he took them.

The loser with a scowl, by way of self comfort, observed— "I reckon your dog is spoiled."

"Wal—yes—guess he's a little damaged; but I never reckoned him worth more'n ten dollars."

A Remarkable Case of Petrification.

A writer from Reading to the Pittsburg Christian Radical relates a remarkable and apparently well authenticated case of petrification of a human body. Mrs. Catharine Hipple died at Monrovia, Kansas, on the 23d of February, 1866, in the 65th year of her age. She was buried there on the 24th. In December, 1868, her husband died at his old home in Tremont, Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania, reporting that his wife's remains he thought and buried by his side in Tremont Cemetery. On the 20th of February, 1869, three years after the mother had been buried, her grave was opened, and after the removal of the covering of the outer coffin it was discovered that both coffins were filled with a dark colored water, and on raising the coffin to the surface of the earth they found it to be remarkably heavy. The coffin was emptied of the water, and on examination of the body it was pronounced by those present completely petrified. The color of the face and hands was, perhaps, two shades darker, than natural, and somewhat resembling a varnished surface. The features were as full and perfect as when she was alive, so that all who had known her, and came to see her remains, instantly recognized the well remembered countenance. The body remained exposed to atmospheric influence for four days in order to ascertain whether any change would take place, preparatory to its transportation eastward. No change whatever was manifest. The remains were roughly hauled at all transfer points, were transported four hundred miles by rail, and before the burial at Tremont the body was again examined by Dr. Provost, of that place, and found to be thoroughly petrified, and in the same condition as it was when taken out of the grave.

Hold On.—Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or use an improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, pinch, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others angry about you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their mirth and revelry.

Hold on to your name at all times, for it is of more value to you than gold, high places or fashionable attire.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.

Where the Fashions are to Come From.

The modistes' view of the war in Europe is not without its interest to the general public, which will be delighted to know that the question of where are the fashions to come from has already been determined in advance of all other international questions involved. Eugenie's mantle is to fall upon a pair of fair German shoulders, but precisely whose is not yet settled. The Crown Princess of Prussia is still young, but like her royal mother of England, she has no love of dress and is altogether too practical to succeed as a leader of fashion. Her sister-in-law, Alexandra, Princess of Wales, has too many domestic things to think of. There is the little Princess Alice Maud, wife of Prince Louis, of Hesse, who may take up the scepter; but of her tastes in that direction nothing is better known. But it is clear that Berlin is hereafter to have the credit as well as the labor of devising and setting fashions. The fashion papers and plates of Paris have always been of Berlin origin, a fact only recognized since the reproduction of the Berlin Bazar was begun in this country. During the past season many of the first New York merchants bought their supplies in Berlin, instead of at Paris. Local modistes have lately turned to the former city for their supplies, and have studied the styles, like so many Jenny Wrons, "under the Linden," instead of on the Boulevard. Whether or not, therefore, Germany obtains the domain of Alsace and Lorraine, she has already control of that of Fashion, and it is of little consequence to the dress-makers whether or not Bismark dictates peace to Paris, since it is assured that Berlin is hereafter to dictate styles to the world.

Workingmen Read!

Here is something about the question of Chinese and Mongolians as voters in this country, which may as well be brought to the public remembrance. In the House of Representatives at Washington, on the 23d of March, 1869, Mr. Johnson moved a suspension of the rule so as to enable him to submit this resolution:

Resolved, That in passing the resolution for the admission to citizenship of the United States, this House never intended that Chinese and Mongolians should become voters.

The motion to suspend the rules was lost—yeas, 18, nays, 106, not voting 42—the yeas consisting of forty-four Democrats and only four Republicans, and all the nays being Republicans.

Thus, we see that the Republicans in the House, by an overwhelming majority, voted that, in passing the resolution for the nineteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States, the House did intend that Chinese and Mongolians should become voters.

This is where the Republican party will be found. The Chinese are to be brought in by the million to displace the American laborer, and then permitted to vote the Republican ticket. The above record is official.

SOMEWHERE in Pennsylvania there is a Presbyterian clergyman whose nominal salary is four hundred and fifty dollars a year.

But as it was six months in arrears, the congregation determined to give him a "donation party," to help him along.

It came off—the donation party. The entire flock was on hand, but the presents that were brought were only six rolling pins, a pen-wiper and a quarter of a peck of dried apples, crop of 1864.

The minister, of course, had to furnish refreshments, and the company not only discouraged four hams, three and a half pounds of sixty-cent butter and thirteen loaves of bread, but they ate up two pounds of sugar and all the next winter's preserves.

To crown all, four spoons were missing.

The clergyman says he wants to have just one more donation party, and then he will close up his business and begin his over again as champion painter at the almshouse.

He is particularly down on one sister who jimmied herself full of ham, and preserves, and enough other succulent diet to keep the entire family for a week, and then laid up against the wall pretending to feel religious, and singing, "There is rest for the weary."

He is willing to accept bets that she will never weary while there is any grub about—this sister won't.

He would like to feed her for a month on rolling pins and the pen-wiper, just out of revenge.

In 870, just one thousand years ago, suddenly a large and well appointed German army crossed the Rhine, broke into France, and defeated Carl the Bald and his armies at once, and so completely that he was compelled to sign a treaty of peace in the same year (870) by which he ceded to his brother Ludwig, the German, all the Eastern part of those lands which he had appropriated from his nephew, and comprising the modern provinces of Alsace, Eastern Lorraine, and the territories around the cities of Trier or Treves, Cologne, Maestricht, and Utrecht, down to the mouth of the River Rhine.

The first grand fight for the Rhine provinces on the part of France, and the Alsace and Lorraine on that of Germany, which is, after all, not the sole cause, certainly one of the principal causes of the present war of 1870, took place consequently just one thousand years ago, in 870, and with the same result.—N. Y. World.

VERY queer that a bit of dust will nearly put out the eye of a young man, when he may have a whole young lady in it and see better than ever.

Lower Branch of the Next Congress.

The New York World gives facts and figures which cannot fail to reassure the Democratic party. We condense from that well informed journal the pith of an article showing that the next House of Representatives will be Democratic.

The present House consists of radicals, 163; democrats, 75; total, 238. In all probability the next House will stand 226 democrats to 112 radicals.

Let us examine the basis for this supposition. The Northern temper is such that democratic members will be returned in districts now represented by democrats. Besides this, in close districts now represented by radicals, a change may be looked for, through which democrats may be elected.

Southern democratic politicians are peculiarly active, and the carpet-baggers are to be swept entirely away. If this be so, Alabama, now having a divided delegation, will send four democrats and two radicals; Arkansas will send her whole delegation, three members, democratic; Florida, one; Georgia, six; Louisiana, four democrats and one radical; Mississippi, three democrats and two radicals; North Carolina, five and two; South Carolina, two each; Texas, two each; and Virginia, six democrats and two radicals. Tennessee will send her whole delegation, one member, democratic. Total for Southern States, 44 democrats, 14 radicals. In the present House there are 45 radicals to 23 democrats.

A consideration of the vote in several districts in the Northern States justifies the belief of great changes. In seventeen districts radical members were elected by majorities less than 500. In seventeen districts by less than 1,000, and in seventeen other districts by less than 1,500 majority. Strong and active exertions may send in each of these thirty districts sound democrats.

The popular demand for reform, and the disgust caused by violence, dishonesty and corruption of the present Congress, is working silently but effectively.

No party in the world can sustain itself under such a load of outrage and venality. A change of 750 votes will turn out the incumbents, whose majority was nearly 1,500, and such changes are being wrought. In the 21st, 13th, 16th, and 10th Pennsylvania districts; 14th New Jersey, 6th, 7th, 10th, 21, 34, and 11th Ohio, 4th and 7th Indiana; 11th and 12th New York, a change of a few votes will elect democrats. The Chinese question will give one democratic member each from Massachusetts, California and New Jersey, and one, or probably two from Pennsylvania.

On a careful review the prospect is good for a complete cleansing of the lower Angean stable. And let all good people say, Amen!

OLD MUSIC.

Back from the misty realms of time, Back to the days of olden days, Lullaby we croon the tinkling rhyme, And hush the baby and change of golden songs, of strains sublime, To sweetest of birds at dawn.

And ever we hear them soft and low, Hushing their mother's woe, Songs that we love in the long ago, Bribbling the infant's joy and flow, Dulling their cadence to and fro, To the lullaby of baby folk.

Some faces our hearts will ever hold, Some smiles we may remember old, There were flowing locks like the sunset gold, There were parted lips of coral mold, And the songs they sang when never grow old, For our hearts can never forget.

Ah, well-a-day, 'tis a story past, Which I may not tell again, For a happiness is so sweet to last— Oh, yes, The heavy loads on her back are cast, And her voice is still, and above her, fast Falls the winter's rain.

THE WAY TAXES ARE ASSESSED IN DADE COUNTY, GEORGIA.—Assessor Willkinson.—Mr. P. What is your profession?

P.—I am a member of the Methodist church.

Assessor.—You misunderstand me; what is your occupation?

P.—Sometimes I occupy the stand with the preacher, and sometimes I sit on a bench.

Assessor.—You don't comprehend me; what is your calling?

P.—I am a class-leader, but sometimes I do think I have a call to preach.

Assessor.—You do not get my meaning yet. Have you any trade?

P.—Oh, yes. Sometimes I trade with Morgan, over at Morgansville, and sometimes I trade with Jones, at Trenton. I would trade some at Hooker Switch, but that feller keeps whisky, and I don't like to do any business with him.

Assessor.—Once more, Mr. P., are you a farmer or carpenter?

P.—Farmer, sir.

Assessor.—How much is your property worth?

P.—I don't want to sell it.

Assessor.—Take all your property, Mr. P., out doors and in doors, would you take three hundred dollars for it?

P.—Three hundred devil! I would not take three hundred dollars for the old woman alone.

The assessor became disgusted and left.

The following table furnished by the Secretary of the Treasury, shows the taxes since the war to be nearly three times as great as during the war:

Table with 2 columns: Taxes in War Years, Taxes in Years of Peace. Rows for 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869, 1870, and Total.

That is economy and retrenchment, as defined by the party in power!

THE seat of war—A correspondent asks if the seat of war is cushioned. If it is, it is a sign of health; if it is not, it is a sign of death at any time.

Gerrymandering.

Some of our Radical contemporaries are very much exercised just now about the Democrats, should they gain the ascendancy in the next Legislature, gerrymandering the State in favor of Democracy.—Will any of them please to inform us when the Democracy of this State passed an apportionment bill gerrymandering the State in the interest of party? If there ever has been such an iniquitous apportionment bill passed as the present one of Radical origin, we should like to know in what volume of the acts of the assembly it is to be found. It will not do for a set of political leaders to cry out against the Democracy because of a fear that they will do that for which the Radicals have become experts. No. The present apportionment is a villainous outrage upon the principle of fair representation and were we a Radical we would be ashamed to refer to the subject of apportionment. Look at this district and answer why Butler was tacked on to Lawrence and Mercer if it was not through fear that Butler might send a Democrat to the Legislature, and which would have been done last year had it not been for those other counties. Why was Westmoreland tacked on to Indiana if not for the same purpose?—Why was Washington, entitled to two members, tacked on to Beaver if not to prevent the people there from choosing their own representatives without being dictated to by Beaver? And so it is all over the State and yet men guilty of such outrages talk about the Democracy gerrymandering.

New England prates about freedom of elections and universal suffrage and yet it is a majority of the people there desire to reform legislative affairs, they cannot do it for the system of gerrymandering which has prevailed in distracting those States to maintain power.

This villainous system was introduced into Pennsylvania by the Radical party at the last apportionment and it is owing to it, more than all else besides, that the people must endure the curse of corrupt and outrageous legislation. Talk about reforming party rascality within the body of the party! When the managers of a party are themselves corrupt, and violate the plainest principles of representative government to maintain power, the people never can and never will obtain relief by sustaining them at the polls. We know very well that party spite and all will sanctions such villainy, and therefore party leaders perpetrate it with impunity, but even now the day is when such rascality is beginning to tell upon its authors with fearful effect. All over the State the cry is, reform! And this is among Radicals themselves. The masses are seeing the evils of their own toleration of such conduct and they are kicking the harness. For this reason the cry is made that the Democrats will gerrymander the State if they get power! It is a base appeal to party prejudice.—Butler Herald.

CASES BEHOLD.—Some inattentive readers are still at a loss to know what was the occasion of the present France Prussian war. The Port Jervis Gazette gives the following account of the trouble.

France to Prussia.—"Monsieur le Prusse, so you will speak ze Hohenzollern in ze Spanish soup—eg, mon garcon?"

Prussia to France.—"Nein, nein Herr Louis, Ich mix spit noting in nobody's soup; it is better to mind our own business."

France to Prussia.—"Sae e! I am result viz your say talk. Mille tonneres, you shall fight viz me immediate."

Prussia to France.—"Yeh, Ouh! Dat ish war. Yaw, vell come right along, I spilt now in der soup mit needle gunsh."

Judge K., of North Carolina, is a great stocker for forms. One day a soldier, who had been battered considerably in the war, was brought in as a witness. The judge told him to hold up his right hand.

"Can't do it, sir," said the man.

"Why not?"

"Got a shot in that arm, sir, 'tween hold up your left."

The man said that he had got a shot in that arm, too.

"Then," said the Judge sternly, "You must hold up your leg. No man can be sworn, sir, in this court by law unless he holds up something."

"Stranger, will you try a hand with us at poker?"

"Thank you, gentlemen, but there are seventeen reasons why I cannot accommodate you just now."

"Seventeen reasons for not playing cards! Pray what are they?"

"Why, the first is, I haven't any money—"

"Stop! That's enough. Never mind the other sixteen."

On the 21st ult., in Wolf township, LeCombe county, Allen Nevels, aged about 15 years, accidentally shot himself through the bowels, and died the evening of the same day.

The radical sheriff of Chester county invites only the "white freemen" of that county to attend the polls at the coming election. Has "loyal" Chester fallen from grace, and is she the cause of Major General Governor John W. Geary's late proclamation which cost the tax payers at least \$30,000? We trembly await an answer!—Mauch Chunk Times.

SOUL advice of an old merchant.

"Never owe any man more than you are able to pay, and allow no man to owe you more than you are able to lose."

WHY is the letter E a gloomy and discontented vowel? Because, though never out of health, it is never appears in spirit.

All Sorts of Paragaphs

This is genuine bull weather. THE "woman in black"—Dinah THE cobbler has a solo purpose in his life.

A SNOT in the bird is worth two in the hand. A WITTY man can make a jest, a wise man can take one. A BIRD that always faces the storm—The weathercock.

WHEN is the wind like a newspaper when it puffs. OLD fogies are averse to evasions—we mean innovations. A SURE way to make an impression—Fall down in the mud.

DOING the fair thing—Reducing the fares on city railroads. WHY is a woodchuck like a sausage? Because its a ground hog. THERE is no point a lady likes so much as a point of admiration.

"A LASS, I am no more," as the girl said when got married. LIVING on hand to mouth is what a wit calls "mutual exercise."

A PRETTY girl, like a hard sun, something to sigh for (tephers). WHY is a convent like an empty house? Because it's a nun-inhabited place.

If you would ever be remembered by your friends, place yourself in a debt. RAINING pitchforks is bad but what is "imitatus" is worse, says an old joker.

THE sting of a bee carries conviction with it. It makes a man bee-hive a once. A CASE is reported of the proprietor of a large aviary who has lately gone to a mad.

WHAT is that which a man may leg never possessed, and yet leave behind him? A will. IF a man's rum in this world be good, the chances are that he will miss it in the next.

It is very difficult to keep your peace of mind, if people will thrust pieces of them upon you. WE thank a man carries the borrowing principle too far when he asks to lend him our ears.

It is a fact, not easily accounted for, that at parties, after supper, the guests begin to grow thin. WHEN did Noah go into the ark, was his ark? He made port about thirty days after the deluge began.

Doctors talk about paying their visits when at the same time it is their duty to pay them. HESS can hardly be said to meditate an attack on their owners, yet they frequently lay for em.

I AM moving in a very high circle, as the sweep said when he got a first self found in the chimney-pot. WHY was Robinson Crusoe's first Friday like a rooster? Because he scratched for himself and crew.

A CAREFUL looking after the fish-pond does not appear to increase the more fish that other people. REFLECTIONS at a cook-shop—The man who loses his waiter in advance, never then not certain of his feed.

THE distinguished author of "The Waterfall" is said to be engaged now on "Lanes to a Hurban." THE village of Duluth upon Lake Superior, is called by the citizens the "Zenth city of the un-sailed seas."

WHAT is that we eat at a breakfast twice a week, though it is sometimes a woman and sometimes a man? A visit. BLINDMAN'S bull is said to be the human sympathy, because it follows feeling for a full circle.

The Boston lecturer who has been trying to prove that man is a vegetable has himself turned out to be a vegetable. WHY was Desdemona the most contented of all women? Because the Moor she had, the Moor she wanted.

WHY are husband and wife not one but ten? Because the wife is a mother one, and the husband goes for mother 2. THE war news has made of territorial fairs. At least many of them have actively employed in putting a ball on it.

A CHINESE thief, having stolen a missionary's watch, brought it back to him the next day to be shown how to wind it up. PRUSSIA'S money is the root of all evil, but it is one of those succulent and profitable roots for which we are quite willing to dig.

It is a remarkable fact that how many well young ladies may be versed in matrimony, very few are able to distinguish matrimony. Now that the winter approaches closely we may expect to see the large numbers of great men in all nations.

A VAGRANT, who had been fined regularly every week for begging, was asked the magistrate to fine him by the year at a reduced rate.

AN Illinois husband laments the loss of several bushels of apples, and in reply maturely from the tree on which he wife hanged herself.

It is a good thing to have utility and beauty combined, as the washwoman said when she used her thirteen children for clothes pins.

UNSPRINKABLE bliss.—A contemporary, noticing the marriage of a deaf and dumb couple, wittily and indignantly wishes them unspeakable bliss.

THE only weapon that Sheridan carries is a pocket pistol, and it is discharged with all the rapidity of a breech-loader. That will crack his elbow.

NATURE may be regarded as the head and front of all offenders in the way of dissipation. She is not only always turning night into day, but day into night.

A CHICAGO music publisher has published a song entitled, "Father will Stop the Bill." All the young ladies practice it home as well as at the store.

A JOURNAL asks what is the difference between a soldier and a fashionable young lady? Not much. On the face the powder, and the soldier's is the face.