

WILL AND JEWEL.

POUNDS OF GALT LIFE.
My friend, Cupid Llysskin, writes to me thus:

"Dear Domesday—Did you ever hear a recruiting officer say 'No! Well, he'll beat the Devil'?"

"Sam, I can fight. I have already killed a few dozen of rebels; and you know, Samuel, rebels are unpleasant devils to handle; but I had no reason to want to do so."

"Samuel—Uncle Samuel—Sam, let me tell you this: When you next go into battle, serve out to each man, just before you come up, a charge, a bottle of whisky, and a cap of fancy soap; then kick off his array, and give him a good dose of gold and green slippers—knock off his army hat, and put on a cool, light smoking-cap, and we shall fight a better battle."

"One last word, Sam. Your sergeant promises to recruit in your regiment, and I will, too. Sam, I am compelled to clean my clothes and black the same, to brush my hair, and black my boots, as your sergeant promised."

"Sam, I know that sergeant, but his name is Cupid Llysskin."

"Samuel—Uncle Samuel is unnecessary, Sam, farewell. I hope your conscience lets you sleep as well as does."

"Your humble, growing servant,

WILLIAM DOMESDAY.

"Well, sir, all Llysskin is not wholly white. Recruiting sergeants do a few—

right perhaps, but still a few."

Q. K. PHILADELPHIA. Dornick, F. B.

big cap and fancy embroidered gloves; a variation of dancing pants; and, finally, a variation of champagne and hard luck has been withheld.

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PALESTINE.

PALESTINE.