

Ruffman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1862.

VOL. 9.—NO. 14.

WANTED.—All kinds of grain will be taken in payment of debts due to me, for which the highest market prices will be given.
Dec. 11, 1861.
JAMES B. GRAHAM.

DR. LITCH'S MEDICINES.—A fresh supply of these invaluable Family Medicines are for sale by M. A. Frank, Clearfield, consisting of *Pain-Checker*; *Restorative*; a great cure for colds and cough; and *Anti-Bilious Physic*. They have been thoroughly tested in this community, and are highly approved. TRY THEM.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned having purchased the entire stock of the late firm of Moore & Etzweiler, and having made large additions thereto, is now prepared to wait upon customers. Thankful for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to the firm, he hopes by strict personal attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.
March 26, '62—ff.
D. F. ETZWEILER.

PROVISION AND GROCERY STORE.
The undersigned keeps constantly on hand at his store room in Phillipsburg, Centre county, a full stock of Flour, Hams, Shoulders, Sides, Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Rice, Molasses, &c. Also, Liquors of all kinds, Tobacco, Segars, Snuff, &c., all of which he offers to purchasers on the most advantageous terms. Give him a call, and try his articles.
[mar 21] ROBERT LLOYD.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1863.
GREAT LITERARY AND PICTORIAL YEAR.

The publisher of Godey's Lady's Book, thankful to that public which has enabled him to publish a magazine for the last 33 years of a larger circulation than any in America, has made an arrangement with the most popular author in this country—MARION HARLAND, authoress of "Alooe," "Hidden Path," "Moss Side," "Nemesis," and "Miriam," who will furnish a story for every number of the Lady's Book for 1863. This alone will place the Lady's Book in a literary point of view far ahead of any other magazine. Marion Harland writes for no other publication. Our other favorite writers will all continue to furnish articles throughout the year.

Sixty-Sixth and Sixty-Seventh volumes of Godey's Lady's Book for 1863, will contain nearly 1500 pages of Reading matter, 24 pages of Music, 12 Double Extension Colored Fashion Plates, equal to 44 of other magazines, over 1200 wood engravings, 14 steel engravings of beautiful subjects, 750 articles by the best authors in America. And all these will be given in 1863, at prices for which we see no other magazine can compete.

The oldest, the best, and the cheapest magazine in America is the Godey's Lady's Book. The immense increase in the circulation of Godey (having trebled itself in the last 4 years) is a convincing proof of the superiority of the work. If the work itself was not sufficient evidence, it is considered that not a bribe in the shape of a premium has ever been offered. It shows that Godey's Lady's Book stands first in the hearts of American ladies, who subscribe for the sake of the Book and not the premium.

The Literature of the Lady's Book is by the best writers in America, and has always been remarkable for its high literary and moral character. Clergymen recommend the Book, and it can be read along with the best of the world's literature superior to that of any other magazine, having a healthy and instructive tone.

Eight Specialties that no other magazine has, and only found in Godey, to wit: "Original Music," "Maid Godey," with designs, "Drawing Lessons," "Original Health Department," "Children's Department," "Chemistry for the Young," "Horticultural Department," and "Double Extension Fashion Plates." Godey's great specialties, unparalleled and unapproached. Competitors dead in this department. Our imitators have abandoned the attempt.

Of steel engravings, the press have unanimously pronounced Godey's the best ever published by any magazine in the world. The new designs for 1863 for 14 such steel engravings as were published during the year 1862, and those for 1863 will surpass them. Other magazines do not go to the expense of original designs for their steel engravings. The Double Extension Fashion Plates, 5 to 7 full length fashions on each plate. Other magazines give two. Godey is the only work in the world that gives these immense plates, which cost \$10,000 more than the old style. These fashions may be relied on as correct. They are the latest styles, and hence ladies are not subject to ridicule for wearing old fashions, when they wait the large cities.

Godey's Wood Engraving Novelties. Of these we give double the number of any other magazine, no matter what its price may be.

Colored Embroidery patterns and Hanger. Every number contains patterns of some article for study to work—ottomans, backs of chairs, slippers, &c.

Among the articles to be continued, and which have been appreciated, will be the Gardening for the Ladies. Mr. H. A. Brewer, the celebrated Horticulturist of this city, will assist in this department. Our Musical Department. Three dollars worth of Music is given every year; and if it were only for the music alone, the Lady's Book would be cheap at the price we ask for it.

In the various numbers for 1863, will be found designs for Children's and Ladies' dresses; children's samples for learning to sew; designs for window curtains, broderie anglaise, slippers, bonnets, caps, cloaks, evening-dresses, fancy articles, head-dresses, hair-dressing, robes de chambre, carriage dresses, brides' dresses, wreaths, mantillas, walking-dresses, mourning-dresses, riding habits, collars, chemisettes, undersleeves, patchwork, embroidery patterns, and crochet and knitting work. Our designs are received semi-monthly from our agents in France, England, and Germany. We recognize no subscription that is not sent direct to ourselves. If you pay your money to any association, you must look to it for your books. We will not supply a copy direct to you. Four copies of the money is sent direct to us. We have no agents for whose acts we are responsible.

TERMS.—CASH IN ADVANCE.—One copy one year, \$5. Two copies one year, \$7. Five copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making six copies, \$10. Eight copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making nine copies, \$15. Eleven copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making twelve copies, \$20. Any person having sent a club will have the privilege of adding one or more copies at the same club rate. The above terms cannot be deviated from, no matter how many are ordered.

How to Remit.—Prepare a draft if possible; if not, send Treasury or Bank notes; but let it be a matter known only to yourself; the fewer you let into the secret the more certain they are of your money coming to hand. If you send gold, secure it in an envelope, otherwise it is apt to be lost on your letter. Be careful and send postage on your letter. Address
E. A. GODEY, 323 Chestnut Street, Phila., Pa.

WOMAN'S HEART.
'Tis a sad truth, yet 'tis a truth
That does not need the proving,
We give our hearts away unasked,
And are not loved for loving.
Striving to win a little back
For all we feel, we hide it,
And lips that tremble with their love,
In trembling have denied it.
We, foolish, deem the kiss and smile,
But life and love beginning;
While he who wins our hearts away,
Is satisfied with winning.
On thinking that we have not found
The right one for our mating,
We go on till our hair is white,
And eyes are blind with waiting.
The best of us, until we die,
Is less a saint than woman;
And while we pray for love divine,
Our hearts yearn for the human.

MARY THORNE'S COUSIN.
"Mary, I am a-toumished!" Of course, the grave elder sister was astonished. In truth, and in fact, she lived in a chronic state of amazement; for Mary Thorne was always doing something to astonish her friends and relatives. Miss Ruth could hardly credit the evidence of her own senses, in the hazy glow of the cleamatis shadows of the little south porch, and discovered that ponder moving about, half way up among the unbragous branches of the huge old pear tree, was not a spray of leaves, nor yet a russet-plumed robin, nor a cluster of sun-checked pears swinging in the blue empyrean, but—Miss Mary Thorne, comfortably perched in the crooks of the gnarled tree, her curls all flecked with the sifted rain of sunshine that came down through the shifting canopy of leaves, and a book in her lap.

"I don't care," said the little damsel, laughing saucy defiance. "It's the nicest place in the world up here; feel just like a bird, with the leaves fluttering against my face and the wind blowing so softly—and I intend to stay here. Wouldn't you like to come up here, Ruthy? It's easily done; just put your foot on that knot, and—"

Ruth, who was thirty, and weighed a hundred and sixty pounds, bristled up with amazement. "Mary Thorne, are you crazy? Come down this instant!"

"I shan't," said naughty Mary, tossing the silky shower of curls away from her forehead, and glancing down with eyes that shone and sparkled like two blue jewels.

"But we are going—"

"Yes, I understand. You are all going in triumphal procession to the depot, to render an ovation to the great Professor La Place, the wisest, sagest and grandest of mankind, to whom the Thorne family have the notterable honor of being second cousins, and to escort him solemnly to a month's sojourn at Thorne Hall. O, dear!" ejaculated Mary, "I wish I could run away somewhere and hide. I hate this paragon of prim precision! I shan't marry him if he asks, and I mean to behave as badly that he won't dream of it! No, I am not going with you. I hate the close barouche, and it's too warm to ride on horseback. I shall stay at home!"

And Miss Mary settled herself so snugly with one tiny shivered foot swinging down, and her pretty head close to a nest of blue speckled bird's eggs, that Ruth gave it up with a sigh of despair.

"Well, then, have it your own way, you incorrigible romp! I wish you weren't too big to be shut up in a dark closet, or have your ears well boxed!"

"It is a pity, isn't it," said Mary, demurely.

"Of course it is, Mary; if Cousin Tom Bradley comes this morning, be sure and explain to him why we are absent, and behave like a young lady mind!"

"All right," said Mary, demurely. "I was liked Tom! We used to have grand romps together when we were children."

She sat there in the old pear tree, prettier than any Homardryad that ever might have haunted the mossy old veteran of the garden, her cheek touched with sunshine and carmine, her dimpled lips apart, now reading a line or two from the book in her lap, now looking up, rapt in girlish reverie, into the blue sky as it sparkled through ever moving leaves, and now breaking into a soft little warble of song that made the very robins themselves put their heads to one side to listen. The carriage had driven away long since—she had watched it beyond the curve of the winding road; the dark mantle of shadow was slowly following the creeping sun-glow across the velvet lawn below, and the old church spire among the far-off woods had chimed out eleven. And still Mary Thorne sat there in the forked branches of the giant pear tree!

Suddenly there floated up into the leafy sanctuary, a pungent, aromatic odor, which made her lean curiously forward, shading her eyes with one hand, the better to penetrate the green foliage below. Not the late monthly roses, nor the amethyst borders of heliotrope, nor the spicy geraniums, none of these blossoms distilled that peculiar smell!

"My patience!" said little Mary, "it's a cigar."

"That's Tom Bradley," said Mary to herself. "Now, if he thinks I'm coming down out of this delicious cool place to sit up straight in the hot parlors, he's mistaken!"

"Tom!" she called out in a silver accent of imperative summons, and then burst into merry laughter at the evident amazement with which the stranger gazed round him, vainly trying to conjecture whence the call had proceeded.

"You dear, stupid Cousin Tom," she ejaculated, "don't stare off towards the cabbage bed! Look straight up here! you may come up if you please. There's plenty of room for both. You are Cousin Tom, aren't you?" she continued, as a sudden misgiving crossed her mind.

"Of course, I am; and you are Mary, I suppose?"

"Mary herself! Up with you, Tom—catch hold of this branch—there. Now shake hands—you saucy fellow, I didn't say you might kiss me!"

"Well, I couldn't help it—and, besides, aren't we cousins?" said Mr. Tom, swinging himself comfortably into a branch just above Mary.

"Why, Tom, how you have changed!" ejaculated the young lady, pushing back the curls with one hand, that she might the better view her playmate of childhood's days. "Your hair never curled so before; and that a nice moustache you've got. I shouldn't have known you, Tom!"

"No," said Tom roughly.

"And you've grown so tall! I declare, Tom you're splendid."

The gentleman laughed. "I could return the compliment if I dared! But where are all the rest of my relations? The house below is as empty as a haunted hall."

"All gone to welcome that horrid, poky old Prof. La Place, who has graciously indicated his willingness to pass a few weeks with us. Tom, I do hate that man!"

"Hate him, what for?"

"O, I don't know; I'm sure he is a snuff-dried, convalesced old wretch, and I'll wager a box of gloves he wears spectacles!"

"Nonsense, Mary! why, he's only twenty-six!"

"I don't care—I know he's rheumatic and wears spectacles for all that. And Tom, now if you'll never breathe a word of this—"

"Well, upon my honor," said Tom.

"I want, then, papa has actually got the idea into his dear old head, that I should make a nice wife for the professor, and—"

Mary turned away with crimson indignation flashing in her cheeks.

"It is too bad of you to laugh, Tom. I never, never will marry the man!"

"I wouldn't if I were you," consoled Tom.

"But, cousin Mary, wait and see the man before you decide. He may be quite a decent fellow."

"No!" said Mary, shaking her head and biting her cherry lips firmly; "I hate him beforehand!"

"What a spiteful little pussy you are," said her companion laughing.

"No, indeed, Tom, I'm not!" and the blue eyes became misty. "I love papa and Ruth dearly—and I love almost everybody! I like you, but I hate Prof. La Place! And I want you to promise, Tom, that you'll stand my friend, and not allow him to tease me into walks or rides, or tete-a-tetes of any kind! Will you?"

Would he? If she had asked him to precipitate himself out of the pear tree upon the stone steps below, with those blue eyes fixed on his, he'd have done it! Any man of taste would!

"I promise!" he said; and they shook hands on it!

What a cosy place for a chat that garbled old tree was! And when they had talked over everything they could think of, it was the most natural thing in the world that Tom should recover the book which had slipped down into a net-work of thin boughs, and read poetry to his pretty cousin in the deep musical voice that maddens love to listen to! And Mary sat there, watching the jetty curls blowing to and fro on his broad white brow, and the long, black lashes almost touching his olive cheek. And she thought how very, very handsome Cousin Tom was, and how much he had changed in the ten years that had elapsed since she had seen him; and she wondered whether Tom was engaged to any pretty girl—somehow she hoped not! Now, why couldn't Tom have been rich like that Prof. La Place, instead of a poor young medical student and—"

And when the large black eyes were suddenly lifted to hers, Mary felt as though he had read every thought of her mind, and blushed scarlet!

"Come Tom," she stammered, to hide her confusion, "we've been up here long enough. Help me down, and I'll show you the old sundial that we used to heap up with buttercups when we were children."

What a tiny, insignificant, little Mary she felt, leaning on the arm of that tall cousin. And how nice it was to have the stately head bent down so courteously to catch her soft accents—for somehow Mary had forgotten her sauciness, and grown wonderfully shy!

A rumble of wheels—it was the returning carriage, and Mary clung to Tom's arm.

"The awful professor!" she whispered. "Now, Cousin Tom, be sure you stand by me through everything."

"To my life's end!" was the whispered answer; and Mary felt herself crimsoning much as she strove to repress the tell-tale blood.

But there was no one in the barouche, save Mr. Thorne and Ruth, as it drew up on the grand sweep, beside the two cousins.

"Where is the Professor?" questioned Miss Mary.

"He was not at the depot," said Miss Ruth "and—"

But Mr. Thorne had sprang from the carriage, and clasped both the strangers hands in his.

"La Place! is it possible? Why, we have just been looking for you at Mill Stat on?"

"I am sorry to have inconvenienced you, sir," was the reply; "but I came by the way of Wharton, and walked over this morning."

"Never mind, now, so you are safely here," exclaimed the old gentleman. "Ruth, my dear—Mary—let me introduce you to your cousin, Prof. La Place!"

Mary had dropped his arm and stood dismayed.

"You told me you were cousin Tom!"

"So I am cousin Tom! That is my name and relationship. Now, Mary," and the black eyes sparkled brimful of deprecating archness, "don't be angry because I don't snuff, nor wear spectacles! I beg the other Cousin Tom's pardon, whoever he is; but I am very glad he isn't here. Mary be just and don't hate Cousin Tom, because his other name happens to be La Place!"

He need not have been so apprehensive, for, in their twilight walk beside the sun dial that very evening she confessed that she did not find Prof. La Place such a terrible ogre, after all; quite the contrary, in fact. And he succeeded in convincing her that he liked his impulsive little cousin Mary all the better for those pear tree confidences!

But no doubt, it was a very perplexing thing to have two Cousin Toms; and so, about six months subsequently, Miss Mary contrived to obviate that inconvenience by allowing one of them to assume a nearer relationship, and in spite of all her assertions to the contrary, she is Mrs. Prof. La Place.

"For it's a solemn fact in this world, that, whenever a girl says she 'never, never,' will do a thing, she is pretty sure to go and do it the first chance she gets, and Mary is no exception to the general rule!"

The Walled Lake in Iowa.
The wonderful Walled Lake is situated in the central part of Wright county, Iowa. The shape of the lake is oval. It is about two miles in length and one wide, in the widest part, comprising an area of some 2000 acres.

The wall enclosing this area is over six miles in length, and is built or composed of stone-varying in size from boulders of two tons weight down to small pebbles, and is intermixed with earth. The top of the wall is uniform in height above the water in all parts, which makes its height to vary on the land side according to the unevenness of the country, from two to twelve feet in height. In the highest part the wall measures from ten to twelve feet thick at the base, and from four to six at the top, inclining each way, outward and inward. There is no outlet, but the lake frequently rises and flows over the top of the wall. The lake at the deepest part is about ten feet in depth, and abounds with large and fine fish, such as pike, pickerel, bass, perch, &c. The water is clear as crystal, and there is no bubbling or agitation to indicate any large spring or feeders. Wild fowl of all kinds are plenty upon its bosom. At the north end are two small groves of about ten acres each, no timber being near. It has the appearance of having been walled up by human hands, and looks like a huge fortress, yet there are no rocks in that vicinity for miles around. There are no visible signs of the lake being the result of volcanic action; the bed being perfectly smooth and the border of regular form. The lake is seventeen miles from Boone river on the west, eight miles from Iowa on the east, and about one hundred miles from Cedar Rapids. It is one of the greatest wonders of the West, and has already been visited by hundreds of curiosity seekers.

An Old Soldier.—Thomas Stewart, aged ninety-two years, of East Newton, Ohio, was a private in the 101st Ohio Regiment, and took part in the battle of Perryville, where he was complimented for his bravery and soldierly bearing. He has four sons, two grandsons, and three sons-in-law at present in the army. He was born in 1770, at Lichfield, Conn., where his father now resides, aged one hundred and twenty-two years.

Bill came running into the house the other day, and asked eagerly, "where does charity begin?" "At home," we replied, in the words of the proverb. "Not by a good deal," rejoined Bill; "it begins at sea!" (C.)

A Cleveland paper says that the people of that town are using mouse-traps, old jack-knives and shirt buttons for small change.

Why are girls after a certain age called women?—Because they begin to woo the men.

EMANCIPATION—ABOLITION.
These words are sometimes used interchangeably, but they are by no means synonymous. We are considering them now, of course, as they apply to slaves and slavery. The first applies to a person, or to persons, the other to slavery as a system.

The President in his proclamation does not propose to abolish slavery, but only to emancipate certain slaves. His authority, under the war power reaches persons, but does not touch laws. They remain as they were. He has power under the laws of war, and also by express statute, to confiscate the property of a rebel, a horse, for example; but how absurd would it be to say that his doing so interfered with the abstract right of all men to own horses! A rebel may lose his horse to-day by confiscation; but he has a perfect right to buy another to-morrow, if he chooses, or is able, to do so. Just so it is in the case before us. If every slave in Virginia or South Carolina should be set free on the first day of January next, the people of those States may immediately purchase another set, if they can find them; for the laws authorizing them to do so remain as they were. They cannot, however, re-enslave the persons emancipated, because the proclamation expressly declares that, they shall be "forever free."

While, therefore, the abstract right to hold slaves remains intact, practically the proclamation will work an abolition of Slavery. But it has nothing to do with laws; it impinges upon no reserved rights of States; but simply lays its hand upon a certain kind of property which it finds existing, and which gives strength, aid and comfort to the enemies of the country, to persons who have by their own act renounced their allegiance to the government, and placed themselves in the attitude of active enemies. The freedom which it gives to another set of persons is but an avoidable incident in the procedure.

However right, and just, and proper, abolitionism may be in itself, or however wrong, unjust and mischievous—it matters not which view we may take of it—it has nothing to do with the question before us. A man might, therefore, with consistency argue that Slavery is right in itself, and that it is in perfect accordance with the divine law, and yet argue that, inasmuch as it constitutes the main strength of this great rebellion, it is the duty of the government to strike it down as a means of national salvation.

We must in all honesty admit, that, however desirable it may be to abolish Slavery, this Proclamation of which we are speaking does not do it. It only emancipates certain persons found in a specified condition; yet it goes as far as the President has a right to go; still its practical effect will be the abolition of the system. He has not interfered with the slave codes even of insurgent States. They stand as they did; and all the talk we have had among the opposition about violating the Constitution, and invading the reserved rights of the States, is mere bosh. The President has laid his hand upon what certain persons once claimed as rights, personal rights, but which are rights no longer; and this he did, not as a policy in peace, but as a necessity in war.

Results of the Corinth Battle.
Gen. Resencanz has handed in a long and graphic account of the battle of Corinth. The results of the battle briefly stated are: "We fought the combined rebel force of Mississippi, commanded by Van Dorn, Price, Lovell, Villipigne and Rust in person numbering, according to their own authority, 38,000 men. We signally defeated them, with little more than half their numbers, and they fled, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. The enemy's loss in killed was 1,423 officers and men; their loss in wounded, taking the general average, amounts to 5,652. We took 2,248 prisoners, among whom are 137 field officers, captains and subalterns, representing 53 regiments of infantry, 7 regiments of cavalry, 13 batteries of artillery, and 7 battalions—making 39 regiments, 9 battalions, and 13 batteries, besides separate companies. We took also fourteen stands of colors, two pieces of artillery, 3,500 stand of arms, 1,600 rounds of ammunition, and a large lot of accoutrements. The enemy blew up several wagons between Corinth and Chewalla, and beyond Chewalla many ammunition wagons and carriages were destroyed, and the ground was strewn with tents, officers' mess chests, and small arms. We pursued them forty miles in force and sixty miles with cavalry. Our loss was 315 killed, 1,812 wounded, 232 prisoners and missing. It is said the enemy was demoralized and alarmed at our advance. They set fire to the stores at Tupello, but finding that we were not so close upon them, extinguished the fire and removed the public stores, excepting two car-loads of bacon, which they destroyed."

It is said when the mother of Washington was asked how she had formed the character of her son, she replied that she had early endeavored to teach him three things, obedience, diligence, and truth. No better advice can be given by any parent.

A doctor and military officer became enamored of the same lady. A friend asked which of the two suitors she intended to favor. She replied "that it was difficult to determine, as they were both such killing creatures."

A WARNING FROM PARSON BROWNLOW.
In a letter to the Philadelphia Press, Mr. Brownlow remarks:
There exists a deep-laid scheme to defeat this Government at the North, and the programme of treason is widening and deepening daily, whilst the leaders at the South are kept posted in all these movements of Northern traitors. These allies of Jeff. Davis are becoming more bold every day, and more fierce and out spoken in their advocacy of treason. They have their newspapers in Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, New York, Connecticut, and other States, penetrating all the various ramifications of society, and talk out treason, rank and infamous. They have grown insolent since the fall elections, and now wage war against the Government in a defiant tone. And what is strange, the Government tamely submits to their hostility. That many of these papers are in the Southern Confederacy, I have no doubt, and hence the game of treason is a deep one, well played out. The Louisville papers speak of the arrest of a man in that city, by Gen. Boyle, who had in his possession \$160,000, which he alleged was the money of loyal persons in Augusta, Georgia, who had employed him to bring it North and deposit it in bank for them! Will any sane man believe one word of this story? That amount of money would sustain half a dozen of these tory papers at the North for another year.

I repeat, a deep game is being played out by the South and her Northern allies, and I warn all true men, of all parties, against their machinations. Backed up with that infamous organization, the Knights of the Golden Circle, these traitors have now got a network spread over the entire nation, so minute in details, and so inexplicable in its nature, that even the devil, with all his arts and subtlety, could not elude their grasp. Northern Democrats are falling into it by thousands. Thousands of them are honest, and deceived, having no idea of the extent and purpose of the conspiracy they are getting into. Thousands of these voters are acting in good faith towards the Federal Government, and if they had the most distant idea that they are going gradually, but certainly, into the victorious camps of Jeff. Davis, they would indignantly cease to be co-workers with such traitors as are now leading them astray.

Mr. Editor, warn the honest masses against falling into the web these vile leaders have woven for them, and exhort them, while they may, to extricate themselves from the abyss of ruin into which they are unconsciously plunging themselves and their country!

WAR PHRASES.—Josh Billings takes a logical view of war phrases:
"On to Richmond," that is to say, if the kussed rebels will allow it.
"Parallel lines," are them kind of lines that never run together.
"Militaria necessita"—10 officers, and a gallon of whiskey, to every 3 privates.
"On to the dogs of war; but muzzle the darn knitters, if you don't somebody will get hurt."

"War of exterminashun"—this fraze belongs holey to the komisar department.
"Advance Gard"—this is a gard tha hav tu hav in our arms to keep our fellers from pitch into the enema frontwards.
"Rere Gard"—this is a gard tha hav tu hav to keep our fellers, when tha are surrounded, from pitch into the enema backwards.
"Aw quiet on the Puttermuck"—this shows what parrek subjeckshun our fellers ar under.
"Militara straterga"—trying to reduce a swamp by ketchin the bilious fever out of it.
"Pickets"—these are chaps that ar cent out tu borry turtacker of the enama, and tu see if the kussed rebels has got a pass.

WHERE THE IVORY COMES FROM.—About 30 years ago, some one made the discovery that the ice-fields of Siberia contained an immense number of fossils of elephants and mastodons. Where they came from, or how they got there, is a problem which perhaps may never be solved; their existence, however, was no chimerica, and as ivory is one of the most valuable commodities of trade in all nations, some utilitarian Englishmen conceived the idea of turning these vestiges of a former epoch to profitable account. Accordingly, about the year 1835, Thompson, Bonner & Co., a rich London firm, fitted out an expedition to seek for ivory in Siberian ice. Novel and incredible as it seemed, the expedition was crowned with success. The ship returned to England richly laden with the choicest ivory; and even at the present time, although the world knows little about it, the ivory market is mainly supplied from the ice fields of Siberia.

SUBSTITUTES FOR COTTON.—The Government now uses for twine, for postal purposes, flax instead of cotton. The material is stronger and safer than cotton twine, and a hundred yards more to the pound is produced. The railroads are also using iron roofs for their passenger cars instead of cotton, and pack wood shavings instead of cotton for their bedding. Gradually, if the war goes on, King Cotton may have to take his place behind the throne instead of upon it, as monarch of all he surveys. Wool and flax are fast gaining in the race for mastery.