VILLAGE RECORD.

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POETICAL.

THE PLACE WHERE MEN SHOULD DIE.

How little recks it where man dies,
When once the moment's past,
In which the dim and closing eye
Has looked on earth its last?
Whether beneath its sculptured urn
The conined form shall rest,
Or in its nakedness return
Back to its mother's breast.

Death is a common friend or foe,
As different men may hold;
And at his summons each must go—
The timid and the bold?
But when the spirit, free and warm,
Deserts it, as it must,
What matter when the lifeless form
Dissolves again to dust?

The soldier falls, mid corpses piled
Upon the battle plain,
Where reinless war-steeds gallop wild,
Among the mangled slain;
But though the horse be slim to see,
Hoof-trampled on the sod,
What recks it, when the spirit free,
Has soared aloft to God?

The coward's dying eye may close
Upon his downy bed,
And sweet hands his limbs compose
Or garments o'er them spread;
But ye who shun the bloody fray,
Where fell the mangled brave,
Go—strip his coffin-lid away,
And see him in his grave.

'Twere sweet, indeed, to close our eyes,
With those we cherished near,
And wafted upward by their sighs,
Soar to some calmer sphere,
But, whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle van,
The *fittest* place where man can die,
Is where he dies for MAN.

WITHOUT THE CHILDREN.

O the weary, solemn silence
Of a house without the children;
O the strange, oppressive stillness
Where the children come no more!
Ah! the longing of the sleepless
For the soft arms of the children,
Ah! *the longing for the faces*
Peeping through the opening door—
Faces gone forevermore!

Strange it is to wake at midnight
And hear not the children breathing,
Nothing but the old clock ticking,
Ticking, ticking by the door.
Strange to see the little dresses
Hanging up there all the morning;
And the gaiters—ah! their patter,
We will hear it never more
On our ninth-forsaken floor!

What is home without the children?
'Tis the earth without its verdure,
And the sky without the sunshine;
Life is withered to the core!
So we'll leave this dreary desert,
And we'll follow the Good Shepherd
To the greener pastures vernal,
Where the lambs have "gone before"
With the Shepherd evermore!

MISCELLANY.

Death-Bed of Dr Johnson.

A *Leisure Hour* article on the "last days" of the great lexicographer, mentions an interesting fact in regard to his experience. "He was preëminently one of those who, through fear of death, are all their life-time subject to bondage * * * It appears that a clergyman, Mr. Winstanly, was the main instrument in bringing his mind to a quiet trust. In answer to the anxious question, written to him by the dying moralist, 'What shall we do to be saved?' Mr. Winstanly wrote:—'I say to you, in the language of the Baptist—Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' That passage had been often read by him, and had made but a slight impression; but now, pressed home by the gracious Spirit, it went straight to the heart. He interrupted the friend who was reading the letter—'Does he say so? Read it again.' And he then earnestly begged that the writer might be sent for, that he might hear from him a confirmation of the truth. The state of Mr. Winstanly's health made an interview impossible; but he wrote enforcing the truth."

The narrative shows that the Doctor had comfort in the realization of this great truth. A little before he died, he turned with great earnestness to his physician: 'Doctor,' he said, 'you are a worthy man, and my friend. But I am afraid you are not a Christian.' 'I hate you,' 'I do better for you than offer up in your presence a prayer to the great God that you may become a Christian.' 'In my sense of the word?' Instantly he put up a fervent prayer for him. When he had finished, he caught hold of his hand with earnestness, and cried, 'Doctor, you do not say Amen.' The Doctor looked solemn, but, after a pause, cried 'Amen!' Johnson said, 'My dear doctor, believe a dying man, there is no salvation but in the sacrifice of the Lamb of God.'

How brightly do even little boys beam upon a soul darkened by the clouds of sorrow—as stars come forth from the empty sky when we look up to them from a deep well or from cellars.

Relic of General Andrew Jackson.

[From the New York Tribune.]

Through the kindness of Mr. Coventry Waddell, of this city, a personal friend of General Jackson, we are enabled to lay before our readers the following interesting letter, which has never before been printed.—We print the letter in full, notwithstanding its personal character, certain that all will be glad to read it who revere the memory of its writer, and to those among them—and there are many—who deny the principles which he cherished, we especially commend the injunction which he more inculcates of devotion to the Union. Copperhead papers are expected to copy:

WASHINGTON, Feb 10, 1837.

MY DEAR MADAM: By a letter received to-day from your dear husband, is communicated to me the joyful intelligence that you have presented him with a lovely son, and that you intend honoring me with his name by calling him Andrew Jackson. I duly appreciate the honor you bestow upon me; a greater could not be conferred, as it gives evidence of your confidence and esteem. I shall duly cherish it.

I sincerely regret that I cannot be personally present and act as godfather when he is presented to his God and Saviour in the holy ordinance of baptism; but I trust my friend, Samuel Swartwout, Esq., will have *the goodness to represent me*, as my proxy, on this solemn occasion; and I have to request that you and your dear husband present this, my request, to him, and afterward I shall entrust my obligations to this dear boy to your maternal care and that of his dear father, as my debility at present admonishes me that I will never have the pleasure to see him, unless I should be honored with a visit by you and him and his father at the Hermitage. I can only offer up my daily prayers for him.

I enclose herewith the usual gift of this namesake that I have bestowed to all my others—it bears the impress of the Eagle of his Country, displayed on all her banners—and as the child grows in years and in wisdom I have to depend on you to explain to him, with this injunction of his godfather, that when he arrives at the years of manhood he will always be found sustaining the Eagle of his Country from the insult, or grasp, of a foreign foe, *and the still more dangerous enemy, the intestine Traitor who may engage in the wicked scheme of severing our glorious Union, upon which depends the perpetuation of our happy Government, which will endure so long as our confederated system lasts, and no longer. Instill in his mind that our Federal Union must be preserved.* To the patriotism of his dear parents I trust this lesson will be early impressed, with all moral virtues, on his mind.

I beg you to kiss the dear boy for me, and present him with my blessings. My prayers will be constantly offered up for him, that he may have a long and useful life; that he may be a blessing to his parents in their declining years, and gain a happy immortality. With my sincere prayers for you and your dear husband's welfare and happiness here and hereafter, and that of your amiable family, I am, very respectfully your friend,

ANDREW JACKSON.

MRS JACKSON, of the city of New York.

Patriotic Families

The palm of patriotism is claimed for the family of William Mercer, residing in the vicinity of Bainbridge, Ross county, Ohio, who has eight sons and one grandson in the army. Their average weight is 216 pounds, and height, six feet. In short Mr. Mercer has 48 feet and 1,680 pounds of boys in the army. Their mother says she has two more that will soon be ready if needed.

A Rhode Island paper, the Providence Press, tells a yet better story. It says that among the recruits for the Fourteenth Rhode Island Regiment on Dutch Island, are fourteen brothers, all the sons of the same father and mother. A still more remarkable circumstance, concerning these "boys" is, that there are among them two pairs of twins. The average height of the fourteen is six feet two inches, making an aggregate of *eighty-five feet*. Their names are Postley, and they are all members of Company I. They come from the town of Deposit, Boone county, in this State, where their mother is still living, their father being dead, and where, also, they have two sisters, also twins, one of whom weighs two hundred and eighty two pounds, and the other about two hundred and twenty!

Little Rhody is ahead.

A Prophecy.

Andrew Jackson Davis (the seer) in the *Herald of Progress*, a few weeks ago, made the following important (if true) announcement:

The most important intelligence received recently is to the effect that after six more battles, two of them to be hand to hand encounters, the war will be over and peace declared under the stars and stripes. Stonewall Jackson is positive that all this will come to pass *before the next harvest is gathered to the granaries*. Gold will take the downward track in May and June. Government credit will be firm for ten years after peace is declared, when another war with old England is probable. France will be the first to receive punishment from America. A republican form of Government will soon be guaranteed to five of the Southern States. Butler and Bombshell is a better cry for abolitionism than Fremont and freedom. *Force and pluck, not mon propositions* are in demand. General Butler and Jeff Davis are the best practical abolitionists. Others are tillers and badgers on.

This life is a hollow and rapid toy—only the sinking froth of a vile—a leap through the ring of eternity—a rotten, nasty apple of Sodom, the taste of which we cannot get out of our mouths spit and sputter as we may.

Patriotism of the Lutheran Church.

The General Synod of the Lutheran Church of the United States, held its biennial session in York, Pa., commencing on the 5th inst. The Convention was permanently organized by the election of the following officers:—Rev. Dr. Sprecher, of Ohio, President, Prof. M. L. Stover, of Pennsylvania, Secretary, A. F. Ockerhouser, Esq., of New York, Treasurer. Among other things claiming the attention of the Gen. Synod, the following Resolutions on the "State of the Country" were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That having assembled a second time during the prevalence of civil war in our land, this Synod cannot separate without solemnly re-affirming the declarations adopted at our last Convention in reference to the orginating cause of the Rebellion, the necessity of its forcible suppression, the righteousness of the war which is waged by the Government of the United States, for the maintenance of the national life, and the consequent duty of every Christian to support it by the whole weight of his influence, his prayers and his efforts.

Resolved, That we acknowledge with profound gratitude to Almighty God, the various important successes which have thus far crowned our arms; the merciful interposition of Providence in delivering us from the invasions of the enemy, and in protecting our homes, our churches and our institutions from the desolations of war, and the cheering progress which has been made by the Government and the Nation in the recognition of the laws of God and the rights of man in the measures which have been adopted for *the suppression of the Rebellion*.

Resolved, That recognizing the sufferings and calamities of war as the righteous Judgment of a just God visited upon us for our transgressions, we call upon our pastors and churches to unite with us in the confession of our many and greivous individual and national sins, and in fervent supplication for the Divine forgiveness, that as a people we may break off sins by righteousness, and do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God.

Resolved, That as persistent efforts are making among us by protessedly christian writers to prove, from the Holy Scriptures, the Divine institution of American Slavery—the principal cause of this wicked Rebellion—we, the Delegates of the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the United States, hereby express our unqualified condemnation of such a course, which claims the sanction of the merciful God and Father of us all *for a system of human oppression*, which exists only by violence, under the cover of iniquitous laws.

Story With a Moral.

A young man who was paying special attention to a young lady, met with the following incident during one of his visits.

Being invited into the parlor to await the lady's appearance, he entertained himself as best he might for some time, and was becoming very weary, when a *little girl* about five years old slipped in and began a conversation with him

"I can always tell," said she, "when you are coming to our house."

"You can?" he replied; "and how do you tell it?"

"Why," when you are going to be here, sister begins to sing and to get good; and she gives me cake, and pie, and anything I want; and she sings so sweetly—when I speak to her she smiles so pleasantly. I wish you would stay here all the while; then I would have a good time. But when you go off sister is not good. She gets mad, and if I ask her for any thing, she slaps and bangs me about, and is as ill as a copperhead."

This was a poser to the young man.—"Fools and children tell the truth," quoted he, and taking his hat he left and returned no more.

MORAL—Parents wishing their illnatured daughters married, should keep their small children out of the parlor when strangers are there.

FOR EACH ONE.—There is not a single member of a single church, male or female, young or old, rich or poor, but should be engaged in personal efforts for the conversion of souls. Our army may as rationally leave the battle to be fought by officers alone, as the Church leave the conversion of the world to the ministers of the Gospel. Indeed, it is a fundamental error to consider it as merely a ministerial work. The work of saving souls is as truly and legitimately within the reach of the pious pauper in the workhouse or the Sabbath School, or the religious servant in a family, as within the grasp of the most eminent preacher. The Church in its entire membership, is the royal priesthood, proclaiming salvation to a lost world, and winning back souls to the bosom of redeeming Love.

SCENE MATRIMONIAL.—WIFE TRIUMPHANT.—"Can you let me have money this morning to purchase a new bonnet, my dear?"

"By and by love."

"That's what you always say, my dear, but how can I *Buy and Buy* without money?"

"And that brought the money, just as one good turn deserves another. Her suit was so successful that she tried again next week.

"I want money, my dear, to buy a new dress."

"Well you can't have it, you called me a bear last night, said her husband.

"O, well dear, you know that was only because you're fond of hugging."

"It hit him just right again, and she got the money and something extra, as he left his pretty wife and hurried off to business, saying, 'It takes a fortune to keep such a wife as you are—*but it's worth it.*'

What is the difference between a horse and a wagon? One can't go when it is tired and the other can't go when it isn't.

A LOVING HEART.

Who taught that tuneful voice of thine
Its wealth of sweetness, child?
Who tuned each tone to love divine,
With melody so wild?
Ah! simple is the spell, I ween,
That doth that grace impart;
It dwells its own sweet self within—
It is—a loving heart.

—*Mrs. Osgood.*

Words Fitly Spoken.

Mr. M. R. Thayer, of Pa., on the 4th inst. advocated the Reconstruction bill which has since passed the House in a forcible speech, wherein he said:

"Mr. Speaker, the voice of the people of the United States cannot be mistaken. They demand of us, their Representatives, that the institution of Human Slavery, which has from the beginning been our national reproach, the fruitful source of sectional enmity and strife, the obstacle to the development of one half of our territory, the secret enemy which has for seventy years sown our vineyard with tares and brambles, which has alienated brethern of the same blood, which has proscribed education, fomented discord, encouraged opposition to our republican system, weakened the ties of National allegiance, and at last arrayed itself in bloody war against the Government, shall be forever blotted out in the Rebel States, and that upon its ruins shall be written a legend like that which indignant France wrote over the gateway of rebellious Lyons: 'Slavery made war upon the Republic; Slavery is no more!' They demand this as the right of war against the public enemy. They demand it in the name of that very Constitution which is sought here to be made its shelter and its shield. They demand it as the only adequate compensation for the sacrifices which they have made and the sufferings which they have endured. They demand it in the name of Liberty and of Humanity. They demand it as the only pledge of future union and tranquility. They demand it for their own peace and safety, and for the repose and security of their children. Already, its grim and terrible form, weakened by its wounds, begrimed with the dust of battle, and covered with the blood of brave men which has been shed in this sanguinary war, cowers and reels before the banners of the Republic. As it falls, let it hear ringing in its ears the decree for its extermination pronounced here by the Representatives of the people."

The waste of Life.

"When I see life going to waste—when I see women's soul bent on ignoble ends frittered away on trifling toys, finding content and happiness in *things that perish with the using*, I feel—not contempt, not anger, but sadness and sore regret.

"There are words that concentrate in themselves the glory of a lifetime; but there is a silence more precious than they. Speech ripples over the surface of life, but silence sinks into its depths. Airy pleasantries bubbles up in airy pleasant words. Weak sorrows quaver out their shallow being, and are not. When the heart is cleft to its core, there is no speech nor language.

"This world is not made for a tomb, but a garden. You are to be a seed, not a death. Plant yourself, and you will sprout. Bury yourself, and you can only decay. For a dead opportunity there is no resurrection.—The only enjoyment, the only use to be attained, is on the wing. Each day brings its own happiness, its own benefit, but it has none to spare. What escapes to-day is escaped forever. To-morrow has no overflow to atone for the *lost yesterday*."

Execution of a Rebel Spy.

Andrew Laypole a noted Rebel guerilla, convicted by a Court Martial of a violation of the laws of war, and of the murder of two citizens, was hung at Fort McHenry last Monday morning. About the 20th of April 1863 Laypole was captured at Shepherdstown, Va., by the Union pickets. In connection with others he was identified with a notorious guerilla band, and many were the acts of robbing, plundering, wounding and killing perpetrated by him and his companions upon the Union citizens in that section of the country where he was captured. On the night of the 15th of March, 1863, he deluded the Union pickets near Shepherdstown Ferry, on the Maryland side, and secreted himself until the night of the 16th, when he wilfully shot and killed Charles E. Entler, a resident of the above town. On the night of November, 1862, at Dam No. 4, on the Potomac river, he also wilfully murdered Martin Crokers, a loyal resident of Virginia. Upon being captured he was taken to Baltimore and confined in Fort McHenry, where as above stated he was tried, convicted, sentenced and executed. He was a native of Washington County, Md.

A correspondent in his account of Friday's battle, writes: "Far down the plank road where Hancock fought, beyond the thickest rebel dead, lay a boy severely wounded, perhaps not less a soldier that he was but a boy. He had fallen the day before when we were farther advanced, and had remained unmolested within the rebel lines. They had not removed him, and he was alone with the dead when I rode up. The poor fellow was crawling about gathering violets. Faint with the loss of blood, unable to stand, he could not resist the tempting flowers, and he had already made a beautiful bouquet. Having caused a stretcher to be sent for, I saw him taken up tenderly and borne away, wearing a brave, sweet, touching smile."

MA, is the portrait of father sent? asked a little cherub of three summers.

No child. Why do you ask?

Why, 'cause mammy said she'd burn my picture if you sent it.

Pat's Ideas of Stock.

Pat Donahue was a smith of a boy, right from the "Gem of the Sea," and he had a small contract on the Conway Railroad, in New Hampshire, in the year of grace, 1855, in which he agreed to take his pay part in cash, part in bonds, and part in stock. The stock of this road, be it remembered, like many others—was not worth a "Continental," and has always kept up its value with remarkable uniformity. In due time Pat, having completed his job, presented himself at the treasurer's office for settlement. The money, the bonds, and the certificate of stock were soon in his possession.

"And what is this now?" said Pat, flourishing his certificate of stock, bearing the broad seal of the corporation.

"That is your stock, sir," blandly replied the treasurer.

"And is that what I'm to git for my labor? Wasn't my contract for stock?"

"Why certainly, that is your stock. What did you expect?"

"What did I expect? said Pat excitedly; what did I expect?"

"Why pegs, and shape, and horses sure?"

Talking to boys in public meetings is getting to be an art and science. Billy Ross is a great Temperance lecturer, and at Rockville, Illinois, was preaching to the young on his favorite theme. He said:

'Now, boys, when I ask you a question you mustn't be afraid, to speak right out and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms, and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them do they not?'

'Yes, sir!' shouted a hundred voices.

'Well, where will your fathers be twenty years from now?'

'Dead!' shouted the boys.

'That's right and who will own all this property then?'

'Us boys!' shouted the urchins.

'Right. Now tell me did you ever, in going the streets, notice the drunkards lounging around the saloon doors waiting for somebody to treat them?'

'Yes, sir, lots of them!'

'Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?'

'Dead!' exclaimed the boys.

'And who will be the drunkards then?'

'Us BOYS!'

Billy was thunder struck for a moment; but recovering himself, tried to tell the boys how to escape such a fate.

Staring at Ladies.

A very common form of vulgar impudence is the staring at ladies. To do so in any public place is ungentlemanly, but to avail oneself of a vicinity which circumstances render unavoidable, is contemptible. The man who will stare continually at a lady across a hotel table, or in an omnibus, deserves to be arrested. Ignorant young men frequently do this, under the impression that it is not really disagreeable to the other sex, and that they are, in fact, paying a species of compliment. Could they know the vexation and annoyance which is often masked, under the air of calmness with which their insolence is received, they would think differently. I have heard, at a hotel, of instances in which ladies delayed their meals for hours, subjected themselves to many annoyances, and even left the house, in order to avoid the presence of some conceited puppy, who possibly imagined that he was recommending himself to their good graces.—*Gleason's Literary Companion.*

GOOD JOKE ON LOTTIE.—Since the advent of General Logan's splendid corps at Huntsville, the rooms in the principal hotels have been in demand. A beautiful and accomplished actress has been staying at the Huntsville Hotel, and in "about a minute, minute and a half, or two minutes" after she had vacated her room, the gallant General O. was assigned to it by the landlord. The General, on examining his bed previous to retiring, found a most snowy *robe de nuit*, neatly folded, under his pillow, marked in delicate characters with the name of the fair owner. The chambermaid was called and asked by the General, holding the garment in his hand:—

"Do you know Miss Lottie Hough?"

"Yes," answered the chambermaid.

"Then carry this to her with my compliments, and say General O. is not in the habit of sleeping with empty nightgowns."—*Chattanooga Gazette.*

A good one is told of Gen. Grant. As he was in the cars on his way to the front, a newsboy came in, crying out, 'Life of Gen. Grant!' One of the General's Aids pointing to the General, told the boy he guessed that man would buy a copy. The boy approached the General, who asked him carelessly, 'Who is Gen. Grant?' The boy giving him a look of indignation and disgust, replied, 'You must be a greeny not to know Gen. Grant.' The General, after that, of course bought his life.

"Well, Tom," said a grocer to his apprentice, "you have been apprenticed now three months, and have seen the several departments of our trade. I wish to give you a choice of occupation. Thank'ee, Sir—"Well, now, what part of the business do you like best?" "Shuttin' up, sir."

There is a strange, significant identity in the words which frame at once the watchword and the prayer of these momentous days:

GOD—GRANT—VICTORY.

A soldier of the 1st Pa. Cavalry, in the Potomac Army, was discovered since found asleep near Warrenton, Va., having slept 24 hours. He stepped up to his captain and said, 'Captain, I die to-morrow at 4 o'clock, and the war will end in June. You have no more for me to do.' As the clock struck 4 on the following day he died without a groan.

Trophies of the Skeleton Cavalier.

In the battles of last year, on the Federal side, there were 91,000 killed, wounded and missing. It is known that the rebel losses were more than that, so that 200,000 of the flowers of the land were killed, maimed or lost during that year of gore-carnival. Reflecting on this subject the San Francisco Sunday Mercury affords the following passage:

"One half of these two hundred thousand human beings may reasonably be considered as having been killed outright in the actual shock of battle, and two-thirds of the other half may be returned as crippled for all the remainder of their days—human hulks, over which the ruthless storms of war have swept, and forever stranded. Contemplate the woeful picture—imagine the spirit of the Nation, draped in the elements of mourning, surrounded by the living ruins of its own and its children's strength, in the contest, bending over the graves of *one hundred thousand* of the most stalwart of her sons, all of whom were struck down by war in one fell year's sweep. Behold, in the broken ground of this immense funeral ground, amidst the shattered implements, and the ghastly ruins of carnage, the pallid groups of dismembered living, that were thrown up from the fiery crater of conflict, to fall back, mangled and helpless upon the sobbing breast of this land! See their dismal spectacles in a frame of ebony before the mental eye, and say if war is not terrible in its exactions and immeasurably inadequate in its rewards?—Take in, if possible at one glance the past year's mighty array of gore-dripping coffins, the endless procession of men who entered the year's portals in the glow of health, and the glory of perfect physical proportions, to pass out over its crimsoned threshold, into the present, leaning upon each other for support, and dependant upon the mercy of their fellow creatures for their future comfort and provision. See these effects as they exist in the entirely and startling distinctness of their reality, and the shouts of victory and the eulogiums lavished upon conquerors fall upon the listening ear like the hollow echoes of some demoniac mockery.

The disloyal charge that the North proposes to oppress the South has not found a better answer than in the following:

It is said we propose to oppress the people of the South. It would be well if such oppression could cover the whole surface of the known world! Ours is an oppression which makes free; ours a despotism which builds the school-house and the printing-office; *ours a tyranny which sets the plough* moving in the furrow, and covers the lakes and rivers with the white wings of commerce. God give the world abundance of such oppression.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.—When the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant's handing it to him in a saucer, and asking him if he would have it, the Duke replied, 'Yes, *if you please.*' These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy is expressed by them. He who commanded the greatest armies in Europe, and was long accustomed to the tone of authority, did not despise or overlook the small courtesies of life. And how many boys do. What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters and sometimes to their mothers. They order so. This is ill bred and unchristian, and shows a coarse nature and hard heart. *In all your home talk, remember, 'If you please.'* Among your playmates, dont forget, 'If you please.' To all who wait upon or serve you, believe that 'if you please' will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Don't forget these little words, *'if you please.'*

SAVE YOUR SOAP SUDS.—There is scarcely a plant that is not benefitted by watering with soap suds. It furnishes nutritive matter as well as moisture, keeps off insects, and promotes a rapid growth. The *Gardener's Chronicle* states that while there has been a great failure in cabbage and cauliflower gardens generally, those watered with soap suds have produced plants of the finest quality and entirely escaped the injuries inflicted by insects upon others.

The President has approved of Gen. Butler's sentence in the case of nine officers who resigned the service in his department just on the eve of this campaign. They are reduced to the rank as privates, to serve until the end of the war.

The females of some of the Indian tribes, in order to keep silence, fill their mouths with water. Our women fill theirs with tea and gossip more than ever.

The woman who makes the best shirt for the St. Louis Sanitary Fair, is to have a prize of $200 in silver ware; also, $150 in silver ware is offered for the second best.

Ohio has already furnished the 20,000 hundred days' militia called for from her, and has offered five regiments more, now ready for instant service.

THE BUSY BODY.—He labors without thanks, talks without credit, lives without tears, dies without pity—save that some say, "It was a pity he died no sooner."

An Army Chaplain, preaching to his soldiers, exclaimed: "If God be with us, who can be against us?" "Jeff Davis and the devil!" promptly exclaimed one of the boys.

Allow a boy to run at large one year in Indianola, and you have laid the foundation whereon will be built his future prison.

If you are in debt, somebody owns part of you.