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C. & C. ZARLEY
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D. H. PINNEY, Attorney at Law. Office in Bush's Block opposite National Hotel, Joliet, Illinois. Particular attention given to the procuring of Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty Money and all war claims.

DR. E. HARWOOD, will hereafter give his undivided attention to the practice of his profession. Office on Jefferson st., over Cagwin's Crockery store. Residence opposite the Baptist Church.

J. H. SEDGWICK, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office with Randall & Fuller, over Stone's Store, Jefferson St., Joliet, Illinois.

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J. H. QUINN, Attorney at Law. Office over Fox' Store, Jefferson St., Joliet, Ill.

W. M. C. GOODHUE, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office on Jefferson St., (over Mrs. Kavanagh's Millinery Store,) Joliet, Illinois. n9tf

G. S. THOMAS, M. D., Physician and Surgeon offers his professional services to the citizens of Joliet and vicinity. Office No. 77 Jefferson st., over R. Blackman's Drug Store, opposite the Court House, Residence on Eastern Avenue, in J. F. Grosh's House. 1tf) Joliet, Illinois.

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ELISHA C. FELLOWS, Attorney and Counselor at Law and Solicitor and Counselor in Chancery, will regularly attend the Courts in the counties of Will, Du Page, Kendall, McHenry, Grundyand Iroquois. Office over E. M. Bray's Drugg Store, Jefferson-st., Joliet, Ill.

JAMES FLETCHER, Attorney at Law. Middleport Iroquois county, Illinois.

S. A. WASHINGTON, Attorney and Counselor at law will attend faithfully to all business entrusted to his care, in this and the neighboring counties. Middleport, Iroquois county, Illinois.

H. SNAPP, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Joliet, Will County, Illinois.

JACOB A. WHITEMAN, Attorney and Counselor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery Middleport, Iroquois county, Illinois.

J. H. REECE, German Eclectic Doctor and Oculist Office on Bluff st., West side, where he may be found at all times ready and willing to wait upon the sick and afflicted. He would just say to those that are afflicted with Diseases of the Eye, that he devotes the attention of each day to that branch of his profession.

DR. A. B. MEAD, has removed his Office over E. M. Bray's Drugg Store, on Jefferson st., where persons disposed to employ him can always find him when not professionally absent.

DR. A. L. McARTHER, Physician and Surgeon offers his professional services to the citizens of Joliet and vicinity. Office in the Omnibus Block, directly over Mr. Woodruff's Drug store. Residence Ottawa st.

W. J. HEATH, Police Magistrate, and Justice of the Peace, Office on corner of Jefferson & Chicago Streets, Joliet, Ill.
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Teeth Extracted without pain.
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CHARLES E. MUNGER, Manufacturer and dealer in every variety of MARBLE MONUMENTS, TOMB STONES, FURNITURE, &C., &C.
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Dr. F. B. CHOCHRANE
WOULD respectfully inform the inhabitants of Joliet and vicinity, that after an absence of some years, has returned to Joliet for the purpose of making it his future home, and adopts this method to inform his friends and the public, that he has taken the rooms formerly occupied by Carpenter & Pierce, OVER BROWN'S DRUG STORE,
where he will be pleased to see all who may need FIRST CLASS DENTAL OPERATIONS.
Those who may employ him may be assured that all opperations will be performed in a neat, trusty and faithful manner.
Nov. 20, 1861. n24 tf

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No. 168 South Clark Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Cheap Toys, Stationery, Pictures and Frames. All Work warranted.
Mr. Wheeler employed on the Rock Island accommodation Train, will receive and return any Jobs from Joliet and vicinity for me.

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All work warranted to give entire satisfaction, and prices to suit the times. Orders sent by mail will receive prompt attention. (n2-1y)

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DORR & SCHOTT.
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Jobs will be neatly executed and warranted.
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JOLIET SIGNAL.

BY C. & C. ZARLEY. JOLIET, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 20, 1863. VOL. 21 NO. 19.

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" " six "	25
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Job Printing of every description will be neatly executed promptly and reasonably on reasonable terms.
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THE WAR CHRISTIAN'S THANKSGIVING.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE WAR CLERGY OF THE UNITED STATES.

Oh, God of Battles! once again
With banner, trump and drum,
And garments in Thy wine press dyed,
To give Thee thanks we come.

No goats or bullocks garlanded
Unto Thine altars no;
With brother's blood, by brother's shed,
Our glad libations flow.

From pest house and from dungeon foul,
Where maimed and torn they die,
From miry trench and charnel house,
Where heap on heap they lie.

In every groan that yields a soul,
Each shriek a heart that rends;
With every breath of tainted air,
Our homage, Lord, ascends.

We thank Thee for the sabre's gash,
The cannon's havoc wild;
We bless Thee for the widow's tears,
The want that starves her child!

We give Thee praise that Thou hast lit
The torch and fanned the flame;
That lust and rapine hunt their prey,
Kind Father, in Thy name!

That, for the songs of idle joy
False angels sang of yore,
Thou sendest War on earth; ill will
To men, forever more!

We know that wisdom, truth and right,
To us and ours are given,
That Thou hast clothed us with the wrath,
To do the work of Heaven!

We know that plains and cities waste
Are pleasant in Thine eyes—
Thou lov'st a hearth stone desolate,
Thou lov'st a mourner's cries.

Let not our weakness fall below
The measure of Thy will,
And while the press hath wine to bless;
Oh, tread it, with us still!

Teach us to hate—as Jesus taught
Fond fools, of yore to love—
Give us Thy vengeance as our own—
Thy pity hide above!

Teach us to turn, with reeking hands,
The pages of Thy word,
And learn the blessed curses there.
On them that sheathe the sword.

Where'er we tread may deserts spring,
Till no hearts are left to slay
And when the last red drop is shed,
We'll kneel again—and pray!

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

The brilliant gaslights glittered restlessly among the white and gold decorations of the elegant "gentleman's restaurant," the marble floor echoed to the tread of lounging feet, and the small pearl clock, surmounted by a gilded figure of Bacchus, pointed to the hour of eleven that bleak December night and still the careless habitues of the place lounged in and out, as if they were well accustomed to the habit of turning day into night!

"One more glass, Thorpe, before you go—let us drink success to your married life in the brightest champagne that ever melted into golden foam!" exclaimed a handsome cashing young man whose laugh had been the gayest all evening.

But Cyril Thrope shook his head, smiling and buttoned his coat closer.

"No—the sooner I contract habits of graceful abstinence the better—I must learn to wear the matrimonial yoke you know Maylie! Come, suppose you walk with me to my hotel; it's just the right distance for a cigar.

"Well, if you must go, I'm with you!" said Maylie, lightly, setting down the empty wine glass, "and *en route* you can tell me about Mrs. Thorpe that is to be. I'm quite curious to learn the charm which has captivated a gay Lothario like yourself"

"My dear Maylie," said Cyril with a light sneer, as they emerged arm in arm into the mist and darkness, "have you lived twenty six years in the world and not aware that there is but one charm worth mentioning?"

"And that——"

"Is good real gold, my unsophisticated friend."

"I confess, though," said Maylie, somewhat puzzled, I "do not see how this explains Lilian Drake's conquest over you, Thorpe. She's a pretty little girl, with curls just like coiled sunshine, and round cherry cheeks, but I never heard that she was rich."

"Neither is she—but it is in the future that her prospects lie. Did you never hear of Grant Colvin, the pursy old banker of C——? and did you never know that Lily Drake was his niece, and heiress apparent?"

"No," said Maylie, with wide open eyes

"No, well, we who pride ourselves on the cunning of the serpent, if not on the harmlessness of the dove, find out a variety of things which remain sealed to your duller vision, my honest companion. You must know that I spent last fall at C——, carrying on a nice little flirtation with a black-eyed houri who happened to be governess in the family where I was staying. A splendid girl—dark and sparkling as a Spaniard, and full of wild impulses. I shouldn't wonder, by the bye, (though I never thought of it before,) if the minx had gipsey blood in her. By Jove, Lilian Drake is no more to be compared to Sara Haynes than a draught of water to cold beaded champagne. But of course it did not amount to anything. I never thought of marrying a poor governess, however beautiful, and when I learned indirectly where old Colvin's wealth was to flow, I resolved to try luck with Lilian, the heiress. No sooner resolved than done—I bought a ticket for New York that very afternoon, and—pshaw, you know the rest I'm not often disappointed when I make up my mind to a thing! In brief, I came, I saw and conquered!"

"Oh, you should have seen the fire flash from those same oriental orbs, when I mentioned as mildly as possible, that my feelings had undergone a change, etc, etc."

"Seriously, though, Cyril, wasn't it rather a heartless business?"

Cyril Thorpe elevated his finely arched brows.

"Maylie, this talk about heart is all humbug. I don't believe that such an organ exists, except in anatomy! Self interest is the mainspring of existence. Love, heart, and all that sort of a thing are nonsense!"

"Do you mean to tell me that you are going to marry Lilian Drake without caring a whit for her?"

"Just that, *mon ami*! Come, here we are; won't you go up to my room and smoke another cigar?"

But Maylie declined rather abruptly—Gay young man though he was, something in his honest heart rebelled against the cold selfishness of Thorpe's philosophy, and he felt rather relieved when two or three squares interposed their barriers of brick and mortar between him and his old college mate!

Meanwhile Thorpe entered his room, and throwing himself carelessly upon a sofa in front of the glowing coal fire, took up a handful of letters which had arrived during his absence.

"Hum—ha—bootmaker—cards to Mrs. Leighs—letter from my sister—hallo—what this? The little governess as I live!"

The other correspondence fell unheeded upon the floor while Thorpe eagerly broke the seal of the small envelope which had so instantly attracted his attention.

"Oh, bless the little black eyed fury!" commented he with a sort of lazy enjoyment of the angry phrases over which his eyes roved, "she'll be revenged," will she?

She has heard that I am about to marry for money—she will make me feel her resentment, although she has long ceased to love me! What does the dear little firebrand mean? Can it be that she intends to write an account of my manifold flirtations to Lily? Well she may do so—but I shall take particular pains that no such edifying episode reaches my bride elect. No, Mademoiselle Sara, I may safely defy your wrath!"

And he tossed the note carelessly upon the fire watching it shrink into a blaze with half open, lustrous eyes, like those of a serpent!

Cyril Thorpe had laid his plans skilfully, and of that fact he was then fully aware.

If our readers could have had a peep into Lily Drake's boudoir on the wedding morning, just six weeks after that December night, they would have beheld a scene of regal magnificence. One door opened into an elegant morning room, all decorated with white flowers, where, upon a long table, draped with white satin, blazed a gorgeous array of wedding presents, in pearl and gold, and rare, costly laces—another gave a half peep of the fluttering crowd of blooming bridesmaides, eagerly waiting for the last ornaments to be clasped round Lily's fair throat and arms. And Mrs. Drake, mother-like, was crying and smiling in the same breath, while Colonel Drake, a fat, portly individual, whose white gloves were too tight by several sizes, kept shouting out intimating that the carriages were waiting, and that he could not see the use of such delays!

"This way, love, through the room where the bridal gifts are," said Mrs Drake when at length all was in readiness

"By the way, how very strange that your Uncle Colvin's present has not arrived. I should not wonder if he means to be here himself, and was delayed. Miss Rachael Wharton says she wouldn't be a bit surprised if he sent a deed, settling the whole property on you, Lily—she's heard of such things before now!"

And Cyril Thorpe, as he stepped forward, handsomer and more graceful than ever, to offer his arm to his bride, caught the last sentence. It gave his worldly heart a joyous throb, for money was Cyril Thorpe's idol!

The wedding with all its paraphernalia of orange blossoms, floating ribbons, and misty clouds of white tulle was over, and the reception followed. The spacious rooms were fairly overflowed with the tide of fashion, sparkling in jewels, and rustling in moire antique and velvets, and the whispered comments everywhere had but one burden, Mr. Thorpe's elegance of manner and his young wife's girlish grace!

Suddenly there was a stir and bustle throughout the apartments, following close on a vehement ring at the door bell—a clear merry voice reverberated above all softer accents, and Mrs. Thrope sprang forward, exclaiming:

"My Uncle Colvin!"

"No one else, my dear," ejaculated a stout little man, with cheeks like winter roses, although his hair was sprinkled with grey, who came forward with a young lady in brown travelling dress hanging on his arm. "Was afraid I should be too late to wish you joy, Lily! Mr Thrope, let me congratulate you, sir! I assure you no ordinary business should have detained me, but the fact is, I've been having a wedding of my own, this morning! Let me introduce my wife, Mrs Grant Colvin!"

Lily had grown very pale—she was not mercenary, but when one has been brought up from childhood in the expectation of wealth it requires a considerable degree of philosophy to see it transferred into another channel! But her pallor was rosy bloom compared to the ashen hue on her bridegroom's cheek, as he recognized under the bridal flowers in Mrs. Colvin's bonnet the vindicative black eyes of the slighted "governess!"

As his cold hand touched hers, she said in a voice audible to him alone:

"I am revenged! did I not tell you it should be so?"

Sarah Colvin had never looked lovelier than in that hour. She was satisfied—her hand had dashed the brimming cup away from her false lover's lips—to attain that end she was quite willing to be an old man's darling.

And Cyril Thorpe, like many another scheming villain, after having married for money, discovered that he had made an arch mistake!

BIG RIVERS.—In the memoranda of Dr. Breckinridge's travels in Europe some fifteen years ago, the following anecdote occurs:

A gentleman-like and well informed Englishman, who was in the stage coach with me, and who found out I was an American, after dilating on the greatness, the beauties, the majesty, in short, of this noblest of British rivers, (the Thames,) concluded thus:

'Sir, it may seem almost incredible to you but it is nevertheless true, that this prodigious stream is, from its mouth to its source, not much, if at all, short of one hundred miles long!'

I looked steadfastly in his face—to see if he jested; but the gravity of deep conviction was upon it. Indeed, John Bull never jests. After composing myself a moment I slowly responded:

'Perhaps, sir you have never heard of the Ohio river?'

'I think I have.'

'Perhaps of the Missouri?'

'I think so; though not sure.'

'Certainly of the Mississippi?'

'Oh yes, yes.'

'Well, sir, a man will descend the Ohio, in a steamboat of the largest class, a thousand miles.'

'Of what sir? how many sir?'

'A thousand miles; and there he will meet another steamboat of the same class, which has come twelve hundred miles down down the Missouri, and then, after going fifteen hundred miles more down the Mississippi—he may see that flood of waters disembogue by fifty channels into the sea.'

I had made up my mind to be considered a cheat; so I went calmly and emphatically through the statement. As I progressed my companion seemed somewhat disposed to take my story as a personal affront; but at its close, he let down his visage into a contemptuous pout, and regularly cut my acquaintance.

Gone over to the Enemy.

The Chicago *Post*, which for months past, has shown evident symptoms of ill health, has at last succumbed to the attack of neprophobia and becomes the organ of what it deftly denominates the "State Democratic Mass Convention," and affiliates with the shoddy merchants, and army contractors. We have had a very favorable opinion of the editor-in chief of the *Post* and as we understand that he is from home and that the paper in his absence is controlled by a nine-sided, lackkneeing abolitionist, we are inclined to believe that it is to him the public are indebted for defining the position of the paper. We shall soon know how it stands.—*Peoria Mail.*

The Barber's Ghost.

A gentleman traveling some years ago in the upper part of the State called at a tavern, and requested entertainment for the night.

The landlord informed him that it was out of his power to accommodate him, as his house was already full. He persisted in stopping, as he, as well as horse, were almost exhausted with traveling.

After much solicitation, the landlord consented to his stopping, provided he would sleep in a certain room that had not been occupied for a long time, in consequence of a belief that it was haunted by the ghost of a barber, who was reported to have been murdered in that room some years before.

'Very well,' said the man, 'I'm not afraid of ghosts.'

After having refreshed himself, he inquired of the landlord in what manner the room was haunted.

The landlord replied that shortly after they retired to rest, an unknown voice was heard, in trembling and protracted accents, saying:

'Do you want to be shaved?'

'Well,' replied the man, 'if he comes he may shave me.'

He then requested to be shown to the apartment, in going to which he was conducted through a large room where were seated a great number of persons at a gambling table.

Feeling a curiosity which nearly every one possesses after having heard ghost stories, he carefully searched every part of his room, but could discover nothing but the usual fixtures of the apartment.

He then lay down, but did not close his eyes to sleep immediately, and in a few minutes he imagined he heard a voice saying:

"Do you want to be shaved?'

He arose from his bed and searched every part of the room, but could discover nothing.

He again went to bed, but had no sooner closed his eyes than the question was repeated. He again arose, and went to the window, the sound appearing to come from that quarter, and stood awhile silent. After a few moments of anxious suspense, he again heard the sound distinctly; and convinced that it was from without, he opened the window, when the question was repeated full in his ear, which startled him not a little.

Upon a minute examination, however, he observed that the limb of a large oak tree, which stood under the window, projected so near the house that every breath of wind, to a lively imagination, made a noise resembling the interrogation—

'Do you want to be shaved?'

Having satisfied himself that his ghost was nothing more nor less than the limb of a tree coming in contact with the house, he again went to bed, and attempted to go to sleep, but he was now interrupted by peals of laughter, and an occasional volley of oaths and curses, from the room where the gamblers were assembled.

Thinking that he could turn the late discovery to his own advantage, he took a sheet from the bed and wrapped it around him, and taking the wash basin in his hand, and throwing the towel over his arm, proceeded to the room of the gamblers and suddenly opening the door, walked in, exclaiming in a tremulous voice:

'Do you want to be shaved?'

Terrified at the sudden appearance of the ghost, the gamblers were thrown into the greatest confusion in attempting to escape it—some jumping through the windows, and others tumbling heels over head down stairs. Our ghost taking advantage of the clear room, deliberately swept a large amount of money from the table into the basin, and retired unseen from the room.

The next morning the house was in the utmost confusion. He was immediately asked if he rested well, to which he replied in the affirmative.

'Well, no wonder,' said the landlord, 'for the ghost, instead of going to his own room, made a mistake and come to ours, frightened us out of the room, and took away every cent of our money.'

The guest without being the least suspected, quietly ate his breakfast and departed, many hundred dollars richer by the adventure.

The Fall Season for Transplanting.

Nature has given us two seasons in which to transplant trees and shrubs for future growth, viz: the spring and fall—Of the two we prefer the spring, because, if we are a little ignorant or careless, Nature very kindly takes hold and gives a little help during the summer; whereas, in the fall, if you are not very careful, the frosts, snows and ice, will not help the matter any.

Fall transplanting may commence as soon as the leaves cease their operation, or action on the system of the tree. If you are in a hurry, and all the leaves have not ceased their action, pinch them off. The winter is the night of vegetation. It then reposes in a quiet sleep, as if to gather strength for the next summer's (or day's) work. It is important, therefore, that you should place the tree, which you now set out, in as good and well protected condition as it was when you first took hold of it.

How is this? Why, all the roots were spread out in their respective directions and well covered with soil, which lay snug about them so as to keep them, not only in their place, but also to supply moisture to the rootlets whenever they should become aroused from their winter torpor and begin to draw nourishment for the branches above.

Then again, as if to guard against the cold and upheaving influences of frost, a nice blanket or coverlid of leaves and other litter is generally placed over the roots on the surface of the ground for some distance from the trunk.

Here you have a hint of what a fall transplanted tree or shrub requires.—This is what, at the present day is called mulching. We should call it blanketing.

If you have never observed the operation of this mulching, you will be surprised to see how effectually a covering, even a slight one, of leaves or some litter of the kind, will ward off the upheaving of the frost and protect the roots during the winter, and how it keeps in the moisture during the heats of summer. These few hints may be of service to somebody.

The Two Gardeners.

There were two gardeners whose crops of peas had been killed by frost. One of them fretted and grumbled, and said nobody was so unfortunate as he was. Visiting his neighbor, some time after he cried out in astonishment.

'What are these?'

'A fine crop of peas!'

'Where did they come from?'

'These are what I sowed, while you were fretting,' said the neighbor.

'Why, don't you ever fret?'

'Yes, but I generally put it off till I have repaired the mischief.'

'But then you have no need to fret at all,' said the fretter.

'Precisely so,' replied his friend, 'and that is the very reason why I put it off.'

Out of Sight. Out of Mind.

"Look through the world, and this truth you will find. That once out of sight, you are soon out of mind"

Invariably so? And is this the doctrine you preach, Monsieur Incredulity?

"Out of sight, out of mind." Why it is enough to turn all one's feelings against friendships in general, and youthful ones in particular.

"Out of sight, out of mind." What an insinuation! Why not let the young enthusiasts find this out for themselves; instead of teaching them anything to mar the purity and beauty of this fair earth, and to destroy their faith in human nature.

Thank goodness, for every half dozen butterflies or summer friends, that flutter round basking in the sunshine of our prosperity, there is always one, at least, who will cling to us when the dark shades of adversity hover over us.

"Prosperity makes friends, but adversity tries them," is an adage but nevertheless a truthful one.

Many are the would be intimates attracted by the glare and glitter of wordly worth. But it is only adversity that separates the gold from the dross, and the wheat from the chaff, and teaches us the difference between true and false friendship.

"Out of sight, out of mind," it seems but the croakings of some spirit tired of the world, who can no longer look upon the bright side of things and find even a little comfort. If recollections of past scenes of joy have no power to chase away gloomy thoughts, why not look to the future, and in the endeavor to cull sweet flowers of hope, of trust and promise, forget all that is dark and dreary in life.

"Out of sight, out of mind." Cast all such thoughts aside. Why give way to despondency, when there is so much of the beautiful left to gladden our daily lives?—If there are a few that turn from us, and forget the mutual pleasures of earlier years, why we can cling all the closer to those who yet remain true to us, and to whom we are bound by stronger cords of love and friendship. Trusting still in their faith, and holding them ever dear, even when distance intervenes, thus proving that though 'Out of sight,'' with us they are not "Out of mind."

AMELIA

From the St. Joseph Herald.

Patriotism Amidst Desolation.

A gentleman relates that whilst passing through Andrew county, a few days ago he heard a voice that sounded like a bugle, merrily singing,

'Rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again'—

On turning the corner of a road, he discovered a woman weeping, with a child in her arms. Near by a boy, who was loading on a wagon, that had a pair of cows hitched to it, the last remnants of furniture that had been snatched from the flames of a handsome dwelling house the night before. The boy kept singing—

'We're marching to the field, boys,
We're marching to the field,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.'

On arriving at the place, the gentleman inquired. 'How did this accident happen?'

The boy replied. 'Accident? hell!—Some men come from Kansas last night and burned dad's house. They said he was a rebel, and it is a d—d lie. He has been for the Union all the time!' And again the boy sang—

'The Union forever! 'row, boys 'row.'

The gentleman, still more interested, said:

'Don't you really know what they burnt the house for?'

'Burnt to restore the Union I reckon, or because our folks owned a negro once.—Dad is in the militia and this is what he gets for it.'

'Have you no oxen to hitch to your wagon?'

'Stole 'em last night.'

'What has become of your horses?'

'Ask Jim Lane; I reckon him or some of his strikers have got 'em posted before this in Kansas.'

'But they have to get passes to take stock over the river.'

'Mr., you ain't up to the way they do things in these parts. All these Kansas fellers want is a skiff and a rope. But perhaps you may be one of them chaps looking round for a chance'

To hear how this little fellow would answer, our friend said:

'Yes, my son, I am really from Kansas,' but I am not looking for plunder. If you have lost your stock why do you not go over the river and hunt them up.

'No use,' said the boy; 'old Jake down there, lost his horses and went over after 'em, and they put him in jail 'cause they said he was hunting niggers. They tell me you fellers have stole two regiments of niggers, and the way horses have left these parts I expect you have taken a dozen of them. But I don't care a d—d, our folks are going to Illinois, and I am going with the soldiers

Our friend passed on, and the boy commenced again, singing,

'Down with the traitors,
And up with the stars!
For we will rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again.'

A Sad Picture.

The Columbus Crisis, of September 9th says;

'We learn that at one of the great democratic meetings in Northwestern Ohio there was a wagon driven by two soldiers, one with one leg and the other with one arm. The wagon was filled with widows and orphans, made so by the war, dressed in black. The sensation produced is said to have been wholly unprecedented.'

During the recent raid of John Morgan through this country his men dropped a large number of worn-out horses. These were collected by the authorities, and the best of them distributed to those farmers whose horses had been stolen.

A few days afterwards a gentleman passing through the country was surprised to hear from a neighboring field the shrill sound of military commands:

"Halt! File left! Forward! March! Guide right!"

He supposed that one of the numerous Home Guard Companies to which the raid has given birth was going through the usual drill, but he discovered shortly that it was only a farmer ploughing with one of Morgan's horses.

A distinguished clergyman being requested to open the services with prayer, but not having been invited to preach, declined, saying, that 'as his friend was going to the mowing, he might whet his own scythe.'

SHE MUST HAVE MEANT SOMETHING.—Conversing one day with a fashionable and pretty belle, the facetious Mr. Sprigg observed that 'Ladies who lisped wished to be kissed.' The young lady had before spoken unaffectedly, but now replied. 'Tho I've heard they.'

In order to deserve a true friend, you must first learn to be one.

PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS
OF
WILL COUNTY.

(*Continued from last week.*)

Therefore be it resolved, That a committee be appointed to examine into the subject with full power to settle the whole matter if in their judgment the same can be so done as satisfactorily, as by litigation."

The chair appointed Messrs Caton Baker and Stewart as such committee.

Mr. Granger from the committee on Pauper and P. H. claims made report recommending allowance of the following claims, which were severally taken up and allowed as follows:

J. McRoberts, opinion in pauper matter	$25 00
S. W. Randall, opinion in pauper matters	25 00
Ill. Mutal Fire Ins. Co. for Insurance	25 00

On motion of Mr. Granger it was ordered that the sum of $75.00 be added to the town expenses of the town of Homer, and that the same be entered on the tax books with the town tax of said town.

M. Cagwin presented the petition of R. Shaffered and others praying the Board to grant license to Robert Ellis to retail spiritous and malt liquors in the village of Elwood, which on motion of Mr. George Linebarger was laid on the table.

Mr. Reid offered the following resolution which was adopted.

"*Resolved*, That a committee of three be appointed to report to the Board the amount due each Supervisor for services at this session of the Board."

The chair appointed Messrs. Reid, Geo. Linebarger and Steward, as such committee.

Mr Caton offered the following resolution which was adopted.

"*Resolved*, That the committee to investigate and locate the paupers now in the Poor House, be instructed, that in case they find that any of them properly belong to other counties or to any particular towns, they proceed to enforce the law in such cases."

On motion of Mr. McIntyre, the Board adjourned until tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock.

WEDNESDAY September 23d, 1863.

The Board met pursuant to adjournment Mr Willard in the Chair.

Present:—Messrs Angel, Buck, Baker, Clark, Caton, Clow, Cagwin, Dunbar, Dean, Fabs, Frank, Granger, Herbert, Ingersoll, John Linebarger, George Linebarger, McIntyre, Randall, Reid, Shutts, Stewart and Searles.

Absent:—Mr. Casey.

The journal of yesterday was read and approved.

The Chairman announced the appointment of Samuel K. Casey of Joliet Wm. P Caton of Plainfield and Joseph Shoemaker of Florence as commissioners to superintendthe grading and fencing of the Public Square, in accordance with the resolutions adopted by this Board authorizing the same.

Mr. Reid from the committee on miscellaneous claims reported back without action the claim of George Barrow for $60, bounty for enlistment in Co. H. 100th Regt. Ills. Volls. which on motion of Mr. Cagwin was taken up and allowed in full, $60 00.

The bills of Wm. Tonner, for preparing tax books and extending taxes amounting to the sum of $1527.25 was presented and referred to the committee on miscellaneous claims.

On motion of Mr. Reid it was ordered that the sum of $60 be appropriated for the purpose of raising the sidewalk in front of the Public Square

Mr. Clow from the committee on equalization of Assessments presented the following report:

"*To the Honorable Board of Supervisors of Will County:*

Your committee on Equalization of Assessments to whom were referred the assessment rolls of the several towns for the year ending 1863 beg leave to submit to your consideration the following report in regard to the equalization of said assessments.

That they have carefully examined and compared the said assessment lists and after due consideration of the same, would recommend the following alterations in the assessments of the several towns, to wit:

Channahon, add 2 per cent to the valuation of lands and lots.
Crete, add 2 per cent to the valuation of lands and lots
DuPage, deduct 7 per cent from valuation of lands
Florence, deduct 12 per cent from valuation of lands.
Frankfort, no alteration.
Green Garden, no alteration.
Homer, add 6 per cent to the valuation of lands
Jackson, deduct 3 per cent from valuation of lands and lots.
Joliet, no alteration.
Lockport, deduct 5 per cent from valuation of lands and lots.
Manhattan, add 2 per cent to valuation of lands
Monee, add 4 per cent to valuation of lands and lots.
New Lenox, deduct 6 per cent from valuation of lands and lots.
Plainfield, add 18 per cent to valuation of lands and lots.
Peotone, add 10 per cent to valuation of lands and lots
Reid, no alteration
Troy, no alteration.
Wilmington, add 3 per cent to valuation of lands and lots.
Will, deduct 15 per cent from valuation of lands and lots.
Wesley, deduct 4 per cent from valuation of lands.
Washington, no alteration.
Wilton, add 12 per cent to valuation of lands and lots.
Wheatland, add 3 per cent to valuation of lands and lots.

"Your committee having also examined the lists of valuation of the several Rail Roads in the county would further recommend that the fixed and stationary property of the several Rail Road Companies be assessed at the rate of fifty cents per foot the lands of said Rail Road Companies be assessed at the rate of twenty five dollars per acre, the 1st class Locomotives at 4,500 dollars each, and the 2nd class at 3,500 dollars each, and your committee recommend no alteration in the valuation of the town lots listed by said Rail Road Companies."

All of which is respectfully submitted,
"ROBERT CLOW JR.
"GEORGE LINEBARGER. } Com.
"A. J. MCINTYRE,

On motion of Mr Baker the report of the committee was adopted.

Mr McIntyre, from the committe on Printing and Stationery, made report recommending that the sum of $150.00 be appropriated for the publication of the proceedings of this Board, the same to be divided equally between the publishers of the "Joliet Signal," "Joliet Republican" and "Wilmington Independent."

On motion of Mr Cagwin the report of the committee was adopted.

Mr Caton offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Assessors of the several Towns in this County be and they are hereby directed to return the number of dogs, with the names of the owners thereof, in their several Towns, for the year 1864, and all dogs found on the premises of any person shall be considered as belonging to such person, and the Assessor shall list such dog or dogs to the same, and the County Clerk is hereby required to spread a tax of one dollar on the several tax books for each male dog, and three dollars for each bitch so returned, against the name of the owner of such dog or bitch, and the Collectors of the different Towns are hereby authorized to collect the same.

Resolved, That the several Towns in this County be authorized to use the money arising from such tax on dogs in such manner as the voters may direct pursuant to law, at their annual Town meetings, and that the money be paid directly to the Supervisors by the collector.

Mr. John Linebarger moved to amend said resolutions by taxing all dogs at $1.00 each. The question was taken on the motion and decided in the negative.

Mr. Shutts moved to amend the same by taxing spayed bitches at the same rate at which dogs are taxed.

The motion prevailed.

Mr. John Linebarger moved to amend the same by exempting pups not 6 months old from taxation.

The question was taken on the motion and decided in the negative.

Mr. John Linebarger moved to amend the same by exempting pups not 3 months old from taxation. The question was taken on the motion and decided in the negative.

On motion of Mr. Buck, it was ordered that there be added to the town tax of the town of Manhattan the sum of $85.00.

Mr. Searles offered for adoption the following resolutions:

Whereas, certain parties in the town of Troy, desire to take out county license to sell liquors in said town,

Now, therefore be it

Resolved, That this Board pass an order giving to the Board of Auditors of the Town of Troy the power to grant licenses to such persons as they may think proper to sell liquors in said Town.

On motion of Mr Frank, said resolution was laid on the table.

Mr Frank, from the committee on Public Property, made report, recommending allowance of $19 80 in full of the claim of Chas. E. Ward, for setting glass in Court House and Jail, amounting to $28.70, which on motion of Mr Angel, was allowed as recommended by said committee to the amount of $19 80.

Same committee made report, recommending allowance of $51 77 in full of the claim of Strong & Brooks, for stoves, &c., per Sheriff, amounting to the sum of $101.12, which on motion, was recommended to said committee for further investigation.

Mr Reid offered for adoption the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the sum of one thousand dollars be and the same is hereby appropriated for the relief of the wounded soldiers from Will County, in the late battles in northern Georgia, and for any future similar contingency.

Resolved, That Otis Hardy be and he is hereby appointed Commissioner to draw and disburse said appropriation, to send nurses,