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C. & C. ZARLEY
EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

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JOLIET SIGNAL.

BY C. & C. ZARLEY. JOLIET, ILLINOIS, MARCH 29, 1864. VOL. 21 NO. 42.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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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 Jefferson st. corner of Eastern Avenue, Joliet, Illinois.

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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 afternoon 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.

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DR. C. PEYTON BURSON, Minooka, Grundy Co Illinois. (june 26

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AGENT FOR THE UNITED STATES AND AMERican Express Companies, will forward Freight and Valuables to all points of the country. Notes, Drafts and Bills collected, and proceeds returned promptly. Joliet, July 13, 1863 n4-tf

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WILL furnish Plans and Specifications, and take contracts for, or superintend the erection of Churches, School Houses, Public Buildings and Dwellings. Shop and Office on Chicago Street, near C A. & St. L. R. R. Depot. n33-tf

Joliet Marble Works,
CHARLES E. MUNGER, Manufacturer and dealer in every variety of MARBLE MONUMENTS, TOMB STONES, FURNITURE, &C., &C.
near the Rock Island Depot, Joliet, Illinois. Order from abroad respectfully solicited

DENTISTRY.
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 take 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 operations will be performed in a *neat, truly and faithful manner.*
Nov. 26, 1861. n34-tf

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BOOK--BINDER AND STATIONER.
No. 166 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.

SHOW RESPECT TO THE DEAD.
CITY MARBLE FACTORY.
LENNON & REES, Manufacturers in every variety of Marble Monuments, Head Stones, &c. Jefferson Street, north of County Jail, JOLIET, ILLINOIS.
All work warranted to give entire satisfaction, and prices to suit the times. Orders sent by mail will receive prompt attention. (n2-ly)

PAINTING AND PAPERING.
THE citizens of Joliet and vicinity are respectively informed, that we the subscribers continue the Painting business in all its branches.
SHOP ON JOLIET ST. (opposite the Joliet House.) DORR & SCHOTT.
Joliet, Sept. 20, 1859 n14t

JOLIET BOOKBINDERY.
THE undersigned will bind all kinds of Books, in any desired style. Jobs will be neatly executed and warranted. Prices moderate.
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20 BBLS MICHIGAN FLOUR (Buchanan Mills) White Wheat, at less than the Market price.

Oh, Try and be Content.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Oh, harbor not within thy breast,
The seeds of discontent;
Oh, let not all the joys of life
In grumbling be misspent;
Oh, cavil not, whate'er thy lot
Through wealth thy pathway shuns:
But cast a glance upon the fate
Of dark misfortune's sons;
And if thou hast a cheerful home,
A shelter day and night,
Contrast thy favored lot with those
Who never feel joy's light.

Go take thy stand in some dark lane,
Or alley, court, or street,
And gaze upon the wretched forms
Which grovel at your feet.
Observe each face so gaunt with want,
And misery and woe;
See how the tears of real distress
In torrents swift do flow,
And as you bear them give their ills
And poverty full vent,
Then blush to think you ever thought
Of being discontent.

HOME FROM THE WAR.

'There'll be a bitin' black frost on the hills to night, I tell ye?' said Moses Atterly, as he threw an armful of oak sticks, fringed with silver grey moss, upon the stone hearth, and rubbed his hands cheerily before the red, roaring blaze that encircled the rude, iron fire dog in drifts of ruby sparks.

He was a tall, wiry-looking old man, with mild hazel eyes, and a skin well nigh as brown as the basket of butternuts that stood in the corner—a man whom you might easily fancy to have grown up among those rock bound, wind swept wildernesses, as the giant pines on the steep cliff above had grown—stalwart and sturdy, and true to the very hearts core. The room was very plain, with no curtains at the narrow paned windows, and no carpet save the old zigzag veins in the hickory boards that formed the floor, yet, there was an air of comfort in the splint bottomed chairs, with red moreen cushions and the round table, neatly spread for the evening mell. Over the fire an apoplectic black tea kettle kept up a dreary song, and Moses Atterly's only child sat, with folded hands, in the chimney corner, watching the vaporous wreath curling from the spout—a pretty, soft eyed girl, with a late rose in her braids of glossy chestnut brown hair, and straight, clearly cut features—now in shadow, and all irradiated by the cheerful torches of flame that played at hide-and-seek in and out among the crevices of the great, babbling, singing logs.

'Have you been to the post office to-night, father?' said she, suddenly looking up as Moses gave the smouldering back log a sort of remonstrating kick.

No, but I met Jim Grayling down by the hemlock hollow, and he said he was going straight there—so I told him to ask if there was anything for our folks He'll be here directly I conclude, for it must be all of two hours ago.'

'I am very sorry,' said Bessie petulantly. 'Father I detest the sight of that man!'

My dear daughter,' remonstrated Moses Atterly, 'that aint accordin' to either sense or gospel.'

'Well, I can't help it, father,' coaxed Bessie, stealing her soft dimpled hand into the rough palm, that lay on Moses Atterly's knee. Somehow he always seemed to me like—

She stopped suddenly—so suddenly that the late rose fell out of her hair and lay on the stone hearth—for, as she turned her head, she saw James Grayling standing beside them unfolding a coarse white comforter from about his neck. He stooped, without saying a word, and picked up the rose for her.

'Why Jim,' said farmer Atterly,—'where on airth did you drop down from? I didn' hear you come in.'

'Didn't you? I'm sure I knocked loud enough,' said Grayling, with a deep red flush slowly fading from his cheek. 'Pretty well to-night Bessie?'

'I am quite well enough,' pouted Bessie, without looking at him, and tossing her recovered rose in among to glowing cinders. Somehow or another it had lost its charms after having lain in James Grayling's hand a second.

'Sit down, Jim!' said the farmer. 'Any news for us to night?'

'Nothing.'

What a strange smile passed over his face as he saw the sudden downward droop of Bessie's eyelashes—the quiver around her mouth.

'Nothin'! 'That's queer You see Bessie's feeling kind o' worried cause she don't hear nothin' from Henry Ives.'

James Grayling paused, a little maliciously, to notice the sparkle in Bessie's eyes as she leaned forward with reddening cheek and intent look.

'What does he say?' she gasped, as Grayling spoke something to her father in whispered tones.

'Well, I'm afraid you'll feel badly about it; but a friend of mine has received a letter in which the writer says Harry Ives was captured, with a half dozen others, by a skirmishing party, a week before he wrote.'

'Captured?'

'Yes, and that isn't all He said that he didn't half believe Harry Ives cared whether he was carried down South or not, for he had taken a great notion to some pretty girl down in Virginia—a planter's daughter, I believe—and'

'I don't believe it, James Grayling,' said Bessie, springing to her feet, with dashing eye and passion crimsoned forehead; 'I don't believe a word of it. You are repeating some vile falsehood!'

'I know you'd feel bad,' said Grayling, with provoking mildness; 'but I thought that you ought to know how matters stood I can show you my friend Sam's letter if that will be any more satisfactory. I never had much faith in Harry Ives—a careless, dashing fellow who—

'Hush! I will not listen to another sentence!' ejaculated Bessie, angrily, and with a certain strange dignity in her girl-face and slender form.

'Mr. Atterly,' said Grayling, with aggravating moderation, and calmness, 'how long is it since you received a letter from Harry Ives?

'Well, it's a considerable spell,' said the farmer, 'but letters do take time to reach us, you know.'

'Yes, particularly when they're never sent,' sneered Grayling.

'Father, don't listen to him,' cried Bessie, passionately. 'If the whole world were to tell me Harry Ives was untrue, I wouldn't believe them.'

And Bessie fainted quietly away, with her chestnut braids of hair falling over her father's knee.

Poor child! Could she have foreseen the weary months of waiting for the letter which never came from the far off southern hills, the hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, that were in store for her, she might have been sorry that she had not died then and there, holding fast to that firm faith in Harry's fidelity.

James Grayling—a crafty, patient man—bided his time. It came at last when the tender green of the hillside shrivelled and grew brown under the starry, silent frost of the bitter December nights, and the keen wind rushed with thunderous swell through the lonely pine forests in these wild solitudes.

'Daughter, it's the dearest wish of my heart,' said farmer Atterly solemnly, as he sat with Bessie in the old silent room, I'm gettin' well on in years; and if I could but see you married to some good and true man before I am taken away, I should rest much easier in my grave. James Grayling has been almost a son to me these months of trial and trouble. He is coming for his final answer to-night. Let it be 'Yes!'

Bessie shuddered. That year of sick wistful grief had changed her into a pale, fragile girl, with large, frightened eyes, ever roving from side to side, as if seeking something which never came.

'Wait, father,' she murmured, eagerly, as if pleading for life itself; 'wait a little longer—only a little longer!'

'I have waited, Bessie. It is a year and over since Henry Ives has sent you either word or message. He may be dead—better dead than a scoundrel!—but James Grayling has been as true as steel to me all this time. He deserves you, Bessie, and, when you're once married, you'll be sure to learn to love him. Shall we say this day month for your wedding daughter?'

That night Bessie laid her cold hand in James Grayling's eager palm and said 'Yes,' dreamily, to whatever he proposed. What had life left for her? As well be James Grayling's wife as anything else, since God willed that she should live and suffer on, and the dreary path of years lay spread out before her listless feet!

The old smoke stained walls were wreathed with feathery garlands of ceder and pine, with the scarlet berries of the mountain ash growing here and there; the great fire roared up the chimney with festive sound, and all the neighbors were gathered round Farmers Atterly's hearthstone—for pretty Bessie was to be married that night.

'She don't look as a bride ought to, somehow,' whispered Mrs. Deacon Jennings to her companion, Mahala Bird. 'She seems to me jest like o' them snow-wreaths down in the hollow yonder.'

'Maybe it's that white dress,' said Mahala; 'but she does look like a corpse.—Land o' Goshop! what hear I sayin'? It ain't considered good luck to talk about corpses on a weddin' night.'

For the pretty bridemaids had just led Bessie in, robbed in pure sheeny silk with snowy geraniums in her hair and not a vestige of color in her cheeks.

'There! don't she look sweet?' said Susan Jennings. 'Is it time to go into the parlor yet?'

'Massay! no, my child!' said Mrs. Jennings; 'not for an hour. Why, Jim Grayling hasn't come yet!'

So Bessie sat down in the midst of the assembled maids and matrons, and played with the white flowers in her boquet, thinking—who knows of what? Perhaps a lonely grave under the cruel southern stars: perhaps the fair face of the woman who had wiled her lover's heart away

Somebody spoke to her; she looked up, and all of a sudden her frightened eyes traced a figure beyond the open door opposite to which she sat—a figure hurriedly passing through the crowd.

'Where is she? I will see my own Bessie wedding or no wedding! Who has a better right than I?'

The next moment the pale, white robed bride lay, like a fair, still statue, in Henry Ives' arms.

'Stand off, I say!' he cried fiercely—'Let no one come between me and the woman I love. I have earned her to be my wife—earned her by wounds received upon the battle fields of the country she loves! Do you say she is to be married to James Grayling? What has James Grayling done with the letters I sent to his care?—with all the messages I entrusted to him? She better be in her grave than married to James Grayling! Mr Atterly, you are a just and a good man—judge between me and the treacherous fox I fancied was my friend.'

'Harry, Harry!' faltered the old man, 'I never dreamed o' this. Tell us all about it, my boy, for my old head swims.'

And Harry Ives, still holding Bessie to his heart, revealed the story of his own truth and James Grayling's villianous duplicity. When he had finished the impressioned recital, Moses Atterly clapped the brown, strong hand between his own thorny palms, and said solemnly:

'My boy, I ask your pardon for every doubt that ever crossed my mind, and I thank the merciful providence that has spared Bessie from bein' Jim Grayling's wife. We were calculating to have a weddin' here to-night; and it isn't too late yet, If Harry has no objections to bein' married in his soldier clothes.'

'Father!' interposed Bessie, now as rosy as a whole boquet of blooming carnations blended into one; but Harry took her hands in his, whispering:

'Love! I shall not feel secure until I can call you wife!' and the remonstrance died away upon her lips.

'Are you already for the ceremony Elder Wilking?' said Moses; 'cause I believe the young couple is.'

Ah! she looks like a bride now, with the hazel light burning in soft fires under her long curled lashes, and the carmine dyes coming and going upon her cheek, like a proud and blushing virgin.

The ceremony was scarcely over before the silver chime of sleigh bells sounded at the door, and James Crayling's voice was heard, exclaiming:

'I'm afraid that I'm a little late; but the horse sprained one of his legs, and I had to get him changed at Squire Warrenton's However—'

'Yes Jim Grayling, you are a little late; said Moses Atterly, taking an unusually prodigious pinch of snuff; for my darter's married already.'

'Married!' ejaculated James Grayling, as if more than half uncertain whether his father in-law was not a fit candidate for the lunatic asylum.

'Yes—to Harry Ives!'

As Grayling's bewildered eye caught sight, in the brilliantly lighted rooms beyond, of the young soldier, bending his head to listen to some whispered word from Bessie, he turned a dull, dead yellow, and a chill dew broke out around his mouth.

'It means, Jim Grayling that you are a scoundrel!' said the old man, with sudden fire flashing in his eyes. There's the open door—leave the house before Harry Ives sets eyes on you; for he's a spirited lad, and much mischief might come of it! And now hark ye—never let me see your villainous face again!'

Silently and like a wounded snake James Grayling crept out into the chill darkness of the tempestuous night, a detected, disappointed man. And so effectually did he take Moses Atterly's advice that the quiet little village in the hollow knew his name and presence no more.

And Bessie Ives, the happiest little wife in the whole world, sings softly over her work, counting the days until, 'when this cruel war is over,' she shall welcome her soldier husband back to the grand old pine forests of Maine once more.

A gentleman was agreeably surprised the other day to find a plump turkey served up for dinner, and inquired how it was obtained, 'Why, sir,' was replied, 'that there turkey has been roosting on our fence for three nights, so this morning I seized him for rent.'

How Matthew Deane Collected Rent.

No rent again this month? This is the third time it has happened within the half year. I'll go there myself and get the money, or I'll know the reason why!'

Matthew Deane was in particularly bad humor this raw December morning.—Everything had gone wrong. Stocks had fallen when they ought to have risen—his clerk tipped over the inkstand on his spectacles and a peculiar heap of paper—the fire obstinately refused to burn in the grate—in short, nothing went right, and Mr. Deane was consequently cross.

'Jenkins!'

'Yes, sir!'

'Go to the widow Clarkson's, and tell her I shall be there in half an hour, and expect confidently—mind, Jenkins, confidently, to receive that rent money or else I shall feel myself obliged to resort to extreme measures. You understand, Jenkins?'

'Certainly, sir.'

'Then don't stand there staring like an idiot,' snarled Mr. Deane, in a sudden burst of irritation, and Jenkins disappeared like a shot.

Just half an hour afterwards Mr. Matthew Deane brushed the brown hair just sprinkled with gray away from his square yet not unkindly brow, and putting on his fur lined overcoat, he walked forth into the chilly winter air, fully determined, figuratively, to annihilate the defaulting Widow Clarkson.

It was a dwarfish little red brick house, which appeared originally to have aspired to two story hood lot, but crampted by circumstances, had settled down into a story and a half, but the windows shone like Brazilian pebbles, and the doorsteps were worn by much scouring. Neither of these circumstances, however, did Mr. Deane remark, as he pulled the glittering brass door knob, and strode into Mrs. Clarkson's neat parlor.

There was a small fire—very small, as if every lump of anthracite was hoarded, in the stove, and at a table with writing implements before her, sat a young lady whom Mr Deane at once recognized as Mrs Clarkson's niece, Miss Olive Mellen. She was not disagreeable to look upon, though you would never have thought of classing her among the beauties, with shining black hair, long lashed eye and a very pretty mouth, hiding teeth like rice kernels, so white were they.

Miss Mellen arose with a polite nod, and was grimly reciprocated by Mr. Deane.

I have called to see your aunt, Miss Mellen!'

'I know it, sir, but as I am aware of her timid temperament, I sent her away. I prefer to deal with you myself.'

Mr. Deane started,—the cool audacity of this damsel in gray, with scarlet ribbons in her hair, rather astonished him.

'I suppose the money is ready?'

'No, sir, it is not.'

'Then, Miss Olive—pardon me, I must speak plainly—I shall send an officer here this afternoon to put a valuation on the furniture, and——'

'You will do nothing of the kind sir.'

Olive's cheek had reddened and her eyes flashed portentously. Mr. Deane turned towards the door, but ere he knew what he was doing, Olive had walked quietly across the room, locked the door and taken out the key—then she resumed her seat.

'What does this mean?' ejaculated the astonished prisoner of war.

'It means, sir, that you will now be obliged to reconsider the question,' said Olive.

'Obliged?'

'Yes you will hardly jump out of the window and there is no other method of egress unless you choose to go up the chimney. Now, then, Mr. Deane, will you tell me if you—a Christian man in the nineteenth century—intend to sell a poor widow's furniture, because she is not able to pay your rent. Listen sir!

Mr. Deane had opened his mouth to remonstrate, but Olive enforced her words with a very emphatic little stamp of the foot, and he was, as it were, stricken dumb

'You are what the world calls a rich man, Mr. Deane. You own rows of houses, piles of bank stock, railroad shares, bonds and mortgages—who knows what? My aunt has nothing—I support her by copying. Now, if this case be carried into a court of law, my poor ailing aunt will be a sufferer, you would emerge unscathed and profiting. You are not a bad man, Mr. Deane; you have a great many noble qualities, and I like you for them.

She paused an instant and looked intently and gravely at Mr. Deane. The color rose to his cheek—it was not disagreeable to be told by a pretty young girl that she liked him on any terms, yet she had indulged in pretty plain speaking.

'I have heard,' she went on, 'of your doing kind actions when you were in the humor of it. You can do them and you shall in this instance. You are cross this morning, you know you are. Hush, no excuse, you are selfish and irritable and overbearing. If I were your mother and you a little boy, I should certainly put you into a corner until you promised to be good.

Mr. Deane smiled, although he was getting angry. Olive went on with the utmost composure.

'But as it is, I shall only keep you here a prisoner until you have behaved, and give me your word not to annoy my aunt again for rent until she is able to pay you. Then, and not till then, will you receive your money. Do you promise? Yes or no!'

'I certainly shall agree to no such terms,' said Mr. Deane, tartly.

Very well, sir, I can wait.'

Miss Mellen deposited the key in the pocket of her grey dress, and sat down to her copying. Had she been a man Mr. Deane would probably have knocked her down—as it was she wore an invisible armor of power in the very fact that she was a fragile, slight woman, and she knew it.

'Miss Olive,' he said sternly, 'let us terminate this mummery. Unlock that door.'

'Mr. Deane, I will not.'

'I shall shout and alarm the neighborhood then, or call a policeman.'

'Very well, Mr. Deane, do so if you please'

She dipped her pen in the ink, and began on the first page. Matthew sat down, puzzled and discomfitted, and watched the long lashed eyes and faintly tinted cheek of his keeper. She was very pretty—what a pity she was obstinate.'

'Miss Olive!'

'Sir!'

'The clock has just struck twelve.'

'I heard it.'

'I should like to get out to get some lunch.'

'I am sorry that that luxury is out of your power.'

'But I'm confounded hungry.'

'Are you?'

'And I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer.'

'No!'

How provokingly nonchalent she was. Mr. Deane eyed the pocket of the gray dress greedily, and walked up and down the room pettishly.

'I have an appointment at once.'

'Indeed! What a pity you will be unable to keep it.'

He took another turn across the room. Olive looked up with a smile.

'Well, are you ready to promise?'

'Hang it, yes? What else can I do?'

'You promise?'

'I do because I can't help myself.'

Olive drew the key from her pocket, with softened eyes.

'You have made me happy, Mr. Deane. I dare say you think me unwomanly and unfeminine, but, indeed, you do not know to what extremeties we are driven by poverty. Good morning, sir.'

Mr. Deane sallied forth with a curious complication of thoughts and emotions struggling through his brain, in which gray dresses, long lashed blue eyes, and scarlet ribbons played a prominent part.

'Did you get the money, sir?' asked the clerk, when he walked into the office.

'Mind your business, sir,' was the tart response.

'I pity her husband,' he thought, as he turned the papers over on his desk. 'How she will hen peck him. By the way, I wonder who her husband will be?

The next day he called at the widow Clarkson's to assure Miss Mellen that he had no idea of breaking his promise, and the next but one after that, he came to tell the young lady she need entertain no doubts of his integrity. And the next week he dropped in on them with no particular errand to serve as an excuse.

'When shall we be married, Olive?—Next month, dearest? Do not let us put it off later.'

'I have no wishes but yours, Matthew.'

'Really, Miss Olive Mellen, to hear that meek tone, one would suppose you had never locked me up here, and tyrannized over me as a jailor.'

Olive burst into a merry laugh.

'You dear old Matthew, I give you warning before hand that I mean to have my own way in everything. Do you wish to recede from your bargain? It is not too late yet.

No, Natthew Deane didn't; he had a vague idea that it would be very pleasant to be hen-pecked by Olive.

A Starling's Crime.

At one time Constantine, driving through the streets of Warsaw, Poland, suddenly caught some notes of 'Dombrowski's Mazurek,' the famous national song of Portland, which he had shortly before prohibited under the heaviest penalties. He at once made the coachman draw up, and commanded an adjutant in attendance to arrest the disobedient wretch who dared whistle the incendiary air.

'Pardon me, your Imperial Highness,' cried the adjutant, returning without the culprit, 'but—'

'Hold your tongue, sir! I heard the cursed 'Mazurek' distinctly:

'I have prohibited it, and I will see that the rascal is punished who presumes to defy my orders.'

'Your Highness, it is only necessary—'

'Not another word! Bring the wretch directly!'

'May it please your Imperial Highness, I cannot,—the offender is—'

Not possible? What! when I command it! Do you want to share his fate?'

'May it please your Imperial Highness, the creature is a starling.'

'So much the better; if it is only a bird, that's no reason it should escape the law. Buy it—there's a ducat. It shall be taken to the guard-house, and its head chopped off. It will serve as an example.'

And for whistling a prohibited song the starling lost his head.

A Blunt Farmer.

Our Wilmington, correspondent furnishes the following clerical anecdote:

A certain parish, in a town not a thousand miles from Boston, being without a shepherd for an uncertain length of time, caused by it's regular pastor going away for a somewhat protracted sojourn in the 'sunny South,' the services of a neighboring preacher were called into requisition; and as is customary in such cases, the gentleman's manners, style of delivery, and, most important of all, his personal appearance, was duly criticized by the attending worshippers when he made his *debut* on the first Sabbath. Unluckily, perhaps, he was not of particularly prepossessing appearance, and was made the subject of some ridicule, till his virtues were made known and appreciated.

One day, while visiting his flock, not unlike the Caliph of Ancient Bagdad, but without disguise, he encountered a sturdy tiller of the soil, and after the usual salutations, told him he believed a new minister had just come to town.

'Yes,' said the farmer, 'I heard so.'

'Do you know how they like him?'

'Don't know exactly. Hear he much resembles a jackass when he first commences, but makes out to wind up pretty well.'

Our clerical friend thought that dinner must be waiting for him, and left instanter.

Marry her First.

Many years ago in what is now a flourishing city in this State, lived a stalwart blacksmith, fond of his pipe and his joke. He was fond of his blooming daughter, whose many graces and charms and ensnared the affections of a susceptible young printer. The couple, after a season of billing and cooing, 'engaged' themselves, and nothing but the consent of young lady's 'parent' prevented their union. To obtain this, an interview was arranged, and typo prepared a little speech to astonish and convince the old gentleman, who sat enjoying his favorite pipe in perfect content. Typo dilated upon the fact of their long friendship, their mutual attachment, their hopes for the future, and like topics; and taking the daughter by the hand, said:

'I now, sir, ask your permission to transplant this lovely flower from its parent bed'—but his 'phelinx' overcame him, he forgot the remainder of his oratorial flourish, blushed, stammered, and finally wound up with—'from its parent bed, *into my own.*'

The father keenly relished the discomfiture of the suitor, and after removing his pipe and blowing a cloud, replied:

'Well, young man, I don't know as I've any objection, *provided you marry the girl first!*'

A Cool Soldier.

On the Antietam campaign of 1862, General Gordon commanded our brigade Now the general was a strict disciplinarian, who would never have any words with a private; and hence a joke. While on the march one of the One Hundred and Seventh got ahead of the brigade when the general halted him and ordered him back. The soldier stopped, turned round, stared at General G. with a bold, saucy look, and replied:

'Who are you?'

'I am General Gordon, commanding Third Brigade.'

'Ah, general, I am very happy to make your acquaintance!' was the complacent answer; and the soldier proceeded on his way, encouraged by a roar of laughter from the general's staff.

A gentleman who had the honor of presiding at a Sunday School celebration not long since, being a little inclined to put on airs, informed the audience, in a rather ostentatious manner, that they would 'now have some *vocal music on the brass band.*'

The Betting Dandy.

A young gentleman—with a medium size light brown moustache, and a suit of clothes such as fashionable tailors sometimes furnish to their customers on accomodating terms, that is insecure credit system—came into a hotel in Race street one afternoon, and after calling for a glass of Maderia, turned to the company and offered to bet with any man present that the Susquehannah would not be successfuly launched. The banter not being taken up he proposed to wager five dollars that Dr. Webster would not be hung. This seemed to be a stumper, too, for nobody accepted the chance. The exquisite glanced around contemptuously, and remarked:

'I want to make a bet of some kind, I dont care a fig what it is. I'll bet any man from a shilling's worth of cigars to five hundred dollars. Now's your time, gentlemen, what do you propose?

Sipping a glass of beer in one corner of the bar room, sat a plain old gentleman, who looked as though he might be a farmer. He sat down his glass and addressed the exquisite.

'Well, mister, I am not in the habit of making bets; but seeing you are anxious about it, I don't care if I gratify you. So I'll bet you a levy's worth of sixes that I can pour a quart of molasses into your hat and turn it out a solid lump of molasses candy in two minutes by the watch.'

'Done!' said the exquisite, taking off his hat and handing it to the farmer.

It was a splendid article that shone like black satin. The old gentleman took the hat and requested the barkeeper to send for a quart of molasses—the cheap sort, a six cents a quart; 'that's the kind that I use in this experiment,' said he, handing six cents to the bar keeper.

The molasses was brought, and the old farmer with a great and mysterious countenance, poured it into the dandy's hat, while the exquisite took out his watch to note the time.

Giving the hat two or three shakes with a Signor Blitz like adroitness, the experimenter placed it on the table, and stared into it and watched the wonderful process of consolidation.

'Time up,' said the dandy.

The old farmer took the hat. 'Well, I believe it ain't hardened,' said he in a tone of expressive disappointment; 'I missed it somewhere or other that time, and I suppose I have lost the bet. Bar keeper, let the gentleman have the cigars—twelve sixes, mind and charge them in the bill.'

'What of the cigars!' roared the exquisite, 'you've spoilt my hat that cost me five dollars, and you must pay for it.'

'That wasn't in the bargain,' timidly answered the old gentleman; 'but I'll let you keep the molasses—which is a little more than we agreed for.'

Having drained the tenacious fluid from his beaver as best he could, into a spitbox, the man of moustache rushed from the place—his fury not much abated by the sound of ill suppressed laughter, which followed his exit. He made his complaint to a police officer, but as it appeared that the experiment was tried with his own consent no damages could be recovered.

The Greatest Men.

Squire Unley was a member of Congress from our district during Jefferson's administration, and once, while journeying in the stage coach to the capital, fell in company with John Holmes, a Representative from a neighboring district in Maine. Holmes was a strong Jeffersonian, and for the entertainment of the passengers Squire Unley said he would tell them a story about Holme's constituents:

'A young man, travelling, a pack slung over his shoulder, arrived one Saturday night at a tavern in in Holme's district, and inquired if there was a school in town where a teacher was wanted. The tavern-keeper replied: Well, yes. I suppose I am the committeeman here, and I suppose we want a master. If you can pass examination I've no objection to hire you. It was arranged that on Monday morning the young man should be examined, and if he passed, school begin immediately. Monday morning came, and the host commenced the examination with the question:

'Who is the greatest man ever created?'

'Thomas Jefferson,' was the prompt reply.

'Who is the next greatest man ever created?'

'John Holmes.'

'Enough. Sal, examine him in grammar. If he knows grammar he shall have the school.'

What a German Thought.

A Seneca Falls, New York, friend is responsible for the following rather irreligious contribution:

At a late protracted meeting held at the (what is commonly called) Burgh church, in the town of F——, State of New York, the invitation was extended—as usual after the sermon—to those who wished to become followers of the Lord, to come forward to the altar and pray to God to pardon their sins. Immediately there arose from his seat a German by the name of Peter H——, who went forward and knelt by the altar, and commenced praying in the following manner:

'O Son of God! I danks you dat you gave your only begotten Fadder to die, dat true him we poor sinners may be saved, and—'

Here he was interrupted by the minister, who said to the German, in a whisper:

'Peter, it was the Son of God, and not the Father, who suffered and died that sinners might be saved.'

To which the German replied:

'Oh, dat is it! so it was de poy? I daut it was de old man all de time.'

A "Candid" Confession.

"Piscator," our Damariscotta friend, is responsible for the following anecdote:

A few of us young fellows had an oyster supper, down town, recently, and one of our number having imbibed rather too freely, became somewhat 'how came you so?' He was going the same way as myself when we broke up, so we jogged along together, he walking in an eccentric and zig-zag manner. Presently we met a young lady whom D—— was acquainted with, and he insisted upon turning back and accompanying her home. They had not proceeded far before the young lady perceived that his steps were somewhat erratic, and made the remark:

'Why, D——, what is the matter? you can't walk straight.'

D—— stopped, leaned against a fence, and replied:

'Why, the fact is, Miss R——, we've been having a little bit of supper,—and I ate some *peppermint candy,*—an I believe its 'fected my legs so I can't walk straight. I guess I'll go home. Scuse me—good night,' and off he staggered

If you wish to excite the said young man's indignation, you've only to make some remark about peppermint candy, and it has the desired effect.

A cotemporary is wondering, 'if Lincoln be re elected, what his next *deal* will be.' Why, sir, like the same old one,—'To *deal* damnation round the land.'

A Losing Game.

Some years since, before the secession war, a Southern gentleman visited the North for the purpose of seeing the lion and fighting the tiger.

He tried the tiger, and didn't like it, and thought he'd take a shy at a game familiar to him by name only, called roulette. One turn of roulette, you know, makes the whole world kin! He started out in quest of the game, only knowing that roulette had something to do with roll, but entirely ignorant whether that roll was a French or a Dutch one. On the first corner he met a barrel-organ man grinding away for dear life. He was turning as though he had only a few moments to turn in, and didn't want to die before his work was completed. The tune was 'The Bold Privateer.'

Our Georgian friend thought he'd found his game. Stepping briskly up, he laid a dollar bill down on the box. The organ man's eyes opened—he bagged the bill and ground away with renewed vigor.—Our Georgian thought he had lost, and 'doubled up,' laying down a two dollar bill. That was bagged, and the barrel of the organ went whirling around as though there were seven devils inside it.

To make a long story short, the thing went on and the Georgian 'doubled up'—the organ grinder pocketing the money all the time—until he had 'nary' another dollar left.

But he didn't complain. As he saw the last of his currency bagged by the delighted organ grinder, he simply remarked:—

'Well, of all the games I ever bucked against, that is the doggondest! I guess I'll jump it;' and he left.

The Indian's Two Souls.

When an Indian corpse is put in a coffin, among the tribes of the Lake-Algonquins, the lid is *tied* down and not nailed. On depositing it in the grave, the rope or string is loosed. The reason they give for this is, that the soul may have free egress from the body.

Over the top of the grave a covering of cedar bark is put, to shed the rain. This is roof-shaped, and the whole structure looks, slightly, like a house in miniature.—It has gable ends. Through one of these, being the head, an aperture is cut. On asking a chippewa why this was done, he plied, 'To allow the soul to pass out and in.'

'I thought,' I replied, 'that you believed that the soul went up from the body at the time of death, to a land of happiness. How, then, can it remain in the body?'

'There are two souls,' replied the Indian philosopher.

'How can this be, my friend?'

'It is easily explained,' said he. 'You know that, in dreams, we pass over wide countries, and see hills, and lakes, and mountains, and many scenes which pass before our eyes, and effect us. Yet, at the same time our bodies do not stir, and there is a soul left with the body—else it would be dead. So, you perceive, it must be another soul that accompanies us.'

A Budget of Fun.

Wilmington, Massachusetts, sends the following jokes for the drawer. Our correspondent's letters are always acceptable:

A person of an observing turn of mind, if he has rode through a country town, has probably noticed how the curious youngsters along the route will fill the windows with their anxious faces in order to catch a glimpse at all passers-by. Our friend Jonathan, a peddler, drove up in front of a house, one day, and seeing 'all hands and the cook' staring from the windows, got off from his cart, and the following dialogue took place with the man of the house:

Jonathan—Has there been a funeral here lately?

Man of the house — Here? No.—Why?

Jonathan—Why, I saw that there was one pane of glass that didn't *have a head in it!*

Man of the house—You leave, blasted quick, or there *will* be a funeral.

A Scrub Headed boy having been bro't up before the court as a witness, the following colloquy ensued:

'Where do you live?' said the Judge.

'Live with mother.'

'Where does your mother live?

'She lives with father.'

'Where does he live?'

'He lives with the old folks.'

'Where do they live?' says the Judge, getting very red, as an audible snicker goes round the room.

'They live't home.'

'Where in thunder's their home?' roars the Judge.

'That's where I'm from,' says the boy, sticking his tongue in a corner of his cheek and slowly closing one eye on the Judge.

'Here, Mr. Constable' says the Court, 'take the witness out and tell him to travel; he evidently does not understand the nature of an oath'

'You'd think different,' says the boy, going toward the doorway, if I was to once give you a cussin!'

Old Rowe kept a hotel where he used to say one could get anything that was ever made to eat. One day in came a Yankee, who asked old Rowe what he could give him for dinner.

'Anything, sir, from a pickled elephant to a canary bird's tongue.'

'Wall,' said the Yankee, eyeing Rowe, 'I guess I'll take a piece of pickled elephant.'

'Well, we've got 'em all ready right here in the house; but you'll have to take a whole one, because we never cut 'em.

The Yankee thought he would take some codfish and potatoes.

At a prayer meeting in the village of Spunktown, in the State of Maine, a country lad was noticed by one of the elder deacons to hold his head and to wriggle in his seat, while the tears seemed to start every moment.

A clear case of repentence thought the old deacon, as he quietly stepped to the side of the lad, and in a whisper affectionately said:

'How is it with you, my son?'

The boy looked up, and supposing him to be the sexton, answered:

'Oh, very bad, and I want to go out—my innards is kickin' up a revolution, and if ever I eat a currant pie again, my name ain't Jeams Billins!'

A recent traveller in South America, speaking of the noise of insects in the woods, says that the grasshopper is like a steam whistle, and the hum of insects generally like 'a machine at full work sharpening razors.'

'Ma, why is a pottage stamp like a bad scholar?'

'I can't tell my son, why is it?'

'Because it gets licked and put in the corner.'

'Susan put that boy to bed.'

If you wish to hear good news, take a newspaper; but if you wish to hear bad news, enquire of Mrs. ——.

Teakettles are decidedly Yankee in their melody; they sing through their nose.

Joliet Signal Rates of Advertising.

One Square (10 lines or less) one insertion	[illegible]
Each subsequent insertion	[illegible]
One column, twelve months	[illegible]
One " six "	[illegible]
Half " twelve "	[illegible]
" " six "	[illegible]
One Square, one year,	[illegible]
A card of 10 lines or less, one year,	[illegible]

JOB PRINTING

Job Printing of every description will be neatly and expeditiously executed to order on liberal terms.
An assortment of blanks kept constantly on hand.
All orders for Advertising or Job Work must be accompanied by cash, unless some person known becomes responsible for the same.

Proclamation of Amnesty to my "Erring Sisters."

The following from the Bangor, Maine, *Democrat*, is a good take off. It displays full as much sound sense and a great deal more wit, than Lincoln's Proclamation of "Amnesty," and really echos Lincolnism in much better manner than Lincoln can do it himself:

Whereas, A dozen of my 'wayward Sisters' did on a certain day, elope, from my boarding house, with a worthless scamp named Southern Confederacy, (so called) without cause or provocation, having set up house keeping for themselves, in a ricketty shanty situated south of the old homestead; and,

Whereas, This shanty was built on my land, which I inherited from my old Puritan Father; and,

Whereas, The aforesaid 'Sisters' have become greatly reduced in circumstances, insomuch as to be in want of certain necessaries, such as tea, bacon and tinsey's; and,

Whereas, This rebellious spirit a portion of these 'Sisters' has become subdued, they having repented of their transgressions and become converted to the true Abraham faith,

Therefore, I, in the sweetness of my temper, and in the magnanimity of my generous nature, do ordain, promulgate, set forth and let fly my conditions upon which they may be received again into my bosom,

First, These runaway females, above mentioned are required to pack their earrings bosom pins sidecombs, perfume bottles, cups and saucers, candle moulds, and all other ornaments, usually denominated 'house keeping,' and deliver the same within thirty days at Fortress Monroe, in care of Major General Butler, who has a peculiar nack for the safe keeping of other people's property.

Second, Every 'Sister' owing certain chattles called negroes, mulattoes, quadroons, or other property of a mixed or colored nature, are required to paste over their two eyes a postal currency, of a denomination of five cents, and in such a manner as to prevent them from ever finding their way back, and cause them to be delivered, without delay, at the 'Emancipation Bureau,' soon to be erected in Washington, and of which Joshua R. Giddings, Wendell Phillips, and Pillsbury are to be the Grand Yahoes, and Susan B. Anthony, Lucretia Mott and Mrs. Rose, the Vestal Virgins. In the meantime, while this edifice is being constructed the said negroes will occupy the mooseyard, formerly called Maryland, but which of late, by direction of the President has been humanely converted into a pasture suitable for this purpose.

Third, As the said 'Sisters,' after they return, will have no further use for the house and lot where they have been living and they are hereby ordered to bring along with them a quit-claim deed of the same, which will be taken in part payment for their board and other expenses during their elopage.

The above terms having been complied with, the following oath of affirmation, if subscribed to, will seal the restoration, unless I change my mind. Perhaps I may conclude to do it in some other way,—and hence no 'Sister' will be obliged to take it unless she wants to.

FORM.

I, erring Sister, do hereby affirm and declare, that I will support for President of the United States, my benefactor, Dr. Faust, during his natural life. That I will support all his proclamations, both past and present; those made last year and those to be made next year. That I will support all his utterances, whether he utters them or not; all of his winks, blinks, grimaces, anecdotes, contortions and conundrums. And I further declare that, in case the said Doctor should decline the honor, of which there is no immediate prospects, I will support his son 'Bobby' (so called) with the same devotion as in the case of the sire. And I further declare that in case I should ever find myself in doubt as how to act in my premises whatever, I will not rely on my own judgement or be governed by the dictates of my own conscience, but will apply immediately to the aforesaid Anthony, Mott and Rose, or their venerable spiritual adviser, Horace Greeley, to instruct me in the way of my duty.

P.S.—I deem it proper to state that I've not seen Wendell Phillips for some time, and therefore have not told him that the issuing of this proclamation 'is the most foolish act of my life.'

The exceptions to the above amnesty are the rascals who enticed away my erring Sisters, who will be duly chastied when I catch them—unless I should change my mind.

Mr. Eden, Representative in Congress from this State, stated the case exactly in a recent very able speech in the House:

'Should this administration be continued in power for another term, the war will go on until the finatical schemes of Secretary Chase shall crumble into ruin, when it will of necessity cease, leaving in its desolating course a divided country and a ruined people. On the other hand, should the democracy succeed in the next Presidential election, the Union will be restored under the constitution in less than six months after its accession to power, as I believe without the necessity of shedding a single drop of blood."

CULTURE OF UNIONS.—The prevailing opinion is that to grow good onions, the sets grown the previous year should be planted. This is an error. Better onions and larger crops can be grown from seed then from sets. The seed should be first sown in a hot-bed as thick as they can stand. As soon as the seed is up, open the beds to the air and water freely. In April prepare your ground and plant the set from the hot-bed singly, one by one, three inches asunder, in rows ten inches apart. If the ground is very good and they are well cultivated, you may have eight hundred bushels from an acre.

'Joe, why were you out so very late last night?'

'It was not so late, only a quarter to twelve.'

'How dare you sit there and tell me that lie? I was awake when you came, and looked at my watch, it was three o'clock.'

'Well, isn't 3 a quarter to 12?'

Joe was almost as funny here as the man that denied that 2 and 2 make 4.

'2 and 2,' said he, 'don't make 4 at all; they make 22.

John, since they got the new machine going, green paper rags fetch a very good price.

What new machine?

That machine where they put in paper rags at one end, and cuts off greenbacks at the other.

Jeremy Taylor says that it takes a wide garment to cover some people's sins.

We wonder if our ladies will think it necessary to expand their crinoline.

One never ought to devote more than two thirds of his income to the ordinary expenses of life, since the extraordinary will be sure to absorb the other third.