

THE BATTLEFIELD TO-DAY.

A rusty cannon half by roses hid.—
With trailing vines a veil of green
and gray,
Where sunbeams gild the leaves each
summer day.
On moonbeam's silver filigree amid
The dew drops glistening, as the silent
stars.
Look peacefully upon this field of
Maze.
Where once the trenches, frowning
row on row,
Finished out in sheets volcanic of
red fire,
And battle thunders roared heroic
deeds,
The pimpernel and white-flowered
daisies grow;
Their scented bonny twine their
blossomed net.
Where once the slopes with crimson
blood were wet.
Sometimes the painful travelers, as
they pass,
A rusted sword or broken bayonet
find,
A shattered musket which the tall
woods bind,
Or harmless bombshell, nestling in
the grass
Which, richer and far deeper tinted,
waxes
Where trenches held men in unconfined
graves.
Bible birds sing sweetly in the
whispering trees,
Calm like wind peacefully across
the field,
And all war's hates henceforth forever
hated.
Most happily croons here the
pleasure breeze:
Gay bees and butterflies harmonious
play,
Through some wear unlon blue, some
southern gray.
God grant that nevermore in this fair
land
Shall brothers meet in hate for civil
strife
Or man, full-armed, here seek his
brother's life,
Or thirst for blood with galle of
hand!
Our flag find north and south defend-
ers true,
Themen in gray clad then in unlon
blue!
Bloom, flowers, and offer incense o'er
the graves
Whose rest in sweet repose our
nation's heroes!
Wave, stung flag, no more o'er chon
sinews,
Nor o'er red fields on which war's
tempes raves!
But if thy folds are stained by
foreign foe,
Once more thy sons shall forth to
battle go,
Once more for thee their heart's
best blood shall flow.—Ed.

A MEMORY OF THE WAR.

I doubt if I am the right person to talk of this war, and I don't talk much. I prefer to listen to Brown, and from his stories we can gather something of the stress of those days. Hear him:
"In the year 1864 I arrived in Atlanta and went hobbling out Peachtree street, making my way to join the Georgia militia. As I filed to the right about where the First Methodist church yet stands, I came upon an old soldier going my way. As we walked along what is now Wheat street the old soldier turned to me and asked:
"Old man, do you live in Atlanta?"
"I told him that I did not, nor would I be a-near the dingy place but for the fact that the conscript officers insisted that I should come, and gave me no rest till they got me off. I soon informed the soldier that I had had nothing to eat in three days, and that I was nearly starving. Besides, I had had no sleep except what little I had got sitting up against a stump, and that the prospects ahead of me were as gloomy as gloom could be.
"You don't know the ropes," said the soldier—you are fresh. You just stick to me and I will see that you do not starve to death."
"This was no sooner said than

We Have Left the Old Year ❧

AND

Caught up with the New One.



Our Beef, Pork and Mutton

Is killed here, not shipped in, and is consequently, FRESH AND SWEET. If you want something Choice, Juicy, Sweet and Cheap, Call and you will get it. OSCAR HAWKINS will have charge of the block.

OUR GROCERY STOCK ❧

At present, as it was in the past, **UP-TO-DATE**

Thanking you for past favors we are yours truly,

Sharp & Donley.

he opened a gate at a house which I have since known as the 'Calico house,' corner Wheat and Ivy streets, and he strutted up to the front door as if he had owned the place. A pretty young lady opened the door, to whom the soldier spoke about as follows:
"Will you please give me a drink of water? I'm so hungry I don't know where I am going to sleep to-night."
"The lady smiled, but answered mildly:
"I think you deserve water to drink and something to eat, which I will gladly supply, but for sleep you must find some other place."
"She invited us inside, gave us chairs and turned away into another part of the house. A negro girl came with a pitcher of water directly and pretty soon after the young lady returned and invited us to dinner.
"At the table, when we arrived, was sitting a colonel of the Virginia army and in front of the colonel sat a major of the Tennessee army. They were already arguing on the merits of their respective generals, Lee and Johnston. Just as we took our seats the colonel remarked with considerable warmth:
"Why, sir, Johnston used to command the Army of Virginia, and it was retreat, retreat, retreat, all the time he was there."
"He saved his men, though," retorted the major, "and if they would have let him remain he would have captured McClellan's whole army eventually."
"Captured the devil," exclaimed the colonel. It was retreat, retreat, retreat all the time he was there. From York town to Seven Pines, and there, when Lee took command the Yankees were in sight of the flag waving from the capitol at Richmond."
"They would have never got any nearer," said the major. "That is Gen. Johnston's way of doing. He keeps a-backing till he gets them where he wants them, and then he will do them up in good shape, just like he is going to do old Sherman now in a few days—you'll see."
"The colonel laid down his knife and fork and would have said something harsh, I think, but before he could speak the major began again and said:
"You need have no fears about Atlanta falling into the hands of Sherman. There will

never be any harm done to this city—you'll see that. Old Sherman will have to take the tack track now very soon, and then this Virginia army will quit some of their bragging, I hope."
"These words were not more than out of the major's mouth before—
"Boom, boom, boom! came the sound of cannon from an easterly direction and a shell came whizzing through the air like a shuck was tied to it, seeming to say: 'Where are you? Where are you? Where are you?'"
"This shell fell a short distance from the Calico house and was the first shell thrown into Atlanta. Everybody ran from the dining-room but the old soldier and myself. I should have run, but as I started to rise the soldier grabbed my coat and jerked me down by the chair, saying as he did so:
"Ding it, old man, don't get scared. This is our opportunity—Providence is on our side."
"At this he tightened a belt around the bottom of his gray jacket and began filling his bosom with provisions from the table. He stuffed in things till he looked about as large again as he did when we entered, and by the time that the rest had got over their excitement we were away out under some pines taking a good rest, with provisions enough for two or three days."
Such is war.—Sarge Plunkett, in Atlanta Constitution.
Hayes-Hayes.
Jefferson Hayes and Miss Cora Hayes, two of the young society people of Indian Creek, were made one at St. Stephens's church through the ceremony performed by Rev. Fr. Gallaher Tuesday, at 10 a. m. Walter Hagan and Miss Myrtle Yates were the attendants. After the ceremony there was a wedding dinner at the home of the bride and that was followed by a dance in the evening. The DEMOCRAT extends congratulations.
Francis M. Cockrell.
The Baltimore News says: "Francis M. Cockrell, who has been elected to his fifth term in the Senate, is only the second Missourian to be so honored. The first was Thos. H. Benton. Only two men now in the chamber have served longer continuously than Mr. Cockrell—John P. Janes, of Nebraska and Wm. B. Allison, of Iowa.

Wanamaker's Advertising.
William E. Curtis in the Chicago Record.
A business man of Philadelphia told me the other day that Mr. Wanamaker's profits from his Philadelphia store last year were over \$1,750,000 and that those from his New York establishment will run close to that figure. The Saturday before Christmas the receipts in New York were even greater than those in Philadelphia and exceeded \$500,000. The New York store has paid a profit from the very day it was opened, although two firms which occupied the establishment since A. T. Stewart's death have failed. The reason of Mr. Wanamaker's great success, both in New York and Philadelphia, is his skillful and extensive advertising. It has been his rule to confine his advertising to newspapers and magazines, on which he has spent annually more than \$300,000 in Philadelphia. The advertising bills of his New York establishment exceeded even that sum last year.
Denver, Colo., Feb. 4.—W. S. Richie, of Independence is in Aspen. He reports the situation in his town as alarming. He says provisions cannot last over two days and that there is no fuel in camp. The teams that left Aspen Tuesday are still struggling toward Independence to bring away the women and children. Over 100 persons are imprisoned in the camp.
Never look to a Republican Congress for economy. The present one has just past an army bill which permits the President to retain a regular army of 100,000 or 50,000 men at his discretion. There are too many fat berths with political strings to them for the army to reach the latter figure. Trusts, Plutocracy and Militarism go together hand in glove.
The Ligget and Meyers tobacco plant has been sold and all lovers of the weed go with the bill. There has been \$200,000 forfeit put up. The price to be paid is \$3,500,000. The Union Tobacco Co., gets the plant and good will.
Washington, Feb. 4.—On behalf of the United States Government, the House of Representatives to day accepted from the State of Missouri Statues of Thomas Hart Benton and Frances Preston Blain and accorded them places of honor in the Statuary Hall.

Miscellaneous Items.
Camels are almost as fond of thistles as donkeys are.
The cheek bone is the most sensitive part of the body.
Rapid growth of the finger nails is said to be a sign of good health.
In China, to salute anyone by taking off one's hat is a deliberate insult.
In 1870 there were only 1,700 newspapers published in all Spain, and to-day the number is still smaller.
The flesh of alligators tastes very similar to veal, and is regarded as a delicacy by many people in India.
A cubic foot of newly fallen snow weighs 5 pounds and has 12 times the bulk of an equal weight of water.
The Kurds and Cossacks believe that Ararat is guarded by an unearthly being, and that no man can ascend the peak and live.
Ears do not change after childhood, although they enlarge slightly after middle life. It has been found that the right and left of each pair of ears usually vary in shape.
A familiar figure in London streets is a man named O'ions, who writes violent poems against drinking and sells them. As soon as he has a few pennies he goes to a tavern and gets beastly drunk. He has been arrested for drunkenness more than 500 times.

L. S. C.
The Ladies Social Club was delightfully entertained by Mrs. A. Jaeger last Thursday evening. In anticipation of an unusually pleasant evening, every member and invited guest was present. For a while there was a race between laughter, the chatter of conversation and the flutter of past boards, but as the evening wore on the latter won.
During the evening there was a dainty repast served which was enjoyed as much as any of the many games which were played.
The party of friends gathered together were: A Boulware and wife, Dr. Thos. Proctor and wife, D. R. Davenport and wife, B. O. Wood and wife, R. E. Lear and wife, B. G. Moss and wife, J. L. Lyon and wife, D. D. Melson and wife, W. G. Williamson and wife, H. H. Thomas and wife, of Quincy, J. H. McClintic and wife, Carl Jaeger and wife, Dr. W. E. A. McNutt and Mesdames E. L. Anderson, Dora Haddock, H. M. Clark, R. S. Nichols, H. C. Eakle, M. B. Carson, Margaret Stewart, J. T. Patton, C. E. Tucker, of Moberly, W. Geo. Williamson, of Tulsa, I. T., and Misses Margaret Knight and Anna Boulware.
Tomfoolery.
Montgomery, Ala., Feb. 4.—The House of Representatives has, without a dissenting vote, adopted a resolution that the National flag be hoisted over every school house in the State and be kept floating there forever. There are several thousand schools in Alabama, and a good bunting flag is cheap at \$5. each school would have to have at least two of them each year and when the bills come in won't there be a howl? The money had better be put on the roads than cheap-John patriotism on poles.
While in Porto Rico Alger might visit the grave where the embalmed beef lies buried and drop a tear—Kansas City Times.