

The Preciousness of Littleness.

Everything is beautiful, says B. F. Taylor, of the *Chicago Journal*, when it is little—little souls, little pigs, little lambs, little birds, little kittens, little children.

Little Martin-boxes of homes are generally the most happy and cozy; little villages are nearer to being atoms of a shattered Paradise than anything we know of; little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointment.

Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly farthest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest, little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the dearest loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dews.

Agur's is a model prayer, but then it is a little prayer, and the burden of the petition is for little. The Sermon on the Mount is for little, but the last dedication discourse was an hour. The Roman said: *Veni, vidi, vici*—I came—saw—conquered; but dispatches now-a-days are longer than the battles they tell of.

Everybody calls that little they love best on earth.—We one heard a good sort of a man speak of his little wife, and we fancied she must be a perfect *bijou* of a wife. We saw her; she weighed 210; we were surprised. But then it was no joke; the man meant it. He could put his wife in his heart, and have room for other things besides; and what was she but precious, and what could she be but little?

We rather doubt the stories of great argosies of gold we sometimes hear of, because nature deals in little, almost altogether. Life is made up of little; death is what remains of them all. Day is made up of little beams, and night is glorious with little stars.

Multum in parvo—much in little—is the great beauty of all that we love best, hope for most, and remember longest.

A FRANK ADMISSION.—Billy Ross, the great temperance lecturer, was once preaching to the young people at Rushville, Illinois, on his favorite theme. He said:

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

"Yes, sir!" shouted about a hundred voices.

"Where will your fathers be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" shouted the boys.

"That's right. Who will own all this property then?"

"Us boys!"

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

"Yes, sir, lots of them!"

"Where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" exclaimed the boys.

"And who will become the drunkards then?"

"Us boys!"

Billy was thunderstruck for a moment or two, but very soon recovering himself, tried to tell the boys how to escape such a fate.

A young lady was heard to declare that she couldn't go to fight for the country, but she was willing to allow the young men to go, and she die an old maid, which she thought was as great a sacrifice as any body could be called upon to make. Nevertheless, the law of compensation obtains everywhere. Carrying out her self-sacrificing purpose, she will escape the burden of one form of taxation; for they say that those who have children after the 4th of March must have them all stamped, they being considered "Internal Revenue."

We have received the "BUGLE CALL," a smart little sheet published for gratuitous distribution among the soldiers by the Ladies' Christian Commission, of Quincy, Massachusetts. May its music never be less.

A Hoggish Story.

Among other articles, by the laws of New Hampshire, exempt from seizures for debt, is *one hog*. This much by way of explanation.

Old Toots, who lives in a beautiful village that nestles among her granite hills, was never too particular about paying his honest debts, in short, for the injunction, "owe no man anything," he had a most sovereign contempt, as his grocer among others can testify. He had been in that worthy person's debt a long time, but nothing could induce him to "pay up," although of his ability to do so there was no doubt.

One day the grocer's hog brought a fine litter of pigs, and their advent gave him a new and brilliant idea, as the sequel will show.

Old Toots was possessed of a splendid hog weighing some three hundred pounds, and the time was rapidly approaching when it would be consigned to the pork barrel. Now, our grocery friend had not forgotten this fact, but how could he help himself? Ah! he had it. So when his pigs attained the mature age of six weeks, he, with unheard of generosity, offered to make his delinquent debtor a present of any one of them he might select.

Toots was delighted; here was a chance to replace the animal he was about to kill, for nothing; he couldn't be sufficiently grateful, and so, with profuse acknowledgements, he made his selection, and rapidly bore his squealing treasure triumphantly homeward. In less than two hours from the time that he reached home, the sheriff, armed and equipped as the law directs, appeared and took possession of his nicely fattened hog to satisfy the claims of his generous (?) creditor.

His neighbors are strongly inclined to think that he will look out and not accept another present under similar circumstances.

Mr. Kinman, who presented the elkhorn chair to Mr. Lincoln, on Saturday, informed the President that he had another little article with him, a fiddle manufactured from the skull of a favorite mule, which, when alive, appeared to have music in his soul, as he would always lurk around the camps on the plains whenever he heard the music of a fiddle. So after the mule had been dead some time, and as Mr. K. was passing his bleached bones one day, the idea struck him that that there might be something in these bones. He accordingly picked up the skull and carried it home, from which he manufactured the fiddle, and afterward returned and procured one of the ribs and some of the hair of the tail, from which the bow was made.

Mr. Kinman then played "Essence of Old Virginia" and "John Brown," much to the amusement of Mr. Lincoln and the spectators. The rifle presented to Mr. Lincoln, with which the elks, from whose horns the chair was made, were killed, is the identical piece with which the British General Pakenham was killed in 1815, at New Orleans, by Briggs, and was subsequently carried through the Black Hawk war by Kinman's father, who was in a company in which the President served in that war.

It is said that the rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance; the bird of Paradise, the most beautiful of birds, gives no songs; the cypress of Greece, the finest of trees, yields no fruit; and dandies the shiniest of men, have no sense; and ball-room belles, the loveliest creatures in the world, are very often ditto—only more so.

Jennie June, in her recent "Talk on Women's Topics," says that in almost every instance where a man marries a sensible woman, it is after he has met with a severe disappointment in not marrying a fool.

Conundrums and Queries.

WHAT measure, more than a gallon, warns against conundrums? A Punccheon—(pun shun.)

Does the President's call for a new draft account for old Boreas raising the wind so *unconsiderably* of late?

Is it a libel to call a baker's apprentice a kneady loafer?

FIFTY CENTS WORTH OF MATRIMONY.—A young farmer not over stocked with brains nor over rich in this world's goods, had come to that crisis in his life when he was sure he must commence a double-barreled existence, or "spile." Having made necessary preliminary arrangements, in the shape of a rough board cabin and a "Barkis who was willin," he borrowed a horse and wagon and took a bag of corn and the expectant bride to the mill and minister's. The corn being left to be ground, the twain who wished to be made one flesh waited on the minister, and explaining the necessities of the case, demanded to know, "How much the swindle would be?" The minister replied that the fee was generally measured by the generosity of the gentleman, but one dollar was the smallest sum considered orthodox. This was beyond the pile of the farmer, but nothing discouraged, he said: "Now see here old fellow! I haven't got but fifty cents, and you must marry us as far as that will come to, and we'll come agin for the balance." The minister could not resist the entreaty, and married the parties so effectually that they never returned for the other fifty cents worth.

We are told that, the other day, a literary gentleman, being rather badly off for pens, sat down to write with a headache. It is, we believe, a painful operation, but a great saving of quills.

A physician, passing by a gravestone maker's shop, called out: "Good morning, neighbor; hard at work I see. You finish your gravestones as far as 'In memory of,' and then wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next."

"Why, yes," replied the old joker, "unless somebody is sick, and you are doctoring 'em, then I keep right on."

An old lady in Connecticut, who had insisted on her minister praying for rain, had her cabbage cut up by a hail storm. Viewing the wreck, she remarked that she "never knew him to undertake anything without *overdoing* the matter."

DEATHS.

Serg't Wm. R. Holmes, co A, 7th	Pa.	Resv.
do John Nelson, co E, 53d	do	Vols.
do Joseph G. Smith, co A, 8th	Mich.	Cav.
do James P. Evans, co F, 8th	Iowa	do
Corp'l E. B. Alexander, co G, 20th	Ind.	Vols.
do Daniel Goose, co M, 8th	N.Y.H.Art.	
do Frederick Davis, co H, 20th	Me.	Vols.
do Perry R. Souel, co B, 2d	Pa.	Cav.
do Eugene Alger, co F, 121st	N. Y.	Vols.
Priv't William Utley, co F, 25th	Ind.	Vols.
do N. L. Drake, co M, 9th	Ohio	Cav.
do R. C. Halt, co B, 120th	Ind.	Vols.
do John Keeler, co E, 50th	Pa.	do
do Samuel Morrow, co K, 75th	Ohio	do
do James A. Rapp, co G, 115th	Pa.	do
do L. W. Selcott, co B, 5th	Iowa	Cav.
do H. A. Treadway, co C, 96th	N. Y.	Vols.
do G. M. Eddy, co A, 2d	R.I.H.Art.	
do Wm. Fitzgrober, co K, 114th	Ill.	Vols.
do Olive Green, co K, 9th	Mich.	do
do H. M. Kendall, co I, 11th	Pa.	Cav.
do S. E. McManamy, co F, 20th	Ohio	Vols.
do Albert Reuss, co H, 4th	N.Y.H.Art.	
do D. H. Troy, co F, 9th	N. H.	Vols.
do David Hayes, co F, 83d	Pa.	do
do James Keeley, co G, 7th	N. J.	do
do Wm. I. Crock, co G, 142d	Pa.	do
do S. Leatherman, co H, 118th	Ohio	do
do Richard South, co I, 7th	N. J.	do
do Samuel Venton, co G, 44th	Ill.	do
do D. C. White, co L, 22d	N. Y.	Cav.
do Cornelius Boice, co D, 11th	U. S.	Inf'ty.
do Joshua Shaw, co B, 17th	Ohio	Vols.
do Reuben Stanton, co E, 22d	N. Y.	Cav.
do Isaac N. Ball, co D, 14th	Va.	Vols.
do Walter A. Beaman, co I, 9th	Mass.	do
do James Bailey, co A, 121st	Pa.	do
do James Clark, co E, 25th	N. Y.	Cav.
do Wm. Carr, co I, 1st	Va.	Vols.
do Geo. Kender, co A, 93d	Ind.	do
do E. P. Hall, co D, 7th	Ohio	Cav.
do Edward Feely, co H, 70th	N. Y.	Vols.
do R. Hendrickson, co A, 9th	N. J.	do
do Wm. S. Mountain, co E, 4th	Iowa	do
do J. Toland West, co B, 125th	Ohio	do
do Sidney B. Heath, co G, 85th	N. Y.	do
do Reuben Crosby, co B, 85th	do	do
do Geo. Van Wei, co H, 7th	do	H. A.
do J. G. Manning, co A, 12th	Pa.	Cav.