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Cambria Freeman.

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and a host of other useful and needful articles. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't get in a short notice is not worth buying, and what I have for sale may always be relied on as STRICTLY FIRST QUALITY, while they will invariably be SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!
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GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

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$20 SAVED by purchasing a SEWING MACHINE of the undersigned, whose office is 1004 Eleventh Avenue, between 10th and 11th Streets, Altoona, Pa., and who offers the editor of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN a discount. Sewing Machines repaired in a workmanlike manner and at lowest prices.
J. McGRATH.
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Gentlemen: I take pleasure in stating that I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for malaria and nervous troubles, caused by overwork, with excellent results.

Beware of imitations. Ask for BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and *insist* on having it. Don't be imposed on with something recommended as *"just as good."* The genuine is made only by the Brown Chemical Co. Baltimore, Md.

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THE ROUND OF LIFE.

Two children down by the shining strand,
With eyes as blue as the summer sea,
While the sinking sun fills all the land
With the glow of a golden mystery;
Laughing aloud at the sea-mew's cry,
Gazing with joy on its snowy breast,
Till the first star looks from the evening sky,
And the amber bars stretch over the West.

A soft green dell by the breezy shore.
A sailor lad and a maiden fair;
Hand clasped in hand, while the tale of yore
Is borne again on the listening air,
For love is young though love be old,
And love alone the heart can fill;
And the dear old tale that has been told
In the days gone by is spoken still.

A trim-built home on a sheltered bay:
A wife looking out on the glistening sea;
A prayer for the loved one far away,
And prattling imps 'neath the old roof-tree;
A lifted latch and a radiant face
By the open door in the falling night;
A welcome home and a warm embrace
From the love of his youth and his children bright.

An aged man in an old arm-chair;
A golden light from the Western sky,
His wife by his side, with her silvered hair:
And the open Book of God close by.
Sweet on the bay the gleaming falls,
And bright is the glow of the evening star;
But dearer to them are the jasper walls
And the golden streets of the land afar.

An old churchyard on a hillside,
Two lying still in their peaceful rest:
The fisherman's going out with the tide
In the fiery glow of the amber West.
Children's laugh and old men's sighs,
The night that follows the morning clear,
A rainbow bridging our darkened skies,
Are the rounds of our lives from year to year!

—*Chambers' Journal.*

GALLANT DEEDS.

INSTANCES OF HEROISM WHICH THE ALEXANDRIA CONFLICT REVIVED.

The dispatches from Alexandria enlarge upon the wonderful devotion and extraordinary bravery of the gunner on board one of the British vessels who picked up a shell with a burning fuse and immersed it in a bucket of water. This was a courageous act, but it was not "more gallant than anything of the sort ever before chronicled."—During our own war for the Union hundreds of cases as deserving of mention occurred.

At Stone River, when Croft's Brigade of Palmer's Division was pursuing the routed rebels on the 2d of January, they came suddenly on a reserve battery that opened on them with surprising fury. The men were ordered to lie down, and dropped in the soft mud of a cornfield. The rebel artillerymen had the range, however, and poured shot and shell into the advance line in a way that tore some unfortunates in pieces and covered nearly every one with mud. In the midst of the terrific fusilade a shell struck between two men lying flat on the ground so near to their heads as to stun both. Dozens of men, the bravest there, closed their eyes in anticipation of the terrible scene that would follow the explosion. But one of the soldiers at whose shoulder the smoking shell had struck, digging up a handful of mud, held it aloft for a moment while he said coolly, "Ten to one, boys, she don't bust," and then with a sort of gleeful agility he brought his great wad of mud down on the shell smoking in the shallow hole, and "she didn't burst." No one thought George Hunt, of Company C, First Kentucky Infantry, a hero for doing that, but possibly he ranked as the courageous gunner on the Alexandria.

Another case: When Sherman was getting ready for his move on Atlanta great quantities of ammunition were stored in the railroad sheds at Resaca. One day in the midst of a thunderstorm that dismantled the camp the ammunition building was struck by lightning. Hundreds of the bravest soldiers ran blindly away as they saw the boxes of shells thrown about, saw the guards drop as if shot, and saw smoke issuing from the top of the great pile of explosives. But one man, clear-eyed and cool-headed, saw that the smoke came from one in which the shells were packed, and, climbing to the top, seized the burning mass, and holding it up shouted, "All right boys; no fireworks this time. His intrepidity and alertness saved the ammunition and possibly many lives, and his record should be kept as green as that of the gallant gunner of the Alexandria.

These are only sample cases. The American war for the Union brought hundreds of such gallant deeds into clear light, and there is no good reason why they should be forgotten.

AROUND THE WORLD FOR NOTHING.—Our Parisian contemporary, *La Figaro*, has hit upon an ingenious expedition for effecting a journey around the world without any expense whatever to the traveler, which expedition it fervently recommends to enterprising but impecunious tourists for their adoption. The first thing the wanderer does is to become a Jew. Having performed this preliminary feat, he must contrive to effect a lodgment upon some portion of the Czar's territory. Thence he will be immediately expelled, and conveyed gratis to Lemberg, Galicia. At Galicia he will be received by Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, who will forward him to the United States at the cost of the Jewish Relief Fund. Arrived in America, the traveler puts on the raiment and demeanor of a Chinese. He will then be conveyed to the flowery realm free of charge by a philanthropic company bent upon eliminating the Celestial element from the States. Immediately on being set ashore in a Chinese port he should give out that he is a born Russian, intrusted with a secret political mission, and therefore traveling in disguise. The Chinese authorities will at once cause him to be transported to their northwestern frontier, where they will hand him over to the Russians. These, as soon as they find the stranger is a Jew, will pass him over to the capital of Austrian Poland; and then, for the second time he arrives in Lemberg, he will have "put a girdle round about the earth" quite as inexpensively, if not altogether as expeditiously as ever Puck did in his best days.

AN AWFUL SUPPOSITION.—Dr. Wilkes, in his recent work on Physiology, remarks that "It is estimated that the bones of every adult person require to be fed with lime enough to make a marble mantel every eight months." It will be perceived, therefore, that in the course of about ten years each of us eats three or four mantelpieces and a few sets of front door steps. And in a long life I suppose it is fair to estimate that a healthy American could devour the Capitol at Washington, and perhaps two or three medium-sized marble quarries besides. It is awful to think of the consequence if a man should be shut off from his supply of lime for a while and then should get loose in a cemetery. An ordinary tomb-stone would hardly be enough for a lunch for him.

THE LAVA FLOW OF HILO.

HOW A NATIVE CHIEFESS STOPPED IT WITH A LIVE PIG.

I knew the first thing we should be shown in Hilo would be the now almost cold lava flow, which last year came so near wiping out the only town on the Island of Hawaii, stopping within a quarter of a mile of Hilo, after flowing 70 miles toward it for nine long months. They call it the "Hilo flow," although it came from old Mauna Loa, and are rather proud of it, since it considerately stopped just short of destroying the town and harbor, yet came near enough to give the inhabitants an unequalled Fourth of July fireworks display every night for months. The flow stopped in August of last year, and now presents the appearance of a black, gleaming, turbulent river, winding for 70 miles down from its source, 10,000 feet up Mauna Loa, to the Hilo Bay, having eaten with its fangs of flame a pathway through forest and fields, through cool, fern-carpeted dell and over grassy plain, filling and reducing all the pleasing inequalities on the face of nature to its own black, ugly, ragged level for a mile in width and for 70 miles in length.

The story of the beginning of the flow can be briefly told. On the night of November 5, 1880, some terrific convulsion of nature burst a mighty artery near the heart of towering Mauna Loa; the surging, unconfined blood burst through a ghastly wound in the mountain's sides, until at last its ocean-bathed feet were stained with the hot, burning blood. All that time, for nine months, from the ragged rent the flow came in regular spurts as each throb of the stricken, bleeding heart pulsed forth a mighty torret, that would fill a score of ships.

But what interested me the most was the stoppage of this flow. It was the work of human hands, and as such must be regarded as a more remarkable performance than the beginning itself, which was, after all, a work of nature, with which all things are possible. The salvation of Hilo and its harbor from destruction by black lava is due to no less a person than her royal Highness Ruth Keelikolani, who, being the wealthiest lady on the islands, and sister to their late Majesties Kamehamehas IV and V, would naturally know more about lava flows and how to stop them than any one else.

Governess Ruth, as this capable lady is generally called, from being governess of on of the islands during her brothers' reigns is a full-blooded native, 64 years old, does not speak a word of English, has a royal contempt for all foreigners and their new-fashioned airs, weighs between 300 and 400 pounds, walks abroad with toes in and chin out, followed by a troop of retainers, in good old feudal days' style, and owns a town house in Honolulu, the construction and furnishing of which would really be a credit to Nob Hill. Adored by all the natives, for whose amusement and welfare she spends large sums of money, who else than Ruth would be asked to intercede with Pele, the goddess of volcanoes, where beautiful Hilo, bay and town, were in such dreadful danger? Seeing that matters were, in fact, taking on a serious aspect, and that unless she interfered the oncoming lava would, indeed, destroy many homes and kalo patches, including several thousand acres of her own estates, Ruth at last decided to regulate affairs more in accordance with common sense. She accordingly embarked on the steamer Likelike at Honolulu, accompanied by the royal band and many retainers, and with much pomp and ceremony, and some seasickness, proceeded to Hilo.

There, in anticipation of her coming, the natives from far and near had gathered on the cocoanut-tree fringed beach to welcome her coming. A tent had been put up for her use near the edge of the flow, a couple of miles back of the town, but when she arrived the utmost dismay prevailed, for it was discovered that the Committee of Arrangements had not provided any means of conveying Ruth from the landing to her tent. Walking such a distance was out of the question with Ruth, both her weight and dignity presenting insuperable obstacles to such a performance. The only wheeled vehicles in town were bullock carts, clumsy, awkward affairs, used on the plantations for sugar-cane carrying. A gentleman living some distance out of town, who was the happy possessor of a small, long-shafted, two-wheeled cart, volunteered its use, and it was hastily brought around for Ruth's occupancy, having harnessed between and at the end of its long shafts a small, surprised looking donkey. The entrance to this two-wheeled cart was from behind, and after a live pig, a case of gin, and some other articles with which Ruth was to stop the flow, had been placed under the seat, a strong box was placed behind the cart for a stepping-stone, and Ruth was escorted thereto.

I am told that when that donkey saw what was going on and realized that Ruth was about to enter the cart, its surprised look gave way to one of bitter woe. And with cause, for when Ruth's somewhat more than plump proportions, were suddenly planted in that cart it tilted backward on its axle with a sudden whack, the long shafts flew skyward, and with them, firmly held by its harness the anguish-stricken donkey, its feet feebly pawing the empty air in dismal dejection of ever again reaching the earth. The pig flew thither and the gin whence, and every devoted native in sight thought that a greater catastrophe than the lava flow had befallen the island. But Ruth is not only a woman of courage but also of determination, and by other means she at last reached the tent prepared for her and arranged to stop the trouble. I consider it a great loss to both history and science that no foreigners accompanied Ruth when she pacified Pele, for the natives never preserve a historical story until it has been embalmed in song, and then to be well preserved it must relate to affairs generally untranslatable for polite literature. As only natives accompanied Ruth to her tent and the lava river, I can give no definite account of what rites she performed. In a general way I learned that Ruth invoked Pele's consideration of affairs, and made offerings of one live pig, one bottle of gin and a pound of tobacco, all thrown into the lava river. What the invocation was I cannot learn. The grand result remains, for within a few days after Ruth's visit the flow did in fact stop. What though cynics sneer, critics carp, and unbelievers question; did not Ruth go there to stop the flow, and did not the flow stop? Is she not to-day the wealthies, as well as otherwise the most solid woman on the islands, and sister to the late Kamehamehas IV and V? What more could any one ask?—*Correspondence of the San Francisco Call.*

SUBSCRIBE for the CAMPAIGN FREEMAN.

THE LONG-LOST BROTHER.

Types are not warm enough to paint the true, pathetic color of a picture seen Tuesday night on a north-side car about 10:30 o'clock. The car was of the open kind and was crowded with humanity struggling for foot room. As it neared Clark-street bridge a gentleman sitting pretty well forward noticed a lady standing on the east side of the car, and clinging desperately to one of the upright posts. He told the conductor to ask her to step forward and she might have his seat. She came clambering forward and took the proffered seat with a hearty "Thank ye." The gentleman casually glanced at her, and saw that she was a neatly-dressed Irish woman, about thirty-two years of age. She spoke with a rich Irish brogue, and was evidently a domestic. The car jogged along for several blocks, and, happening to glance at the lady again, the gentleman noticed that she was evidently laboring under some great excitement. Her bosom throbbed violently, and her face, even in the poor light of the car, was deadly pale. She was bending eagerly forward, and her eyes were strained to their greatest extent at some object immediately in front of her. Following the woman's gaze it was seen that she was staring straight into the face of a man who sat in the opposite seat. As the car passed on her excitement seemed to increase, so much so as to attract the attention of the other passengers. The man returned her gaze at intervals in a somewhat interested manner.—He was about twenty-six years old and looked as if he might be a mechanic. At length the woman's breath came thick and fast and leaning still further forward, she asked him hoarsely in her brogue:

"Aren't you from Oireland?"

"I am," he answered, calmly. She quickly asked:

"From Ballansloe?"

"I was born there," he said, looking into her eye. She paused a long moment as if to steady her voice; it quivered like a child's, as she half rose from her seat and inquired, slowly:

"An' isn't yer name McCoskry?"

"Yis," he answered quickly.

"Dan McCoskry?"

(In a high key.)

"Dan McCoskry."

The woman rose to her feet, and crossing herself, piously exclaimed in a deep and earnest voice:

"Praise be to God, this blissed day. Thank God I've found ye, Dan, at last." And before she had finished she was on his breast, smothering him with kisses. The young man seemed astonished, and she proceeded:

"Don't ye know me, Dan? Yer sister Nora. Praise be to God. I've found ye at last. An' me searchin' for twilve year from Boston to New York; an' from New York to Baltimore and from Baltimore to Cincinnatty, where I gave ye up six year ago. O! God's good, an' so he is," and she showered him again with caresses. He held her at arm's length, and looked her all over, exclaiming at last as if hardly yet convinced:

"An' are you raly moi sisther Nora? Well, well, if I iver!" and it was evidently he never had from the sincerity of his manner. A few more questions, and there was no doubt of the relationship. Regardless of the hundred eyes fixed upon them, they gave themselves over to a regular Des Plaines camp-meeting scene. It appeared from the excited questions and answers which passed betwgen the couple that Dan had run away from the town with the unpronounceable name eighteen years ago, and come to America, from whence no tidings had ever come from him. The family, all but the eldest daughter, Nora, had died or emigrated, and twelve years ago she had taken her earnings and crossed the ocean with but one purpose in view, that purpose being to ascertain if Dan was living, and to find him if she could. She told of her landing all alone at Castle Garden, her search through New York, her journey to Boston, ever asking for her "Brother Dan;" how every night she would leave the place where she was employed, to search streets, stores and offices; how she besieged police stations, scanned newspapers, visited hospitals, never giving up the hope of finding her "Brother Dan;" how one blessed morning in Boston she heard from a carpenter that a person of that name had worked for him, but was now in Baltimore; her trip to that town, only to find that he had gone west, probably to Cincinnati; her journey there, and despair at seeing in the death list: "Died, at Mercy hospital, of small-pox, Daniel McCorsky;" her joy at discovering the dead man to be a Scotchman, her further search, and final despair; her coming to Chicago five years ago, and the great pain at really having to think him dead. She is a domestic in a family on Lincoln avenue, near Fullerton, so she said, and she had a beau on the back platform "smokin' a seygar, so he was."

Dan then told his story. He was a Boston carpenter, and had gone to Baltimore, but had come directly from there to Chicago.—He had worked at Pullman, but had lately quit, and was looking about for a shop of his own. And so the pair chatted on, heedless of the watchers, and fre quently interrupting their conversation for a fond hug.—All the scenes of their childhood were lived over again, and many were the questions Dan asked about the "ould sod.,' So interested were the spectators, and especially the gentleman who had relinquished his seat, that he was carried nearly half a mile past his destination; but there was something in the scene he had witnessed which made the homeward walk one of the pleasantest he ever had.—*Chicago Times.*

THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER.—Every reflecting mind knows that the local newspaper adds much to the general wealth and prosperity of the place, as well as increases the reputation of the town abroad. It benefits all who have business in the place, enhances the value of property, besides being a public convenience, even if conducted in the interest of the ruling political power. Its columns are not filled with brilliant editorials, still it benefits you in every way. It increases your trade; it cautions against imposition; it saves you from loss; it warns you of danger; it points out different advantages and increases your profits. If you want such a paper, you must not consider it an act of charity to support it, but as as means to increase your own wealth as well as that of the place in which you live.—*Printers' Circular.*

THIS hard one is sent by an inquiring correspondent to the Boston *Journal*:

Mr. Editor: Tell me why colonel
Is spelled in a style so infolonel?
Shed one ray of light
On a sorrowful wight,
Who for years has subscribed for the *Jolonel.*

ARABI BEY.

I am flying, Egypt, flying, and it's likely I shall fly
Till I can't fly any further, for I do not care to die.
I'm so stifled by the desert sand, my lungs can hardly wheeze,
And I'm feeling mighty shaky in my stomach and my knees;
Not a bit of camel's sirloin, not a drop of camel's whey—
Not an orange nor banana has passed my lips to-day;
For I'm flying, Egpyt, flying, and my present purpose is
To keep on flying till I know I'm safely out of this.
From Ratapoul to Bag-el-Dad I've wound my weary way—
From Alexandria's marble halls to Bing Whang's cots of clay—
From Snicker Ell's sandy plains to Cairo's tufted walls—
From Thump-el-Hittem's lowly site to Sneeza's royal halls—
And still the Bloody Britisher comes prancing up behind
With a threat to tear my inwards out and strew them to the wind!
Do you wonder, Egypt—wonder, with my army round me dying,
That I'm flying, Egypt, flying, and propose to keep on flying.

—*Denver Tribune.*

PENNSYLVANIA ROMANCE.—An exchange says: A resident New Yorker pointed out to me this morning a citizen of Pittsburgh, who was at one time a salesman in a retail grocery there at a salary of $500 a year. When the petroleum excitement became rampant he went to Titusville, without any money, and, after a few weeks, fell in with a prosperous speculator and "struck oil," making $400,000 to $500,000 in a year. He increased this sum to $1,500,000, and was urged by his friends to retire from the oil region with the wages of his luck. This he refused to do, and before another year he had lost all but a few thousand dollars. Then he returned to Pittsburgh and went to work in a legitimate way. But the fever of speculation attacked him once more, and he betook himself a second time to Oil Creek.

After various shifts and adventures fortune revisited him, and he was able to count his million. Trying to double this—he had fixed his figure at $2,000,000—he was again financially wrecked. This time he was so poor that he stayed among the wells, and was forced to earn a livelihood by becoming a day laborer. New opportunities opened to him, and a third time he got very rich. Reckless speculation once more brought him low, and he left for California, hoping in improve his prospects there. The fascination of petroleum drew him back. He made a fourth fortune and lost it; and finally a fifth, with the same result.

Within a few months the fickle goddess has smiled upon him for the sixth time, and he has invested all his money in government bonds—in all amounting to $1,700,000—and forsworn speculation. He sold all his oil before the recent tumble in prices, and says he has learned wisdom by experience. Having more than he will ever spend he ought to be contented financially, and run no more risks; but I doubt if he will. The $2,000,000 he had fixed upon he has not yet reached, and he will be different from most speculators if he can resist the old greed. His wife, who is here with four children—two grown up girls and two boys on the eve of manhood—was the counselor that induced him to buy governments. He himself is not yet fifty. In no other country than this could a man make six fortunes and lose five in less than twenty-five years. In America alone is the tale of Alladdin and his wonderful lamp daily, yes, hourly, verified.

ANDY JOHNSON'S BIG GAME.—The *Louisville Commercial* is a Republican journal of unquestioned orthodoxy. It prints the following laughable story, without qualifying the allegations it contains:

"Johnson was a fine poker player—one of the best in Tennessee. He used to tell of a game played with Grant in 1866. Grant was then at Washington and visited the President one night. After a short talk Johnson proposed a game of poker. Grant, who was an inveterate player then jumped at the chance. Cards were brought and they began to play. Grant lost steadily and heavily. The game was $1, call $3, and no limit. At last Grant said: 'Johnson, I will play you one more deal around and we will quit; I am tired of this game—it is foolishness.' Johnson dealt and wouldn't come in. They made it a jackpot.

"The jack pot went on increasing in size; neither could open it. At last there was $64 in the pot. Grant was dealing. Johnson picked up the cards; he had a pair of aces up. Grant looked at his cards and quietly laid them down. Johnson said:

"'I will open for $20.'

"Grant without moving a muscle of his cast-iron countenance, leaned back in his chair and said slowly, looking at his cards all the time:

"'I will have to raise you $50, Andy. I can't help it.'

Johnson was a little surprised, but stood the raise. Grant asked him how many cards he wanted.

"'I just want one; how many do you want?'

"'Eh?' said Grant, carelessly, 'I don't want any this time.'

"Johnson picked up his card. It was an ace. He bet $100.

"'I will see your $100, Andy, and raise her $2000.'

"Johnson said afterward the bet came near taking his breath away from him, but something told him Grant was bluffing. He felt a presentiment that he was.

"'Grant, I will see your $2000 and raise her $500.'

"Grant clenched his teeth, and his lips came together like a steel trap.

"'I will see your $500 and raise you $5000 better.' 'I got a little scared,' says Johnson, 'and I thought maybe he had fours on me. So I said, 'I'll just call you; what have you got?' 'Jack high,' said Grant, and, with an oath, jumped up from the table, got his hat, and left, giving Johnson his note for all he had lost."

COULDN'T FETCH IT.—A farmer belonging to a certain religious denomination in Illinois called upon a clergyman a few days ago to ask the good man if he really believed that prayers were answered.

"Of course I do," was the reply.

"Well, I dunno," was the doubtful observation.

"Have you anything on your mind, brother Parsons?"

"I have."

"Have you prayed in all earnestness?"

"I have."

"And often?"

"Yes—every day and twice a day."

"And that prayer has been answered?"

"No."

"Well, perhaps I had better pray for you. What shall I ask for in your name?"

"I don't want to be a hog, you know," said the brother, "but if you are a mind to pray that wheat jumps to $2.15 a bushel by the first of July I'll bring you down a bushel of new potatoes next time I come. I've wrestled and struggled and hung on till I have got a sore throat and am clean discouraged!"

DOG MEAT and willow tea, poor De Long's bill of fare, should be the diet of the next Congressman who votes for an appropriation for another arctic expedition.—*Baltimore Herald.*

IN HASTE TO BE RICH.

A BUSINESS MAN'S ADVICE TO UNBUSINESS-LIKE PEOPLE.

We receive almost daily from some part of the country one or more letters of inquiry concerning the best methods of gambling in stocks. Most of these communications inclose a circular or advertisement sent to the writers from some firm in this city offering to undertake the speculation in behalf of all who will intrust the advertiser with funds for that purpose. These seductive missives are full of promises decked in rainbow hues, "For $500 deposited with us we can almost insure the depositor a small fortune within a reasonable time." "We have the inside track, and can make better returns than any other firm on the market. The sum of $100 deposited with us will often grow to $500 in the course of a single season; and larger sums, enabling us to operate on a more liberal scale, are certain under our careful manipulation to yield a manyfold profit to the investor."

These and many other similar devices are scattered broadcast through the city, and in all the rural districts, and draw a continual stream of offerings from those who are dupes of their own desires to become suddenly rich. The risk would be far more than any reasonable person ought to encounter, if the advertiser was honest and really sought to invest the money thus intrusted to him to the best advantage. The stock brokers who manage to fairly live upon the business, many of them most extravagantly, and the chances, therefore, at the very best are against the investor, the majority of them must supply these resources. The bulk of the business is taxed to support the entire body of brokers and to pay all the expenses of this vast machinery, and hence the money invested as a whole is handicapped with the lead which it must pay before it can make an average return to the owner.

It is certain, therefore, that the money put in by outside parties, as it goes first to support the dealers and pay all the cost of the establishment, must suffer a large aggregate loss equivalent to the amount. The chances, therefore, if the whole operation were squarely conducted, must be that each person who invests will in the end draw out less than he puts in, and thus pay his share of the tribute. But the fleecing of the simple ones is not left to chance. The bulk of those who send their money to the stock market in the hope of drawing a prize pay more than their regular average share of the cost of the operation.

The authors of most of these seductive advertisements sent out to solicit business have no intention of dealing fairly with their correspondents. It is a skinning game, and is so designed from the outset. They may pay their victim a little until they have seen the bottom of his purse, and then they wipe out his little store as clean as a whistle. They expect that each patron whom they rob will keep still for his own sake, but they leave him no legal redress, even if he is disposed ot make trouble.

If the dupes who send this money for a gambling venture will think for a moment what it is they undertake, they will see that they have really little cause to complain. They have gone out for wool and have come home shorn. They know very well it is not a business where it is possible for both parties to any bargain to make a profit. All that one gains the other must lose, and in addition the loser must pay the expenses of the operator. If our innocent rural friend who grumbles so much over the "robbery" of which he has been the victim, had really gained his desire, he would simply have robbed to that amount some other wool hunter who had gone into the market on the same errand. When there is a square deal this is the result: one lucky fool gains what the unlucky fool loses, less the cost of maintaining the one who throws the dice. But in the class of business under the notice the enterprising advertiser, for the most part robs both the fools, and keeps the entire pools as his own winnings.

There is no method by which better returns can be insured from this class of operations. The way to accumulate money is to save it, not to invest it in stock gambling. There is hardly a workingman in the country who does not absolutely waste, that is, spend for that which does him no good, money enough to produce him a competency if he would practice the required self-denial and lay it by in a savings bank intact for the necessary term of years. It is not the earning of large sums, but the saving of smaller ones, that lays the foundation of a fortune. We do not speak of money as the chief good. There are things more desirable than a fortune. But the only proper method of laying up money is to save it from one's legitimate earnings. To speculate with a hope of gaining it is to seek to appropriate the earnings of another, with the chances in favor of losing one's own fleece while in search for the other man's wool.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

JOSH BILLINGS ON POLE "KATS."—The Pole Kat. They are beautiful things, but oh! how deceptive.

Their habits are phew but unique. They build their houses out ov earth, and that iz a front door.

They are called pole kats because it is not convenient to kill them with a klub, but with a pole and the longer the pole the more convenient.

Writers on natural history disagree about the right length of the pole tew be used, but I would suggest that the pole about 465 feet, espeshily if the wind is in favor of the pole kat.

A pole kat will remove the filling from a hen's egg without breaking a hole in the egg bigger than a marrow fat pea.

This is vulgarly called "surkin eggs."

A pole kat travels under an alias which iz called "skunk." There iz a great many aliases that there is no accounting for, and that iz one of them.

One pole kat in a township is enuff, espeshially if the wind change once in awhile.

A pole kat's skin is worth two dollars in the market after it is skinned, but it is worth three dollars and fifty cents to skin him.

This is one way to make twelve shillings shillings on a wet day.

AN editor asks, "What is worse than going to bed on an empty stomach?" It is bad, truly, and we don't know anything worse than that, unless it is to get up in the morning on an empty larder. But what is the use of going to bed on your stomach at all? Why not lay on your back, even if it does cause you to snore some.

A SOUTH END man calls his wife Crystal because she is always on the watch.

EARLY DEVELOPED POWER TO COMMAND.

The following list of great generals whose superior capacity was exhibited in early manhood, was compiled by the late