

DAILY INTELLIGENCER.

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING IN THE YEAR. (Sundays Excepted.) BY STEINMAN & HENSEL.

INTELLIGENCER BUILDING, 8, W. CORNER CENTRE SQUARE, LANCASTER, PA.

DAILY—Two Cents a Week. Five Dollars a Year or Fifty Cents a Month. Postage Free. ADVERTISEMENTS from Ten to Fifty Cents a Line.

WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER, (Eight Pages.)

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, Two Dollars a Year in Advance.

CORRESPONDENCE solicited from every part of the state and country. Correspondents are requested to write legibly and on one side of the paper only; and to sign their names, not for publication, but in proof of good faith. All anonymous letters will be consigned to the waste basket.

Address all Letters and Telegrams to THE INTELLIGENCER, LANCASTER, PA.

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

LANCASTER, JULY 22, 1885.

Pay Your Own Poll Tax.

Judge Fell, of Philadelphia, has been dealing out some timely logic in the trial of a school directors' contested election case in that city. His remarks were directed to the pernicious practice of paying for the voter the tax which secures his right to vote. There were many such in the case before him, and the judge forcibly dwelt on the low degree of political morality that winked at these evils. No one of common sense needs information from the bench that this practice is opposed to the spirit and the letter of the constitution, and is most demoralizing in its results.

The state constitution in prescribing the qualifications of the voter says: "he shall have paid a state or county tax." A reasonable construction of this sentence is that the act of paying may be performed by a properly authorized agent as well as in person. And here occurs the loophole through which so many evils creep in. Party committees pay the taxes by the wholesale, and holding the voter's passport to his right of suffrage, they exercise control over his choice of the candidates voted for.

This is precisely what the law is designed to prevent. The constitution declares that "any elector who shall receive or agree to receive any money or reward or other valuable consideration for his vote at an election, or for withholding the same, shall thereby forfeit the right to vote at such election." There is no question, but that the paying of the voter's poll tax is the receiving by the voter of such "valuable consideration." The poll tax so paid is a purchase of a valuable for the voter as much as the buying for him of fifty cents worth of coffee would be. As Judge Fell says: "The man who should have his grocery bill or any other debt paid for him as an inducement or consideration to get him to vote, would be held liable to violate this section. Yet, in principle, there is no difference between paying his taxes and paying any other of his debts."

As long as the poll tax cannot be abolished, the voter should be made to pay his individual tax. The votes of those who are not of the spirit to pay the few cents of the privilege of voting are not consideration.

Unwholesome City Wells.

It seems to be a pity to dispel the popular delusion that the clear, cold draughts of water to be had from the few remaining pumps in city wells are not wholesome. A very pleasant sentiment attaches to these old pumps, and each one of them that is left is a landmark. By association in their present uses the town pumps are institutions which the citizen cannot bear to see abolished without some pang of regret.

But the highest scientific and medical authorities seem to be of unanimous opinion that the city wells must be shut up, and that the town pumps must come down, for reasons so startling that they will arrest attention, and so well grounded that they carry conviction.

In the paper from Science, by Ira Remsen, which is copied into this journal to-day, are set forth not only the conclusions of the assembled convention of health boards, but the observations and experiences upon which these conclusions are based. For a proper view of the subject there must certainly be kept in mind the reservation that in cities provided with sewers, as ours is in a measure, the danger from one source of contamination is materially decreased; but if it be true that only five per cent. of the Brooklyn wells furnish water fit for human consumption, the peril to health in these deceptive waters is so great that the sweeping condemnation of city wells can hardly be gained, and the subject is one for speedy and vigorous municipal investigation.

The Sacrifice of Gordon.

It now appears that the rumor was correct that Gordon's life might have been saved if a ransom of \$250,000 had been offered to the Mahdi. The offer came in due form and was rejected. In May, 1884, Mr. Billing made the proposition to Lord Lyons, and it was sent without comment to Lord Granville. Consultation was had with the members of the late government, and it was decided to reject the Mahdi's offer.

This is the saddest feature of the whole miserable failure of the Egyptian policy pursued by the English government; and coming as it does so closely on the heels of the revelations of the Gordon diaries, it is calculated to affect the spirited Englishman with deepest humiliation. It is possible to understand the motives which dictated the action of the cabinet in refusing to entertain the ransom proposition on the theory that it might be a clever scheme of extortion on the part of that wily chieftain. But they went too far in failing to give it thoughtful consideration. They would no doubt have given a great deal for a chance to reconsider their work. The amount, \$250,000, was large, it is true, but England would have treble and quadruple that sum to have Gordon in the flesh again. But it was not so much the amount asked as the humiliation that would result from the granting of the ransom. England's pride would not bend and Gordon's head had to be taken.

It is to be hoped that England has come

to the closing act in this Egyptian tragedy.

The campaign for cholera has been marked by great loss of life with no appreciable result therefor, and El Mahdi has been found invulnerable. A worse fizzle of a once-vaunted policy could scarcely have been conceived.

THERE is a deadly glance in Old Sals's eye at the present time.

DR. FERMAN, whose discoveries in the line of inoculation for cholera were hailed with such acclamation but a short time ago, has doubtless learned by this time that there is nothing which falls like failure. He was forbidden a fortnight ago to practice his system in Madrid and was directed by the government to deposit in the municipal laboratory all the virus in his possession. His enemies have accused him of making a fortune out of his discovery and have charged that he has refused to inoculate poor patients without charge. But this charge of public opinion can hardly be stated to private malice. His system of inoculation has had no effect in saving those who tried it, and the death-list keeps mounting up with frightful rapidity. Ferman has not been able to get his system of inoculation to take root in Madrid, but King Death has proved too much for him.

WITH all the striking that has been going on in Cleveland, it is remarkable that none of the strikers have struck out.

HEREAFTER no postmaster may use postal funds not required to be deposited, intending to make them good when the time for depositing arrives. Under the opinion of the law officer of the postoffice department, whoever does this is guilty of embezzlement and may be punished by fine and imprisonment. Heretofore it has been supposed that postmasters were only guilty of embezzlement when they neglected to make the deposits as required by the regulations. Now they may in no shape or manner use funds of the department that fall into their hands. This regulation is a very wise one. Ninety-nine out of every hundred thieves begin their careers by making other people's money for their own use in the expectation of being able to soon return it. With the temptation removed, the number of embezzling postmasters will be lessened.

IT pays to be enterprising. The New York Sun's publication of the Pull Mail Gazette's "disclosures" increased the sale of that issue of its weekly edition from 41,000 to 163,752.

WHY is it that gas stock and watered stock have become practically synonymous terms is not so clear until investigation is made of the origin and progress of these corporations. It seems to have been from the beginning impossible to keep up a healthy competition between gas companies for the benefit of the public. According to a recent authority there were in London in 1856, thirteen gas companies which have since been reduced by absorption and consolidation to three. In 1859, by legislation, each company was restricted to a certain district, an initial price per thousand feet and a standard of purity and illuminating power were fixed, and the dividends were limited to 10 per cent. on the capital, with the right to increase them one-quarter of 1 per cent. with each reduction of one penny in the price. The result was that in 1883 the price of gas was 70 cents per thousand feet, and the average net profit was over 11 per cent. on a combined capital exceeding \$60,000,000. The gas business of New York city may be taken as a fair example of the result. The capital invested in each thousand feet of gas produced was \$33. In 1875 by stock watering, duplicating works, etc., it went up to \$5.65 for each thousand feet produced. Though the cost of gas-making had been greatly reduced the price had advanced over 150 per cent. In 1884 the consolidation of the six companies made the capital invested to each thousand feet produced \$10.39. London now pays 70 cents per thousand feet for 10 gas, while New York pays \$7.75 for the same amount, because of the purchase of competing companies and consequent stock watering.

PERSONAL. EMPEROR WILLIAM fainted thrice during his journey to Gastein on Monday. HIS HIGHNESS HORNHOJE has been appointed Governor of Alsace-Lorraine. OLIVER PAINE, the French adviser of the Mahdi, is not dead, but alive and well at Berber.

SENATOR SHERMAN has grave doubts whether Congress will consent immediately to a suspension of the silver coinage. MISS SADIE BEELLER, a well known soprano of Hartisburg, has been made principal of music at Ames college, Iowa. NILSSON is about to make her first professional tour in her native Sweden since she became a great singer. She was born in a woodchopper's hut, in the forest of Wexio, forty-two years ago.

MR. AND MRS. J. W. DRAKE, just married, have settled in New country, Kan. The bride weighs 145 lbs. and is 5 feet 10 inches high and weighs seventy-five pounds.

JOHN S. WISE, Mahone's nominee for Governor of Virginia, has received a letter from James G. Blaine, in which he says: "Pray accept my most earnest and cordial congratulations on your nomination as the Republican candidate for governor of Virginia."

JOHN R. DILLON, father of Rev. John Dillon, formerly pastor of St. Malachi's Roman Catholic church, and now of St. Bernard's, Easton, Pa., died at Tyrone, Pa., on Sunday, in his sixty-sixth year. Mr. Dillon resided in Philadelphia, and was a prominent portrait painter.

WALTER MALLEY, the young gentleman who was tried for the murder of Jennie Cramer, is about to marry a very estimable young widow of remarkable beauty. Since the unfortunate accident to Miss Cramer, Mr. Malley has been leading a quiet life at New Haven, devoting himself to music, art and the dry goods business.

MRS. NICHOLAS DE LUCA-VINA, editor of El Luz, published in the City of Mexico, was married on Monday at Ocean City, Md., to Miss Tillie, youngest daughter of Judge Alexander H. Handy, of Mississippi. Colonel Luca-Vina met his bride a year ago in New Orleans. The bridal couple will join the editorial excursion in a few days.

Mrs. Mary Emma, the pretty brunette of graceful figure and about 25 years of age, and numerous other ladies of Kansas City, were devoted members of Rev. Dr. Jardine's church, where confession was heard, and penitents were exhorted to submit to penance, "just as children to their mothers;" but upon the discovery that Dr. Jardine conspired with the English government, and kicked in every sense of the word, and a tremendous scandal resulted.

Three Men Killed. At 7 o'clock Monday night another frightful explosion occurred on the South Pennsylvania railroad at Sheepkill Hollow, Ohio, and a half mile south of Fort Littleton, Fulton county, instantly killing one Hungarian and two Italians, and probably fatally injuring John Martin, the foreman, and an unknown negro. Owing to the remote locality of the scene of the accident, but little intelligence can at present be obtained, though the accident is said to have occurred through the negligence of the workmen in repairing a bridge.

They Were Not Related to Him. From the Texas Springs. A fashionable Austin lady, immediately after the death of her husband, married his brother. A visitor at the house, noticing the picture of her late husband, asked who it was. "It is—," she replied hesitatingly, "my deceased brother-in-law."

My husband, too, laconically remarked the new husband.

HOW I MADE MY FORTUNE.

Three of us were sitting in a small room and contemplating the hardships of our destiny.

"Without money one can do nothing," said George; "were I to hit upon a speculation that would have done honor to a Rothschild, coming from a pauper like myself, no one would think it worth attending to."

"I," said Albert, "have actually finished a work which would establish my reputation as an author if I could find a book-seller to buy it."

"I have petitioned my employer for an increase of salary," exclaimed, anxious to contribute to the chorus of lamentation, "and he told me that for forty years he could get more clerks than he wanted."

"It would not do such matter," said George, thoughtfully, "if, besides being poor, we did not seem poor. Could one of us only be thought rich—"

"What is the shadow of the shadow without the substance?" I asked.

"Of every use," said Albert, "I agree with George; the shadow sometimes makes the substance. The next best thing to capital is credit."

"Certainly," returned George, "the credit of having a good fortune. Have none of us a rich uncle in India?"

"A cousin of mine went to Jamaica or Martinique, I forgot which," I said, innocently, "and he never came back."

"Capital! That is all we require," exclaimed George. "We will secure up our cousin of yours, or could we not kill him? Yes; James Moran, of Martinique, deceased, leaving a fortune of a hundred thousand francs, and a young, well-to-do, handsome son, his only child, his beloved cousin, Louis Moran."

We laughed at the joke, and I thought no more of it; but George and Albert, slightly excited by the fumes of a bowl of punch which I had sent for to do honor to the testator, lost no time in concocting, and afterwards publishing, a sensational local newspaper of the fortune that had been left me.

The next day sundry friends dropped in to congratulate me. "You are certainly not a uneduced fellow, but they would not take a denial. In vain I assured them it was a hoax; it was of no use. Several people requested my cousin's name, and I had seen him at Nantes before he embarked in 1874. Among others came my tailor, to whom I had given a note, which was very convenient for me to pay at that moment. No doubt the rumor of my cousin's decease had sharpened his memory. I wished my two friends at a place that should be nameless."

"Good-morning, Mr. Mayer; I suppose you have come for those fifty francs," I said to a clerk who came to my door. "I have a check for you for a sum of fifty francs, and I have a check for you for a sum of fifty francs, and I have a check for you for a sum of fifty francs."

"Yes, sir, your cousin's mourning. Dark bronze for morning wear, black trousers and waistcoat."

"At the present moment, Mr. Mayer—" "I hope, sir, I have done nothing to forfeit your patronage."

"But I repeat, I have received no money at all."

"I hope, sir, you won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," exclaimed the tailor, who, I thought, was himself in taking my measure with slips of paper.

After all, my wardrobe did need some additions, and I said nothing more.

"My dear sir," said the next visitor, "I have a very great favor to request of you. Buy my house. You are very rich; you must be on the lookout for safe and lucrative investments. Sixty thousand francs are nothing for you—a mere fraction of your income. With me the case is different. I thought I would buy a house, and I have purchased the premises, and now I hear he has changed his intention. What is to become of me? I have a heavy demand to meet, and I don't know where the money is to come from."

"I buy your house? Why it would be madness to think of anything."

"Madness! no such thing," I could not find a better investment anywhere. In two years, with trifling repairs, it will be worth double its present value. You will never see such a good opportunity again. Say done, and I'll do it."

"I had my eye off, without leaving me time to go in a word."

"Two hours after I walked Mr. Felix, evidently not in the best of tempers. "I hope, sir, you won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," exclaimed the tailor, who, I thought, was himself in taking my measure with slips of paper.

"I had my eye off, without leaving me time to go in a word."

"Two hours after I walked Mr. Felix, evidently not in the best of tempers. "I hope, sir, you won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," exclaimed the tailor, who, I thought, was himself in taking my measure with slips of paper.

"I had my eye off, without leaving me time to go in a word."

"Two hours after I walked Mr. Felix, evidently not in the best of tempers. "I hope, sir, you won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," exclaimed the tailor, who, I thought, was himself in taking my measure with slips of paper.

"I had my eye off, without leaving me time to go in a word."

"Two hours after I walked Mr. Felix, evidently not in the best of tempers. "I hope, sir, you won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," exclaimed the tailor, who, I thought, was himself in taking my measure with slips of paper.

"I had my eye off, without leaving me time to go in a word."

"Two hours after I walked Mr. Felix, evidently not in the best of tempers. "I hope, sir, you won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," exclaimed the tailor, who, I thought, was himself in taking my measure with slips of paper.

HOW I MADE MY FORTUNE.

Three of us were sitting in a small room and contemplating the hardships of our destiny.

"Without money one can do nothing," said George; "were I to hit upon a speculation that would have done honor to a Rothschild, coming from a pauper like myself, no one would think it worth attending to."

"I," said Albert, "have actually finished a work which would establish my reputation as an author if I could find a book-seller to buy it."

"I have petitioned my employer for an increase of salary," exclaimed, anxious to contribute to the chorus of lamentation, "and he told me that for forty years he could get more clerks than he wanted."

"It would not do such matter," said George, thoughtfully, "if, besides being poor, we did not seem poor. Could one of us only be thought rich—"

"What is the shadow of the shadow without the substance?" I asked.

"Of every use," said Albert, "I agree with George; the shadow sometimes makes the substance. The next best thing to capital is credit."

"Certainly," returned George, "the credit of having a good fortune. Have none of us a rich uncle in India?"

"A cousin of mine went to Jamaica or Martinique, I forgot which," I said, innocently, "and he never came back."

"Capital! That is all we require," exclaimed George. "We will secure up our cousin of yours, or could we not kill him? Yes; James Moran, of Martinique, deceased, leaving a fortune of a hundred thousand francs, and a young, well-to-do, handsome son, his only child, his beloved cousin, Louis Moran."

We laughed at the joke, and I thought no more of it; but George and Albert, slightly excited by the fumes of a bowl of punch which I had sent for to do honor to the testator, lost no time in concocting, and afterwards publishing, a sensational local newspaper of the fortune that had been left me.

The next day sundry friends dropped in to congratulate me. "You are certainly not a uneduced fellow, but they would not take a denial. In vain I assured them it was a hoax; it was of no use. Several people requested my cousin's name, and I had seen him at Nantes before he embarked in 1874. Among others came my tailor, to whom I had given a note, which was very convenient for me to pay at that moment. No doubt the rumor of my cousin's decease had sharpened his memory. I wished my two friends at a place that should be nameless."

"Good-morning, Mr. Mayer; I suppose you have come for those fifty francs," I said to a clerk who came to my door. "I have a check for you for a sum of fifty francs, and I have a check for you for a sum of fifty francs, and I have a check for you for a sum of fifty francs."

"Yes, sir, your cousin's mourning. Dark bronze for morning wear, black trousers and waistcoat."

"At the present moment, Mr. Mayer—" "I hope, sir, I have done nothing to forfeit your patronage."

"But I repeat, I have received no money at all."

"I hope, sir, you won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," exclaimed the tailor, who, I thought, was himself in taking my measure with slips of paper.

After all, my wardrobe did need some additions, and I said nothing more.

"My dear sir," said the next visitor, "I have a very great favor to request of you. Buy my house. You are very rich; you must be on the lookout for safe and lucrative investments. Sixty thousand francs are nothing for you—a mere fraction of your income. With me the case is different. I thought I would buy a house, and I have purchased the premises, and now I hear he has changed his intention. What is to become of me? I have a heavy demand to meet, and I don't know where the money is to come from."

"I buy your house? Why it would be madness to think of anything."

"Madness! no such thing," I could not find a better investment anywhere. In two years, with trifling repairs, it will be worth double its present value. You will never see such a good opportunity again. Say done, and I'll do it."

"I had my eye off, without leaving me time to go in a word."

"Two hours after I walked Mr. Felix, evidently not in the best of tempers. "I hope, sir, you won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," exclaimed the tailor, who, I thought, was himself in taking my measure with slips of paper.

"I had my eye off, without leaving me time to go in a word."

"Two hours after I walked Mr. Felix, evidently not in the best of tempers. "I hope, sir, you won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," exclaimed the tailor, who, I thought, was himself in taking my measure with slips of paper.

"I had my eye off, without leaving me time to go in a word."

"Two hours after I walked Mr. Felix, evidently not in the best of tempers. "I hope, sir, you won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," exclaimed the tailor, who, I thought, was himself in taking my measure with slips of paper.

"I had my eye off, without leaving me time to go in a word."

"Two hours after I walked Mr. Felix, evidently not in the best of tempers. "I hope, sir, you won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," exclaimed the tailor, who, I thought, was himself in taking my measure with slips of paper.

"I had my eye off, without leaving me time to go in a word."

"Two hours after I walked Mr. Felix, evidently not in the best of tempers. "I hope, sir, you won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," exclaimed the tailor, who, I thought, was himself in taking my measure with slips of paper.

HOW I MADE MY FORTUNE.

Three of us were sitting in a small room and contemplating the hardships of our destiny.

"Without money one can do nothing," said George; "were I to hit upon a speculation that would have done honor to a Rothschild, coming from a pauper like myself, no one would think it worth attending to."

"I," said Albert, "have actually finished a work which would establish my reputation as an author if I could find a book-seller to buy it."

"I have petitioned my employer for an increase of salary," exclaimed, anxious to contribute to the chorus of lamentation, "and he told me that for forty years he could get more clerks than he wanted."

"It would not do such matter," said George, thoughtfully, "if, besides being poor, we did not seem poor. Could one of us only be thought rich—"

"What is the shadow of the shadow without the substance?" I asked.

"Of every use," said Albert, "I agree with George; the shadow sometimes makes the substance. The next best thing to capital is credit."

"Certainly," returned George, "the credit of having a good fortune. Have none of us a rich uncle in India?"

"A cousin of mine went to Jamaica or Martinique, I forgot which," I said, innocently, "and he never came back."

"Capital! That is all we require," exclaimed George. "We will secure up our cousin of yours, or could we not kill him? Yes; James Moran, of Martinique, deceased, leaving a fortune of a hundred thousand francs, and a young, well-to-do, handsome son, his only child, his beloved cousin, Louis Moran."

We laughed at the joke, and I thought no more of it; but George and Albert, slightly excited by the fumes of a bowl of punch which I had sent for to do honor to the testator, lost no time in concocting, and afterwards publishing, a sensational local newspaper of the fortune that had been left me.

The next day sundry friends dropped in to congratulate me. "You are certainly not a uneduced fellow, but they would not take a denial. In vain I assured them it was a hoax; it was of no use. Several people requested my cousin's name, and I had seen him at Nantes before he embarked in 1874. Among others came my tailor, to whom I had given a note, which was very convenient for me to pay at that moment. No doubt the rumor of my cousin's decease had sharpened his memory. I wished my two friends at a place that should be nameless."

"Good-morning, Mr. Mayer; I suppose you have come for those fifty francs," I said to a clerk who came to my door. "I have a check for you for a sum of fifty francs, and I have a check for you for a sum of fifty francs, and I have a check for you for a sum of fifty francs."

"Yes, sir, your cousin's mourning. Dark bronze for morning wear, black trousers and waistcoat."

"At the present moment, Mr. Mayer—" "I hope, sir, I have done nothing to forfeit your patronage."

"But I repeat, I have received no money at all."

"I hope, sir, you won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," exclaimed the tailor, who, I thought, was himself in taking my measure with slips of paper.

After all, my wardrobe did need some additions, and I said nothing more.

"My dear sir," said the next visitor, "I have a very great favor to request of you. Buy my house. You are very rich; you must be on the lookout for safe and lucrative investments. Sixty thousand francs are nothing for you—a mere fraction of your income. With me the case is different. I thought I would buy a house, and I have purchased the premises, and now I hear he has changed his intention. What is to become of me? I have a heavy demand to meet, and I don't know where the money is to come from."

"I buy your house? Why it would be madness to think of anything."

"Madness! no such thing," I could not find a better investment anywhere. In two years, with trifling repairs, it will be worth double its present value. You will never see such a good opportunity again. Say done, and I'll do it."

"I had my eye off, without leaving me time to go in a word."

"Two hours after I walked Mr. Felix, evidently not in the best of tempers. "I hope, sir, you won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," exclaimed the tailor, who, I thought, was himself in taking my measure with slips of paper.

"I had my eye off, without leaving me time to go in a word."

"Two hours after I walked Mr. Felix, evidently not in the best of tempers. "I hope, sir, you won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," exclaimed the tailor, who, I thought, was himself in taking my measure with slips of paper.

"I had my eye off, without leaving me time to go in a word."

"Two hours after I walked Mr. Felix, evidently not in the best of tempers. "I hope, sir, you won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," exclaimed the tailor, who, I thought, was himself in taking my measure with slips of paper.

"I had my eye off, without leaving me time to go in a word."

"Two hours after I walked Mr. Felix, evidently not in the best of tempers. "I hope, sir, you won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," exclaimed the tailor, who, I thought, was himself in taking my measure with slips of paper.

"I had my eye off, without leaving me time to go in a word."

"Two hours after I walked Mr. Felix, evidently not in the best of tempers. "I hope, sir, you won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," exclaimed the tailor, who, I thought, was himself in taking my measure with slips of paper.

HOW I MADE MY FORTUNE.

Three of us were sitting in a small room and contemplating the hardships of our destiny.

"Without money one can do nothing," said George; "were I to hit upon a speculation that would have done honor to a Rothschild, coming from a pauper like myself, no one would think it worth attending to."

"I," said Albert, "have actually finished a work which would establish my reputation as an author if I could find a book-seller to buy it."

"I have petitioned my employer for an increase of salary," exclaimed, anxious to contribute to the chorus of lamentation, "and he told me that for forty years he could get more clerks than he wanted."

"It would not do such matter," said George, thoughtfully, "if, besides being poor, we did not seem poor. Could one of us only be thought rich—"

"What is the shadow of the shadow without the substance?" I asked.

"Of every use," said Albert, "I agree with George; the shadow sometimes makes the substance. The next best thing to capital is credit."

"Certainly," returned George, "the credit of having a good fortune. Have none of us a rich uncle in India?"

"A cousin of mine went to Jamaica or Martinique, I forgot which," I said, innocently, "and he never came back."

"Capital! That is all we require," exclaimed George. "We will secure up our cousin of yours, or could we not kill him? Yes; James Moran, of Martinique, deceased, leaving a fortune of a hundred thousand francs, and a young, well-to-do, handsome son, his only child, his beloved cousin, Louis Moran."

We laughed at the joke, and I thought no more of it; but George and Albert, slightly excited by the fumes of a bowl of punch which I had sent for to do honor to the testator, lost no time in concocting, and afterwards publishing, a sensational local newspaper of the fortune that had been left me.

The next day sundry friends dropped in to congratulate me. "You are certainly not a uneduced fellow, but they would not take a denial. In vain I assured them it was a hoax; it was of no use. Several people requested my cousin's name, and I had seen him at Nantes before he embarked in 1874. Among others came my tailor, to whom I had given a note, which was very convenient for me to pay at that moment. No doubt the rumor of my cousin's decease had sharpened his memory. I wished my two friends at a place that should be nameless."

"Good-morning, Mr.