

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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NUMBER 45.

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
January 24, 1867.

JOHN PENLON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Bank. [Jan 24]

GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]

P. TIERNEY, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]

JOHNSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Court House. [Jan 24]

JAMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law, Carrolltown, Cambria county, Pa.
Architectural Drawings and Specifications made. [Jan 24]

A. SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Particular attention paid to collections. Office one door east of Lloyd & Co.'s Banking House. [Jan 24]

SAMUEL SINGLETON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. Will practice in the Courts of Cambria and adjoining counties. Attends also to the collection of claims of soldiers against the Government. [Jan 24]

GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa. Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty, and all Military Claims collected. Real Estate bought and sold, and payment of Taxes attended to. Book Accounts, Notes, Due Bills, Judgments, &c., collected. Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Letters of Attorney, Bonds, neatly written, and all legal business carefully attended to. Pensions increased, and Equalized Bounty collected. [Jan 24]

DEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Summit, Pa. Office east of Mansion House, on Railroad street. Night calls promptly attended to at his office. [May 23]

DR. DE WITT ZEGLER—Having permanently located in Ebensburg, offers his professional services to the citizens of town and vicinity. Teeth extracted, without pain, with Nitrous Oxide, or Laughing Gas. Rooms over K. R. Thomas' store, High street. [Sep 19]

DENTISTRY.—The undersigned, Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg. He has spared no means to thoroughly acquaint himself with every improvement in his art. To many years of personal experience, he has sought to add the imparted experience of the highest authorities in Dental Science. He simply asks that an opportunity may be given for his work to speak its own praise. SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S. References: Prof. C. A. Harris; T. E. Bond; J. W. R. Handy; A. A. Blandy; P. H. Aunderson, of the Baltimore College. Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth Monday of each month, to stay one week. January 24, 1867.

LOYD & CO., Bankers.—EBENSBURG, PA. Gold, Silver, Government Loans and other Securities bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made on all accessible points in the United States, and a General Banking Business transacted. January 24, 1867.

W. M. LLOYD & Co., Bankers.—ALTOONA, PA. Drafts on the principal cities, and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Money received on deposit, payable on demand, without interest, or upon time, with interest at our rates. JOHN LLOYD, Cashier. [Jan 24]

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF ALTOONA. GOVERNMENT AGENCY, AND DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES. Corner Virginia and Annie sts., North Ward, Altoona, Pa. AUTHORIZED CAPITAL.....\$300,000 00 CASH CAPITAL PAID IN.....150,000 00 All business pertaining to Banking done on favorable terms. Internal Revenue Stamps of all denominations always on hand. To purchasers of Stamps, percentage, in stamps, will be allowed, as follows: \$50 to \$100, 2 per cent.; \$100 to \$200, 3 per cent. \$200 and upwards, 4 per cent. [Jan 24]

DEES J. LLOYD, Successor of R. S. Dunn, Dealer in PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, AND DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMERY AND FANCY ARTICLES, PURE WINES AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c. Also: Letter, Cap, and Note Papers, Pens, Pencils, Superior Ink, And other articles kept by Druggists generally. Office on Main street, opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]

BRIDGE STILES, EBENSBURG, PA., Manufacturer of Barrels, Kegs, Tubs, and Wooden-ware generally. Meats stands and Boat stands on hand and for sale. Orders from a distance promptly attended to. [Nov. 7, 1867-8m]

SAMUEL SINGLETON, Notary Public, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. [Jan 24]

The Lotus Planter.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

A Brahmin on a lotus pod
Once wrote the holy name of God.
Then, planting it, he asked in prayer
For some new fruit, unknown and fair.
A slave near by, who bore a load,
Fell fainting on the dusty road.
The Brahmin, pitying, straightway ran
And lifted up the fallen man.
The deed scarce done, he looked aghast
At touching one beneath his caste.
"Behold!" he cried, "I stand unclean;
My hands have clasped the vile and mean!"
God saw the shadow on his face,
And wrought a miracle of grace.
The buried seed arose from death,
And bloomed and fruited at His breath.
The stalk bore up a leaf of green,
Whereon these mystic words were seen:
First count all men of equal caste,
Then count thyself the least and last.
The Brahmin, with bewildered brain,
Beheld the will of God writ plain!
Transfigured in a sudden light,
The slave stood sacred in his sight.
Thenceforth within the Brahmin's mind
Abode good will to all mankind.

"BETWEEN THE ACTS."

"What a glorious creature!"
We were at the Haymarket, in London.
Titens was playing "Norma," as no other
living woman can play it; but the curtain
had fallen between the acts, and, with a
long-drawn breath, people began to look
around.
I had expected to be in Winchester
that evening; but walking down Piccadilly,
in the morning, I had met my old
class-mate, Charlie Neville, who had bidden
me good-by in Paris, a month before,
on his way to America. He saw my surprise,
and putting his arm within mine,
proceeded to explain.
"The fact is, Hal," he said, "I'm
the victim of one of those horrid match-making
plots, which even the best of women
will indulge in. Now, there's my sister
Ellen, a sweeter creature never breathed,
but she's taken it into her head that her
husband's niece, a raw chit, I'm told, just
from boarding-school, is the very girl for
me to marry. 'Our mutual fortunes,' she
writes, 'are precisely what they ought to be;
and Clara has the sweetest of tempers,
is heart-free, has heard a great deal
of me; and all such jargon. Pshaw! it
is enough to disgust one with matrimony
altogether. But the long and the short
of it is, that Miss Clara is to spend the
summer at Newport with my sister, and
that they look for me to spend it there,
too. Do they think I am going to walk
into their trap? I was on my way home,
and I only wish I could fall head over
ears in love with some pretty English girl,
so as to have an excuse for never returning
at all. What are your plans? Going
to make a tour through England, this fine
weather. Well, dine with me to-day, and
go to the opera, and then I'm your man
for a couple of months, or longer."
Thus it was that I came to be at the
Haymarket that night, and to hear the
exclamation with which I have begun my
story.

Charlie, as he spoke, had significantly
glanced up at a box in the dress circle.
I looked, too, and did not wonder at his
enthusiasm. There were three women
there, all lovely, and one of them pre-
eminently so.
"I wonder who she is," continued Charlie,
in a whisper. "By Jove! that's a girl
to love!"
Just then, a young guardsman, who sat
next to us, turned around, and I recognized
Capt. Coldstream, whom I had met at
several fashionable houses during the past
two months. He saw, directly, what had
attracted my curiosity.
"Lovely girls, aren't they?" he said,
dropping his eye-glass. "The youngest,
Lady Louisa, is a regular charmer. She
is just out. The family are late in com-
ing up to town, delayed, I believe, by
sickness. Ah! Lady Emily recognizes me;
I must pay my respects."
"But who are they?" I asked, as he
rose to go.
"I thought I told you. The Ladies
Vavasour, daughter of Earl Vavasour;
came in with the Conquest, and all that
sort of thing, you know."
I believe Charlie did little else for the
rest of that evening but steal glances at
the Vavasour box. I am sure he heard
very little of the music. Even the last
scene, which absorbed everybody else,
failed to interest him.
All the way to Windsor, the next day,
Charlie talked of the Lady Louisa. At
Windsor it was the same thing. I be-
gan to think we had better give up our
excursion and return to London, for we
had invitations to several houses where I
was sure we should meet the Vavasours;
and Charlie was desperately in love.
Of all detestable inns, the "White
Hart," at Salisbury, is the most detestable.
But tourists, who would see the
beautiful cathedral there, or visit the fa-

mous Druidical ruins at Stonehenge, are
compelled to put up with its inconveni-
ences, because, after all, it is the best in the
place. We had great difficulty in hiring
even a proper vehicle to convey us to
Stonehenge, and were forced finally to
take a huge, clumsy wagonet, which is a
peculiarly English invention, a sort of
omnibus without a top.
We drove for miles over the dreariest
plain in the world, without seeing a house
or a human being, and had just caught
sight of the mighty stones of the old
Druidical temple ahead, when it began to
rain. It was a fine, drizzly rain, that soon
shut out everything from view, except ob-
jects close at hand. Suddenly there
loomed through the mist a carriage. In
another moment we were by its side. It
was stationary, having broken down. The
driver, and a man-servant out of livery,
stood stupidly regarding the shattered
wheel, while a lady looked out of either
window.

"We must give up Stonehenge," said
Charlie, "and take those ladies back to
Salisbury."

"Certainly," I answered.
By this time we had alighted. What
was my surprise to recognize in two of
the ladies, Lady Emily and Lady Louisa
Vavasour! There was a third, who was
older, and was evidently their mother.—
Charlie had advanced, hat off, to the door,
to offer our assistance; but when he saw
the Lady Louisa, he colored to the tem-
ples, and was so embarrassed that I had to
come to his relief.

The countess was profuse in her thanks.
She alighted at once.
"We had expected to wait here, in the
rain, till the coachman could ride one of
the horses into Salisbury," she said, "and
that, you know, would have taken hours.
Come, girls. If I am not mistaken," she
added, addressing me, "you are American."

I bowed assent.
"I should have guessed as much, even
if I had not known you. You look sur-
prised. But Capt. Coldstream, at the
opera, mentioned you to us the other
night. And nobody but an American,"
she continued, with a charming smile,
"would have offered aid so graciously.—
I am ashamed to say it, but our English-
men, generally, are the most selfish, the
worst bred of all travelers; while you
Americans are exactly the reverse."

This was very pleasant, and put me in
quite a good humor with myself, and with
the countess also. Carefully arranged a
seat for her; Charlie brought up her two
daughters; and what with umbrellas and
wraps, without which nobody ever travels
in England, our party was soon quite
comfortable. The man-servant jumped
up on the box, the driver turned the heads
of his horses, and we were off for Salis-
bury, leaving the other coachman to get
home, with his broken carriage, the best
way he could.

"We were only in London a few days,"
said the countess, resuming the conversa-
tion. "We are on our way to the Isle of
Wight, for the health of my other daugh-
ter, whom we have left at the hotel.—
Emily," and she turned to the oldest of
the two girls, "these are the American
friends of Capt. Coldstream."

The countess and I kept up a brisk
conversation all the way to Salisbury, in
which the Lady Emily occasionally joined.
Charlie had managed to get along-
side of the Lady Louisa, whom he monopo-
lized as much as possible; and to judge
from the lively way they were going on,
he had quite recovered from his embar-
rassment. Few men could make them-
selves as agreeable as Charlie; he was one
of the best talkers I ever knew.

"This is a dismal place at best," said
the countess; "the worst inn in a cathed-
ral town in all England; and I fear you
gentlemen are not too well accommodated."
We arrived here before you, yesterday,
I find, and secured the only tolerable parlor
left. It is quite a barn, but better than
the coffee-room, which looks absolutely
intolerable. Do dine with us!"

We were only too glad to accept the
invitation. I had already discovered that
the Vavasours knew a great many people
that we knew; indeed, the second son of
the countess had been in America, and
both Charlie and I had met him. So we
were at once on comparatively intimate
terms.

The next day we devoted to the cathed-
ral, and to a drive to Wilton House.—
On both occasions I attended the coun-
tess, while Charlie devoted himself to the
girls. But he managed, more than once,
to get the Lady Louisa for half an hour
to himself, leaving me to entertain the
Lady Emily and her mother. I must
confess I abetted him in this maneuver.
I said to myself, "Charlie is better-looking
than any London swell, and quite as rich
as most of them—why shouldn't he go in
and win if he can?"

And it began to look as if he could. If
he had fallen in love at first sight, I was
not so sure but that the Lady Louisa had
done it, too. At any rate, I was resolved
to give Charlie a chance, whenever I
could. The countess did not seem to sus-
pect the state of affairs. But once or
twice I thought the Lady Emily did.—
Be this as it may, she was too loyal to
betray her sister, or even to interfere.
It was a moonlight evening; so, an
hour or two after dinner, I proposed a

stroll in the Cathedral Close. The coun-
tess assented, and we set forth. At first
Charlie had the two girls. But when he
had walked slowly around the gray, old
pile, and stood looking up at the lofty
spire till we were nearly dizzy, I turned
to the Lady Emily, and called her atten-
tion to some details of the north porch.
I think she understood my motive, for
she immediately took my arm, and for the
rest of the evening Charlie had her sister
to himself. We were to part in the mor-
ning, they to go to the Isle of Wight, and
we to go to Chichester and Arundel.

The countess had insisted that we should
breakfast together on the last morning.
The ladies appeared in traveling costume;
and the Lady Louisa in a most bewitching
and feather. She looked, I thought, con-
scious through the entire meal. Her
eyes hardly ever ventured to meet those
of Charlie. On his part, Charlie also
was embarrassed, but less so than the La-
dy Louisa. Evidently he had determi-
ned, if an opportunity offered, to put all
on "the hazard of a die."

The opportunity came. The man-ser-
vant of the countess entered and asked
her a question in a low voice. It was
probably something in relation to her bill,
for she looked significantly at her elder
daughter, and the two withdrew to the
other end of the vast apartment, where
they conversed in a low tone. Charlie,
not minding me, seized the chance.

"Her Ladyship was so good as to ask
us to call on her in London," he said to
his fair companion, and his voice, notwith-
standing his effort to appear calm, trem-
bled. "May I hope that the invitation
is yours also, Lady Louisa?"
The color rushed over the fair girl's
cheek and brow. She tried to speak,
failed, blushed deeper than ever, and
then, with a great effort, went on. But
she spoke so low she could hardly be
heard.

"But I am not the Lady Louisa."
"Not Lady Louisa?"
"No. I am an American."

Her eyes were downcast; she was fum-
bling with her watch-chain.
"An American!"
"Yes. But I thought you knew. I
ought, perhaps, to have explained before.
But somehow—indeed, it was no inten-
tional deception—don't you really know
me?"

"Know you?" More bewildered than
ever.
"Yes! I'm Clara Vernon!"
I rose hastily. This was a denouement
I had not looked for; and a third party
was altogether in the way. How would
Charlie take it? How did it all come
about?

Charlie took it very well. A minute
after, I heard them laughing together.
Then came explanations, of which I
was told in due course. While Charlie
was staying in England, in order to avoid
Clara, she, with an equal horror of match-
making, had run away from Newport to
avoid meeting him. She had a uncle
living in London—and thither she had
fled. He owned a place in the country
next to the Vavasours, and thus she had
become intimate with that family, and was
now traveling with them.

Capt. Coldstream's mistake was a natu-
ral one. He had heard much of the La-
dy Louisa, but never seen her, supposed she
was out, and had fancied Clara must be
she. If he had returned to his stall, he
would have told us of his error.

To make a long story short, the Vava-
sours and we did not part company, but
went together to the Isle of Wight. "I
thought all the time," said the countess,
"that your friend knew Miss Vernon. I
never heard him call her Lady Louisa.
We were her confidants, for Clara told us
why, silly thing! she had come to Eng-
land. But 'all's well that ends well'—isn't
it?"

Charlie and Clara were married that
very autumn, her uncle giving her away,
and the Ladies Vavasour acting as brides-
maids. The ceremony took place, "more
majorem," as the old Romans used to say;
that is, at St. George's, Hanover Square,
in the very odor of fashionable sanctity.

Note of this, you see, was part of the
play, as either Charlie or Clara had planned
it. It came about, so to speak, "Be-
tween the Acts."
SOME time ago the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon
preached a sermon on the text—"And
Mary Wept." In the midst of a stream
of earnest eloquence that drew tears from
many of those present, in describing
the character of the tears shed by Mary
over the feet of Jesus, he broke suddenly
off, and turning to his congregation, ex-
claimed: "The tears which Mary shed
were not such tears as many of you pour
out when you come to this altar. They
came from her heart—they were tears of
bliss—and not the poor stuff that you pre-
sent as an offering to an offended God."
Then, leaning over the pulpit, and look-
ing earnestly in the sea of upturned faces,
he exclaimed: "There are some of you
for whose tears I would not give a far-
thing a quart!"

"SAM," said one little urchin to another,
"does your schoolmaster ever give you
any reward of merit?" "I suppose he
does," was the reply; "he gives me a
lickin' regular, every day, and says I merit
two."

The Poor House.

MUNSTER, Nov. 18, 1867.

R. L. JOHNSTON, Esq.—Dear Sir: I
propose, with your kind permission,
through the columns of your paper, to say
a few words concerning the treatment
which I have received lately at the hands
of the Directors of the Poor of Cambria
county. On the 29th of September last
the Board of Directors met at the Poor
House and appointed me Steward of that
institution. Since the House has been
opened the appointment of officers was
always made at the September meeting.
Well, on Monday, Oct. 28th, the Board
met at the Poor House, and after reading
the minutes of the previous meeting, Mr.
Byrne said: "I move to set these appoint-
ments aside." Mr. Thomas: "I second
the motion." Now these men had a legal
right to do this, and I have the same right
to deal with them just as with little cer-
emony. I shall do so *ad seriatim*.

Mr. Byrne, who proposed this outrage,
is the same person who was elected to his
office in reward for his services in Canada
during the late war. This may be ex-
cused, being the effect of a constitutional
defect for which a man is not strictly ac-
countable. But there is a moral cowardice
which neither the laws of God or man
will excuse, which deters men from per-
forming their sworn duties when there is
danger of giving offence to some one to
whom they owe some little political favor,
which strikes down the integrity of men
when opportunity offers to profit by dis-
honest gain.

A great deal has been lately said by
Mr. Byrne's friends in Ebensburg about
his honesty. Is he an honest man, or is
he the moral coward above described?
Let us see. He was elected ostensibly to
put things right about the Poor House.
Very well. He was scarcely warm in his
place of honor until, at his instance, a
visit was made by the entire Board to
Johnstown. On this occasion all expen-
ses were paid by the county. The party
went upon a regular spree. They did,
I believe, hire a Doctor—nothing more.
Mr. Byrne came next day to the Poor
House and coolly issued an order in his
own favor for the sum of ten dollars—a
small sum, but the principle is the thing.

An arrangement was made to meet again
during the next week, at least Byrne said
so. One evening during the ensuing week
he arrived at the Poor House and ordered
out the team to go to the Station to meet
some friends, as he said. The friends ar-
rived, and after spending the night, one of
them presented a bill to the Board for
something over forty dollars. An officer
of the House took Mr. Byrne out of the
office, and told him he did not believe
the bill was just, and warned him not to
pay it. "Oh?" says Mr. Byrne, "don't be
uneasy, I will never sign it." Mr. Byrne
and the person who presented the bill
then started together to town. What
passed on the way is known only to them-
selves, but before many days Mr. Byrne
returned to the Poor House and signed an
order for the bill, without inquiry. His
moral cowardice was further displayed by
his absenting himself from the regular
meetings of the Board, in August and
September, thus neglecting duties which
he had sworn to perform.

His attendance, I am informed, has
since been ample. At whose command he
thus evaded his sworn duties, you, sir,
well know. In the face of these charges,
which I dare Mr. Byrne to deny (if he
denies them access to the books of the Poor
House, if refused will be enforced,) will he
continue to occupy the office which he has
thus disgraced? If he does, he exhibits
a degree of moral turpitude of which
political depravity exhibits few parallels.
Had one such charge been made against
me, and substantiated as the above can be,
I would have quietly wiled under the
indignity which has been perpetrated upon
me, and would have been perpetually si-
lent. On the contrary, no pretext what-
ever was offered for this high-handed act.
"Twas not even alleged that my family
was large, expensive and idle; neither
was it asserted that I was a gambler, in-
temperate or lazy. But when it was sug-
gested that this proceeding might be the
subject of political scandal, being as it
was a family arrangement, Mr. Thomas
answered "We're a' goin' to do it." It might
have been urged that I was not a resident
of Ebensburg, nor the incumbent of a
good county office, nor the willing tool
of a set of politicians. But these statesmen
appear to have overlooked all these things
in their vigorous pursuit of a favorite family
object. "This accomplished. For the
present I have done with Mr. Byrne. Let
him answer if he dare. Mr. Thomas may,
but the entire Board, high and mighty as they
are, will find that before the bar of public
opinion they shall come and answer for
their official doings." A. D. CRISTE.

THOS. K. BRECHER, the eccentric cler-
gyman of Elmira, holds forth in a column
of the Elmira Advertiser every week, say-
ing many things sharp and quaint. Two
weeks ago he got off the following:
"The less a man knows, and more li-
quor he drinks, the more determined he is
to make this a white man's government."
That strikes us as being one of the home
truths of the age in which we live.

A New Story of Mr. Lincoln.

Times were gloomy then at Washington.
The army was intrenching or entrenched
—burning to advance, but held back alter-
nately by its leader and the autumnal rains,
and little substantial advantage had been
gained. The men were suffering greatly
from low fevers and chronic dysentery,
and its unsatisfactory conduct impaired
confidence. As we sat in silence, partaking
of the general gloom, Abraham Lincoln,
the emancipator, the honest patriot, the
Christ-like man, entered. His brow was
deeply furrowed, his face oppressively sad,
his form slightly bowed, and his steps
feeble. He seemed to be literally stagger-
ing under a nation's burden, and we sur-
mised had just left a perplexed and de-
pressed meeting of the Cabinet. As we
rose to greet him, he shook each one's
hand, with his awkward but touching
cordiality, as Mr. Olmstead introduced us
one by one. When he took his seat, Mr.
Olmstead remarked we were a company
of women, representing the patriotic benevo-
lence of various sections of the country,
and had come to pay our best respects to
our honored chief magistrate, and receive
words of encouragement from him that
would stimulate home effort. His face
did not relax, and a pause ensued. He
then said: "Ladies, no one has the inter-
est of the army more at heart than I have.
I always rejoice to know that they are
remembered and cherished; still, great
care must be taken not to tangle the lines
of the big team. You know, when a coach-
and-six runs off down hill, 'tis a desperate
struggle to stop it; still one hand must
hold the reins." We said we were well
aware of that; and were happy to say we
represented an organization that depre-
cated any interference with government.
We afterwards learned that so great had
been the fears of intermeddling entertained
by the Medical Bureau, that even our good
President had imbibed the doubt, which
was afterwards dispelled. After this wise
caution he proceeded to talk most kindly
of the humanity, energy and perseverance
of good women all the world over. I said,
"Mr. President, have you not an encourag-
ing word as to our country's prospects
that we may take back to the Northwest?
A token from you would inspire the peo-
ple." With the sadness deepening on
his worn face he replied, "What if I have
none to give?" A silence that might be
felt followed these ominous words. A
lady of the delegation broke the stillness
by asking: "Mr. President, what is the
most fruitful source of discouragement?"
The President replied, "Desertion."—
"And what is the penalty of desertion?"
"Death!" he answered. "Why not en-
force it?" "Why not enforce it?" He
hesitated, looked weary, and with the sim-
plicity of a child said: "I don't like to!
I can't."

IT DIDN'T AFFECT HIM.—Not long
ago, a politician entered the private office
of the editor of the New York Tribune,
in a great state of indignation at some
article which Greeley had written. H. G.
was sitting at his desk, scratching away,
and, though violently acoeted, never
looked up. The irate politician roared
out, "Horace Greeley, I charge you with
betraying the best interests of your party.
You are a secret foe to radicalism. You
do us more harm than you do us good.—
Confound it, if you'd go over to the Democ-
rats, body and soul, it would be the best
thing you could do. You stay with the
Republicans, and stab them in the dark.
You are the worst enemy radicalism ever
had in this country. I once thought you
honest, though I knew you to be a fool.
Now, I'll swear you are a scoundrel and
an idiot!" Here he paused for want of
breath, expecting H. G. to make some de-
fense, or at least reply to the ferocious
charges. But he was disappointed. The
veteran journalist remained at his desk
apparently unconcerned, and kept on writ-
ing at his editorial. The politician at-
tempted to give vent to another burst
of indignation, but was so mad that he could
not speak, and after a sputter of epithets,
he hurried to the door. The philosopher
then lifted his head for the first time, and
called out in his high, shrill voice, "Don't
go off in that way, my friend. Come back
and relieve your mind!"

SOME curious statistics have been col-
lected illustrating the risks of mercantile
life, from which it appears that in a single
department—that of dry goods—the
average rate of success within the last fifty
years has been as follows: Ninety mer-
chants in every hundred have failed; five
in every hundred have made a living and
saved money, and one in a hundred has
made a fortune. It will thus be seen that
the path to ultimate success in this direc-
tion is extremely hazardous.

The original cost of the capitol at
Washington was \$1,400,000. The addi-
tions to the building, now nearly com-
pleted, will cost \$12,000,000 more.

Five hundred and ten miles of the
Union Pacific Railroad are now open, and
the cars are running from Omaha to
Cheyenne.

A QUICK way to make a fortune is to
marry a fashionable young lady and then
sell her clothes.

The population of Ireland has decreas-
ed nearly one million in fifteen years.