PART TWO.

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HARD TIMES PRODUCED

Spot Cash

Everything being cheaper, we are selling a Ten-Cent Cigar for just half the money, 5 cents. TRY IT. Read the indorsements of the following leading tobacconists and druggists of SPOT CASH Cigars:

POMEROY, DRUGGIST, 50 North Pennsylvania, Op. Postoffice.
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I consider the "SPOT CASH" Cigar first class in every respect. Look at my window for my indorsement.
Respectfully,
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J. N. HURTY, PHARMACIST, Indianapolis, Ind.
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The "SPOT CASH" is certainly a high grade Five-Cent Cigar. It's a good "seller." Respectfully,
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"You are looking for the best of it" we know, and it is hardly worth while to say, "Try SPOT CASH."

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SHIPS OF THE DESERT

Drove of Camels That Run Wild on the Arizona Sand Tracks.

How They Come to Be There and What Has Happened to the Ugly Beasts Near the Mining Camps.

Dan de Quille, in San Francisco Chronicle.

The camels now running wild in Arizona are the descendants of a small herd originally imported for use in the State of Nevada. In the early days of mining on the Comstock, long before there were any railroads in the Great Basin region, it was thought that camels might be profitably used about the mines, particularly in packing across the surrounding deserts, and twelve "ships of the desert" were accordingly purchased and brought to Virginia City. They were wanted for use in packing salt from the Salt Springs salt marsh to the Comstock reduction works. This salt deposit lies far out in a desert region, and to reach it many waterless stretches of sand and alkali had to be traversed.

The camels were able to cross all the deserts in perfect comfort, carrying heavy loads of salt and finding means of subsistence in the prickly and bitter plants and shrubs everywhere to be found in abundance. In short, the animals did as good work here in our deserts as they are able to do in any country in the world, but they were too slow. The camel may be fast enough for an Arab, but he is too slow for an American.

When the occupation of the camels as packers of salt was gone they were sold to some Mexican, who used them for a time in packing wood down out of the mountains. The Mexicans took them up rocky trails into the rugged hills and used them the same as they use a mule—unmercifully. They soon killed three of the wretched beasts and would have killed the remainder had not a Frenchman, who owned a big ranch on the Carson river, below Dayton, taken pity on the poor abused creatures and bought the whole of them.

This Frenchman had been in Algeria with the French colony, where he had developed an affection for the camel—probably owed the animal a debt of gratitude for having saved his life on some occasion. He had no use for the beasts, therefore turned them out to roam the desert plains at will and enjoy themselves.

The animals, left to shift for themselves, soon waxed fat, and increased and multiplied. In a few years from nine the herd had increased to thirty-six, old and young. The Frenchman then sold the whole lot to be taken down to Arizona to be used in packing ore down off a big mountain range. It was said there was a good smooth trail, but the animals found all the rocks and soon became footsore and useless, when all were turned adrift to shift for themselves.

ORIGINAL WILD STATE.

They have regained the instincts of the original wild state of their species and are very wary and swift. They fly into waterless wastes impenetrable to man when approached. Some of the old animals, however, occasionally appear in the vicinity of the settlements. Of late it is reported that the cattlemen have been shooting them for some reason, perhaps because they frighten and stampede their horses. No one knows how many camels are now running at large in the wilds of the Gila country, but there must be a great number. One is occasionally caught. Four years ago one was captured near to Gila Bend that measured over nine feet in height. It appeared to be a stray from one of the herds roaming in that region.

With the herd of camels when it was owned by the Frenchman on the Carson river, was a huge old bull camel known as "Old Heenan," because of his fighting proclivities. He was a giant and the patriarch of the herd. He had hair on parts of his body that was a foot or eighteen inches in length. The animals ranged down the valley of the Carson nearly to old Fort Churchill. At Sam Buckland's ranch, a mile above the fort, several Mexican vaqueros were employed. These men had seen the big camel and had looked with covetous eyes upon the long silken hair that hung from the huge frame. They thought this hair might be spun into beautiful riatas, bridle reins and ornaments for bridles.

One fine Sunday morning in spring two of the Mexicans—Antonio and Gedonio—equipped themselves with a lasso and a pair of sheep shears and set out to catch and shear Old Heenan.

Gedonio found the big animal easy of approach. The old fellow stood stock still. He was dreamily chewing his cud with half-closed eyes. The lasso swished through the air, and in a moment was about the big animal's neck. Then, as the patriarch felt the rope tighten about his throat, the fun began.

Alongside the giant beast the Mexican looked a mere pigmy. When Old Heenan realized that the small two-legged creature was actually trying to gather him in his little eyes turned green with rage. Hissing like a red-hot locomotive he charged Gedonio. The little Mexican held to the rope for a time, hoping to choke the camel down, but found the animal apparently able to subsist as long without "wind" as without water. Besides, Heenan made for him so rapidly that he could get no pull on the old fellow. At last Gedonio was so hard pressed that he was obliged to drop the lasso and take to his heels.

A FEROCIOUS CAMEL BULL.

By this time Old Heenan was wild with rage. The Mexican tried to dodge the irate beast among the bunches of greasewood, but these being only two or three feet high afforded poor cover. He then struck for the river, intending to climb one of the cottonwoods on its banks, but Heenan was too close upon his heels. There was no time for climbing, and he was obliged to plunge into the river. Not being able to swim, Gedonio was constrained to halt when the water came up to his chin. Heenan charged down to the water's edge and there stood on guard. Though the old fellow would not enter the water yet he made Gedonio very unhappy by spitting showers of acrid saliva into his face and eyes.

Meanwhile Antonio, who had witnessed his partner's inglorious retreat and almost split his windpipe in laughing thereat, became uneasy. He began to fear that Gedonio was either drowned or killed, as he could see neither man nor camel after they plunged down over the bank of the river. Leading the mustangs he ventured near the bank of the stream and shouted, "Gedonio! Gedonio! mio amigo!"

Gedonio heard and shouted lustily for Antonio to come to his relief. He instructed Antonio to tie the two mustangs fast together and leave them, then slip quietly down the bank, get hold of the trailing end of the lasso and tie it to a tree.

All went well until Antonio was about to pass the end of the lasso round the tree. It would not reach by a foot or two, and he hauled upon it. Instantly Heenan wheeled about and went for Antonio open-mouthed.

Up the bank went Antonio with the big camel close at his heels. He tried to reach the horses to mount and ride off, but at sight of the camel the mustangs gave a snort of terror and dashed away up the river. Heenan's attention being attracted to the horses, he gave chase to them, much to the relief of Antonio, who had plunged head first into a big bunch of sagebrush to conceal himself from the enemy, though his hiding was merely that of the ostrich.

Presently the two men got together and went in search of their horses. Half a mile up the river they found both animals drowned in a deep hole, with old Heenan upon the bank looking down at them. It was only after infinite trouble that the two Mexicans were able to recover their saddles and bridles. As they sneaked home to Buckland's that evening they were sadder and wiser men. They "went for wool and came back shorn"—even their shears were lost.

The pair told all manner of lies to account for the drowning of their horses, but as it happened the Frenchman who owned the camels had climbed a tree to watch the Mexicans, not knowing what they were after, and had been an amused witness of the whole affair. When the true story reached the ranch there were a thousand jokes among the men about the fun to be had in performing the feat of "shearing the bull camel in the rutting season."

TAKEN FOR MONSTER ELKS.

When the camels were first taken down to Arizona to be used in packing ore one of them was shot and killed by a German miner. The man who did the deed suffered about as much distress of mind as did the sailor who killed the albatross. The German was working for a mining company at a place about three miles from where were located the men who were trying to use the "ships of the desert" as "prairie schooners" in carrying ore down out of the mountains. The man did not know there was such an animal on the American continent—probably in all his life had never seen a camel.

One Sunday Hans came tearing into camp about ten times as wild-eyed as usual. "Poys," cried he, "I shoot a helick."

"A what?" asked one of the men.

"A hel-ack—helik," cried Hans. "Mine Gott, the bigest helak in all Arizona."

"He means he has shot a monster elk," said some one.

"Yaw, a helk," said Hans. "So wohr mir Gott helfe, es ist de biggest in de mountains."

"Big horns like this?" queried an old miner, drawing his neck down into his chest and spreading his arms abroad.

"No horn at all," said Hans. "She was a frau helak; she wos de grandmudder of all de helick."

As Hans was able to show blood on his knife, gun and hands the men concluded he had at last really killed a beast of some kind. Horses were caught up and two men sent with Hans to bring in the meat, of which he said there was "more as a vagon load."

Hans insisted upon all hands taking guns, as he said he had seen a large herd of the elk just across a little valley from where he had downed his victim. As the party rode along with him to find his game Hans honestly owned that he had never before seen an elk. He had heard so much about the elk, however, that he thought he knew the build of the animal.

Presently Hans put spurs to his mustang and proudly dashed to the spot where lay the dead camel. Dismounting, he threw his beloved "jager" across his game, then as the others came up laid a finger on his lips. He pointed in the direction of some low hills. He wanted no noise made. He was just in the right humor to creep over the hills and slaughter the whole herd.

In his anxiety to make sure of his victim Hans had nearly sawed the head off the poor camel with his knife.

When his companions came up they were for some moments at a loss as to just what kind of a huge creature Hans had slain. Presently one of them, Tom Alchorn, the well-known Comstock millwright (now dead) cried out, "By the holy poker, it's a camel. He has killed one of the camels that belong over at the other camp. Here is a nice mess. I've no doubt the animal is worth all of $1,000."

"Wort a tousand dollar?" cried Hans. "Gott in himmel, if we could only kill dem all it is more as twenty tousand dollar in our pocket."

It was long before Hans could be made to understand that the "boot was on the other foot;" that the owners of the camel would demand $1,000 for it.

"Ach der teufel!" cried Hans, with rueful face. "Potz wetter. Das kameel, das kameel. Is it den one kameel I haf killed?"

"Yes, a camel," said Alchorn, "and the men who own the camel will be after you."

"Donner wetter!" groaned Hans.

As the men did not wish to be caught near the dead camel all hands beat a hasty retreat for home.

When they got back to the mine and told of Hans's latest exploit with his old "jager" the whole camp was in a roar. Every man who looked at Hans burst into a horse laugh, and wherever he went he heard the cry: "Hi! here comes the man that killed the camel."

For about a week Hans endured the jibes and jeers of the camp, then he came up missing and his old "jager" with him. The men had made the camp a hell for him.

A LION TAMER'S THEORY.

He Says Lionesses Are Like Women and Must Be Managed as Carefully.

New York Mail and Express.

One doesn't look for philosophy in a lion trainer as a rule. This is probably because one doesn't go to animal shows in quest of that kind of mental pabulum. Still there is no place in town where there is more philosophy to the square yard than in the training quarters at Hagenbeck's. The trainer of wild beasts must be a philosopher or else he is a failure. He must have a reason for everything that he does, and he must do very few things that are foolish.

Once there was a lion trainer somewhere who thought that because he could make his beast jump through a big hoop, leap over a pole and lie down at will that he could make him do anything. One day he tried without previous training to make him open his mouth and let him put his head into it. That was folly. No philosopher would have dared to do such a thing, and he never did it again. History records the fact that after the lion had received the trainer's head into his mouth the animal neglected to return it.

John Penje, the trainer of Hagenbeck's lioness Helene, is a true philosopher and he says that lionesses are like women and that a lioness tamer worthy of the name must be a man who understands womankind.

To a reporter, Herr Penje records his theory and his experience as follows:

"I take just as good care of Helene, or, rather, I see that my keeper does, as though she were a child. There is no attention that I will not give her, and I try in every way to win her friendship and confidence. It is my experience with wild animals that a lioness is, perhaps, the hardest of all animals to train. Like a woman, when she wills she will, and when she won't she won't. As a rule, you can force a lion if he gets ugly by the use of physical power to do what you want him to, but this is not true of a lioness. Once a lioness makes up her mind not to do anything you can no more force her to change her mind than you can upset the elements, and any one who attempts to do so makes a mistake as an animal trainer as well as injuring the good qualities of his lioness. Since we have been in New York I have no difficulty with Helene. At every performance we have given she has worked willingly. Such, however, has not always been the case. In Europe I sometimes had trouble with her and once in Chicago. For some reason Helene refused absolutely to work. The performance went all right until she jumped from the horse's back upon the bridge, and although I struck at her with a whip and drove the horse around the ring a dozen times she paid no more attention to it than though she were all alone in a desert. To have attempted to force her off that pedestal would have been courting death to any one who would have tried it. I claim that the acme of lion taming is to bring your beasts down to as gentle a condition as is possible, and I would rather spoil a good performance than have a fight with a lion in a ring. I simply opened the gates, went out and allowed her to take her time to come out. Now, some people may think that this is evidence of lack of nerve on the part of the tamer of the lioness, but such, however, is not the fact. The lioness is more delicately built and her nerves are more highly strung than those of a lion, and if any one attempts to break the spirit of a lioness the spirit is immediately killed, and once the spirit of a lioness is gone she is hardly fit even for a menagerie."

"I claim that to be a successful tamer of the lioness a man must thoroughly understand womankind. Their natures are almost identical. Treat a woman with confidence, honesty and a nobility of character and she is your friend. She will even sacrifice self for you, and the same is true of a lioness. The lion tamer must show himself to a lioness as upright, honest, painstaking and of even temperament. He must be gentle, yet firm; let her see by his actions that he is fair minded and painstaking; that his interests are hers, and before he has been training the lioness one year he will see that, like a woman, she will go out of her way to do him a kindness, which will affect him if he is an honorably minded man as much as though some woman had done the same for him. He must, however, not attempt to go into the business unless he has a positive knowledge of himself and a positive knowledge of his temperament. If there were some province in this world which would make every man who is contemplating matrimony go through a course of taming a lioness there would be fewer divorces and very many better husbands."

The New York Town Elections.

Philadelphia Press.

Almost without exception they show large Republican gains, although it was the day of the fierce snowstorm and unusually bad for getting the voters to the polls. At these elections town officers and county supervisors are chosen, and while the political powers of the officials are small the success of one party or the other is a pretty good indication of local sentiment. Horace Greeley used to call them the "little elections," and he always watched them closely and concluded from them what would be the verdict of the people in the following State election. This year these "little elections" begin with decided Republican gains, and if they indicate local sentiment as accurately as usual they foreshadow the most remarkable Republican sweep in New York next November the country has seen in thirty years.

A Lecturer's Device.

New York Evening Sun.

Since readings have come to be numbered among the diversions of the season, an innovation adopted by Francisque Sarcey may be recommended. At Sarcey's lectures to women he always had on each side of him two instruments which looked like gasometers. These held oxygen. Whenever Sarcey saw any of his fair hearers yawn he turned on the oxygen. This acted like a bracer. His audience soon redressed itself and took on a renewed air of apprehension. When this was accomplished the lecturer turned the oxygen off.

TALES FROM THE SEA

Veteran Skippers' Stories of Holidays in Strange Places.

Peaceful Life on Pitcairn Island and Experience of an Old Salt Among the Cannibal Kings of the Fijis.

New York Herald.

A number of sea captains from 'Frisco, Boston and other ports were congregated in the cabin of the ship Benjamin Sewell, loading lumber for London at the port of Vancouver, British Columbia. They were spinning New Year's yarns.

"Prettiest spot I ever visited?" remarked Captain Sewell, of Boston. "Well, that's hard to say. You see, when a man has been master for twenty years, sailing in all waters, he is apt to encounter some strange sights. But I will tell you of the one which impressed me the most. I have heard of a great many ideal Christian colonies, but I never visited one until I dropped anchor off Pitcairn island last January—New Year's day.

"It was about 9 o'clock in the evening when we approached the harbor. The setting sun gave the little dot of land the appearance of a huge golden nugget, while a great fire blazed on the beach—the native signal of welcome to passing ships. Being in want of fresh vegetables and fowls, we cast anchor and decided to lay up for the night, with the intention of putting in the following day upon the island. Accordingly, shortly after daybreak, we lowered the whaleboat, put in a few barrels of flour and other staples prized by the natives and pulled for the shore. The entire colony was gathered on the beach to welcome us, and to be greeted in the purest of English after 120 days' sailing was quite a treat in itself.

"When I stepped on shore a young girl placed a wreath of orange blossoms around my neck, signifying that I was welcome to the island. They quickly unloaded our boat and portioned the cargo out for distribution. Everything they get is equally divided among the different families.

"Money? They have none. They could not use it if they had. Their oranges are the sweetest I ever tasted, and their cocoanuts and bananas are matchless. Anything will grow on the island almost without cultivation, so that they need never lack for food. If you should present one of them with a pair of shoes he or she would immediately hand them to the person most in need of footwear. I don't believe they know what selfishness means, so carefully have Christian ideas been instilled into their minds.

"I spent a highly interesting day visiting the old cave and conversing with the chief magistrate—a very intelligent and hospitable old gentleman, who entertained me with a number of stories concerning his past life and adventures.

"The agility of the younger members of the colony was wonderful, and the rapidity with which a little girl would climb a tree was very amusing. They know nothing of and care nothing for the outside world, living perfectly content and happy in their solitude, and I hope that no modern Mephisto will ever disturb them. It is my intention to call there for fruit and chickens on my way down this trip, and I propose making a longer visit than last time. These books are for the children, and yonder chest is full of presents for the elders. Yes, sir, when I get too old to navigate I think I'll settle down among my friends at Pitcairn for solid comfort and freedom from the ills of civilized life."

LAST OF THE FIJI CANNIBALS.

Captain Copp followed. He said: "I will tell you a little experience I have met with. On New Year's day, 1886, I shared my plum pudding with an ex-Fiji cannibal. This is how it came about. I was off Fiji on Dec. 30, and desiring to spend Christmas in port I made for Lathala bay, as no pilot was in sight. I steered between the dangerous reefs with their eternal waves splashing to the yards. We went through like a rocket and anchored in the placid waters beyond. I disembarked and made for the shore with some trepidation, having heard bloodcurdling stories of the ferocity of the aborigines.

"On reaching the nearest village I was destined to be agreeably disappointed. In a large bamboo edifice a band of Presbyterians were conducting service. The mission house was filled with natives, and as I listened I heard the strains of a hymn I had learned as a child:

> " 'From Greenland's icy mountains
> From India's coral strands.'

"My senses were thrilled. Thousands of miles from home, in this strange land, as I heard once more the grand old hymn from the lips of converted cannibals. I said, 'God bless the missionaries, who are corralling these black sheep and rounding them up in the Christian fold.'

"In contrast to this peaceful picture I visited the chief of the tribe in that locality. He was as barbaric and fiendish-looking a man as it was possible to imagine. A short woolen shirt was his only garment. His massive, rotund body was hideous with tattooed scenes of cannibal feasts and dances.

"With the exception of one finger and a thumb on his right hand, all the digits had been chopped off, as well as the toes of both feet. I subsequently learned that this individual struck off a finger or toe at the loss of each wife, according to the ancient custom of the tribe, so that, according to computation, he had lost eighteen wives. Let us hope that coming home to supper some night and finding no provisions in the larder he did not——

"But to continue. The chief had with him two sons, educated at Sydney, bright boys, who conducted themselves with princely dignity—and why should they not? They are the descendants of the last King of the Cannibal Islands.

"After having enjoyed the hospitality of the chief, I left for the vessel, extending a pressing invitation to my host to visit me on board ship. The following afternoon, on New Year's day, the chief, his two sons, and eighteen slaves, boarded my vessel in state. I set them a New Year's dinner, the best my ship could afford, and when all was ready I directed the last descendant of royal blood to the seat of honor at the head of the table. To the visible displeasure of his cultured offspring he grunted dissent, and, squatting on the floor of the cabin, ate the food placed before him with his sole remaining finger and thumb. I thought of the time when these also would disappear in honor of the departure of two more wives, leaving his remaining wives to feed the rabid old stickler for ancient customs with a spoon.

"The repast finished, his Royal Highness called me aside and pleaded with me to give him a glass of whisky. I was foolish enough to grant his request, and produced a bottle of Scotch. This was seized and half emptied before I could recover it.

"A Jekyll to Hyde transformation took place. His huge form trembled with excitement; into his eyes came the wild glare with which a thousand savage fathers had regarded their trembling victims. No tiger lapping blood in the jungles ever spread his nostrils with a more cruel curl. I would rather face a hurricane off Cape Horn than a drunken Fiji chieftain.

"He issued orders to his head slaves, which, if carried out, would have made a slaughter house of my ship. I threw all the whisky on board into the sea, and fled for protection to the authorities. On hearing my story they said I should receive the usual penalty, a fine of £50, for supplying liquor to a native, but thought I had been sufficiently punished by the antics of my royally intoxicated ex-cannibal guest, and further volunteered the information that the chieftain whom I had entertained was the last to erase human flesh from the Fiji bill of fare."

Heavenly Luxury.

Boston Transcript.

The old ladies at the institution so kindly favored with the rocking chairs by Mrs. Alice N. Lincoln will never cease to express their appreciation of her kindness to them. A few days ago, when Mrs. Lincoln visited the institution, an old lady enjoying one of the chairs, rising from the chair, said: "Mrs. Lincoln, I pray for you every night, and I pray God that you may have a wheeled chair in heaven."

Blighted Ambition.

Washington Star.

"No," said farmer Corntossel's wife, "fame ain't fur everybody. There's Josiar. He done his best, but he never will git famous."

"What was his ambition?"

"Ter git his picter in the paper. He set up nights tryin' ter think of some ailment ter take patent medicine fur, but he was so overpowerin' healthy that they wusn't a single thing fur 'im ter git cured of."

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Its use in Convalescence, Wasting Diseases, Dyspepsia, Alcoholism, Loss of Appetite, Nervous Debility and General Prostration, is too well known to require further comment. GEO. W. SLOAN,
22 West Washington St., Indianapolis.

LABOR, CAPITAL AND WEALTH.

The Claim that Labor Creates All Wealth a Fallacy.

Gunton's Wealth and Progress.

The idea most prevalent, indeed well-nigh universal among workingmen, regarding the production of wealth, to use the official language of the Knights of Labor, is, first, "that labor creates all wealth;" second, "that all wealth belongs to those who create it." From this it manifestly follows that "all wealth rightfully belongs to the laborer." Hence, all who obtain wealth without his consent do so by cheating him out of the product of his labor and are "thieves and robbers."

This is not merely the official dogma of a single society, but it constitutes the basis of nearly every proposition and the essence of nearly all economic literature put forth in the name of industrial and social reform. With financial reformers the robbery is labeled "interest and usury," with land reformers it is "rent," and with the socialists, in the language of their own economist, Carl Marx, it is "surplus value," which is more sweeping than any of the others and includes all rents, profits and interests.

If this formula is correct, and all profits, interest, rents, etc., are "exploitation," mere plunder of the laborer, clearly the workingmen would be justified in using any means within their power to take possession of all the wealth in the community, as many of their leaders are expecting them some day to do. But is it correct? If the first proposition is true, the balance of the formula is indisputable. But if it is not true, then all the whole fabric falls and all effort at social reformation based upon it must surely fail to produce the desired and expected result.

A very little reflection will suffice to show that this proposition, while seemingly true, is essentially false. There was unquestionably a period in the history of man when all wealth was produced by human labor. When man lived on wild berries and such fish and game as he could procure with his own hands, then wealth was all produced by labor, and it may be added that he then got not only all the wealth he produced, but all that was produced. There was then no landlord, capitalist, employer or politician to take it from him in rent, profits, interest or taxes. He then both produced all and received all, and was literally the poorest he ever was in the world. From that time to this, just in proportion as he has learned to substitute other forces for human labor in production, has the amount of wealth he received increased. Indeed, that is the only condition upon which he would ever consent to change his methods of doing.

Now, suppose the primitive hunter was able, by his unaided efforts, to procure on an average, three hundred pounds of game a year, and by devoting two months in the year to making bows and arrows he could with their aid, during the remaining ten months, obtain four hundred pounds of game, would the whole four hundred pounds be the product of the man's labor? Certainly not. The productive capacity of the man had already been fully tested, and he could only produce three hundred pounds a year. The other one hundred pounds was, therefore, clearly due to the bow and arrow, which, in this case, was capital. It may be said that the bow and arrow could not have caught the extra one hundred pounds of game without the laborer; true, nor could the laborer have caught it without the bow and arrow, as experience has shown. In fact, that was the only reason he was willing to devote two months a year to making bows and arrows. If he could have produced no more game in the same time with than without the capital, he would refuse to use it. In a word, it is simply because the bow and arrow, in addition to reimbursing him for the two months' labor he had bestowed upon it, makes him a clean present of one hundred pounds of game a year that he is willing to employ it.

Oh, no, says some one, the bow and arrow (capital) gives him nothing; it is only his own labor in another form. In short, capital is "stored up labor." Ah, there is where the error begins. That is a metaphysical expression which is a great deal used, and it is very misleading.

What is labor? It is simply human force or energy. Now, human energy cannot be "stored up" in anything but a human being, and only to a very limited extent then. A healthy person would not be enabled to put forth twice as much energy or skill per day during the last half of the year because he had been idle the first half. It is because of the laborer's inability to "store up" his labor, and if he fail's to sell to-day's energy, to-day is lost forever—that enforced idleness has such terrors for him.

But to "store up" human force in anything else than a human being is absolutely impossible. When human force is devoted to any object it is expended, and as human force it is gone forever. If it is wisely directed it will produce wealth. If not, it will be wasted. If it produces wealth in the form of a bow and arrow, the bow and arrow is not labor; it is the product of labor; it is a new thing that has come into existence as the result of human energy, having been expended on material objects. The bow and arrow are as distinct and as different from human labor as cotton cloth is from a weaver, or as a rise is from a dunghill.

But, assuming for the moment that human labor or force can be stored up in material objects, no one will hardly pretend that it can be engendered by them. Therefore, the most that can be claimed by the storing-up theory is that the amount of human energy expended in producing an object is transferred to and preserved in that object.

Now, if two months' human force was deposited in bows and arrows, then only two months' human energy could be put forth by the bows and arrows; and if two months were expended in bows and arrows, only ten could be devoted to hunting. We have seen that, unaided, the laborer could obtain twenty-five pounds of game a month; hence, in ten months he could only procure 250 pounds, but with the combined force of labor and the bows and arrows he could get four hundred pounds. The whole of the additional 150 pounds, however, was not due to the bows and arrows. There were two months' labor deposited in them, and that represented fifty pounds of game, making three hundred pounds as the result of the human force and one hundred pounds produced by the natural forces combined in the bows and arrows. Thus, in any way which we consider it, the additional one hundred pounds of game was produced by capital and not by labor.

But let us carry our illustration a little further, and suppose another person who has an aptitude for making bows and arrows can make a better kind of weapon, one that will kill at a greater distance and thus enable the hunter to obtain fifty pounds of game a month. He comes to our hunter and says: "See here, I can make better bows and arrows than you can, and you can hunt better than I can. Now, if you will give me one-fourth of the game you catch I will supply you with these superior bows and arrows, by which you can get six hundred pounds of game a year." He accepts the offer, and the result is that, after giving to the man who supplies the capital (bows and arrows) one-fourth of the product, he has 450 pounds. Now, who has been robbed? Nobody. True, the laborer once got all the wealth, and he now gets three-fourths; but when he got it he received 57 per cent. less than when he only got three-fourths of it. And this for the simple reason that the total product has been doubled. Nor is this increased product due to any increased expenditure of labor. There was no more human effort put forth to produce the six hundred than was devoted to that of the three hundred pounds of game. The increase was wholly due to the use of tools (capital.) When the wealth was all produced by human effort the laborer received it all and got three hundred pounds of game a year. When he produced a little less than two-thirds of it he received five-sixths and then got four hundred pounds. And when he produced only one-half he got three-fourths of it and then received 450 pounds a year. Thus it will be seen that instead of the laborer being robbed by capital, he from the first received a clear contribution from capital, which constantly increases as its use in the production is extended.

PUT YOUR HEAD TO THE ENGINE.

A Sleeping-Car Porter Tells How Old Travelers Sleep on the Cars.

New York Sun.

"How will you have your feet?" the porter asked in a Wagner car coming from Buffalo.

"Feet to the engine," said the passenger.

"If you travel much you'll have your head put next to the engine," said the colored man.

"No," said the passenger, "I am afraid there might be a collision, and then I'd be thrown with all my weight against my head." The porter chuckled.

"I beg pardon, boss," said he, "but I notice dat all de railroad men has their heads put toward de engine—and all the commercial travelers also. The biggest argument is in favor of doing that way. In the first place, there ain't many head-on collisions. There's more danger of a rear-end collision. The reason is that every passenger train has its own right of way, and runs regularly every night, and is looked out for by all the trains that's running ahead of it. Therefore the most danger is from something behind which don't know when we have stopped or broke something, and which runs into us unexpectedly. There ain't any one looking out for any kind of collisions, 'cause when they come it matters mighty little which end you're putting forward—your head or your feet—but if you insist on looking out for 'em from behind—I'm a-telling you."

"Any more arguments?"

"Got plenty more arguments, boss. You don't want to sleep with your feet toward the engine, because if you do the draught through the car blows right agin your head, and when it gets cold at night your head and chest are exposed. Put your head toward the engine and you feel cool without gitting in no draught. It's just the same way in summer. If you sleep with your feet toward the engine you can't have your windows open, with the screen in 'em, without gitting the wind and fine dust right in your face, whereas if you sleep with your head to the engine you get the cool air and no draught and dust."

"Is that all you know?"

"No, boss; I ain't told you the biggest argument yet why you should have your head made up toward the locomotive. The most serious thing of all is the circulation of the blood in your body. You been having your feet made up toward the engine, eh? Your night's res' is usually broken, ain't it? Well, sir, lemme make up your head toward the engine and you'll sleep like you was a baby. Dat's because the motion of the train is so strong and steady that it sends all your blood toward the end htat's furthest from the engine. Put your feet to the engine and all your blood rushes straight to your head and gives you a restless night. Put your head to the engine and the blood goes away from your head, leaving it cool and easy so you can res' like a child."

"Put my head toward the engine and stop talking, will you?"

"Yes, sir; all right, sir; anything you say, sir. You won't gredge me dat quarter in the morning, I'm a-tellin' you."

(A lapse of half an hour. Then a voice from between the curtains. It addresses the porter.)

"Solomon; Diogenes, porter! Any arguments as to what part of a train is the safest?"

"There aren't no use of arguments 'bout dat, sir. The safest place on a train is the middle of the middle car on the side furthest from the other track."

"Good night, Cicero."

The Juvenile Idea.

Philadelphia Record.

A Green-street boy told his mother that he had been guilty of usury. His mother was surprised, and asked him to explain. "Well," he said, "I found 5 cents and I used it."