Civilian and Telegraph.

VOLUME XXXVIII. CUMBERLAND, MD., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1865. NUMBER 5.

Civilian & Telegraph,

PUBLISHED

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

O. F. MATTINGLY.

Terms of Subscription:

$2.50 Per Annum, in advance.

☞ All subscription must invariably be paid in ANVANCE, otherwise THREE DOLLARS WILL BE CHARGED IN ALL CASES.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

The undersigned have agreed on the following rates for advertising, which will be strictly adhered to:

One square one insertion	$1 00
One square two insertions	1 50
One square three insertions	1 00
One square one month	2 25
One square two months	3 25
One square three months	4 00
One square six months	6 00
One square twelve mon ths	8 00
Two squares one month	3 25
Two squares two months	4 25
Two squares three months	5 00
Two squares six months	7 00
Two squares twelve months	10 00

☞ Ten lines or less to constitute a square.

☞ All legal advertisements will be charged according to the above rates, and the party sending the same will be held responsible for the payment thereof.

One fourth of a column, three months	$10 00
One fourth of a column, six months	15 00
One fourth of a column, twelve months	20 00
Half of a column, three months	15 00
Half of a column, six months	20 00
Half of a column, twelve months	25 00
One column, three months	20 00
One column, six months	30 00
One column, twelve months	40 00

Persons carrying on business within the city of Cumberland will be charged as follows, including the paper:

One fourth of a column, per year	$15 00
One half of a column, per year	25 00
One column, per year	35 00

They will have the privilege of changing their advertisements for two dollars additional to the above rates. The advertisements must be strictly limited to their immediate business.

Present contracts will be faithfully complied with.

Business Cards, including paper, 3 months, $4; 6 months, $6; 12 months, $8.

HANDBILLS.

One eighth of a sheet, 25 copies, $1 50; 50 copies, $2 00; 100 copies, $2 50; every additional 100, 75 cents.

One quarter of a sheet, 25 copies, $3; 50 copies, $4; 100 copies, $5; every additional 100, $1 50.

Half Sheet, 25 copies, $5; 50 copies, $8; 100 copies, $10; every additional 100, $3.

GEO. T. KNOBR, Union.
O. F. MATTINGLY, Civilian and Telegraph.
THE ALLEGANIAN.

Cumberland, June 20, 1864.

City Government.

Mayor—Dr. CHAS. H. OBR.
Councilmen—J. E. K. CAMPBELL, HENRY BRUCE, JOHN KOLB, GEORGE M. BIZER, WILLIAM ARMBRUSTER, JOSIAH ENGLER.
Clerk—JOHN SCHILLING.
Collector—FRANCIS MADORE.
Bailff—LEVI W. BRANT.
Board meets on the first Monday in each month.

County Directory.

Judge of the Circuit Court—Hon. JAMES SMITH.
Clerk of the Circuit Court—HORACE RESLER.
Register of Wills—GEO. W. HOOVER.
Sheriff—BASIL T. GARLITZ.
State's Attorney—GEO. A. THRUSTON.
Surveyor—JAMES CHISHOLM, Jr.
Judges of the Orphans' Court—J. E. H. CAMPBELL, DOUGLAS PERCY, A. M. L. BUSH.
County Commissioners—CHARLES RIDGELY, ELIJAH FRIEND, JOHN BELL, J. H. STALLINGS, J. L. TOWNSHEND.
Tax Collector—S. L. TOWNSHEND.
Clerk to Commissioners—JACOB BROWN.

COUNTING-HOUSE CALENDER FOR 1865.

1865.	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	1865.	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
JAN	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	JUL	...	...	...	...	...	...	1
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28		16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	29	30	31	...	...	...	...		23	24	25	26	27	28	29
FEB	...	...	...	1	2	3	4		30	31	...	...	...	...	...
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	AUG	...	...	1	2	3	4	5
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18		6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25		13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	26	27	28	...	...	...	...		20	21	22	23	24	25	26
MAR	...	...	...	1	2	3	4		27	28	29	30	31	...	...
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	SEP	...	...	...	...	...	1	2
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18		3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25		10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	26	27	28	29	30	31	...		17	18	19	20	21	22	23
APR	...	...	...	...	...	...	1		24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	OCT	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
MAY	30	...	...	...	...	...	...		29	30	31	...	...	...	...
	...	1	2	3	4	5	6	NOV	...	...	...	1	2	3	4
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13		5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20		12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27		19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	28	29	30	31	...	...	...		26	27	28	29	30	...	...
JUN	...	...	...	...	1	2	3	DEC	...	...	...	...	...	1	2
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17		10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24		17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	25	26	27	28	29	30	...		24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	...	...	...	...	...	...	...		31	...	...	...	...	...	...

U. S, 7-30 TREASURY NOTES.

These notes in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1000 and $5000 bearing interest at the rate of 7 3-10 per cent. per annum and convertible at the end of three years into 5-20 U. S. Bonds can be had at the

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CUMBERLAND.

Payments to be made in U. S. or National Currency.

Cumberland, Dec. 22—8 w.

WILLIAM R. BEALL & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GROCERIES, TEAS, LIQUORS &c.

Baltimore street, near the Depot.

DR. G. J. BEACHY,

DENTIST,

Office on South Centre street, (formerly occupied by Dr. B. A. Dougherty,) a few doors below Baltimore street. Jan. 1, 1864.

JOSEPH SPRIGG,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CUMBERLAND, MD

Jy. 14.

GENERAL BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

FOR THE EAST.

Express Train, arrives	11.10 P. M.
" " leaves	11.20 "
Mail Train arrives	9.35 A. M.
" leaves	9.45 "

FOR THE WEST.

Mail Train, arrives	7.15 P. M.
" leaves	7.25 "
Express Train, arrives	7.15 A. M.
" " leaves	7.25 "

CLOSING OF MAILS.

Mail East, closes daily, (except Sunday,) 9.50 A. M.

Mail West.—Through mail closes 6 P. M.; through and way mail, closes 9 P. M.

Stage for Bedford, leaves daily, (except Sunday,) at 7 A. M.; Mail closes, 6 A. M.

Stage for Frostburg, arrives 6.30 P. M.; leaves, 8 P. M.; Mail closes, 8.30 P. M.

Stage for Somerset, arrives, 6 P. M.; leaves, 7 A. M.; Mail closes, 6 A. M.

Pinkstone, semi-weekly—Leaves Tuesday and Friday, at 1 P. M.; Mail closes, 12.30 P. M.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

NEW SCHEDULE FOR PASSENGER TRAINS.

ON AND AFTER NOVEMBER 6th 1864.

TWO THROUGH TRAINS.

Mail Train Leaves Baltimore at	9.00 a. m.
" " " Cumb'd at	7.35 p. m.
Arrive at Wheeling	6.50 a. m.
(Daily except Sundays.)	
Express Train Leaves Baltimore	9.40 p. m.
" " " Cumb'd	7.25 a. m.
Arrives at Wheeling	7.10 p. m.
(Daily.)	
Mail Train Leaves Wheeling at	10.10 p. m.
" " " Cumb'd at	8.35 a. m.
Arrives at Baltimore	6.45 p. m.
(Daily except Sundays.)	
Express Train Leaves Wheeling	11.20 a. m.
" " " Cumb'd	11.20 p. m.
Arrives at Baltimore	8.40 a. m.

Through tickets for all the principal cities North and West of the Ohio River, may be procured at this office.

L. C. BOHM, Agent.

Cumberland Station, Nov. 7, 1864. 1-]

CALVERT IRON AND NAIL WORKS.

J. HOPKINSON SMITH,

25 South Charles Street, Baltimore.

Railroad Spikes, Hook-head and Countersunk.
Wrought Iron Chairs, all patterns.
Rivets—Boiler and Tank—a full assortment.
Horse and Mule Shoes.
Boat and Ship Spikes.
Bridge and Car and Truss Bolts.
Jan. 1, 1864.

FRESCO PAINTING.

FREDERICK, MD.

H. F. DERBRING,

respectfully informs the citizens of Cumberland and vicinity that he is prepared to ornament CHURCHES, HALLS, PRIVATE RESIDENCES, &c., in fresco, encaustic and oil colors in the most artistic styles. Best references given as to the ability of the above as named. Orders promptly responded to. Terms cheap and all work warranted. Jan. 1 1864—tf.

LUMBER! LUMBER!

JOSIAH WITT,

Manufacturer and Dealer in Lumber

Mechanic street, Big Spring Lot, Cumberland, Md. Contracts filled at short notice for Lumber, Shingles, and Laths. Oct. 5, '63—y.

A. J. BOOSE, Dealer in

Salt, Fish, Groceries, Provisions,

MANILLA ROPE AND GRAIN,

Canal Basin. jy.64.

DENTISTRY.

DR. RUMMELSHIME, DENTIST,

Corner Baltimore and Liberty streets, over Reed's Grocery Store, and opposite Campbell's Drug Store.

HUMBIRD & LONG,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Foreign and Domestic Hardware.

Corner Baltimore and Mechanic streets.

NOTICE TO PASSENGERS.

CUMBERLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

ON and after Monday, November 2d, and until further notice, Passenger Cars on this road will run as follows:

EAST.		LEAVE.	WEST.	
5.45 a.m.	*6p.m.	Piedmont.	8.15a.m.	5.30p.m.
6.05 "	*6.20 "	Barton.	8 "	5.15p.m
6.25 "		Lonaconing	7.50p.m	
7 "	12.15 "	Frostburg	6.30p.m	
7.45 "	1 "	Mt. Savage	10.45a.m.	3.45p.m.
		Cumberland	10 "	3 "

*To Lonaconing only.

C. SLACK, Superintendent.

Jan. 1, 1864—tf.

BEALL'S FOUNDRY.

CORNER OF CENTRE AND HARRISON STREETS, CUMBERLAND, MD.

THOMAS WILKINSON, Sr., Superintendent.

This large and long established FOUNDRY has been purchased and re-opened by the subscriber, under the management of an experienced superintendent, mechanics and workmen.

STEAM ENGINES,
BOILERS,
MINING MACHINERY,
RAILROAD AND MINE CARS,
FURNACES,
STOVES, GRATES,
PLOUGHS, MILL IRONS,
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

will be manufactured to order. A stock of

"BEALL'S EGG STOVES,"

of various sizes, the best pattern for stoves in the country for burning Cumberland Coal, will be kept on hand, and sold on favorable terms to the trade.

ONE NEW FOUR HORSE POWER ENGINE AND FIXTURES FOR SALE.

CASH paid for old iron and metal, on delivery at the Foundry. Orders solicited, and all work warranted.

Nov3—tf. WM. W. McKAIG.

IRON! IRON!

THE BEST REFINED ENGLISH HORSE-SHOE IRON

ROUND, SQUARE AND TIRE IRON, of all sizes, on hand and for sale by

HUMBIRD & LONG,

corner of Mechanic and Baltimore streets,

Car-3-ly Cumberland, M

Poetry.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

A lonely mound upon the field,
Where weeks ago the battle raged—
A single board with name engraved,
Of him who, when the cannons pealed
The note of death to foes engaged,
Fell 'mid the terrors which he braved.

An old man bending o'er the grave,
No tear-drop fills his sunken eye;
But oh! his heart weeps o'er a son,
A noble son, who fell to save
The banner bright of liberty,
But lived to see the battle won.

The drums are hushed, the foe has fled,
The wailing wind's the only sound
That breaks the stillness of the plain;
Yet, standing with uncovered head,
The old man gazes on that mound,
And pride is mingled with his pain.

He bows his head in silent prayer—
His grief's too great for words or tears,
Then turns away with sad adieu,
For all his world was centered there—
The pride of his declining years—
The dearest earthly hope knew.

Oh, many, thus, have journeyed far
To view the final resting place
Of many a brave and cherished form—
'Tis all the bitter work of war;
Yet pride, in part, the pangs efface,
When dear ones perish in the storm.

—*Waverly Magazine.*

Miscellaneous.

ADVENTURES OF A NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

From the German of Heinrich Zschokke.

Translated for the Civilian and Telegraph.

IV.

A MAMELUKE accosted him, and said hastily, "Luckily, Domino, I have found you. Is the Flower girl in the cabinet?" The Mameluke looked into the room, and came instantly back. "A word alone with you, Domino," said he, and led Philip to a window in a distant part of the hall.

"What are your commands?" asked Philip.

"I adjure you," said the Mameluke, with suppressed but frightful voice, where is the Flower girl?"

"What have I to do with the Flower girl?"

"But, I, so much the more," replied the Mameluke, whose broken voice and restless movement betrayed the violent excitement of his mind. I, so much the more! She is my wife. She will make me desperate. Prince—I beseech you, do not drive me to insanity. Let my wife alone"

"With all my heart," answered Philip, dryly, "What have I to do with your wife?"

"Oh! Prince! Prince!" cried the Mameluke, "I am determined to proceed to extremities, should it cost me my life. Dissemble not an instant longer with me. I have discovered all. Here then look you—here is the Billet which my false wife placed in your hand; and you, without having read it, dropped it in the crowd."

Philip took the Billet. With pencil in a feminine hand was written, "Change your mask. All know you. My husband is watching you. He does not know me. If you will make yourself agreeable, I will reward you."

"Hm!" muttered Philip. "That is not written to me as true as I live. I trouble myself little about your wife."

"Heaven and Hell! Prince! make me not mad. Do you know who you have before you? I am the Marshal Blankenschwerd. Since the last masquerade at Court, it is no longer unknown to me that you lay snares for my wife."

"Sir Marshal," replied Philip, "Take it not ill of me, but jealously blinds you. If you rightly and truly knew me, you would not even *think* such things of me. I give you my word of honor, your wife may rest in peace for me."

"Are you serious, Prince?"

"Perfectly."

"Give me the proof."

"In what way do you ask it?"

"I know you have long prevented her from accompanying me to her relations in Poland. Persuade her to do it now."

"With all my heart, if it will be of any service to you."

"Everything, your royal highness, everything! you prevent most horrible. Otherwise unavoidable misfortune."

The Mameluke chattered a long time, now sorrowful, now supplicating, now threatening, until the good Philip became anxious, lest the man, in his madness, should make a muss before all the world. And that would not be at all convenient. He was glad to get away from him.

Hardly had he mixed himself with the crowd, when a female mask, dressed in deep mourning, pinched him friendly in the arm, and whispered, "Where then? butterfly. Have you no sympathy for a lonely widow?"

Philip answered courteously, "Beautiful widows find only too many comforters. May I be reckoned among the number of yours?"

"Why are you so disobedient, and change not your mask?" said the widow, leading him aside, where they could converse more freely. "Do you believe, Prince, that you are unknown to any body here?"

"They are uncertain," replied Philip, "and are mistaken in me."

"Certainly not, Prince, and if you do not change your dress on the spot, I will leave you for the whole evening. For I would not give my husband an occasion for a scene——"

Philip knew now with whom he had to do. "You were the beautiful flower-girl. Are the roses faded so soon?"

"What is there not transient and fleeting? Particularly men's truth! I saw well how you crept away with the Carmelite. Confess your fickleness. You can no longer deny it."

"Hm!" thought Philip, and said, dryly, "Do not complain of me, or I will complain of you."

"For example, fair butterfly?"

"There is, for example, no more faithful husband than the Marshal."

"That is he, indeed. And I am wrong, truly, very wrong, to have listened to you so much. I reproach myself enough. And alas! he has traced out our intercourse."

"Since the last Court masquerade, fair widow"

"When you were too careless and imprudent, pretty butterfly."

"Let us correct it. Let us separate. I esteem the Marshal. I cannot see him suffer on my account."

The widow regarded him for a time, speechless.

"If you really have the smallest esteem for me, continued Philip, "then go with the Marshal to your relations in Poland It is better that we do not see each other too much. A beautiful wife is lovely; but a virtuous and faithful wife is yet lovlier."

"Prince!" cried the astounded lady, "Are you in earnest? Have you ever loved me?"

"Look you," said Philip, "I am a seducer of quite a peculiar sort. I seek virtue and truth among women, and find it so seldom The truest and most virtuous can alone bind me—therefore I am free. Yet, holla, no, I will not lie. One has bound me. But I am sorry to say, Frau Marshalin, that it is not you."

"You are in a horrible humor, Prince!" said the widow, and the trembling of her voice, and the heaving of her bosom betrayed the extent of her anguish.

"No," replied Philip, "I am, so true as I live, in the best humor in the world. I would gladly make right a foolish trick. I have promised your husband to do it."

"How?" cried the widow, terribly shocked, "You have told the Marshal all?"

"Not all, only what I know."

The widow turned right and left in violent emotion. She wrung her hands. Finally she asked, "Where is my husband?"

Philip pointed to the Mameluke, who with slow steps was coming that way.

"Prince!" said the widow, in tones of unspeakable scorn, "Prince, God forgive you. I can never forgive you. I never held the heart of a man capable of such atrocity. You are a traitor. My husband is an honorable man in the garb of a Mameluke. You are a Mameluke in a garb of honor. In this world you see me not again."

With these words she turned her back upon him rapidly and proudly, went to the Mameluke, and entered into, as one could see, a very close conversation with him.

Philip laughed scarcely in his breast, and said to himself, "My substitute, the watchman, may see when he comes back, that I play his part not so badly. If he only goes on honorably as I have begun it."

He went towards the dancers, and saw with pleasure, the beautiful Carmelite among them at the side of the too happy Brahmin. This latter was soon aware of the presence of the fine-colored Domino, and threw him a handkiss, and signified in pantomime the height of felicity. Philip thought to himself, "Shame that I am not Prince for life. Everybody should soon be contented with me It is the easiest thing in the world to be a Prince. With a single word he can do more than the ablest advocate with a long speech. He has the privilege to go where he pleases, and to speak right out from the liver. Yes if I were a Prince, then were my Rosa lost to me. No, I would not be a Prince."

He looked at his watch, it was half-past eleven. There came the Mameluke in haste to him, drew him one side, and gave him a paper. "Prince," cried the Mameluke, "I could fall at your feet and thank you in the dust. I am reconciled with my wife. You have broken her heart, but it is well that it happened. She will depart this very night. She will remain upon the estate in Poland. Fare you well. I am ready to die for your Royal Highness, if necessary for your service at any time. My gratitude is eternal. Fare you well.

"Halt!" cried Philip, as the Marshal rapidly turned away. "What is this paper for?"

The Marshal answered, "It is my play debt to to you of last week, which I had almost forgotten, and would no longer delay paying it, as I am about to set out on my journey to Poland. I have endorsed the notes over to your Royal Highness." With that the Marshal vanished.

V.

Philip glanced at the paper, read something in it about five thousand gulden, put it in his pocket, and thought, "shame that I am not a Prince."

Somebody now whispered in his ear. "Your Royal Highness, we are both betrayed, I will shoot myself." Philip looked round with great eyes and saw a negro.

"What will you mask?" asked Philip, quite cooley.

"I am Col. Kalt!" the negro answered in a whisper. "The unhappy Marshaless has told Duke Hermann, and the latter spits fire and flame against you and me!"

"I don't care anything about it," replied Philip.

"But the King will hear all," sighed the negro, anxiously. "Perhaps I shall be arrested to-night, and to-morrow confined in the fortress. I will sooner hang myself."

"There is no need of that," said Philip.

"Must I bear a life-long disgrace? I am lost. The Duke will demand bloody satisfaction. His back is yet blue with the blows I gave him. I am lost, and the baker's girl also. I will jump from the bridge and drown myself to-night."

"God forbid," cried Philip. "What had you and the Baker's girl to do with it?"

"Your Royal Highness jests, and I am in despair. I beg you to grant me a few moments under four eyes."

Philip followed the negro into a side chamber, where a few candles diffused only a dim light. The negro threw himself, as if he were paralyzed, upon a sofa, and sighed loudly. Philip found refreshments and wine upon a table, and helped himself.

"I cannot conceive how your Royal Highness can be so calm, under the cursed circumstances?" said the negro. "If the rascal who played the spirit-raiser, the Neapolitan Salmoni, were only here, he could perhaps contrive some trick to save us, for the rogar is full of them from head to foot. But he has taken himself out of the way."

"So much the better," replied Philip, and filled his glass again. "He is gone, throw all the blame upon him."

"How throw it upon him? The Duke knows now that you, I, the Marshaless, and the Baker girl were all in the intrigue, to impose upon his credulity and superstition. He knows that you bribed Salmoni to perform the exorcism, that I instructed my Baker girl with whom he was in love, to allure him to the place, that I was the spirit that knocked him down and blued his skin. If I had not carried the joke quite so far. But I wanted to knock out of him his love to my girl. It was a cursed prank. I will take poison."

"Take rather a glass of wine, it is good," said Philip, seizing with fresh appetite, another tart. "And, besides," he added, "I honestly confess to you, dear Colonel, that for a Colonel, you are very cowardly to talk of shooting, drowning, hanging, and poisoning yourself, for such a nonsensical affair. Any one of them were too much. I must say to you that I know no word at all about the business you have been talking about."

"Pardon me, Your Royal Highness. I know not rightly where my head stands. The Duke's gentleman of the bed-chamber, an old friend of mine, has this moment confided to me, that, possessed by the devil, the Marshaless had a few minutes before been to the Duke, and told him, that Prince Julian had contrived the comedy in the Baker's cellar, because he did not wish the Duke to marry his sister, that she, herself, was the witch, as the deputy of the Princess, to be a witness of his superstition; that Prince Julian had the Catalogue of his debts, which he had thrown into the Cavern out of which he was to raise the gold, as well as his agreement with the Baker's girl, whom, after his marriage, with the Princess, he was to ennoble and take as his mistress. And that the ghost, who beat him was Col. Kalt, the instrument of the Prince, that this was the reason of his woolings going crab fashion. "Cherish no longer any hope! said she, it will be all in vain! She then vanished."

Philip shook his head, and muttered, "This is a pretty story, now! Such tricks would shame the commonest vulgar. What deviltry, and no end!"

"No," cried the Colonel, "Madder or meaner could no one do than the Marhsaless. The woman must be a fury. Gracious Sir, save me."

"Where is the Duke?" asked Philip.

"The Chamberlain said he instantly got up and merely said, 'I go to the King!' Think, Prince, if he goes to the King and tells our story after his own fashion."

"Is the King here?"

"Of course. He is playing Phumbee in the next room with the Archbishop and minister of Police."

Philip went with great steps through the Cabinet. Good counsel was scarce here.

"Your Royal Highness," said the negro, "Save me. It concerns your own honor. It will be easy for you to do it. For the rest, I am determined with the first opportunity to leave the Kingdom. I will pack up to-night. To-morrow morning I will receive your last commands as to my conduct." With these words the negro vanished.

VI

"It is high time that thou wert watchman again," said Philip to himself, "Thou entanglest thyself, and thy substitute in godless business, out of which neither his nor my wisdom can save us, this then is the difference between a watchman and a Prince? I would not turn my hand to be one. Dear Heaven! how many strange things are done by these earthly gods under the court roof of which we of the watchman's horn, the broom or the spade, have no conception. One imagines that the nobles lead the life of angels, without sin, without care. Pretty business! I have seen more rascality here in a quarter of an hour, than I ever seen before in the whole course of my life."

"Alone my Prince?" whispered a voice behind him. "I think myself fortunate to meet your Royal Highness alone."

Philip looked around. It was a miner in gold, and silk, and jewels.

"What would you?" asked Philip.

"Only a moment's gracious hearing," answered the miner." "It is pressing the result perhaps agreeable to you"

"Who are you, mask, if I may ask?

"Count Bodenlos, the minister of Finance at your Royal Highness' service," replied the miner, and lifted his mask, in order to show his face, which, with its little eyes and copper colored nose seemed another mask.

"Well, sir Count, what is your pleasure?" asked Philip

"May I speak freely? I have presented myself three times to your Royal Highness, and did not have the honor to be received. And yet—God is my witness! Nobody in all the Court takes more hearty interest in your weal and woe, than myself."

"Sir Count, I am obliged to you, "replied Philip." "But what do you want? Make it short."

"May I speak of the Merchant's house of Abraham Levi?" asked the miner.

"As much as you please"

"He has applied to me on account of the debt of fifty thousand gulden, which you owe him. He threatens to apply to the King, and you know what the King said to you the last time he ordered your debts to be paid?"

"Cannot the people wait?" asked Philip.

"No more than the brothers Goldsmith will wait who demand payment of the seventy-five thousand gulden you owe them."

"All the same to me! If the men will not wait, then I must.——"

"No rash decision, gracious sir. I am in a position to make all right, if——"

"If what, then?"

"If you will do me the favor to listen to me for a few moments. I hope to pay all your debts without trouble. The house of Abraham Levi has bought up a monstrous quantity of grain on speculation, and the price of the same has already risen very much. A prohibition of the importation of grain from the neighboring States will rapidly double and treble the price. Then give Abraham Levi license to sell, and all is right. The house will clear your debt, and undertake the payment of the seventy-five thousand guldens. I shall hand you the receipts But all depends upon the condition that I remain at the head of the finances for a few years longer. If the Baron Greifensack sudceeds in supplanting me in the ministry then I am powerless to help you, which is my warmest wish. It stands with your Royal Highness to abandon the Greifensack party, and our game is won. For *myself* it is all one whether I remain in the ministry or not. I long for repose. But for your Royal Highness' sake it is not indifferent. If I cannot shuffle the cards to your satisfaction, then I have lost."

Philip did not know at first what reply to make to the proposition. Finally, as the Finance minister, awaiting his answer, took out a snuff-box, adorned with brilliants, and helped himself to a pinch, Philip said: "If I rightly understand you, sir Count, you would starve the land a little in order to pay my debts. Think how much misery you would create? And will the King agree to it?"

"If I remain at the head of affairs, let that be my care, gracious sir. As soon as the price of bread rises, the king himself will think of stopping the corn trade, and lay heavy duties upon its export. Then we give the house of Abraham Levi permission to export ten sacks. He takes out a hundred, nothing is easier than that. But, as I said, if Greifensack comes to the helm, nothing can be done Before he can learn the duties of his office, years must pass, and so long as he will play the part of an honorable man; in order to oppress the king and the county, so much the harder afterwards. We must first know his ground. There is no harder jew than Griefensack. His averice it notorious."

"Fine prospects," said Philip. "How long, think you, must a Finance minister occupy the post before he can put the shears to the people in order to cut some fleece for himself and us."

"Hm! if he has a head he can do much in a year."

"So then the King should be advised to have a new Finance minister every twelve month if he would be honestly served."

"I hope, gracious sir, that nothing has failed the king or the Court since I conducted the Finances."

"I believe that, Count. But so much the more the poor people suffer. They can hardly meet the numerous imports and taxes. You should be more merciful with us."

"With *us*? Do I not everything for the court?"

"No. I swear you should be more merciful to the people.

"My Prince, I know what respect I owe to your words. The King and the Royal Family is the people I serve, that which they *call* the *people* cannot be considered at all. The country is the King's property. The *people* are only in so far valuable as they contribute to the greatness and value of it. But this is not the time to renew the trite arguments upon the worth of the people, but I beg your gracious decision whether I shall have the honor to pay your debts, in the manner I have proposed?"

"Answer? no, now nor never, at the expense of a hundred thousand poor families."

"Your Royal Highness, it concerns only the accounts of the house of Abraham Levi. And if I make it necessary to this house to add to the payment of your debts, the sum of fifty thousand gulden cash in your hands? I think they will do it. The house will make so much through the operation that——"

"Probably also for *you*, sir Count, a pretty little drink money will come out."

"Your Royal Highness pleases to jest. I gain nothing by it. I only burn with eagerness to regain your favor once more.

"You are very good."

"When may I hope, my Prince?"

"Sir Count, I will do what is right. Do you, your duty."

"My duty is to serve you. To-morrow morning I will send for Levi, close the business with him and will have the honor to hand over to your Royal Highness, the quittances for your debts, and bills of exchange for fifty thousand gulden."

"Go Sir. I may hear nothing of it."

"And will your Royal Highness grant me your favor again? For without being in the ministry it will be impossible to deal with Abraham"

"I wish you and your ministry, and your Abraham Levi, sat all three upon the Block's bevy. I tell you thas if a corn embargo takes place, and your Jew house does not on the instant sell the corn at cost price, I will go directly to the King and discover to him the whole rascality, and help him hunt you and your Abraham Levi out of the country. Rely upon that. I keep my word."

Philip turned his back and went into the dancing hall, leaving the Finance Minister planted there like a pillow of stone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ROAD TO WEALTH.

Among all the business developments in our country during the past few years, none has been more wonderful than that of advertising. From the smallest beginning it has grown to be a mighty and certain power. We can all remember how tame and puny were the few business notices that appeared in journals of fifteen years ago. In making up the estimate for the year commercial houses did not not think of including a per centage for advertising. A simple card was supposed to be all that was either useful or requisite. Neither could men advertise, if they would, so few were the daily journals and so valuable was the space.

But, like a dream, the embryonic science started forward, and very soon it was found to be an unprecedented means of acquiring wealth. Townsend, then an unknown physician, thought he saw in advertising the instrument with which to make his fortune, and at once devised a grand scheme for putting his wares before the public. He invested all his money in advertising, and all he could borrow of his friends. He levied aid from every journal in the land, until his name became literally a household world. The result is well known. Wealth literally poured in from every portion of the country, and still he advertised in all the papers. He was obliged to stop finally from sheer inability to supply the famous and everywhere used "Sarsaparilla."

"One bright morning there strayed into into the *Tribune* office an unassuming man, who was known as the publisher of an obscure weekly journal. He said he wanted a page in the *Weekly Tribune* for an advertisement of his paper. The publisher laughed at the idea, and told him that it would be a waste of money. Bonner insisted upon having the page, and he was charged therefor $1,500. He received a perfect flood of letters in answer, and inserted every cent in new advertisements. Money came in so rapidly that he could not use it upon his paper, or in advertising, and finally the firing of cannon in the Park rang out to the world what enterprise could do. The salute was fired in honor of the 400,000th subscriber to the *Weekly Ledger!* And Bonner was a wealthy man.

Spalding, "the glue man," followed it up and with success as quick as Bonner's. Then Drake's Plantation Bitters made a like achievement, and so have numberless other firms, well known to the public. In fact, we know of no instance where advertising has not paid great profits. But it is not merely these individuals cases that we would refer to. It is a noticeable fact that in those towns and cities where the newspapers are extensively employed by business interests of every kind prosper most. We would refer to Providence, Springfield, Mass., Milwaukee, Chicago and Buffalo as notable instances There is probably no place in the country where advertising is so universal as in Providence. The consequence is that great prosperity attends every department of enterprise.

Passing from our own country to others, we find that advertising is not a simple Yankee invention and "dodge." The Britishers employ it far more generally than do the Americans. No English house is considered complete in its arrangements until a certain amount has been set apart for advertising. It is quite as much the custom in France, many Frenchmen having accumulated famous fortunes by this one means alone. The fact is that advertising has become a great science and auxilliary to business throughout the world, and its power is increasing daily.

Very few business men have any just idea of the real value of advertising as a legitimate help in their efforts succeed. They are apt to look upon it as the tool of the adventurer. But the utter falsity of this is abundantly proved. The experience of those men who have tried it largely is that no investment so profitable can possibly be made. It is the surest, earliest and best way to increase business It must be done with energy and skill and great persistence, and the reward will be certain. There are always some men in every city and town who are constantly averring that they "cannot afford" to advertise. Such men are invariably left behind in the race.—*Jersey City Times.*