

**BLOOD-SUCKING USURERS.**

One of the greatest curses to the largest sized towns and small sized cities in the country are the heartless usurers—the men that hang around law offices and take advantage of the necessities of the poor, the unfortunate and the enterprising—who rob the arm of industry week days and insult the Almighty by trying to pray it off their souls on Sundays—who even dare to appease the wrath of an offended and just God with petty bribes, in the shape of donations for charitable purposes from their blood money. For your large town and small city miser wants the world to consider him a "respectable" man—his intense selfishness prompts him to keep a sharp lookout for all the pleasant spots either on earth or in heaven—and it is alike amusing and painful to see the struggles between his ambition for social and moral position and his avarice.—Men like these gloat over their dollars, wranched, "according to law," from the enterprising mechanic and manufacturer and the hardy laborer, whom they have turned out of business and cast on the world, oftentimes homeless and moneyless. If there be any spot in hell more profoundly deep and hot than another, it is where the slyster, the miser and the hypocrite will be found—the blight and curse of every community in which they lived on earth, and the despised and rejected of Heaven when they shall come to the judgment of a just God.

We have in our mind's eye, as we write, a few Western cities, that are fair and beautiful to the view, and blest with great natural advantages; but cursed with a superabundance of un-patriotic and miserly sharks and shavers, that rest like a nightmare upon them and paralyze their prosperity.—Those of them who have become rich through meanness and extortion, give tone to a popular sentiment as pernicious to the general prosperity as the noxious exhalations of the Upas tree are to general health. Where concrete meanness and dishonesty is held at a premium by leading citizens, in a community of a few thousand inhabitants, what can be expected from the young, the thoughtless and others who constitute the masses of their people? The usual result is an acquiescence, if not an indorsement of the degrading idea that the many are made merely to be pigeoned, plucked and rode over by the heartless few who own and control the corporations, and sometimes even the courts. In such a community, integrity, intelligent effort and enterprise have no chance. The cities shrivel up, real estate is depressed and valueless, and the skinflints themselves are not half as well off as they would have been if they had spent half the amount of time and money in aiding and encouraging the industrious and energetic business citizens that they had spent in laboring to embarrass and ruin them.

**A Night Ride in the Caboose.**

The car is a short caboose, fashioned like a small, ill-shaped back kitchen, and has no more wheels than a one horse wagon, which gives it an uneasy and suggestive sway on the track. A brakeman sits with his head swung out at a window. The conductor sits with his watch in his hand. Nobody has any business there at all. The engineer is doing his best to make a distant station, and get upon the side-track before the Express wants the road. You find this out by degrees. It makes you feel light, but not airy.—The kitchen rocks like a cradle for a dozen rods and then bounces the light out and the water-barrels over and your hat off, and the stove rattles like a smithy in a driving time. Then it gathers itself up like a salient goat, and bounces against the bumper of the next car, and something snaps. No matter. The train swings around a curve, and you feel as you did years ago when you were the last boy on the string in the game of "snap-the-whip." You steady your lower jaw a little, and ask the conductor if he is going to stop before he stops for good, to wit: meets the Express, and he says "Genesee!" It occurs to you that he has mentioned the very place you are bound for, though you never heard it before. The conductor informs you it is safe to bet we are "just dusting," and you believe him—the only safe thing about the train. It is thirty miles an hour. Another head is hung out of a window, and you think you'll try to count fence-posts. It doesn't happen to be a fence, but a stockade; and as for telegraph-poles, you have seldom observed them thicker to the mile. You look forward, and see lights down the track. Drawing in like a turtle, you tell the conductor.—"What is it, Joe?" and the brakeman replies, "Nothin'." The conductor puts his watch to his ear. Has it stopped? With rattle and roar the engineer keeps lurching the train into the

midnight. A shrill shriek of the locomotive whistles you up, and you are on your feet like a cat. The brakeman runs up his little iron ladder, the speed slackens, the train comes to a dead halt. It is Genesee, and one grateful passenger leaves that frantic caboose to set foot in it, like Poe's raven, "nevermore."—[B. F. Taylor.

**Postal Suggestions.**

The "Fat Contributor" is dissatisfied with some of the decisions of the Post-office Department, and submits "a few improved rulings" of his own concoction:

Monthly magazines, published weekly, must be charged letter postage when delivered daily. Powder magazines, except to regular subscribers, are not permitted to frank their reports.

If no stamp is affixed to a letter, retain it. If, however, the postage is overpaid, letter rip!

If you feel any doubt about a paper going with a one-cent stamp, have two sent. Seeds can go through the mails as merchandise. The postmasters are cautioned against allowing any old seeds to go through their mails, however.

Signs cannot be sent without paying letter postage, three cents on every letter.

Calico prints, any foreign prince, reprints and footprints, all go as printed matter, and pay tax accordingly.—Vaccine matter must be properly (pock) marked.

Poetry in its various stages, including the Edgar A. Poe stage, must be sent postpaid, whether it ever paid to read it or not.

A postmaster is not permitted to make any material change in the site of his postoffice without affixing a two-cent stamp for every two ounces. He cannot charge double postage for a sight of the post-master.

Shirts may be mailed at the rate of two cents for every ounce of shirt.—If the owner's name is on the shirt, letter postage must be charged. This rule is indelible.

A subscriber residing in the county in which a paper is printed can take the paper, provided he pays in advance and urges his neighbors to subscribe. If he does not live in the county in which he resides, and the paper is not printed in the same county where it has its presswork done, then the county must pay double postage on the man—we mean a two-cent county must be affixed to every postage.

Editors of newspapers and their families shall be allowed to pass free in the mails.

A Kansas paper gives the following report of a Judge's sentence, lately passed on a criminal: "Brumley, you infamous scoundrel! You're an unredemmed villain! You hain't a single redeeming trait in your character.—Your wife and family wish we had sent you to the Penitentiary. This is the fifth time I've had you before me, and you have put me to more trouble than your neck is worth. I've exhorted and prayed over you long enough, you scoundrel. Just go home and take one glimpse at your family, and be off in short order! Don't let's ever hear of you again! The Grand Jury have found two other indictments against you, but I'll discharge you on your own recognizance, and if I catch you in this neck of woods to-morrow morning at daylight, I'll sock you right in jail and hump you off to Jeffersonville in less than no time, you infamous scoundrel! If ever I catch you crossing your finger at man, woman or child—white man or nigger—I'll sock you right square into the jug! Stand up, you scoundrel, while I pass sentence on you!"

The other day, at a concert, a gentleman having put his hat upon a chair to keep a place, returned to claim it after a short absence. The hat he found, sure enough, where it had been left, only there was a stout lady sitting on it. "Madame," said he, "you are sitting on my hat." The lady blushed a little, turned round, and said in the blandest manner: "Oh, I beg your pardon! I'm sure I thought it was my husband's."

A jemale Savior is creating a prodigious sensation in the southern part of the Russian Empire. She claims to be the daughter of God, selected to suffer for the redemption of her sex, in the same way that Christ died for the salvation of man. She professes to be able to heal the sick, give sight to the blind, and raise the dead.

Six comets have been discovered by the astronomers since April 3d, and it has not been a particularly good year for comets, either.

"Remember the poor," and send us a turkey for our New Year's dinner, is what Kansas editors say.

THE VOLCANO

Lubricat'r

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WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c., carefully repaired and warranted. Please call and examine my stock.

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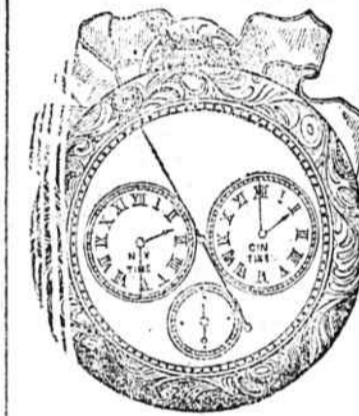
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Any one desiring to negotiate such a trade will address, with price,

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Insurance Company,

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Hartford, Connecticut.

The 27th Financial Statement of the

PHENIX

on the first day of January, 1873.

Cash on hand, and in bank.	\$303,351 10
U. S. and State stocks and bonds.	129,842 50
Loans on approved securities.	56,628 40
Hartford Bank stocks.	473,700 00
New York Bank stocks.	33,400 00
Miscellaneous Bank stocks.	52,050 00
Corporation & R.R. stocks, bonds.	275,262 93
City and water bonds.	178,470 00
Real Estate.	79,012 40
Cash assets.	\$1,582,646 55
Total liabilities.	\$255,720 73.

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OYSTERS,

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The patronage of the travelling public is respectfully solicited.

Volcano, November 21, 1872.—1f

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I have on hands at all times a large assortment of the very best in the market.

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If you want a good fit, for a suit of clothes, For a pair of boots, or for a fashionable shirt, cut low in the neck, be accommodated by leaving your measure at the store of

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General Agent, Volcano, W. Va. April 27, 1871

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CHAMBRAS,

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