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From the New York Ledger.

WINNING A LOSS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Charles Falconer was young for so responsible a place. Though only three-and-twenty, he was cashier in a wholesale house, and large sums of money passed daily through his hands. His father had been a cashier before him, and it was believed that honesty ran in the blood. From earliest boyhood Charles had been noted for the promptness and faithfulness with which he had discharged all duties devolving upon him, and when it was found that he was trying to support a widowed mother, and to help his only sister to complete the course of academic studies upon which she had entered, his friends secured for him the position of which we have spoken. And so far as the young man's native qualities were concerned, he had not been over-rated.

But Charles Falconer was young and ambitious. Moving continually in the glare of great wealth, he often found himself wishing that he was rich. And with the glare of wealth was the continuous din of speculation. At first Charles thought it looked like gambling. He saw men risk their thousands upon the hazard of a single telegram; he saw fortunes staked upon the events of the time as yet unborn; and he saw men grow suddenly rich upon the lucky turning of a die.

At first, we say, it looked to him like gambling; but he saw that those whom he honored and respected often engaged in the business, and he came to look upon it more leniently. At length he became aware that his own employers occasionally ventured large sums where the promise was flattering—doing it, of course, through a confidential agent—and he learned, furthermore, that they were very fortunate.

One day a friend came into the store, flushed and jubilant. He had made fifteen thousand dollars at a single leap of the Grand Trunk stock; and he had done all upon the investment of five thousand dollars. A friendly broker had advised him that Grand Trunk was going to jump. The stock was then at twenty. He gave the broker five thousand dollars, and told him to go in. The broker took up one thousand shares, paying down five dollars per share, the rest to be paid within ten days. On the very next day the stock went up to thirty, then to thirty-five, and at this figure the friend sold.

Charles thought how grand it would be if he could make fifteen thousand dollars as easily as that. But where should he get the capital to start with? He went out upon the street and talked with those who were posted. He talked with other cashiers who he found had tried their hand at the golden game. He heard that his old chum, Phil. Bret, had won a fortune, and he went to see him.

"How did you do it, Phil?"

"I bought just in the nick of time."

"How much?"

"I put out ten thousand dollars on Dublin and Erie, and made a cool fifty thousand by the operation."

"But where did you get the ten thousand?"

"I borrowed it."

"You borrowed ten thousand?"

"Whew! You're simple, Charley. But you can keep a secret?"

"Yes."

"Then you can borrow as I did."

"How?"

"Are you not cashier in a big house?"

From that time Charles Falconer's feet were wandering from the only safe and reliable path. And yet he could not at first so far overcome the better part of himself as to go upon the street with his employers' money. He dragged himself down to another plan. He learned that others had made money at the gaming table. If he could only get enough to make one successful speculation he would ask no more.

Charles Falcone[illegible]k the leap—and he lost! H[illegible]t not much in bulk; but muc[illegible] him, for it was all he had.

What next? [illegible]ust win back what he had lost, [illegible]o more. Ah! most fatal of all t[illegible]ounsels which the demon of [illegible]gaming table whispers into [illegible]ear of his victim! He who [illegible]vely faces his loss, and gains [illegible]dom therefrom, may save him[illegible]; but he who thinks to win [illegible] what he hath lost is in the [illegible]One's trap, body and soul!

For the st[illegible] with which to win back his [illegible]ses Charles Falconer borrow[illegible] from the funds of the house. [illegible]really regarded it as borrowing first; because to the amount [illegible]fty or a hundred dollars he [illegible]d keep cash in hand without tri[illegible] with his books. But by and [illegible] he was forced to withhold m[illegible] from deposit than he should h[illegible] done.

About th[illegible]time Ned Phillips arrived from [illegible]cutta. Captain Edwin Phillips[illegible]ough only six and-twenty, h[illegible]ommand of one of the finest [illegible]s that sailed out of New York. [illegible]is father had been a ship-mast[illegible]before him; and his grandfather[illegible]d been that doughty Captain Jae[illegible] Phillips whose surpassing s[illegible]manship stood Bainbridge in su[illegible] good stead at Tripoli.

And at th[illegible] this very self-same time, too, [illegible]aura Falconer had come hom[illegible]on a visit from the academy. [illegible]he had graduated some time [illegible]efore, and was now employed a[illegible] teacher. She was younger th[illegible]Charles; and even her female f[illegible]iends called her [illegible]andsome; and, [illegible]oreover, they did it without en[illegible], which plainly showed that sh[illegible]ust have had a strong hold upon [illegible]eir good-will and esteem.

Captain [illegible]ed Phillips had carried a[illegible]way [illegible]ith him Laura's promise that sh[illegible] would some day be his wife; [illegible]nd as soon as he could leave his [illegible]ip he called upon her, and the ol[illegible] love had not grown dim nor [illegible]ool; and it was very soon arra[illegible]ged that she should not go back to the academy any more.

One day Laura spoke to Edward of her br[illegible]ther Charles. She was distresse[illegible] about him.

"Something ails him," she said. "He is changed."

"I have noticed," remarked Phillips, "that he does not smile as he used to in the other times; but I thought it might be his business.

"No, no," pursued Laura. "It has come upon him recently. He is suffering. Last night I heard him groaning in his sleep, and I arose and went to his door. He was talking in a sort of feverish delirium—and he talked of loss and gain, and of salvation and of ruin."

"Have you spoken with him upon the subject?"

"Yes; but he kisses me and puts me away, and says it is nothing."

Edward promised that he would try his hand at solving the mystery.

And straightway Captain Phillips entered upon the work. His suspicions were very readily thrown upon the right track, and he watched the falling man with great care and circumspection.

It was late at night, and Charles Falconer was alone in the counting-room. He was pale and wan, and about his lips and eyes hard lines were drawn—lines of desperation. He took a package of bank notes from the desk and held it in his hand. It was a large package, and it represented thousands of dollars. The money was not his; but he had resolved to use it.

"This is the last!" [illegible]e said, as he put the notes into his breast pocket and buttoned up his coat. "It is my only hope. If this fails me — But it will not fail. Luck must have a turning point. Fortune cannot always frown. If I win to-night I am saved. I might have won last night if I had had money enough to have followed the game. I have enough to-night—more than I shall need. I shall not stake it all; but I will go prepared for the worst. The worst! No! no! I will not [illegible]y that. It shall be the b[illegible] will win back what I have l[illegible]d. I will toy with the fata[illegible] never again!"

He went [illegible] the gaming house, and w[illegible] engaged in play. His p[illegible]opponent was a man who[illegible]d often seen upon the str[illegible]roker named Barnes—but [illegible]e had never before seen [illegible]

"I have [illegible]-night," said Barnes, wit[illegible], "to lose my pile or win [illegible]ivalent. If I lose I shall [illegible]vily. Let us play coolly [illegible]

The gam[illegible]n. At times Charles wo[illegible]ver quite so much as [illegible]ost. He had separated h[illegible] into two parcels, one o[illegible] hoped not to touch, hold[illegible] reserve. But he came to [illegible]gth. It was long past [illegible]when his last dollar wa[illegible]e table—the last of fiv[illegible] staked that night—and [illegible] He arose and swallowed [illegible] brandy, and staggered [illegible]he hall.

It was a [illegible]ember night, but the [illegible]ld not subdue the fever[illegible]d in Charles Falconer[illegible]e stopped upon the st[illegible] and looked up at the sta[illegible]

"This [illegible] he said, with his hand [illegible]on his bosom. "The co[illegible]hall not look upon my [illegible]od be merciful to those [illegible]nd! Ned will care for [illegible] will take my place."

And [illegible]alked swiftly away, a[illegible]ot again until he had [illegible]mpty, forsaken pier, at [illegible]hich the waters of [illegible]ed swiftly and darkly [illegible]

"Th[illegible]ng," he said. "My b[illegible]orne far out and aw[illegible]

Just [illegible] was laid upon his sho[illegible]urned and saw Edward [illegible]

"Co[illegible] come home with m[illegible]

"No[illegible] me. You do not kn[illegible]you speak!"

"I k[illegible]

"All [illegible]

"Ye[illegible]e gaming hall this ev[illegible]

"Th[illegible] that I am ruined—[illegible]

"I k[illegible] that but for a sweet[illegible] watched over you, [illegible]we been lost. Your [illegible]to save you; and I [illegible]it."

"Oh[illegible]n't know all."

"I k[illegible]

"No[illegible]ost five thousand dollar[illegible]. And th[illegible] money [illegible] let me go!"

"Ch[illegible]her, as I hope soon [illegible]eave you not suffere[illegible]

"No[illegible] I can survive."

"Su[illegible] won to-night, instea[illegible]

"I [illegible]id back to my emplo[illegible]ount the money I [illegible]thdrawn, and never[illegible]ooked for help in any[illegible]rd. Such I had [illegible]every heart of hearts [illegible]

"Ho[illegible] you lost before?"

"Al[illegible]sand dollars."

N[illegible] both his hands and h[illegible]he spoke.

"L[illegible]ley. Laura begged [illegible] have watched you [illegible] as a shadow to you[illegible]w it not. I know[illegible]d do to-night, and I[illegible] help me. I did it [illegible]once, and he answe[illegible]n other times he wa[illegible]amester, and all th[illegible]rofession are know[illegible]e won your mone[illegible] my help, and for m[illegible] I have it safely i[illegible] his very moment [illegible] also another thous[illegible]ich you lost nigh[illegible]hat was won for m[illegible]the other two thous[illegible] you to borrow [illegible]n amply able. You [illegible] when you can. Hush [illegible] Remember you[illegible]nows nothing of th[illegible]will spare her all p[illegible]boy; let us go h[illegible]

We, like a lost child found after long and weary wandering, Charles Falconer took the arm of his brother and walked back toward his home. They found Laura up waiting for them.

"It is our own Charley, safe and well," said Edward.

She knew what he meant—she knew it from the eloquent light of his own eye, as well as from the eyes of her dear brother, which were so red with weeping, and she embraced and kissed them both, and blessed God.

On the following day, with the money which Phillips had secured for him, Charles Falconer went to the counting-house and called the members of the firm—there were only two of them—into the private office; and there he told them the whole story, omitting not one single thing that bore either for or against himself.

"And thus, he concluded, "as by a miracle, my life is saved, and I am able to restore to you every dollar that is your due. Aye, and more—I am saved from the dreadful pit which has engulphed so many; for, having once gained knowledge of its fearful burnings, be sure I will never tempt its Tartarean flames again. I can square up all my accounts and balance my books in less than an hour; and though I leave your service under a cloud, I trust you will not bear unnecessarily upon me."

But the merchants did not hurry about discharging their youthful treasurer. They considered the matter calmly, and were of the opinion that a brand plucked from the burning, charred and tempered in the fiery furnace, was safer far than new and untried material. And then, again, they knew that the youth was of true metal. And they kept him in his place, and did not even take the precaution of advising him with regard to the future; for they evidently felt that his own bitter experience, to a nature like his, would furnish all the warning he could possibly need.

Touching the final settlement between Charles and Edward Phillips, we can only say that the latter made but one voyage after his marriage, upon returning from which he and his brother-in-law went into business together as importers of Chinese wares. They prospered and were blessed.

Marriage Maxims.

A good wife is the greatest earthly blessing.

A man is what his wife makes him.

It is the mother who moulds the character and destiny of the child.

Make marriage a matter of moral judgment.

Marry in your own religion.

Marry into a different blood and temperament from your own.

Marry into a family which you have long known.

Never talk at one another, either alone or in company.

Never both manifest anger at once.

Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire.

Never reflect on a past action which was done with a good motive, and with the best judgment at the time.

Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.

Let self-abnegation be the daily aim and effort of each.

The very nearest approach to domestic felicity on earth, is the mutual cultivation of an abolute unselfishness.

Never find fault, unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed; and even then prelude it with a kiss, and lovingly.

Never allow a request to be repeated. "I forgot is never an acceptable excuse.

Never make a remark at the expense of the other; it is mearness.

Never part for a day without loving words to think of during your absence. Besides, it may be that you will not meet again in life.

Sorrow comes soon enough without despondency; it does a man no good to carry around a lightning-rod to attract troubles.

White Squaws—An Essay by Bill Wilkins, a Boy.

A squaw is an Ingin woman.—She is generally the wife of a big Ingin man. She does all the hard work. She raises corn, beans, potatoes, whisky, babies, and other vegetables, for her Ingin. She carries wood, makes the fire, cooks the victuals, and blacks his boots, while her big Ingin sits in the parlor and reads his newspaper, or loafs at a grocery and talks "hoss" to other loafers. When he comes home late at night, drunk, he whips his squaw because supper is not ready. A squaw works like a horse, and gets a lickin' for her pains. But I suppose she likes it; else why does she put up with it?

But I know a good many squaws among white people. They do all the work at home, take in washing or sewing, and support the family, including the big Ingin, while he is very busy drinking and gambling, or fishing. The white squaw generally has a house full of young ones. And they soon learn to treat her as their father treats her. She drudges in the kitchen, while her daughters gad about the streets or sit at the window and look at the people. But the white squaw does not want them to work. She wants them to be ladies. They don't go to school, they don't work. They have no money, but they *will dress* well; and after awhile they turn out something else than ladies.

I know a little squaw whose husband is a gentleman. He says he never did work, and never will work. He has no money, but he walks about the streets with a cane and gloves. He says he can get into business. By that he means getting somebody to lend him the money to live on—Now and then he borrows five dollars of somebody who don't know him. His wife takes in washing and does all the work. She even saws the wood. She has two sons who are young men but they let her saw the wood. She says Johnny is studying so hard at his profession that he has no time to help her. But I think his only study is base ball. And she says Willy is weakly, and never could stand work; it makes him wilt right down. I would let him wilt.

Johnny comes home and swears at her because dinner is not ready. But she says he is in such a hurry to get back to his studies.

These are my reasons for saying there are white squaws as well as red ones.

Mr. Printer, you need not be afraid to print this, because no big Ingin will take it to himself, and other people will find a great many ingins that it will fit.

A WHOLE DEMOCRATIC FAMILY IN THE LEGISLATURE.—The election returns from the several Counties of Jefferson, Pulaski, Massac and Marion, show that the Caseys have made a sort of family affair of the next Illinois Legislature. To begin with, we have that rugged, old-fashioned, uncompromising Democrat, Major Sam Casey, who holds over as State Senator from the Third District. Next comes his younger brother, Dr. N. R. Casey, as Representative from Pulaski and Massac—an equally sterling Democrat, and an excellent gentleman. Then we have Colonel Tom Casey, a still younger brother, the genial, jovial and brilliant Democratic Representative elect from staunch old Jefferson County. And lastly, in order, turns up Captain Samuel Dwight, a nephew of the gentleman named, as the intelligent young Democratic Representative from Marion County. Old Zadoc Casey, of such pleasant memory, did a tremendous work in his time, in the way of populating this State with Democrats, and it may be that when the legislative roll is called in Springfield, this winter, an additional dozen or two of the tribe will put in an appearance as Senators or Representatives.—*Centralia (Ill.) Democrat.*

The days are lengthening

It Was Powder.

Recently a young man, employed to overhaul a quantity of paper, cards, and other printing material in a job printing office on Market street, San Francisco, Cal., discovered a quantity of stuff that had the appearance of powder.—"That looks like powder, and I shouldn't be a bit astonished if it was powder," said the young man; "I've a good mind to try if it is powder? But, pshaw, come to think, what could powder be doing in a printing office? No, I guess it's black sand. That's more [illegible]an likely. Sand is used to dry ink; yes, it must be sand. But there's a big lot of it; almost a keg. Now, if it should only happen to be powder I could make a speculation by selling it, because the hunting season is coming on. By jimini! I guess I will try a handful of it." Having resolved to make the experiment the young man caught up a handful, carried it off some twenty or thirty steps, and deposited it upon the floor. He then took a piece of paper and having lighted it, tossed it upon the black substance. The paper burned brightly for a moment. "Oh, pshaw! It ain't powder after all. It won't burn. Just my luck; I never find anything that is worth shucks." The paper by this time had burned down, and a single spark falling, struck the powder, and there was a sudden flash. There had been a few grains dropped along the floor, and a bright, sparkling flame flashed along the floor like lightning athwart the dark horison, and in a second more there was a terrific explosion. The old valise, containing the powder, was hurled through the room, and the cards and papers were scattered in glorious confusion in every direction. The room was filled with smoke, the young man was spread flat on his back, but, fortunately not hurt. A number of persons rushed in to see what was the matter. They assisted the prostrate youth to rise, and asked him what was the matter. He looked at the wreck about him, and heaving a sigh, said: "By jingo, it was powder after all."

An Extraordinary Theory.

A distinguished Swedish chemist, Dr. Grusselbach, a professor of the University of Upsal, has come to the conclusion that those Egyptian mummies, which are found in the ancient tombs on the Nile, in a complete state—that is to say, without having been deprived of their brains and entrails, like most mummies—are not embalmed at all, but "are really the bodies of individuals whose life has been momentarily suspended, with the intention of restoring them at some future time, only the secret of preservation was lost."

Professor Grusselbach adduces many proofs in support of his idea—among others, his experiment during the last ten years, which, he says, have always proved successful. He took a snake and treated it in such a manner as to benumb it, as though it had been carved in marble, and it was so brittle that, had he allowed it to fall it would have broken into fragments. In this state he kept it for several years, and then restored it to life by sprinkling it with stimulating fluid, the composition of which is secret. For fifteen years the snake has been undergoing an existence composed of successive deaths and resurrections, apparently without sustaining harm.

The professor is reported to have sent a petition to the government, requesting that a criminal who has been condemned to death may be given to him to be treated in the same manner as the snake promising to restore him to life again in two years. It is understood that the man undergoing this experiment is to be pardoned. Of course, if the man can be kept in a state of suspended animation for two years, he may be kept for two thousand years, and, if the professor succeeds, we may lay up a few specimens of contemporaries for exhibition in the thirty-ninth century.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Two Girls Killed by a Ruffian.

Last evening we heard some additional particulars of the late tragedy at Wichita, in which two women were brutally murdered by the notorious ruffian and murderer, Jim Curry, which, if true, are horrible. It seems that one of the girls, Ida May, had been living with this Curry for some time, but he having tired of her, resolved to get rid of her, and made pretence of being jealous of her, and abused her shamefully.

At last, one night, he came in drunk to the house where she was staying, in company with another girl. As he entered the door he drew his revolver, and told Ida that he was going to kill her.—She threw herself upon her knees, and begged him not to, that she was not fit to die. But murder was in his cowardly heart, and his ruffian hand would not be stayed by the pleading of a weak, defenceless woman. His revolver was pointed at her forehead, and with the coolness of an incarnate fiend, he pulled the trigger, and the soul of the wretced girl went unprepared into the presence of its maker.

But this did not satiate the murderous appetite of this fiend in human shape. In the person of the girl Vina he saw another defenceless victim. She, fallen as she was, had attempted to intervere and stay the murderous hand. Curry, after satisfying himself that his victim was dead, turned to Vina, who was stricken with horror, and said:

"G—d d—n you, I guess I'll kill you too, while I'm at it," and suiting the action to his words, deliberately shot her dead.

That the citizens of Wichita should tolerate the presence of such a notorious murderer and ruffian, is singular, but the manner in which he treated the two victims of his hellish revenge, if true, shows a greater degree of brutality than we supposed civilized beings were possessed of.—We hope for the good name of the citizens of that place that it is not so, but we were told by one who claimed to be posted, that the bodies of the two girls were tumbled unceremoniously into a hole, without even a coffin.—*Leavenworth (Kansas) Bulletin.*

RUSSIAN LADIES.—The ladies in Russia are very anxious to marry, because they have no liberty before marriage. They are kept constantly under the maternal eye until given up to their husbands, and then they take their own course. Almost as soon as a girl is born, in the better ranks of society, her parents begin to prepare the dowry she must have when she goes to her husband.—She must furnish everything for an outfit in life, even to a dozen new shirts for her coming husband. The young man goes to the house of the proposed bride and counts over her dresses, examines the furniture, and sees the whole with his own eyes before he commits himself to the irrevocal bargain. In high life such things are conducted with more apparent delicacy, but the facts are ascertained with accuracy, the business being in the hands of a broker or notary. The trousseau is exposed in public before the wedding day.

MAN MUST WORK.—Ruskin says, and well says, that "It is no man's business whether he has genius or not; work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and unforced results of such work will be always the thing God meant him to do, and will be his best. No agonies or heart-rendings will enable him to do any better. If he is a great man, they will be great things, but always, if thus peacefully done, good and right; always, if restlessly and ambitiously done, false, hollow and despicable."

Recently, in Berlin, 650 couples appeared one Sunday to be married in church without previous publication of their banns, in consequence of the rapid mobilization of the army. How many of these newly made wives may not be today widows?

Meddling with the Cook.

Husbands ought "to keep out of the kitchen." A husband who did not, writes thus of the consequences:

"I found fault some time ago with Maria Ann's custard pie, and tried to tell her how my mother made custard pie. Maria made the pie after my receipt. It lasted longer than any other pie we ever had. Maria set it on the table every day for dinner, and you see I could not eat it because I forgot to tell her to put in any eggs, or shortening. It was economical, but in a fit of generosity I stole it from the pantry and gave it to a poor little boy in the neighborhood. The boy's funeral was largely attended by his former playmates. I did not go myself.

"Then there were the buckwheat cakes. I told Maria Ann any fool could beat her making those cakes, and she said I had better try it. So I did. I emptied the batter all out of the pitcher one evening and set the cakes myself. I got the flour and the salt and water, and warned by the past, put in a liberal quantity of eggs and shortening. I shortened with tallow from roast beef because I could not find any lard. The batter did not look right and I lit my pipe, and pondered yeast—yeast to be sure. I had forgotten the yeast. I went and woke up the baker and got six cents worth of yeast. I set the pitcher behind the sitting room stove and went to bed. In the morning I got up early and prepared to enjoy my triumph; but I didn't. That yeast was strong enough to raise the dead, and the batter was running all over the carpet. I scraped it up and put it into another dish. Then I got a fire in the kitchen and put on the griddle. The first lot of cakes stuck to the griddle. The second dittoed, only more. Maria came down and asked what was burning. She advised me to grease the griddle. I did it. One end of the griddle got too hot, and I dropped the thing on my tenderest corn, while trying to turn it around. Finally the cakes were ready for breakfast, and Maria got the other things ready. We sat down. My cakes did not have the right flavor. I took one mouthful and it satisfied me. I lost my appetite at once. Maria would not let me put one on her plate. I think those cakes may be reckoned a dead loss. The cats would not eat them. The dog ran off and stayed away three days after one was offered him. The hens won't go within ten feet of them. I threw them into the back yard, and there has not been a pig on the premises since. I eat what is put before me now, and do not allude to my mother's system of cooking."

THE SLANDERER.—The greatest plagues and chief of scoundrels are the slanderers. We have them everywhere—those who walk up and down the streets breathing poison and death to the good and virtuous—the moral and upright. They, by mysterious hints, or even knowing winks and whispers, circulate reports against the character of a virtuous female or an honorable man. How many hopes have been blasted by a surmise? How many hearts have been bruised by whispers? How many charitable deeds have been blasted and chilled by a shrug of the shoulders? Preserve us from the slanderer; of all the demons that enjoy the light of heaven, the one, who, by false representations, seeks to injure his neighbor, is the chief of all. Shun the liar as you would a loathsome disease. Do not let him contaminate your society. His very presence is sin, and his tongue moral death.

Miss Julia Ward Howe urges a general congress of women of all countries to promote peace and a general alliance.

A little cotton dipped in kerosene oil and carefully tied upon a finger upon which there is a felon, will cure it in one night's time.

The sheriff of Vermillion county, Illinois, is named Search, and he does it.