OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

State Directory.

C. H. VAN WYCK, U. S. Senator, Neb. City.
ALVIN SAUNDERS, U. S. Senator, Omaha.
E. K. VALENTINE, Representative, West Point.
JAMES W. DAWES, Governor, Lincoln.
E. P. ROSEWATER, Secretary of State.
JOHN WALLICHS, Auditor, Lincoln.
P. D. STURDEVANT, Treasurer, Lincoln.
W. W. JONES, Supt. Public Instruction.
A. G. ROBINSON, Land Commissioner.
ISAAC POWERS, Jr., Attorney General.
G. J. NOBES, Warden, of Penitentiary
DR. H. P. MATTHEWSON, Supt. Hospital for the Insane.

Supreme Court.

MAXWELL, Chief Justice, Fremont.
GEO. B. LAKE, Omaha.
AMASA COBB, Lincoln.

Second Judicial District

S. B. POUND, Judge, Lincoln.
J. B. STRODE, Prosecuting-Att'y,
W. C. SHOWALTER, Clerk District Court, Plattsmouth.

City Directory.

JOSEPH V. WECKBACH, Mayor.
WILLIAM H. CUSHING, Treasurer.
J. D. SIMPSON, City Clerk.
WILLETT POTTENGER, Police Judge.
M. A. HARTIGAN, City Attorney.
F. KROELLER, Chief of Police.
F. KROELLER, Overseer of Streets.
C. KOEHLER, Chief of Fire Dept.
JOSEPH P. HALL, Ch'n Board of Health.

COUNCILMEN.

1st Ward J. M. Shoemacher, Wm. Herold.
2nd Ward Jerry Hartman, J. M. Patterson.
3rd Ward Alva Drew, M. B. Murphy.
4th Ward C. S. Dawson, F. D. Lehnhoff.

SCHOOL BOARD.

JESSE B. STRODE, J. W. BARNES,
V. V. LEONARD, Wm. WINTERSTEEN.
F. D. GRUSSEL, ISAAC WILES,
Postmaster—JNO. W. MARSHALL.

County Directory.

H. NEWELL, County Treasurer.
J. W. JENNINGS, County Clerk.
J. W. JOHNSON, County Judge.
G. W. HYERS, Sheriff.
CYRUS ALDEN, Sup't of Pub. Instruction.
G. W. FAIRFIELD, County Surveyor.
P. P. GASS, Coroner.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

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SAM'L RICHARDSON, Mt. Pleasant Precinct.
A. B. TODD, Plattsmouth.

Parties having business with the County Commissioners, will find them in session the First Monday and Tuesday of each month.

BOARD OF TRADE.

FRANK CARRUTH, President.
J. A. CONNOR, HENRY BECK, Vice President.
WM. S. WEST, Secretary.
FRED. GORDER, Treasurer.

Regular meetings of the Board at the Court House, the first Tuesday evening of each month.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF PLATTSMOUTH MAILS.

ARRIVES.		DEPARTS.
7:30 p. m.	EASTERN.	8:00 a. m.
9:30 a. m.		4:00 p. m.
9:00 a. m.	WESTERN.	10:00 a. m.
5:00 p. m.		6:35 p. m.
1:00 a. m.	NORTHERN.	1:25 p. m.
5:50 p. m.	SOUTHERN.	9:00 a. m.
10:30 a. m.		8:25 a. m.
2:30 p. m.	OMAHA	4:25 p. m.
1:30 p. m.	WEEPING WATER.	8:00 a. m.
11:30 a. m.	FACTORYVILLE.	5:00 p. m.

(See M. 181.)

RATES CHARGED FOR MONEY ORDERS.

On orders not exceeding $15 - - - 10 cents
Over $15 and not exceeding $30 - - 15 cents
" $30 " " $40 - - 20 cents
" $40 " " $50 - - 25 cents

A single Money Order may include any amount from one cent to fifty dollars, but must not contain a fractional part of a cent.

RATES FOR POSTAGE.

Per ounce or fraction, letter 3 cents per ½ ounce.
Per " " (Publisher's rates) 2 cts per lb.
Per " " (Transient Newspapers and books come under this class) 1 cent per each 2 ounces.
Fourth class (merchandise) 1 cent per ounce.

J. W. MARSHALL P. M.

B. & M. R. R. Time Table.

Taking Effect July, 2 1881.

FROM OMAHA FROM PLATTSMOUTH.

Leaves 7:45 a. m.	Arrives	6:00 a. m.
4:25 p. m.	"	5:45 p. m.
8:25 a. m.	"	9:10 a. m.
K. C. AND ST. JOE.		
6:35 a. m.	"	9:20 a. m.
6:40 p. m.	"	8:35 p. m.

FROM OMAHA FOR PLATTSMOUTH.

Leaves 8:45 a. m.	Arrives	9:35 a. m.
5:00 p. m.	"	6:10 p. m.
8:35 p. m.	"	7:45 p. m.
K. C. AND ST. JOE.		
6:35 a. m.	"	9:20 a. m.
7:45 p. m.	"	8:50 p. m.

FOR THE WEST.

Leaves Plattsmouth 9:00 a. m. Arrives Lincoln, 11:45 a. m.; Hastings 4:30 p. m.; McCook 10:05 p. m.; Denver 8:20 a. m.

Leaves 6:55 p. m.; arrives Lincoln 9:35 p. m.

FREIGHT

Leaves at 9:25 a. m.; Arrives Lincoln 4:50pm
Leaves at 8:10 p. m.; Arrives at Lincoln 2:00 p. m.; Hastings 5:30 a. m.
Leaves at 2:00 p. m.; Arrives at Lincoln 6:30 p. m.; Hastings 2:30 a. m.; McCook 4:50 a. m.; Denver 1:00 p. m.

FROM THE WEST.

Leaves Denver at 3:45 p. m.; Arrives at McCook 4:55 a. m.; Hastings 10:20 a. m.; Lincoln 1:00 p. m.; Plattsmouth 3:00 p. m.
Leaves Lincoln 7 a. m; arrives Plattsmouth

FREIGHT

Leaves 11:45 a. m; Arrives 5:50pm
Leaves 8:15 p. m.; Arrives Lincoln
[illegible] a. m.
Leaves McCook [illegible]

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Office over Smith, Black & Co's. Drug Store. First class dentistry at reasonable prices. 22ly

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DENTIST.

Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

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Special attention given to diseases of women and children. 21tf

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PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

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J. B. STRODE.

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will practice in all the Courts in the State.
District Attorney and Notary Public.

W. G. W. [illegible]

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Real Estate Broker. [illegible]

[illegible] & CO.

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Plattsmouth, - - - - - Nebraska.

M. A. HARTIGAN,

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SULLIVAN & WOOLEY,

Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law.

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46ty J. C. BOONE, Prop'r.

PLATTSMOUTH MILLS.

PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

C. HEISEL, - Proprietor.

Flour, Corn Meal & Feed

Always on hand and for sale at lowest cash prices. The highest prices paid for Wheat and Corn. Particular attention given custom work.

SAGE'S ADDITION

TO THE

THE WAY OF LIFE.

[John Vance Cheney in The Century.]

The warrior frowned and pressed his temples gray;
"Enough," he cried, "away with love—away!"

A boy from play by fondest kiss beguiled,
"Mother, I'll love thee ever!" spake the child.

A maiden gazed into the night sky wide—
"Oh, I will love him when he comes!" she sighed.

These three moved on along the way of life:
A fair face lured the soldier from his strife,
Upon a tomb was carved the sweet child's name,
The lover to the maiden never came.

FOR WIVES TO CONTEMPLATE.

Parisian Husbands Who Attend Masquerade Balls and Unbeguile Bride.

There is a class of men here, writes a Paris correspondent, such as I never encountered elsewhere—a man who leads a perfectly upright, honorable life in business, whose intercourse with his fellow-men is all that the promptings of a rarest nature could suggest, whose home life is truthful, honorable and liberal, but who takes great pleasure in going alone to the Bois de Boulogne, the Arion, the French, and, in fact, all the masked balls. He goes for no special purpose, except to have a good time. He puts $100 or $200 in his pocket, expecting to spend it before he leaves the academy. The freedom of a mask permits him to do it. Not to be spoken to by any person in the assemblage. Going to the wine room and ordering a bottle of wine. Upon the floor or in the dance or on the corridors he accosts a mask, and with her repairing to the wine room there is a bottle of wine consumed, the case may be, consuming her to her room, the masks off, or in some other way. The supper ended, he is found in company in conversation and together they dance. The supper ended, the lingering waltz, or the lubricant can-can, it does not seem to make much difference to the mask. I have seen bald-headed, gray-bearded old fellows indulging in this thing, unmarked more or less successfully by men with more hair and less money. To one who calmly stands and coolly criticises, these men appear to be at the acme of folly. They carelessly throw away their money, and would seem to be in danger of losing their heads, but the next day they turn up sober and attend to their business in the most decorous and proper manner. They are in no sense changed. They have would they have to insult a tribe left after a good night's rest and a bottle of soda as the regime they are as they were. There are hundreds of men, well known in club circles here, who never think of taking wife or daughter or other lady to these balls, who go in groups, in pairs, or possibly alone, knowing that they will meet scores of their acquaintances there, with whom they can have a jolly good time. What effect all this is to have upon the morals of the community, which not only tolerates but looks upon it approvingly, is not for me to say.

Oddities of Washington Life.

I have been trying to get to the funny part for a long time, and, although there are a lot of interesting things swimming in my mind, I am going to put them aside and return to my saddle of mutton. Let us suppose, Mr. Editor, that you are a soxator or representative (O, no, that won't do, but—), let us suppose you are a cabinet officer, or on the supreme court bench. You are popular (of course) and sought for and invited to every swell table. On Monday you have a lovely dinner at Secretary Molar's. When you dine with Senator Incisor on Tuesday, you are surprised that you have precisely the same dinner that you had the day before. On Wednesday you are at Judge Woolsack's—the same old dinner again, with, possibly, the same china, the same flower stands, and the same waiters—beyond a doubt the same waiters. By the time you get to Representative Tonguey's, on Thursday, and find the same waiters, the same soup, the same fish, the same fillet, the same old miserable sweet breads and peas, the same form of ice cream, and the same cheese and crackers, you begin to feel like the professional quail eater. Of course Crutchet was not the only caterer in Washington. There were and there are others. But their dinners are about the same thing. A regular old, seasoned diner out can tell the minute he sits down to the table who is the caterer. I happen to know a case in point. One caterer in the city, a very good one he is, too, has gold plated forks and spoons. The newly elected senator imagines he is creating a sensation by setting before his guests gold forks and spoons, whereas Senator Anthony and a dozen others smile inwardly and remember that they have been eating with those very forks and spoons for ten years at least, and he knows every waiter by his first name. This is Washington society. Is it not, after all, better to give your guests a good home-cooked dinner, with less style, but more good wine and more good, hearty home hospitality?

Literary, Inquisitive and Gastronomic.

Remington Youre in Demorest's Monthly.

An amusing story is told by Dr. Gulich of a company of missionaries on one of the Micronesian islands, in the Pacific ocean. After having been left a year without tidings from home, they heard that a mail had arrived for them on one of the neighboring islands. They hastened to the place, and asked the chiefs whether a package had come for them. A big bundle of mail matter—letters and papers from American friends—was brought forward. According to Polynesian etiquette, presents were given to the chiefs, a long conversation followed, and elaborate ceremonies of politeness were performed. But unfortunately, the gifts were too valuable. The chiefs, being unable to appreciate the worth of anything to eat, concluded that the missionaries made extra delicacies, [illegible] from them.

WOMAN AND HOME.

How One Woman Earns Her Living--A Lady-Like Narrowness--A Weak Point.

Woman and Newspaper Work--In Telegraphy, Dentistry, and the Circus.

Baby Ballot, Jury-Box, Pill-Bags and Pulpit.

Ida A. Harper in Terre Haute Mail.

A lady reader of The Mail has propounded some very solemn questions "bearing on woman's rights," which should be considered before granting the ballot to the sex. After several sleepless nights of anxiety, the following answers have suggested themselves:

1. "Is it a man's duty or a woman's to quiet a cross baby at midnight?" Obviously a woman's because after having taken care of it all day, she knows how it ought to be done at night; and besides, being of a strong, robust constitution, she can bear fatigue and loss of sleep better than he can, and, as men are delicate and susceptible to cold, they should not be permitted to get out of bed after they are carefully tucked in for the night; then, too, as the entire peace of the family depends upon keeping the husband in good humor, it is the part of wisdom not to disturb his slumbers. Between a cross man and a cross baby the choice is in favor of the baby. Everybody knows that women are anxious to have just as many babies as possible, and the men should not feel under any obligations whatever to assist in the care of them.

2. "If a woman casts her first ballot at twenty-one, will it be possible for her to conceal her age after that?" When a woman has some other aim and ambition in life besides getting married, she will not desire to conceal her age; and when men look for some attributes in a wife besides mere beauty of face and figure, she will not feel that her powers of attraction are growing less with every passing year.

3. "Could any twelve women on a jury agree on a verdict?" Just as well as twelve men, but when that day shall come, it is to be hoped that it will not be possible to find twelve women who are ignorant enough to be eligible for a jury.

4. "Could a woman keep professional secrets?" The Nihilists in Russia, the Communists in France, requiring the most terrible secrecy, number many women among their leaders. Almost every city has its women lawyers, or doctors; we have two excellent lady physicians here. Has anybody ever known of their betraying professional secrets?

5. "Could any man get an office if his mother-in-law took a hand in politics?" If that much abused mother-in-law had a vote herself and controlled several more and could influence a number of others, her son-in-law with political aspirations, would treat her with a deference and affection that it is safe to say, she will never receive under any other circumstances.

6. "Could a woman physician prescribe for a handsome man without falling in love with him?" Well, of all the tiresome, unattractive, disagreeable people on the face of the earth, a sick man carries off the palm, with his groaning and complaining and bewailing and swearing—why, if you want completely to disenchant a woman just let her see the object of her devotion with a spell of the bilious fever or a boil on the back of his neck. O, no, don't disqualify the lady doctors on this account. The sick men are perfectly safe.

7. "Could a woman preacher hope to win the hearts of her fellow-sisters if her winter bonnet were prettier than theirs?" If she didn't wear her bonnet in the pulpit it probably wouldn't make any difference, but if the lady ministers are not paid any better than those of the opposite sex there is not much danger that they would be conspicuous by the elegance of their winter bonnets.

8. "If women are to be the bread-winners and salary-earners of the family, how much pin-money ought they allow the husbands?" Give them a few dollars, and when that is gone let them humbly come and ask for more, and, after they have given a faithful account of what they did with every cent, hand them a little more with the injunction to "make that go as far as possible, for money is scarce." That is the way most wives get their pin-money.

9. "If womanhood is to be elevated to the dignity of manhood can women get along without kissing each other as well as men do?" This is something that defies all guessing. Men have many opportunities for working off the superfluous osculation, which are denied to women. They can kiss the cook in the pantry, the chambermaid behind the door, every pretty girl who will permit it, and their neighbor's wife if she is willing. Women have only the one stupid, uninteresting, legitimate privilege—that of kissing one another.

10. "When woman is put on a footing with man, won't it be perfectly proper that she should foot the bills for ice cream, oysters, theatre tickets, etc., for herself and partner?" Not at all; they can do just as they do now, each party pay for himself. The young man of to-day doesn't bankrupt himself buying ice cream, oysters, and theatre tickets for the girls. In several localities in the city, the young ladies have been obliged to form themselves into clubs for going together to the opera house, that being the only way they can get there, and if they wish to eat ice cream or oysters with their masculine friends, they must prepare the feast at home and send out for the young gentlemen, offering as an inducement, to serve refreshments if they will come, and that brings them [illegible] the state of affairs, it should [illegible] every young woman to be able [illegible] ashamed to ask for herself, not being [illegible] that she may stand [illegible] other sex, but simply [illegible] independence [illegible]

THE "MUM" SOCIABLE,

And the Sad Experiences of a Young Man Who Went to One.

Peck's Sun.

"Lend me your revolver," said a young man with his nose skinned, his eyes blackened and his white necktie around under his ear, and one tail of his dress-coat torn off, as he came into a west side saloon with his overcoat on his arm and his overshoes in his hand, and his clothes all covered with snow.

"What's the matter with you," said the bartender, looking ugly at him; "do you suppose I am going to lend you a revolver to kill somebody, and then be arrested for being an accessory. Not much! But what's the matter? You look as though you came out of a window. Was anything the matter with the door?"

The young man took a wet towel and sopped the blood from his nose, then went to a mirror and fixed his neck-tie and turned his back and looked into the glass to see if the absent coat-tail showed much, then went and leaned on the bar and looked at the bar-tender for a moment, and said:

"You look like a man that can be trusted, and whose advice would be safe to follow in an emergency, and I will tell you about this murder that I contemplate, and may be you can give me some points, as you have no doubt murdered many people. The trouble is right here. Our lodge is to give a 'mum social' this evening. You know what a mum social is. Young people go to a house and sit around all the evening and keep their mouths shut, and never say a word till a signal is given, then they all make up for lost time and talk for all that is out. (Is my nose bleeding yet? Thanks.) They wanted me to go, and I just came from there. That is, I came from the house next door. You see, I went to the wrong house and rung the bell. A man in his shirt-sleeves came to the door and said 'good evening;' but I wasn't going to be caught speaking, because you have to pay a forfeit if you speak. So I just walked right in and pulled off my overcoat and hung it up, and hung my hat on the hat-rack. The man looked a little bit annoyed, but he asked me if the weather was not softening up a little. I smiled but didn't say anything, and I walked into the sitting-room. I thought I was the first one there, and I felt very awkward. The man watched me pretty close, and finally he said I had the advantage of him, and I smiled again, but didn't say anything. Now that I think of it, I noticed that he unbuttoned his shirt sleeves and began to roll them up. I did not think of it at the time, but his arms were as big as my legs. He asked me to what circumstance he was indebted for the honor of this visit, and I though he was trying to get me off my guard so I would speak, when they would have the laugh on me; so I smiled one of my best two-for-a-quarter smiles, and looked at him as much as to say, 'You can't play any of your games on the undersigned.' I think he was the crossest man that I ever saw, and I wondered what made the committee have the mum sociable at his house. I thought it was time some of the rest of the rest of the crowd were coming, and I got up and went to the window to look out, when the man came up beside me and hissed in my ear, 'What is your little game, any way.' Well, I wasn't going to spak, and give myself away, so I looked at him sort of impudent, as much as to say, 'O, go and chase yourself around your feet,' and then I thought lightning had struck me. He took me by the throat with one hand, and by the vicinity of the coat-tail with the other hand, and he choked me so my tongue run out, and his wife screamed and said 'Don't kill him,' and the man hustled me out into the hall, and opened the front door, and he picked me up bodily and threw me out into a snow-bank five feet deep. I struggled a little going out of the door, and run my nose against the door-casing, and I guess he forgot to let go of my coat-tail when I went out. I struck head-first in the snow, and before I could dig my head out the door closed, and I could not explain my conduct to the man. I was so mad I could not have explained any way. Just as I got out of the snow-bank and shook myself the door opened and the man threw out my overcoat and hat and overshoes, and he told his wife to hurry up with the shot-gun, and he would take me on the fly as I went over the fence. Well, I didn't wait for no shot-gun, but grabbed my coat and things and came down the street on a gallop. I met a lot of the young people going up, and as I turned the corner I saw them going into the next house to the one that I visited, and that was the first I knew of my mistake. Now, what I want is for you to tell me whether I better shoot that man or kill him with a club. I was raised in the south and my warm southern blood will not stand any such treatment." The bar-tender laughed and old the young fellow he had better go and apologize to that man, or he would kick the other coat-tail off the first time he saw him, and the young man said on second thought he reckoned he would.

Aaron Burr as a Cross-Examiner.

San Francisco Chronicle.

A writer thus describes the conclusion of a case in which Burr was one of the lawyers: The evening session opened and Burr resumed his cross-examination of the witness. It was a test of the profound skill and sobriety of the lawyer, the self-possession, courage and tact of the witness standing on the very brink of a horrible gulf firmly and intrepidly resisting the efforts of the terrible man to topple him over. At last, after dexterously leading the witness to an appropriate point, Burr suddenly seized a lamp in each hand, and holding them in such a manner that their light fell instantaneously upon the face of the witness, [illegible] startling voice, like [illegible] blood: "[illegible]