OFICIAL DIRECTORY.

State Directory.

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

—o—

Supreme Court.

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

—o—

Second Judicial District.

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

—o—

City Directory.

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WILLIAM H. CUSHING, Treasurer.
J. D. SIMPSON, City Clerk.
WILLETT POTTENGER, Police Judge.
M. A. HARTIGAN, City Attorney.
F. KROEHLER, Chief of Police.
F. KROEHLER, Overseer of streets.
C. KOEHNKE, Chief of Fire Dept.
JOSEPH H. HALL, Ch'n Board of Health.

COUNCILMEN.

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

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V. V. LEONARD,	Wm. WINTERSTEEN.
ED. GREUSEL,	ISAAC WILES,

Postmaster—JNO. W. MARSHALL.

—o—

County Directory.

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

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

JAMES CRAWFORD, South Bend Precinct.
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.

—o—

BOARD OF TRADE.

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J. A. CONNOR, HENRY BÆCK, Vice-Presidents.
WM. S. WISE, 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.
[illegible]	EASTERN.	9.00 a. m.
[illegible]		3.00 p. m.
[illegible]	WESTERN.	9.00 a. m.
[illegible]		6.56 p. m.
[illegible]	NORTHERN.	1.25 p. m.
[illegible]	SOUTHERN.	9.00 a. m.
[illegible]	OMAHA.	[illegible]
[illegible]		[illegible]
1.00 p. m.	WEEPING WATER.	8.00 a. m.
[illegible]	FACTORYVILLE.	1.00 p. m.

[illegible], 1881.

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.

1st class matter (letters) 3 cents per ½ ounce.
2d " " (Publisher's rates) 2 cts per lb.
3d " " (Transient Newspapers and books come under this class) 1 cent per each 2 ounces.
4th class (merchandise) 1 cent per ounce.

J. W. MARSHALL P. M.

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

Taking Effect July, 2 1881.

FOR OMAHA FROM PLATTSMOUTH.

Leaves 3 :45 a. m. Arrives 6 :00 a. m.
4 :25 p. m. " 5 :45 p. m.
8 :25 a. m. " 9 :40 a. m.

K. C. AND ST. JOE.

6 :35 a. m. " 9 :30 a. m.
6 :50 p. m, " 8 :55 p. m.

FROM OMAHA FOR PLATTSMOUTH.

Leaves 8 :15 a. m. Arrives 9 :35 a. m.
" 7 :00 p. m. " 9 :10 p. m.
" 6 :35 p. m. " 7 :35 p. m.

K. C. AND ST. JOE.

" 8 :25 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 :35 p. m. ; Denver 8 :20 a. m.

Leaves 6 :55 p. m ; arrives Lincoln 9 :30 p. m.

FREIGHT

Leaves at 9 :35 a. m. ; Arrives Lincoln 4 :10pm

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 8 :05 p. m. ; Arrives at McCook 4 :50 a. m. ; Hastings 10 :20 a. m. ; Lincoln 2 :00 p. m. ; Plattsmouth 5 :00 p. m.

Leaves Lincoln 7 a, m ; arrives Plattsmouth 9 :00 a. m.

FREIGHT

Leaves Lincoln at 11 :45 a. m ; Arrives 5 :30pm

Leaves Hastings 7 :45 p. m. ; Arrives Lincoln 9 ;30 p. m. ; Plattsmouth 2 :50 a. m.

Leaves Denver 6 :00 a. m. ; Arrives McCook 5 :26 a.m. ; Hastings 9 :30 p. m. ; Lincoln 6 ;45 a. m. ; Plattsmouth 11 :50 a. m.

GOING EAST.

Passenger trains leave Plattsmouth at 7 00 a. m., 9 00 a. m., 5 10 p m. and arrive at Pacific Junction at 7 25 a. m., 9 20 a. m, and 5 30 p. m.

K. C. AND ST. JOE.

Leave at 9 ;20 a. m. and 8 :55 p. m. ; Arrive at Pacific Junction at 9 :35 a. m. and 9 :15 p. m.

FROM THE EAST.

Passenger trains leave Pacific Junction at 8 15 a. m.,6 :20 p. m., 10 a. m. and arrive at Plattsmouth at 8 40 a. m., 6 40 p. m. and 10 30 a. m.

K. C. AND ST. JOE.

Leave Pacific Junction at 6 :10 a. m. and 5 :40 p. m. ; Arrive 6 :25 a. m. and 5 :55 p. m.

TIME TABLE
Missouri Pacific Railroad.

	Express leaves going SOUTH.	Express leaves going SOUTH.	Freight leaves going SOUTH.
Omaha	7.40 p. m	8.50 a. m	12.50 a. m.
Papillion	8.17 "	8.37 "	2.00 p. m.
Springfield	8.42 "	[illegible] "	2.05 "
Louisville	8.58 "	9.15 "	2.50 "
Weeping Water	[illegible] "	9.40 "	[illegible] "
Avoca	[illegible] "	9.53 "	5.45 "
Dunbar	10.07 "	10.21 "	6.35 "
Kansas City	[illegible]	7.07 p.m.	
St. Louis	[illegible]	[illegible]	
	Going NORTH.	Going NORTH.	Going NORTH.
St. Louis	[illegible]	8.32 p.m.	
Kansas City	8.38 p.m	7.57 a.m.	
Dunbar	5.10 a.m	4.21 a.m.	[illegible] p. m.
Avoca	5.45 "	4.34 "	2.10 "
Weeping Water	6.03 "	5.08 "	2.45 "
Louisville	6 32 "	5.33 "	3.50 "
Springfield	$6.51 "	5.48 "	4.25 "
Papillion	7.20 "	6.15 "	5.25 "
Omaha arrives	8.00 "	6.55 "	7.06 "

The above is Jefferson City time, which is 14 minutes faster than Omaha time.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh Asthma, and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for General Debility, and all nervous complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, feels it his duty to make it known to his fellows. The recipe, with full particulars, directions for preparation and use, and all necessary advice and instructions for successful treatment at your own home, will be received by you by return mail, free of charge, by addressing with stamp or stamped self-addressed envelope to

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Furnishes Fresh, Pure Milk
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J. C. NEWBERRY,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

[illegible] in the front part of his residence [illegible], where he may be found in [illegible] the duties of the office. 47tf.

ROBERT B. WINDHAM,

Notary Public.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

[illegible] over Carruth's Jewelry Store.

Plattsmouth, - - - - Nebraska.

M. A. HARTIGAN,

LAWYER.

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

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—TO THE—

CITY of PLATTSMOUTH

Valuable outlots for residence purposes.

Sage's addition lies south-west of the city, and all lots are very easy of access, and high and sightly.

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2 Bennett & Lewis, store.
3 M. B. Murphy & Co., "
4 Bonner Stables.
5 County Clerk's office.
6 E. B. Lewis, residence.
7 J. V. Weckbach, store.
8 Western Union Telegraph office.
9 D. H. Wheeler, residence.
10 D. A. Campbell, "
14 R. B. Windham, "
15 Jno. Wayman, "
16 J. W. Jennings, "
17 W. S. Wise, office.
18 Morrissey Bros., office.
19 W. R. Carter, store.
20 G. W. Fairfield, residence.
21 M. B Murphy, "
22 D. H. Wheeler & Co., office.
23 J. P. Taylor, residence.
24 First National Bank.
25 P. E. Ruffner's office.
26 J. P. Young, store.
28 Perkins House.
29 R. W. Hyers, residence.
31 Journal office.
32 Fairfield's ice office.
34 HERALD PUB. Co. office.
35 J. N. Wise, residence.
36 S. M. Chapman, "
37 W. D. Jones, "
38 A. N. Sullivan, "
39 H. E. Palmer, "
40 W. H. Schildknecht, office.
41 Sullivan & Wooley, "
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44 C. M. Holmes, "
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307 J. V. Weckbach, residence.
335 Chaplain Wright. "
340 W. H. Schildknecht. "
346 Geo. S Smith, "
350 R. R. Livingston. "
315 C. C. Ballard, "

The switch board connects Plattsmouth with Ashland, Arlington, Blair, Council Bluffs, Fremont, Lincoln, Omaha Elkhorn Station, Papillion, Springfield, Louisville South Bend and Waverly.

TROLLOPE AND BLANC.

Striking Pictures of the Noted Novelist and the Literary Politician.

In a charming letter to The Literary World, Amelia B. Edwards, the novelist and Egyptologist, draws two striking pictures of the late novelist, Anthony Trollope, and Louis Blanc as he was before age and infirmity overtook him. She writes:

"I was living in London when I knew Trollope, and he was living at Waltham Cross, Hertfordshire. He used to be frequently going to and fro between town and country, dropping in at his club and his publisher's, and not disdaining, after the manner of men in general, to now and then make an afternoon call at the hour when ladies take tea. This, however, was mostly in summer, for in winter he was devoted to field sports. He was at that time living the life of an active country gentleman. He kept his stable of hunters, and loved to fill his house with guests in English country fashion. Though twice invited, I was, to my regret, on each occasion unable to put aside the pressing work which tied me to the desk. Like a true Londoner, he cared little for country visiting. I asked him once if he had pleasant neighbors. 'I hardly know,' he replied. 'We are independent of the people of the place. We have our old friends down in batches, which is what we like best.' He told me that hunting or no hunting, visitors or no visitors, he never failed to write a certain quantity of MSS. per diem. 'But how can you sit down to novel-spinning after a hard day's ride to hounds?' I asked. 'I never attempt it.' he replied. 'All my work is done before breakfast.' And othen he told me how some old man, I think an out-door servant, came in every morning to light his library-fire and prepare his coffee. 'And so,' he said, 'I am in my chair at 5, and I write till 9, and then my day's work is done. I hereupon demurred that he must pay the penalty of going to bed very early; to which he replied that, whether at home or in society he invariably said good night at 9 o'clock. His habits would seem to have changed during these last years, and I have read with surprise in some of the society notices that he had returned to London life and London ways, and become a 'genial diner-out.' Big and burly, with iron-gray hair and beard, and a broad, weather-beaten face, he looked far more like a hearty country squire than like a literary man and an ex-post office secretary. His voice, too, was big and burly, like himself. I used to hear it echoing down the lengthy gallery that led to my library, long before he made his appearance at the door. He enjoyed the enviable facility with which he composed, and loved to tell of the easy way in which his love stories ran off the end of his pen. 'I'm such a useful fellow,' he said, one day. 'I can write to a given space, and fill it exactly; and if at any time another dozen, lines are wanted, I simply write them. It's all as easy as possible to me. I measure it out like tape!'

"I knew Louis Blanc more intimately than I ever knew Trollope. Not only was I constantly meeting him in society during many years, but he was the ami du maison of my nearest and dearest friends. I can not realize the little man with snow-white hair described the other day by the Paris correspondent of The Times. His hair, when I knew him, was raven black, and his clean-shaved chin and jaw were almost blue. Add to these a rich brown southern complexion, a ruddy cheek, lustrous black eyes, a slightly aquiline cast of features, a splendid head and brow, and you have in words the portrait of a remarkably handsome man. Finally, you must set that spirited head upon a tiny but admirably proportioned figure just five feet high, and fancy you are looking at a colossus through the wrong end of a telescope. Such, when I knew him, was Louis Blanc. As regarded dress, he had a style of his own. A black silk cravat, a black dress coat with a velvet collar and brass buttons, tightly buttoned; black trowsers, white kid gloves, and a folding hat under his arm, was his invariable costume at evening parties. The brass buttons, being unusual, led to occasional complications. At one of Charlotte Cushman's receptions, in the old days when she lived in the pretty house in Bolton Row, one of the guests, mistaking the little Frenchman for the 'boy in buttons,' inadvertently handed him an empty ice-glass. The insulted patriot drew himself to the uttermost of his small height, flashed one glance at the offender, and turned silently away. I witnessed the episode, and did not envy the perpetrator of the mistake. I have omitted to mention that the black silk cravat betrayed no margin of shirt collar; a peculiarity of style which was also characteristic of Mazzini. A stern rejection of shirt-collar may, possibly, be a point of faith among continental Republicans of the advanced school."

"When this Cruel War is Over."

New York Sun.

In your edition of to-day there appears an article signed by "Jerome Hopkins," in which, referring to the authorship of certain popular songs, he asserts or infers that the song, "When this Cruel War is Over," and others, were written by Henry Tucker, but are accredited to a "C. C. Sawyer, of Brooklyn."

As once before a similar assertion was made in relation to the same song, I most respectfully beg to pronounce it a base fabrication, and if this Hopkins is the same man who, about twenty years ago, was somewhat popular in music circles in Brooklyn, he must be fully aware of the following facts:

The song "Weeping Sad and Lonely," or "When this Cruel War is Over," was written and composed by Charles Carroll Sawyer, the "C. C. Sawyer" referred to by Mr. Hopkins. Henry Tucker adapted the words to an old song which [illegible] claimed as his own composition, written in [illegible], and entitled "Darling Meet Me in the Greenwood." After having a few engraved copies printed, Mr. Sawyer, not liking the melody, withdrew it and entirely reconstructed it; and yet, not wishing to detract any from Mr. Tucker's credit, left the title page as originally written, viz.: "Words by Charles Carroll Sawyer. Music by Henry Tucker."

This is the only song ever published in Brooklyn in which Mr. Tucker's name ever appeared, or to which he made any claim whatever.

CHARLES CARROLL SAWYER,
Author of "When this Cruel War is Over."

Nothing Original.

"I do not like mercantile pursuits, father," said an Arkansaw boy, whose mild and earnest parent was trying to direct into commercial channels. "I want to be a literary man."

"Plenty of time to starve at literature," replied the sage, "after you have learned to, nine times out of ten, stand flat-footed and cut off twenty-five cents' worth of bacon at a whack."

"But, father, there is nothing original in trade."

"How so, sir?"

"Nothing original, for you know even the markets are filled with quotations."

The poor old man who had taken so much pains with the wayward child turned away, while a tear rolled down a time-made furrow of his cheek.

Queer People.

Detroit Free Press.

Queer citizens they must have in St. Louis! They recently subscribed a large sum for a permanent exposition, and a local paper says "the payments are not made with the alacrity which characterized the subscriptions." This is the most extraordinary dilatoriness on record, and it shows what a slow place St. Louis is. In any other city the delay, if any, would have been the other way.

A Blind Poet.

In order to talk with the blind and deaf Kentucky poet Mr. Morrison Heady, who wears a glove upon his hand with the alphabet printed on it, one must spell out one's words by touching the letters on the glove. He is a fine chess player.

A MINNEAPOLIS SONG

[Providence Press.]

"Love me little, love me long,"
Sang the dusty miller
To his wheat art, and his song
Did a maize and thrill her.

"Bid me barley hope. O give
Me one grain of comfort;
I would oat on thee and live
Holding on to some fort.

"In your ryes now love looks shine,
There lies cereal pleasure,
O hominy joys are mine,
Filling up my measure."

Came the maiden's corn-full laugh
At the miller's fawning,
"You can't winnow girls with chaff—
Sir! to you good morning.

TWO MEN WITH FACES.

A Slight Mistake by a Bartender Who Undertook to Read Human Character.

New York Sun.

"I can always tell by the expression of a man's face whether he is a self-reliant man or not," said a bartender in a Nassau street saloon to a customer yesterday. "Now, that large man just coming in has a will of his own, and the smaller one with him could be guided by any one," and he speculatively jingled two glasses on the bar as the two gentlemen approached. They were both well dressed, and looked contented with their lot. The tall one has, indeed, a face expressive of a desire to have his own way, and was not unlike Tug Wilson in appearance. His smaller friend had an exceedingly mild aspect. He seemed nervous, and not at all, as the bartender had said, like a person of strong will power. They both took whisky, and the smaller one offered to pay for it.

"Pay at the cashier's desk, sir," said the bartender, politely, handing him two ten-cent checks. He looked at the cashier's desk, which was some distance away, and, suddenly losing his mild appearance, said:

"I'll be hanged if I am going to be made a waiter of by any d——d bartender. I came in to get a drink, not to run of errands."

"For heavens sake, Jake, pay it at the desk, and don't make a scene," said his tall friend, who seemed to have lost his pugilistic aspect as quickly as his friend had got rid of his pacific one.

"I'll be shot if I do," said the smaller man, his voice growing louder. "Here; will you take this or not? It's the last time of asking."

"I am not allowed to take money," said the bartender.

"Well, I hope, for your own sake, you are allowed to give drinks for nothing," was the reply, and the small man stalked to the door, followed by his greatly subdued companion.

The bartender considered for a moment, and then crawled over the bar and went after them.

"I suppose I must take it the way you say," he said.

"Then take it," said the small man, throwing two dimes on the floor. And thank your stars that you can get it."

The bartender picked up the coins, gave them to the cashier, and went back to his place.

"I made a mistake," he said, confidentially, to his first customer. It is a little one who has a will of his own and the big one whom any one could guide."

Courted Her Like $900.

There was a man named Watkins in a Confederate regiment during the war, who was well on toward middle life; but when his wife came to camp one day she seemed to make him young by comparison. There seemed to be a century's difference between them; and the man, who was as ugly as a Georgia cracker usually is, was handsome beside his wife. "How did you ever come to marry such an old witch as that?" asked one of his superior officers, taking him aside. "Well, you see," said the man, rather sheepishly, "her mother kept a little grocery store down on the corner of the street where I lived, and I used to go in there to get what I wanted to eat. One day I found the old woman's ugly daughter all alone in the store. Just as I came in I heard the clink of silver through the loose rafters overhead, and the old woman counting: 'One, two, three, and so on. I sat down and made love to the girl and the old woman up-stairs kept on counting. By-and-by she was away up in the hundreds—four hundred, four hundred and fifty, five hundred, I courted that girl harder and harder as the old woman got higher. Finally she stopped at nine hundred. 'Great Scott!' I said to myself. 'Nine hundred dollars!' 'Beloved Sukey, will you be mine?' She said she would, and we were married that same day." "Well, is that all?" "No; there were only thirty of those silver dollars; the old woman counted them over thirty times." Perhaps it would be well to investigate a little every time.

An American Anti-Rent War.

George Alfred Townsend.

An old politician said to me: "I wonder that the Irish Land league and the Spanish Black Hand anti-rent organization do not suggest to you that the people of New York did just the same in the anti-rent war." "I am all ears," said I. "In the year 1844 the tenants on the Van Reusselaer and other estates in Albany, Reusselaer, Delaware, Columbia and Greene counties refused to pay rents. Mobs and outrages just like those in Ireland and Spain followed. Fenimore Cooper's novel, "Chain-Bearer," is on this subject. New landlords, buying old Patroon grants, revived the hard conditions of the old feudal leases. The tenants appealed both to force and to politics. Gov. Silas Wright in 1845 addressed the legislature on the murders and outrages being committed by organized bands of men disguised as savages. The legislature passed such acts as the British government has done. Yet a sheriff was soon killed, and the disturbances extended over nearly a fourth part of New York state. Martial law was declared. Attorney General John Van Buren, prosecuting anti-renters, had a fist fight in court with Lawyer Ambrose Jordan. Two capital convictions were obtained. Yet the anti-renters carried a new constitution, beat Wright's re-election with Governor John Young, and he set fifty-four persons free and challenged the validity of Patroon titles. In 1852 the landlords triumphed in the courts, but subsequent decisions declared feudal incidents of sales and leases obsolete by a law of 1787. In brief, the change in the spirit of society compelled landlord reform."

That Little Game of Poker.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

That little game of poker at Philadelphia, at which $54,000 in the "I'll see you later" sort of bet was lost, recalls a recent incident here. A game was in progress in the card room of a well known club in this city, with an ante of 10 cents and no limit to the bet. Two players got "broke," but instead of drawing out kept "talking" in and telling the winner that they would owe. Finally one of the two "bet a dollar," which he indicated by a wink at the pot. A player who had become disgusted with that sort of performance promptly said: "I see your blow, and go it two bladders of wind better." The effect was reformative.

A Lazy Climate.

Chicago Inter Ocean Florida Letter.

On two occasions I have witnessed brakes whistled down and a train-load of passengers stopped in the pine woods, while the conductor slowly ambled off to a neat cottage in a little orange grove and kissed his wife and a large family of children ranged along on top of the fence. I think it was his wife, but there was some speculation in regard to it. Animate and inanimate nature are alike affected. The leaves on the trees are too lazy to fall.

Adelaide Neilson's Grave.

Cor. Cincinnati Commercial.

"Do many persons come to see Miss Neilson's grave?" I asked the gatekeeper.

"Yes, a good many. But it's mostly Americans that visit it, mum."

"Who put up that beautiful marble cross?"

"I suppose it was the cemetery association, mum."

"Are any of her friends or relatives buried here?"

"Not that I'm aware of, mum. I only keep the gates."

How stupid he was! Juliet's tomb in Brompton cemetery, London, had for me a far keener, if melancholy, interest than the so-called tomb of Juliet in Verona. That is known to be a humbug. This has far a better claim to be the tomb of Shakespeare's own Juliet. It is a picture which will linger always in my memory. I see it now, the green grave, the heavy white marble cross and the vivid red and yellow flowers shining through the mist of rain. The spattered rain-spots in my note-book are still there, where the drops fell thick and fast as I copied the inscription on the monument—these words:

In Loving Memory of
Adelaide Neilson.
Died Aug. 15, 1880.
Gifted and Beautiful.
Resting.

That was all.

There Wasn't Any Chaw in the Meat.

New York Sun.

"We can't stand this sort of meat, sir," said the spokesman of a delegation of the crew of the steamship Louisiana to Capt. Gager on a recent trip.

"What's the matter with the meat?" inquired the captain of the steward.

"Nothing at all, sir. It's a piece of the cabin roast that I was obliged to send down because the stock of meat for the crew ran short. It is fresh, tender meat. Taste it yourself. Capt. Gager tasted it, and said to the spokesman of the delegation:

"I can see nothing the matter with that meat. It is as good as I get, and is very tender."

"Well, sir," said the spokesman, "we don' like it. There's no chaw in it."

NORTHERN TEXAS.

The Immense Profits in Live Stock-Growing.

Rapid Development of the Agricultural and Manufacturing Interests of the Country--Rich Soil and a Favored Land.

Correspondence New York Tribune.

From the moment of crossing Red river, passing from the Indian territory into the state of Texas, evidences of wealth and prosperity greet the eye. Denison, containing about 9,000 inhabitants, is a distributing point for northwestern Texas, and does a good jobbing trade. The country about it is rapidly filling up with a good class of farmers from the older states, who turn their attention principally to growing cereals and raising fine stock. The acreage of winter wheat, oats and barley has been increased one-third since last year, and of cotton land about one-fourth. Going south from Denison, numerous small but prosperous towns are passed. The country is well settled, and the farms present a thrifty, well-to-do air. Winter wheat, oats, and barley look finely. Peach trees are in blossom, and nearly every farm house is surrounded by an orchard. Ninety-six miles south of Denison is Fort Worth, a city of 15,750 inhabitants and an important railroad junction. Six years ago Fort Worth contained 1,800 inhabitants, and was an outpost of civilization. Now it has railroads, street-cars, gas works, water-works, cotton compress, flouring, pork packing, and planing mills, a foundry, and other business enterprises, which mark it as one of the foremost towns in Texas. I can best convey an idea of the business of the place by stating that the different railroads have twenty-seven miles of side tracks in their yards here, and the tracks are covered with cars containing merchandise of every discription. Live stock men from all quarters hold their conventions here and transact their business, and money changing hands for stock alone amounts to $18,000,000 annually. There is a great deal of cotton in the tributary regions, and it is being received and shipped daily.

One is struck by the enormous increase in farms and population. Towns have been built up and are becoming populous, thriving places, where twelve months ago there was not a house in sight from Fort Worth to Wichita Falls. Rome, Decatur, Alvord, Bowie, Henrietta and Witchita Falls have sprung into existence; only two of these, Decatur and Henrietta, had been located before the Fort Worth & Denver City railroad was built. Decatur bids fair to be a place of some note, as coal has been discovered a short distance from there and the Wise County Coal company are developing a thirty-inch vein. This coal will supply a long felt want of Northwestern Texas. The land throughout this section of country is very fertile, fairly wooded, and well watered. What are known as the upper cross-timbers, belts of woodland, traverse this part of Texas from northeast to southwest. The soil is a chocolate colored loam, and the finest staple of cotton Texas produces is grown throughout this section. Wild land is worth from $1.50 to $10 per acre, prices varying with the quality and situation. A very fine body of land can be got from four or five miles from a railroad station for $2 per acre, and there is a good market for all kinds of farm produce.

There are four towns tributary to Bowie, four to Henrietta, and Wichita Falls commands the entire trade of the Pan Handle of Texas and the adjacent portion of the Indian territory. The last named place has only been in existence three or four months and it already contains about 2,500 inhabitants, two wholesale grocery stores, two banks and a weekly paper, The Herald. In Fort Worth two daily and weekly papers are published, one weekly at Aurora, two at Decatur, one at Bowie, one at Alvord, one at Henrietta, and one at the Falls. There is great unanimity in politics, as these papers are all Conservative Democratic, but strangers are welcomed from all sections of the country without regard to politics or religion. These towns all possess good educational advantages, the school fund of Texas being large and every county in Texas having been allotted a portion of the public domain set apart and known as school lands.

The entire country is being rapidly fenced up for either stock or agricultural purposes; so much so, in fact, that stock men are finding it impossible to drive cattle, as has been the custom in years past when they were changing ranges, and are now making contracts with railroads to transport their young cattle from the breeding grounds of the southwest to the grazing grounds of southern Colorado, northern Texas and New Mexico, a distance of from 500 to 700 miles. The cattle are held on these grazing lands until they attain their growth and are ready for market, the theory held by stock men being that cattle breed better and are safer and more prolific, in the warm climate of southern Texas, and fatten quicker and grow larger in the northern grazing lands. It is estimated that between 200,000 and 300,000 head of these young cattle will be moved this year.

The number and wealth of the stock men in Texes are something wonderful, Some five or six years ago "Old Dan" Waggoner made a sale of his ranch and brand of cattle for $25,000 to a man who afterward backed out of his bargain. "Old Dan" was abont to sue to compel him to keep it, but was dissuaded therefrom, and to-day he has good reason to congratulate himself that the sale was not effected, as he is now offered for the same ranch and brand $1,500,000.

The counties of Grayson, Tarrant, Denton, Wise, Montague, Cooke and those counties immediately adjoining are known as the Delaware of Texas. Apples, peaches, pears and plums are grown successfully and remuneratively. There are numbers of small tracts of land devoted entirely to fruit, which pay their owners handsomely; one fruit-grower in the neighborhood of Denison clearing $10,000 profit on eighty acres of land planted principally in apples and peaches. The climate and soil seem to be finely adapted to fruit and grape culture.

A Novel Way of Breaking Metal.

St. Louis Republican.

An effectual method of breaking up considerable pieces of iron and steel has come into use as a substitute for the process of melting them by means of colossal air furnaces—namely, the application of the force which confined water exerts in every direction upon the material in which it is enclosed. A round hole, two or three inches in diameter and ten or twelve inches deep, is bored into the mass to be split, the hole being then filled with water and closed by a tight-fitting steel cylinder, upon which the weight is allowed to fall from the usual height. In this way a plate roll some thirty inches in diameter has been split into four or five parts, the pieces flying twenty or thirty feet. A single blow of an ordinary drop weight suffices to split off pieces of thirty to thirty-six inches in diameter. It being essential that the hole be hermetically closed, this is accomplished by hollowing out the base of the steel cylinder into a cup-shaped form, the edges of which are driven against the walls of the hole by the water in its endeavor to get past. A pin of good steel can be used several times in this operation.

Alexander Stephens on Webster.

I shall never forget my first trip away from home, nor the impressions it made on me. I was quite a young man, and some business fell into my hands that carried me north. I had never been as far as Washington before, and of course I wanted to see what was there to be seen. I went into the senate gallery and took my seat. I could easily pick out the prominent men by the pictures I had seen of them. Pretty soon a question came up, and the president of the senate announced that Mr. Webster was entitled to the floor. Of course I was very much gratified that I was to hear him. He arose and began speaking in an ordinary conversational way. I think he took his snuff occasionally. He never made a gesture from the time he opened until he closed. I thought it all sound doctrine, but I was convinced that I knew a dozen college boys who would have beaten him speaking. The next morning I picked up a paper. There was his speech headed: "Mr. Webster's Great Speech on the Finances." Pshaw, I thought, they don't call that a great speech, do they? I saw another paper. There it was again, headed Mr. Webster's great speech on the finances. I went to Baltimore. There they had Mr. Webster's great speech on the finances. I reached Philadelphia and everybody was talking about Mr. Webster's great speech on the finances. I got to New York. There everything was in a ferment over Mr. Webster's great speech on the finances. It was the same way in Boston. So I concluded that it must indeed be a great speech. It put me to thinking, and I made up my mind that it was not the way a man said anything, but what he said made him an orator.

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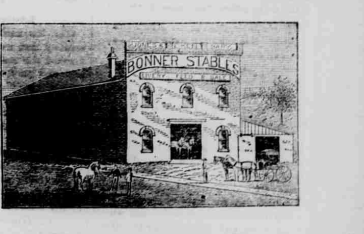

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