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County Directory.

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ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF PLATTSMOUTH MAILS.

MAILS.		DEPARTS.
7.00 p. m.	EASTERN.	10.00 a. m.
9.30 a. m.		4.00 p. m.
9.00 a. m.	WESTERN.	9.00 a. m.
3.00 p. m.		6.00 p. m.
11.00 a. m.	NORTHERN.	12.30 p. m.
2.00 p. m.	SOUTHERN.	8.00 a. m.
7.30 a. m.	OMAHA.	5.25 p. m.
6.00 p. m.	WEEPING WATER.	8.00 a. m.
11.00 a. m.	FACTORYVILLE.	1.00 p. m.

Dec. 17, 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 8:45 a. m.	Arrives	6:00 a. m.
4:25 p. m.	"	6:45 p. m.
8:25 a. m.	"	9:40 a. m.
K. C. AND ST. JOE.		
6:25 a. m.	"	9:30 a. m.
6:40 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 10:05 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 7:15 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., 9:10 p. m. and arrive at Pacific Junction at 7:25 a. m., 9:20 a. m. and 5:20 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 north.	Freight leaves going north.
Omaha	7.00 p.m.	8.00 a.m.	12.50 a.m.
Papillion	[illegible]	8.21 "	2.00 p.m.
Springfield	[illegible]	[illegible]	3.05 "
Louisville	5.29 "	5.46 "	3.45 "
Weeping Water	5.54 "	6.16 "	5.07 "
Avoca	6.27 "	6.55 "	5.45 "
Dunbar	10.07 "	10.21 "	6.45 "
Kansas City	6.35 a.m.	7.07 p.m.	
St. Louis	6.52 p.m.	6.22 a.m.	
	Going NORTH.	Going NORTH.	Going NORTH.
St. Louis	8.52 a.m.	8.32 p.m.	
Kansas City	8.38 p.m.	7.07 a.m.	
Dunbar	5.10 a.m.	4.24 p.m.	1.01 p.m.
Avoca	5.45 "	4.54 "	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 arrive	8.00 "	6.55 "	7.06 "

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

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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 Joe Wayman, "
16 J. W. Jennings, "
17 W. S. Wise, office.
18 Morrisey 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, "
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44 C. M. Holmes, "
45 L. D. Bennett, residence.
46 Geo. S. Smith, office.
47 L. A. Moore, florist.
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50 R. R. Livingston, office.
307 J. V. Weckbach, residence.
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350 R. R. Livingston, "
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The switch board connects Plattsmouth with Ashland, Arlington, Blair, Council Bluffs, Fremont, Lincoln, Omaha Elkhorn Station, Papillion, Springfield, Louisville South Bend and Waverly.

CHICKAMAUGA.

Gen. Longstreet's Account of the Great Battle.

The Turning Point in the Military Fame of Rosecrans---Where Thomas Stood Like a Rock --Polk's Delay---Bragg's Failure After Victory.

Frank A. Burr in Cincinnati Enquirer.

While riding over the field I learned a great deal about the battle from Gen. Longstreet that cannot be found in the books or in the military records. It is the most interesting as well as the most important matter I gathered. This story of Chickamauga would be incomplete without it. Beginning with the causes and plans that brought him to this field Gen. Longstreet said:

"During the latter part of the summer and early fall of 1863 Gen. Lee and I often talked over different plans for an aggressive fall campaign. I urged upon him the reinforcement of Bragg, and the superior chance of winning a decisive victory in the west. He did not approve of it, but decided to make another advance into Maryland and Pennsylvania. I was so much impressed with the idea of making an effort that fall to transfer the battle ground from the east to the west that I wrote a letter to Mr. Seddens, secretary of war, giving my views in relation to such a movement. Shortly after this General Lee went to Richmond, and a few days after I received a note from him directing me to get my corps in readiness for another advance north, and also to have Hill and Ewell's corps prepared for the march. I replied to him that my command was ready, and that I had given the necessary instructions to Hill and Ewell to get their troops and transportation ready. In this letter I renewed the arguments that I had made to him personally against making another campaign into Pennsylvania that year. I urged that if he was strong enough to move north again, he was strong enough at least to act on the defensive where he was, and spare the reinforcements necessary to win a sweeping victory over Rosecrans. I presented to him the certainty of his having to withdraw from Pennsylvania on account of the lateness of the season at which he would find himself on Northern soil, even if the enemy did not drive him back. I also directed his attention to the fact that Rosecrans was pushing toward Georgia, and if he should succeed in marching through that state the Confederacy would be virtually dead. A few days later I received a note in reply to mine, requesting me to get two divisions of my corps in readiness to move west. General Lee soon returned from Richmond to his headquarters, and we had a long, earnest talk over the effort to be made to force and win a great battle in the west; or I might say to transfer the battle ground of that year from Virginia to Tennessee, and even to the Ohio, if we were as successful as I hoped we would be. I expressed to him great concern lest Bragg should fail to follow up with energy any success we might gain. He replied that both President Davis and himself had anticipated this suggestion, and that orders had gone to Bragg that should he win a victory he must follow it up with great vigor. I was at General Lee's headquarters or he at mine every day during the short time it took to get Hood's and McLaw's divisions of my corps, about 12,000 men, in readiness to move west by rail. After he had decided to send reinforcements he was much interested in the movement, and we talked about it more or less every day. Time and again he would say: 'General, we must have a great victory out there. The success of our cause depends upon it. We need only inflict one great disaster upon the Federal army to recover everything that has been lost.'

"The morning my troops were loaded on the cars, and I was about to start, I rode over to General Lee's headquarters to bid him good-by. We had a hurried but earnest talk, shook hands, and parted. As I walked out of his headquarters he followed me. When I put my foot in the stirrup to mount my horse he put one hand upon the animal's mane and the other on my shoulder, and, looking me square in the face, said, with great earnestness:

"'General, you must beat those people out there.'

"I withdrew my foot from the stirrup, and, turning toward him, said:

"'General Lee, Rosecrans shall be beaten if I live, but I would not sacrifice life. I would not part with a single man of my command to simply gain a victory. It is worthless to us unless it be followed up with such energy as to crush the Federal force we attack. I hope you will instruct General Bragg to let nothing prevent his pushing Rosecrans to the wall after he has beaten him upon the field.'

"'Such orders have already gone to him,' was Gen. Lee's response, 'and I assure you they shall be repeated.'

"I then turned, mounted my horse, when he shook me warmly by the hand and we parted. I do not think I ever saw him look more in earnest in his life than he did on that morning. It was a long ride to Chattanooga, and Bragg's position was changed before I reached him; but I finally arrived at Ringgold, on my way to Chickamauga, on the 19th of September. Three brigades of my command had reached the battle-field that day. The horses that belonged to my staff officers were got off the cars as soon as possible, and, with my staff, I pushed rapidly forward for Bragg's headquarters. My troops were unloaded as fast as they could be got off the cars, and followed me. I crossed at Alexander's bridge, and reached Bragg about 11 o'clock at night. I met Gen. Polk along the road. He had received his instructions for the coming battle, and was on his way to his headquarters to rest. When I arrived at the headquarters of the army, Gen. Bragg went over with me his plan of battle. He had divided his army into two wings. Polk was to command the right and I the left. His first point of attack was for Polk to strike Thomas, break his line and then wheel to the left. Each division was to do the same as the fighting came to them, the whole army having for a pivot the left of my line at Lee and Gordon's mills on the river. Polk was to attack at daylight, he said, and I was not to take up the fighting until he had broken the line, and each division to my right had beaten the enemy in its front, and swung to the left, in accordance with his plans. I left his headquarters shortly after midnight, and rode out to where I expected my lines would be formed, and laid down for a few moments' rest. I was on my horse at daylight, putting my troops in position and carefully inspecting my line. Polk did not attack at the hour Bragg said he would. The gray of the morning gave way to broad daylight, the sun even arose, and yet there were no signs of battle. I suppose it was between 9 and 10 o'clock before Polk's artillery announced that he had begun the assault. I believe I waited nearly two hours for the fighting to approach my line, but, finding that Polk was not likely to break Thomas, I sent a staff officer to Bragg with the suggestion that I had better see if I could not force the line, as Polk did not seem to be able to turn the left, as he had expected. Bragg replied that I could make the attack.

BREAKING THE LINES.

"I moved my troops into position for the assault with great care. I massed five brigades in column by brigades at half distance, and sent them forward under the leadership of Hood. In other words, Hood had my whole force, with the exception of Buckner's reserves, against the Federal position. I felt great interest in our winning the battle of Chickamauga. I had promised Gen. Lee that I would do my share toward gaining a victory here, and I never remember to have taken greater chances in a battle than in directing this charge against Rosecrans. He and I had graduated in the same class at West Point, and were friends in our boyhood and early army life. He was a good soldier and a good man. I have read in his report, as well as in the stories of this battle that have been written from time to time, that my success in breaking his line and in driving McCook and Crittenden from the field, is attributed to Wood's action in withdrawing his two brigades from the Federal line about the time I started forward to the assault. The success of my attack on Rosecrans did not by any means depend upon Wood's mistake. The number of men and the peculiar formation of the force that I sent against the Federal line in this battle, could, and would have carried any position except a strongly fortified one. The action of his subordinates and the movement of Wood in and out of the line may have made the victory easier, but Rosecrans' line could never have withstood the force of the assault I sent against it that day, no matter how well his plans had been observed or his order obeyed. No line of battle outside of fortifications ever yet successfully resisted the charge of troops in such numbers and formation. Our assaulting column was five brigades deep, each within easy supporters distance. Hood led them with great spirit and gallantry. If one brigade faltered another was there to take its place. I have been a soldier all my life; served in the Mexican as well as the late war, and I never yet saw a body of soldiers not protected by fortifications that could stand the onset of troops in formation such as Hood led against Rosecrans' lines that September Sunday."

Gen. Longstreet was riding up the Lafayette road discussing the various phases of this battle as he rode along. He was going toward the Snodgrass house, where Thomas had his headquarters during the battle of Sunday, when he reined up his horse near a clump of trees by the road, and pointing a little distance off to an open space said:

"There is where Hood lost his leg. The battle was almost over then, and he had passed through the thickest of the fight unhurt. While we were making the final movements against Thomas he was shot. Generals Helm and Deshler were also killed late in the afternoon. The loss was heavy all day. There had been hard and continuous fighting ever since Polk began the attack. I might almost say desperate fighting nearly all day. It is impossible for me to recall a field in the history of wars that deserves a higher place in the records of armed conflicts than Chickamauga. It was a great, a phenomenal battle, fought upon a field where the disadvantage of sight, of locomotion and opportunity for manoeuver was greater than upon any battle field I ever saw or read of."

We rode on a short distance further, when the General reined up his horse again and a smile played over his usually immovable countenance.

"There was an amusing incident occurred right here during this battle that you will enjoy," said he, turning to Capt. Howell. "You remember Henry L. Benning, who used to be a judge on the supreme bench of Georgia. He was one of my brigade commanders, having a splendid brigade of Georgia troops. Steedman struck him with his two brigades of fresh soldiers while we were making our final movement against Thomas. He was a good soldier, but got very roughly used. I was sitting right here on my horse, when he came back in a sadly demoralized condition. He was riding an old artillery horse and urging it along with a piece of rope which he used as a whip. His hat was gone. He was greatly excited and the very picture of despair. He was looking for me, and as he saw me he rode up and said:

"'General, Gen. Hood is killed, my horse has been shot under me, and my brigade is gone. I have lost every man.'

"'General, don't you think you could find a single man?' I replied.

"'Yes, I suppose I might find one,' he said.

"'General Benning, this is Georgia soil; your home and mine. There is no better place for you and I to make a stand than on the soil of our own State. You go and find one man and come back here to me, and let us make a final stand together right here. My words and manner had completely restored his self-possession, and he rode away as fast as he could on the old artillery horse he had taken in the place of the finer animal that had been killed. In less than half an hour he rode back with his brigade reformed, ready for another charge."

THE FINAL ASSAULT.

"When did you begin to make the final move on Thomas?"

"After McCook and Crittenden had been driven from the field, and their troops had been pushed through the gap at Missionary ridge, I reversed Bragg's order of battle and wheeled to the right to envelope Thomas. The movements that followed my change of Bragg's line of battle I gave you further down the road."

I wish time and space would permit me to record all the details Gen. Longstreet gave of the battle here as we rode over the field. Not far from the place where he told the story about Gen. Benning we came upon the Dyer house, and stopped for dinner. This house was, late on Sunday, at times in the focus of the battle, and not far from it Longstreet formed his troops for the final attack upon Thomas. The few fields and the woods not far from the house still bear the scars of the fight. Here and there little stones have been erected to show where some officer or soldier fell during this conflict. At the edge of a pine thicket on the brow of a hill not a half a mile from the front of the house, a rude headstone stands, upon which is recorded the fact that sixty-four Kentuckians are buried there. There are other evidences of the battle all round. Trees that have been cut off by artillery shote or marred by musket balls. The Widow Glenn's house, then Rosecrans' headquarters no longer stands, but there have been few other changes since those days. It is not far from Dyer's to the Snodgrass house, where, before dinner, we rode to inspect that and other portions of the battlefield. We easily found the little log house upon the hill, with shade trees in front, under which Thomas had his head-quarters during Sunday's fight. General Longstreet took a seat on the little shelf made by the roots of a great oak tree, the largest in the yard.

"I reckon Thomas sat on that very seat, General, the day you all were after him," said old Mr. Snodgrass as General Longstreet seated himself at the foot of the tree.

"Not many men would have held on here as Thomas did. There have been few, if any, more dramatic incidents in war than the stubborn stand of Thomas upon this hill. He was very badly whipped, and knew it, yet he took his chances of getting reinforcements, or of holding on until the friendly darkness would give him a chance to escape. It was quite late, after Bragg refused to allow me to flank his position, before our line was ready for the final assault upon him. Steedman's fight with Benning delayed us somewhat, and it was nearly dark before we reached the vital point of Thomas' position. Night came on just as we did, and the darkness gave him an opportunity to slip away to Rossville, and Bragg did not have the spirit to follow him. Thomas' stand at Chickamauga was one of those grand incidents of war like leading a forlorn hope. An accident made it successful, but a man had to have great nerve to take the chances."

"Why did Bragg bring on the battle of the 19th with only 55,000 men when he knew that you were on your way to reinforce him, and he would have 70,000 next day?"

"I do not know, and I have no opinion to express. That inquiry might be material if we had not won a complete victory on the 20th. As we were successful, the important question is, why Bragg did not obey General Lee's instructions, follow up and get the fruits of the victory?"

"When I urged him to do so, he said it was dark and dangerous, as the Federals had probably only withdrawn to a new position. I visited him the morning of the 21st about daylight, and found him still in doubt as to his future movements. He had lost much by resting over night, but might still have followed up his advantage with success. He asked me what I thought he had better do. I advised him, as he was doubtful as to the policy of following up Rosecrans, that he had better march toward Nashville, threaten or destroy his line of communication and leave the defeated army to follow him or take care of itself. He agreed that this would be a good move and ordered his troops to march toward the capital of Tennessee. The most of his command had crossed the Chickamauga river and was pushing toward Nashville, when Bragg sent to me and said that he thought that it would have a good effect upon the southern people if it were known that his army was marching through Chattanooga with bands playing and banners flying in honor of the victory of Chickamauga; he, therefore, thought that he would turn back and march upon that place. I replied that I thought it would have a much better effect upon the Southern people if they knew that he was following up his victory by a flank movement on Rosecrans, now he had lost his opportunity to crush him while his army was demoralized. A short time after this Bragg issued orders turning his army toward Chattanooga, and it was not long before he was occupying Missionary ridge, and giving the Federal commander an opportunity to combine all the force he needed to attack us at a dozen different points at the same time, if he desired, and defeat us in detail.

"It is due to the living and the dead that I should say that General Lee was very greatly disappointed that the result on this field was thrown away. He had agreed with me that after Gettysburg there was little hope for the Confederate cause, unless we could win a decisive and overwhelming victory at some point. He had finally but reluctantly abandoned his plan to move back into Pennsylvania that fall in order to fight a great battle in the west and try to gain the substantial success he felt we so much needed. We won the victory here, but reaped none of its fruits. The last chance for the Confederacy was gone when Bragg returned to missionary ridge. Nothing but a miracle could have saved it after that; yet I gladly took my chance for a miracle, and was anxious to do my duty as long as there was a man left to fight, as I had tried to do at Chickamauga."

Went Back to Alabama to Plunk Old Brown.

Detroit Free Press.

One Sunday afternoon, at a hotel in Atlanta, we were talking about how great disappointments sometimes soured a man, when a chap who had been chewing tobacco all by himself over by the window turned around and said:

"Gentlemen, you've hit it plumb center! Up to four years ago I was a man who allus wore a grin on his face, and I'd divide my last chaw with a stranger. Folks now call me mean and ugly, and I kin hardly get a man to drink with me."

"Then you have suffered a great disappointment?" I queried.

"I have, stranger—I have. Ten years ago a man in this very town cleaned me out on an execution, and chuckled when I took the dirt road for Tennessee. I orter have shot him, but somehow I didn't do it, and arter I got to Tennessee things began preying on my mind. Day and night I could hear a voice saying: 'Go back and plunk old Brown,' and I lost flesh and come powerful near going into a decline."

"Yes?"

"Well, that voice kept talking and I kept waiting, but in about three years I shouldered my rifle and turned my steps this way, my mind fully made up to shoot old Brown on sight. He had a patch o' land out west o' here, and used to ride out every day. I made for that spot, calkerlating to biff him as he drove up to the gate. Nobody had seen me, and nobody would know who did the shooting."

"Yes?" some one said as he made a long pause.

"Well, I got laid and waited, and I was feeling real good for the first time in three years when I heard a hoof and looked out for the old man. It wasn't him. True as you set there the old skinflint had gone and died only a week before, giving me a tramp of 200 miles to say 'howdy' to his executor! Gentlemen, I can't describe my feeling! Just think of one white man trying such a trick on another! It was wuss than Arkansaw swamp mud warmed over for next season. I was took with shakes and chills and a cough, and here I am, sour, cross, mulish, ugly and realizing that I don't stand no more show of going to heaven when I die than that thar' dog does of swallowing a postoffice without any preliminary chawin!"

The Artist Who Left a $5 Bill Behind.

"What do you think that is?" asked Special Officer Taggart of the Pennsylvania railroad company.

The scribe raised his eyes and saw what appeared to be a $5 bill pasted on a blackboard, and hung over the door.

"Is there a story connected with it?" queried the reporter in return.

"Yes; but guess what it is."

The reporter supposed it to be "the best counterfeit ever made," or "the marked bill that gave the thief away," or "the bill found on the person of the murderer." He gazed at it with an unholy interest. "Did any newspaper man ever see it?" he finally remarked, carelessly.

"Not one. The fact is that it isn't what you think it is—isn't a bill at all. It's a painting."

The writer smothered his disappointment and examined it more closely. It was a good picture. The torn edges of the bill seemed to stand out from the wood; the delicate lines were accurately traced; the head of the hero of New Orleans was as perfect as a photograph, and fictitious traces of paste along the edges completed the illusion.

"You see, a young fellow came in here one day and said he was a painter and hard up. I supposed, of course, he was a house painter, but found to my surprise that he was an artist. He had never taken any lessons, and the two little pictures he showed me were really remarkable. He left them here and I showed them to one or two of my friends, who know something about pictures. You may imagine my young painter's surprise when I told him one of the pictures would be exhibited at the Academy of Fine Arts. He sold several others."

"What was his style?"

"Still life. Why, bless you, once he painted a string across one of his pictures. Everybody wanted to brush it away. He painted a pencil and penknife. People would try to dust the shavings off with their handkerchiefs."

"Where is he now?"

"In Munich. I got a letter from him only the other day. He has eight pictures in the Munich exposition. His name is William Harnett."

His Honor and Bijah.

Detroit Free Press.

"My name is Bijah," began a little short man, as he bustled out ahead of Bijah, "and I used to know your father in York state."

"My father did not live in York state," quietly replied the court.

"I mean Vermont."

"He did not live in Vermont."

"I mean Connecticut."

"Mr. Coon," solemnly replied the court, "you are here on a very serious charge, and what happened in New England forty years ago won't help your case any this morning. Just keep your thoughts fastened on the present."

"What have I got to do with the present? My name is Coon, and I'm on my way from New Hampshire to join the Mormons."

"You stopped over one day to see Detroit?"

"Yes, sir."

"You lost $50 in a gambling room?"

"Yes, they skinn me out of about fifty—the wretches! Judge, let me raise my voice right here, and now, and warn everybody in this room against playing poker in a strange town."

"After playing poker you got intoxicated, and had a fight with a lame man."

"Did I? The last I remember was trying to pass a quarter of a dollar with a hole in it on a man who had pop-corn to sell. So, I got drunk, eh? So, I had a fight, eh? So, I licked a lame man, eh? Well, now, I wouldn't have believed it."

"You look like a hard case."

"Me? Why, judge, you never were more mistaken in your born days! I've allus been known as a peaceful, kind-hearted man, and none of my neighbors will believe that I would dare fight a baby. I guess you think I'm some other coon."

"Well, I shall fine you $5."

"Mercy on me! Why, I lost $50 to start with, and have about used up this suit of clothes. I won't have a dollar to marry on when I reached Salt Lake if this sort of luck continues. Say, Judge, call it a great moral lesson, and let it go at that. If you will I'll give you my photograph."

The court positively refuses to be bribed or corrupted, and the man bound for Salt Lake had to hand over.

Cities Warmer Than the Country.

Those who happen to live a little distance from the heart of a city, says science, must frequently have noticed a lack of accord between the readings of their own standard thermometers and the published observations of the Signal-Service observer of their locality. The reason of the discord is plain; viz., the perturbing action of the heat which the city emits; and, however gratifying it may be to the outsider to find himself superior to the government observers, it is very little to the credit of the weather bureau that this particular source of error was not long since recognized and avoided. The remarks of Professor Whitney on this subject, as applied to observations made at London are pertinent and convincing. He says: "It is a well-known fact, that cities are considerably warmer than the more thinly inhabited country, otherwise under similar climatic conditions. Statistics prove this to be true; and there could be no doubt that such would be the effect of an immense aggregation of population within a limited space, even if there were no statistics bearing on this question. Many millions of tons of coal are burned in and about London during every year; and the whole mass of brick of which the city is built is heated during the entire winter, and more or less during the summer, many degrees above the natural temperature. There can be no question that conditions such as are here indicated vitiate all observations made in or near large cities, with a view to the determination of any possible secular variation of the temperature."

A NUMERICAL COURTSHIP.

2 lovers sat beneath the shade,
And 1 nu2 the other sayed:
"How 14-8 that you be9
Have smiled upon this suit of mine;
If 5 a heart, it palps 4 you—
Thy voice is mut melody—
"Tis 7 to by thy loved 1, 2—
Say, O nymph, will marry me!"
Then blushed she soft "Why, 18y."

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