R. R. TIME TABLES.

B & M. R. R. in Nebraska,

MAIN LINE

STATIONS:	EXPRESS TRAINS GOING WEST. No. 1.	No. 3.
Plattsmouth....	9 00 a m	6 55 p m
Oreapolis....	9 20 a m	7:15 p m
Concord....	9 35 a m	7 28 p m
Cedar Creek...	9 48 a m	7:42 p m
Louisville.....	10 04 a m	7 56 p m
South Bend....	10 20 a m	8 10 p m
Ashland....	10 47 a m	8 30 p m
Greenwood....	11 05 a m	8 45 p m
Lincoln.....	Ar. 11 55 p m / Ar. 9 30 p m	
	L've 12 30 p m / L've 10 15 p m	
Hastings.....	Ar. 4 25 p m / Ar. 3 15 a m	
	L've 4 38 p m / L've 3 30 a m	
Red Cloud.....	Ar. 6 55 p m / Ar. 6 30 a m	
	L've 8 20 p m / L've 8 05 a m	
McCook.....	Ar. 11 10 p m / Ar. 12 05 p m	
	L've [illegible] p m / L've 12 25 p m	
Akron.....	Ar. [illegible] a m / Ar. 2 35 p m	
	L've [illegible] a m / L've 6 00 p m	
Denver.....	Ar. 1 05 a m / Ar. 10 00 p m	

STATIONS:	EXPRESS TRAINS GOING EAST. No. 2.	No. 4.
Plattsmouth....	Ar. 5 10 p m	Ar. 9 00 a m
Oreapolis.....	Ar. 4 50 p m	Ar. 8 50 a m
Concord.....	Ar. 4 38 p m	Ar. 8 35 a m
Cedar Creek...	Ar. 4 22 p m	Ar. 8 25 a m
Louisville.....	Ar. 4 10 p m	Ar. 8 17 a m
South Bend..	Ar. 3 55 p m	Ar. 8 05 a m
Ashland.....	Ar. 3 33 p m	Ar. 7 48 a m
Greenwood...	Ar. 3 15 p m	Ar. 7 34 a m
Lincoln.....	Ar. 2 30 p m	Ar. 3 30 a m
	L've 2 55 p m	L've 7 00 a m
Hastings.....	Ar. 9 50 a m	Ar. 10 15 p m
	L've 10 10 a m	L've 10 30 p m
Red Cloud.....	Ar. 8 30 a m	Ar. 6 55 p m
	L've 8 25 a m	L've 7 45 p m
McCook.....	Ar. 5 45 a m	Ar. 3 00 p m
	L've 4 00 a m	L've 3 20 p m
Akron.....	Ar. 10 45 p m	Ar. 10 55 a m
	L've 10 55 p m	L've 11 05 a m
Denver.....	L've 7 05 p m	L've 7 35 a m

Trains 3 and 4, numbering 39 and 40 west of Red Cloud, run daily except Sunday.

K. C. ST. JOE & C. B R. R.

STATIONS:	EXPRESS TRAINS GOING NORTH.	
Plattsmouth..	4 50 a m	5 55 p m
Oreapolis.....	5 03 a m	6 07 p m
La Platte.....	5 11 a m	6 14 p m
Bellevue.....	5 28 a m	6 26 p m
Omaha.....	6 00 a m	6 50 p m

STATIONS:	EXPRESS TRAINS GOING SOUTH.	
Plattsmouth.	9 20 a m	8 10 p m
Oreapolis....	9 10 a m	8 00 p m
La Platte....	9 00 a m	7 55 p m
Bellevue....	8 47 a m	7 42 p m
Omaha.....	[illegible] a m	7 20 p m

TIME TABLE
Missouri Pacific Railroad.

	Express leaves going SOUTH.	Express leaves going SOUTH.	Freight leaves going SOUTH.
Omaha.....	7.40 p m	8.00 a.m.	12.50 a m.
Papillion.....	8.17 "	8.37 "	2.00 p. m.
Springfield.....	8.42 "	9.00 "	3.05 "
Louisville.....	8.59 "	9.15 "	3 50 "
Weeping Water.	9.24 "	9.40 "	5.00 "
Avoca.....	9.37 "	9 53 "	5.40 "
Dunbar.....	10.07 "	10 21 "	6.45 "
Kansas City	6.37 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	7.57 a.m	
Dunbar.....	5 10 a.m	4.24 p.m.	1.01 p. m.
Avoca.....	4.45 "	4.04 "	2.10 "
Weeping Water	4.03 "	3.08 "	2.45 "
Louisville.....	3.32 "	3.33 "	3.50 "
Springfield.....	3.04 "	3.48 "	4.25 "
Papillion.....	2.20 "	3.15 "	5.25 "
Omaha arrive	3.00 "	2.35 "	7.05 "

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

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF PLATTSMOUTH MAILS.

ARRIVES.		DEPARTS.
7.30 p. m. / 7.30 a. m.	EASTERN.	9.00 a. m. / 3.00 p. m.
7.00 a. m. / 4.00 p. m.	WESTERN.	9.00 a. m. / 6.55 p. m.
1.00 a m	NORTHERN.	4.25 p. m
5.30 p. m.	SOUTHERN.	9.00 a. m
7.30 a. m. / 5.30 p. m.	OMAHA.	8.25 a. m. / 4.25 p. m.
5.30 p. m.	WEEPING WATER.	8.00 a. m.
1.00 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 also books come under this class) 1 cent per each 2 ounces.
4th class (merchandise) 1 cent per ounce.

J. W. MARSHALL P. M.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

CITY DIRECTORY.

GEORGE S. SMITH, Mayor.
WILLIAM H. CUSHING, Treasurer.
D. SLAPSON, City Clerk
ALBERT POLKENBERG, Police Judge.
J. B. WINDHAM, City Attorney.
H. MURPHY, Chief of Police.
McCANN, Overseer of Streets.
KOENKE, Chief of Fire Dept.
H. RICHMOND, Ch'n Board of Health

COUNCILMEN.

1st Ward—Wm. Herold, H. M. Bons.
2d Ward—J. M. Patterson, J. H. Fairfield.
3d Ward—M. B. Murphy, J. E. Morrison.
4th Ward—F. G. Lenhoff, P. McCallan.

SCHOOL BOARD.

JESSE B. STRODE, J. W. BARNES,
A. A. HARTIGAN Wm. WINTERSTEEN.
D. BENNETT, V. V. LEONARD,
Postmaster—JNO. W. MARSHALL.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

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

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

JAMES CRAWFORD, South Bend Precinct.
SAM L RICHARDSON, Mt. Pleasant Precinct.
J. S. 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.
A. CONNOR, HENRY BECK, Vice-Presidents.
M. S. WISE, Secretary.
FRED. GORDER, Treasurer.
Regular meetings of the Board at the Court House, the first Tuesday evening of each month.

Plattsmouth Telephone Exchange.

1. J. P. Young, residence.
2. Bennett & Lewis, store.
3. M. S. 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. . Campbell, "
14. R. B. Windham, "
15. Jno. Wayman, "
16. J. W. Jennings, "
17. W. S. Wise, office.
18. Morrisey Bros., office.
19. W. G. 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 & Cooley, "
42. A. W. Metcaughlin, residence.
43. A. Patterson, livery.
44. C. M. Holmes, "
45. L. D. Bennett, residence.
46. Geo. S. Smith, office.
47. L. A. Moore, flor st.
49. J. W. Barnes, residence.
50. E. E. Livingston, office.
307. J. V. Weckbach, residence.
335. Chaplain Wright. "
340. W. H. Schildknecht "
346. Geo. S. Smith, "
350. E. E. 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.

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JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

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ROBERT B. WINDHAM,

Notary Public

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office over Carruth's Jewelry Store.

Plattsmouth. - - - - Nebraska.

M. A. HARTIGAN,

LAWYER.

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EXPRESS COMPANIES

AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.,

WELL'S FARGO & CO. EXPRESS

Office in Rockwood Block, with Johnson Bros

Fate: A Society Novel.

New York Graphic

CHAPTER I.

Vanrhymelander de Knickerbocker was a fine, manly young man, pleasing to look upon, of good address, proficient in many games, and about the correct thing as to morals.

She really of all the men she knew most fancied Vanrhymelander de Knickerbocker. Who was she? Isabella de Knickerbocker Rhymevanlander. The similarity in their names was owing to the fact that the main branches of both families, the trunk lines in fact, had more or less intermarried for seven or eight generations. But they never intermarried, did any of these trunk or latteral lines, unless both routes were rich.

CHAPTER II.

Why did not Isabella de Knickerbocker Rhymevanlander marry young Vanrhymelander de Knickerbocker? Because he was poor.

CHAPTER III.

Isabella while in Europe became engaged to a French count. Noble but poor Isabella forfeited the stakes. Just before the final plunge she saw the French count in all his naked moral deformity. She though of poor Vanrhymelander de Knickerbocker and broke off the engagement with the French count.

CHAPTER IV.

Meantime young Vanrhymelander de Knickerbocker was trying to get rich. He counselled with the family lawyer. The family lawyer could see no other road than that of wealth to join two such congenial natures as those of Vanrhymelander de Knickerbocker and Isabella de Knickerbocker Rhymevanlander. "It's all that' needed," he remarked, "to make the contract binding." Vanrhymelander counselled with the family physician. "There's no cure for your case," said Dr. Bond, "save riches. The girl can't really marry any one but you. You were made for each other—proving you are cemented together by money." The young man applied also to the family clergyman.

"Providence has called us to different stations of life," he remarked, "and it is our duty to fit ourselves for them. In your case I cannot see how an alliance between such important branches of two old and influential families can be properly arranged unless you are wealthy."

CHAPTER V.

Poor Isabella de Knick, etc., lay in her $1,500 bed (an heir loom of the family) and shed bitter tears. She had just broken off an engagement with the German Count Zweilagerbeeritzblitz. "I might have married him and the family castle on the Rhine," she remarked, "but to think of allying one's self for life to a gallon of beer per day, to say nothing of the garlic flavored bologna! Oh, why does not Vanrhymelander get rich? And softly she sang to herself, "Two souls with but a single thought (when rich), two hearts that beat as one (when rich.)"

CHAPTER VI.

I will labor to become wealthy," quoth young Vanrhymelander; "I will be a Knight of Finance. I will enter the lists of Wall street. I will be a chivalric bull. Or I will be a noble bear, according to the state of the market. It matters not which. I will do all. I will dare all financially to win Isabella."

CHAPTER VII.

Wall street met the brave knight with open arms. Then it closed them. It squeezed him. It scooped him out. It flung him forth bruised, breathless and bleeding. He essayed one more feeble attempt. He put his last $100 in Wabash and Winnipisiogee. Wall street made another rush for him, overthrew him and danced triumphantly on his temporarily unconscious remains.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sore, bruised and bleeding, the young knight Vanrhymelander de Knickerbocker sought his lady love. He kneit at her foot. "I have done all that mortal man could do," said he, "to vanquish the demon poverty. Let us not mind the prejudices of society. Let us marry. I have a teapot. You a tea cup. With these we can set up housekeeping."

Said she: "Dearest, the apple of my eye, the man of my choice, I would—indeed, how gladly would I—but I, alas! I cannot. You are poor. What would life be for me—for us—without a town house, a country house, a carriage, a hot-house, a private ice house, a yacht and the other accessories? Dearest, it breaks my heart to say 'No.' But I have the strength to say it. It cannot be. It can not be until your credit at your banker's reaches that figure which will enable us to move in society."

Van, etc., rushed madly from the room.

CHAPTER IX.

He set his jaws firmly together, grinding out as he did so a pint of nickle-plated teeth. "It must be done," he hissed. Then he muttered the same remark, "Fair means have failed. Law, medicine, divinity all egg me on. I have an uncle—a rich uncle. He hears an honored and trusted name. I will put that name to a bit of paper. And without his consent."

CHAPTER X.

Van, etc., now resides in a noble pile—a vast range of buildings with many a spire and turret and antique narrow window and coigne of vantage. It was built by the state. Van, etc., wears the uniform of his order whenever he goes forth, a succession of stripes about his trousers legs.

CHAPTER XI.

"Alas!" cried Isabella, now still a maiden of many summers, "How many true and loving hearts hath cruel, grinding poverty sundered forever. Had he but gotten rich. Had he. Ah, me!"

CHAPTER XII.

"The remedy for this woe and these woes of this description is land," said Henry-George, the landless political economist. "All that these parties needed to have brought them happily together was lots of terra firma. That is," he remarked correct-himself, "a few lots—not too many, I hold."

CHAPTER XIII.

"George," said his wife, at last, "Henry, it's after 11 o'clock. Don't you think you might as well give the subject pause? You know you've said it before, and mine ears have heard it many times."

CHAPTER XIV.

"True," said Henry-George. "Thou speakest well. Let me forbear. I will to slumber. Yet I do maintain that land on small applications laid plentifully on and among the multitude will cure it all—yes—or—a-man—(snore)—cure—it—(snore)—all."

In His Younger Days.

Jo. Howard in Philadelphia Press.

Several years ago, when I was young and tender, I had occasion to telegraph some rather startling facts from a distant city to the paper I was employed by, and began my dispatch by quoting.

"We are living, we are dwelling, in a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling, to be living is sublime."

The following day I received a telegram from the managing editor in which, among other things, he took occasion to remark that he had no doubt we were living and dwelling in a grand and awful time, but as it cost four cents a word to wire those interesting announcements, perhaps it would be as well for me hereafter to send such data by mail.

He Didn't Want to Go to Either Place

Boston Globe.

Old Capt. B—— of Boothbay, one of the most experienced pilots on the Maine coast, and who has been around the world many times, recently lay upon what was called his deathbed. A minister who called thought he would read a chapter to him, so he called for a bible. A black book, very much resembling a bible, was handed the visitor, who opened it but found it was a copy of the "Coast Pilot." Upon learning that it was not the pilot the minister wanted, the sick man exclaimed: "That book will take you all around this world, and if it ain't good to pilot you to heaven or ——! I don't want to go to either place." The clergyman retired, and the captain still sails on the ocean.

STAGE WORDS.

The Singular Vocabulary that is in Use Behind the Scenes in the Theatre.

New York Sun.

"The stage has a language of its own," said a stage carpenter to a reporter who stood upon the boards of one of the principal metropolitan theatres. "Words have meanings with us that are unknown to any other trade or art. I couldn't begin to give you a complete list, but I will mention a few in my department. In addition to these the property man has his words, and so have the actors, the costumers, the wigmakers, the gasmen, and the dramatists.

"Each of the various pieces of scenery has a distinct name. The back scene, when made in two pieces, rolled on from either side, is called the 'flats;' when it is in one, and raised or lowered from above, it is called a 'drop.' The narrow side scenes are 'wings.' Inclined platforms are called 'runs;' these are used in mountain scenes and for the horse in 'Mazeppa' and similar purposes. Small painted frames to hide the runs are known as 'masking pieces.' When a room is set with solid walls instead of wings, it is a 'box scene.' Those arched pieces of canvas over your head are 'sky borders.' The space over the stage is known as the 'rigging loft,' though in England it is more generally termed a 'gridiron.' The gallery running round the stage, whence all the ropes are worked, is named the 'flies.' That continuation of it there where the artist is at work is called the 'paint bridge.' It is made to raise and lower, and so is his immense easel, known as a 'paint frame.' These holes in the stage are 'traps,' and the space underneath is the 'trap cellar.' Some of the traps are made with springs to shoot a person up quickly in pantomime or spectacular pieces. They are then called 'star' or 'vampire' traps. Those strips of wood below the flies into which the scenes slide are called 'grooves,' and each division of a groove is a 'cut.' The space between each set of grooves is an 'entrance.' These two handsomely painted wings near the proscenium arch, and which usually remain on the stage no matter what the scene, are called 'tormentors;' why, I don't know, except it may be that the audience gets wearied of always seeing them.

"Observe these narrow grooves in the stage, down which scenes may be made to disappear. They are 'sinks,' and the boards that cover them are 'sliders.' To hold up pieces of scenery we use these poles with angle irons, called braces. To fasten them to the stage are these cork-screw-like things termed 'screw-eyes.' This is the 'prompt side,' or where the prompter stands, and the other is the 'o. p.,' or 'opposite prompt.' Here is a 'moon box,' which moves up and down with the calcium light representing that luminary. This sheet of iron is termed the 'thunder drum.' Pull that string and you shake up a barrel of peas, which makes the sound of rain, and which is called the 'rain box.' Turn that handle and this gigantic rattle makes a noise like breaking wood. It is a 'crash,' and is used to make the sound of bursting doors or falling buildings. Against the wall is a 'call box,' where the 'calls' or notices of rehearsals are posted. That piece of canvas painted like water, and which while lying on the stage is shaken from the entrances, is a 'sea cloth.' Those painted strips of muslin are 'gauze waters;' they were used in the cave scene of the 'Colleen Bawn.'

"To put a play on is to 'mount' it. To mount it cheaply is to 'fake' it. A 'full set' is a scene occupying all the stage. A 'carpenter's scene' is set in the first grooves to fill time while other scenes are being set. To 'strike' is to move a scene from the stage. A stage hand is a 'grip.' This wheel covered with foil working behind slats in the scene is a 'ripple barrel.' It gives the effect of moonlight on the water. These wings cut in fancy shapes on the edge are 'profiled.' This mass of gas burners is a 'bunch light;' it can be moved to any part of the stage. The curtain is called the 'rag,' and the handsome one used between the acts is the 'act drop.' My instructions from the author are called a 'scene plot,' and where I store my scenes is a 'dock.'

"I suppose I can't call to mind now half the things even we carpenters have special names for. If you were to go through all the different branches of the profession you'd get words enough to start a new language."

One of Jay Gould's Small Corners.

Cor. Philadelphia Record.

The oak flooring of the Brooklyn bridge has shrunk and warped under the heat of the sun, and has splintered badly from the tide of rough travel, so that it must be renewed. Ex-Mayor Grace's firm had the contract for the flooring, as ex-Mayor Cooper's firm had that for a good part of the iron. But Mr. Grace might be pardoned if an occasional poor board were inserted among the plank he furnished, for he made nothing by the contract. It seems that Mr. Jay Gould had a grudge against Mayor Grace because the latter refused to grant him some official favor he demanded. The big capitalist made no threat, but retired and waited his opportunity for vengeance. It came before long. The "little magician" had heard that Mr. Grace had secured the contract for the bridge flooring, and that the material was to be Georgia pine of a certain quality. At once he sent his trusty messengers and cornered the market. When the mayor came to fill his contracts he found that the price had advanced and that he must buy of Mr. Gould. The moral of the transaction seems to be that in less than three months from the time the bridge was opened new flooring is needed.

The Tremendous Power of Water.

Reno Gazette.

The properties of water are only partially understood by those who have never seen it under high pressure. The Virginia City water company gets its supply from Mariette lake, on the Tahoe side of the mountain. It gets it through by a long tunnel, is then on the crest of a high mountain opposite Mount Davidson, with Washoe valley between. To cross this valley by a flume would be almost impossible, so the water is carried down the mountain side to the bottom, and crosses under the V & T. railroad track, on the divide between Washoe and Eagle valleys, then up again to the required height in pipes. The depression created in the line of carriage is 1,720 feet, and the pressure on the pipes is 800 pounds to the square inch. One pipe is eleven inches in diameter, and is quarter-inch iron, lap-welded, and eighteen feet long, with screw joints. There is little trouble from it; but the other, which is twelve inches in diameter and a riveted pipe, makes more or less trouble all the time. The pipe is laid with the seam down, and whenever a crack is made by the frost or sun warping it, or from any other cause, the stream pours forth with tremendous force.

If the joint is broken open, of course the whole stream is loose and goes tearing down the mountain, but usually the escape is very small. The break last week was less than five-eighths of an inch in diameter, and yet the water in the flume was lowered an inch and a half by it, and the pressure went down fifteen or twenty pounds. Capt. Overton says that fifty inches of water went through it. It has been probably a year in cutting out, and was made by a little stream hardly visible to the naked eye that escaped through a joint and struck the pipe two or three feet off, eating away the iron until the pressure inside broke it through. When such a break occurs the noise can be heard for half a mile, and the earth shakes for hundreds of feet around. A break the size of a knitting-needle will cut a hole in the pipe in half an hour. Such breaks are repaired by putting a band around the pipe, pouring in moulten lead, and tamping it in. Such a stream bores through a rock like a sand blast. The flying water is as hard as iron, and feels rough like a file to the touch. It is impossible to turn it with the hand, as it tears the flesh off the bones, and if the fingers are stuck into the stream, with the point up, the nails are instantly turned back and sometimes torn loose from the flesh.

A ROUNDABOUT TRIP.

A Five Hundred Mile Ride to Find a Home Three Blocks Away

Tales by James Payn.

It was a very wet evening and I took shelter in a doorway in the Edgeware road. Policeman XI soon joined me there. Now, I never let an opportunity slip when there is the least chance to obtain information, so I quietly commenced a conversation with XI.

"What is the curiousest thing I ever came across?" said he. "Well, sir, that ain't a question as is very easy to answer, especially on a night like this," he added.

"Well, here is a shilling for you, my good friend, to keep out the cold, and to assist your memory."

"Then, sir, in course I'll do my best," and he at once placed himself in an attitude of deep thought.

"Well, sir, I've been a pleeseman six years, and last Saturday night, in this ere very street—it was not murder or robbery, nor nuthin' spicey of that sort, but the curiousest thing as ever I came across.

"It was 10 o'clock, fine and clear, when I see a crowd; and where there is a crowd, that is my place, and I'm allus there. It was too late for Punch, and too early for fighting, so I thought it might be serious.

"When I got up, it was only a respectable old party who had lost her way. I thought at first she was a furriner by her talk, but at last I found out there was some English in it, and I managed to find out that she came from Devonshire, where she said they all spoke like that, which seemed ridiktus, don't it, sir?"

"Ridiculous indeed," returned I.

"Well, there she was," said he, "a hale, active old party, with an immense nightcap on her head, her sleeves tucked up to her shoulders, and a bar of yellow soap in her hand.

"She had been asking her way to 'her daughter Sally's' of every one she met for half an hour or more. And as most of the people could not understand what she said, they took her for a mad woman, and well they might.

"'Well now, my good woman,' said I, 'what is it?'

"Then she told me her story, and though I could not understand all she said, I managed to pick up that she lived in Deeplane, Devonshire, and had come up the day before to see her daughter Sally. It was the first time the old soul had ever left Deeplane, and Sally's husband met her at Paddington station and took her home, but where that one was now she had not the faintest idea.

"It was her daughter Sally's, No. 3, and that was all she knew. What was her husband's name? 'Tom,' she said; she knew no more.

"She had lost herself in this manner: She had helped her daughter to wash, and the soap ran short. The shops were about to close. So she volunteered to go. She had been to the grocer's with Sally, and could find her way again. So off she started, and, after some difficulty, found the shop, bought her soap, and was returning, but now other shops were closed, all looked different; she was in a dilemma; she had even forgotten the grocer's name, who was now closed, and so she wandered up and down asking for her daughter Sally's No. 3.

"I was puzzled what to do. Had it been a poor child lost, there would have been no difficulty; it would have been as easy as lying."

"How so?" said I. "I should have thought it would have been more difficult with a child than an adult, even though she came from Devonshire."

"Not a poor child, sir. In this case we allus says, 'where does your father get his beer?' and out like winkin' comes the name of the public house.

"Well, I took her up first one street and then another, thinking she might identify the right one; but she identified 'em all—they were all alike to her. So in despair I gave it up. She would not go to the station house, and she would not go to the workhouse and what was I to do with the old party?"

"'I've got my Sally's direction writ down,' said she at last, 'in one of her letters.'

"I was just going to let fly, and call her a ——, but I thought of my own old mother being in such a fix, and the old party added, 'Not in my pocket, Mr. Pleeseman, no, not in my pocket—I wish it was—but in my baky box (she meant her snuff-box) that I left at Deeplane, because I knew there was plenty of snuff in London, in the right-hand side of the bottom drawer in my bedroom.'

"How very particular she was as to the exact locality of her box, and yet there she was in Edgeware road, with nothing but 'Sally, No. 3.'

"'Well,' says I, 'my good old lady, you must just go back to Deeplane and look for that 'ere letter.'

"So, bare arms, soap, and all, off she trudged to Paddington station with one of our men, and I heard that the railway company took her to Deeplane and back for nothing, and so I says, 'Heaven bless that company and increase its traffic.'

"And so she came back in about eight-and-forty hours, with her bar of soap and the letter in her hand, and reached her daughter Sally's and No. 3 after all, having gone around about 500 miles; and that's the curiousest thing I ever met on my beat."

City Children in the Country.

Genessee Valley (N. Y.) Post.

"Are these 'fresh-air' children? The poor little things, they look sickly!"

No, madam, those are my children!

Two girls here picked berries which they sold to their hostess for 10 cents a quart. It was afterward discovered that they had stripped Virgo Willard's private berry-patch.

One small boy says he can drive, but he cannot "steer" a horse.

On seeing a scare-crow one youth opened his eyes in horror and exclaimed:

"What wicked people they is here to hang a poor old woman."

Friendly Angelican and small "freshie:" "Hello, here's a little New-Yorker." "Well, I want you to understand I'm no country squash."

When one little girl was being put to bed she remarked, "We don't sleep this way at home. There are six of us and we sleep cross-wise."

Dredging the Red Sea.

New York Sun.

After much disappointment and many delays, the Abbe Moignot has succeeded in raising the large sum of money he asked for, wherewith to dredge the bottom of the Red sea. He is after Pharoah's chariots and the costly trappings of the Egyptian army. He sees no reason why some of these relics should not be recovered, even at the trouble of removing the sand which has for centuries overlaid them. He is enthusiastic in the hope of fishing up solid dividends for the stockholders in his scheme, as well as of finding much that is valuable to the scholar and the archaeologist. The enterprise does not seem much more chimerical than those which have been set on foot in this country for the recovery of treasure supposed to have been buried by Capt. Kidd. Centuries ago the Romans threw many valuable things into the muddy Tiber, some of which have been brought to light within recent years. We may yet have in our museums some of those famous diamond-studded wheels of the war chariots of the Egyptian monarch, side by side with the keel of Noah's ark.

Mistaken in the Ark.

Youth's Companion.

"What was in the ark of the covenant which the priests carried on their shoulders?" asked a Sunday school teacher of her class of boys. Up went a small hand.

"You may tell Jimmy," she said.

"Noah and his family, and two of every living creature," was the ready reply.

Burgh: If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.