OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

State Directory.

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

Supreme Court.

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

Second Judicial District

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

City Directory.

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

COUNCILMEN.

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

SCHOOL BOARD.

JESSE B. STRODE, J. W. BARNES,
V. V. LEONARD, Wm. WINTERSTEEN,
ED. GREUSEL, ISAAC WILES.

Postmaster—JNO. W. MARSHALL.

County Directory.

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

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

JAMES CRAWFORD, South Bend Precinct.
SAM'L RICHARDSON, Mt. Pleasant Precinct.
A. B. TOLD, Plattsmouth.

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

BOARD OF TRADE.

FRANK CARRUTH, President.
J. A. CONNOR, HENRY BECK, Vice-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.
7.30 p. m.	EASTERN.	9.00 a. m.
9.30 a. m.		3.00 p. m.
9.00 a. m.	WESTERN.	9.00 a. m.
5.00 p. m.		6.55 p. m.
1.00 a m	NORTHERN.	4.25 p. m
.50 p. m.	SOUTHERN.	9.00 a. m
10.30 a m.	OMAHA.	8.25 a. m.
2.30 p. m.		4.25 p. m.
1.00 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.

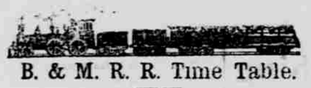
On orders not exceeding $15 - - - 10 cents
Over $15 and not exceeding $30 - - - 15 cents
" $30 " " $40 - - - 20 cents
" $40 " " $50 - - - 25 cents

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 6:50 a. m.	
4:25 p. m.		" 5:15 p. m.	
8:25 a. m.		" 9:40 a. m.	
K. C. AND ST. JOE.			
6:35 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 4:50 p. m.; McCook 10:05 p. m.; Denver 8:20 a. m.
Leaves 6:55 p. m.; arrives Lincoln 9:20 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 5:50 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 8:25 a.m.; Hastings 9:50 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., 6:25 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	8.00 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 "	5.45 "
Dunbar	10.07 "	10.21 "	6.45 "
Kansas City	6.37 a.m	7.07 p.m.	
St. Louis	5.52 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	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 "	6.16 "	5.25 "
Omaha arrive	8.00 "	6.55 "	7.00 "

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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ATTORNEY AT LAW.

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

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Flour, Corn Meal & Feed

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CITY of PLATTSMOUTH

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SAGE'S HARDWARE STORE,

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We don't want your money until you are perfectly satisfied of their curative powers. If your life is worth saving, don't delay in giving these Powders a trial, as they will surely cure you.

Price, for large Box, $3.00, or 4 Boxes for $10. Sent to any part of the United States or Canada, by mail, on receipt of price. Address

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369 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dec. 28th, 1882—41ly.

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Sample Rooms

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THE OLD GATE'S STORY.

[Denver Tribune.]

An old and crippled gate am I,
And twenty years have passed
Since I was swung up high and dry
Betwixt these posts set fast.
And now I've grown so powerful weak—
Despised by man and beast—
I'm scarcely strong enough to squeak,
Although I'm never greased.

'Twas twenty years ago, I say,
When Mr. Enos White
Came kind of hanging 'round my way
'Most every other night.
He hung upon my starboard side
And she upon the tother—
Till Susan Smith became his bride
And in due time a mother.

I groaned intensely when I heard—
Despite I am no churl—
My doom breathed in a single word—
The baby was a girl!
And as she grew and grew and grew,
I loud bemoaned my fate—
For she was very fair to view,
And I—I was the gate!

Then, in due time a lover came,
Betokening my ruin—
A dapper fellow, Brown by name,
The grown up baby wooin'!
They swung upon me in the gloom,
And talked of moon and star—
They're married now and live at home
Alone with ma and pa.

My lot was happy for a year—
No courting, night or day—
I had no thought, I had no fear
Bad luck would come my way.
But, oh! this morning—save the mark!
There came a wild surprise;
A shadow flitted—grim and dark—
Across my sunny skies.

A doctor with a knowing smile—
A nurse with face serene—
A bustle in the house the while—
Great Scott! what can it mean?
My hinges ache—my lock is weak—
My pickets are awhirl—
I hear that awful doctor speak—
It is another girl.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

The Homeless Author of "Home, Sweet Home."

He is coming home. After thirty years in a foreign grave his bones are traveling back to his native land to rest forever. Homeless in life, death has restored to him not only the love and appreciation for which he pined, but the ideal tenderness of which he dreamed. The people whom he fancied neglected him, and for whose sympathy and praise he hungered with a child's heartsickness, are waiting with full hearts to honor his dust. The fairest spot in the garden of the dead has been chosen for his monument, which will be a shrine before which all will bow in homage.

This tardy kindness is given his memory, not for the result of his life-work, which was good but for one little song, which flowed, no doubt, from his heart when it was over full of sadness. Something of the eternal hunger of his spirit for love and companionship passed into the words, and made "Home, Sweet Home" deathless. Something, too, of the sombre melancholy which brooded within his soul, since whoever hears its plaintive music feels the heart swell and the eyes grow misty. In it

"The anguish of the singer
Makes the sweetness of the strain."

Of all America's songs it is the only one that cannot die, since its sentiment will be as dear to generations unborn as to us. As long as the human heart needs love and kindness, that long will the notes of "Home, Sweet Home" have power to thrill it.

Some influence we can not trace or understand followed John Howard Payne and kept his life from being what is called successful. Yet surely he who has left one imperishable line to the world which contains an ennobling sentiment has not failed. All the logic of the schools and the law's decrees have not done so much to foster the love of home as has this little song. Its author wove it from the woof of the ideal, since home to him was never a reality. It was born of the union of his imagination with his longing for the genial atmosphere, the enchanted air of his dreams.

Something, perhaps his destiny, stood ever between him and the realization of his hopes. He was ambitious, industrious, and clever, yet he could not wring from a heedless public either appreciation or financial reward. After years of struggle, and disappointment, loneliness and close acquaintance with hardships and poverty, his character took on a soft and delicate melancholy never left him. "His soul was like a star and dwelt apart."

He was sixty years old when he died; and so saddened from life's history that he appeared much older. It was in the year 1825 or not long before, while in London, that he wrote the song that earned him immortality. It was in the drama entitled "Clari, the Maid of "Milan," which Charles Kemble, of Covent Garden theatre, London, bought along with other manuscript, for thirty pounds. Mrs. Tree, a sister of Ellen Tree, sang the song upon its first production. It was popular immediately. A hundred thousand copies were sold in one year, but not one cent was paid to the author by the fortunate publishers. It has been distributed by millions of copies since then, and the greatest singers have delighted myriads of hearers with its simple and touching music and sentiment. While the world sang it feelingly in its humble as well as elegant homes, on the street, in its churches, everywhere, the homeless author was often in need of bread.

It is stated on his monument in Tunis that Payne was born in Boston, which is incorrect. He was a native of New York city. His father removed to Boston while Howard was very young, and opened a boarding school. The bright, ambitious boy there began his literary career by publishing, while still at a school, a little weekly newspaper named The Fly, which bore evidence of the promise that was in him. He was a good elocutionist and passionately fond of things theatrical.

When thirteen he was placed in a counting house in New York, a situation most distasteful to him, the tediousness of which he relieved by acting as the editor of The Thespian Mirror. The excellence of the dramatic criticisms contained in this journal made him some influential acquaintances, among them a Mr. Seaman who sent him to Schenectady college to be educated. While there he edited Pastime, a weekly magazine, the first number of which appeared in 1807. In 1808 he returned to Boston to prepare for the stage, and continued literary labor there as editor of The Mirror. His first appearance on the stage was made in New York in February, 1809, and was a success. It was followed by engagements in New England, the south and west. In 1813 he went to England, and on June 4th of that year appeared in Drury Lane theatre, London. He continued an actor several years, after which he devoted himself to literature. His editorship, in London, of a theatrical journal called The Opera Glass did not last long. By the year 1825 he had written several dramas, the last being "Clari."

While in Europe his literary work was carried on sometimes in London and sometimes in Paris, but its financial rewards were precarious, and the lean and hungry wolf was often in sight. While in Paris he made the acquaintance of Washington Irving, who extended a fraternal arm to the unfortunate poet. He returned to America in 1831, and made his home in New York with a younger brother. His literary schemes proved unprofitable. For some time Payne acted as the agent of the Cherokee chief, John Ross, both in the country of his tribe and in Washington. His chivalrous kindness to the Indians led to his arrest by a party of state militia of Georgia, and temporary imprisonment. President Tyler appointed him consul at Tunis, in 1841. He was recalled during the administration of Polk. President Fillmore reappointed him, and he held the position of consul to Tunis at the time of his death.

Who can measure the loneliness of this disappointed, melancholy soul? Only those can realize his solitude who know by experience what "a desolate sense of isolation comes over a stranger in a strange land when he feels the poor atom, self, shoorly contrasted with the vast, cold mass of humanity beside."

In a strange land alone he died, but his own people forgot him not, for after many years he is coming home. Somewhere in the boundless universe, freed from the sadness that clouded it here, his spirit dwells. Looking with eyes from which all earthly veils have been lifted he sees that the life considered a failure has left the world the better for its existence. Seeing this, even in his high and blest estate, he must rejoice.

"Happy they whose buried pages
Perish with their lives;
If amid the scrambling ages
Still their name survives."

The name of the author of "Home Sweet Home" will live when the words and names of many whose lives were reckoned more successful shall pass into oblivion. Beside his tomb millions, not yet in existence, will pause, reverently remembering that

"There is
One great society alone on earth—
The noble living and the noble dead."

A BIRTHDAY RING.

[John Preston True.]

Dear Friend—Some day, in bright and unknown years,
Studded with jewels of sweet Hope's fruition,
When, on the higher ledges, dewed with tears
Of toil, thy feet hath climbed 'neath God's tuition,
Some memories may live of thoughts grown old,
Of wanderings, of climbs in rocky places,
Of wayside springs that murmur, clear and cold,
Down stones that gleam with sunlight's yellow gold,
And, babbling, try to tell of other faces,
Yet keep their secrets safe since fain they must.
For golden spells be this thy magic ring—
And on the sands a fern might brush a wing;
Some day't will bring to light faint outlined traces
Where Life's strong pinions, passing, swept the dust.

Ivan Tourgeneff's Story of a Fool.

There was a fool. For many years he lived comfortably. Then, little by little, the news came to him from all quarters that he was a brainless fellow.

The fool was very much confused by this, and was very anxious to find some way to put an end to such disagreeable news.

At last a sudden idea brightened his poor head, and without much ado he put it into practice.

An acquaintance met him in the street and began to praise a famous painter.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the fool; "this painter was forgotten long ago. Don't you know that? I did not expect that from you. You are behind the times."

The acquaintance was confused and hastened to agree with the fool.

"What a beautiful book that is," another acquaintance said to the fool, talking of a new book.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the fool, "that book is good for nothing; there is not a single novel idea in it. Everybody knows that. Didn't you know it? Oh, you are behind the times." And this acquaintance was also confused, and he too agreed with the fool.

"What a fine and noble man my friend N. N. is," said another person to the fool.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed the fool, "he is a well-known scoundrel. He has cheated all his relatives. Who does not know that? You are behind the times."

And this person agreed with the fool and forsook his friend. And the same sort of remarks the fool made whenever they praised anybody or anything in his presence. Sometime he added: "Do you believe yet in authorities?"

Thus it came about that people began to talk of the fool thus, "What an angry misanthrope he is!" "But then, what a clear head!" "And what a sharp tongue!" "Ah, he is a genius!"

At length the editor of a large journal asked the fool to conduct its department of criticism. And the fool criticised everything and everybody in his own peculiar manner.

The fool who denounced all authorities has now become an authority himself, and the youths revere him and fear him. They can not help it, for did not they revere the fool he would class them among them who are behind the times.

How happy fools are among cowards.

Physical Characteristics of Old Age.

Youth's Companion.

The whole of life may be divided into three periods—that of growth, maturity and decay.

The first is characterized by changes in substances, size, form, powers and susceptibilities.

The second is characterized by fixedness. Food no longer goes to growth, but simply makes good what the system wastes in its working. It is the period of labor, enterprise and intellectual mastership over nature.

The third—say from sixty onward—is the opposite of the first, and would be of the second, were we not able to carry along our accumulated treasures of experience, knowledge, habits, and much of the momentum gained in our best years. At the best, however, it is one of increasing decay.

Two facts, "atrophy"—wasting from lack of nourishment—and "degeneration"—change of muscular fibre into fat or lime—explain this decay in the main. The food may be enough, but the power to get rid of the waste of the system, and to replace it with good nerve, muscle, membranes, heat and strength is lessened. Hence there is universal shrinkage, which is not confined to the muscles, but extends to the brain, spinal cord, nerve trunks, lungs, liver, and in a still greater degree, to the spleen and lymphatic glands.

The heart and kidneys—by a wise provision of nature—retain their normal size, the first even generally becoming larger. The vacuum around the shriveled brain and lungs is filled with a watery fluid from the blood. The lungs are drawn toward the backbone, and the chest proportionately falls in. Their surface is quite uneven. Their power to throw off carbonic acid yearly decreases, becoming from one-fourth to one-half less. This is largely due to the weaker and shallower breathing.

The veins lose much of their elasticity, and their walls—especially in the lower half of the body—increase in size and thickness. The blood is less in quantity, more fluid and coagulates more readily. The pulse is slow, hard and wiry. The heart-beat is more irregular. The above are some of the characteristics of normal old age.

A Child's Rebuke.

Troy Times.

The four-year-old daughter of a well-known divine of this city is disposed to be dictatorial in a cunning way with her older brothers and sisters. While she was acting the wee tyrant over her brother, the other day, her father decided to rebuke her for the first time, and eloquently set forth to her the kindness of her brother, and her duty to be kind in return. When the exhortation had ended, the little auditor, with tearful eyes and frame trembling with emotion, strode up to her venerable sire, and striking an attitude, said, between her sobs, "Y-ou use too m-many words." The father vainly endeavored to suppress his laughter as he went to his study and proceeded to cut down his next Sunday's sermon.

Old Fox Hunters' Mistakes.

John Burroughs in The Century.

Nature will not be cornered, yet she does many things in a corner and surreptitiously. She is all things to all men; she has whole truths, half truths, and quarter truths, if not still smaller fractions. The careful observer finds this out sooner or later. Old fox hunters will tell you, on the evidence of their own eyes, that there is a black fox and a silver gray fox, two species; but there are not; the black fox is black when coming toward you, or running from you, and silver gray at point blank view, when the eye penetrates the fur; each separate hair is gray the first half and black the last. This is a sample of nature's half truths.

She Knew Where They Were.

Taunton Gazette.

A Taunton woman relates that she recently sat beside another woman, a stranger to her, in an Old Colony car. As the train passed Quincy the stranger pointed to the crowded burial place so near the track, and remarked, in a complacent tone: "I've got three of the best husbands lyin' there that ever a woman had."

Bracing Winter Weather.

Philadelphia News.

For clear, bracing winter weather, there is no climate equal to that of Montana. At a hotel fire there the other night a guest in the fifth story put his head out of the window and his breath froze so solid that, after fastening one end of it to the bed post, he slid down on the main stem to the ground and escaped.

How Delicious.

An Ohio editor is down in Florida eating oranges, and he writes that "appetite seemed to feed on incredible supplies, and the sweet succulence of the golden bulbs spurted refreshing juice from pressing lips pouting with pulpy fragrance."

Detroit Free Press: A young man in Iowa was so impatient to see his girl that he paid $40 for a locomotive to run him thirty-five miles. When he got there she was sparking his rival and a big dog had possession of the front door step.

LONDON'S SYSTEM

Of Underground Telegraph Wires a Complete Success.

Cor. Philadalphia Telegraph.

London is tolerably free from the danger and annoyance of overhead wires, and all the dismal predictions of the pessimist opponents to the underground system have been agreeably falsified by actual experience. The wires are in nobody's way, the city is freed from a frightful disfigurement, and repairs can be effected much more cheaply, expeditiously and safely. To have heard the howl raised here when first the underground system was called for it would appear that the companies expected to have to dig a twenty-foot-deep trench in the middle of the streets and throw in their wires to take their chance among the gas, water, and sewer pipes. Nothing of the kind, however, is necessary. Leaden pipes, varying from six inches to fifteen inches in diameter, according to the number of wires required, are placed about twelve or eighteen inches deep in the sidewalks, close to the curb. The wires, coated with gutta percha or other non-conducting substance, are placed within, and all urban messages are flashed along close to the toes of pedestrians. About every hundred yards is a small connecting trap, generally concealed by a flagstone, and by this means access can be had to the wires at any time. When first the underground system was adopted in London curious crowds of idlers used to gather around the workmen engaged in repairing the wires, and thus impede the traffic, so an arrangement to obviate this inconvenience was devised. Little square tents of brown canvass about seven feet are used. They cover about four feet square, and are placed over the trap when the wires are being withdrawn for repairs. They cause scarcely any obstruction, and two-thirds of the persons passing by are unaware of what is going on within. Any breakage of a wire or leakage can easily be located between two of the access traps, and any ordinary repair can be done in an hour or even less. There are a few telephone wires carried over the housetops, but I understand these also are soon to be taken underground, and Londoners would no more think of reverting to the old system than of permitting gas and water companies to carry their pipes overhead. So successful has the underground arrangement proved in London and other large cities, that it has been seriously proposed to bury all the telegraph wires in the kingdom. There is no particular danger attending overhead lines away from the cities, as they are almost entirely carried along the railroads; but telegraph engineers are beginning to lean to the opinion that the greater economy in the maintenance of underground telegraphs would actually make the system cheaper in the long run, while in case of war it would render it far more difficult for an enemy to cut off or intercept communications.

ONE LITTLE GOLD DOLLAR.

A Notable Charity Founded Upon a Little Sick Girl's Gift.

Louise Stockton in The Continent.

The Philadelphia House for Incurables was founded on a legacy of one little gold dollar. There was in West Philadelphia a young girl who had been confined to her bed from early childhood, and she, often thinking of those who suffered as much but were not cared for as she was, longed to make them as comfortable. She used to talk to her mother about a home for incurables, and one day when a gold dollar was given her she said it could be put away as the foundation for a fund for such a home. It was a light enough fancy on her part, but it became an inspiration. After the girl died the money was remembered, and her mother and her friends determined to see her wish carried out. It was easy enough to arouse interest, as every one knew the need of such an institution. In the hospitals established for curative purposes there was no room for patients pronounced beyond help, and even at the almshouse the transient pauper was preferred to the permanent patient. Every one knew of helpless sick who were suffering in poverty, or supported by hard exertion or grudging charity. There was need enough that the little gold dollar should be put to use. The women who were interested went to work determined to succeed. They held fairs and solicited subscriptions. Those of them who could, gave money, and all worked; and in 1877 they had raised enough money to authorize them in opening a home out on the Darby road.

At the end of the year they had sixteen patients and a lengthening list of applicants. There were people in all stages of diseases, and with every shape of it, asking for admission, but the managers had not only to limit the number admitted, but they had to exclude all diseases not easily managed in their building. A hospital for such uses demands peculiar accommodations and appliances, and the next step was to build one. So then, this was accomplished. Men gave money to buy ground and women endowed beds, and the managers took care that as their mortar hardened no debt hardened with it. They had not money enough to build as large a house as they needed, but the plans provided for extensions, and there is ground enough. The house really looks like a home, and a very beautiful one. It is well arranged, and no detail of comfort or convenience has been neglected, and the result would have delighted and astonished the owner of the little gold dollar.

The Franco-German War.

Chicago Tribune.

In August, 1870, 780,728 German soldiers crossed the French frontier, followed during the war by 292,762 others. The soldiers remaining in Germany were 400,000. At the close of the armistice the German army counted 936,918 men. The army besieging Paris numbered 130,000 men, while the Paris garrison numbered 230,000 men. The number of combats in which at least one company, one squadron, or a battery was engaged was 766. Three hundred and thirty-three thousand three hundred and forty-one French prisoners were sent into Germany. The French lost 107 flags, 7,441 cannon, and 855,000 firearms. The loss of the German army was 48,862 killed and 88,488 wounded; 17,572 were killed on the field and 19,710 died in consequence of their wounds. The battle of Gravelotte cost 20,159 men; Mars-la-Tour, 15,790; Woerth, 10,642; Sedan, 9,924; the siege of Paris, 12,500; and Metz, 5,571. The number of shots from field-guns was 362,662. The soldiers used 50,000,000 cartridges, the most being by the third corps at Mars-la-Tour, where 720,000 rifle shots were fired, and the batteries fired 10,500 grenades.

Keeping the Hearth Fire Burning.

Statesville Landmark.

One of the grand jurors for the superior court at this term was Ephraim Scroggs, of Fallstown township, concerning whom a singular and interesting little incident may be told. Mr. Scroggs has now burning on his hearth the same fire which he started when he went to housekeeping fifty years ago. From the day that fire was started to this it has never been permitted to go out. Summer and winter for these fifty years it has been replenished as occasion requires. From a roaring it has dropped many a time to a bed of smouldering coals, but it has never been permitted to turn into ashes.

Watterson on the Press.

Courier-Journal.

As a public force the press is a curse instead of a blessing. It is a vehicle, not merely of disjointed thought, but of mean and paltry thoughts; sensational and unreliable in its news; coarse, feeble, and splenetic in its wit; too often mercenary and opinionless, and generally underbred in tone.

Curious Census Figures in India.

The "curiosities of the census" have an illustration in the returns of the northwest provinces of India and Oude, which enumerated more than 3,000 professional "acrobats," 1,100 "actors," 3,000 "ballad singers," 146 "curers by incantation," 33 "gamblers," 97 "snake charmers," 50 "match-makers," 10,000 "singers and dancers," 4 "poets," 4 "story-tellers," and 7 "thieves." There are more than 7,500,000 cultivators of the soil nearly 10,000 landholders, and nearly 40,000 money-lenders.

Alms-Giving.

Helen Wilmans.

The world needs not alms-giving. Justice comes before generosity, and its establishment will wipe the word out of existence. Alms! a word implying the donor on one side and the donee on the other; and between whom is begotten that abnormal bastard we call gratitude—base synonym of a base inequality. Generosity implies a withholding of justice. To accept generosity is to ignore one's manhood, and virtually consent to be robbed.

DR. FISHBLAT

OF THE

DES MOINES AND OMAHA MEDICAL DISPENSAR

ON ACCOUNT OF HIS

Immense Practice in Plattsmouth, Nebras

WILL MAKE HIS NEXT VISIT ON

Saturday, May 19, 188

AND WILL REMAIN ONE DAY,

AT THE

PERKINs HOUSE

WHERE HE CAN BE CONSULTED ON THE

Ear & Eye, Throat & Lungs, Catarrh, Kidneys

Bladder and Female Diseases as Well as Chronic and Nervous Diseases.

DR. FISHBLATT

Has discovered the greatest cure in the world for weakness of the back and limbs, h untary discharges, impotency, general debility, nervousness, langour, confusion of ideas, p tation of the heart, timidity, trembling, dimness of sight or giddiness, diseases of the throat, nose or skin, affections of the liver, lungs, stomach or bowels—these terrible disor arising from solitary habits of youth—and secret practices more fatal to the victim than songs of Syrens to the marines of Ulysses, blighting their most radient hopes or anticipat rendering marriage impossible.

Those that are suffering from the evil practice, which destroy their mental and phy system, causing

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

The symptoms of which are a dull distressed mind, which unfit them for performing their iness and social duties, makes happy marriages impossible, distresses the action of the h depression of spirits, evil forebodings, cowardice, fears, dreams, restless nights, dizziness, getfulness, unnatural discharges, pain in the back and hips, short breathing, melancholy, easily of company and have preference to be alone, feeling as tired in the morning as when tiring, seminal weakness, lost manhood, white bone deposit in the urine, nervousness, tremb confusion of thought, watery and weak eyes, dyspepsia, constipation, paleness, pain and w ness in the limbs, etc., should consult me immediately and be restored to perfect health.

YOUNG MEN

Who have become victims of solitary vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annu sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of exalted talent and brilliant intel who might otherwise entrance listening senators with the thunders of their eloquence or wa to ecstacy the living lyre, may call with confidence.

MARRIAGE.

Married persons or young men contemplating marriage beware of physical weakness. I of procreative power, impotency or any other disqualification speedily relieved. He who pl himself under the care of Dr. Fishblatt may religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman, confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

ORGANAL WEAKNESS

Immediately cured and full vigor restored. This distressing affection, which renders life a b den and marriage impossible, is the penalty payed by the victim for improper indulge Young men are apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences t may ensue. Now who that understands this subject will deny that procreation is lost sooner those falling into improper habits than by the prudent. Besides being deprived of the pl ures of healthy offsprings, the most serious and destructive symptoms of both mind and b arise. The system becomes deranged, the physical and mental powers weaken. Lost proc tive powers, nervous irritability, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, const tional debility, wasting of the frame, cough consumption and death.

A CURE WARRANTED.

Persons ruined in health by unlearned pretenders who keeps them trifling month after mon taking poisonous and injurious compounds, should apply immediately.

DR. FISHBLATT,

graduated at one of the most eminent colleges in the United states, has effected some of t most astonishing cures that were ever known. Many troubled with ringing in the ears a head when asleep