OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

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E. K. VALENTINE, Representative, West Point.
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W. C. SHOWALTER, Clerk District Court, Plattsmouth.

City Directory.

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

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2nd ward—Jerry Hartman, J. M. Patterson.
3rd Ward—Alva Drew, M. B. Murphy.
4th Ward—A. S. Lawson, P. D. Lehnhoff.

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V. L. LEONARD, Wm. WINTERSTEEN,
ED. GREUSEL, ISAAC WILES,
Postmaster—JNO. W. MARSHALL.

County Directory.

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J. W. JENNINGS, County Clerk.
J. W. JOHNSON, County Judge.
D. W. BYERS, Sheriff.
CYRUS ALTON, Sup't of Pub. Instruction.
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JAMES CRAWFORD, South Bend Precinct.
A. M'L RICHARDSON, Mt. Pleasant Precinct.
A. P. TODD, Plattsmouth

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

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J. A. CONNOR, HENRY RICK, Vice-Presidents
WM. S. WISE, Secretary.
FRED. GOLDER, 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.
9.25 a. m.		3.00 p. m.
7.00 a. m.	WESTERN.	9.00 a. m.
5.40 p. m.		6.55 p. m.
7.00 a. m.	NORTHERN.	4.25 p. m.
7.30 p. m.	SOUTHERN.	9.00 a. m
4.00 p. m.	OMAHA.	9.25 a. m.
11.00 a. m.		4.25 p. m.
Tues., Thurs., Saturday.	WEEPING WATER.	8.00 a. m
10.00 a. m.	FACTORYVILLE.	1.00 p. m

RATES CHARGED FOR MONEY ORDERS.

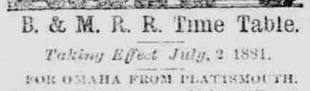
On Orders not exceeding $15 - - - 10 cents
Over $15 and not exceeding $30 - - - 15 cents
" $30 " " $40 - - - 20 cents
" $40 " " $50 - - - 25 cents

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 in her 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.

GOIN OMAHA FROM PLATTSMOUTH.

Leaves 3:45 a. m.	Arrives	6:00 a. m.
4:25 p. m.	"	7:45 p. m.
8:25 a. m.	"	9:10 a. m.
K. C. AND ST. JOE.		
6:35 a. m.	"	9:30 a. m.
6:10 p. m.	"	8:35 p. m.

FROM OMAHA FOR PLATTSMOUTH.

Leaves 8:15 a. m.	Arrives	9:55 a. m.
7:00 p. m.	"	9:40 p. m.
6:35 p. m.	"	7:25 p. m.
K. C. AND ST. JOE.		
8:35 a. m.	"	9:20 a. m.
7:15 p. m.	"	8:30 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 6:05 p. m.; arrives Lincoln 9:30 p. m.

FREIGHT

Leaves at 9:35 a. m.; Arrives Lincoln 4:10pm
Leaves at 5:10 p. m.; Arrives at Lincoln 2:00 p. m.; Hastings 5:20 a. m.
Leaves at 2:00 p. m.; Arrives at Lincoln 6:30 p. m.; Hastings 2:20 a. m.; McCook 4:50 a. m.; Denver 1:00 p. m.

FROM THE WEST.

Leaves Denver 8:05 p. m.; Arrives at McCook 4:20 a. m.; Hastings 10:40 a. m.; Lincoln 2:00 p. m.; Plattsmouth 3:30 p. m.
Leaves Lincoln 7:45 a. m.; arrives Plattsmouth 9:00 a. m.

FREIGHT

Leaves Lincoln at 12:45 p. m.; Arrives 3:30p
Leaves Hastings 7:15 p. m.; Arrive Lincoln 8:30 p. m.; Plattsmouth 2:30 a. m.
Leaves Denver 6:00 p. m.; Arrives McCook 5:35 a.m.; Hastings 9:30 p. m.; Lincoln 6:45 a. m.; Plattsmouth 11:30 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., 9:30 a. m. and 5:30 p. m.

K. C. AND ST. JOE.

Leave at 9:30 a. m. and 5:35 p. m.; Arrive at Pacific Junction at 9:55 a. m. and 6:15 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 6:35 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	5.43 "	4.54 "	2.10 "
Weeping Water	6.03 "	5.08 "	2.40 "
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 "	7.00 "

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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Valuable outlots for residence purposes.

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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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20tf.

LYING IN BED.

A Most Useful But Neglected Art.

It Is the Too Early Worm That Gets Took In.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

One of the most useful, yet neglected, of all the arts is that of lying in bed. The damage that is done by persons getting up is past all reckoning. All the mischief and crime, the counterfeiting and forgery, the murder and theft, are perpetrated by parties who persist in getting up. What man was ever dunned by a creditor, had his eye put in mourning by a too close proximity with some one's fist, broke his leg on a slippery pavement, was run over by an omnibus, who lay in bed?

What great achievements have been accomplished in war, in poetry, in literature, by genius abed! What noble thoughts have been born between the sheets, and, once delivered from their authors' brains, gone, Jehu-like, whistling down the race-course of time! "Coming events cast their shadows before"—one of the most memorable lines in the English language—originated with the gin-loving poet, Tom Campbell, one morning before he had arisen. Longfellow thought out that exquisite poem, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," after he had retired. Ben Franklin said, "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." Now, Franklin started out all right, but got terribly mixed when he said "early to rise." There is the fatal mistake. People who rise early are sure to catch the malaria; the ground is full of half-hatched poisonous germs; the sun is not up, and has not warmed them into life, given them wings and sent them adrift. Poor, misguided man, he arises, inhales them all; they fructify and poison his entire system; hence, chills, fever, malaria, and half the ills that human flesh is heir to.

"Rise before the sun,
And make a breakfast of the morning dew,
Served up by nature on some grassy hill;
You'll find it nectar."

Was ever more arrant nonsense written? Fancy a man getting up on a cold, rainy morning and climbing one of the high hills about Cincinnati on an empty stomach, and leaving his French coffee and hot rolls, poached eggs and oyster stew, to eat, what? Why, dew. How long would that fellow last? Wouldn't he be a fit candidate for Longview, and no questions asked? But, the early bird catches the worm, you say. Yes, but the sharp boy knocked that delusion in the head forever and eternally when he said: "Father, there's the point; what in thunder did the worm get up so early for?" He trifled with destiny; he tempted fate; he should not have done it. That boy was a benefactor to the human race. He was sound on the lie-abed question.

The French proverb says Da lit a la table, de la table au lit—"from bed to grub, from grub to bed." That's something like it. Get up and eat, eat and go to bed again. Why not? All the animals do it. All nature, the grandmother of us all, teaches it. Every animal in the world eats and seeks repose. The cow eats, and lying down placidly chews her cud; the anaconda swallows an ox, horns and all, and goes to sleep; the "sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care; the birth of each day's life, sore labor's bath, balm of hurt minds; great nature's second course; chief nourisher in life's feast." And yet this is what they would deprive us of who say get up, and who oppose the art of lying abed.

A Spanish minister, suddenly raised to power, signalized the event by going to bed and staying there for fear that he might have something to do. It was in bed, at the little inn at Waterloo, that the duke of Wellington received the list of the terrible casualties of the fatal 18th of July. Gray's "Ode to Music" was written in bed, and Sam Johnson's "Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia" was dictated to the printers beyond the great author of the "Lives of the Poets" and lexicographer had arisen. Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcott) was so fond of lying abed that he received his visitors beneath spreads and counterpanes. Rossini wrote one of his finest operas in bed, and was too lazy to pick up a sheet that had fallen away. George IV. lay in bed to read the newspapers, and Macaulay read twenty pages of Schiller before getting up. John Foster thought out his sermons in bed, and the methodical Anthony Trollope used to read an hour before getting up. Cynical Pope wrote:

"I wake at night,
Fools come into my head and so I write."

Mrs. Macbeth strikes the key-note when she shouts, "To bed! to bed!" People hunt the world over for pleasure, indulge in all sorts of mad pranks in their search for recreation and repose, roam from the North pole to the Southern Cross, penetrate African jungles and freeze with Siberians and Laplanders, climb the Alps, swelter at Saratoga and Long Branch in pursuit of pleasure. Alas! they seek happiness where it is not, and neglect it where it is—in bed.

Protecting the Obelisk.

Peck's Sun.

There is a move on foot to provide suitable means for protecting the obelisk in Central park, New York, from injury from changes of the weather. One party suggests that it be inclosed in a glass case, and another wants to see an immense museum built around it with a tower for the obelisk to stand up in. It is not known as yet what will be done, but it is pretty certain that the obelisk will have some sort of a protection, if it is not more than a tariff or a liver pad.

An Effective Burglar Trap.

Scientific American.

A country store keeper in Connecticut having been annoyed by robberies of the contents of his cash drawer, lately contrived the following trap: He arranged in the floor a trap door which perfectly matched the boards of the door. In the day time the door was securely fastened, but at night on leaving the store a catch was so fixed that the moment the unsuspecting burglar stepped on the door to operate on the money drawer, the trap door opened and dropped him into a pit in the cellar below. The sides of the pit were smooth and higher than a man's head, so that once dropped the burglar could not escape. The trap closed automatically by a spring, ready for a second victim. A practical trial of the trap proved its success, for one morning the store keeper found a stalwart specimen of an entrance to his store in the night and looking into the pit discovered the imprisoned burglar. He coolly went about his business, and in due course had the burglar—sold.

The Passion for Liveries.

Most of the wealthy society ladies, says a New York letter writer, have hitherto contented themselves with half livery for their coachman and footman and a white vest and swallow-tail coat for the butler; but this winter a more elaborate costume has been introduced. Hundreds of pairs of Parisian top boots have been imported for coachmen and footmen, who have heretofore worn their boots inside their trousers, and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt has taken the lead in putting her servants into full European costume, breeches, silk stockings, ample vest, and long, full coat of the shad stomached variety, and a little linen picket under each ear. The many colors of the French flunkey are superseded by a uniform claret, broken only by white silk stockings. I have never seen such a heraldic frenzy as prevails here now. Carriage doors have suddenly blossomed out in bright colors—red and blue and green—lions rampant, eagles flippant, and field argent with wattled guies, and all sorts of cottises and quarterings. Several old industries have sprung into new life, founded on this revival of the rage for escutcheons. On Monday I called on a great aged livery tailor on Fifth avenue, who does the heavy business of the city. "Americans are rushing into livery as never before," he said. His English eye twinkled as he added: "I fear they are losing their solid Democratic principles. Men who have declared for years that they wouldn't have any of this 'ol—d nonsense' are dragged here by their ambitious wives to get James and Thomas put in livery and the family crest engraved on the brass buttons. New Yorkers who have made their million dollars by large dealing in potatoes, brass goods, or oleomargarine, come here to find out how to dress their servants and what their family crest is. The father of the family knows that his father was a poor farmer in New Hampshire, or a stage driver down in New Jersey, and that is all he knows about it. So I fix them out with a crest. There was a man named Chirt who wanted a coat-of-arms. I couldn't find any such name, so I sent it to England, where they equipped him with the coat-of-arms of Chirp. It will answer just as well, and I am sure that Chirp is a livelier and more cheerful name, if they should ever find it out."

AN ÆSTHETIC CLERK.

Artistic Nonsense in a Crockery Shop.

An American Oscar Wilde Who Gives Ladies Points in "Harmony."

Rochester (N. Y.) Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

"Have you ever heard of the æsthetic young man of Rochester?" queried my fair hostess on the first morning after my arrival from California.

"No Rochester woman considers her house fit to live in until that connoisseur of fine arts has cast his approving glance over her household goods and puts a vase in some impossible corner or places the clock where no living mortal would ever think of looking for it. He was here only last week to make suggestions about the improbable perching of a beautiful white owl which I received for a Christmas gift."

Owls are quite the thing now in the way of decorations.

"I promised to call this week and consult him about the purchase of some bric-a-brac for my amaranth cabinet. I must drive you this very morning to the shop where he sells bits of china to art-stricken women in a manner which is considered quite irresistible to Rochester ladies. It would never do to introduce you into society circles here until you are informed regarding the all-absorbing topic of conversation."

Accordingly I soon found myself bowing before this modern Adonis, who, having been wound up and set going by some judicious questions and remarks from my friend, began learnedly discussing the merits of his wares. Ladies softly glided into the shop and quietly grouped themselves about us, listening with admiring awe to the words of wisdom which fell from his ruby lips. While they were imbibing high art with every breath of the surrounding atmosphere, I took note of the personal appearance of the authority in artistic circles.

If you will picture to yourself an æsthetic parrot, with a choice sample of china in his claw, one eye closed, while, with head on one side, he gazes knowingly on the scrap of china with the other eye and discourses wisely about æsthetic merits, you have the Rochester ideal young man in a nutshell. Imagine indescribable, glove-fitting garments clothing a tall and slender form. He fitted his raiment as though he were made for it! Out of it rose a swan-like throat and neck, supporting a wonderfully fair head and face; the hair a faint straw color; the complexion transparently clear; his eyes growing dark or paling according to his interest in and the pathos of his theme; a long and sharp Roman nose, drooped like a parrot's beak over a delicate and sensitive mouth, as gracefully curved as a Cupid's bow. Dazzling white teeth finish up the conquest, when having ended his elegant remarks, he pauses with a languid air and allows his rosy lips to close in a benevolent and condescending smile.

The unfortunate women suddenly awake to the consciousness that they are gazing into the violet eyes, rather than on the tea-cup entwined with lavender roses held up by a slender white hand. This, he said, was his ideal sample of a tea set. I never saw any lavender roses, but I supposed them to be the "conventionalized flowers" which we have heard so much about ever since the art fever set in.

I asked to see a dinner service, whereupon Adonis inquired with eager interest whether my house was of Eastlake or Gothic architecture and was my dining-room furnished after the old English or French style. Would I allow him to call and see the house before he ventured to suggest the form, quality or color of the ware to be used? With true western hospitality I assured him that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to receive a visit from him, but that he would have rather a long journey to take, as I lived in California. This seemed to puzzle him for a few brief seconds, but he soon rallied and rose equal to the emergency.

Smiling sweetly, he remarked that if I would allow him to see the plans of the house—that with my description of the furniture and some small samples of the carpets and hangings, he thought we should soon arrive at something so satisfactory and harmonious that the whole would become a symphony in form and color.

"For," continued Adonis, "as the higher forms of architecture are 'like frozen music,' so may we make poetry of our common daily surroundings, provided there is perfect harmony in tone."

Just then I felt my brain reel, undoubtedly caused by the fatigue of a long journey. Grasping my friend's hand, I murmured some inaudible thanks and hastened out for a breath of fresh air.

"Gertrude," cried my friend, "what is the matter? That man is so honorable that he would not sell you a milk jug unless he knew the kind of gas fixtures in the room where it was to be used. Should you be seen looking at cut glass he would inquire whether your room is heated by furnace or fireplace, 'as cut glass becomes so wonderfully radiant by firelight.'"

"A glance at a pepper-box would call forth an animated discussion about your grandmother's silver and whether you inherited yours or came by it through a recent purchase. If you look at vases he tenderly and feelingly seeks to know the style of paintings on your walls and the names of the artists. Nor does he confine himself to the front of the house. Adonis says there is no reason why the pots, kettles and pans should not be artistic in form and pleasing in color. He has introduced the old-fashioned shining brass tea-kettle into nearly all the better class of families in Rochester. Some ladies have this kettle brought into the drawing-room during the evening, where they serve hot tea in artistic little cups, every one of which differs in shape or decoration, yet has been especially chosen by Adonis to correspond with the surroundings.

"I have even known him to suggest to those who were building houses such architecture, finishings, frescoing, furniture and hangings as he thought best suited the form and complexion of the ladies who were to occupy them. When the houses are finished he delicately hints at the style and color of the garments which would render the ladies most effective and charming.

"Ah! it is a comfort to feel that one has a truly reliable person to consult in all these matters, which are so important in domestic arrangements! Can anything be more delightful than the consciousness that one has been instrumental in bringing about perfect harmony in so many cheerful and beautiful homes?"

"Yes," I replied, "you are to be congratulated."

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The Quaker City's Classified and Well-Ordered Charity.

Louise Stockton in The Continent.

The Philadelphian is fond of classification and organization. If he has anything to do, he likes to make a little society for that specific purpose, and to have the proper officers and a suitable number of members. After the organization is completed, a constitution adopted and printed in a neat pamphlet, he is ready to go to work. In this way he multiplies societies for charitable as for all other purposes. For each misery and misfortune the city has its separate relief. It has a home for old men and another for old women, and another still for married old men and women, and will yet, perhaps discriminate between the old man who is a bachelor and the one who is a widower. The woman who has a baby to take care of does not go the refuge intended for the one whose child has reached the traveler's majority of four years, and if she has no child at all, she repairs to a third relief mina. There is a legacy left to the city for the purchase of wood for widows, and—as if to prove that no misfortune is without compensation—preference is given to those whose poverty is due to dissolute husbands. The applicant must herself be sober and honest, but the less her departed lord shared in these virtues the better for her. The testator who made this provision went still further. Supposing in his innocence that the number of candidates properly qualified might some time fail, and so leave a balance unprovided for, he ordered that whatever was left should be spent in warm clothing for the "oldest and barest" discharged from the hospital and "Bettering-house," evidently having great 'compassion for the wrecks in life. For the opposite class—the people who mean to help themselves—Benjamin Franklin and John Scott, of Edinburg, made provision. Each of these energetic men left $500 for a fund to be used in loans to young married artificers who were qualified for acceptance by certain conditions.

On the 23d of February the city keeps the birthday of John Scott by giving twelve dollars' worth of bread to the needy, but never more than two loaves to one family.

This minute classification makes relief easy for those who have mastered the art of dividing goats and sheep at a glance, but it complicates the work of the historian. Who can von the story of the charities of any great city, and who can do justice to the energy and the goodness that originates and keeps them all at work?

IN THE HARBOR.

[Longfellow.]

When I compare
What I have lost with what I have gained,
What I have missed with what attained,
Little room do I find for pride.

I am aware
How many days have been idly spent;
How like an arrow the good intent
Has fallen short or been turned aside.

But who shall dare
To measure loss and gain in this wise?
Defeat may be victory in disguise;
The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.

BETTING ON A CERTAINTY.

How a Sharper Overreached Himself.

Harper's Magazine.

In the British army in India betting among the officers often runs to an extreme of vice that is sometimes fearful to contemplate. Perhaps it is no worse than in club life in London, where the most amusing as well as tragical stories are told of the curious bets that are made. Betting on a certainty is held to be unfair, unless the avowal is distinctly made, so that no undue advantage is taken.

An officer in the army had imported for his private apartments a new and beautiful mahogany table. A day or two after it had arrived and had been duly installed in his quarters, a brother officer, a great swell and very unpopular, dropped in familiarly, and greatly admired the beautiful table. The owner was shaving himself at the glass with his back to his visitor—Colonel Brown—but continued the conversation until the colonel withdrew, the latter remarking that he hoped soon to have his legs under that elegant mahogany.

The owner of the table, whom we must call Major Jones, made up a little dinner party in the course of a few days, and Colonel Brown was one of the number. It was natural that the new table should be the subject of remark, and Brown, who affected to be a connoisseur in all matters, said the table was perfect, with one exception.

Jones—And pray what is that, colonel?

Brown—It is just a little too high.

Jones—Do you think so? How high would you suppose it to be?

Brown—I presume it is the usual height, just thirty-six inches, and it ought to be less than that by at least half an inch.

Jones—That is the exact height, thirty-five and a half inches, not thirty-six as you suppose.

Brown—Pardon me. I am certain it is three feet high; I will make you a bet on it.

Jones—You will lose if you do, for I give you notice that I know it's exact height to half an inch, and if I bet I shall bet on a dead certainty.

Brown—I am just as sure as you are; I am betting on a certainty also; my eye never deceives me. I will lay you a hundred or a thousand pounds that this table is thirty-six inches high; no more, no less.

The major thought to dissuade his guest from his purpose of making a bet, assuring him that he knew the height of the table, and did not want to bet on a certainty, but, when the excitement grew furious, the wager was finally laid at an enormous sum—I have heard it stated as high as $50,000—£10,000. That seems preposterous, when such a trifle was the subject, but the gambling spirit does not stick at trifles. When the betting was finally arranged, Col. Brown exclaimed, exultingly, "I told you I knew the table was exactly thirty-six inches high; I did know it, because when I called, just after it arrived, I took its measure on my cane as I sat by it, and after I went out I measured, and found it to be, as I have said, precisely thirty-six inches high."

"Yes," said Major Jones, "I was sitting with my back to you, but I was shaving before the looking-glass, and I saw you taking the measure of the table with your cane. Suspecting that you were preparing for a bet as to its height, after you left I had half an inch taken off, and it is now precisely thirty-five and a half inches high."

The applause that followed this result was tremendous, and completed the discomfiture of the unpopular colonel. It was evident that he had been laying a plan to cheat, and would have pocketed the money if he had won. He was sent to Coventry. He sold his commission and returned to England, being unable to stand up against the contempt of the officers, who thoroughly despised his character.

Forster and Parnell.

T. P. O'Connor in New York Sun.

First, in physique the two men are absolutely different. Forster has the heavy build of an English navy; Parnell the thin, apparently delicate, but strongly nervous organization of an American. Indeed, in looks and in character Parnell appears to me a singularly complete type of the highest American organization. He has a pale but perfectly clear complexion. The delicate features are "carved, not moulded." His thin frame conceals nerves of steel. So, also, in character and purpose. If Parnell has any vanity, nobody has ever been able to discover it. As I have before written, popular demonstration of a tumultuous magnificence that would stir the heart of an emperor leaves him absolutely unmoved. In private, whether it come from interested flattery or the exhuberance of affection, all allusions to himself seem to drive him off into deaf revery. He seems quite free from personal animosities; can listen to the most violent indictment unchanged, and when he passes out of the house appears to forget all about it. When Forster gets up to make his attack everybody can see the coarse pugilist waving his bludgeon with the zest and the avid passion of a carnivorous animal; but Parnell opposite—I have to speak somewhat fancifully in order to convey my impressions—appears, as it were, to dissolve into thin air, and to become as invulnerable as phantoms from shadow land.

Red Cloud's Speech.

Red Cloud, the famous Sioux chief, appeared before the committee on appropriations last winter, and made a speech, which is regarded as one of the very best of the last session of congress. Hear him:

"Look at me! Big law chiefs! I am Red Cloud, a bigger chief. I am from the land of sunset (smiles). Look at me—ugh! I am an Indian but I have sense (sensation). I know how to manage my own private business. Seven hundred and five horses were wrongfully taken from me and my people. They were taken by Gen. Cook, in 1876, when I was at peace. I want pay for them. I am a man of sense—ugh! Secretary Teller says: "Pay me in cows." Me want no cows (smiles). Let Sitting Bull have cows (smiles). When I get all the cows promised already by the government I will have all the cows I want. I need money. I am in debt. I must take care of myself and family. I ask the great law chiefs, and especially the friends of people, 'Sunset,' to pay me for my horses in money. This is sense—ugh! Look at me!"

Longevity of Wild Animals.

Demorest's Monthly.

Two hippopotamuses have recently died in the London Zoological garden. One was twenty-seven years in confinement, the other thirty, but, of course, their actual age can never be known. Indeed, it is difficult to tell whether the wild animal lives as long as the domestic one. At one time the test was the length of time required to reach maturity, which, it was assumed, bore a certain proportion to the life of the creature. But this does not hold good with even the larger mammalia, for a horse, assuming it to be mature at four years, will live to five or six "maturities," while man, presuming him to be mature at twenty, rarely reaches four. Dogs enjoy a fair longevity than mankind, and a cat's life is proverbially tenacious. It cannot be proved that even wild animals have their lives shortened by confinement. Indeed, it is reasonable to suppose that the care given to animals in menageries prolongs their existence. The civilized man certainly lives longer than the savage, who is exposed to the hardships and vicissitudes of a rough out-door existence.

How the India Ice Trade Began.

Harper's Bazar.

It is said that one of Mr. Tudor's ship-masters related, on his return from Bombay, that he had just enough ice left to ask the officers in Bombay to something they had never seen before—an iced punch. "You have made my fortune," said Mr. Tudor. "You have shown the possibility of carrying ice to India, and next time we will arrange things better," and the ship-master, who had feared dismissal for incompetency, saw his own fortune made, too.

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Has discovered the greatest cure in the world for weakness of the back and limbs, involuntary discharges, impotency, general debility, nervousness, languor, confusion of ideas, palpitation of the heart, timidity, trembling, dimness of sight or giddiness, diseases of the head, throat, nose or skin, affections of the liver, lungs, stomach or bowels—these terrible disorders, arising from solitary habits of youth—that secret and secret practice—more fatal to the victim than the songs of Syrens to the marines of Ulysses, blighting their most radiant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage impossible.

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

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

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

YOUNG MEN

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

MARRIAGE.

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

ORGANAL WEAKNESS

Immediately cured and full vigor restored. This distressing affection, which renders life a burden and marriage impossible, is the penalty payed by the victim for improper indulgence. Young men