OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

State Directory.

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ALVIN SAUNDERS, U. S. Senator, Omaha.
E. K. VALENTINE, Representative, West Point.
JAMES W. DAWES, Governor, Lincoln.
E. P. ROGERS, Secretary of State.
JOHN WALLICHS, Auditor, Lincoln.
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DR. H. P. MATTHEWSON, Supt. Hospital for the Insane.

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GEO. B. LAKE, Omaha.
AMASA COBB, Lincoln.

Second Judicial District

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J. B. STRODE, Prosecuting Att'y,
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. KOEHNKE, 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—C. S. Dawson, F. D. Lehnhoff.

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V. W. 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.
E. W. HYERS, Sheriff.
CYRUS ALTON, Sup't of Pub. Instruction.
C. W. FAIRFIELD, County Surveyor.
P. P. GASS, Coroner.

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SAM'L RICHARDSON, Mt. Pleasant Precinct.
A. R. 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 BECK, Vice-Presidents.
WM. S. WEE, Secretary.
FRED. GORDER, Treasurer.
Regular meetings of the Board at the Court House, the 1st of Tuesday evening of each month

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF PLATTSMOUTH MAILS.

ARRIVES.		DEPARTS.
7.40 p. m.	EASTERN.	9.00 a. m.
11.40 a. m.		3.00 p. m.
7.00 p. m.	WESTERN.	9.00 a. m.
8.00 p. m.		6.55 p. m.
11.00 a. m.	NORTHERN.	4.25 p. m.
10.00 a. m.	SOUTHERN.	9.00 a. m.
7.00 a. m.	OMAHA.	8.25 a. m.
4.40 p. m.	WEEPING WATER.	4.25 p. m.
10.30 a. m.	FACTORYVILLE.	8.00 a. m.
4 p. m.		1.00 p. m.

MONEY ORDERS ISSUED 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 no 2 not contain a fractional part of a cent.

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Letters under 1/2 ounce 3 cents per 1/2 ounce.
" " (Publisher's rates) 2 cts per lb.
Newspapers and books come under the classified cent per each 2 ounces.
4th class (not classified) 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 5:15 a. m.	Arrives 6:00 a. m.
4:25 p. m.	" 5:45 p. m.
8:25 a. m.	" 9:40 a. m.
K. C. AND ST. JOE.	
6:10 a. m.	" 9:20 a. m.
6:10 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.
" 6:15 p. m.	" 7:35 p. m.
K. C. AND ST. JOE.	
" 8:25 a. m.	" 9:20 a. m.
" 7:50 p. m.	" 8:20 p. m.

FOR THE WEST.

Leaves Plattsmouth 9:00 a. m. Arrives Lincoln, 11:45 a. m.; Hastings 4:30 p. m.; McCook 10:05 p. m.; Denver 8:20 a. m.
Leaves 6:55 p. m.; arrives Lincoln 9:30 p. m.

FREIGHT

Leaves at 9:25 a. m.; Arrives Lincoln 4:10pm
Leaves at 5:10 p. m.; Arrives at Lincoln 2:40 p. m.; Hastings 6:30 a. m.
Leaves at 2:00 p. m.; Arrives at Lincoln 6:30 p. m.; Hastings 2:30 a. m.; McCook 4:50 a. m.; Denver 1:00 p. m.

FROM THE WEST.

Leaves Denver at 8:05 p. m.; Arrives at McCook 4:50 a. m.; Hastings 10:20 a. m.; Lincoln 2:00 p. m.; Plattsmouth 5:00 p. m.
Leaves Lincoln 7 a. m.; arrives Plattsmouth 9:00 a. m.

FREIGHT

Leaves Lincoln at 11:15 a. m.; Arrives 5:30pm
Leaves Hastings 7:45 p. m.; Arrives Lincoln 9:30 p. m.; Plattsmouth 2:50 a. m.
Leaves Denver 6:30 p. m.; Arrives McCook 5:25 a. m.; Hastings 9:35 a. 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 5:55 p. m.; Arrive at Pacific Junction at 9:55 a. m. and 8:15 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	7.10 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	8.28 p.m	7.37 a.m	
Dunbar	5.10 a.m	4.24 p.m.	1.01 p. m.
Avoca	5.45 "	3.41 "	2.10 "
Weeping Water	6.05 "	3.08 "	2.48 "
Louisville	6.32 "	2.33 "	3.50 "
Springfield	6.51 "	2.18 "	4.25 "
Papillion	7.20 "	1.55 "	5.25 "
Omaha arrive	8.00 "	1.35 "	7.00 "

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

CONSUMPTION CURED.

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

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Valuable outlots for residence purposes.

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

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FORESTRY FOOLERY.

Some Views From a Man Who Knows a Dogwood From a Sycamore.

No Warrant for the Theory That the Destruction of Forests Has Changed the Climate.

"Ithuriel" in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Last spring when we had an arbor day and all of the little children were turned loose to plant trees, many wise men made much noise in Eden park and elsewhere over the planting of a "president's grove," and talked wisely about the influence of trees upon climate, I had a faint suspicion that most of them were chattering about that of which they had little knowledge, and that, after all perhaps we might pull up or cut down a tree or two without inflicting drought and desolation upon the succeeding generation. When the late gentle swell in the river came to pass, I became more than ever confirmed in my skepticism; but, still not quite convinced, I sought the rooms of the Society of Natural History, and then in search of a scientist, whom I found in the shape and form of the librarian, Mr. S. A. Miller, whom I accosted thus:

"What, in your opinion, has been the effect of clearing the lands in Ohio upon the climate and the quantity of rain-fall in this region?"

"It has," said Mr. Miller, "had no appreciable effect whatever."

But is it not a recognized scientific fact that in other countries the destruction of forests has changed the climate, desiccated the earth, and ruined the people?"

"No, sir. Not a single known fact in science gives any warrant for such assumptions. So far as we know, or have reason to believe, man has not been able to effect a noticeable change in the climate of any locality on the face of the earth, and he is in no way responsible for the variations of climate in past geological time."

"Will you give me the facts and the reasons for your conclusions, which seem to be so directly opposite to those entertained by the newly-fledged foresters?"

"Certainly," said Samuel, "some of them at least. To begin with, the New England states were densely covered with forests until within the last fifty or sixty years, and the clearing of the lands has been continued until within the past few years, and I have no doubt that occasionally a tree is cut down at the present time. Sir Charles Lyell, the eminent English scientist, traveled through those states about forty years ago, and graphically described the dense forests remaining in eastern New York, and the vast number of men engaged in their destruction and the newly created fields as they were cultivated among the stumps in that state and throughout New England. This is the country where observations upon the climate and rain-fall have been taken and recorded more fully and for a longer period than elsewhere upon the continent. They date back more than two centuries, and for more than half a century they are as complete as may be desired. The Smithsonian institution made a specialty of collecting and collating these observations and statistics. Scientific men have studied and dwelt upon them, and unanimously arrived at the conclusion that there has not only been no diminution of rain fall in those states, but, on the contrary, a slight increase of rain on the Atlantic seaboard from Maine to Virginia, on the average, since 1835, which is in no way connected with the clearing of the lands in the interior. No other change in the climate has been ascertained.

"Then take California, which was heavily timbered forty years ago. These forests have been nearly swept away within that period. But there are no statistics or other evidences to show any change in the climate of that state nor any diminution of the rain fall. Again, all of us are familiar with the great prairies of Illinois and northern Indiana and Ohio, which existed for many thousand years before their discovery by the whites. But none of us know that less rain fell upon these lands than did upon the adjacent timbered country. No evidence exist to show any change in this climate or quantity of rain-fall since they have been settled and dotted with orchards, groves and cities, and yet the meteorological observations have been taken there and here almost from the day the plow first cut the prairie sod or the hand of man planted a fruit tree or the seed of an osage orange. Meteorological observations have been taken at Marietta and in this city from a very early day, but they do not indicate any change of climate or diminution of the rainfall, and you may write it down that no part of America furnishes any support to the theory that removing the forests brings about any change of climate or tendency toward barrenness and desolation, and it would be as well for the people generally to ascertain the existence of this fact before becoming very deeply troubled about a theory to account for something which has no existence. Of course," said Sam, sardonically, "this does not apply to the oratory at forestry meetings. The fact is nearly all our rains come from the gulf of Mexico. There is a constant interchange between that vast body of water and the lands in the great valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries. The vapor rises from the gulf, the currents of air drive it in clouds up the Mississippi and across the vast timber lands of Arkansas and Tennessee, and over all these great central states, where it is met of colder currents of air, and falls in the shape of rain, and flows down rivulets, streams and rivers until it again unites with the gulf. This is the great system of circulation that feeds our rivers, saturates and fertilizes our lands, and over which the feeble efforts and works of man have no more control than they have over the course of Jupiter in his orbit. Or, in other words, it is not within the power of man to affect the temperature a fraction of a degree, or the annual rainfall a fraction of an inch by cutting down or planting trees."

"What then does make the climatic changes?"

"When great lakes are drained, dried up or diminished in area there is less surface for evaporation, and less rain falls in the vicinity; when a mountain range is elevated, and the course of the winds or currents of air in the locality is changed, there is an interference with the precipitation of rain; but these are classed with geological results. In the Cordilleras and in Asia, where lakes have been drained, and important orographic changes have taken place in later tertiary or more modern times, the climate has changed, but in no instance has the change of climate been the result of the works of man. Any one desiring to examine this subject from a scientific standpoint will find it most ably and elaborately treated by the eminent scientist, Prof. J. D. Whitney, in his work on the climatic changes of later geological times."

"What effect then does the clearing of the land have upon the height of the water in the rivers and upon the general drainage of the country?"

"Very little. In the summer season light showers will be held on the leaves of the trees until evaporated without reaching the ground, and if they fall upon the parched and cleared land they will be evaporated about as speedily. Heavy showers will reach the ground among the trees and be slow to arrive at the streams, and if they fall upon plowed lands or fields of grain or meadow, they will saturate the ground and find their way through springs to the streams, so that there will be but little difference. The ground, however, beneath the trees, is saturated by the water more slowly, and the evaporation from the surface is not so rapid, hence the surface of the ground in the forest remains damp much longer than it does in the opened and cleared spaces. For this reason the pools of water in small ravines and the small springs in the forest do not dry up in the summer season so quickly as they do in the cleared and cultivated land. In the winter and spring, when we usually have our heaviest rains, there is not so much surface evaporation and hence less difference in this respect between the forest and cleared land. Small streams in cleared land will empty themselves following a heavy shower a little more rapidly than those of equal size in the forest where the streams are obstructed by logs and uprooted trees. In the latter case the water is temporarily dammed, and to work its way through will overflow more of bottom-land, but this difference is of very little practical consequence, and may be noticed only following very hard showers.

"When the water arrives at great rivers like the Ohio, logs and fallen trees have lost their power to interfere with its flow, and generally they will rise as high and fall as low when the country is covered with the virgin forest as they will when the lands are tilled and made to yield a sustenance for man.

"Accordingly you will notice that the freshet in the Ohio of 18 2, when the country was covered by a dense forest, was followed in the same decade by the lowest water ever known in the Ohio. The freshet of 1832 was greater in the upper Ohio than the recent one, which surpassed it only from the locality of Portsmouth to the mouth, or what we might call the lower Ohio. This was occasioned by the great fall of water in western Ohio and eastern Kentucky, on frozen ground covered with sleet just in time to unite with the flood coming down from the upper Ohio. The clearing of the lands had nothing to do with it, as the result would have been the same if the Indians had continued in possession of the country. Of course I must not be understood as saying any thing to detract from the power exerted by the planting of trees in the park by the Forestry convention last summer, nor the influence which the oratory on that occasion may have had on the elements. Those are subjects which I leave for the consideration of ministers and the orators themselves."

A MONTANA BLIZZARD

That Failed to Make the Regular Time of 10,000 Miles Per Hour.

Detroit Free Press.

"Yes, sir," continued the Texan, wiping his mustache and contemplating the Montana man thoughtfully. "Yes, sir, a Texan norther is such as is regarded as considerable by them that has seen it in full operation."

"Is it cal'lated to beat a Montana blizzard?" inquired the man from the northwest, whetting his knife on his boot and apparently much interested in the narative of his companion.

"It are," replied the Texan, solemnly. "I am prepared to say that it is cal'lated to beat anything that blows. Stranger, I've seen a norther carry a stone wall twenty miles and set it down as it picked it up, without displacing a dornick! Seen it done myself. Once I seen one that turned an apple orchard upside down, and the man had to dig out his harvest apples. And that wasn't much of a norther, either!"

"I hearn they was pretty powerful," conceded the Montana man, "but they don't make no speed.

"Stranger," continued the Texan, falling into the trap, "stranger, I seen a Texas norther catch the first shake of an arthquake and carry it right over our town before that quake could get a grip anywhere! Speed! speed! Why, stranger, I seen a norther kotch a mortgage out'n a man's hand onct, and that mortgage was due before the man picked himself out'n the mud!"

"Didn't think they went so fast," observed the Montana man, with an ominous mildness. "That's pretty fair goin' and I think a great deal o' money could be made by importing them northers into our parts for little breathing places when we have a blizzard on."

"Does blizzards go faster than that?" inquired the Texan, who wanted to kick himself for not letting the Montanaman get his work in first.

"I never seen but one that wasn't making 10,000 mile an hour," replied the Montana man carelessly.

"What seemed to be the matter with him?" asked the desperate southerner sarcastically.

"It was a long time before we could find out," continued he from Montana, "but finally when he got a backset somewhere and wasn't going over 100 miles a minute, we got on to what troubled him."

"Was he sick!" demanded the Texan, ready to fight.

"No, he was trying to haul that doggoned norther of yours along! I know it was the same norther, 'cause I seen the mortgage sticking out'n his ear!"

And then they went at it; but when the police got there the Montana man was still a little ahead.

THE FUNNY MAN GROWS TENDER

As He Talks of the Old Home in Pennsylvania.

Robert J. Burdette.

Stormy times in Greene county. The next day I drove down with cousin Dave and his wife to Greensboro. Rain? It poured down every furlong of the twenty-one miles. There is only one railroad and 2,000 Democratic majority in Greene county, and people travel over my native heath just as they travelled when I left them. And how the waters did just wander over the land as we drove down to my birth place! Every run was a torrent; every creek was a river, and old Ten Mile was as broad as the Monongahela and twice as thick.

A man does love to go back and view the scenes among which he made his start, even though he may not remember much about them. "There, see there? That is the house your great-grandfather built." It was a swell house in those days, evidently. Two stories; square hewed logs, a porch all along the front. And the hands that built it, the voices that laughed and sang in it, the merry feet that danced on its oaken floors? Down through the broken roof and in the chinks of the tattering walls the sun shines to-day in great bars of gold, just for an instant, and then the clouds shut out the sunlight and the pitiless rain beats down upon the old log house. The skies are gray, the trees are leafless, the hills are bare, and rising winds moan and sighs. Drip, drip, drip the water falls from the broken eaves, like the montonous tick of a clock that tells the lives of four generation. But for the moaning winds and the weeping water, how still how quiet it all is. "My great-grandfather built it, then?" I wonder, if I wait here until the day is gone and the evening is gray and full of shadows, if he will come to the dismantled old door and with ghostly silence and old time courtesy, bid his great grandson welcome to the acres and the manor of his ancestors.

"And that orchard on the hill, Robert, your grandfather planted. And he built the brick house on the other side of the road."

There is the orchard still. Year after year the fragrant blooms and the robins come together, but the boy who planted the trees? The orchard bloom and the withered leaf of November are alike to him, and the song of the robin does not reach my ear.

"Your mother was born in that house."

Ah, my mother? She was a little girl here, then? All these hills are sacred with the touch of her pattering feet; down this winding glen she has plucked the wood violets and anemones; and the birds in the swaying branches above her head have sung in wild joyousness to hear her laugh. She was a school-girl here, my mother. And how pretty she was then, with the tender curve of her lips and the full-orbed eyes of brown, soft and deep as the shadows of these hills; ah, she was beautiful when she was a school-girl!

And that night I stand in my native village, and I look at the stars that come out in the blue sky, and listen to the low-voiced Monongahela singing at my feet, and in the stars I see the soft light of my mother's eyes, and listening to the song of the river I know where her dear voice caught the low, mellow music that in the long ago lulled, with the old-time cradle songs, her little ones to sleep."

Little Johnny's Crocodile Story.

San Francisco Argonaut.

Mister Jonnice, which has got the wuden leg, says there is a dile wich was a sho, and it was in a pond. Mr. Jonnice he sat on the edge of the pond a-watchin' the dile swim, but the keper he sed, the keper did: "Beter look out for yure legs, sir, this ere dile is powerfle fond of legs, and he don't get menny here, pore feller." So Mister Jonnice he tuke off his wuden leg and hid it, and wen the keper he cum round agin Mister Jonnice he sed: "You was rite about that dile." The keper he looked and was astonish, and he sed: "Shan't I run for a doktor?" Then Mr. Jonnice he thot a wile, and bimeby he said: "No, I don't think I wuds, not for a wile yet, eanyhow. Diles is use to overeatin' theirselfs." The keper he sed: "You are the coolest man, wots left of you, wich I have ever saw." Mister Jonnice he said: "Well, I have all ways went on the principle its no use cryin for yure leg off, but ide be mity obliged to you for a drink of whisky." When the keper had brot it, Mister Jonnice put on his wuden leg again, and was standin up looking at the dile, and the keper he was astonisher than ever, partickler wen Mister Jonnice sed he had been standin there an our and had never seen him before.

A BIT OF POTTERY.

[Alice Wellington Rollins.]

The potter stood at his daily work,
One patient foot on the ground;
The other with never slackening speed
Turning his swift wheel round.
Silent we stood beside him there,
Watching the restless knee,
Till my friend said low, in pitying voice
"How tired his foot must be!"

The potter never paused in his work,
Shaping the wondrous thing;
'Twas only a common flower-pot.
But perfect in fashioning.
Slowly he raised his patient eyes,
With homely truth inspired:
"No, marm; it isn't the foot that kicks;
The one that stands get tired!"

A gentleman calling one day on the Confederate general, Joe Johnson, at Atlanta, Georgia, said to him, concluding some rather slighting remark concerning Gen. Thomas, "the rock of Chickamanga," "Well, I must admit that he possessed one good quality—he never knew when he was whipped." "I think you hardly do him justice," was the noble reply. "The truth is, Thomas always knew when he wasn't whipped."

BATTLE SCENES.

War as the Soldier Saw It---Stripped of Its Glory.

Scenes in the Hell Which Visits Earth for a Time.

Geo. F. Williams' "Bullet and Shell."

There is an embarrassment of riches in quoting from this book. We have only space for a few extracts, which serve to show the excellence of the author's style. Of the battle scenes one of the best is the following, which describes the effect of musketry at Chancellorsville:

"Neither the major nor myself could distinguish the troops at work, for the ground was covered by a dense white smoke, the line of breastworks being marked only by a fierce and angry light playing through the sulphurous vapor. It was the constant flash from thousands of muskets and so continuous was the fusilade that the flame never entirely died away. As we looked a brighter, blinding light appeared for an instant in the field, and I knew that one of the ammunition wagons had been set on fire by a Confederate shell. The air was a moment after filled with a perfect cascade of fragments. The body of a man rose among the flames and smoke enveloping the vehicle and then came tumbling headlong to the ground. The horses attached to an empty wagon near us took fright, dashing wildly into the woods, their progress only being stopped by the trees, while the ill-fated driver was hurled from his seat and killed. Still there was no slackening in the murderous musketry, the struggle increasing in fury until the woods in which the opposing lines were fighting actually caught fire. A blinding smoke soon covered the whole field and penetrated the entire forest. Among the trees beyond where the wagons had been wrecked two or three dozen coatless surgeons were at work, their arms bare to the shoulder, all busy at their horrid task of amputation. Rude tables had been erected in irregular rows, and on each lay a mutilated soldier, losing a part of his shattered and bleeding body. Groans and piteous cries resounded in these forest shambles. It seemed as if hell itself had come on earth for a time."

The finest chapters of the book are given to Gettysburg and the Wilderness. The great battle in Pennsylvania, which turned the tide of the rebellion, is described in detail, and one of the superb passages which stir the blood is this, depicting the famous charge of Longstreet, on which hung the last hopes of a confederate victory.

"As yet no Federal musketry had broken out, our veterans knowing too well the value of every bullet in a crisis like this. Still the assaulting lines continued to march on, until it seemed, from where I was standing, that the leading one touched the breastworks along our center. Then and only then, a vivid flash sprang from the earth, followed by a sharp rattle as the Federal skirmish line opened fire. The volley had no apparent effect on the Confederates, who continued to advance steadily, sweeping the skirmishers before them like chaff in the wind. A minute later a deafening crash of musketry broke upon the ear and we knew that the main line had opened fire. Despite the sunlight, the flame from our men's muskets could be distinguished as it played to and fro along Cemetery ridge. Then for the first time the Confederate line seemed to waver; but only for an instant, for it soon rallied, and, as if by one common impulse, dashed itself like a mighty wave against the wall of steel before it. The Federal artillery on the higher ground behind our infantry now tore the enemy's ranks with a storm of iron balls until it seemed that none could stand before them and live. But the troops under Longstreet had gained an impetus which carried them clear up to and at intervals into our lines. For twenty minutes the terrible hand-to-hand struggle continued, and I saw by the sudden movements of Hancock's corps that his line had been pierced and broken. It was, however, soon reformed; and, although the second line of the Confederates joined and strengthened the first, our defense was too fierce and stubborn to be overcome. Finally the attacking force quivered and a moment later the entire body was in full retreat."

In another vein is this sombre picture of a night of wandering over the field of the Wilderness, lost among the dead.

"Once, during my wanderings over the field in the darkness, I tumbled at full length over two bodies. My horror increased at finding my face close to the swollen and bloody features of the dead man who lay uppermost. The corpses seemed to be everywhere, for at times I could not put my foot to the ground without feeling some portion of a man's body beneath it. Turn where I would, I found myself surrounded by these revolting evidences of man's hatred and strife. My head grew dizzy and a feeling of sickness crept over me as I staggered over the ground, carpeted as it was with the slain of both armies. Here were confused heaps of dead men, Federal and Confederate, lying mingled as they fell fighting one another. Feeling my way among them, I found three or four lying close together, side by side, at their feet another body, at their heads two more. One poor fellow had evidently struggled a moment for life after receiving his mortal wound, then pillowing his head on the breast of a dead comrade, lay passive as death swept his dark wings over the plain. Judging from the position of some other bodies I stumbled over a few paces beyond, a fearful shower of grape and canister must have torn the ranks of a regiment into shreds; for fifty or sixty men lay here in a row, some on their faces, others on their backs, while the attitudes of a few betrayed the agony endured before death ended their sufferings. Though these bodies could be but dimly seen in the darkness, I fancied the glazed eyes of the dead were leering at me. Leaving the sleeping battalion, I came across the corpse of a little drummer boy, who lay with his arms still clasped around his drum, his head shattered by a shell. Brave boy! he had beaten his last rata plan. Now the scabbard of a sword jingled as my uncertain foot struck it, the wearer being in a sitting posture, his legs shattered by a round shot."

The dark side of war also is seen in the stories of the living wounded, and one of the many scenes of this character is the following group of Union men in an old barn, among whom the author was thrust after his capture on the field of the Wilderness:

"We were a rather grewsome lot of fellows; for there was not a sound man among us and our wounds were becoming stiff and sore. Opposite me sat a tall sergeant, the chevrons on his right sleeve being half ripped off by the bullet which had shattered his arm. Beside him sat a stunted specimen of humanity, with an enormous beard spread all over his face as if nature had sought to make him some recompense for his abbreviated stature; but though the beard ordinarily hid his face to the eyes, it was now parted on one cheek by a gleaming cicatrice, like the mark of a tornado I had once seen on the mountains near Aldie gap. One hitch his temples bound up with a dirty handkerchief, which did not prevent the blood trickling down his face to the corner of his mouth, from which he wiped it with his cuff the better to masticate his food. Another poor fellow had been wounded in both arms, and it was painful to see him try to get a cracker to his mouth, only succeeding when a companion, noticing his plight, held it up for him to bite."

The Very Oldest.

Demorest's Monthly.

There is a tree in Windsor forest, England, "the King Oak," which is known to be a thousand years old. But the very oldest tree in the world, so far as can be ascertained, is the Bo tree, of the sacred city of Amarapoora, Burmah. It was planted 628 B. C., and is, therefore, now 2,170 years old. It is referred to in historic domestic documents 182 A. D., and 258 A. D. According to tradition it is the tree under which Buddha reclined when he underwent his apotheosis. Its leaves are deemed sacred and the tree is never cut with a knife, while the leaves which fall from it are religiously preserved as charms.

It's the Way.

Philadelphia News.

The first thing a city man does when he becomes rich is to buy a farm, move into the country and bankrupt himself trying to raise enough to keep him from starving. A rich country, on the other hand, buys a brown stone front in the city and becomes interested in stocks with a like result.

High Charges.

Philadelphia Times.

It is a great consolation to see a plumber compelled to buy something at a retail drug store.

A Powerful Electric Light.

The light-house at Sidney, New South Wales, has an electric light of over 12,000,000 candle power.

DR. FISHBLATT

OF THE

DES MOINES AND OMAHA MEDICAL DISPENSARYS,

ON ACCOUNT OF HIS

Immense Practice in Plattsmouth, Nebraska,

WILL MAKE HIS NEXT VISIT ON

Saturday, May 19, 1883

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 All Chronic and Nervous Diseases.

DR. FISHBLATT

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—and secret practices—more fatal to the victim than the songs of Syrens to the mariner of Ulysses, blighting the brightest hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage impossible.

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

NERVOUS DEBILITY,

the symptoms of which are a dull distressed mind, which unfits 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, hesitancy, timidity, easily of company and have preference to be alone, feeling as tired in the morning as when retiring, seminal weakness, for manhood, whole body depressed in the blues, irresolute, blushing, confusion of thought, watery and weak eyes, dyspepsia, constipation, piles, pain and weakness 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 annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of exalted talent and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise entrance listening senators with the thunders 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 removed. He who places himself under the care of Dr. Fishblatt may religiously consider himself as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

ORGANAL WEAKNESS

Immediately cured and full vig