Supreme Court. MAXWELL, Chief Justice, Fremont. IFO. B. LAKE, Omaha.

Second Judicial District.

8. B. POUND, Judge, Lincoln.

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W. C. SHOWALTER, Clerk District Court, Plattsmouth.

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

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Commissioners, will find them in session the
First Monday and Tuesday of each month.

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ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF PLATTSMOUTH MAILS.

ATERIVES.			DEPARTS
7. so p. m. / 5. so a. m. f	EASTERN		1 9.00 R. m
2. 0 n. m. (WESTER	N.	6.55 p. m
-19 a m	NORTHERN.		4.25 p. r
p. m.	SOUTHERN.		9.00 a. n
1 . 0 a m. (OMAHA. WEEPING WATER,) 8.25 a. m 4.25 p. m
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B. & M. R. R. Time Table.

Taking Effect July, 2 1881. FOR OMAHA FROM PLATTSMOUTH. Arrives 6:60 a. m. Leaves 3:45 a. m. 4 :25 p. 05. 8 :25 a. 10. K. C. AND ST. JOE. 5 :45 p. m. 9 :40 a. m. 9 :30 a. m. 8 :55 p. m. 6:40 p. m.

FROM OMAHA FOR PLATTSMOUTH. Leaves 3 :15 a. m. Arrives 9:35 a. m. " 9:10 p. in. " 7:35 p. m. 6 :35 p. m. K. C. AND ST, JOE. 9:20 a. m. 8:50 p. m, 8 ;25 a. m. FOR THE WEST.

Leaves Plattemouth 9:60 a. m. Arrives Lincoln, 11:45 a. m.; Hastings 4:30 p. m.; McCook 10:305 p. n.; Poenver 8:20 a. m.
Leaves 6:55 p. m; arrives Lincoln 9:30 p. m.
PREIGHT
Leaves at 9:35 a. m.; Arrives Lincoln 4:10pm Leaves at 8:10 p. m.; Arrives at Lincoln 2:30 p. m.; Hastings 5:30 a. m.
Leaves at 2:30 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 Lincoln at 11 (5) a, in ; Arrives 5 (30pm Leaves Hastings 7 (4) p, in. ; Arrives Lincoln 9 (30 p. in. ; Plattsmont), 2 (50 a, in. Leaves Denver 6 20): . m.; Arrives McCook 5 :36 a.m.; Hastings 9 :30 p. m.; Lincoln 6 ;45 a. m.; Plattsmouth 11 :56 a. m.

GOING EAST. Passenger trains leave Plattsmou, h at 7 00 a m., 9 00 a. m., 5 10 p. m. and arrive at Pacific Junction at 7 25 a. m., 9 26 a. m., and 5 30 p. m. K. C. AND ST. JOE. Leave at 9 :20 a. m. and 8 :50 p. m. : Arrive at Pacific Junction at 9 :35 a. m. and 9 :15 p. m.

FROM THE EAST.
Passenger trains leave Pacific Junction at 8 15 a, m.,6:20 p. m., 10 a. m. and arrive at Platts-mouth at 8:40 a. m., 6:40 p. m., and 10:30 a. m. K. C. AND ST. JOB. 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 Papilion Springfield Louis ville Weeping Water Avoca Dunbar Kansas City St. Louis	7.40 p.m 8.17 8.42 8.59 9.24 9.37 10.07 6.37 a.m 5.52 p.m	8.00 a.m. 8.37 ··· 9.00 ··· 9.15 ··· 9.40 ··· 9.53 ··· 10.21 ··· 7.07 p.m. 6.22 a.m	12.50 a. m. 2.60 p. is. 3.05 3.50 5.00 . 5.45 6.45
	Going NORTH.	Going NORTH.	NORTH.
St. Louis Ransas City Dunbar Avoca. Weeping Water Louisville. Springfield. Papillion. Omaha arrives	7.20 "	8.32 p.m., 7.57 a.m. 4.24 p.m., 4.54 5.68 5.33 6.15 6.55	

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

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ASH & ROBBINS, 360 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Dec. 28th, 1882—41tly.



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SANTA BARBARA.

Coast.

New York Tribune. It was in the harbor of Santa Barbara, as eaders of "Two Years Before the Mast" will emember that the brig Pilgrim, having in her new a young Harvard ind destined to become amous in American literature, came to anchor n January, 1835, after a voyage of one hunired and fifty days from Boston. The vessel vas commanded by Capt. Thompson, whose nephew-a man of a very different sort from Dana's quarter-deck tyrant-is the landlord of the Arlington hotel in Santa Barbara at present. In those days the town was a dreamy Mexican settlement, whose one story adobe houses stood in a compact group on the treeless plain a mile from the sea, and about the same distance from the old Franciscan mission. The White Mission church with its pilastered facade, its two grotesque towers, and the long areade of the convent stretching out from its side was a conspicuous landmark visible far out at sea. There was no wharf, and boats made a landing with difficulty through the heavy surf. So late as 1859, when Richard H. Dana revisited the scenes of his sailor experience, Santa Barbara still lay asleep and little changed; and on this part of the coast the term "California fever" had not yet become a misnomer for laziness. Even to day there is a considerable remnant of the old swarthy population, loving sunshine and hating work, who play the guitar while the walls are crumbling about their ears, and care nothing for the growth of trade or the rise in real estate. Thus in the very middle of the modern town we find the monuments of the ago of idleness-an age not so remote but that a single life connects it with our own, and yet so unlike to day that it seems like hoar antiquity. The whitewashed mud walls, the quaint thick columns of the overhanging roof, the semi-cylindrical red tiles, make a picturesque figure, though most of the houses are in ruins, and nearly all have fallen into such shabby company that their smarter neighbors seem ashamed of them.

There is one deserted mansion which wears such an air of romantic and genteel decay that I never can pass it without pushing aside the dapping shutters to look through a broken window. It was a fine house in its time, built around an inclosed court, with a broad earth platform in front, faced with stone and approached by circular stone steps, an interior colonnade, a carved doorway, and low broad windows. The walls were whitewashed and the external casings and shutters were painted a light pea green, which still retains a bril-liancy. A profusion of crt le color adorned the walls of the rooms. The outbuildings at the rear are occupied at present by a number of work horses, who seem to use the house itself as a place of occasional recreation. After it ceased to be a private residence, it became for a while the court of justice, and it was in this era of its history that it was the theatre of a bloody and exciting drama. There was a period of anarchy in Santa Barbara after the close of the Mexican war, when the town fell into the hands of a gaug of thieves and cut-throats, disbanded New York volunteers, Australian outlaws and stray ruflians from various parts of the world, who compelled the authorities to resign, and ruled here in a sort of Pirates' Paradise. After a while a m.m of character and nerve was induced to accept the office of judge, and a brave fellow was made sheriff. Coming out of court one day with a writ in his hand, the

sheriff found the leader of the ruffian gang on "Are you going to serve that writ to-day?"

The man fired as he spoke, but his horse swerved and the bullet missed his aim, just grazing the head of Judge Fernald, (the present mayor of Santa Bacbara,) who was leaving the court-room. The sheriff shot the assassin dead on the spot At that instant a Mexican brave who had been hired for the occasion sprang forward and made a lunge at the sheriff with a machete. But he had miscalculated his distance, and although he inflicted an ugly wound, he fell by a second shot from the of-ticer, and rolled down the steps mortally wounded. Then the reign of law was re-es-tablished and the civil service was reformed.

I have got far away from my text—the association of "Two Years Before the Mast." That admirable book is in steady demand here, and is one of the few works of standard literature always on sale in the local book store. of its descriptions apply exactly to the Santa Barbara of to-day. Visitors no longer have the excitement of getting wet in landing, for a long pier now bridges the surf; but the fa-mous white beach where the sailors on liberty used to race their horses is unspoiled by the encroachment of improvement, and resounds daily with the thundering hoofs of the mad mustang. A few sheds have been built for the use of bathers, and under the shelter of one of them you will find at all hours of every day a grizzty old Spaniard, who has been waiting there—nobody knows how long; twenty or thirty years, they say—for a ship which is coming from Chili to carry him away into the blue-and-gold distance. Do you remember the striking description in "Two Years Before the Mast" of the festival in Santa Barbara, at the wedding of the daughter of "Don Antomo Noriego, the grandee of the place and the head of the first family in California," when the ship fired a salute and spread all her flags at the moment the nuptial rocession issued from the Mission church, and the sailors went up to dence at the grand fandango, which lasted for three days and nights, in a tent before the Notiego mansion? Well Don Antonio's house, shorn of a good deal of glory, but neat and well cared for, still marks the scene of that feast, and is still the home of the Don's descendants. It is a sembre adobe structure, facing three sides of a bare court, open on the fourth side to the street. Like all houses of its lass, it is only one story high. A broad piezza covered by an extension of the roof, runs its entire length, broad low doors and windows opening upon it, with wooden benches range against the wall. Opposite, where may have been spread the tent in which the sailors danced and the Spanish girls broke egg shells filled with cologue water over the heads of their cavaliers, is now a hideous little modern brick engine house and town-hall combined, the engine-house having the principal share of the accommodation. When I passed, the other day, there were two characteristically Spanish figures at the door of the old mansion—a gentleman in an attitude that expressed at once magnificent dignity and that expressed at once magnificent dignity and infinite leisure, and a lady in black with a black shawl drawn over her head. Above the roof, from a pole in the next street, floated the

triangular dragon-dag of China, and a tre-mendous fusillade of fire-crackers shook the air. It was the celebration of the Chinese New Year. The types of the old race which we have supplanted, and the much older race which, some people say, is beginning to supplant us, seemed to touch elbows.

Two Queer Bets. Philadelphia Record Two carious wagers were made and decided in the Bingham house reading room within an hour the other day. One of the party of gentlemen who were watching the passing crowd proposed to bet that minety per cent, of the men who would pass within fifteen minutes would we're moustaches, and he was promptly taken. The result was a count of 213 men, 198 moustaches, and the payment of \$10 to the win-ner, who at once offered to make another bet that of the next 100 men who would pass the window three-fourths would have on Derby hats The loser promptly covered his wager, and in a few moments paid over another \$10 to his friend, 78 Derby hats showing up from the

Stebbins' Disappointment.

Stebbins, the New York editor at whose grave the audience, in obedience to his request tang popular airs, such as "Marching Through jeorgia," "Good-By My Lover, Good-By," and he like, was once a United States consul to

the Philippine islands. He had but fairly indestroyed the island and the consulship with it. To lose an office in this manner was sufficient to wreck faith in Providence, and, as the average American citizen would rather relinquish his hopes of heaven than a government office, Stebbins became the rankest kind of an intidel

City Kindergarten. The Chicago Free Kindergarten association is a novel institution recently set in operation, with the hope of gathering the children of the

BURDETTE ON HOME.

Indolent Life on the Southern California | The Philosopher of The Hawkeye Drops Into the Sentimental.

> New and Interesting Theories Upon Home Sweet Home.

I talk about home because I am rarely there -and men like to talk most of what they know least about. "There is no place like home." Even those who live in boarding houses touchingly warble that song. Home is more to a woman than to a man. A man who has no home is a social tramp. With a woman it is different; she wants a home but does not always have a chance to get it. Woman feeds upon affection. She is never happy until she gets her ideal man; and then she is cast down to find another woman's photograph and love letter in his overcoat pocket. But a man gets his home-lot, house, mort-

the mortgage, and the mortgage has him. All of a man's life, except what he spends at the store, club, caucus, lodge or prayer meeting, is spent in his home. Man is great in his own house; if he is not a king he is at least a prince consort. Many are like the man who, on being nominated for lieutenant governor, said: "You have nominated the right man for the right place. I have been a lloutenant governor ever since I married." over since I married."

It is said that every home has a skeleton; but I don't believe it. It is only a thing of the imagination. Some regard a poor relation as a skeleton; but that is wrong. No man is poor for fun; he can't help it, and is entitled to your sympathy. Homes are brighter and better than they used to be. Our wives make them so. When a wife buys her husband a diamond bin for Christmas, it brightens home: diamond pin for Christmas, it brightens home; and the husband is made happy by receiving the bill ten days before Christmas. Husbands, take your wives into your confidence; it will elp you to success.

What is home without a dog? It is altogetler too quiet. I took a dog from Philadelphia to Burlington once, and rather than to try it again I would take a pair of twin babies to San Francisco. That dog wound a six foot chain around my legs and around the legs of other men, in ways that were unaccountable. Some men are fond of dogs. They will pay \$400 for a Gordon setter, and never shoot any-

thing but the setter.

Lodges are useful; but too many of them do Lodges are useful; but too many of them do not make a home happy. A man in lowa joined so many that it took him and his wife all night to count them. He slept in regain, called his wife, Worshipful Master, and his son, Junior Warden. He spent a great deal of his time marshing in processions and in visiting the sick—especially ladies of sixteen years and upward. He was taken sick himself, and he was visited by so many committees that he he was visited by so many committees that his wife was glad to get him well.

Fill your home with beauty. People ought o live in every room in the house. I have built a great many houses—on paper, and I am at it yet. I would avoid the spare room. It is cold and damp. There is nothing in a spare room that will burn. I have often tried to warm a bed in a spare room, but always folds. failed. If you have any doubt about the spare room, sak your pastor; he knows all about it. We live in brighter homes now, and live in better houses than kings formerly lived in. I can say, with Talmage, that I was glad to be on hand when this planet came along. Our fathers were a lot of scalawage. Clothed in tin and steel they would go into a neighbor's castle, and rob and destroy. But now things are better. If a man sees another with any-thing he wants, he makes a deal with him in "Well, no, you sin't because I'm going to kill and he gets the property—but he don't disfigure the corpse. Only 160 years ago the last witch was borned in Scotland for getting up a thunder-storm by pulling off her stockings; now a man won't get shot if he pulls off his boots in a parlor car.

man is there who would like to have lived i 1770? Eighteen suits me better than seven y-six. The world is better than it used to be—and it is going to be still better when you get Every man should have a den-a room or closet—in his house, sacred to his own use, in which no wife has a right to go toaring round —a den full of precous letters, photographs, duns and unpaid bills. In your homes you must expect troubles—it is troubles that make home happy. Troubles make better men and women. Enjoy your troubles as they come along. Fill your home with music. Buy your boy a fiddle, even if you have to stop your ears. Buy a piano for the girle, even if you have a dozen of them, and you have one, two, three— one, two, three—all the day long.

About City Clubs.

Demorest's Monthly. A very remarkable development of club life is taking place in all the large cities of the world. In London there are over a hundred thousand registered members of clubs, and new ones are constantly being founded. They are also growing rapidly in New York city. In all our great centres of population there is a wealthy and half-idle class who patronize clubs. These are not, perhaps, an unmixed evil. They promote good-fellowship, and cultivate a sense of gentlemanly honor, which add to the morale

of men in society. While they give facilities for forming drinking habits, it is also true that they discourage excessive indulgence in spirituous drinks. A notorious drunkard cannot long retain his trembership in a respectable club. But they tend, undoubtedly, to wean men from their families, and to train young men in habwhich unfit them for domestic life. ubs which have a public or political function e those which are the most prosperous. The cion League club, of New York, for instance, cently held its twentieth anniversary. It was semed to cultivate a permone feeling while the ivil war was raging. It is a very prosperous astitution, yet it allows no card playing, or any ame of chance. Another New York carb, the otos, makes a specialty of entertaining dis-inguished foreigners. The leading London dubs are also political, and represent the Liberal, Conservative and Reform parties. There are some clubs in New York which ought to be broken up by the police, as their chief function seems to be to afford facilities for gambling.

Ahead of the Lawyer.

Detroit Free Press. "Have you had a job to-day, Tim?" inquired a well-known legal gentleman of the equally well known, jolly, florid-faced old drayman, who, rain or shine, summer or winter, is rarely absent from his post in front of the Michigan

exchange.
"Bedad, I did, sor." "How many?"
"On'y two, sor."
"How much did you get for both?"

"Sivinty cints, sor."
"Seventy cents! How in the world do you expect to live and keep a horse on seventy cents a day?"

"Some days I have half a dozen jobs, sor; but bizniss has been dull to-day, sor. On the hauling of a thrunk for a gintilman for forty cints, an' a load of furniture for thirty cints; an' there was the pots an' the kittles, an' the divil on'y knows phat; a big load, sor."

"Do you carry big loads of household goods for thirty cents."

"She was a poor wildy sor an' had no more "She was a poor widdy, sor, an' had no more to give me. I took all she had, sor; an' bedad, sor, a lyer could have done no better nor that, And old Tim had won the first fall.

Rather Maierialistic. A little boy asked "mamma" the following questions, to which all of "mamma's" answers

are not yet recorded: "Mamma, if a bear should swallow me I should die, shouldn't I?"
"Yes, dear." "And should I go to heaven?"
"Yes, dear." "And would the bear have to go Let the Mighty Future Answer. It takes twenty blows of a hammer in the

hands of a woman to drive a ten enny na three inches. She misses the nail twice where she hits it once. How many blows does she strike in all, and how far can her voice be heard when she strikes her thumb? A Family Scandal. A western preacher, whose congregation had begun to fall off somewhat, had it intimated that he would discuss a family scandal the fol-

lowing Sunday. As a consequence the church was crowded. The minister's subject was "Adam and Eve." "Did I Lead Them Straight?" The dying words of young Commander Rawson, leader of the Highland brigade, to Sir Garnet Woiseley after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, deserve a place in history. They were: "General, did I lead them straight?"

nelle attended to and Presh Milk Beer always on draught, and Fine or Louis state moderate scale I of secretary moderate scale

THE NORTH WIND.

[Prof. E. R Sill.] I thank thee, glorious wind! Thou bringest me Yea more, from unsuffied, farthest north,

Where crashing icebergs jar in thunder shocks, And midnight splendors wave and fade and Thou bringest a keen, fleree joy. So wilt thou The soul to rise in strength, as some great

Leaps forth, and shouts, and lifts the ocean foams. And rides exulting round the shining world.

A STAR PERFORMER.

Nocturnes of the Silver-Voiced Son of a Denver Man. "I may not be educated way up to the top

notch in musical matters," remarked Col. C. H. Toll yesterday, "but I have strong convictions, and I fully express them when I say I do not consider Mme. Nilsson the greatest vocalist. The fact that is," continued the colonel, gage, mechanic's lien and alt. He has all but | "I have heard all the great singers from Patti down to Alice Oates. While I was in Washington last October I paid \$6 to hear Patti sing an aria from 'Semiramade,' and I never regretted anything so much in all my life. Then when Nilsson came to Denver I paid out \$5 to hear her 'Angels Ever Bright and Fair,' and I have kicked myself whenever I have thought of it since. I say it boldly-neither Patti nor Nilsson compare with a certain vocalist I have in my mind, and whom I have the pleasure of hearing every day of my life."

"You amaze me!" exclaimed Judge Markham. "To whom can you possibly have reference?"

"To my son," said Colonel Toll, proudly.
"To my chubby, silver-voiced son—eight months old and a daisy." "Oh, pshaw!" said Judge Markham.
"Fact!" persisted Colonel Toll. "If he hasn't got more music in him than all the prima donnas in Christendom, I'll eat him. I sup-pose you would call him a kind of a high bari-tone—at any rate I'd rather hear him execute one of his nocturnes than the finest diva in the grand opera. Talk about expression! Why, I can tell the minute he opens his mouth what he means. If he commences in B flat and strikes a descending fourth D in alt, I know he is pleading for he leading. is pleading for his bottle. If, on the other hand, his song is fortissimo, with what musicians term the vibrato, I instantaneously ar rive at the conclusion that a pin is sticking into him. Or, if he murmurs an aria sotto voca, erst-while clutching at his sides with his dimpted hands, I am satisfied he has colicky pains and needs paregoric."

"That boy," continued Colonel Toll, "can move me when my emotions would be bombproof against the voice of a prima donna. his wail I hear the mosning of the wind, the requiem of pines, the sigh of broken hearts, the plaints of the Molian harp; in his laugh-ter there are the songs of birds, the rustle of angel wings, the music of heaven, the purling of brooks, the chime of bells, the warmth of sunlight, and the soft, mellow glow of an italian landscape. Every man to his taste, of course; let others squander their wealth upo high-priced divas with their thrills and appog giaturas, and crescendoes and diminuendoes but, as for me, I shall continue to revel in the melodies and harmonies which are to be heard off and on during the night as well as day, at the northeast corner of Eighteenth and Welton

Grant on Lincoln's Assassination. Washington Cor. Boston Traveler. Gen. Grant, in a recent conversation, said: "The darkest day of my life was the day I heard of Lincoln's assassination. I did not know what it meant. Here was the rebellion theatre, and wanted me to go with him. While I was with the president a note came from Mrs. Grant saying she must leave Washington that night. She wanted to go to Burlington to see her children. Some incident of a triding nature had made her resolve to leave that evening. I was glad to have it so, as I did not want to go to the theatre. So I made my excuses to Lincoln, and at the proper time we started for the train. As we were driving along Pennsylvania avenue, a horseman drove past us on a gallop, and back again around our cavriage, looking into it. Mrs. Grant said: There is the man who sat past us at lunch to day with some other man. near us at lunch to-day, with some other man, and tried to overhear our conversation. He was so rude that we left the dining room. Here he is now riding after us.' I thought: was only curiosity, but learned afterward that the horsoman was Booth. It seemed that I was to have been attacked, and Mrs. Grant's sud-den resolve to leave changed the plan. A few days after I received an annonymous letter from a man saying that he had been detailed to kill me, that he role on my train as far as Havre de Grace, and as my car was locked failed to get in. He thanked God that he had failed. I remember that the conductor looker our car, but how true the latter was I cannot say. I learned of the assassination as I passed through Philadelphia. I turned around, took

a special train, and came on to Washington. I was the gloomiest day of my life."

Newspaper Circulation. Demorest's Monthly. The Paris Figure, which published Prince Jerome Napoleon's manifesto, issued 200,00 copies containing it. A circulation of 100,0 x and 150,000 is not uncommon in a London of Paris paper, but it is very rare, if ever, that these figures are reached by our metropolitan journals. Our population is not homogeneous New York, for instance, contains more Germans than any second class German city. Thus it has more Irish than any city in Ireland, except Dublin. And so, all our large cities have a numerous foreign speaking population. Hence the smaller circulation of our duty journals is somewhat due to the impediments of language. Some of our weekly papers have had a very large circulation; but the populations of Great Britain and France being more compact, there is a greater field in those countries for either daily or weekly journals than in the United States. By the next century, however, when this country contains over 100,000,000 of inhabitants, the circulation of our journals will far exceed those published on the journals will far exceed those published on the other side of the ocean, for our native population will not only be relatively but absolutely larger. This is destined to be a great country for journalists, who will become more powerful eventually than any other class in the country

Live Stock and Real Estate.

New York Tribune. The Washington correspondent of The Boston Advertiser has some interesting gossip about the ownership of the Rogers house, near the White House. Henry Clay used to own the lot on which it stands. He was especially devoted to his Ashland farm and the live stock upon it. One day old Commodore John Rogers came home from the Mediterranean with his naval vessel full of live stock which he had picked up abroad. The cargo included one fine Andalusian jackass. Clay wanted it for his farm. All his offers were rejected, until one day the commodore said, in joke: "You can have him for your lot opposite the White House." "Done," was Clay's reply, and the animal was shipped off to Kentucky. The commodore built the now historic house, which Secretary Seward occupied during the war. Here Payne endeavored to assessmate him on the night when President Lincoln was shot. The lot is now valued at \$40,000.

A Politicians Ways. "My boy," said a politician to his son, "lean a little toward everything and commit yourself to nothing. Be as sound as a bottle and just lark enough so that nobody can see what's in

Forgot His Part. A few days ago, as two young men were passing near Trinity church, they were stopped by a little boy, who was sitting on the outside of the railing, with "Young gentlemen, please help the bind?" "How do you know we are young gentlemen," said one, "if you are blind?" "Oh," said the boy, "I meant deaf and dumb!" They gave him a copper.

HABITS. Dryden says: The habits are the eame

We wore last year.

To strip them, 'tis being flayed alive," adds Cowper, with profound truth

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

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

The symptoms of which are a duil' distressed mind, which unfit them for performing their business and social duties, makes happy marriages inspecsible, distresses the action of the heart depression of spirits, evil forebodings, cowardice, lears, Greams, restless bights, dizzless, forgetfulness, unnatural discharges, pain in the back and hips, short breathing, metancholy, three easily of company and have preference to be alone, leeling as thred in the morning as when restiring, seminal weakness, lost marrhood, white bone depoint in the dimer, lervousiess, trembling confusion of thought, watery and weak eyes, dyspepsia, constipation, paieness, pain and weakness in the limbs, etc., should consuit 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 thou- ands of young men of exasted mucht and bruham intellest who might otherwise entrance listening senators with the transfers of their cloquence of waken to ecstacy the fiving 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 refleved. He who places aimself under the care of Dr. Fishblatt may religiously coulded in his no, or as a pentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

ORGANAL WEAKNESS

put down in the field and stirring up again iver the gutters; we had fought it as war, now we had to fight it as assassination. Lincoln was hilled on the evening of the 14th of April. I was busy sending out orders to stop recruiting, the purchase of supplies, and to muster out the army. Lincoln had promised to go to the theart, and wanted me to go with him. While

A CURE WARRANTED. Persons rained in health by unlearned pretenders who keeps them training month after month DR. FISHBLAII,

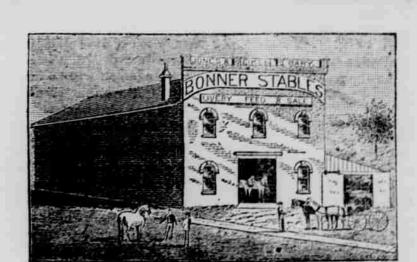
graduated at one of the most eminent colleges in the United States, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known. Many frombied with ringing in the ears and head when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at certain comous, with frequent bioshings, attended sometimes with derangement of the mind, were cured manedlately. TAKE PARTICUAR NOTICE.

Dr. F. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper inquigence and solitary habits which ruin both ming and body, unfitting them for business, study, society or marriage. These are some of the sad, neioncholy effects produced by the carly habits of youth, viz Weakness of the back and limbs, pains in the head and dimness of sight, was of muscular powers, palpitation of the heart, dyspepsia, nervous irritability, derangement of digestive functions, debuilty consumption are debility, consumption, etc. PRIVATE OFFICE, OVER OMAHA NAT'L BANK.

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