OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

State Directory.

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

Supreme Court.

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

Second Judicial District.

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

City Directory.

JOSEPH V. WECKBACH, Mayor.
WILLIAM H. CUSHING, Treasurer.
J. D. SIMPSON, City Clerk.
WILLETT POITENGER, 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.

COUNCILMEN.

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

SCHOOL BOARD.

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

Postmaster—JNO. W. MARSHALL.

County Directory.

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

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

JAMES CRAWFORD, South Bend Precinct.
SAM'L RICHARDSON, Mt. Pleasant Precinct.
A. E. TODD, Plattsmouth

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

BOARD OF TRADE.

FRANK CARRUTH, President.
J. A. CONNOR, HENRY BECK, Vice-Presidents.
WM. S. WISE, Secretary.
FRED. GORDER, Treasurer.

Regular meetings of the Board at the Court House, the first Tuesday evening of each month

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF PLATTSMOUTH MAILS.

ARRIVES.		DEPARTS.
7:50 p. m.	EASTERN.	9:00 a. m.
6:50 a. m.		3:00 p. m.
9:00 a. m.	WESTERN.	9:00 a. m.
6:55 p. m.		6:55 p. m.
1:00 a m	NORTHERN.	4:25 p. m
4:00 p. m.	SOUTHERN.	9:00 a. m
10:00 a m.	OMAHA.	8:25 a. m.
4:00 p. m.		4:25 p. m.
6:40 p. m.	WEEPING WATER.	8:00 a. m
11:00 a m.	FACTORYVILLE.	1:00 p. m

Dec. 17, 1881.

RATES CHARGED FOR MONEY ORDERS.

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

A single Money Order may include any amount from one cent to fifty dollars, but must not contain a fractional part of a cent.

RATES FOR POSTAGE.

1st class matter (letters) 3 cents per ½ ounce.
2d " " (Publisher's rates) 2 cts per lb.
3d " " (Transient Newspapers and books come under this class) 1 cent per each 2 ounces.
4th class (merchandise) 1 cent per ounce.

J. W. MARSHALL P. M.

B. & M. R. R. Time Table.

Taking Effect July, 2 1881.

FOR OMAHA FROM PLATTSMOUTH.

Leaves 3:45 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.	
6:35 a. m.	" 9:30 a. m.
6:40 p. m.	" 8:55 p. m.

FROM OMAHA FOR PLATTSMOUTH.

Leaves 8:15 a. m.	Arrives 9:35 a. m.
" 7:00 p. m.	" 9:10 p. m.
" 6:35 p. m.	" 7:35 p. m.
K. C. AND ST. JOE.	
" 8:25 a. m.	" 9:20 a. m.
" 7:45 p. m.	" 8:50 p. m.

FOR THE WEST.

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

FREIGHT

Leaves at 9:35 a. m.; Arrives Lincoln 4:10pm
Leaves at 8:10 p. m.; Arrives at Lincoln 2:00 p. m.; Hastings 5:20 a. m.
Leaves at 2:00 p. m.; Arrives at Lincoln 6:30 p. m.; Hastings 2:30 a. m.: McCook 4:50 a. m.; Denver 1:00 p. m.

FROM THE WEST.

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

FREIGHT

Leaves Lincoln at 11:45 a. m; Arrives 5:30pm
Leaves Hastings 7:45 p. m.; Arrives Lincoln 9:30 p. m.; Plattsmouth 2:50 a. m.
Leaves Denver 6:00 a. m.; Arrives McCook 5:25 a. m.; Hastings 9:30 p. m.; Lincoln 6:45 a. m.; Plattsmouth 11:50 a. m.

GOING EAST.

Passenger trains leave Plattsmouth at 7:00 a. m., 9:40 a. m., 5:10 p. m. and arrive at Pacific Junction at 7:25 a. m., 9:20 a. m. and 5:50 p. m.

K. C. AND ST. JOE.

Leave at 9:20 a. m. and 8:55 p. m.; Arrive at Pacific Junction at 9:35 a. m. and 9:15 p. m.

FROM THE EAST.

Passenger trains leave Pacific Junction at 8:15 a. m., 6:20 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 6:25 a. m. and 5:55 p. m.

TIME TABLE

Missouri Pacific Railroad.

	Express leaves going SOUTH.	Express leaves going SOUTH.	Freight leaves going SOUTH.
Omaha	7.40 p m	6.00 a.m.	12.50 a. m.
Papillion	8.17 "	8.37 "	2.00 p. m.
Springfield	8.42 "	9.00 "	3.05 "
Louisville	8.59 "	9.15 "	3.50 "
Weeping Water	9.24 "	9.40 "	5.00 "
Avoca	9.37 "	9.53 "	5.45 "
Dunbar	10.07 "	10.21 "	6.45 "
Kansas City	6.37 a.m	7.07 p.m.	
St. Louis	5.52 p.m	6.22 a.m.	
	Going NORTH.	Going NORTH.	Going NORTH
St. Louis	8.52 a.m	8.32 p.m.	
Kansas City	8.38 p.m	7.57 a.m.	
Dunbar	5.10 a.m	4.24 p.m.	1.01 p. m.
Avoca	5.45 "	4.54 "	2.10 "
Weeping Water	6.03 "	5.08 "	2.45 "
Louisville	6.32 "	5.33 "	3.5s "
Springfield	6.51 "	5.48 "	4.25 "
Papillion	7.20 "	6.15 "	5.25 "
Omaha arrives	8.00 "	6.55 "	7.06 "

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 Nervous 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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Furnishes Fresh, Pure Milk

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Special calls attended to, and Fresh Milk from cows furnished when wanted. dly

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District Attorney and Notary Public.

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Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

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All work GUARANTEED first class.

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PLATTSMOUTH MILLS.

PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

C. BEISEL, - Proprietor.

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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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CITY of PLATTSMOUTH

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.

For particulars call on

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SAGE'S HARDWARE STORE.

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Consumption

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All sufferers from this disease that are anxious to be cured should try Dr. Kissner's Celebrated Consumption Powder's. These Powders are the only preparation known that will cure Consumption and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs—indeed, so strong is our faith in them, and also to convince you that they are no humbug, we will forward to every sufferer, by mail, post paid, a Free Trial Box.

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

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

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You will find the Finest Imported French Brandy, Champaign, and other Fine Wines, Pure Kentucky Whiskies, several of the best and most popular brands of BOTTLE BEER, Fresh Beer always on draught, and Fine Cigars. 26tf.

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Will send prepaid to any address their **GRAND CATALOGUE,** for 1883. 36 pages, 410 Engravings of instruments, Sells, Caps, Belts, Pompons, Epaulets, Cap-Lamps, Stands, Drum Major's Staffs, and Hats, Shako Band Outfits, Regulations, also valuable instruction and Reduced Price Lists of Musical Instruments, and a Complete Music Catalogue.

The Actor's Story.

From Time.

Charles Dillon, who was born about the year 1820, and who first commenced his theatrical career about ten years later in the "Mistletoe Bough," may be said to have belonged to the past generation. His earlier experiences were gained in "those good old times" when journeys were long, tedious and expensive, and the rate of postage so serious a consideration that being out of an engagement was no pleasant prospect. More than one tragedian of my acquaintance has been known, under cover of night, to limp into some sleepy little town with his small amount of properties in his carpet-bag—minus almost everything else except ambition. I have often heard Charles Dillon describe how, when a young man, he had to make one of those foot journeys. He had accepted an engagement to play "lead" in a small country town, and such was the pauperized state of his purse that he had no alternative but to walk, and so he set out at once. The weather was not inviting, nor his apparel over-warm for the season of the year, but he was young, enthusiastic, and, as he was about to play "lead" for the first time, the poverty of the present was lost in the glory of the future! Arrived, completely worn out, at his destination, he obtained lodgings at a quaint little shop, owned by a plump little baker who was not unlike the plump little loaves exhibited in his own window. The baker was his own master, journeyman, errand-boy and all. He had a round, fat, good-humored face, from which twinkled a pair of large laughing eyes; while his wife was a perfect little dot of a woman, with almost the same round, merry face and the same kind of eyes as the husband, only that now and again the merry look softened into a motherly light as she watched, unseen, the young tragedian in the most practical and unpoetic way demolishing a perfect tower of toast and ham and eggs, to say nothing of many a deep refreshing draught of tea.

Young Dillon soon found that the theatre of the place was looked upon by the inhabitants generally as a sort of haunted grange, and that it was left accordingly to rank grass, damp mould and cobwebs. In the daytime it was shunned, but at night no superstitious peasant ever avoided ghostly tower more completely than—with a few exceptions—did the people of that far-behind-the-age little market town. This was not a bright prospect for our "tragedians of the city," still they determined to persevere in the hope of eventually proving successful. Dillon was very sanguine; and both the little baker and his wife helped him to look forward to better times by the cheerful way in which they spoke of the future. At last, however, he began to lose heart. The sum he owed them for board and lodging was beginning to look heavy, yet their manner to him never changed; the same fare was placed before him with the same genial smile from the little landlady, while the baker always greeted him with the same good-humored grin and comical nod. Had they wavered in the slightest from their general bearing, had they changed even for a moment he would have been better pleased; but, instead of this, they were always the same, and such unvarying goodness of heart made him feel the helplessness of his position all the more.

At last it seemed as if the prophecies of better business were about to be fulfilled. The manager had, by some peculiar process known only to himself, found a vulnerable point in the mayor's dignified armor, and a bespeak was the result. Dillon had, in imagination, already paid his bill, and after travelling along the streets eyeing the various shop windows, had in fancy, to show the fulness and gratitude of heart toward his landlord and landlady, bought them each appropriate presents. But on the arrival of the night in question, lo! the spell was broken, the dreamers were roused from their golden sleep, for with the exception of the mayor and his party, the house was even worse than usual!—and the play chosen for the occasion was a comedy!

That night Dillon, with the rest, left the theatre with his hopes so completely crushed and broken down that he could not face his home. The thought of the cheery aspect of the place and the uncomplaining patience of the kindly couple was too much for him, and so he turned his steps where wailing night winds, sullen black clouds and spectral trees offered him companionship more suitable to the haggard state of his feelings. With his senses in a sort of stupor, he wandered up and down roads and cross roads, lanes and by-lanes till, worn out and numbed, the first streak of day found him leaning upon the low parapet of a little rustic bridge which arched the noisy flow of a shallow stream. Yielding to the mesmeric influence that water always had over him, he watched the eddying current as it leaped along and gave himself completely up to the grim jailer of his thoughts, till at last a fitful and restless sleep seized upon him. This sleep, however, brought no soothing balm to his mind, for as he leaned there with his head bowed on his crossed arms, the vision of his landlord, and, worst of all, his landlady, rose before him, demanding with angry violence the payment due to them. The more he pleaded the more they raved and heaped his head with scornful epithets. Then the surroundings suddenly changed, and he was in a deep and lonely cell, dark and gloomy as his own thoughts. Again there were the reproachful faces of his landlord and landlady peering at him from the grating. At length something touched him, when, with a start, he awoke and found himself in the broad daylight with the little baker standing beside him. He had been his morning rounds and unexpectedly came upon his truant lodger. Without a word he twitched Dillon by the sleeve, and both turned away, Dillon walking by the side of his captor with all the air of a culprit concealing as well as he could the gyves upon his wrists! Not a word was uttered by either till, reaching home, the little baker entered the cosy kitchen with it a bright hearth and glow of comfort, and pointing to where his wife sat, her face pale and sad, another eyes wet with tears, said: "Never been to bed all night—never cried so much since we lost our little one; it was cruel to treat us like that, sir, cruel." The little baker, as if poor Dillion had been a refractory child, led him to the warmest corner of the room where the table was laid with his last night's supper. "Never mind," said the little woman, with a joyous laugh, as she dried her eyes, "the lad boy's come home again, and please to remember, sir, this is your home till a better one turns up." So saying, she bustled about with the color once again in her motherly face, and as if her sudden flow of spirit was infectious the whole room seemed to Dillion's imagination to look brighter and bonnier. The pan w a soon spluttering on the fire, the kettle sang, the coffee steamed, the toast looked more mountainous than ever, as poor Dillon with a "Bless you, mother," quivering on his lip, fairly broke and wept like a baby!

Many years after, when fortune had changed and he was the successful lessee of the Lyceum, he was one night slipping through the usual crowd of idlers and the curious into his brougham, when a voice with more emotion than grammar, cried, "That's him!" Something in the tone of voice took his mind back to that quaint little couple I have attempted to describe. He turned and there before him, with their heads whiter, but their faces kindly and genial as ever, were his old landlord and landlady! Dillon drove to the end of the street and got out and waited. Soon the pair passed him, and he followed in the shadow. For a long time they did not speak, till at last the little woman said, in a sad voice. "He didn't know us, John, and yet he saw us." But suddenly there was a rush, a squeezing of hands, and uttering of joyous exclamations; and that night in one of the best rooms in an hotel in the Strand, three people made merry; the old kindness and love were born again, and when they parted the same motherly voice, though in different tones said, "God bless him, he hadn't forgotten us after all."

Spurgeon and the Salvationists.

Mr. Spurgeon, the celebrated English divine, has declared himself against the Salvation army. In the new number of his magazine he writes: "It is time that somebody spoke, now that the attempt is made to make men religious by turning all religion into a game of soldiers. Because they would not hinder anything that promised well, Christian men have borne with much that grieved them, but there is a point beyond which long-suffering charity cannot go. That point is nearly reached; even the most ultra tolerant must feel that hope has been disappointed, and fear now takes its place."

The Poet of the Farm.

Will Carleton, the "Farm Ballads" poet, is described as having a "shrewd, good natured face, whose Yankee-like boldness of outline is further emphasized by a tuft of hair upon his chin. His voice is full, resonant and agreeable, though not widely varied in its tones, and his manner unpretentious, and made attractive by a certain awkward ease."

Louisville Courier-Journal: A large whale is ashore near Baltimore. Providence always sends the Baltimore editors some food in the spring.

LADY FLORENCE DIXIE.

Her Extraordinary Adventures in the Woods at Windsor.

Chicago Times.

Florence Dixie is a lady by birth, by marriage, by title, by education, and by instinct. To doubt the word of a lady is to be wofully lacking in the commonest chivalry; and yet her ladyship's round tale of the manner in which two male rogues "without a brogue," tricked out in the habiliments peculiar to the beskirted sex, clean shaven, with daggers drawn, assaulted her ladyship's corset, duly hacking the provident steel ribs thereof, filling her ladyship's mouth with clay lest her ladyship should assert the privilege of her sex and "holler," is received, upon cool and critical examination, with as much doubt as was Falstaff's tale of the encounter at Gadshill. Her ladyship comes of a fighting stock. Her reading renders her familiar, no doubt, with the rules laid down by her relative, the marquis of Queensbury, for the government of fistic encounters. The intimation is, broadly, that Lady Dixie engaged to knock truth out of time in four rounds, but that a careful examination of the field shows that truth is getting the best of the encounter. Unfortunately, her ladyship has a reputation for eccentricity. Hitherto her veracity has not been questioned, but as she is liable, like members of her family, to break out suddenly in a new and surprising role, it is thought that it may be well to take her narratives with some grains of allowance unless supported by the evidence of disinterested and unimaginative persons. A death-struggle is seldom silent. A death-struggle with a brave and faithful dog accompaniment is apt to be noisy. Tall male assassins in unusual garb, engaged in their deadly business, cannot ordinarily vanish like the witches on the heath of Forres into thin air, and unlike the witches, vanish unobserved. Her ladyship, attended by her shaggy St. Bernard, passed the stile separating her own domain from a wood open to the public. Pursuing her came, with unladylike stride, the villians in crinoline. What they said her ladyship doesn't report, but it was said in such a way that she is certain that the assassins did not offend her ear with the Irish brogue, rich or other. She was stricken down. The daggers sought her fifth rib, but her fifth rib was guarded by the friendly corset. With the uses and the power of resistance of the corset the assailants, though they wore gowns, did not seem to be familiar. They were so entangled in their draperies as to be oblivious of the principles of their art, or so new to their business that it had not occurred to them that the white throat of their victim, or her fair bosom above the corset, was as vulnerable to cold steel as was the heel of Achilles. They smote her corset steel met steel, and terrible was the rebound. Lady Dixie was saved, and the robust villains decorously drew down their veils; the giant mastiff, remembering the part assigned him in the romances delightful to the budding mind, flew at the assailants; Lady Dixie swooned; the men in buckram disappeared wholly from human ken; her ladyship revived to receive the congratulations of her friends, and to respond gratefully to a message from her neighbor, the queen of England, asking for a picture of that dog.

The quadruped will shine in the history of the time, but the luster of the achievement must be dimmed slightly by the undoubted fact that his dogship did not return with a mouthful of the persons concerned in the assault, nor with a drop of blood upon his gyve jaws; no, not even a shred of the green dresses in which the villains masqueraded for the purpose of sacrificing one of the loveliest and most eccentric of her sex. For this failure the dog must be held responsible. And the soldier passing that way; the gardener potting geraniums within a rod or two of the lamentable tragedy that was to surprise and alarm all that portion of the civilized world reached by the magnetic telegraph; the publican who, like the Levite on the day that a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, passed by on the other side, cannot escape their censures. They had eyes and saw not. They had ears and heard not. In short, they were oblivious of the thrilling scenes enacted under their very noses.

It appears now that her ladyship herself, to doubt whose word would be to exhibit unpardonable rudeness, is, upon reflection, considerably confused as to what really did happen. She swooned. That is certain. Ladies may sometimes die away in a faint upon discovering even a less startling apparition than gentlemen without beard or brogue, posing with the dagger of Melpomene. Perhaps her ladyship saw a field-mouse and, falling in a faint, as was entirely proper under the circumstances, sustained a compound fracture of her corset rib, complicated with the mental disturbance from the shock, resulting in a disorder of the mind favorable to the creation of hallucinations. Perhaps—but it is profitless to pursue conjecture. Certain it is that her ladyship's scream upon the melancholy and startling occasion was not so loud as women utter, as Mr. Pope said, when husbands or when lap dogs breathe their last. Certain it is, too, that Lady Dixie has added considerably to a reputation already unique, and, as was written of one of the Spanish poets who became famous in a night, her name is up and may go from Toledo to Madrid—Toledo and Madrid in this instance meaning Deadwood and Timbuctoo.

Treating to Scarf Pins.

New York Herald.

It is said that while a party of friends were making the rounds a few days ago of establishments where creature comforts are kept in bottles and sold by the glass, one man, whose turn it was to "treat," led the crowd into a furnishing-store and asked them what they would have. One ordered a shirt collar, another took cuffs, a third asked for a scarf pin, which, it is to presumed, he took "straight;" but it is nevertheless related of all the party that they felt rather sheepish. It is hard to understand why, unless they held to the old fiction that good feeling, which moves a man to spend money on his friends, can be expressed only by the purchase of liquor. Those who consume strong drinks at bars, or give them to other men, know very well that his fiction is exploded thousands of times every day. Although a man can sometimes indicate hospitable feeling by inviting his friends to his house or his hotel and giving them wine, he cannot gratify the same sentiment by ranging the same friends before a bar and paying for what liquors they may simultaneously pour down. It is far more manly and considerate, if custom requires spasmodic outlays of money on one's friends, to treat to shirt collars and scarf pins, for they are just as cheap, they last longer, and, unlike drinks, do not usually compel the receiver to secretly curse the giver.

How We Apples Swim.

Washington Letter.

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THE AMERICAN DRAMA

The Typical Silent Man of Action.

Joaquin Miller.

Keeping in view the iron pikes set up for the immolation of pirate's heads, I venture to note some reflections about the coming play.

The carpenter who now possesses the stage with his scenic effects is not the enemy of the playwright, as so many say; he is our auxiliary and the scene painter, he is our brother. We need and must have them both when the great play is written. Let us only do our work as well as they do theirs, and the public is ours.

As for this "great American play," some one of us will write it soon. And it will not only be the great play of America, but the great play of the age, the world. Far out yonder in the middle of America, beyond where the stormy sea of tradition from Europe rolls over us, I think we have the new, strong and sufficient motive to fashion it from.

The heroes of Homer shook their shields and recited the deeds of their fathers and grandfathers, even back to the gods. All Greek tragedy is in the same strain. St. Paul found the Greeks great talkers. Civilization in its march west around the world has been faithful to the Greek drama. Words! words! words! But out yonder in the far west this is all changed. The American pure and simple does not talk. He adds. And this grand, silent, massive American is to be the central figure for the American, the entirely new play. Whether this dignity of soul is born of the sublimity about him, the eternal peaks of snow above him, and the vast tranquility of the plain below him, I do not say. But I do say that this grand, unspeaking, acting man exists—a new man, a silent man in a noisy world.

And I should say he is peculiarly the growth of the land. For who ever saw an Indian whom wrong or pain or pity could move to words or tears? What man his ever heard an Indian baby cry? It took Gen. Grant twenty years to learn to talk after he left us in the far west. He used but two words in all the grand drama of the seizure of Vicksburg, "Unconditional surrender." I admit that along the Atlantic seabank there seems to be a noisy brood; abroad, too, and in congress, for the old bible fool, known by his "multitude of words," is alike in all lands. And the fool has his uses, even in the drama. But this silent man, with his silent woman, at his side, this man of action and not of words, from middle America, as the central figure, is to mark and distinguished the new world play from the old.

I have had a glimpse of my silent man in Joe Jefferson! Only for a moment, however, for a drunken Knickerbocker is very remote from the hero I have in mind. But surely Jefferson has met and observed my silent man in the farthest west. Davy Crockett, however, in more than one sense, discovered this character almost entirely. Yet this may be accounted for by the fact that Mayo, the most studious of men, spent his youth on the Pacific, where he must have met and understood this silent man of deeds. There is a little scene at the well; the old mother comes to draw water. Davy drops everything, tenderly takes the bucket, draws, fills it, bears it away for his mother without letting the frail trembling old hand touch it, and hands it through the door after her. I do not remember that one word is spoken here. But I do know that more tears have been shed over that one silent and really insignificant scene than would fill that bucket. Oh, the tender manhood that is in it!

Another quaint bit from the west, which stands out like a star to me, is found in "My Partner." Gentle old Joe Saunders is going to divide the gold and go away, for the ones in utter trouble. He digs up the gold from the hearth and pours it out on the table, where his silent partner sits with frowned face. He divides the gold with his knife. "Is that about right, pardner?"

"Yes, yes," answer the other, still looking away. And then Joe, and all the time without a word being spoken, pushes over more gold to his partner's heap. Seeing he is not observed, he cautiously slips over another nugget. Then he picks out at last the largest of his little heap, and unseen adds it to his successful rival's fortune. What a profanity words would be at such a time!

At West Point you read on a little monument that, a portion of our army being ambushed in one of our Indian wars, every man stood his ground, fighting till only three survived, when help came. Grand! Immortal! But what moved me and seems most truly American is the fact, as told to me by a survivor, that not a word of command was given after the first order. Every officer silently drew his sword, became a common soldier, and so fought on to the end. That was entirely proper under the circumstances, sustained a compound fracture of her corset rib, complicated with the mental disturbance from the shock, resulting in a disorder of the mind favorable to the creation of hallucinations. Perhaps—but it is profitless to pursue conjecture. Certain it is that her ladyship's scream upon the melancholy and startling occasion was not so loud as women utter, as Mr. Pope said, when husbands or when lap dogs breathe their last. Certain it is, too, that Lady Dixie has added considerably to a reputation already unique, and, as was written of one of the Spanish poets who became famous in a night, her name is up and may go from Toledo to Madrid—Toledo and Madrid in this instance meaning Deadwood and Timbuctoo.

Treating to Scarf Pins.

New York Herald.

It is said that while a party of friends were making the rounds a few days ago of establishments where creature comforts are kept in bottles and sold by the glass, one man, whose turn it was to "treat," led the crowd into a furnishing-store and asked them what they would have. One ordered a shirt collar, another took cuffs, a third asked for a scarf pin, which, it is to presumed, he took "straight;" but it is nevertheless related of all the party that they felt rather sheepish. It is hard to understand why, unless they held to the old fiction that good feeling, which moves a man to spend money on his friends, can be expressed only by the purchase of liquor. Those who consume strong drinks at bars, or give them to other men, know very well that his fiction is exploded thousands of times every day. Although a man can sometimes indicate hospitable feeling by inviting his friends to his house or his hotel and giving them wine, he cannot gratify the same sentiment by ranging the same friends before a bar and paying for what liquors they may simultaneously pour down. It is far more manly and considerate, if custom requires spasmodic outlays of money on one's friends, to treat to shirt collars and scarf pins, for they are just as cheap, they last longer, and, unlike drinks, do not usually compel the receiver to secretly curse the giver.

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Bub's Apostrophe to the Rabbit.

Rome Sentinel.

The rabbit winks with his noze an' sumtimes he duz it with such eflek that the ekko agortates wat little tale heze got lef. Rabbits haz got other funny trates besides, because heze got kneze on his hind legs that reatch from his toze to his elboze an' he sets on 'em more n he he duz on the furtherest end of 'em. Hiz ears iz stiffycats of hiz belongin' to the jackass family an' wen he sticks 'em up the stars begin to get nervus an' move out ther way. Rabbits wares furs all the hull yeer an' wen they walk yude think the behind part ov im wuz harder to lift 'an a burrow, but when you tetch 'em off a liteenin' bug coodent ketch 'im ef yude giv 'im tu daze start. Rabbits is good to eat onyi if thares winmin round you mustn't menshun ennythin' bout cats wile the bankwet is goin' on.

The Pleasure of Forgetfulness.

Pittsburg Sunday Traveler.

The books we read and the stories we hear, if they could be forgotten as soon as read or heard—think of the inexhaustible riches of literature and conversation. Now, half that we read, and more than half which we hear is stale, flat and unprofitable, simply because of memory's ungrateful service. Memory has its bright side, but forgetfulness is a golden sphere; it is bright all over. Forgetfulness is pleasure, and pleasure is forgetfulness.

O'Connell and the Slave-Holders.

"Broadway Lounger" in New York Tribune.

August Belmont in his recent lawsuit with an Irish editor only imitated the example of his father-in-law, Commodore Matthew Perry, who was presented in the house of representatives in 1839 by John Quincy Adams for assisting to bring on a duel between Daniel O'Connell, the Irish liberator, and Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia, the American minister to England. Perry was in some way married into the Butlers and other plantation families which confiscated the wages of labor, and he therefore, although a northern man, took a hot interest in anybody's remarks on slavery. Being in England he indorsed Stevenson's attempt to collect claims for slaves set free by reaching British soil. O'Connell launched into a fierce invective against American slave-holders. Stevenson attempted to bully him, assisted by Perry, both knowing that since he had killed D'