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. SCHDALL, Land Commissioner.
ISAAC POWERS, JR., Attorney General.
C. J. NORES, 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. STRODE, 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 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.

COUNCILMEN.

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

SCHOOL BOARD.

JESSE B. STRODE, J. W. BARNES,
V. V. VEDDER, Wm. WINTERSTEEN,
ED. GREUSEL, ISAAC WILES,
Postmaster—JNO. W. MARSHALL.

County Directory.

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

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

JAMES CRAWFORD, South Bend Precinct.
SAM'L RICHARDSON, Mt. Pleasant Precinct.
A. R. 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-President.
W. S. WISE, Secretary.
FRED. GOEHNER, 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.
7.00 p. m.	EASTERN.	9.00 a. m.
10.40 a. m.		3.00 p. m.
9.50 a. m.	WESTERN.	9.00 a. m.
7.00 p. m.		6.55 p. m.
9.50 a. m.	NORTHERN.	4.25 p. m.
7.00 p. m.	SOUTHERN.	9.00 a. m.
10.40 a. m.	OMAHA	8.25 a. m.
7.00 p. m.		4.25 p. m.
7.00 p. m.	WEEPING WATER.	8.00 a. m.
10.40 a. m.	PLATTSMOUTH.	1.00 p. m.

RATES CHARGED FOR MONEY ORDERS.

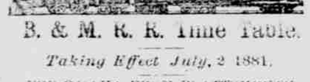
For orders not exceeding $15	- - -	10 cents
For orders not exceeding $30	- - -	15 cents
" " " $40	- - -	20 cents
" " " $50	- - -	25 cents

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.

First-class matter (letters) 3 cents per ½ ounce.
Second " " (Publisher's rates) 2 cts per lb.
Third " " (Transient Newspapers and books come under this class) 1 cent per each 2 ounces.
Fourth-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 3:15 a. m.	Arrives 6:00 a. m.
4:25 p. m.	" 5:45 p. m.
8:25 a. m.	" 9:30 a. m.
K. C. AND ST. JOE.	
6:35 a. m.	" 9:30 a. m.
6:45 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.
" 7:05 p. m.	" 8:50 p. m.

FOR THE WEST.

Leaves Plattsmouth 9:00 a. m. Arrives Lincoln, 11:45 a. m.; Hastings 4:50 p. m.; McCook 10:05 p. m.; Denver 8:20 a. m.
Leaves 6:55 p. m.; arrives Lincoln 9:30 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 5:50 a. m.
Leaves at 2:00 p. m.; Arrives at Lincoln 6:30 p. m.; Hastings 2:30 a. m.; McCook 4:50 a. m; Denver 1:00 p. m.

FROM THE WEST.

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

FREIGHT

Leaves Lincoln at 11:45 a. m; Arrives 5:30pm
Leaves Hastings 7:45 p. m.; Arrives Lincoln 9:30 p. m.; Plattsmouth 2:50 a. m.
Leaves Denver 6:00 a. m.; Arrives McCook 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., 9:00 a. m., 5:10 p. m. and arrive at Pacific Junction at 7:25 a. m., 9:20 a. m. and 5:30 p. m.
K. C. AND ST. JOE.
Leave at 9:20 a. m. and 8:55 p. m.; Arrive at Pacific Junction at 9:35 a. m. and 9:15 p. m.

FROM THE EAST.

Passenger trains leave Pacific Junction at 8:15 a. m., 6:20 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	8.00 a.m.	12.50 a. m.
Papillion	8.17 "	8.37 "	2.00 p. m.
Springfield	8.42 "	9.00 "	3.05 "
Louisville	8.59 "	9.15 "	3.50 "
Weeping Water	9.24 "	9.40 "	5.00 "
Avoca	9.37 "	9.53 "	5.45 "
Dunbar	10.07 "	10.21 "	6.45 "
Kansas City	6.37 a.m	7.07 p.m.	
St. Louis	5.52 p.m	6.22 a.m.	
	Going NORTH.	Going NORTH.	Going NORTH.
St. Louis	8.52 a.m	8.32 p.m.	
Kansas City	8.38 p.m	7.57 a.m.	
Dunbar	5.10 a.m	4.24 p.m.	1.01 p. m.
Avoca	5.45 "	4.54 "	2.10 "
Weeping Water	6.03 "	5.08 "	2.45 "
Louisville	6.32 "	5.33 "	3.50 "
Springfield	6.51 "	5.48 "	4.25 "
Papillion	7.20 "	6.15 "	5.25 "
Omaha arrive	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 General Debility, and all nervous complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, feels it his duty to make it known to his fellows. The recipe, with full particulars, directions for preparation and use, and all necessary advice and instructions for successful treatment at your own home, will be received by you by return mail, free of charge, by addressing with stamp or stamped self-addressed envelope to

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Agent for Steamship lines to and from Europe. d12w52ly

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
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PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

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Plattsmouth, - - - - - Nebraska.

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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.
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We don't want your money until you are perfectly satisfied of their curative powers. If your life is worth saving, don't delay in giving these Powders a trial, as they will surely cure you.
Price, for large Box, $3.00, or 4 Boxes for $10. Sent to any part of the United States or Canada, by mail, on receipt of price. Address
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Sample Rooms
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.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Discourses on "Black Ascendancy a Hundred Years to Come."

Detroit Free Press.

"I see by de papers," said Brother Gardner, as he motioned to Samuel Shin to drop one of the back windows, "I see by de papers dat Prof. Gillaim predicts dat in 1983 de cull'd man will be in the ascendency. Jist so. We'll drap two mo' winders an' discuss de subjick a little.

"In one hundred y'ars den, 'cordin' to de Professor, de Samuel Shins an' Giveadam Jonses an' Pickles Smithses of our race will be at de head of de guv'ment. P'raps a pusson named Waydown Bebee will be president of de United Staits. Whalebone Howker will be de leadin' chief justice of the highest court in de land. Judge Cadaver will be Gubnor of Michigan. Chewso Chapman an' Depravity Johnson will be de Vanderbilt an' Gould of de period. Profs. Backdown Turner and Rise Up Bunker will flourish at Harvard an' Yale. Three-Ply Jones, Discount White, Bunko Jackson an' oders will be presidents of national banks, an' boards of trade, chambers of commerce an' stock exchanges will be run entirely by cull'd men.

"It am a beautiful landscape to look upon, an' I really pity de pooh white man. He has bin lordin' it ober de world at large so long, an' has made sich progress in science an' religeous ferlosophy dat it will seem purty tough fur him to saw our wood, clean our alleys an' black our bootes."

At this point Reconstructed Taylor began to stamp his feet and clap his hands and seek to start an encore, but the president interrupted him with:

"Brudder Taylor, drap it! Now draw yer feet out ob de alley an' doxn' move agin till de meetin' am out! No doubt you am tickled half to death, but let us see what tickles you. In a hundred ya'ars we am to be top of de heap. We am to lose our kinks and grow straight h'ar, our feet am to be pared down, our noses am to be trimmed down, our mouths puckered on a new plan, an' we am to lose our brunette complexions. Den our heads are to be reshaped an' restuffed, our speech filed down and sandpapered, an' we am to progress faster in 100 y'ars dan de white man has in 1,000. I think I see us at de pinnacle! We look awful purty at do top of the heap! Nobody would know us as we stan' erect on do cap-sheaf an' wave de glorious banner.

"My fren's," continued the president, after a long and solemn silence, "if Prof. Gilliam am not a fool he am de nex' bes' thing—a crank. One hundred y'ars will not do what he says We can't fetch it. We was bo'n in do wrong time of de moon, brought up on de wrong sort of catables, an' eddecated in de wrong kind of rules. We have an' shall progress. Our chill'on will know mo' dan we do, an' deir chill'en will be a peg higher, an' de day will come when we shall stan' higher in all de arts an' sciences, lest we mus' not forgit the present. Dar am mouths to feed an' bodies to clothe an' house rent to pay an' fuel to buy, an' he who loses a day's work to git ahead of de Prof. Gilliam's prophecy shows his lack of sense. If, arter all de present members of dis club have bin sleepin' for half a century in de grave, de white man begins to lose his grip an' do black man begins to catch on, it will be all right. Meanwhile, doan' miss a cog. Doan' be made fools of. Doan' try to clothe do chill'en wid de raiment of a hundred y'ars hence, an' doan' expeck dat do predickshun dat we shall ultimately warm our feet in de halls of congress am gwine to satisfy present hunger. We will now tighten our belts an' pitch into de roglar order of bizness."

Washington's Cheap Luncheons.

"D. D. L." in New York Tribune.

There is one little feature of department life here which may be of interest elsewhere, as Washington is not the only place where cheap living is an object to a good share of the population. This is the cheap luncheon, which seems peculiar in just this form to Washington. A milk dealer here has a dairy near each department, to which the clerks report in considerable numbers. There are neat wicker chairs ranged along the wall on each side, and the room is pleasantly decorated. There are singing birds, etc. The milk is literally sold over the bar, thus carrying the American custom of a standing drink into even the most innocent form of the indulgence. Coffee, cream, biscuits, etc., are sold at reasonable prices. The dairy opposite the treasury is a great resort, where may be seen not only many bureau officers and men of considerable position in the government service, but a great many others who do not want a cheap luncheon, but a light one, and know that if they once settle into a restaurant chair the result will be a spoiled appetite by dinner time. Secretary Chandler is one of the frequent visitors, and often may be seen standing in a crowd of treasury clerks, drinking his mug of milk and munching his 2-cent biscuit—that is, it is 2 cents if he takes a buttered biscuit, and only 1 cent if it is unbuttered. It will be seen by a slight intellectual effort that the salary of a cabinet officer for one year would purchase 800,000 unbuttered biscuits. The secretary's future may be regarded, therefore, as reasonably secure. If the secretary takes a mug of milk and unbuttered biscuits, the total cost of his luncheon is the magnificent sum of 7 cents; two buttered biscuits will raise it to 9 cents, and if he should take a piece of pie—which he probably would not do—as he comes from New England, where pie-making is a religion and not a sordid pursuit—the cost will reach 14 cents. This is regarded, however, as extravagance only to be justified in a cabinet officer.

Blasted Hopes.

An old colored man in Halifax, who is begging money for his coffin, uses the following plea: "I'se tired of life—longin' fo' de grave. Seventy-eight years now I begun dis misserable existence. As I grew in age I fostered fond ambishun, picturin' de road to wealth and fame. Here I am to-day, poor and wretched as when I was born; hopes ob success blasted; bones waitin' wearily fo' de day ob rest. Gib but a few cents to help me buy a coffin to bury my achin' body."

Voting by the Aid of a String.

Utica Herald.

It has remained for Alderman Jones and a Republican elector in the Third ward to invent a new and certainly novel way to vote. In the brick building in Pearl street, directly opposite the Third ward polling place, at the city hall, lives an old and feeble man, who was unable to get out to vote. A large piece of string was given to him, and he tied his ballots on the end of it. He then raised the window and let them down to the ground. Alderman Jones took the ballots in his hand, and holding them above his head, and carried them and the string to which they were fastened, across the street to the polls, the old man having hold of the other end of the string. The inspectors took the ballots, untied them, looked at the man holding the string in the window across the road, and deposited them in the ballot box.

She Did Not Like William's Gait.

Detroit Free Press.

"I am back again from Jasper's stormy shore," said Bill Grant, as he laid his quilt from off his broad shoulders, "and it's my opinion that in sound judgment and right down, sharp sense, woman is far superior to the monarch man."

"Why so?" we inquired.

"Well, you see, in the past twenty years I have made more brick and been refused by more women than any ten men in Georgia. I thought I had the thing dead at Newton factory until last night, when I asked a well-to widow if she could warm over a few of her buried affections and make room enough in her heart for a second husband. She said she would never marry another man unless she liked the way he walked."

"William," she sweetly said, "the moon is up, the night is clear; now, come out and get in the middle of the road and step toward town, and if I admire the style of your gait I will call you back and marry you, promising to cook for your brickyard crowd all the days of my life. Remember, if you stop or look back before I call you, you are never to darken my door again."

"Thinking I had a soft thing of it, I went out into the road, threw my head back, placed my arms 'a-kimbo,' and promenaded up the road. I continued to walk, thinking surely she would call me back. Well, you see I'm here, and it's twelve miles from where I entered the road to walk for a wife. Why do you suppose she failed to call me back?"

"Couldn't see your style," said we.

"Hanged if Judge Banks didn't say the same thing when I told him about it just at day, and my opinion is she didn't intend to call me back from the beginning. You see that walk the little widow put on me convinced me of the superiority of her sex over my own."

A ST. LOUIS BLIZZARD.

The Unhappy Connubial Experiences of Mr. Little.

Detroit Free Press.

There has been added to the storms, fires, floods and other catastrophes which have characterized the year thus far a series of remarkable atmospheric disturbances in the home of Mr. Little, of St. Louis. It appears that money was here, as everywhere, the root of evil. Mr. Little plaintively states:

"I Was Missing money out of my Pocket I Began to Set down the amount at Night it Was Short Next day and on the 2nd also In the Morning I was looking on the floor She flew up and Said What ar you looking for I said I Had lost some money She looked at me like a Tigar Shaking her fist at me and Saying I did not Take your money I said Darling I did not say you did She Shook her fist and said you had Better Not I Finally had to lock My Pantoloons up Nights."

It is usually supposed that a soft answer turneth away wrath, but Mr. Little's endearing epithets seem to have utterly failed. The subject of rats next proved an apple of discord:

"I said I Would go and get some tin and fix the holes I got 60c Worth of Tin and comenced to Fix Holes She Began to Tar around it Made me Trembel Saying I paid to much for tin"

Here is a picture of a wife who would "Tar," and a husband made to "tremble!" worthy of the pencil of Hogarth. Yet there was worse to come, for the wife went on to invade the most cherished privileges of man:

"I Said on the 5 of Dec I would go and get Shaved She flew up and said don't you Shave yourself I said no How often do you shave I said I Once a week that wont do my Other Husband shave himself and I would half to then she said I did not Need Shaving in a She Bare Way She was Running down the Baptists Some of my Best friends Every day calling them all of Bad Names I said one day after I had heard it for 2 or 3 weeks Please don't Talk about my best friends She flew up and said her Tung was her own and she would Talk and would not stop, So I Said I Would take a Walk."

We learn from this that Mrs. Little had had previous experience and that her "other husband" had retired from an unequal strife. We would particularly call attention to the meekness and wisdom of Mr. Little in recognizing the profound truth that every woman's "Tung" is her own, and in deciding to "take a walk." Mr. Little's wardrobe was the next point of attack, and he ventured to remonstrate:

"I Said Some of My Close had Been Taken She Said Who Took them I said Some Body Else Jumped to the grate and grabbed the Poker and Said do you Say I Took your Close Why Darling I Said I did not Say any thing of the kind She Said you Had not Better She Said go Who Cares for you I Was to faint to go then and then I Said I Was afraid of her. She Said I Was a Coward."

Considering the proximity of the "poker" Mr. Little's cowardice is not surprising. He continues his recital of storms and wrecks, and tells us:

"She looked at me With Vengeance She Shook her fist at me I got up like a good little boy and went to the store. The way She Would talk about folks Was a Sin to david Crocket the Six Weeks We Were together it Was Come and go you Shant She never Called me Geo or mr Little it Was go Come or Shant."

"Sweet Darling Confederates."

Washington Sunday Herald.

Basil Duke, a noted cavalry officer under Morgan, has been at the capital during the week. One day during the war a detachment of his troops were moving through the northern part of Kentucky. Dick Wintersmith's son was in the band, and its leader. The guerrillas were worn out and hunted down. Their horses were nearly foundered. The men were dirty and ragged. They halted for rest near a seminary for young ladies, all sympathizers with the confederacy. Out came the ladies when they saw the graycoats. They brought out food, drink and armfuls of flowers. They hung flowers around the necks of the hunted men, and sang out in musical chorus, "O, you darling confederates." A straggling confederate, fat, greasy and ragged, came pounding up at this, flogging a jaded hack along, swearing because he could not keep up with his better mounted associates. He was just in time to hear the invocation of the young ladies. He yelled out, "O, you sweet darling confederates, the Yanks are coming!" There was a bolt at this. The laggard pounded on behind, swearing, "O you sweet darlings. I hope the Yanks will get you!" The federals were right at their heels. The flying confederates wheeled in their saddles, laughing at the certain capture of the slow rider. Suddenly his tired horse stumbled, fell, and threw the fat rider over into a ditch, where he escaped notice, while a detachment of federal troops headed off the main band and captured every one but the man who was saved through having the poorest horse. The prisoners never heard the last of "O you sweet darling confederates."

Diet or Die.

"Durandal" in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Charley Osborne is a Wall street broker of whom most people who pay any attention to stock gambling have heard. I saw him at his lunch in Delmonico's down-town restaurant. He sat at a small side table, on which were a mutton-chop, fried potatoes, bread and butter, and a glass of ale, altogether making a meal of moderate size. His watch lay beside his plate, with the case open, and he glanced at its face between mouthfuls; and yet, instead of hurrying, he was eating with unusual deliberation, though his anxious regard for the flight of time was plain to be seen.

"Make haste or you will get left," said I.

"I am not not trying to eat fast," he replied, stopping and leaning back, as though glad to lose a few seconds: "I am striving to do it slowly. My best record for a lunch of this size is six minutes. I was proud of it. I could pop out of my office, fill up, and be back at my desk inside of a quarter of an hour, easy; but just as I got myself trained down to that point, my doctor said I had got to throw away my reputation for celebrity or get measured for a collin. You see, this hurried way of eating brought on indigestion, and he ordered me to spend half an hour every day over my lunch. I sat down here at 12:20, and I mustn't get up until 12:50. A great waste of time, isn't it? But it is a choice for me between time and eternity, and I am not ready for the latter just yet."

Many Inattentive Bank Officials.

New York Tribune.

Several months ago a check for the salary due him was sent from Washington to an officer of the United States Geological survey, who had it cashed by the nearest post trader. The latter made it over to one of his creditors, and it slowly came east, passing through several hands and in time reaching this city, where it went through the clearing-house, and whence it was sent to Messrs. Riggs & Co., of Washington, for collection, being drawn upon the United States Treasurer. When presented in the cash room for payment the other day, it was discovered that the check had not been signed by the distributing officer who drew it, but of all the persons and banks whose indorsements covered its back, not one had noticed the lack of the signature. At last, after all its wanderings, the disbursing officer signed the check and Riggs & Co. received the money.

No Friend of Mine.

Mrs. McCoble, an Austin lady, rebuked her colored cook, Matilda Snowball, in the following words: "When I hired you you said you didn't have any male friends, and now I find a man in the kitchen half the time." "Lor' bless your soul, he ain't no male friend of mine." "Who is he, then?" "He am only my husband."

Where the Trouble Comes In.

When a man is a fool and knows it he is a comparatively harmless animal, but three-quarters of the troubles of our human life are caused by fools who are not aware of the fact.

The "Rustler."

New York Sun.

The "rustler" in New York city roaming into a drug store, pleads poverty and colic and induces the clerk to give him, gratis, a draught, the ingredients of which the rustler himself designates. One clerk who bethought him that alcohol was a suspiciously common ingredient now enjoys immunity because he makes the dose so warm that no tramp will endure a second one.

Wagner's Funeral March.

New York Sun.

Wagner composed a funeral march for himself, which, if his wishes are consulted, can never be performed. He ordered that it should not be unless it was rehearsed during his life, and he never rehearsed it because it would overwhelm with grief his wife and children, of whom he was very fond.

A QUESTION OF INFLUENCE.

Is the Press Mightier than Official Position?

Boston Daily Globe.

Why is it that our newspaper editors do not oftener remember the remark of the present editor of The Tribune, that the day is coming when the position of a first-class editor will be more influential in the United States than that of a member of the cabinet at Washington?—Rev. Joseph Cook.

In his criticism of the American press, on Monday, Rev. Joseph Cook credited the above extraordinary statement to the editor of The Tribune. We think Mr. Cook must be mistaken in the idea that the present editor of The Tribune ever made any such remark. If he did make the assertion, he has a very low conception of the influence of a "first-class editor."

We can assure Rev. Joseph Cook that the reason why "our newspaper editors do not oftener remember" that remark is because they do not believe it contains an ounce of truth. If there is any first-class editor in the United States who believes he has less influence than a member of the president's cabinet he had either better hang himself at once or take the risk of sinking Mr. Chandler's navy by adding one more common sailor to the weight it is now staggering under.

So far as the influence of a member of the cabinet is concerned it is about as small as it conveniently can be and bear its own weight. We do not believe one man in a thousand in the United States can to-day name all the members of President Arthur's Cabinet. We even doubt if Rev. Joseph Cook can give the names after an hour's thought.

We would suggest to the editor of The Tribune that if he ever made the statement credited to him it is time he amended it and substituted "the president of the United States" for "a member of the cabinet." We are quite content to make that change and submit that any first-class editor in this country has more influence than President Arthur. It was the sad mistake of Horace Greeley of life that he did not see that his position as editor of The Tribune gave him ten times as much influence as the presidency could possibly have yielded, and in a gross and material view of the case even his income was not unlike the president's in size, if it did not exceed it.

We unhesitatingly affirm, for the information of Rev. Joseph Cook and all interested, that the editors of The New York Sun, of The Herald, of The Times, of The Tribune, or the editor of any other first-class newspaper in the land, has fifty times the "influence" of President Arthur. Furthermore, from what we hear of the president's cares and perplexities, which so sadly outweigh his "influence," we have no doubt he would gladly exchange his official position with any first-class editor in any leading city in the country.

How They Used to Quarrel.

"Gath" in New York Tribune.

"How do presidents talk about each other?" I asked the ex-governor. "How did Adams and Jefferson describe each other? How Jackson and J. Q. Adams? How Grant and Johnson? How Arthur and Hayes? How Garfield and Grant?" "Well," spoke the governor, indicatively, "Quincy Adams did not discuss Gen. Jackson's scandal too politely. Hunt it up." So he—it is recorded the very day of 1828—put George Adams, the son, committed suicide; "Mrs. Eaton is the daughter of a man named O'Neel, who some years since kept a tavern and failed, so that his house was sold to pay his debts. Mrs. Eaton was wife to a purser in the navy named Timberlake, who, being on service abroad, his wife lived at her father's where Mrs. Eaton and Gen. Jackson, when a senator, were lodgers. When O'Neel's house was sold it was purchased by Mr. Eaton. Very shortly after Timberlake died Eaton married his widow. Her reputation was not in good odor, and when Eaton was appointed secretary of war a grave question arose among the dignitaries high and low whether Mrs. Eaton was to associate with their wives. This question has occasioned a schism in the party, some of whom have more and some less of moral scruple; the vice president's wife, Mrs. Calhoun, being of the virtuous, and having then declared that rather than endure the contamination of Mrs. Eaton's company she would not come to Washington this winter; and accordingly she remains in the untainted atmosphere of South Carolina."

Terra Cotta Lumber.

A remarkable material called "terra cotta lumber" has recently been brought to notice in England. It is composed of the top layer of fire-clay beds and saw dust, exposed to heat and pressure. Slabs, bricks and boards of any shape may be moulded from it, and it is capable of being cut by edged tools, pierced by nails, sawn, and otherwise manipulated, just as wood is. But the strangest feature about it is that it stands, without any apparent effect upon it, a more intense heat than fire-clay will bear; and for lining furnaces, for bridge walls in smelting furnaces and other places of great heat it will be a valuable and almost inexpensive substitute for asbestos. Water seems to have no destructive influence upon it. Its weight is about that of an equal mass of cinder, and its color varies from light buff to fierce salmon. No doubt it will be found of great value for building purposes.

Conkling's Curl.

Chicago Times.

Ex-Senator Conkling's famous curl on the forehead has gone, and alas! it is feared for ever. A newspaper man who met him not long since at Philadelphia says: "The curly lock that used to ornament his noble brow has been clipped; his head is growing bald, and his beard has turned from a silver gray to a golden white. He has grown much stouter since he and Mr. Platt made their respective bows to the world of greatness and fame, but Conkling has not lost a particle of his manly dignity." The ruthless sacrifice of that world-renowned lock must be taken as the strongest possible proof that Mr. Conkling considers himself irrevocably out of politics.

A Mysterious Roman Coin.

Louisville Courier Journal.

A coin found at Taylorville, Ill., bears the inscription of an emperor of Rome in the year 234. Its reverse side reads: "To the genius of Cæsar." The discoverer wishes that the fact be made known, the coin having been found twenty-five feet below the surface. It is probable that some Roman soldier, in a scuffle with one of the barkeepers of Taylorville, dropped the coin, and was too proud to look for it after having been kicked out of the saloon.

Dakota Glowingly Described.

Dakota Free Press.

Col. Pat Donan gets indignant over the failure of the admission measure, and expresses himself as follows:

"Dakota has been placed in the attitude of a professional beggar, shinning around in dirty lobbies, pleading and whining for her own inalienable constitutional rights. I am tired of the whole business, and I think our duty now is simply to invite congress to go to the devil, and set up independently on our own hook. Dakota has domain enough, resources enough, material advantages of soil, climate and mineral wealth enough to make an empire herself. She ought to hang the first fellow who goes, or proposes to go, to Washington on any begging expedition. With more territory than New England, New York, New Jersey, and half of Pennsylvania combined; with more population than New Hampshire, Vermont, Delaware, Florida and Nevada; with more daily papers than any three southern states put together, and with more general intelligence among her people than is to be found in all the professional politicians of both parties at Washington, she has within herself everything necessary for a glorious homeland."

Effects of Shocks on Eggs.

It is a common belief among persons who keep poultry that the shocks and tremors to which eggs are subject during transportation road or railway affect the germ contained in the egg. M. Dareste, who has been studying this matter, found, a few years ago, that in eggs submitted to incubation directly after a railway journey the embryo very generally died; but a few days' rest before incubation obviated this. He has lately inquired into the effect of shocks on the fecundated egg-germ, with the aid of a tapoteuse, or machine used by chocolate makers to force the paste into the mills; it gives 120 blows a minute. Monstrosities were always the result of the tremors so caused. This cause is the more remarkable that it acts before the evolution of the embryo; whereas the other causes M. Dareste has indicated, as elevation or lowering of temperature, diminution of porosity of the egg-shell, the vertical position of the egg, and unequal heating, only modify the embryo during its evolution. The modification impressed on the germ by those shocks did not disappear after rest, as in the case mentioned above, but it is not known why. A few eggs escaped the action.

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