OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

State Directory.

C. H. VAN WYCK, U. S. Senator, Neb. City.
ALVIN SAUNDERS, U. S. Senator, Omaha.
E. K. VALENTINE, Representat e, 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. RENDALL, 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. 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. KOENKE, Chief of Fire Dept.
JOSEPH H. HALL, Ch'n Board of Health.

COUNCILMEN.

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

ARRIVE.		DEPART.
7.30 p. m.	EASTERN.	9.00 a. m.
9.30 a. m.		3.00 p. m.
9.00 a. m.	WESTERN.	9.00 a. m.
5.00 p. m.		6.55 p. m.
1.00 a m	NORTHERN.	4.25 p. m
.50 p. m.	SOUTHERN.	9.00 a. m
10.50 a m.	OMAHA.	8.25 a. m.
7.30 p. m.		4.25 p. m.
4.00 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.

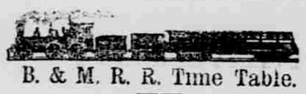
On orders not exceeding $15 - - - 10 cents
Over $15 and not exceeding $30 - - - 15 cents
" $30 " " $40 - - 20 cents
" $40 " " $50 - - 25 cents

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 8:45 a. m.	Arrives 6:00 a. m.
" 4:25 p. m.	" 5:45 p. m.
" 8:25 a. m. K. C. AND ST. JOE.	" 9:40 a. m.
" 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, 11:55 a. m.; Hastings 4:30 p. m.; McCook 10:05 p. m.; Denver 8:20 a. m.
Leaves 6:55 p. m.; arrives Lincoln 9:30 p. m.

FREIGHT

Leaves at 9:35 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 5:35 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 4:55 p. m.; Arrive at Pacific Junction at 9:55 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	76.51 "	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 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

49y1 DR. J. C. RAYMOND,
164 Washington St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MILK.

J. F. BAUMEISTER

Furnishes Fresh, Pure Milk

DELIVERED DAILY.

Special calls attended to, and Fresh Milk from store furnished when wanted. 6y

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

SMITH & BEESON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Will practice in all the Courts in the state. Office over First National Bank.
PLATTSMOUTH - NEBRASKA.

DR. A. SALISBURY,

DENTIST.

Office over Smith, Black & Co's. Drug Store. First class dentistry at reasonable prices. 23ly

H. MEADE, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON. Office on Main Street, between Sixth and Seventh, south side Office open day and night
COUNTY PHYSICIAN.
Special attention given to diseases of women and children. 21tf

M. O'DONOHOE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Fitzgerald's Block,
PLATTSMOUTH, - NEBRASKA.
Agent for Steamship lines to and from Europe. d12w52ly

R. R. LIVINGSTON, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
OFFICE HOURS, from 10 a. m., to 2 p. m.—Examining Surgeon for U. S. Pension.

DR. S. MILLER,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Can be found by calling at his office, corner 7th and Main Streets, in J. H. Waterman's house.
PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

JAS. S. MATHEWS

ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office over Baker & Atwood's store, south side of Main between 5th and 6th streets. 21tf

J. B. STRODE.

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will practice in all the Courts in the State.
District Attorney and Notary Public.

WILL S. WISE,

COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Real Estate, Fire Insurance and Collection Agency. Office—Union block, Plattsmouth, Nebraska. 22m3

D. H. WHEELER & CO.

LAW OFFICE, Real Estate, Fire and Life Insurance Agents, Plattsmouth, Nebraska. Collectors, tax-payers. Have a complete abstract of titles. Buy and sell real estate, negotiate plans, &c. 15y1

JAMES E. MORRISON,

Notary Public.
ATTORNEYAT LAW. Will practice in Cass and adjoining Counties; gives special attention to collections and abstracts of title. Office in Fitzgerald Block, Plattsmouth, Nebraska. 17y1

J. C. NEWBERRY,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Has his office in the front part of his residence on Chicago Avenue, where he may be found in readiness to attend to the duties of the office. 47tf.

ROBERT B. WINDHAM,

Notary Public.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office over Carruth's Jewelry Store.
Plattsmouth, - - - - Nebraska.

M. A. HARTIGAN,

LAWYER.

FITZGERALD'S BLOCK, PLATTSMOUTH NEB
Prompt and careful attention to a general Law Practice.

A. N. SULLIVAN. E. H. WOOLEY

SULLIVAN & WOOLEY,

Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law.

OFFICE—In the Union Block, front rooms, second story, south. Prompt attention given to all business. mar25

BOYD & LARSEN,

Contractors and Builders.

Will give estimates on all kinds of work. Any orders left at the Lumber Yards or Post Office will receive promot attention.

Heavy Truss Framing,

for barns and large buildings a specialty.

For reference apply to J. P. Young, J. V. Weckbach or H. A. Waterman & Son. d&w

PLATTSMOUTH MILLS.

PLATTSMOUTH NEB.

C. HEISEL, - Proprietor.

Flour, Corn Meal & Feed

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

SAGE'S ADDITION

—TO THE—

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

E. SAGE, Prop'r,

—AT—

SAGE'S HARDWARE STORE,

Plattsmouth, Neb.

Consumption

POSITIVELY CURED.

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.

AT JOE McVEY'S

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.

A Miss is as Good as a Mile.

Annie Elliot in Harper's Bazar.

The air of that room was atrociously close; it never seemed to get any oxygen in it; and the day was most atrociously hot anyway—always was after the 1st of May in the city. And that pane of glass was most atrociously dirty; didn't see why nobody ever seemed to think it their business to wash it. And these atrocious flies would take the starch out of the whole of the noble army of martyrs. And he couldn't see how the old gentleman could sit there, day in and day out, in that atrociously contented way. And it was an atrociously long time since he had had a holiday himself, and he'd take one—hanged if he wouldn't!—that very afternoon. Yes, business was rather dull, the old gentleman assented; was generally about that time in the month. No, he didn't think he'd be missed that afternoon if he wanted to go off for the rest of the day.

The old gentleman smiled a little, not as if for anybody to see, as he looked through his spectacles again at the newspaper, after looking over them at his nephew. He'd smiled in much the same way six months before, when he'd told his nephew he'd probably find the routine somewhat wearisome at first, and his nephew had cheerfully replied that four years of routine at college ought to have fitted him for that sort of thing, if it hadn't done anything more. The old gentleman was a college man himself.

There was no particular place where he wanted to spend the half-holiday, now he was out of the office. There didn't seem to be anything going on, except a German picnic advertised on the horse-cars, and he didn't feel drawn to that. It would be a bore to go anywhere where there was a crowd, and where you'd see people you know. He felt like the country this afternoon—some cool bit of shade where he could lie in the grass, and not think about anything except how comfortable he was and how uncomfortable he had been. It wouldn't be half bad if he should meet some girl; a girl one knows is so very different from people one knows. But he wouldn't for worlds go where he knew some girls were; that would spoil everything. He didn't want the least bit of an aim in life this afternoon. He'd glance over the time-table at the depot, and buy a ticket for the first village whose name he liked the sound of. This he did, and jumped off the train when he came to it. Wheatfield was the name, and the train only stopped ten seconds, and no one got on, and no one but himself got off, which was encouraging. It was very pretty to look at, and the air was something entirely different from that of the office, and the church with the white spire, and the jiggley stones on top, and the road disappearing at each end in dusty turns, and the wagon with the horse, which, being requested to look out for the engine when the bell rings, had done so more from a wish to be accommodating than from any other motive, and was now jogging contentedly up the hill the other side of the track—these were all there. Altogether it was just the place he wished for, and that patch of woods a few steps up the hill was just the bit of shade he wanted in which to smoke his cigar and read White Wings. It would be rather nice if there were a pretty girl to be met with somewhere who would enjoy it with him. A pretty girl, like scenery, adds so much!

Perhaps if he should go the other way first, and pass the line of houses that formed the village, he would meet somebody. If he did meet somebody, he wasn't sure what he'd do about it, unless he knew her, and it was not at all probable that he would know her. But he generally had enough self-confidence to meet emergencies, and it would do no harm to try. He had plenty of time before him; the train didn't go until 7:35. So he turned and walked up the grassy path, peering curiously into the old-fashioned piazzas and about the shaded lawns to catch the flutter of drapery, or a pretty profile, or a black high-heeled slipper. He witnessed a game of croquet on a very lumpy ground, contested with that activity which one unfortunately sees on country croquet grounds alone nowadays; and a swinging hammock, with a reclining form, evidently much at ease; but none of the first party seemed amenable to the finer courtesies of life as he proposed to represent them, and the foot that occasionally propelled the hammock by a judicious push against a neighboring stump was evidently masculine. At the end of the street, therefore, he turned back, and retracing his steps, climbed the hill, and penetrating deep into the coolness of the wood, threw himself down upon the moss to enjoy his half-holiday.

Well, what was the use of it all, anyway? She knew she looked particularly pretty that afternoon; she always did in dotted muslin and a rough straw hat with a long feather in it, not to mention the red roses which she could get plenty of here in the country. But if any one would be so kind as to tell her what was the object of looking particularly pretty when there was no one but her mother and Aunt Emma—well, she didn't care what Aunt Emma thought, anyway. It is a perfect waste to put on those slippers; she knew it was when she did it, but she always wore them with those stockings, and those stockings with that dress. She was only going to walk down the hill to the woods, and of course an old pair would have done just as well, but it was so hard to realize that there was positively no chance of there being any one on the way to whose susceptibility they might appeal. She stood at the door with her hammock over one arm, and her book in her hand. There was no doubt whatever that Wheatfield was a very good thing, but one might very easily get too much of it; she felt that she was rapidly nearing that point, if she hadn't already passed it. The gate weighed with its heavy stone, to which generations of swinging children had imparted rather a lop-sided look, swung to after her as she passed out and strolled down the little path that led to the woods, and which wandered through them to the road across which, down below, the three-o'clock train was rushing after its instant's pause. Under two gigantic trees, whose trunks were provided with iron hooks, she swung her hammock, and with her white draperies becomingly disposed, her slippered feet showing a bit of red at the edge of her dress, her broad hat on the grass at her side, and her head resting on her arm, she opened "White Wings."

Now this was just what she really liked. She so often wished at home that she could be off somewhere alone in a hammock with a new novel, and nobody to interrupt. There was nothing she enjoyed so much. She must look quite picturesque there under the trees. Justin McCarthy said somewhere something about women when they were playing the part of audience always thinking how they looked as performers. She was not playing the part of audience now that she knew of, unless it was to nature, but she supposed she was rather thinking how she looked as a performer. It was just the scene and just the time for a flirtation. It would be so nice for once not to have another girl around who would try to interfere. She didn't use to think she cared anything about men; in fact, she'd always been very indifferent to them, but she did rather wish a nice one would happen along this afternoon. She couldn't help it; there was nothing else to do; everything else was an effort such lazy weather. Men were so easily entertained, too! All you need to do is just to look pretty, and smile, and seem interested in what they say—a great deal more easily than Aunt Emma, who always wanted to know where you got your clothes, and if it was cheaper to buy your hats right out, and just what terms you were on with every man you knew. Just as if it wasn't bother enough to get your clothes without remembering every one, and as you never bought the same hat right out, and had it made too, how were you going to know which was the cheaper? And as for what terms you were on with men, why, you just weren't on any terms with them as far as you knew. They came to see you, and you went to places with them, and sometimes they sent you flowers, and there weren't any terms about it. If only somebody very nice would come to Wheatfield that day, and stroll through the woods! If they should see her white dress through the trees, they'd of course want to know who she was.

Perhaps it would be an artist, and he would ask permission to put her into his picture just as she was. Perhaps it would be a man worldweary, and passion-worn, who would think her a sweet picture of innocence, with the golden sunlight flecking her hair. She wasn't sure whether it was flecking her hair or not, but she fancied it was. Perhaps it would be some gay society butterfly, who would meet her on her own ground of gay flirtation. Of course she wouldn't speak to any of these men unless something very strange happened, but something very strange probably would. She didn't know why, but she certainly half expected some one would come that afternoon. It was so very quiet, and so very cool, and so very—stupid, something must come to wake her up. By way of preliminary the book slipped out of her hand and she fell asleep.

The 7:35 train only stopped long enough on its way to the city for a single figure in gray to step on the platform and enter the car. There was no doubt about it—he felt decidedly refreshed; it was just the sort of thing for a man to do once in a while—gave him a good [illegible] thought if he was going to do it again he would get some one to go with him, though he didn't know any man he'd care about asking. A girl would be a different thing. It would have been quite perfect out there on that hillside if there'd been a nice girl there too, but then he couldn't have very well taken one with him, and you can't expect to find the right sort of a girl to spend a summer afternoon with, in a place of about forty-five inhabitants, when she doesn't expect you. He guessed he'd go there again anyway.

The gate swung to again behind a white figure and a petulant flushed face. Late for tea, and so warm besides. If there was anything she did hate to do, it was to sleep in the daytime. She didn't care if it was warmer in the city. She didn't see why saying that over and over again made it any cooler here. She was so tired of Wheatfield.

It was six months later, and at an evening party.

"Charming," said a beautiful girl in cream color, with deep red roses at her waist. "I read it last summer.

"What is that Miss Gabrielle?" asked a handsome young fellow, giving her an ice.

"'White Wings.' Did you read it?"

"Yes, I read it one day in Wheatfield last summer."

"Why, I read it in Wheatfield. When were you there?"

"The last week in June—one Wednesday."

"And why didn't you look us up? We were there all through June."

"You were there through June? You were there that day—the only one I spent there—and I didn't know it! Miss Gabrielle, I feel as if the happiness of a long life couldn't make up for such a blunder as that."

"It is one of the things, Mr. Conroy, that happen but once in a lifetime," said Miss Gabrielle, solemnly. "Let it be a lesson to us."

A Philadelphia Bomb-Maker Doing a Brisk Business.

George Holgate, the manufacturer of explosive machines, who lives at No. 1562 South Juniper street, in this city, says that from the description of the effect of the explosion of the infernal machine under the government office in London he feels confident that it was caused by a power much greater and more destructive than dynamite. Mr. Holgate, who makes no secret of the business in which he is engaged, has probably made more infernal machines than any man in this country. Within the past six weeks he has constructed four explosive machines and sold them to parties in New York. Each contrivance can be placed in a cigar box, and possesses an explosive force equal to 100 pounds of gunpowder. He has also, he says, constructed and sold two burning machines, which can be set for any number of hours and when sprung create a flame equal to a hundred gas jets and an intensity of heat equal to a thousand gas jets. "I know nothing," said he, "of the uses to which my machines are put. I no more ask a man when he buys one of my machines whether he proposes to blow up a czar or set fire to a palace, any more than a gunsmith asks his customers where they are about to commit murder or a match merchant asks if his purchaser is about to become an incendiary. I make the machine for those who want them. I don't believe in killing kings with bombs, nor do I think that it is proper to assassinate statesman with knives, but I would not have the cutlery business stopped because bad men make improper use of the dagger. If the nihilists are in earnest, if they possess half the cuorage they are credited with, they will be supreme in a few years. I do not believe that the czar will be crowned."

Losing a Wife in London Fog.

A few days ago a countryman friend with his wife, who is young and handsomer than he is, essayed to go out for a little shopping. The fog was dreadful. In attempting to cross the street they got cut off and separated by an intervening cab. The husband landed on the opposite curb and supposed his wife to be at his heels. Astonished to find that she was not, he rushed back. Meantime his wife had crossed in pursuit of him. He became alarmed and ran up the street and down again in fruitless search. The aid of the police was invoked, and after a vain search somebody suggested that "Madam might have taken a cab and gone to the hotel." Visions of an elopment haunted the mind of the jealous husband, but he drove to the hotel. Madam was there, and she was in a "state of mind." She was mad, very mad, and anyone with the usual experience can imagine how tropical she made it for him. He told me confidently that the little episode cost him well on to fifty pounds. Of course apologies have no commercial value. Nothing less than one of those fifty-guinea Regent street fur dolmans restores harmony in such a case. Nothing less did in this, at any rate. Moral: Don't go out shopping in London on a foggy day without having a string to her.

Reason and Imagination.

David Swing.

If science and reason have stalked into the new scene in stature greater than old life, each as colossal as the Moses of Angelo, the sacred imagination of religion need not hide away in alarm, but she, too, must aspire to a new hight and beauty; and disrobing herself of the morbid rags of the past, those garments covered with pictures of fiends—vestments of death worn by victims of the inquisition on the way to the pile of faggots—she must put on diviner raiment, woven by tenderer toilers of looms and with threads of finer silk, and must rise as colossal in beauty as reason is colossal in power. If science and reason are laying better foundations of thought, let imagination hasten and build upon these better stones a better temple of God, and make it tremble with a still holier music, and resound with a wider and more rational eloquence. Not afraid of this gigantic reason, let this exalted poetry of the soul extend to reason one hand, and, holding it in friendship, point with the other to the sky; for demonstration and imagination, acting in harmony, can find the truest answer to the problems of human life.

The Senators of Lincoln's Time.

New York Tribune.

The death of Postmaster-General Howe leaves in active public life only three men who, with him, occupied seats in the United States senate when President Lincoln called it together in special session at the outbreak of the war. They are Senators Anthony and Sherman, and Daniel Clark, United States district judge for New Hampshire. Not more than half a dozen other members of that senate are now living, among them being Mr. Doolittle, who was then Mr. Howe's colleague. The vice-president, Hannibal Hamlin, and the chaplain, Dr. Byron Sunderland, also yet survive.

Verdict for a Newsboy.

New York Times.

William Collins, a Brooklyn newsboy, has shown the world that if great corporations have no souls they at least have pockets. A jury of the supreme court says that the Union Ferry company must pay him $5,000 for a bruised head and a broken knee-pan. William was found aboard one of the company's boats one day last summer by a deck-hand. He had paid his fare and possessed the full rights of a passenger. The deck-hand unwarrantably assuming that he had sneaked in through the gate, threw him off the boat with such violence as to inflict the injuries above mentioned. He sued for $10,000, and gets $5,000, a sum quite large enough to teach the Union Ferry company that even a humble newsboy has rights which its employes cannot with impunity trample upon. A great many people who have despaired of the country's future will take courage, now that it has been demonstrated that justice can hold an even scale between a penniless street urchin and a rich corporation.

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.

HOW TO BUY MEAT.

Miss Parloa's Lecture, Illustrated by a Butcher and a Side of Beef.

New York Sun.

"Now, ladies, I hope you will ask as many questions as you please, because I want to make everything clear to you," said Miss Maria Parloa, as she began her lecture on "Marketing" at the College of Pharmacy, in Twenty-third street, yesterday. On the long table on the lecture platform was a side of dressed beef, weighing 400 pounds. Beside it, ready to cut it up to illustrate the lecture, stood a most gentlemanly looking butcher.

"You must remember," said Miss Parloa, "that after the meat is dressed only about one-sixth of it is desirable. The best of it, rich and poor alike prefer not to buy, but the poor have to buy it, because they cannot afford the price of the choice cuts. But you must bear in mind that the costly and tender cuts are not the most nutritious. The muscular part, that is most used, while it is the toughest, also gives the most nourishment, only it needs to be cooked differently from the tender parts. When you are buying meat, remember that the tenderest parts come from that part of the animal where there is least muscular exertion. The tough parts of the meat, which would be unpalatable if broiled or roasted, may be with profit stewed, braised, or made into soup. In fact, the very tender parts would not be good for food for a sick person, because they are not nutritious enough. Now, I want you ladies, to say what are the names of the parts I touch."

"The neck," said a timid voice.

"The ribs," said a matron in a sealskin sacque as the stick moved along.

"What kind of ribs?"

"Give it up," said a lady in a fur-lined cloak.

"Now we will have Mr. Kissell cut it up," said Miss Parloa, after she had pointed out the various cuts and told of the various ways of cutting meat in different cities. "Fix that backbone in your mind," she continued, for we will start from there. You see the side of beef has been cut in two. The hind quarter end contains, at about the middle of the animal, the porterhouse steaks, the porterhouse roasts, and the tender pieces that everybody wants. As we go further back we find the rump and the sirloin."

The deft butcher, with his knife, saw and cleaver, cut piece after piece as the lecturer pointed them out, showing where the kidneys lay embedded in the suet, showing the brittle, crumbling nature of the suet as distinguished from fat, showing where the tenderloins lay, and how to cut them to advantage. Each piece was shown, until all had an opportunity to fix its name and place and its present market price. The delicate, nutritious rolling pieces were cut and shown, and the method of preparation was explained. These pieces are sometimes called "the skirt." The ladies were cautioned that brine draws out the juices of the meat, and that fat corned beef is the best, because the fat keeps the juices of the meat from being drawn out by the brine.

"Do you consider kidneys nutritious? Inquired a sprightly lady, who had got a front seat to be sure and see the carving.

"Yes, kidneys and the flank pieces, the liver, and other cheap parts, when properly cooked, are all good food."

The lecturer showed how much more economical and sensible it would be to have the meat cut in grades, and not to buy, as often as is done now, poor meat and good meat in one piece. She advised the habit of buying, even at higher prices, pieces with the flank end cut off. She advised her hearers to hunt up butchers who would cut up meat to order, and not compel them to buy what they did not want and could not see. Speaking of soup, she said that to keep it clear it should not be boiled much, as boiling set the lime of the bones free.

"But I should think that might be the very thing needed for children when they are making bones," said a bright-eyed lady.

"Well, that may be so. I suppose it is; but you must not boil the soup much if you want it clear."

The lecturer was pointing out in a piece of sirloin the tough part that she said ought to be cut off as not fit for roasting, and turning to Mr. Kissell, the gentleman butcher, she said: "You don't usually sell them that?"

"Oh, yes, they go," interposed a young lady. "You will have to go and educate our butchers, Miss Parloa."

"They charge you 28 cents for this piece with the flank on. You might better pay 30 cents for the rest, and let them sell the flank for 10 cents."

"All its worth!" ejaculated the lively matron.

"I always ask for short steaks and short roasts, and don't buy a lot of meat that is worthless."

Miss Parloa kept up a running fire of chat with her audience, and encouraged them to ask questions. Several very young ladies, with books and pencils, availed themselves of the opportunity. The lecture is to be repeated in Brooklyn on Monday next.

A Little Grizzly at the Cincinnati Zoo.

There was a greater agitation of the straw, and more sharp yelps, and immediately the wonder came to view, crawling like a puppy trying to walk— a good sized one, of a light, tawny shade, with very short feet. It legs seemed long, clumsy and weak.

It had dragged itself a distance of fifteen feet from its nest and here it was, facing the daylight and many curious eyes. Its dam saw it and trotted over to it. Its feet were already hanging over the little ledge of the threshold and only a few feet beyond was the pool of water—deep and dangerous for that little one. All the people saw this. So, bless you, did the mother. No nonsense of that kind for her. She stepped carefully over the club to reach the interior. Then she sat on her haunches, and after licking it and caressing it in a loving, motherly way, with her nose and fore paws gathered it, tenderly close under her enormous self, and holding it thus drew herself back out of view—to the great delight and astonishment of those who had expected to see her with her teeth pick it up by the nape of the back, as would a dog or a cat with its young. After a few moments the dam reappeared, and without paying any attention to her human audience slowly sauntered, as though somewhat exhausted, down to the grating, and in a languid, convalescent manner, seated herself upon her haunches there, facing the grating and throwing her arms wide open and disposing herself in a completely restful way.

The Salvation Army.

The late Archbishop of Canterbury subscribed to the Salvation army, but Mr. Spurgeon 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 promises well, christian men have borne with much that grieves 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."

Trained horses have shown in England that they are capable of jumping great distances. Chandler cleared 39 feet over a break at Warwick; Calverthorpe, 33 feet over hurdles at Newport Pagnell; King of the Valley, 35 feet over the Wissedine Brook, Leicestershire; Lottery, 34 feet at Liverpool; Peter Simple, 37 feet at Boston.

The "Rustler."

New York Sun.

The "rustler" in New York city goes groaning 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.

The Shopping of the Future.

The Toledo Telegram contains the prediction that the merchant of the future will have a line of cabs and liveried servants to send for lady customers, when requested to do so by telephone, and return them to their homes after their purchases are made. Things quite as singular have frequently happened in the development of trade.

Horace Greeley: A history which takes no account of what was said by the press in memorable emergencies befits an earlier age than ours.

THE DAYLIGHT STORE!

Full Line General Merchandise.

Largest Stock and Lowest Prices.

Call and Satisfy Yourself

AT

JOSEPH V. WECKBACHS.

REFRIGERATORS.

CHURCH PEWE.

KEY NOTE SCHOOL DESKS

RAIL ROAD SETTEES

WE MANUFACTURE THE PERFECTION

REFRIGERATORS

For Households, Grocers, Hotels, Restaurants, Saloons, Stores and Markets. Also Ale and Beer Coolers, Back Bars, Hardwood Saloon Fixtures, Counters, CASHIERS' DESKS, Complete FITTINGS for STORES and OFFICES in Elegant Designs.

THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF

SCHOOL, CHURCH, COURT HOUSE, HALL FURNITURE and SCHOOL APPARATUS,

Including Church Pews, Settees, Pulpits, Lecturns, Pulpit Chairs, Opera Chairs, Lawn Seats, all of the **Latest Improved Designs** for Churches, Chapels, Lodges, Missions, Sabbath Schools, **Lecture Rooms**, Waiting Rooms, Court Rooms, Court Houses, Hotel Offices, Croquet Lawns, School Desks, Rail Road Settees, &c., &c.

THE ONLY MANUFACTURERS OF

"KEY NOTE" SCHOOL DESKS.

Best School Desk ever made, with **Noiseless Hinge**, which cannot wear out