## OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

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JAMES W. DAWES, Governor, Lincoln.
E. P. ROGGEN, Secretary of State.
JOHN WALLICHS, Auditor, Lincoln.
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W. C. SHOWALTER, Clerk District Court, Plattsmouth.

*City Directory.*

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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.

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

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ED. GREUSEL, ISAAC WILES,
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*County Directory.*

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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. EGENOR, HENRY BAUER, Vice Presidents.
W. S. WITT, Secretary.
FRED GORDER, Treasurer.

Regular meetings of the Board at the Court House, held the Friday evening of each month.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF PLATTSMOUTH MAILS.

| ARRIVES. | | DEPARTS. |
|---|---|---|
| 7.30 p. m. | EASTERN. | 4.30 p. m. |
| 3.30 a. m. | | 2.05 p. m. |
| 3.00 a. m. | WESTERN. | 9.00 a. m. |
| 5.00 p. m. | | 6.55 p. m. |
| 1.00 a m | NORTHERN. | 4.25 p. m |
| 1.30 p. m. | SOUTHERN. | 9.00 a. m. |
| 7.00 a m. | OMAHA. | 8.25 a. m. |
| 2.30 p. m. | | 4.25 p. m. |
| 1.00 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 | | Arrives |
|---|---|---|
| 3:45 a. m. | | 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. |
| 6:10 p. m. | | 8:55 p. m. |

FROM OMAHA FOR PLATTSMOUTH.

| Leaves | | Arrives |
|---|---|---|
| 8:15 a. m. | | 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 10:05 p. m.; Denver 8:20 a. m.
Leaves 6:55 p. m.; arrives Lincoln 9:30 p. m.

FREIGHT

Leaves at 9:55 a. m.; Arrives Lincoln 4:10pm
Leaves at 8:10 p. m.; Arrives at Lincoln 2:00 p. m.; Hastings 8:30 a. m.
Leaves at 2:00 p. m.; Arrives at Lincoln 6:30 p. m.; Hastings 2:30 a. m.; McCook 4:50 a. m; Denver 1:00 p. m.

FROM THE WEST.

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

FREIGHT

Leaves Lincoln at 11:45 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 8:26 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., 3:40 p. m. and arrive at Pacific Junction at 7:25 a. m., 9:25 a. m. and 3:50 p. m.

K. C. AND ST. JOE.

Leave at 8:20 a. m. and 5:55 p. m.; Arrive at Pacific Junction at 9:20 a. m. and 6:25 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., 6:45 p. m. and 10:30 a. m.

K. C. AND ST. JOE.

Leave Pacific Junction at 6:35 a. m. and 5:10 p. m.; Arrive 8:25 a. m. and 5:35 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 | 5.32 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 arrives | 8.00 " | 6.55 " | 7.00 " |

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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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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2 Bennett & Lewis, store.
3 M. B. Murphy & Co., "
4 Bonner Stables.
5 County Clerk's office.
6 E. B. Lewis, residence.
7 J. V. Weckbach, store.
8 Western Union Telegraph office.
9 D. H. Wheeler, residence.
10 D. A. Campbell, "
14 R. B. Windham, "
15 Jno. Wayman, "
16 J. W. Jennings, "
17 W. S. Wise, office.
18 Morrisey Bros., office.
19 W. R. Carter, store.
20 G. W. Fairfield, residence.
21 M. B. Murphy, "
22 D. H. Wheeler & Co., office.
23 J. P. Taylor, residence.
24 First National Bank.
25 P. E. Ruffner's office.
26 J. P. Young, store.
28 Perkins House.
29 R. W. Hyers, residence.
31 Journal office.
32 Fairfield's ice office
34 HERALD PUB. CO office.
35 J. N. Wise, residence.
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37 W. D. Jones, "
38 A. N. Sullivan, "
39 H. E. Palmer, "
40 W. H. Schildknecht, office.
41 Sullivan & Wooley, "
42 A. W. McLaughlin, residence.
43 A. Patterson, livery.
44 C. M. Holmes, "
45 L. D. Bennett, residence.
46 Geo. S. Smith, office.
47 L. A. Moore, flor-st.
49 J. W. Barnes, residence.
50 R. R. Livingston, office.
307 J. V. Weckbach, residence.
335 Chaplain Wright, "
340 W. H. Schildknecht "
346 Geo. S Smith, "
350 R. R. Livingston, "
315 C. C. Ballard, "

The switch board connects Plattsmouth with

## The Professor's Story.

J. M. Whitman in Springfield Republican.

Taking tea the other evening with an old acquaintance, now professor in a New England college, the conversation recalled some of the friends of our younger days, and he surprised me with this remark: "A woman's sympathies lie nearer heart than her love, unless her love is born of them." But he surprised me more by the story he told to prove it.

I guess it was seven years, he said, that our chair of astronomy remained vacant. You knew of Dr. Merdon. It was justly that the world finally gave him fame. Well, after his death the trustees were at loss to fill his place. A weak man would have been insufferable there.

Do you remember his family? Charming wife and daughter. They spent several years abroad after his death, and when they returned, notwithstanding that the widow still wore mourning, the number of our little social events was doubled. The daughter had a string of young millionaires after her constantly. Female society, perhaps you know, wasn't unlimited, and it was with a foundation of truth that the fellows grimly joked about calling on the girls their fathers had courted before them. Charlotte Merdon was as fascinating a girl as her mother had been, so said the old folks, and it was to her that young Prof. Lutz quoted from Horace, "Oh daughter, more beautiful than thy beautiful mother!" when he brought down on himself the ridicule of the mountain-day party. Yes, she could have had her pick from a dozen very rich boys, and I think she would have taken it, too, if she hadn't discovered that her mother was trying to influence her in their favor.

At the senior party that year, Charlotte held her court, as she did everywhere. She was surrounded, I remember, by the rich fellows of Charlie Elliott's set. Elliott was happy that night. Charlotte had been unusually gracious and her mother had made her favor clearer than ever.

Over near the door sat the last man to be expected at a president's party, Brent Seymour. He was senior the year before, and taking postgraduate study at the observatory Merdon had built shortly before his death—a town boy, who supported his mother and worked his way through college, not often seen in society, and his ill-fitting clothes and embarrassed manner attested it. Elliott, looking around the room for a subject for his next brilliant remark to Miss Merdon, caught sight of him.

"Ed," said he, turning to his chum, "I tell you what will be great sport. Bring Seymour up and formally present him to Miss Merdon. It will confuse him. He won't know what to do, and there'll be a deuce of a scene."

The chum complied and in a moment had the reluctant Seymour by the arm. The scene that followed must have been all that Elliott desired. For a moment the poor student stood before the belle. It was not unlike the tableau of the beggar and the princess. Her easy attitude constrasted strangely with his painful awkwardness. Elliott had not miscalculated. The effect was immediate. All eyes were turned toward the couple and a smile went around.

Charlotte Merdon saw it, and her cheeks flamed. She had divined the heartless joke. To the surprise of those about her she begged Seymour to be seated—insisted that he should be seated. Then she tried to draw him into the conversation. But it was impossible. Embarrassment seemed to have driven his wits away. Only one remark he ventured. Glancing at a portrait on the wall, he stammered out, "That's a good picture of the president." The portrait was one taken thirty years before and was anything but a good likeness of the president as he then he appeared. The unfortunate remark caused another smile. Elliott was delighted. His joke was a splendid success. Poor Seymour twisted about in his chair and hung his head. His discomfiture was complete.

Miss Merdon took a deliberate look at the picture, and did not smile. "Yes," she said, "it is called a very good likeness of him just after graduation. Have you seen the president's flowers, Mr. Seymour? Let me show them to you."

Rising, and excusing herself, she led the young man into the greenhouse, adjoining the parlor.

"The devil!" said Elliott. "I didn't look for anything like that."

Seymour, rescued in this way from his trying ordeal, hardly knew what to say or do. He felt as if a millstone had been taken from his neck. The pain and the manner of relief worked strangely on his sensitive nature. He felt that he was in great debt to his companion. He wanted to kiss the hem of her garment. He wanted to cry. He knew he was feeling and acting like a fool. He expected that he should make a greater fool of himself than in the parlor. But some way he didn't care. He had lost all fear of the beautiful girl. Her act of mercy had brought her nearer than years of acquaintance could. He talked rapidly of the flowers, for he knew of them, and Charlotte listened—listened wondering why she cared to listen, little thinking that her sympathy had brought the awkward student nearer than he would have been had she known him half her life-time and never seen him in pain. So when he pointed out to her the observatory where he worked, the queerly shaped building that showed its dark outlines in the moonlight, just over the campus on the hill, she wondered what it was that prompted her to beg him to take her there, to exact a promise from him that, on the very next evening, he would conduct her through the building, that had been built after her father's orders. She persuaded herself that it was a desire to see some manuscripts of her father's which Seymour told her had been left there. Perhaps it was.

Notwithstanding her mother's mild remonstrance, the next evening found her with Brent Seymour in the telescope room of the observatory. The roof had been let down and she was watching the stars.

"I wonder if father often studied them from this room," she said.

"Whenever the sky was clear."

"I wonder if he can see them now."

"No, I think that through some one of them he is looking at us."

Far from science and astronomy, far, very far, from his scholarly stand-point, the man's childish reply had taken him, but it had carried him nearer the heart of the girl than he dreamed.

Mrs. Merdon's disapproval of her daughter's visit to the observatory with Seymour broadened into anger as his calls were repeated, and repeated often. An intimacy grew between the young people that, even to themselves, they did not undertake to explain. The girl's friendship had opened a new world to the hard-worked student. Had he known more of life, he would have known that he was falling in love. Over the other a secret was stealing as steadily as comes over us the morning. A month had passed since the senior party. The two sat again in the telescope room. She seemed to be studying the stars.

"And do you remember," she was asking, "that, that evening, you thought through some one of them father was looking at us?"

"Yes."

"Do you suppose he can see us now?"

"Yes" (in a surprised way.)

"Then" (hesitatingly) "do you think he is glad—is glad to see us together?"

"Won't you" (the voice was very husky)—"won't you answer for me?"

"Yes," she said, in a voice clear as a harp chord, "I know he is."

Seymour wondered if his senses were giving way. He hardly knew what followed. He meant to ask—he tried to ask if she didn't think her father would be glad to see them always together. Somehow that seemed long and heavy and he couldn't make the words come. He had a choking sensation in his throat and his eyes were blinded with tears. He felt just as he had in the greenhouse the night of the senior party. He wanted to kiss the hem of her garment. He felt that he was in debt to her and falling deeper in debt every moment. He knew he was making a fool of himself, but he didn't care. He was the happiest fool that moment in God's happy world.

"You are just as much mine," she said at last, her hands resting upon his head, which some way or other had found a place in her lap—"you are just as much mine as if I had not done all the wooing myself."

The Merdon mansion had never seen such a storm as followed Charlotte's avowal of her betrothal. Her mother insisted that she would never consent, never in the world, and the girl who had always honored her wishes above everything else was in distress.

"But you did not marry a rich man yourself, mother; why should you want me to?" she urged.

"I married a man who was great—whom everybody knew; why, if you were to marry the man, whoever he is, who will fill his chair, I should be happy forever, but this fellow,"

saw that the door was partly open. She knew what it meant. Women, even among themselves, make their reconciliations gracefully, gradually. She pushed the door wide open, as her mother had intended she should, and went in. The lady sat by her writing-table; her head rested on her hand, and she was evidently sleeping. A little pile of letters lay before her, a picture beside them. Tears had dropped upon the letters and the picture showed the stains of tears. Charlotte looked at the picture closely. The face was familiar. Surely she had seen it before. But where? She could not place it among her acquaintances. Whose face was it? She started. A broken, uncertain voice seemed to say, "That's a good picture of the president." Her lover's awkward remark at the party, the portrait on the wall, the picture that her mother cried over. It was all clear, very clear, and she didn't care to read the open letter by the picture.

"My poor, dear mother!" she thought, as, without awakening her, she glided to her own room, carrying the greatest secret of her lifetime, save one.

It was after midnight when Mrs. Merdon awoke. She had hoped her daughter would come in. She wanted to tell her that she was no longer angry. She had been carried back over parts of her own life and she wanted to tell Charlotte that after all she must follow the voice of her heart, that her own experience had taught her so. She was almost ready to confess to her that although she had married a man who was great, whom everybody knew, she—no, no, no, she could not tell her daughter that—she could not tell her that. Very slowly she put away the letters and the picture, saying, "Yes, I loved him then, and, God forgive me, I have loved him ever since."

At noon the next day a servant brought a note to the president's study: "Charlotte E. Merdon requests the pleasure of a few moments' private conversation."

"I wonder what Addie Mather's daughter wants of me," thought the old bachelor as he passed down into the reception room. "How the girl brings her to my mind!"

In a dignified way that even surprised herself Charlotte began: "I understand that the trustees have given you appointing power regarding the professorship which my father's death made vacant."

"Yes."

"Have you made any provision yet?"

"No."

"I have a candidate to present."

"What—you? A candidate! Who is it?"

"Brent Seymour."

Charlotte's intimacy with Seymour was not unknown to the president, but this astounded him.

"It is impossible," he said; "I do not see how you can ask it, how you can think it."

"Would you not do much to bring to you one you loved?" she asked boldly.

A peculiar light came into the gray eyes behind the steel bowed spectacles.

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Anything."

"Would you give a professorship?"

The peculiar light increased. It was almost a blaze.

"Yes".

"Will you give me this professorship, if I bring to you one you love?"

The gray eyes were now fairly a flame. She was understood. He sprang to his feet. Age seemed to fall from him like a scale.

"Girl, what do you mean?" he shouted.

"That she loves you all the time."

There was a base ball match on the college grounds, but it was not the topic of the afternoon. A report that Brent Seymour had been appointed to the chair of astronomy had sent half the college to his house to congratulate him. They could not begin to get inside, so he stood out in the yard and shook hands with them one by one.

In the early evening a passing student saw an unusual visitor go up the path to the Merdon mansion. It was the gray-haired president. Mrs. Merdon opened the door herself, and the student couldn't help seeing the look of astonishment on her face, and that she tottered as she stepped back into the hall; couldn't help hearing, in tones that he will never forget, two exclamations, "Addie!" "Frank?" and the door closed.

When Seymour and Charlotte came in from their evening walk they heard voices in the sitting room, and Seymour was speechless with astonishment as he recognized the president's voice: "I am glad that you rejected me once, for my joy is made wonderful by years of darkness."

Catching her lover's hand Charlotte stepped with him into the room.

"Mother," she said, "if you haven't got too much happiness already,"—looking at the venerable man who did not release the hand he was holding—"remember you promised to be happy forever if I should marry the man who will fill my father's chair. Let me present him."

My host ceased. His story was evidently done, and as he drew back from the table he said: "The only thing fictitious about it is the name I have given the poor student."

"But," I asked, "did Charlotte ever tell her mother of the visit she made to her chamber when she was asleep at her writing-desk?"

"You may ask her," he said, smiling. "She sits at the head of the table."

Absorbed in the story, I had not noticed that my hostess was concealing her blushes behind the tea urn.

### An Apology to the James Gang.

Peck's Sun.

Parties connected with the James gang, by marriage and association, have decided to commence libel proceedings against papers that have spoken disrespectfully of members of the gang. A suit against The Louisville Courier-Journal is now in progress, a Mr. Hite, uncle of the James boys, and father of the Hite boys, being the complainant. It will be remembered that all along, whatever others may have said against the Jameses, The Sun has said that those people were honest and virtuous, and kind-hearted, however many indictments there may have been against them for murder and highway robbery, and train wrecking. The boys may have been bad, but they were real good. That ought to let us out of all libel suits.

### The Fight of the Braidwood Coroners

Peck's Sun.

An interesting thing about the Braidwood mine horror, where the seventy bodies are being taken out, is the quarrel between two rival coroners. The mine opening is in Will county, but the mine where the men died runs under the ground of Grundy county, and the Will county coroner is holding the inquest, though the Grundy coroner says he will put in a bill for the fees and contest the matter. This is too disgusting to talk about, but it would not be strange if the surviving miners should throw some coroner down the hole. Is it possible that if the Newhall house had been on the county line we should have had a quarrel here between rival coroners?

### Arizona's Mineral Wealth.

Scientific American.

It is but a few years ago that Arizona was looked upon as simply a worthless desert waste, useless alike for farming and stock-raising, while the owners of a few small mines which were known and worked labored under the great disadvantage of having to rely upon the slow ox and mule teams for the transportation of their supplies and products. Communication with the outside world was not only difficult, but the pioneer miners were in such constant dread of Indian raids upon them that it was impossible o develop Arizona territory with much success or profit. But a great change has taken place since the completion of the Southern Pacific railroad across the territory, and although the railroad does not extend directly to any of the mining camps, the increased facilities for transportation, and the opening up of the territory in consequence of it, have increased its population and developed its mining interests within the past two or three years wonderfully, and specially during the year 1882 the territory has made great advances in its resources.

From statistics recently published it appears that Arizona ranks third among the states and territories in the production of gold, silver, copper, and lead, the total production of these metals aggregating in value for 1882—$11,702,233.

### How Long it Takes to Smell.

Scientific American.

Various delicate experiments have been made in order to determine the so-called "reaction time" in sensation—i. e., the time between the moment of excitation of the sense and the moment at which the person indicates by a signal that he has become conscious of the sensation. M. Beaunis, of Nancy, has recently sought to measure the reaction time for smell. He gives a table of the numbers obtained with ten substances; they range from thirty-seven hundredths of a second for ammonia, and 46 for acetic acid, to 63 for mint, and 67 for carbolic acid. In the case of musk, he is unable (notwithstanding repeated attempts) to fix precisely the moment of the smell sensation. The numbers given show that the reaction time for smell is longer than that for touch, sight and hearing (in the author's own case, it is shorter than for touch.) Dr. Buccola, of Turin,

## AN IRON-JAWED ARTIST

A Circus Prima Donna Talks of Her Art Behind the Scenes.

How She Became "Iron-Jawed"—Her Aerial Flight of Two Hundred Feet at Forty Miles an Hour.

New York Journal.

Barnum's elephants had just finished the Newport glide and were coming down to the centre pole in the Virginia reel. With feet ever so much lighter than feathers they tripped fantastically through the money-musk. Then the circus band played them off to their dressing-rooms.

The ring was bare; the audience expectant. No actor came out for a moment. Then a fairy in a close-fitting costume, sometimes worn at the French ball or the festival of the Arion society, appeared on the elevated platform and stood under the trapeze. She had on a lavender costume which fitted her like a lavender glove. The audience was rant and didn't mind it. Pink ribbons fluttered from her waist. Her hair was flaxen, her form lithe and delicate. She put a piece of leather, dangling at the end of a rope, in her small mouth and was drawn up to the trapeze. Here she hung by her heels and sustained in mid-air an actor, by holding in her teeth the free end of a rope tied around his body. He weighed 175 pounds. She spun him around as if he were as light as a feather. Then she was towed in a basket to the top of an inclined wire two hundred feet long, which extended from the roof on the Fourth avenue side to the ground at the Madison avenue entrance. Putting the end of a leather strap attached to a pulley in her mouth she flashed down the wire like a cornet. Her speed of motion was forty miles an hour. A pistol was fired off when she was within twenty feet of a large cushion two feet thick with which she collided. When she struck it the cushion was pushed back two or three feet and bent around her like a shawl. The woman was called "Madame Junaut."

A reporter having received her permission to interview her entered the actor's dressing room, which was filled with tumblers, acrobats, riders, people who had just come off and people who were getting ready to go on. The clown sat moodily on one of the the elephants' tubs and looked as gloomy as a man who had just buried his mother-in-law. Madame Junaut sat in a group of lady riders with a big waterproof drawn close around her. She had rosy cheeks and handsome blue eyes and was very pretty. "I have lifted five men, weighing over seven hundred pounds" said she. "An ordinary person can lift with their jaws from thirty to forty pounds. By developing the muscles of the jaws and neck they might with long practice be able to hold up two hundred pounds."

"Is an 'iron-jaw' a gift of nature or is it acquired?"

"Oh, one must be born with an iron-jaw, though strength of that kind is acquired by practice. I began with lifting fifteen and twenty pound weights with my teeth. They used heavier weights until I could lift an object as heavy as I am. I have been in the business nine years and now I can lift five persons of my own weight. Holding up and spinning around a heavy man with my teeth, as I do every day in the circus ring, is the same as holding a barrel of flour in that way."

"Is your journey down the wire dangerous?"

"It is not. No accident ever happened to me yet. Ordinarily I do not use a netting under my trapeze, but here the law obliges me to. I shan't have one when I go out West."

"What are your sensations in going down the wire?"

"I see nothing. My eyes are turned toward the roof. I hear a loud buzzing sound made by the wheel as it goes over the wire. Many people think that the pistol is fired off to produce a sensational effect. It is discharged for the purpose of letting me know when I am near the mattress. The latter is so arranged that it gives three or four feet when I strike it. If it did not I am afraid I should be dashed—but well. In the hippodrome at Paris I spun down a wire 320 feet long."

"Do you like your occupation?"

"Yes. I am not happy except when travelling with a circus. When I am at home in summer I have a trapeze rigged up in the parlor and enjoy myself performing on it."

"Is the applause of the audiences you act before wearisome to you?"

"No. On the contrary, I like it. Americans are very cold. In Europe they grow frantic. They are not satisfied with calling you out three or four times. In Lisbon once I received twenty-one encores. This diamond cross was given me by the Portuguese king's father. Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese audiences are the most enthusiastic ones. I have performed in Hungary, Russia, Southern Europe and Algiers. Next season I shall go to St. Petersburg with an Italian circus."

"You—are—not, perhaps a countess?"

"I am an American girl. I came from Pittsburg, Penn."

"Do other people do your feats."

"None whom I ever heard of. They lie out of the line of circus actors in general. The qualifications necessary for undertaking them are nerve, courage and extraordinary strength.

The circus business is one in which a woman gets as much wages as a man. Anna Dickinson, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lillie Devereux Blake and the rest of the strong-minded are always publicly admiring pluck in women, I think the circus girls have it—don't you?"

### How Sam Trained His Wife.

In a Boston restaurant, at dinner recently sat a man from Cambridge, who was a native of New Hampshire. Meeting an old requaintance from that indefinite section known as "down east," the conversation soon turned on family topics, and the pair began to talk about their former neighbors in a most familiar way. "Yes," remarked the Cambridge gentleman, "Sam was in many respects different from the rest of the boys. You remember who he married? Well, when the old man, his father, found that he was shinin' round with her, he called him one day in the barn and said: 'Sam, d'ye intend to marry Beckie?' Sam never said a word, so the old man said: 'Me boy, ye know all about them. I can't tell you nothin'. Ye know how the sisters has turned out, and not one of them is now livin' with their husbands.' Sam was as mum as a pantomime, and, just as soon as he was ready, him and Beckie got tied. They lived on a farm, and everything went on smooth for about a year, and it came to a hog bucherin' time. Sam got already to have the usual party for the occasion, and, just as he was sharpenin' up the knives, Beckie came out and said: 'Sam, I'm goin' home.' Sam protested in his quiet way, but it was no use, so he said he'd get a man to row her across the pond. It was about half a mile over. She said: 'No, ye won't; ye'll row me over yerself!' Sam told her he couldn't, and Beckie fired up and said: 'Then I'll drown meself.' Sam said he'd go with her if she wanted to do that, so the boat was got ready, she got in, and they rowed out till the water was twenty feet deep. Then Sam stopped and said: 'Well, Beckie, this is a good place for ye to drown yerself!' She didn't open her mouth. He waited awhile and then said: 'Come, Beckie, I'm in a hurry to get back.' She never look up. Sam put down the oars, caught hold of her and pitched her in. She grabbed for the boat, but he wouldn't let her get near it. When she was almost done out she said: 'Sam let me in that boat and ye'll not hear anything more from me out o' the way.' So he pulled her in and they went back home. She changed her clothes and entertained the guests. They're now nearly 80, and you never saw a happier old couple—did you? I don't think they ever spoke of that duckin' since the day she was goin' to drown herself."

### An International Question.

Detroit Free Press.

"George Smith, where do you hail from?" asked his honor, of the next.

"Canada, sir."

"What are you doing over here?"

"Visiting my sister."

"Any special reason why you got drunk last night?"

"Yes, sir; I was celebrating the anniversary of the discovery of Canada."

"Too thin, sir! And is that why you kicked in a saloon door?"

"I suppose it was."

"I shall stop your kicking for thirty days."

"But I'm a citizen of Great Britain," protested the prisoner.

"Yes, I know, but that won't prevent you from going up."

"Why, sir—why—why. I shall appeal to the British consul!" Indeed, sir, I do appeal."

"Very well; you go up for thirty days."

"Yes, but this international question isn't settled yet. I demand my rights as a British citizen!"

"And you'll have 'em. Fall back, Mr. Smith—fall back and wait for the Maria."

The Britisher went up, but he proposes to


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