OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

State Directory.

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ALVIN SAUNDERS, U. S. Senator, Omaha.
E. K. VALENTINE, Representative, West Point.
JAMES W. DAWES, Governor, Lincoln.
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Second Judicial District.

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

City Directory.

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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.

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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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Treasurer—JNO. W. MARSHALL.

County Directory.

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J. W. JENNINGS, County Clerk.
J. W. JOHNSON, County Judge.
E. W. EYERS, Sheriff.
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ISAAC RICHARDSON, Mt. Pleasant, Precinct.
A. E. TODD, Plattsmouth.

Commissioners meet on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in each month.

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

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF PLATTSMOUTH MAILS.

ARRIVES.		DEPARTS.
7.20 p. m. / 8.30 a. m.	EASTERN.	9.00 a. m. / 3.00 p. m.
9.00 a. m. / 8.00 p. m.	WESTERN.	9.00 a. m. / 6.55 p. m.
1.00 a m	NORTHERN.	4.25 p. m
.50 p. m.	SOUTHERN.	9.00 a. m
1.30 a m. / 7.30 p. m.	OMAHA.	8.25 a. 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 3:45 a. m.	Arrives 6:00 a. m.
4:23 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 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.
" 7:15 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 10:35 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 8:50 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 8:25 p. m.; Arrives at McCook 4:50 a. m.; Hastings 10:30 a. m.; Lincoln 2:20 p. m.; Plattsmouth 5:00 p. m.
Leaves Lincoln 7:45 a.; arrives Plattsmouth 9:30 a. m.

FREIGHT

Leaves Lincoln at 10:30 a. m.; Arrives 2:00pm
Leaves Hastings [illegible]; Arrives Lincoln 6:30 p. m.; Plattsmouth 9:00 a. m.
Leaves Denver [illegible]; Arrives McCook 8:00 a. m.; Hastings 6:30 p. m.; Lincoln 6:30 a. m.; Plattsmouth 11:00 a. m.

GOING EAST.

Passenger trains leave Plattsmouth at 7:00 a. m., 2:00 p. m., 5:20 p. m. and arrive at Pacific Junction at 7:30 a. m., 2:30 p. m., and 5:30 p. m.

Leave at 9:20 a. m. and 6:00 p. m. Arrive at Pacific Junction at 9:50 a. m. and 6:15 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 "	[illegible] "	6.45 "
Kansas City	6.35 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 arrives	8.00 "	6.55 "	7.05 "

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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DR. S. MILLER,
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PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

JAS. S. MATHEWS
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Office over Boeck & Schulhof's store, south side of Main, between 5th and 6th streets. 21tf

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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.

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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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— TO THE —
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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.

Plattsmouth Telephone Exchange.

1 J. P. Young, residence.
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. Byers, residence.
31 Journal office.
32 Fairfield's ice office.
34 HERALD PUB. CO office.
35 J. N. Wise, residence.
36 S. M. Chapman, "
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, florist.
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 Ashland, Arlington, Blair, Council Bluffs, Fremont, Lincoln, Omaha, Elkhorn Station, Papillion, Springfield, Louisville South Bend and Waverly.

THE SONS OF MALTA.

The Facts About a Once Famous Order.

The Extraordinary Processes of Initiation---The Rough Road Over Which the New Brother Traveled.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Just a quarter of a century ago a secret society, known as the Sons of Malta, sprang suddenly into existence in the city of New Orleans. The original object of the organization was the capture of Cuba, and many prominent military men of the south were the leading spirits in the movement. For reasons which the writer is not at liberty to divulge, the filibustering plans of the order were abruptly squelched, and soon thereafter a well-known newspaper man, who had been initiated, conceived the idea of making "some fun for the boys." The whole business of initiation, etc., was transformed into a series of the most stupendous sells, practical jokes and outrageously comical proceedings ever dreamed of. The order spread rapidly all over the union. It was generally believed by the outside public that the Sons of Malta was a benevolent society, and to foster this belief, frequent lengthy notices of charitable deeds performed by the order was published in the newspapers all over the land. Meetings were held weekly, and there was so much solid fun to be enjoyed that nothing short of a death in the family would deter a member from attending; therefore, in many places, the membership was so great that the utmost difficulty was experienced in obtaining lodge-rooms of sufficient capacity.

Candidates for initiation were ushered into the hall where those who were already members were arranged in rows, each covered from head to foot with a white or black gown, in which was cut small holes for the eyes and mouth. With this garment on the identity of the wearer was perfectly concealed and the candidates who were initiated at one time did not know whether they were in the hands of friends or strangers.

To each candidate the "master of ceremonies," in a most impressive and pleasing manner, stated the objects of the order and told how the brotherhood came together with one aim and one understanding. "We are bound together," he said, "by the ties of love, confidence and charity for one another, strengthened and solidified by the cement of confession. We open up the secrets of our hearts in the hearing and presence of each other. We are all sinful creatures, and confession is good for the soul. Our good deeds speak for themselves, and our bad deeds are recorded, and in due time these records are burned and the ashes are all that remain of a dead and forgotten past.

Then the candidate was asked if he was willing to leave the sinful world behind, and enter upon the new life. An affirmative answer, and the initiation began. He was immediately blindfolded, led to a step-ladder, and told to ascend and seat himself on the top stair with arms folded. This was the position each had to occupy while undergoing the ordeal of a "confession" of his misdeeds. He would be led along by adroit questioning until he made what was regarded as a "clean breast" of his moral shortcomings. When a particularly rich or unexpected admission was pumped out of him, a deep, sepulchral voice solemnly exclaimed:

"Re-co-o-r-d it!"

And immediately a heavy blow was struck upon a big drum to drown the irrepressible laughter.

If a candidate gave evidence of a desire to conceal anything he was given to understand that the inner secrets of his son were known to the order, and to hesitate to give them would be an unpardonable crime in the eyes of the brotherhood. This would suffice for many, but the majority would of course hold out and refuse to answer some indelicate question, liable to lead into a channel that might involve him in a disagreeable confession. And all through this was exactly what was aimed at.

In such cases an intimate friend of the candidate would pass up to the master of ceremonies on a slip of paper a point or two in some questionable transaction of the applicant's life, and this would prove the key to unlock the secret recesses of his heart. Then would the master say, in a tone of rebuke:

"The records of the order show that upon such a day, in such a year, while you were in the city of Cincinnati, you did thus and so." Then, in a tone mildly expostulatory, he continued:

"My friend—would I could call you brother—as I have said before, all your misdeeds are known to the order to which you are seeking admission. While crossing the portals which separate our brotherhood from a wicked and sinful world, and while about entering upon a new life, and breathing a purer atmosphere, you have ungratefully tried to deceive us. for this you are to be punished and thrust back into the wickedness you are so loath to leave behind.

"Sir knight, summon the council of ten and take the recreant before that tribunal for punishment."

Then to the candidate, in a saddened tone of voice.

"Sir, there is but one way in which you can redeem yourself in the eyes of the brotherhood—make a full and complete confession."

The feeling that their secrets might actually be in possession of the brotherhood, and an indefinable dread of what that Council of Ten might do in the way of punishment, invariably unlocked the mouth and some of the most sedate citizens—men of good character and standing—were forced to own up to moral transgressions they would not care to have appear in print.

The candidate was then asked if he could swim. If he answered in the affirmative the reply was, "Let us see you." If in the negative the answer was "We will teach you." Sild blindfolded, he was marched to a far corner of the room where a stream of water from a faucet kept up the delusion of a prospective bath and commanded to disrobe for the plunge. Four strong brothers then seized him, and, with a toss, placed him with his stomach resting on the top of a high stool and told him to "strike out." The delusion was so great that the poor victim would kick and paw the air and make the most ridiculous exertions imaginable.

Although it was a dry bath, the new-fledged brother had to be put through the drying-machine. This was a high, narrow box—just high enough and wide enough for a man to stand upright in. When he was in three slats were inserted to keep him position while he was going through the drying process. The box was hung on pivots between two upright bars, and had attached to the side a crank, by which it could be readily and quite rapidly revolved. And this was only one of the little trials which the ambitious seeker after the mysteries of Malta had to undergo. He was whirled round and round perpendicularly, head over heels and heels over head, first quite slow and then with gradually increasing speed, until the breath of the human propeller gave out. The frightened fellow was then removed to an easy chair to take a rest, while further questions were propounded to him, and the sonorous "R-e-c-o-r-d it!" resounded through the hall after each of his answers. He was then told to prepare for the "rough and rugged road." He was placed on all fours, and, by prodding from the rear, forced to crawl through a long iron boiler, on which the members were hammering; thence up a rough incline to the top of a pedestal twelve or fifteen feet high, from which he was shoved into a large blanket made of sail cloth, with handholes for ten men on a side. Then he was sent flying to the ceiling. Down he would come and up he would go at the rate of thirty times in sixty seconds, and such a shaking up as the poor fellow experienced cannot be realized by those who have not been similarly favored.

And thus the "initiation" continued until the resources of the lodge were exhausted, one grand sell following another in rapid succession, each one more stupendous than the one preceding. Finally, as a grand wind-up, the candidate was informed that in view of the fact that he had suffered so many indignities and passed through such a trying ordeal, the lodge has decided to confer upon him the honorary title of G. R. J. A.—judge, or general, or colonel so-and so having resigned the position in his favor

With a lengthy and florid speech from the master of ceremonies, and a deal of adulation and mock tokens of respect from the now unmasked members of the order the candidate was presented with his credentials, which it was made obligatory upon him should he immediately opened and examined. Hastily tne "great seal" of the order would be broken, the certificate taken from the envelope and opened, when, the victims would discover the picture of a jackass in bold relief, with various accoutrements and accompaniments, and would peerest and the roar of the frolicksome gang that surrounded him.

This expose could be greatly extended, but enough has been given to let those in Louisville who were members of the "noble order" know that one of the G. R. J. A.'s has been "giving away" their cussedness.

POWER FROM THE SUN.

An Attempt in California to Use Solar Engines on a Large Scale.

San Francisco Evening Bulletin.

From time immemorial attempts have been made to utilize the direct rays of the sun as a motor for industrial purposes. During the last ten years considerable progress has been made by M. Muchot, a professor in the lyceum of Tours, France, which has arrested the attention of the French and Algerian governments and scientific societies, and Muchot has received from these high authorities golden medals, the decoration of the Legion of Honor, and subscriptions aggregating nearly 100,000 francs.

A company with a larger capital has just been formed in Paris for the purpose of manufacturing the solar machines invented by Prof. Muchot, and over 100 of the various applications are in actual use in different parts of the world, pumping water, cooking food, running small agricultural machines, &c. The apparatus consists of a conical reflector 11¼ feet in diameter, from which the solar rays are reflected upon a boiler three feet long and sixteen inches in diameter outside, enclosed in a glass cover, and placed vertically in the axis of the reflector. A battery of four such machines, it is claimed, gives three-horse power, the price of which is, at the shop in Paris, 10,000 francs, or $2,000.

Since our attention was called to the machines in France the information comes that a company composed of the best mechanics and engineers of California has been incorporated for the purpose of purchasing American patents for utilizing solar heat for industrial purposes, such as pumping water for irrigating and reclaiming lands, propelling all kinds of machinery, furnishing steam and hot water for canneries, cooking food, the manufacture of borax, distilling alcohol, drying fruit, the sublimation of sulphur, and the roasting of ores.

An examination of the American patents and of the plans of the California company shows that the old style of conical reflectors and vertical boilers has been abandoned, and that the new apparatus, which the company has already commenced to construct, consists essentially in a reflector, cylindrical in form, having a parabolic cross-section, and being straight in longitudinal direction, in combination with a cylindrical heat receiver, or boiler, mounted on the axis of and parallel to the reflector, both reflector and boiler being placed horizontally or nearly so, and provided with suitable devices for setting machine in the proper position and causing it to follow the sun's apparent movement.

It is confidently expected that fully five-horse power will be realized from 7 a. m. to 5 p. m. It has been found that occasional passing clouds have no perceptible effect on the apparatus. All know that the sun generates immense quantities of heat. It has been demonstrated by Ericsson, Muchot, and other scientists that the heat of the sun, after absorption by our atmosphere, represents rather over one-horse power per square yard, and that we get more heat (other things being equal) on a day in winter than in summer, for the sun is nearest to us in our northern winter by several millions of miles.

There are millions of acres of the finest land in the world in the San Joaquin and other valleys of California and Arizona, which land needs but to be trickled with water to make it laugh with the harvest." Only a small part of this land can be irrigated by the usual methods, but water can exist in inexhaustible quantities in most localities at from ten to 100 feet from the surface. By driving a number of tube wells, say fifteen feet apart, and coupling them together at the top and applying a sun engine, a supply of water can be obtained for irrigation and for cattle which would raise the value of the land from $2 to $5, its present price, to $50 and $60 per acre, and fill these valleys with a prosperous and happy population. This is a phase of the solar engine business which should commend itself to the owners of the large ranches in the interior valleys, where the conditions are most favorable for the development of this enterprise. We are not unmindful of the objection that the solar rays are sometimes interrupted by clouds, and that at best such an engine would be available only in the daytime, but we answer that in the summer time, during our rainless season, when their need would be greatest, the sky is seldom obscured by clouds, and the power of the engine could be used for compressing air or generating electricity, which might be stored and the electricity or compressed air would serve to run the machinery in the night. In this way the cities on the plains could also be lighted by electricity at a minimum cost.

The Solar Heat Power company of California to-day filed articles of incorporation in the county clerk's office with a capital stock of 100,000 shares of $100 each.

Constitution of the Sun.

In a paper presented to the French academy Comptes Rendus, xcvi., 136) Faye gives his reasons for believing that our sun and the other large self-luminous heavenly bodies have not yet arrived at either a solid or a liquid state, but are gaseous all the way to the centers. Otherwise, he says, the heat radiated from them would not be so quickly replaced by heat from within, and the surface, consequently, would soon become covered with a solid, non-luminous crust.

Cagniard-Latour has, however, proved by means of some very remarkable experiments that a gaseous mass can acquire the density of a liquid without changing its state of aggregation, provided both temperature and pressure are high enough at one time. If, then, the external strata of the solar atmosphere, where all matter is in an elementary or dissociated state, should cool sufficiently for the elements to enter into chemical combination, if the vapors of metallic calcium, magnesium, and silicium, mixed with oxygen there, on cooling should form clouds of lime, magnesia, and silica, for example, these clouds would sink to the interior, where they would again be dissociated, while at the same time they would drive the hotter particles upward, so that an approximately uniform temperature would be maintained until the whole mass had gradually cooled to such an extent as to assume the liquid and afterward the solid state.

Faye bases his hypothesis on the spectroscopic observations of many years, and on Carrington's study of sun spots, which show that the currents are all on zones parallel to the equator, while there are none from the equator toward the pole. Besides this, the flattening of the sun and the slow motion of sun spots near the poles are more easily explained on this hypothesis of Faye's than on those hitherto in vogue.

Experiments in Chloroform.

Scientific American.

A French surgeon says, that on chloroforming some mice and lifting them by their tails, they tried to bite, but on laying them again in a horizontal position, they resumed insensibility. Acting on this hint, when a patient showed signs of a collapse under a dose of chloroform, he dropped the patient's head over the bedside and raised the feet quite high. The patient at once become conscious; when laid straight on the bed he became insensible again, and a return to lowering the head and raising the feet for ten minutes was required to counteract the chloroform. It is thought that by this treatment anæsthetics may be used with great safety.

Formation of the Solar System.

At a recent meeting of the London Physical Society, Mr. Braham gave an experimental demonstration of the vortiecl theory of the formation of the solar system by rotating a drop of castor oil and chloroform in water until it threw off other drops as planets.

A THRENODY.

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

Three hunters went shooting, out in the West,
Out in the West when the sun was up;
Their guns were the finest, and truest and best,
And red as blood was their trusty pup.
They swathed their forms in cardigan suits,
And they cased their legs in big gum boots.

Oh, but the winds of March were keen;
And the waves of Honey Creek were cold;
And the "bread and meat" in the tin canteen
Was gone e're the morning hour was old;
And the icy waters numbed their legs,
And the blood-red purp ate the hard-boiled eggs.

Three hunters came back in the twilight dim,
As the sun went down in the rosy West;
Their steps were slow, their faces grim,
And a ton of anguish filled each breast.
And all the shot they had shot so hard
The dog brought home in his after guard

RIDING AN AVALANCHE

How Uncle Alex Came to See His Friends in Deer Lodge.

An Old Man of 76 on the Perilous Front of an Avalanche---A Thrilling Story.

Deer Lodge (M. T.) New Northwest.

Everybody knows, or is the worse off for not knowing, Uncle Alex Hyland. He is 76 years old, hale hearty and vigorous for his years, and every day through the season does his day's work in the placers alongside such stalwarts as James Hartford and James Fleming, and never misses a lick or a meal. And he doesn't let the long winters debilitate him, either. A few days ago John Gerber wrote to him of his intended departure for California about this time, and in the due course of uncertain mails the letter was placed in Uncle Alex's hands. It had been raining two days on Elk; the four or five feet of snow that covers the mountains and gulches in the vicinity was soft and honeycombed and the streams were running a freshet. But Uncle Alex concluded to come to Deer Lodge to see Gerber. The first eight miles to Bear, crossing the heavy range, had to be made on snow-shoes, and the next nine to the stage station on foot; but Wednesday morning of last week he strapped on his eleven feet Norwegian snow-shoes and started over by way of Deep Gulch. The ascent from Elk was tedious and laborious. It is a long trudge up the mountain to the top of the ridge, 1,000 feet above Beartown and 6,000 above the sea—especially to a man 76 years old. The summit was reached at last, and he was congratulating himself on an easy run down to Beartown, when the snow sunk in the trail and down he went. Another trial and the same result. The rains had honeycombed and undermined the snow. A little distance on the whole body of snow had slid away and plunged down the precipitous canon side into the bed of Deep Gulch. This would never do for snow shoeing. The only recourse was to ascend the canon side to the dividing ridge between Elk and Deep and follow along on the edge of the summit. He muffled his shoes with rope brought for the purpose and the climb was made, good footing secured, and all looked clear ahead. Uncle Alex then thought it was about time for a smoke. He halted, filled his pipe, lit it, took a North American whiff or two, and was just striking out when—wh-o-w-w-zip away went the entire body of snow with a wild whirl, and in a moment he was riding an avalanche 200 feet wide with lightning speed, headlong down the precipice toward the waters of the creek nearly 400 feet below. Fortunately, he was whirled "head on," and was within a few feet of the top of the slide when it started. He struck with his alpenstock, braced himself in the shoes he could not disengage from his feet, and flew through space with the acceleration of speed produced by both the declivity and the snow-slide. Before he could say "Erin go Bragh" the slide had carried him into and across the gulch, crushed his snow-shoes, and swamped the snow up around him until only enough of him was left free and unfettered to have whipped Gerber had he been in sight. But he wasn't—nor any other living thing—and the wind singing a plaintive monody in the neighboring pines alone broke the stillness that succeeded the roar of the avalanche. He looked back to see if any more snow was coming. The canon side lay bare and scarred to the summit with the boulders and stumps holding white fragments of their recent shroud. He had ridden the crest of the slide and was safe. He was about to rest a spell before extricating himself, when suddenly his feet grew cold. The chill crept up his ankles and was feeling for his knees before he realized the situation. The snow-slide had dammed the waters of Deep Gulch. They were coming up after him. Something was necessary to be done without unnecessary delay. Some willows and brush projected near. He reached over and caught them and was speedily free. He concluded to leave the vicinity forthwith, and was soon after picking his way down the gulch, arriving at Beartown at 5 p. m., without a bruise or a broken bone. And that's the way Uncle Alex came up from Beer Creek. Many and many a sturdy man has been lost in snow slides that were small compared to this, but they were under and he was on top. When asked if he would return that way he said: "No, I think I will go over by Henry Grant's cabin. The supervisor seems to have neglected his work this winter on the Deep Gulch trail." He leaves for home to-day.

A Misfit Fit.

Detroit Free Press.

A party of three young men from the agricultural districts entered a second-hand clothing store on Michigan avenue yesterday morning, and one of them finally bought a second-hand coat. He was solemnly assured that it was a fit that Shakspeare would have been proud of, and that it increased his beauty 200 per cent., and he went away perfectly satisfied. In about an hour, however, he returned and said:

"Say, this coat isn't a fit, after all."

"What ails dot goat, now, eh?"

"Well, it's too short in the back for one thing."

"Let me look. Too short, eh! Um! My frendt, who tells you so?

"Both the boys."

"And vhas dose poys tailors?"

"No."

"Do they get oudt some fashion-blates from Paris?"

"No."

"Vhell, how ish it dose poys know so much? Dot goat allows for you to stand oop und bend safer. It allows for your back to shorten oop or lengthen oudt."

"But the sleeves are too short."

"Let me see. Only last night my wife sit up all night to cut off dose sleeves und make 'em in style, und now you vhant a sleeve like Noah wore in der Ark! Vhell, nopody would think dot of you."

"I can't hardly bend my arms," continued the buyer.

"Vhell, I sold you dot goat for Sunday. You doan' chop wood on Sundays, I hope? Vhen you desire to bend your arms put on some odder goat."

"I'm not at all satisfied with it, no matter what you say."

"Vell, I can't help dot. After you buy dot goat you fall down or shump around or drink beer und get your body all out of shape und den come pack und complain. My frendt, dot goat vhas for a shentleman. Vhen you wear it you must be a shentleman."

"I paid you $8 for it, and I'll take $4."

"No."

"You can have it for $3."

"Young man, let me explain. I vhas a partner mit my wife. She buys und I sell. She is now in Chicago. Doan' you sell dot goat. Take it home und wait until you shrink a leedle und your back shortens oop, und you vhill den put on dat goat und set all der gals grazy und make all the young men shealous. Take my advice. I vhas in der clothing peesness forty years, und I know der cloth in dot goat. It vhants a good thunder-shower und two games of base ball to make it fit you like a handle to a coffee-mill!"

Dr. Briggs' Ghost Story.

From the Life of Professor De Morgan.

Dr. Briggs, when quartered in the Hill country, used to meet once a week with the officers and others, the custom being to breakfast at each others houses after the sport was over. On the day for Dr. B.'s turn to receive his friends he awoke at dawn, and saw a figure standing at his bedside. Having rubbed his eyes to make sure that he was awake, he got up, crossed the room and washed his face in cold water. He then turned, and, seeing the same figure, approached it, and recognized a sister whom he had left in England. He uttered some exclamation and fell down in a swoon, in which state he was found by the servant who came to call him for the hunt. He was, of course, unable to join his hunting friends, who, when at breakfast, on their return, rallied him as to the cause of his absence. In the midst of the talk he suddenly looked up aghast and said, in a trembling voice: "Is it possible that none of you see the woman standing there?" They all declared there was no one. "I tell you there is; she is my sister. I beg you all to make a note of this, for we shall hear of her death."

All present, sixteen in number, of whom Sir John Malcolm was one, made an entry into their note-books of the occurrence and exact date. Some months after this, by the first mail from England that could bring it, came the news that the sister had died at the same time of the vision, having on her death-bed expressed a strong wish to see her brother, and to leave two young children in his charge.

The Editor and His Gold.

Peck's Sun.

An editor who has been weighing a few tons of his ill-gotten gold, announces that one ton of the stuff will make over 800,000

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