OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

State Directory.

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

Supreme Court.

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

Second Judicial District.

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

City Directory.

JOSEPH V. WECKBACH, Mayor.
WILLIAM H. CUSHING, Treasurer.
J. D. SIMPSON, City Clerk.
WILLETT POTTENGER, Police Judge.
M. A. HARTIGAN, City Attorney.
F. KROEHLER, Chief of Police.
F. KROEHLER, Overseer of Streets.
C. KOEHNKE, Chief of Fire Dept.
JOSEPH H. HALL, Ch'n Board of Health.

COUNCILMEN.

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

SCHOOL BOARD.

JESSE B. STRODE, J. W. BARNES,
V. V. 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.

ARRIVES.		DEPARTS.
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.
11.00 a m	NORTHERN.	4.25 p. m
7.30 p. m.	SOUTHERN.	9.00 a. m
10.30 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.

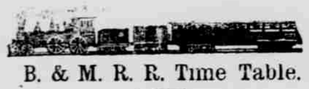
On orders not exceeding $15 - - - 10 cents
Over $15 and not exceeding $30 - - - 15 cents
" $30 " " $40 - - 20 cents
" $40 " " $50 - - 25 cents

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	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.
4:40 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.
7:15 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 10:05 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 5:30 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 5:25 a.m.; Hastings 9:30 p. m.; Lincoln 6:45 a. m.; Plattsmouth 11:50 a. m.

GOING EAST.

Passenger trains leave Plattsmouth at 7:00 a. m., 9:00 a. m., 5:10 p. m. and arrive at Pacific Junction at 7:25 a. m., 9:20 a. m. and 5:30 p. m.

K. C. AND ST. JOE.

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

FROM THE EAST.

Passenger trains leave Pacific Junction at 8:15 a. m., 6:20 p. m., 10 a. m. and arrive at Plattsmouth at 8:40 a. m., 6:40 p. m. and 10:30 a. m.

K. C. AND ST. JOE.

Leave Pacific Junction at 6:10 a. m. and 5:40 p. m.; Arrive 6:25 a. m. and 5:55 p. m.

TIME TABLE

Missouri Pacific Railroad.

	Express leaves going SOUTH.	Express leaves going SOUTH.	Freight leaves going SOUTH.
Omaha	7.40 p.m	8.00 a.m.	12.50 a. m.
Papillion	8.17 "	8.37 "	2.00 p. m.
Springfield	8.42 "	9.00 "	3.05 "
Louisville	8.59 "	9.15 "	3.50 "
Weeping Water	9.24 "	9.40 "	5.00 "
Avoca	9.37 "	9.53 "	5.45 "
Dunbar	10.07 "	10.21 "	6.45 "
Kansas City	6.37 a.m	7.07 p.m.	
St. Louis	5.52 p.m	6.22 a.m.	
	Going NORTH.	Going NORTH.	Going NORTH.
St. Louis	8.52 a.m	8.32 p.m.	
Kansas City	8.38 p.m	7.57 a.m.	
Dunbar	5.10 a.m	4.21 p.m.	1.01 p. m.
Avoca	5.45 "	4.54 "	2.10 "
Weeping Water	6.03 "	5.09 "	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

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

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J. F. BAUMEISTER

Furnishes Fresh, Pure Milk

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

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Special attention given to diseases of women and children. 21tf

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PLATTSMOUTH, - NEBRASKA.

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

DR. S. MILLER,

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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

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ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will practice in all the Courts in the State.

District Attorney and Notary Public.

WILL S. WISE.

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ATTORNEY AT 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 S. WINDHAM,

Notary Public.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office over Carruth's Jewelry Store.

Plattsmouth, - - - - Nebraska.

M. A. HARTIGAN,

LAWYER.

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Prompt and careful attention to a general Law Practice.

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SULLIVAN & WOOLEY,

Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law.

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

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

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

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.

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 Morrissey 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.
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, "
345 C. C. Ballard, "

The switch board connects Plattsmouth with Ashland, Arlington, Blair, Council Bluffs, Fremont, Lincoln, Omaha Elkhorn Station, Louisville South Bend

A NEW LAND.

Tacoma, the Terminus of the Northern Pacific.

A City that Threatens the Supremacy of San Francisco---Wealth in Iron, Coal, Timber and Precious Metals.

Puget Sound Letter in New York Sun.

The great city on the Pacific coast is to be Tacoma, the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Its present and future rest on certainties.

San Francisco was founded on chance—the chance of finding placer gold in paying site and quantity, and the chance that rock veins of silver and gold would endure. California's placers, except in the mountain-top blue clay channels, have all been found and scooped clean. The Comstock mines, abandoned or unworked, represent the best condition of California's gambling labor in rock mining. In the vernacular of her card gamblers, California is "played" and San Francisco is "played." For back of the uncertainty of gold and silver in the rock lies the most terrible of all uncertainties to a civilized state, the uncertainty of rain. California cannot count on any crop whatever except grapes and wine. Tacoma, on the other hand, is in the center of the largest and most valuable lumber forest on the globe. Underneath her is the best bituminous coal in America. It outcrops ten miles behind her. In the Wilkeson coal field, thirty miles east of her, the quantity of workable coal in five veins aggregating thirty feet, all controlled by the Northern Pacific Railroad company, and therefore an appendage of Tacoma forever, is estimated to be 236,700,000 tons. In the Green River field, forty-six miles east of Tacoma, the railroad company's veins aggregate forty-five feet Within a year the workable thickness of coal tributary to Tacoma, and as good as the best Pittsburgh, and on or near the Northern Pacific's land grant, has been increased by discovery from 27 to 82 feet, and in area in the Wilkeson field alone from 920 acres to 5,280. And this wealth of perfect coal is carried along the line of the railroad away over the Cascade range and down its eastern slope. Tacoma's coal is worth ten times over more than all the gold and silver California ever produced and San Francisco trafficked in. It will make Tacoma an eternal city. God made San Francisco only a gaudy riotous, short-lived gambling saloon. From Tacoma's coal bunkers will go the coal to be consumed on the entire Pacific coast and in the Sandwich Islands.

And there is iron ore in Tacoma's appanage. The Wilkeson coal field is already known to hold an eight foot vein of hematite, and the Green River field a twelve foot vein, each containing sixty per cent. of metal. Across the Sound, in the Olymptic range, is unlimited magnetic ore. It is absolutely certain that Tacoma will be the seat of an enormous industry in iron. We do not inventory the copper, gold and argentiferous galena deposits from Ellenville, on the east side of the Cascade range, to the Mount Tacoma foothills, west, reported by reputable mining experts there to abound more than in any other part of the United States.

In the waterway from the Pacific ocean to the Tacoma docks there is not a bar, rock, reef, or sand bank. The entrance to Puget Sound is thirteen miles wide and 600 feet deep, and this depth and this roominess are carried from the mouth of the Straits of Fuca to Commencement Bay, which is Tacoma's harbor. At her coal docks at low tide the largest British ironclad could lie without touching bottom. No incoming clipper ship need pay a dollar of pilotage or towage.

This unrivalled seaport has a competitor in Portland, O., a seaport 100 miles from the sea, up a muddy branch of the Columbia river. There are numerous bars between Portland and the mouth of the Columbia, which compel costly lighterage. The Columbia bar is the worst on the face of the earth. It is common for ships to wait inside a month to get safely out, and for British ships to beat on and off outside, vainly trying to get in, till their crews sicken with scurvy, has been a frequent incident in the unnatural commerce of Portland. The history of the terrible bar of the Columbia river is a history of wrecks and ruinous expenses for pilotage, towage, lighterage, and demurrage. A railroad running north and south through Oregon will be extended by connection this year to Tacoma. But Tacoma is to have two wheat railroads. The short and straight branch from the Columbia river valley across the Cascade mountains to Puget sound will carry to Tacoma all the wheat of eastern Washington territory, northeastern Oregon and Idaho. Tacoma will be the greatest grain-shipping port in the world. This Cascade branch, moreover, will immediately on its completion, give Tacoma an immense trade in coal and lumber eastward to the treeless and fuelless portion of the Columbia plains.

Her unequalled position and relations, and the two lines of railroad, from the south and the east, will make Tacoma the local metropolis of an area of territory larger than that which includes Chicago, Buffalo, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Louisville and St. Louis, and back to Chicago. Nationally, it will be the entreport and outport for the trade with Japan and China, to which Tacoma is 600 miles nearer than San Francisco is.

Puget Sound is a ravishingly beautiful archipelago. There is not so lovely a body of water on the earth. Tourists by tens of thousands will go yearly to Tacoma, to sail on this purple sea, through islands ever green with fig trees, the purple sea buttresses on the west by the snow peaks of the Olympian range, and sentried on the east by the slumbering volcano, Tacoma, 14,500 feet high, a pyramid of eternal ice and snow, which gives back to the entranced beholder the revolving light of day and of the moonlit night in every color and shade known to the prism and to art. There is not in all America such a superb spectacle as this snow mountain. And alone of American mountains it holds in its heart a glacier, as grand and impressive as that of Mont Blanc. The time will surely come when our "society mob," which now goes annually to Switzerland because it is fashionable and English to do so, will become sufficiently Americanized to desire to know the geography of its own country. Then the objective of our far summer travel will be Tacoma, the purple archipelago, and the Tacoma glacier.

Four thousand people are in this new town. The saw mills at Puget sound cannot supply its increasing population's demand for lumber. They run night and day to meet the impatience of a keen race to "get their stake" before September next, and before a flood in real estate values will follow there the completion of the Northern Pacific railroad. Tacoma's coal bunkers already are astonishing for size and rapidity in filling great ships. Her grain elevators, grain warehouses, car shops, machine shops, and foundries, built and ordered to be built by the railroad company, and the shipyards projected, are all on a scale measured to the size of a great city, as well as the needs of the greatest of the transcontinental railroads. And this queen of the Pacific will rule in a climate that should make extreme old age the law in Tacoma, and early death an accident or a fault. The climate record for the past: In 1882 the lowest temperature was 21 degrees Fahrenheit in February, and the highest 78 degrees in June. Snow fell eleven times in the months of January, February, and March, and disappeared on the same days. Frosts occurred five times in April and twice in May. Nature has provided perfectly for the drainage of the city. It will lie on three successive platforms, rising 300 feet above the level of Puget sound.

OCCIDENT.

Louise Michel.

Paris Cor. Chicago Tribune.

What does this woman want? What is she striving for? Anarchy. She wants no government, either by emperor, king, or president; no monarchies or republics; no controlling executive power. She wants no laws for the government of [illegible] no bounds beyond which there shall be a penalty for stepping. She wants no prisons for the punishment of crime, for the incarceration of mankind's worst foe, man himself. She would have no governments, laws, prisons, all punishments abolished. But what would she substitute? The government of self by self. This world, she says, is so far advanced that man can manage himself without the assistance of any outside restraining influence, such as the fear of imprisonment or death. So she has gone among these workingmen in the neighborhood of the Fabourg St. Antoine and elsewhere in Paris and counsels them to upset and destroy and govern themselves. "These men want bread," she says, "and whenever they are fighting for bread, there I will be leading them."

JOSH BILLINGS: It is the little bits of things that fret and worry us; we kan dodge an elephant easy enough, but the fellow of a fly makes us swat away to every passerby. [illegible] Shoes close in all the latest shades at Hartman's. Cash. Give me a call and save money. 73d&wtf W. H. BAKER. Office over Solomon & Nathan's store, Main St.

A ST. LOUIS ROMANCE.

Which an Able Reporter Wrote Up Out of His Own Head.

New York Tribune.

A St. Louis Post-Dispatch reporter gave rein to his imagination the other day and started out for a pleasant little excursion. Feeling the influence of the spring, however, his imagination soon took the bit in his mouth and bolted, and the reporter found himself struggling hopelessly with the American College at Rome and a private yacht; with a lot of lords and ladies in England, and a gypsum cave belonging to Jay Gould in St. Louis; with an execution in Alexandria, and a Catholic priest in New York. He was rescued by heroic efforts at the end of two and three-quarter columns, and is reported to be doing as well as could be expected.

The result of his adventure was a story in brief as follows: James Chester, son of Sir Archibald, and a "dude" of the first water. Lady Alicia De Vere, sister to Aubrey De Vere, the poet, too lovely for anything. Young people engaged, of course. James goes off for a year's cruise in his yacht, after being kissed by the Lady Alicia and Dante Gabriel Rossetti in the Liverpool Docks. Incidentally he attends a wholesale execution in Alexandria at the invitation of his friend the Khedive, and buys off one of the criminals for $5,000. An English man-of-war comes in, and the captain gives James a copy of The Times, containing the somewhat extraordinary announcement that "his grace the most Reverend Archbishop of York" had married in St. Paul's catheral "the Right Honorable William Lawrence Hyde, K. C. B., second son of the earl of Clarendon, and Lady Alicia De Vere."

James fainted, and on recovering went to Rome, after which, having called on Cardinal Autonelli (who, the reader will be surprised to learn, lived in "the Palazza Borgnesi"), he entered the American college. In three months he was graduated and was made professor of theology. After three years he came to this city and was assigned to St. Stephen's church in East Twenty-eighth st. Among his other duties he was chaplain to "the Convent of the Visitation in Forty-second st.," and the "Hospital of the Alexian Brothers in Second ave." James (now Father Chester) is called to the Convent of the Visitation to see a dying nun, Sister Mary Dolores. "Ja des Chester!" shrieks the nun "Alicia De Vere!" yells the priest. Lady Alicia dies and James, as usual, faints away. It is all a mistake. It was Lady Alicia's first cousin who married K. C. B. James goes crazy and retires to a gypsum cave belonging to Jay Gould, on the outskirts of St. Louis, where he died last week. In his will he left $5,000 to St. Stephen's church in this city, and $25,000 to the "Convent of the Visitation."

The cold and cheerless truth is that there never was any "Convent of the Visitation" in this city, no "Hospital of the Alexian Brothers," nor any Father Chester connected with St. Stephens Church, Priests who were educated at the American College in Rome say that there was never any such man as James Chester in the college.

A Proposed "Dime Novel" Bill.

New York Sun.

The committee on public education in the New York assembly must be composed of powerful intellects. The only conspicuous result of the deliberations of that body during the present session is a favorable report upon a bill in these words:

"Any person who shall sell, loan, or give to any minor under sixteen years of age any dime novel or book of fiction, without first obtaining the written consent of the parent or guardian of such minor, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment or by a fine not to exceed fifty dollars."

This measure appears to have proceeded from the mighty mind of Mr. Abel Goddard of St. Lawrence county.

A schedule ought to be annexed to the bill prescribing legislative definitions of a dime novel and a book of fiction.

Indeed, why put in dime novels at all? The words "any book of fiction" would seem to include novels of all prices, whereas a law against the sale of ten cent stories would not be violated by selling the same works at nine cents or eleven cents apiece.

But what are the books of fiction against which Mr. Goddard wants to guard the youth of St. Lawrence? "Robinson Crusoe" and "Cinderella," "Tom Brown at Rugby" and "David Copperfield," "Pelham" and "The Newcomes?" A mere reprint of the parables of our Lord would be a book of fiction, for it was by simple and striking stories that Christ taught some of the most impressive lessons to be found in the scripture.

When a man undertakes to deal by legislation with the injurious influences of a form of literature which seems occasionally to excite criminal tendencies in youthful readers, he needs to be a man of sense. If he is such a person, he soon learns that law can do so little in the way of a remedy that it had better let the subject alone.

Emigration to Manitoba.

Winnipeg Telegram to Minneapolis Tribune

Should emigration continue as begun, the aggregate this season will be double that of last year. The minimum estimate is put at a hundred thousand people this year. The great bulk are farmers, who are proceeding west to settle on land. Survey parties are pouring in from the east to sub-divide the land into territories for settlers. Great as the number is, yet it is too small to keep pace with immigration. On account of much of the land already laid out being in the hands of syndicates, speculators and other monopolists, hundreds of new settlers and old are crossing the boundary into Dakota since the opening of the Turtle Mountain reserve for homesteading by the American authorities.

Wisdom of Plants.

As an example of the curious property of plants in selecting from a soil only those materials proper for their nourishment, the ice plant, which is found abundantly on the Mediterranean coasts, is one of the most striking. It has lately formed the subject of some experiments by M. Mangon, who has cultivated it for many years. Its popular name is derived from the little vesicles filled with water which cover its stem, and have much the appearance of frozen dew-drops.

Analysis shows that it sucks up from the soil a large quantity of soda, potash, and other alkaline salts; indeed, it may be said that the plant represents a solution of alkaline salts held together by a vegetable tissue only, weighing two per cent. of its mass. M. Mangon believes that the plant might be useful if planted on unproductive soils where such salts are in excess, thereby rendering the ground suitable for ordinary cultivation.

Tobacco in a Hen-Roost.

Peck's Sun.

A correspondent writes to know if we think tobacco a good thing to use in a hen roost to keep the fowls healthy. We could not advise it. A La Crosse gentleman, who was a great hen fancier, tried tobacco in a beautiful hen house that he had built, and in a few days after he went into the building and a large Bramah rooster was chewing tobacco and spiting on the floor, and the hens gathered around the rooster asking for a chew of tobacco. We should advise a total abstinence from tobacco in a hen house, if our correspondent desires to promote morality among the hens.

"I love to tell a lie, I love to tell a lie," sang little Dick, with all the strength of his three-year-old lungs. "Why Richard," said his mother reprovingly, you must not sing that. "We singed it in Sunday school," stoutly asserted the little fellow, "We singed, 'I love to tell the story,' and a story is a lie." Mamma had to explain.

Too Much Salt.

New Orleans Picayune.

A big brown bear at the Black Hills found and ate a bushel of salt with great gusto. An hour later he was seen at the bank of a creek, assiduously drinking, and occasionally raising his head to look up stream and see if the supply of water was likely to hold out.

Catching the Eye.

"A loft to lett" is painted on the door of a Gold street store. "Why don't you spell those words properly?" a customer asked the proprietor. "Because if we did, no one would turn to read them. That extra 't' catches the eye."

African Railroad.

The first locomotive has just appeared in Senegambia, where the first mile and a half of a French railroad between Senegal and the Niger was opened in December.

WOMAN AND HOME.

Household Hints and Brevities---Women in Journalism.

Forecasts of Summer Fashions---Selecting Flowers for Spring---The "Mannish" Woman.

"M. E. W. S." in Demorest's Monthly.

The nineteenth century has developed a something between a woman and a man, which is called a "mannish woman." She slaps her sides and her knees. She affects the most masculine of hats and ulsters; her language is of the stable and the boat-house; she delights in slang; she wears no gloves, allowing her hands to grow red and coarse; she parts her hair on one side; she drives the horses for her husband or her lover; and asks her friends to examine the biceps muscle in her arm, to see how "tough" it is.

She breaks down the barrier between respect and familiarity, by depriving women of their dearest privileges—care and protection.

Who can care for or protect a mannish woman?

She strides, she talks loud and defiantly, and yet she may be affectionate and sincere only mistaken, only a little giddy, impulsive, and unfortunate in the direction her taste has received.

It is the dangerous side of a very good thing. Physical culture is an admirable thing. Horseback riding, skating, walking, coasting, lawn tennis, the visits to the Adirondacks, the sweet communing with nature, all gay, frank, and healthy, and proper acquaintanceship between the sexes, these things are certain to improve a woman's beauty and a woman's health. To be well loved and well married is the natural condition of a woman; to become also a useful and strong and self-dependent single woman is within her scope. She may study medicine or law, or fill pulpit or rostrum, or conduct a newspaper, or become the manager of a great hotel; or she may fill the difficult role of a popular actress, even to the playing of parts which seem to unsex, without losing her feminine grace, if she be a true and modest woman. The most modest of women have sometimes been driven to the profession of public dancers and of the variety actress, yet none of these women are forced by necessity to so belie themselves as does the "mannish" woman from choice.

The fashionable world holds the "mannish" woman almost exclusively. It may be, let us hope that it is, one of the rapidly changing fashions of this changeful century.

This is a certain delicate type of woman, very small, very pretty, very piping voice—she may play at manliness, and be applauded by men. She may tilt her hat, strade her feet, talk slang, make believe smoke—rather as children assume to be major generals and lord high admirals. The very assumption is witty, and suggestive of an absurd contrast. It affects one as does the sprightly acting of some opera bouffe actress. It is like Dr. Johnsons definition of wit, the sudden juxtaposition of antagonistic ideas, but it is dangerous.

Woe unto the larger or plainer woman who tries to copy this little man. Their talent should never assay to copy genius. Let the large mannish woman remember that excellent maxim of Bulwer's:

"Never forget that you belong to a sex which cannot afford to be grotesque."

Mannishness in woman is, in brief, a bad imitation of things at best not worth copying, and which the best men are getting rid of.

Women in Journalism.

At Indianapolis Mrs. May Wright Sewall gave a lunch in honor of Mrs. Gertrude Garrison, who will shortly leave the city and friends she has so long been identified with, for New York City. Mrs. Garrison made the following response to the sentiment "Women in Journalism":

As I am out of journalism just now, I am not the woman referred to, and am in a position to speak my mind about the one who is meant. Think of her sacrifices? She gives up all that were once considered woman's most precious possessions and dearest privileges.

She forsakes the "fireside" that noble institution invented by our remote forefathers on purpose for women to adorn and look after. Instead of the delicate shovel and tongs designed by heaven for her fair hands, she grasps a huge pen and boldly launches her opinions.

She is obliged to forego the manufacture of the zephyr lions and crotched tidies. She gives up the frying pan; she deserts the wash-tub and hangs up the dust-brush.

She denies herself the intimate companionship of poodles and parrots; she has no time for gossip does her taste for neighborhood quarrels. She gets out of her "sphere" another institution designed for her especially. Oh, there's no end to the sacrifices which the woman in journalism is obliged to make. And what does she get in return? Fulsome notices of her ability and overwhelming descriptions of personal appearance in the exchanges; the undying hatred little minds, the jealousy of mediocres; speculation about her age among the women who are not considered brainy; romantic little fictions in regard to her personal history in other newspapers; hurts from the heartless, malice from the mean, stings from the cowards, and depressing criticisms repeated to her by fool friends. Yes, and she will be spoken of by the silly editor as the "fair writer." She will be asked by her next-door neighbor, every day or so, what paper she is connected with, and "what name" she writes under? Some women will ask her why she does't do her writing at her house, and hint that that would be the proper thing. If there is anything in the paper that she specially disapproves of, and didn't construct, and wouldn't under any circumstances, the town will unite in giving her the credit of writing it. Her satire will be called spleen, her humor conceit, her logic false, and her force spite.

She will not have such a rosy time as the man in journalism, but when it is all summed up, if she is in her rightful place she wouldn't exchange the pen for the darning needle under any circumstances, and she is buoyed up through all by the hope that in time that it will be said of her that she writes like a perfect gentleman.

She That Ruleth Her Own Baby.

Ida A. Harper in Terre Haute Mail.

To pass to the subject of babies; how differently they are managed by different mothers, when traveling. On this particular evening there were two such striking examples, just in front of us. One came in rigged out in all sorts of furbelows, feathers, veil, jewelry, lace collar, etc., and the poor little baby was similarly dressed. The first thing she did was to slam the child down on a seat and say, "Now, I want you to sit still and not climb around and get into mischief." Of course the first thing it did was to disobey orders. It climbed up to play with some children back of it and the mother pulled it down; it stood up to rub its hands on the window and she jerked it down again; it slid off on the floor, and she shook it and put it back on the seat; it commenced playing with her ribbons and she slapped its hands. Whatever it wanted to do, she was determined it should not do, and finally it began to cry and she got cross and all the passengers resolved themselves into a band of old bachelors and spinsters who anathematized every baby in existence.

Presently the door opened and in came another woman with a baby, a plainly dressed, pleasant faced woman with a chubby baby in a flannel sack and a knit hood. It rolled and tumbled about the seat to its heart's content, she only watching to see that it was not hurt, but not interfering with its play. At last it climbed upon her knee, and, putting both hands on the back of the seat in front, leaned its head on them and tried to go to sleep. It was a very uncomfortable position, and the mother tried to have the baby change it, but it was determined not to do so. It was very sleepy and we prepared ourselves for a squall, but quite the contrary. The mother did not insist at all, but leaned quietly back and let it alone. First one little hand would drop off the seat, then the other, then the head would fall down, but the mother never moved. Finally, the baby, seeing for itself that it could not rest in this way, turned around, of its own accord, nestled up in its mother's arms and was soon sound asleep.

Well, we just took off our hats to that woman. She that ruleth her own baby is mightier than she that taketh a city—that is if she rules by diplomacy and does not forget that the child may have an individuality as strong as her own, which she should treat with some respect.

To protect the lungs when riding in the cold place a folded newspaper over the chest under the outer wrap.

A "Holder" for Baking Day.

Madge Carrol in Arthur's Magazine.

How often do we hear on baking-day the frantic cry: "Where is my holder?" Failing in

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