R. R. TIME TABLE.

B & M. R. R. in Nebraska,

MAIN LINE.

STATIONS:	EXPRESS TRAINS GOING WEST. No. 1.	No. 3.
Plattsmouth	9 :00 a m	6 :55 p m
Oreapolis	9 :20 a m	7:15 p m
Concord	9 :35 a m	7 :28 p m
Cedar Creek	9 :48 a m	7:42 p m
Louisville	10 :04 a m	7 :56 p m
South Bend	10 :20 a m	8 :10 p m
Ashland	10 :47 a m	8 :30 p m
Greenwood	11 :05 a m	8 :45 p m
Lincoln	Ar. 11 :55 p m L've 12 :30 p m	Ar. 9 :30 p m L've 10 :15 p m
Hastings	Ar. 4 :25 p m L've 4 :35 p m	Ar. 3 :15 a m L've 3 :30 a m
Red Cloud	Ar. 5 :55 p m L've 6 :20 p m	Ar. 6 :30 a m L've 8 :05 a m
McCook	Ar. 11 :00 p m L've 11 :10 p m	Ar. 12 :05 p m L've 12 :25 p m
Akron	Ar. 4 :20 a m L've 4 :30 a m	Ar. 5 :35 p m L've 6 :00 p m
Denver	Ar. 8 :05 a m	Ar. 10 :00 p m

STATIONS:	EXPRESS TRAINS GOING EAST. No. 2.	No. 4.
Plattsmouth	Ar. 5 :10 p m	Ar. 9 :00 a m
Oreapolis	Ar. 4 :50 p m	Ar. 8 :50 a m
Concord	Ar. 4 :35 p m	Ar. 8 :35 a m
Cedar Creek	Ar. 4 :22 p m	Ar. 8 :25 a m
Louisville	Ar. 4 :10 p m	Ar. 8 :17 a m
South Bend	Ar. 3 :55 p m	Ar. 8 :05 a m
Ashland	Ar. 3 :35 p m	Ar. 7 :48 a m
Greenwood	Ar. 3 :15 p m	Ar. 7 :34 a m
Lincoln	Ar. 2 :00 p m L've 2 :25 p m	Ar 3 :30 a m L've 7 :00 a m
Hastings	Ar. 9 :50 a m L've 10 :10 a m	Ar. 10 :15 p m L've 10 :30 p m
Red Cloud	Ar. 8 :00 a m L've 8 :25 a m	Ar. 6 :55 p m L've 7 :45 p m
McCook	Ar. 3 :55 a m L've 4 :05 a m	Ar. 3 :00 p m L've 3 :20 p m
Akron	Ar. 10 :45 p m L've 10 :55 p m	Ar. 10 :55 a m L've 11 :05 a m
Denver	L've 7 :05 p m	L've 7 :35 a m

Trains 3 and 4, numbering 39 and 40 west of Red Cloud, run daily except Sunday.

K. C. ST. JOE & C. B R. R.

STATIONS:	EXPRESS TRAINS GOING NORTH.	
Plattsmouth	4 :50 a m	5 :55 p m
Oreapolis	5 :03 a m	6 :07 p m
La Platte	5 :11 a m	6 :14 p m
Bellevue	5 :28 a m	6 :26 p m
Omaha	6 :00 a m	6 :50 p m

STATIONS:	EXPRESS TRAINS GOING SOUTH.	
Plattsmouth	9 :20 a m	8 :10 p m
Oreapolis	9 :10 a m	8 :00 p m
La Platte	9 :00 a m	7 :55 p m
Bellevue	8 :47 a m	7 :42 p m
Omaha	8 :25 a m	7 :20 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	8.50 "	9.15 "	3.50 "
Weeping Water	9.24 "	9.40 "	5.00 "
Avoca	9.37 "	9.53 "	5.45 "
Dunbar	10.07 "	10.21 "	6.45 "
Kansas City	6.37 a.m	7.07 p.m.	
St. Louis	5.52 p.m	6.22 a.m.	
	Going NORTH.	Going NORTH.	Going NORTH.
St. Louis	8.52 a.m	8.32 p.m.	
Kansas City	8.38 p.m	7.57 a.m	
Dunbar	5.10 a.m	4.24 p.m.	1.01 p. m.
Avoca	5.45 "	4.54 "	2.10 "
Weeping Water	6.03 "	5.08 "	2.45 "
Louisville	6.32 "	5.33 "	3.50 "
Springfield	6.51 "	5.48 "	4.25 "
Papillion	7.20 "	6.13 "	5.25 "
Omaha arrive	8.00 "	6.55 "	7.00 "

The above is Jefferson City time, which is 14 minutes faster than Omaha time.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF PLATTSMOUTH MAILS.

ARRIVES.		DEPARTS.
.30 p. m. 9.30 a. m.	EASTERN.	9.00 a. m. 3.00 p. m.
9.00 a. m. 5.00 p. m.	WESTERN.	9.00 a. m. 6.55 p. m.
1.00 a m	NORTHERN.	4.[illegible] p. m
.80 p. m.	SOUTHERN.	9.[illegible] a. m
.30 a m. .30 p. m.	OMAHA	8.25 a. m. 4.25 p. m.
.30 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.

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GEORGE S. SMITH, Mayor.
WILLIAM H. CUSHING, Treasurer.
J. D. SIMPSON, City Clerk.
WILLETT POTTENGER, Police Judge.
R. B. WINDHAM, City Attorney.
P. B. MURPHY, Chief of Police.
P. McCANN, Overseer of Streets.
C. KŒHNKE, Chief of Fire Dept.
W. H. SCHILDKNECHT, Ch'n Board of Health

COUNCILMEN.

1st Ward—Wm. Herold, H. M. Bons.
2nd Ward—J. M. Patterson, J. H. Fairfield.
3rd Ward—M. B. Murphy, J. E. Morrison.
4th Ward—F. D. Lehnhoff, P. McCallan.

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JESSE B. STRODE, J. W. BARNES,
M. A. HARTIGAN Wm. WINTERSTEEN.
L. D. BENNETT, V. V. LEONARD.

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 BÆCK, 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

MILK.

J. F. BAUMEISTER

Furnishes Fresh, Pure Milk

DELIVERED DAILY.

Special calls attended to, and Fresh Milk from same furnished when wanted. 4ly

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Flour, Corn Meal & Feed

Always on hand and for sale at lowest cash prices. The highest prices paid for Wheat and

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1 J. P. Young, residence.
2 Bennett & Lewis, store.
3 M. B. Murphy & Co., "
4 Bonner Stables.
5 County Clerk's office.
6 R. 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.
207 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.

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

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Napkin SOAP

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Made ONLY of Vegetable Oil and Pure Beef Tallow.

To induce housekeepers to give this Soap a trial, WITH EACH BAR

WE GIVE A FINE TABLE NAPKIN FREE

This offer is made for a short time only and should be taken advantage of at ONCE. We WARRANT this Soap to do more washing with greater ease than any soap in the market. It has no EQUAL for use in hard and cold water.

YOUR GROCER HAS IT.

G. A. Wrisley & Co.

CHICAGO,

Manufacturers of Standard Laundry

JAY GOULD'S PALACE.

The Gorgeous Surroundings of the Arch Stock Waterer.

Works of Art and Decoration--Mrs Gould's Apartments--Nellie's Boudoir----George's Growlery---Lavish Display of Wealth Everywhere.

New York Journal.

Jay Gould lives at the corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-seventh street, opposite the Windsor hotel. It is a very large, splendid brown stone mansion, formerly occupied by ex-Mayor Opdyke, of exceptional width and which would command the immediate attention of almost any casual passer-by. A reporter went through the house on Saturday. The vestibule is fifty feet long and finished in French burnt walnut and birdseye maple. In a large recess stands a marble statue of Miss Nellie Gould, in a recumbent position, taken when five years old. An excellent picture of Jay Gould, by Herkomer, recently finished, hangs on the wall, while near it a painting by Rosa Bonheur—Mr. Gould's last purchase, representing a cattle scene—was placed ready for hanging. This picture alone cost $25,000. The hall is lighted by oriental lamps in glass mosaic. The floor is of marble.

Off the left of the hall the reception room is placed. The apartment although small cost a small fortune to fit up. The walls are hung in embossed velvet of an old-gold shade, the tracing being filled in with the most delicately finished embroidery. Yellow silk curtains give the chamber a softened, agreeable tint—very mellow and rich in its effect. Upon a red velvet carpet is extended a huge tiger robe trimmed with bear skin.

The mantelpiece, which is composed of many precious marbles, supports two curious Japanese statuettes in brass, and between them a curious French clock of hammered bronze surmounted by a mythical figure, also of bronze. In each corner is a bronze statuette resting upon a black marble pedestal. The mirror, some six feet in height, is of gold inlaid with ivory. There are only four paintings (all in oil) in this cosy nest of elegance. They are a Moorish scene by Schreyer; a figure of a child, by W. Bourguereau, a modern Pandora by Gustave Jucquet, and the Forbaden Book by A. Veley. It is estimated that the contents of this apartment, which is about 15x20 feet, alone cost $20,000.

The parlor does not contain a single chair, the upholstery of which is not embroidered by hand in the most brilliant contrasts. Every conceivable design is here represented in yellow, lavender, scarlet, and gold embroderies so exquisitely fine that weak eyes need a magnifying glass to realize the absolute perfection of detail. In the corner nearest the window facing Fifth-avenue stands a marble statue of Il Penseroso on a revolving pedestal of black marble veined with gold.

Each side of the Fifth-avenue windows superb Sevres vases beautifully painted in the most delicate tints fit into niches expressly made to receive them. Midway between the door and the entrance to the library, into which this apartment opens, stands a magnificent cabinet eight feet long, four feet high and two feet deep, made of ivory inlaid with fine gold tracing, an enlarged imitation of Cloisonne workmanship. The top is formed of one piece of Mexican onyx. On the doors are painted panels on copper from Paris, representing Bacchanalian scenes. The cabinet was made by Herter, of this city, and cost $5,000. The walls are hung with old gold velvet and the ceilings are superbly frescoed, large mirrows extending the height of the room fit in the walls and are made of carved ebony inlaid with ivory and beaded with fine gold edging.

Elaborate pieces of needlework are profusely scattered here and there. On the mantels beautiful orchids from Irvington-on-the-Hudson trail their graceful foliage along the extent of the massive brass fireplace. The frescoes are in themselves marvels of art, and cost their owner $10,000.

In all there are some fifty pictures in the room comprising the finest paintings of Diaz, Th. Rosseau, Daubigny, Koek-Koek, R. de Madrazo, Palmaroli, Rico, Henner, Vibert, Clays and Merle. This collection is confined chiefly to figures and landscape scenery. It is valued at $75,000.

The library is a nearly filled up with bookcases of ebony, statuettes and bronzes. A glances at the books indicated to some extent Mr. Jay Gould's literary tastes, which comprise the usual literature to be found in all well-appointed libraries. The ceilings are frescoed in appropriate designs suggestive of literary pursuits. A forest scene by Diaz, a landscape by Rousseau and other pictures decorate the walls.

The dining room opens from the hall and is richly upholstered in embossed leather. A solid mahogany extension table fills up the centre space, at which thirty people can sit comfortably. On a massive mantel is placed a choice collection of antique solid silverware, some of which is over a century old. The buffet is also similarly supplied. The dinner service is of China, painted by hand, each piece having a different subject. The complete set numbers over 150 pieces, and was painted in Paris for Mr. Gould's use.

A picture of a beggar by Meyer von Bremen occupies a prominent position near the door. Other studies, by Royvet, Marcke, Haghorg, Rel and Dupre, stand out sharp and clear. The wood fillings are of maple and walnut.

The private apartments of Mr. George Gould, which are above the dining-roomis a perfect copy of a Turkish divan. There is not a bed in it, its occupant preferring to sleep upon the luxurious lounges that surround it.

Gorgeous tapestry of oriental design, all hand needle work, is suspended over the doors and along the ceiling. Choice Turkish rugs. Exquisite dainty but mellow lamps of various colors shed their softened light upon this superb chamber. Everything is in perfect harmony. Costly double cushions inviting luxurious repose are displayed in all varieties of shapes and sizes.

Along the walls are suspended Japanese arms and spears. True there is an elegant nargile, but George never smokes. Here he can lay off in luxurious ease and give himself up to the delights of absolute leisure. Robed in his pajama of India silk, or in his oriental silk gown, as his taste may direct, one would imagine him to be a Pacha, at least.

Mr. Jay Gould's room, as also that of Mrs. Gould, is fitted with Bayonne tapestry, and the bedstead is of ebony and ivory inlaid, the chairs, writing and dressing table to correspond.

Miss Nellie's room is upholstered with maroon-colored silk, and the furniture is of the Queen Ann style.

Miss Annie Gould's is of bright blue silk, gorgeously ornamented with embroideries and flowers.

Although none of the family are expert billiards players the billiard room is one of the most attractive in the house. It is twenty-five feet long and the fittings are of solid rosewood.

What Kept Him Outside.

Detroit Free Press.

A colored man was hanging around one of the opera houses the other evening in a manner to show that he was deeply interested in what was going on inside, and a gentleman finally said to him:

"Why don't you go in? Under the civil rights bill you can take a seat in the parquet circle."

"Yes, sah, I knows all 'bout that sah," was the reply. "Under de cibil rights bill I ken take any seat in de house, but under the present strain on my finances I couldn't buy two shingles if hull opera houses war sellin' for ten cents a piece, sah!"

What to do With the Apaches.

Boston Post.

A correspondent of a Texas journal advocates the removal of the Apaches, not to Indian territory, but to some island in the Pacific, and he calculates the expense of removal at $440,000, allowing $30 a head for bringing them to San Francisco by railroad, and as much more for shipping them to their final destination. He thinks this would be a paying speculation, because it costs the government about $2,000,000 a year to guard and feed these Indians where they are. He does not suggest what island should be appropriated for the use of the savages, but we suggest that one of the Sandwich Islands group which has the best appointed volcano. The whole lot might be dumped into the crater and cremated. Or perhaps Kalakaua would like them. He is anxious to get hold of a lot of enterprising immigrants, we believe.

Where We Differ.

Murat Halstead.

The New Yorker detects the western man in the act of attempting to cross Broadway, by his irrational determination to do it in a straight line. The path of a New Yorker across Broadway, when omnibuses and drays are at

order.—State Journal. ' elsewhere. Fancy goods at cost. d40m1 ' boys, we'll see you later.

MERMAIDS.

Some Peculiarities of These Lovely Creatures---They Never Marry.

Detroit Free Press.

Of course there are mermaids. The man who gets up and asserts to the contrary is mad because he never saw one himself. Mermaids do not live in mill-ponds, rivers or lakes, but make their homes in the green sea. Several attempts have been made to induce a band of them to set up housekeeping in Lake Erie, but the waters are too fresh and lake captains swear too much.

Those who have seen 300 or 400 mermaids agree in pronouncing them all that the most fastidious could desire. They have sparkling eyes, Grecian noses, small ears, delicate hands, white teeth, dimpled chins and swan-like throats, and the way they smile at an old widower is enough to melt the iron nails in the heels of his boots.

The genuine mermaid is half fish and half woman, and there is no more beautiful sight in this world than to stand on the ocean beach at sunrise of a summer morning and watch a dozen of these creatures disporting in the flashing element. At one moment they dive down and secure handfuls of pearls to toss high in the air—at another they fan each other with pieces of coral worth $600 per pound. Their sweet voices blend deliciously as they strike up their morning song, and their ringing laughter sounds to the man on the sands like the steady fall of silver dollars upon a golden bell. Now they swim seawards until almost lost sight of—now they are so close to the shore that it can be plainly made out that every one of them is far better looking than the Circassian beauty of a traveling show.

While the life of a mermaid is full of pearls and coral and diamonds and grottoes and grand parties, we would not advise any young lady to make the change without proper reflection. In the first place, a young lady who is used to dry land would feel awfully damp for several weeks after becoming a mermaid. Then she would have to change her diet, costume, style of piano-playing and singing, and she would probably miss the young man who calls every Sunday evening. So far as can be learned from Paul Du Chaillu, Eli Perkins and New Bedford whaling captains, mermaids never marry. Once in a while an old widower of a sea horse comes spooning after a second wife, but he gets his walking-papers with promptness and dispatch.

It seems horrible to think of a beautiful girl living single forever—for mermaids do not die—but nature's ways are ways of wisdom and everything is for the best. It was probably the intention to furnish them husbands from the sailers who fell overboard, but it seems that such sailors drown before the date of the wedding is fixed, and the mermaid is therefore doomed to warm her cold feet on a flat-iron and do her own marketing.

A Cairo Ostrich Farm.

CAIRO, Egypt.—In company with a crowd of dukes and right honorables, who have lately been visiting the scenes of Lord Wolseley's "latest and most glorious achievements," I went to see the Cairo ostrich farm. Everything in Egypt has an archæological setting. The village of Tel-el-Kebir—the Big Mound—is nothing less than the relice of the city called Pi-tom in the Old Testament that was built by the Jews with bricks without straw. The Cairo ostrich farm is situated within a pistol shot of the famous Virgin's tree, which is still standing, and under the shade of which tradition tells us that the Virgin with the infant Jesus and Joseph reposed when they fled into Egypt from the wrath of Herod. Quite near the Virgin's tree and hidden among thick foliaged shrubs, is a French restaurant that has become the favorite resort of princes and of golden youth, of comedians and ladies of the corps de ballet, and of the tourists who visit Cairo. There are few indeed who do not make an excursion to the sacred tree and refresh their inner man at the convivial hostelry.

The ostrich farm extends from the Virgin's tree to the desert, and comprises several acres of land surrounded by high mud walls. The greater part of the farm is desert, not because it is incapable of cultivation, but because the loose, pebbly sand is essential to the well-being of the ostrich. There are at present on the farm 120 birds of more than a year's growth, and of these fifteen are female and twelve are male adults—that is to say, they are more than 3 years old, the age at which they commence to lay. Twelve of the adults are now laying, and three are engaged in hatching—one being upon twenty-two, one upon fourteen and one upon eleven eggs. Strange to say, the male bird attends more to the hatching part of the business than the female, especially in cold or rainy weather, and in fact often undertakes the whole of that tedious duty himself, being only relieved by his better half at meal hours.

Mr. Wetter, the ostrich director, has been very fortunate in his efforts to domesticate the ostrich in Egypt. Out of 108 birds hatched last season, eighty yearlings are now alive and healthy—a very successful result when it is borne in mind that during the late Arabi unpleasantness the ostriches were much neglected. After visiting the breeding inclosures and those where the yearlings were parked, we were conducted to the incubating house and to a wire cage where this season's birds were scampering about full of health and vigor. By applying one of the eggs to a hole cut in a piece of blackened cardboard and placing it against the sun the ostrich farmer showed us a young bird which had been incubated by artificial means and had reached maturity, actually pecking at the interior of the shell and struggling to break out of prison.

The Great Men Smoked.

Washington Capital.

The "chief" of one of the New York evening papers walked into the city department on last Wednesday morning. The city editor had just lighted a pipe of Killikinick and several of the reporters were enjoying "corn cobs" preparatory to going out on the war path after murders, insurance failures and other events necessary to progressive civilization. The editor in chief looked at the smokers, made a rapid mental calculation of the number of cubic feet of air being adulterated with smoke, and said: "Gentlemen, the order is that no smoking will be allowed during office hours. Smoking affects the lungs, irritates the air passages, and prevents men of ability from making a good newspaper." The city editor blushed, threw his pipe out of the window, and all the reporters were reluctantly preparing to follow his example, when a modest little jack rabbit of a fellow who had only been on the paper three days, jumped out of a cane bottomed chair and walking boldly up to the "chief" said: "Excuse me, but are you the head of this establishment?" "I am." "Allow me to congratulate you. I am glad to meet you, sir. My father, who is a postmaster in Orange county, says you are wrong about smoking. History is against you, sir, and I'll prove it."

This was said in an easy flow of breath, and to the astonishment of the city editor and reporters. The chief was evidently too surprised to knock the young man into the ash box and order the janitor to remove him to the street. Observing the profound silence the young man continued. "I see you want proof. Dickens, Thackeray and Byron smoked, and did not need a plumber to fix their air passages. Then there were Milton (you have heard of Milton, the fellow who wrote up the story about Adam and Eve) and Scott, the boss poet. Both of them smoked, and their mucous membranes were as good as new when they died. You may say these are exceptions. Well, Addison smoked, so did Charley Lamb and Campbell. History says nothing about their nerves being shattered. But these bright and glorious names are not all, for Burns and Locke, Scott and Dan Webster, John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson and old Grant himself all smoked, and never died with their boots on. These are but few of the smokers, and if you listen a"——At this juncture the fire alarm sounded; the editor leaped to his desk, while the veterans went down stairs four steps at a jump, leaving the young chap from Orange county in a whirl of speculation as to the probable result of his powers. All doubts were removed on the following day when he was made assistant to the base ball reporter at a salary of five dollars week.

So Innocent.

It was a Boston widow who tripped into a broker's office the other day with $5,000 in a reticule, and said:

"Mr. Brown, I'm going to be married this spring."

"Is that possible? Allow me to congratulate the lucky man."

"Certainly—thanks. Here is $5,000 in cash. I want to be worth at least $15,000 by April 1. Won't you please take this and invest it in some stocks which will raise 300 per cent? Do, that's a good man, and you may take out $25 for your trouble!"

THE MAN FROM GEE-OG.

Successful Courting on a Railroad Train.

A Buckeye Farmer and a Down-East Widow---Coming to an Understanding Without Circumlocution.

Cleveland Leader.

At a station a few miles east of this city on the Lake Shore road, a tall, gaunt, agricultural-looking man boarded a west-bound train for Cleveland. Every seat in the car was occupied with the exception of one at the side of a buxom, middle-aged woman, with pleasant features; but with that peculiar snap to her black eyes indicative of a mind of her own, and an "I'm the boss" sort of a poise to her well-shaped head. He sat bolt upright, and looked dignified as possible for a mile or so, but his desire to keep his tongue moving was too great to remain longer mute, and he asked the woman where she was from, where she was going, how long she expected to stay, and who she was. She told him she was from down in York state, and was going to Cleveland on a visit, and that she was a widow.

"I'm from down in ole Gee-og," said the agriculturist. "I go down to Cleveland every week or so to enjoy myself. You see my wife she died and the old farm is lonesome like, an' I go to the city to sort 'er cheer up."

"Have you got a big farm," inquired the fair traveler.

"Wall, I jes' kalkerlate as I have, an' one of the best in Gee-og. There's a big house onto it with porches and mirandas, jes' as grand as they be any wheres, an' across the road waves as fine a sugar grove as ever gave water; a cider mill waves 'tother side the house; a bank barn painted red waves across the lane, and this summer the fields 'll wave with corn an' oats. She's a good 'un an' mighty comfortable life, but allfired lonesome since the ole 'ooman pegged out, an' that's why I get inter the city fur consolation, you know." and he looked out of the window with a poetical, far-away gaze, while the buxom widow looked at the back of the seat in front with a speculative stare; then, with a deep-drawn sigh, replied: "Yes, you must be awful lonesome," looking softly at his face.

"You're right it are," he said, putting his long arm over the back of the seat so that his big bony hand rested on the end next the window, "an' if I could jes' find 'er handsome 'oman as 'ud have me, I think things 'ud brighten up a bit," and he made a pathetic move with his left hand across his eyes.

"I think there'd be lots would be glad to have you," coyly answered she.

"Do you, though, now really, do you?" pressing closer to her side.

"Indeed I do," she simpered, as she looked at the passing telegraph poles.

His hand slid from the back of the seat and rested lightly on her waist, as he leaned over his ear and said, "Now, would you mind ter sort o' come and brighten up the house yerself? I'm a good 'un, I am, an' we'd be happy as daisies, sartin."

"O, this is so sudden, you know," as she nestled her head close to his shoulder, while a soft blush flushed her face, "I don't even know your name."

"Well, I don't see as how a name's goin' to make any difference, an' it's easy of findin' out, anyway. Come now, let's make up our minds ter double up.

"You'll be good and always treat me well, will you?"

"You kin jus' bet on that; I ain't a man as treats anything poorly. Why, ther dogs, an' pigs, an' cows, an' horses, an' even ther chickens, all on 'em, look more cheerful like when I'm round. Treat you right! I guess yes," and he circled her waist and her head rested lovingly on the agricultural shoulder, while silence was taken for consent. Thus they sat until the train pulled into the Union depot, utterly oblivious to the smiles of other passengers. That is why such happy smiles wreathed the countenances of the old farmer and the woman who alighted from the train yesterday and ordered a carriage for a hotel. The denouement will be a call on the marriage clerk to-day and visit to a minister or justice, they won't care much which, and the buxom widow with the snapping black eyes will no doubt take up her quarters on the farm in old "Gee-og," where wave the sugar grove, the cider mill, the red barn, and the golden grain. There she will be the conquering heroine.

Big Banknotes.

London Titbits.

The largest amount of a banknote in circulation in 1827 was £1,000. It is said that two notes for £100,000 each, and two for £50,000 each, were once engraved and issued. A butcher, who had amassed an immense fortune in the war times, went one day with one of these £50,000 notes to a private banker, asking for the loan of £5,000, and wishing to deposit the big note as security in the banker's hands, saying he had kept it for years. The £5,000 was at once handed over, but the banker hinted, at the same time, to the butcher the folly of hoarding such a sum and losing the interest. "Wery true, sir," replied the butcher, "but I likes the look on't so wery well that I have t'other one of the same kind at home."

An eccentric gentleman in London framed a bank post bill for £30,000, and exhibited it for five years in one of his sitting rooms. The fifth year he died, when the "picture" was at once taken down and cashed by his heirs.

Some years ago, at a nobleman's house near Hyde Park, a dispute arose about a certain passage in Scripture, and, a dean who was present denying that there was any such text at all, a bible was called for. When it was opened a marker was found in it, which on examination proved to be a bank post bill for £40,000. It might possibly have been placed there as a reproach to the son, who, perhaps, did not consult the Bible so often as his mother could have wished.

Laugh or Laf.

Boston Transcript.

I happened once to go into a New York church with a member of the choir during a rehersal. The organist had set to music one of the psalms in which occurs something about the valley being so rich with corn it laughs and sings, etc. Just one voice (a male) pronounced laugh in the broad manner of the New Englander. The rest sang it laf. All at once the organist, a German, struck for silence, crying out, "Vhy don't you all pronounce like Mr. R.? Laf! laf! Vhat music do you find in laf?" It was an amusing example of a stranger being a better critic than the natives themselves.

The Hero of Eighty Pairs of Trousers.

Washington Capital.

Eighteen or twenty years ago, while Charles Francis Adams was our minister at the court of St. James, a story came up from Oxford that a young American student there needed the presence of his friends, and upon the dispatch of a relief corps, it was discovered that the young American in the case had got into a fix, which made it necessary to have a "marshalling of his assets," as the lawyers say. An inventory was accordingly taken, and it was found that his entire available resources at that moment consisted of eighty pairs of trousers. Our solemn old public servant in London is said to have been intensely amused at the report which was made to him, and to have remembered it for a long time afterward whenever, as so frequently it was the case, it was reported to him that some American citizen was in need of help.

Well, the hero, or rather the proprietor, of this remarkable collection of pantaloons had done nothing to disgrace himself and there is no harm in telling the story now that he has become the most brilliant and one of the best remunerated writers on the New York press. His name is M. W. Hazeltine, and he gets $175 every week for doing much of the best work that is done on The New York Sun. As a literary essayist and reviewer he is unequaled among American journalists since the death of Ripley, of The Tribune. His leaders on American and foreign politics are as able as they are interesting.

Struck It the First Time.

A gentleman, newly married, and a prominent society man, took his bride to the opera. A few evenings afterward, speaking to some friends, the lady said something about the opera, and was asked what the opera was. "I can't recall the opera just now," said the lady, "but perhaps my husband can." "Oh, yes," said he, jumping at the chance to air his knowledge, "it was the opera of 'Libretto.'"

The Value of Children.

The value of children has been fixed by an insurance company of Cincinnati: A child less than one year old is worth $14; between one and two years, $19, two or three years, $28; four years, $31; five years, $35; six years, $40; seven years, $50; eight years, $60; nine years, $70; ten years, $90; eleven years, $123. The company insures children, and

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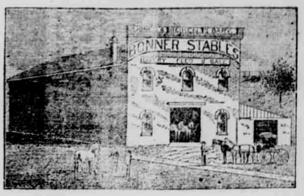

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