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	Ar.	9:30 p m
	L've	12:30 p m	L've	10:15 p m
Hastings	Ar.	4:45 p m	Ar.	3:15 a m
	L've	4:55 p m	L've	3:30 a m
Red Cloud	Ar.	6:53 p m	Ar.	6:30 a m
	L've	8:20 p m	L've	8:05 a m
McCook	Ar.	9:30 p m	Ar.	12:55 p m
	L've	10:10 p m	L've	12:22 p m
Akron	Ar.	4:20 a m	Ar.	5:35 p m
	L've	4:50 a 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.	4:09 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	Ar.	6:30 a m
	L've	2:25 p m	L've	7:00 a m
Hastings	Ar.	9:50 a m	Ar.	10:15 p m
	L've	10:10 a m	L've	10:30 p m
Red Cloud	Ar.	8:00 a m	Ar.	8:55 p m
	L've	8:25 a m	L've	7:45 p m
McCook	Ar.	6:55 a m	Ar.	3:00 p m
	L've	6:05 a m	L've	2:20 p m
Akron	Ar.	10:45 p m	Ar.	10:55 a m
	L've	10:20 p m	L've	11:05 a m
Denver	L've	7:00 p m	L've	7:05 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	5:32 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 "	2.06 p. m.
Springfield	[illegible] "	9.00 "	3.05 "
Louisville	8.59 "	9.15 "	3.50 "
Weeping Water	9.24 "	9.40 "	5.00 "
Avoca	9.47 "	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	3.10 a.m	4.24 p.m.	1.01 p. m.
Avoca	3.45 "	4.04 "	2.10 "
Weeping Water	4.03 "	3.40 "	2.45 "
Louisville	4.32 "	3.33 "	3.50 "
Springfield	4.51 "	3.48 "	4.25 "
Papillion	5.20 "	4.15 "	5.25 "
Omaha arrives	6.00 "	4.55 "	7.05 "

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

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF PLATTSMOUTH MAILS.

ARRIVES.		DEPARTS.
7.30 p. m.	EASTERN.	9.00 a. m.
8.30 a. m.		3.00 p. m.
9.00 a. m.	WESTERN.	9.00 a. m.
5.00 p. m.		6.55 p. m.
1.00 a m	NORTHERN.	4.25 p. m
7.30 p. m.	SOUTHERN.	9.00 a. m.
10.30 a m.	OMAHA.	3.25 p. 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 (letter 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.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

CITY DIRECTORY.

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. KOEHNKE, Chief of Fire Dept.
W. H. SCHILDKNECHT, Ch'n Board of Health

COUNCILMEN.

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

SCHOOL BOARD.

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. RYERS, Sheriff.
CYRUS ALSON, Sup't of Pub. Instruction.
G. W. FAIRFIELD, County Surveyor.
F. 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. GORDES, Treasurer.

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

MILK.

J. F. BAUMEISTER

Supplies Fresh, Pure Milk

DELIVERED DAILY.

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

PLATTSMOUTH MILLS.

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Flour, Corn Meal & Feed.

Always in Market, Highest price paid for Wheat, Corn, Rye, Barley, etc.

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 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. Ryers, 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. K. 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.
325 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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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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Agent for Steamship lines to and from Europe. d12w52ly

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

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Can be found by calling at his office, corner 7th and Main Streets, in J. W. Waterman's house.

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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.

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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.

A. H. KELLER, G. M. D.

Graduate in

PHARMACY AND MEDICINE.

Office in Perry's drug store opposite the Perkins house.

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Office over Carruth's Jewelry Store,

Plattsmouth, - - - - Nebraska.

M. A. HARTIGAN,

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FITZGERALD'S BLOCK, PLATTSMOUTH NEB

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

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for barns and large buildings a specialty.

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Napkin SOAP

BEST IN THE MARKET.

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 also of Standard Laundry and Toilet Soaps.

A TEXAS SCHOOL.

Teaching the Young Idea How Not to Shoot.

Philadelphia Times.

"Two years ago I was employed and have been here ever since. I like the place and the people, and, if I say it myself, have a school to be proud of."

The children were beginning to arrive as he finished speaking, and he invited me to stay and inspect the school. There were about fifty pupils, varying in age from seven to twenty. All over sixteen were pay scholars. Two-thirds of the school were Mexicans or half-breeds. The latter were the brightest and quickest to learn. Many of the children could not understand a word of English when they first entered the school, and were unable to read and write Spanish. For my benefit several of the scholars recited little memorized speeches in both languages. I thought the performance very creditable, and told the schoolmaster so that night.

"Yes," he answered, "they do very well. Did you notice that large boy sitting at the further left-hand desk?"

"The one who recited 'The Burial of Sir John Moore in English and then repeated it in Spanish?"

"Yes. Two years ago he did not know his A, B, C's."

"He must be 20 years old."

"Just 20, and at 18 he was as large as he is now. His father is a wealthy cattle owner and this boy is the only child. He had been petted and spoiled from birth. In the states that would make a 'sap;' here it makes a desperado. He ruled the roost at home and his father could do nothing with him. He cursed and smoked, gambled and drank, and always went armed. His father wanted him to enter the school as a pay scholar and I consented to receive him. He did very well the first three days and then was absent. I sent a note to his father inquiring the cause. He replied that the young ruffian refused to go any more, and adjured me to use my authority and compel him to go. One of the smaller scholars informed me that the truant was out on the side of the mountain armed with Winchester and six-shooter. I sent him word to come into school and be punished for truancy. He told the messenger to tell me to 'go to hades.' I deputized four of the largest boys to go after him, and ordered them to bring him into school if they had to knock him down and tie him. They returned in about half an hour and reported that he had 'stood' 'em off with his Winchester. Thereupon I placed the school in charge of one of the larger scholars, loaded up my Winchester and walked over to the mountain. After a little search I found the young ruffian. He was sitting behind a rock, and before he was aware of my approach I had him covered.

"'Throw up your hands, Thomas!' I commanded.

"He hesitated a moment and obeyed. Then I made him step off a little distance and took possession of his Winchester and six-shooter.

"'What you goin' to do?' he whined.

"'I intend to take you to the school house first, Thomas, and then punish you in the presence of the whole school.

"'Gimme my gun an' six-shooter!' he yelled, and started toward me.

"I raised and cocked my rifle and halted him.

"'Thomas,' I said, 'you know that I am a dead shot. Do exactly what I tell you to do or I will kill you.'

"He hesitated a moment and then marched sullenly away toward the school house. With the assistance of two of the largest boys I tied him up by the wrists and administered an admonitory lecture and a good thrashing with a live-oak switch. He bellowed like a mad steer and made all sorts of promises. After the punishment ended I dismissed the school and released him. He was sulky, but thoroughly cowed. I talked to him as a man might talk to his son, and before I finished he was on his knees crying like a little child and begging my forgiveness. I have had no trouble with him since. He is obedient at home, studious here, and some day he will make a mark in the world."

Between Two Fires.

San Francisco Call.

A dispatch from Tombstone, A. T., says: John Lyons, a well-known citizen of this county, on Friday last, while at work in the shaft of a mine near Tres Alamos, had just put in four shots, when, on reaching the top of the shaft, he beheld four mounted Apaches rapidly approaching. As they saw him emerge, they increased their pace, and their fiendish yells relieved Mr. Lyons from all doubts as to their intentions toward himself. For an instant he was paralyzed with terror. Being entirely unarmed, resistance was not to be thought of, while escape by flight was equally impossible. His first impulse was to hurl himself into the shaft and be blown to atoms by the explosion of the blast, rather than to perish miserably at the hands of the remorseless fiends who had him at their mercy. These reflections occupied but a moment's time; but now the Apaches were almost upon him. Suddenly, with the instinct of despair, Mr. Lyons threw himself behind a pile of rock close to hand, and at the same instant the blast in the bottom of the shaft exploded with terrific effect, throwing a shower of rock and debris high in the air, which was followed by a dense volume of smoke rolling up from the shaft. The Indians, who were sure of their victim, halted a moment at this unexpected, and to them mysterious, eruption, then, with a yell, not of triumph, but of rage mingled with terror, wheeled their horses and galloped off in the direction whence they came. Mr. Lyons could at first scarcely realize that he escaped almost miraculously from a horrible death, but as soon as he had recovered from his amazement, departed from Tres Alamos, meeting on the road a party of neighbors going out in search for his remains, they having seen the Indians heading in the direction of the mine, and not doubting that Mr. Lyons had fallen a victim of their savage ferocity.

The Art of the Light of Other Days.

New York News.

Talk about accidents in art, I was looking at one of Ryder's enigmatical pictures in the American Artists' exhibition when an acquaintance came up. "Did you ever see Ryder paint?" he asked. "No! Well, then, you've a treat in store. I have enjoyed it. He lays in a picture by slapping his palette-scrapings pell-mell on the canvas, and then painting whatever their eccentric distribution may suggest to him. I was in his studio one day looking at his work. One canvas attracted me especially; it was a clump of trees, overshadowing a pool, and with a white figure alongside the water. 'That figure makes a good spot there,' I said.

"'Figure!' said he. 'I didn't put a figure in it.'

"'Why, here it is.'

"He looked at it and laughed.

"'It's a candle dripping,' he said. 'But it does help it out, doesn't it?'"

"And he scraped the paraffine off and painted in a figure in its place."

An Observing Boy.

Boston Transcript.

A father was advising his very small son, not long ago, against the sin of selfishness, that he must never hesitate to grant favors and be generally obliging whenever he could. The boy listened, then said: "I would like to do everything you tell me, father, but there's a fellow at school just like what you've described; everybody says he's an obliging fellow, but nobody, not even the teacher, treats him as if he was any account. Now, I don't want people to take me for a no-account fellow!" That boy had hit upon a conundrum that puzzles many an older philosopher through life.

The Pugilists.

There's nothing in the Bible that can be constructed into favoring pugilism. In fact at least one passage calls upon the pugilist to cease hitting and go to honest toil. It is: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard."

Landor: No the roughly occupied man was ever yet miserable.

Sarah Bernhardt's Autobiography.

Sarah Bernhardt has sent to the press her autobiography, which will be published at the end of this month under the title of "Ma Vie de Theatre." The volume will have for frontispiece a portrait of the actress, etched after a drawing by Miss Louise Abbema. An edition de luxe of 250 copies is to be issued for bibliophiles, in a binding designed by M. Roybet after that of an old missal.

A Brief Sermon.

"Look yer now Mr. Johnsing dat's gone 'bout far enough. You say you doan' go to church 'cause dem sesse hu'ts yo' back. Howsomever you'll set hesh all day Sunday on dese hard rocks an fish. I carn't see the argyment in dat. So you'd better drap dat pole and come church longer wid me. You heah?"

MOTHER-LOVE.

[Mary Aings De Vere, in The Continent]

Woman, where'er in God's good world you stand,
Who breathe a two-fold breath with some dear child,
And feel soft, dimpled fingers clasp your hand,
Or on your neck a clinging arm entwine,
Like reaching tendril of a fair young vine—
And hear the voice that calls for "mother," wild
With happy talk and laughter. . . Ask no more

Blessed are you who hold a living creed!
For all truth, this is a truth, indeed!
Whatever Life may give or take away
(Counting its keenest hurt all joy above,
Glad its blest anguish and dear pain to prove),
Nothing the heart can dream, or feel, or know,
Is half so deep, so dear as Mother-love.

What good I see humbly I seek to do,
And live obedient to the law, in trust
That what will come, and must come, will come well.

—[Edwin Arnold.

Ships 1,000 Feet Long.

Vessel Man in New York World.

When John Collins built what was known as the Dramatic line of Liverpool packets, from their names, the Roscius, Siddons, Garrick, Sheridan and Shakspeare, it was an increase from 600 to 1,000 tons. I was a boy at that time, and my father boarded in St. Paul's Square, in Liverpool, and I remember hearing the captains of that day talk of this experiment, or new departure, in size. "John Collins," they said, "had been a very shrewd man, but success had crazed him. Now, if he could only make men bigger there might be some sense in building such big ships, but that he can't do, and the men we've got now have all they are able to do to handle the canvas on our biggest ships, and what will they do with vessels of double this size?" Then they said: "Who will ever ship cargo in ships of that size? Why, if his goods happen to be stowed at the bottom of them they need never expect to see them out again."

Well, in a few years ships of 1,000 tons were accounted small, and to-day we have schooners of that size. When ocean steamers were first proposed some of the best informed men on both sides of the Atlantic said, first, that ships could not be run across the ocean by steam, and, second, if they could, they could never be run profitably. I have been laughed at because I have all along said that ships as large as the Great Eastern would be quite common in time, but at the advance in size that is going on from year to year it will not be long before her size is attained in the ships of the regular lines. She was only a little ahead of her time. Had the compound engine and twin screw been discovered and applied to her she would have been a success. It was not her size that caused her to fail, but it was the application to her size of inadequate power. Mark my words, ships 1,000 feet long will be built ere long, and a ship of that length, seventy feet in width, would not draw too much water to come in over the Sandy Hook bar.

Where the Blue Crane Lives.

Mr. John L. Dunlap has returned from a hunting expedition in Spencer county, Kentucky. The only trophy he brought back with him was a gigantic blue crane, which measured five feet from tip to tip, and was exactly six feet in height. Mr. Dunlap tells a very curious story of a resort of these cranes. About two miles from Taylorsville is an island in Bayre's creek whose area is perhaps ten acres.

The island is a favorite haunt of these peculiar birds, who annually resort there for the purpose of rearing their young. Notwithstanding the fact that the crane is a wading bird it builds its nest in the tallest trees it can find. The island is not cleared up, but is covered with gigantic sycamores towering eighty or ninety feet in height, and the loftiest of these are selected by them for their nests. One of the trees has twenty-eight nests upon its topmost branches, and another has twelve. The nests are rude, ugly structures, built in a slovenly manner of sticks, leaves and twigs, and are guarded jealously by the birds throughout the breeding season.

The cranes have been in the habit of resorting to this island for a term of years beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Here they have been left undisturbed, until it has become a royal domain on which nothing else of the feathered tribe dare intrude. The silence of centuries broods over the primeval forest, unbroken save by the flapping of their wings, or it may be the chance shot of the wandering sportsman. The stream for miles around is frequented by flocks of the birds who here seem to lose, at least for a time, their solitary instincts, and become sociable and gregarious. They leave annually about the first of September, returning the first of April, and have been doing so for years and years. Their number upon the island is almost incredible, and old citizens of that country say it must be fully 1,000 perhaps much more.

Written With Violet Ink to the Music of a Distant Hand-Organ.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

The flowering trees and the roses are the glory of the southern spring-time. The atmosphere is green, and golden, and pink, and roseate with the varying bloom mingling with the tracery of leaves. Veiled in gleaming white, trees stand like brides, trembling, expectant, beneath superabundant nuptial lace; through the tangled greenery there is a flush of pink from the thronging blossoms of the Judas tree; every stump and prostrate tree is clasped by the eager tendrils of the yellow jessamine, which springs to each convenient tree and enrobes it like a king in cloth of gold, crowns it with a golden crown, and hangs in lordly festoons among the gray Spanish moss, each flower passionately diffusing its exquisite, entrancing odor.

Your feet crush the large blue and white violets at every step, while far above, the great white cups of the magnolia look out of their foliate casements like fair women upon lovers far below. Look anywhere, everywhere you see lucent miracles of bloom, bewildering, enchanting by their profusion as well as great beauty.

W. C. Bryant as a Journalist.

N. W. Hazeltine in N. Y. Sun.

To those who know anything of journalism it is idle to speak of Mr. Bryant as a great journalist. His range of knowledge was not wide, his judgment was frequently unsound, and he had not the rhetorical gifts which commend opinions to the acceptance of a large audience. It was characteristic of the man that while he imagined himself to be a purist in the writing of English, and prepared a list of errors which were to be rigorously excluded from the columns of his newspaper, his private letters, and published writings were thickly strewn with solecisms which had escaped his imperfectly instructed eye. Few men whose judgment upon the matter is deserving of respect will deny that the journal with which his name is associated was less skillfully edited under Mr. Bryant's guidance, than it subsequently was in the hands of his son-in-law, or than it now is under the present management. The author of "Thanatopsis" was never able to give his newspaper a large circulation, but its advertisements proved lucrative, and his profits from this source ultimately brought him a handsome income.

Enough Puppies Until After Election.

Washington Republican.

"Did you ever hear about John Osborn and his setter pups?"

On being informed that his listener had not only not heard of them, but was surprised that the man owned setter pups, he began:

"John Osborn ran for sheriff in St. Paul, Minn., and while he was working all the boys with his good nature he had frequent calls at his house, and whenever a man with a fancy for field sports came the talk always fell upon a beautiful setter and her fine puppies.

"'Nice puppies, John.'

"'Yes, bully puppies, ain't they?'

"'They are the most beautiful setter pups I ever saw anywhere.'

"Then the candidate for sheriff would take the man aside, and, in a confidential tone tell him:

"'You just wait till after election and I'll give you one of those pups.'

"'This thing had been going on for a couple of weeks, and one evening a man shut the door and left the house with the promise of a pup lingering in his ear, when Mrs. Osborn asked:

"'John, how many puppies are there?'

"'Five. Why?'

"'Well, I was thinking that to-night you had promised the twenty-third man that he should have one of them.'

"'Oh, well, a-hem,' said Osborn, 'don't you think it would be a mean man to run for sheriff who wouldn't pay a pup to his friends?'"

THE THREE WIDOWS

Who Married Jefferson, Washington and Franklin.

Troy Times.

It is an old saying, "Whom first we love we never wed," and this, though not strictly true, may be applied to Scott, Byron, George Washington and many other men of note. Jefferson, the author of the Declaration, was subject to early disappointment. His first love was a Virginia maiden of reputable family, named Rebecca Burwell. The latter, however, preferred a young man named Robinson, and Jefferson, like most sensitive youths, keenly felt the loss of one whom he most tenderly loved. He afterwards married Martha Shelton, an attractive widow of twenty-two, and the union proved one of rare happiness. It lasted, however, only ten years, at the end of which Jefferson was left a widower with two daughters, four others having died in early childhood. Of these daughters, Maria married John W. Epps, while Martha became the wife of Thomas Randolph. The latter thus describes the care which her father bestowed on his dying wife: "For four months, during which she lingered, he was never out of her call. A moment before the closing scene he was led from the room in a fainting condition by his sister, and was so overcome that it was feared he would not recover. He kept his bed three weeks after the funeral and required my constant attention." Jefferson was evidently a man of deep tenderness, and after his death there was found in a drawer a lock of hair from each of his dead children, which he kept as sacred memorials. Though only 39 when he lost his wife, he never married again, and remained for forty-four years a widower.

Washington and Franklin both married widows. The former fell in love with Martha Custis at first sight, and, having been disappointed in his expectation of the hand of Mary Morris, he urged his suit until it was successful. He adopted his wife's children and his married life was one of unbroken harmony. Franklin's case was rather peculiar. During his early life in Philadelphia he paid attention to Miss Read, but soon afterward went to London, where he remained several years. During the separation he neglected Miss Read in a manner which he himself afterward condemned. On his return he found that she had married, but her husband, who had proved worthless was gone on a voyage and supposed to be dead. Franklin's early love returned, and, being re-enforced by sympathy, he asked her forgiveness and a renewal of her affections, which was readily granted. Jefferson was married at the age of 29, Washington was 27, while Franklin was only 24. The latter says of his wife: "We prospered together and it was our mutual study to render each other happy. Thus I corrected as well as I could the error of my youth." This union continued for nearly forty years, and, though Franklin was the survivor, he remained a widower. They are buried side by side in the old Philadelphia cemetery, and a huge slab which covers both graves bears the simplest inscription that Franklin could devise. While speaking on this subject it may be added that American statesmen have generally been married men, and the presidential chair has never but once been occupied by a bachelor. It is said that Buchanan, like Irving, was disappointed in his early love, and, if so, it affords a pardonable reason for his celibacy. Another bachelor politician of some note was the late Preston King, formerly United States senator and also collector of our port. To these instances is to be added that of Samuel J. Tilden.

How Giants Are Made.

New York Journal.

"They are all humbugs," said Col. Rutherford Goshen, speaking of giants. "They are all braced up in some way or other to present an extraordinary appearance, and deceive people into the belief that they are really of great size.

"They are quite a number of so-called giants on exhibition now in various parts of the country, with travelling companies or in museums, but they all have weak points. This, however, is only natural, for they are the result of degeneration. Some are conspicuous for their facial imperfections and some have extremely large hands and feet, while others are tall and very thin; so that if it were possible to reduce them to a proportionate size they would be like ordinary persons. Chang, the Chinese monstrosity, has a mouth that could not be enlarged without danger to his ears. His actual height is about six feet six inches, and his shoes are made in such a way as to raise him about five inches higher. In the first place, one inch is devoted to sole-leather, then inside the shoes are a number of insoles; he puts on one stocking, then more insoles, and over all another stocking, and then the outer shoe. These make him show for nearly eight feet if you accept that measurement. He wears a yoke on his shoulders to give them a show of breadth. He is well gotten up and will pass for an average giant. The largest people in this country are Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Bates. Mrs. Bates is the taller of the two, being seven feet one inch in height. Her husband measures six feet eleven inches. There died recently in Union County, Ohio, a man six feet eight inches high, but there are no others in the United States of that height."

Colonel Goshen himself may be called a giant. He is forty-seven years old, and is presented to the public as being eight feet high; but that is showman's measure. He himself does not claim to be more than seven feet three inches. His girth around the waist is six feet.

To be a giant does not imply that one must consume a fabulous quantity of food, or drink water by the barrel or anything of that kind. On the contrary, they are sometimes quite delicate eaters and drinkers.

Plantation Philosoyhy.

Arkansas Traveller.

We never feel so mad arter we shed tears. De cloud ain't nigh so dark arter the rain falls.

Many a 'oman what wont wash her chillun at home delights in washin' dishes at a church fair.

De worst sort of boastfulness is showed by de man who thinks dat he can entertain you wid a long story.

Dar is many a rule dat won't work both ways. Whisky will produce a headache, but a headache won't produce whisky.

No man should be looked on as a fool on account ob what he doan' believe, but on account ob what he does believe. A too easiness ob conviction ter strange ideas is caused a mighty heap ob trouble in dis world.

Miss Rosalind's Retort.

Under a capital drawing in life—which more and more promises to supply that long-felt want, an American Punch—is the following:

Carrying the war into Africa: Visiting Briton—"Ya-as, Miss Rosalind—but your politicians—aw—are a lot of blawsted cads, y' know. You are—aw wuled by a set of wiotous wascols whom you wouldn't dream of—aw—inviting to your house." Rosalind—"True; but in England you are governed by persons who wouldn't dream of inviting you to theirs."

A Boy Who Opposes the Advancement of Medical Science.

Arkansas Traveler.

Dr. Ike was called to see old Ned's son, and after several visits the doctor said to the anxious father:

"Ned, I doan wanter distress yer, but dat boy can't git well. De conglomeration ob de membrens hab dun sot in."

"Wall, I reckon dat will kill him," Ned replied. "I doan see how a chile wid his weak constitution an' convention can get ober such a uneasiness of de flesh. So you gins him up, doctor?"

"Yaas, I issues my decrement right heah. Dat boy can't live five hours.

About two weeks after Ned met the doctor and said:

"I thought you gin that boy up?"

"I did. Ain't he dead yet?"

"Dead," repeated Ned, contemptuously, "why he's choppin' wood dis mornin'."

The doctor reflected for a moment, and said: "Dat's a nice way to fool wid medical science. How does yer expeck folks to hab confidence in de advancement of medical diskiveries when a boy acts dat way. Dat boy, sah, lifts hisself up to dispute de 'stablished rules ob de school ob physicians. I'se done wid him.'

"I'se glad ob it, sah, but yo'self must hab made a mistake."

"No, I didn't case I understan's my business."

"I means dat yer mout hab lef' too soon. Ef yer'd stayed dar awhile longer yer might hab 'stablished de proof ob your proclamation."

"Look heah, Ned, yer'd better let me go an' see dat boy agin."

"No, I'se much obleeged ter yer. I'se got a heap ob work to do an' I need de chile. Go off somewhur an' pison a cat."

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