B. & M. 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		7:41 p m
Louisville		10:04 a m		7:56 p m
South Bend		10:22 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.	4:25 p m	Ar.	3:15 a m
	L've	4:35 p m	L've	3:30 a m
Red Cloud	Ar.	5:54 p m	Ar.	6:30 a m
	L've	6:20 p m	L've	6:05 a m
McCook	Ar.	9:00 p m	Ar.	12:05 p m
	L've	9:10 p m	L've	12:20 p m
Akron	Ar.	4:20 a m	Ar.	5:35 p m
	L've	4:30 a m	L've	6:00 p m
Denver	Ar.	8:00 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	Ar.	2:30 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	9:45 p m
McCook	Ar.	3:55 a m	Ar.	3:00 p m
	L've	4:05 a m	L've	3:20 p m
Akron	Ar.	10:45 p m	Ar.	10:35 a m
	L've	10:55 p 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	5:02 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	8.29 "	9.00 "	3.05 "
Louisville	8.59 "	9.15 "	3.50 "
Weeping Water	9.24 "	9.40 "	5.00 "
Avoca	9.37 "	9.53 "	5.45 "
Dunbar	10.07 "	10.21 "	6.45 "
Kansas City	6.37 a.m	7.07 p.m.	
St. Louis	5.32 p.m	6.22 a.m.	
	Going NORTH.	Going NORTH.	Going NORTH.
St. Louis	8.52 a.m	8.32 p.m.	
Kansas City	8.32 p.m	7.57 a.m.	
Dunbar	5.10 a.m	4.24 p.m.	1.01 p. m.
Avoca	5.45 "	4.54 "	2.10 "
Weeping Water	6.03 "	5.08 "	2.45 "
Louisville	6.32 "	5.33 "	3.50 "
Springfield	6.51 "	5.48 "	4.25 "
Papillion	7.20 "	6.15 "	5.25 "
Omaha arrives	8.00 "	6.55 "	7.05 "

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

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF PLATTSMOUTH MAILS.

ARRIVES.		DEPARTS.
7.30 p. m.	EASTERN.	9.00 a. m.
3.30 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
7.50 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 " " (Publishers 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.
WILLAYE ROTTINGER, Police Judge.
R. B. WINDHAM, City Attorney.
F. E. BURDEY, Chief of Police.
F. McCANN, Overseer of Streets.
C. KOEHNKE, Chief of Fire Dept.
W. H. SCHILDKNECHT, Ch'n Board of Health

COUNCILMEN.

1st Ward—Wm. Herold, H. N. Bens.
2nd Ward—J. M. Patterson, J. H. Fairfield.
3rd Ward—M. R. Murphy, J. R. Morrison.
4th Ward—F. D. Redbush, P. McCallan.

SCHOOL BOARD.

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

Postmaster—JNO. W. MARSHALL.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

V. H. NEWELL, County Treasurer.
J. W. JENNINGS, County Clerk.
J. W. JOHNSON, County Judge.
W. HYERS, Sheriff.
CYRUS ALTON, Sup't of Pub. Instruction.
J. W. FAIRFIELD, County Surveyor.
P. P. GASS, Coroner.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

JAMES CRAWFORD, South Bend Precinct.
JAM'L RICHARDSON, Mt. Pleasant Precinct.
J. 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. O'CONNOR, HENRY BECK, Vice-Presidents.
M. S. WISE, Secretary.
FRED. GORDER, Treasurer.

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

MILK.

F. BAUMEISTER

Furnishes Fresh, Pure Milk

DELIVERED DAILY.

Special rates attended to, and Fresh Milk at home furnished when wanted. dly

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PLATTSMOUTH NEB.

BERGER, - Proprietor.

Flour, Corn Meal & Feed

Always on hand and for sale at lowest cash rates. The highest prices paid for Wheat and Corn. Particular attention given custom work

Plattsmouth Telephone Exchange.

1 J. P. Young, residence.
2 Bennett & Lewis, store.
3 M. S. 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, "
11 R. B. Windham, "
15 Jno. Wayman, "
16 J. W. Jennings, "
17 W. S. Wise, office.
18 Morrisey Bros., office.
19 W. R. Carter, store.
20 G. W. Fairfield, residence.
21 M. B. Murphy, "
22 D. H. Wheeler & Co., office.
23 J. P. Taylor, residence.
24 First National Bank.
25 P. L. Ruffner's office.
26 J. P. Young, store.
28 Perkins House.
29 R. W. Rivers, residence.
31 Journal office.
32 Fairfield's ice office.
34 HERALD Furn. Co. office.
35 J. N. Wise, residence.
36 H. 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.
60 R. R. Livingston, office.
207 J. V. Weckbach, residence.
235 Chaplain Wright, "
246 W. H. Schildknecht "
246 Geo. S. Smith, "
250 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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

SMITH & BEESON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Will practice in all the Courts in the state. Office over First National Bank. 49y1

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

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PHYSICIAN and SURGEON. Office on Main Street, between Sixth and Seventh, south side Office open day and night

COUNTY PHYSICIAN.

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

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Agent for Steamship lines to and from Europe. d12w52y

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

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

DR. S. MILLER,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

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

J. B. STRODE.

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

District Attorney and Notary Public.

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LAW OFFICE, Real Estate, Fire and Life Insurance Agents, Plattsmouth, Nebraska. Collectors, tax-payers. Have a complete abstract of titles. Buy and sell real estate, negotiate plans, &c. 16y1

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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 storeopposite the Perkins house,

ROBERT B. WINDHAM,

Notary Public.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office over Carruth's Jewelry Store.

Plattsmouth, - - - - Nebraska.

M. A. HARTIGAN,

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FITZGERALD'S BLOCK, PLATTSMOUTH NEB

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Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law.

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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.

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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 of Standard Laundry and Toilet Soaps.

A BOHEMIAN BAND

Gives the Bad Boy's Pa a Serenade, for the Baby's Sake.

Peck's Sun.

"What was it" asked the grocery man, "I heard about a band serenading your father, and his inviting them in to lunch?"

"Don't let that get out," said the boy, "or pa will kill me dead. It was a joke. One of these Bohemian bands that goes about town playing tunes, for pennies, was over on the next street, and I told pa I guessed some of his friends who had heard we had a baby at the house had hired a band and was coming in a few minutes to serenade him, and he better prepare to make a speech. Pa is proud of being a father at his age, and he thought it was no more than right for the neighbors to serenade him, and he went to loading himself for a speech, in the library, and me and my chum went out and told the leader of the band there was a family up there that wanted to have some music, and they didn't care for expenses so they quit blowing where they was and came right along. None of them could understand English except the leader, and he only understood enough to go and take a drink when he is invited. My chum steered the band up to our house and got them to play 'Babies on our Block,' and 'Baby Mine,' and I stopped all the men who were going home and told them to wait a minute and they would see some fun, so when the band got through the second tune, and the Prussians were emptying the beer out of the horns, and pa stepped out on the porch, there was more nor a hundred people in front of the house. You'd a dide to see pa when he put his hand in the breast of his coat, and struck an attitude. He looked like a congressman, or a tramp. The band was scared cause they thought he was mad, and some of them were going to run, thinking he was going to throw pieces of brick houses at them, but my chum and the leader kept them. Then pa sailed in. He commenced, 'Fellow Citizens,' and then went way back to Adam and Eve, and worked up the present day, giving a history of the notable people who had acquired children, and kept the crowd interested. I felt sorry for pa, cause I knew how he would feel when he came to find out he had been sold. The Bohemians in the band then couldn't understand English, they looked at each other, and wondered what it was all about, and finally pa wound up by stating that it was every citizen's duty to own children of his own, and then he invited the band and the crowd in to take some refreshments. Well, you ought to have seen that band come in the house. They fell over each other getting in, and the crowd went home, leaving pa and my chum and me and the band. Eat? Well, I should smile. They just reached for things, and talked Bohemian. Drink? O, no. I guess they didn't pour it down. Pa opened a dozen bottles of champagne, and they fairly bathed in it, as though they had a fire inside. Pa tried to talk with them about the baby, but they couldn't understand, and finally they got full and started out, and the leader asked pa for $5, and that broke him up. Pa told the leader he supposed the gentlemen who had got up the serenade had paid for the music, and the leader pointed to me and said I was the gentleman that got it up. Pa paid him, but he had a wicked look in his eye, and me and my chum lit out, and the Bohemians came down the street billin' full, with their horns on their arms and they were talking Bohemian for all that was out. They stopped in front of a vacant house and began to play, but we couldn't tell what tune it was, they were so full, and a policeman came along and drove them home. I guess I will sleep at the livery stable tonight, cause pa is offul unreasonable when anything costs him three dollars, besides the champagne."

A Girl Saved by Edwin Booth.

New York Star.

Speaking of the persecutions of actors reminds me of a very pretty story regarding Edwin Booth. It was while he was playing at the Winter Garden that a young miss in her teens fell desperately in love with him. She was the only daughter of wealthy parents, and night after night she would make some excuse to leave home and go to the theater. She deluged Booth with love letters, and finally he wrote to her, telling her to meet him at the stage door at the end of the performance on a certain night. She was there according to appointment. Booth handed her into his carrriage, and gave some whispered instructions to the driver. The horses were driven rapidly, and in a few moments the girl found herself in front of her own house. The carriage stopped, and Booth assisted her to alight. Taking her arm in his he walked with her up the stoop and rang the bell. It was late, and the girl's father, who had become very anxious about her whereabouts, opened the door. When he saw her in the company of the actor he started back in astonishment.

"Mr. ——" said Mr. Booth, very quietly, "I have brought your daughter home. She has been very foolish, but she has promised never to do so again, and I would advise you to take better care of her." With these words he turned and left. That young girl is a happy wife and mother now, but she never tires of telling the lesson she received from the great actor.

SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

Plain Words on the Question of Lack of Literary Success in the South.

New Orleans Times.

Southern literature! We have heard of it and read of it, lo! these many years, as something about to blaze out in transcendent splendor, but its glory is still prospective. The bantling is painfully slow in getting on its legs. It is not out of the cradle, and we are still feeding it on pap. More crude and rapid and pretentious puffing and gasconade have been written about southern literature than about anything else that is southern or northern or eastern or western. And for all that the good time for southern literature is yet to come.

No literature, ancient or modern, ever was made, or ever will be made, by bragging about what we can do; it must be done. Nor can it be done by disparagement of what is done elsewhere, or by denouncing and complaining of lack of appreciation and recognition.

The fault is in a great measure our own. We must learn that the literature or the art, which has no better claim to recognition than the fact that it is southern, can never maintain its claim to recognition at all. It must be able to stand on its merits, and to challenge comparison with what is produced elsewhere, independently of any reference to sectional origin. Literature and art are eminently catholic—not sectional or provincial. The history, manners customs, usages, language, scenery, and other incidental peculiarities of particular countries, races, and sections may furnish materials for the exercise of high art, pictorial or literary; but that is a very different thing; the art itself must be founded upon catholic principles—upon those touches of nature which make the whole world kin. It must be independent of the nativity or nationality of the artist, whether he be Jew or Greek, Nubian or Patagonian.

An intelligent northern journalist, who was spending a winter in the south a year or two ago, made a remark to the writer, in a frank, but not unfriendly spirit, which had some truth and force. In substance it was as follows: "In traveling through the south I observe that you emphasize everything as southern. You have your southern hotels, southern newspapers, southern cotton factories, southern oil works, southern bar-rooms, southern coffee-houses, southern barber shops. Do you not see that you write yourselves provincial by this very harping upon your southernism?" It would be no easy task to confute the correctness of this statement of facts, or of the conclusion drawn from it. It applies to literature, as well as to ship-yards or bucket factories. The literature that has to appeal to its southern origin for favorable consideration is at best only a provincial literature. Such an appeal is virtually a confession of weakness. There should be no occasion for it, if the article produced is able to compete with similar articles produced elsewhere on the ground of comparative merit, without regard to sectional preference.

There have been exceptional successes in the south, but only exceptional, and when these have occurred it is a remarkable fact that it has generally been accomplished by northern, not southern, appreciation.

The Cold Fact.

"In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of a quiet-looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," calmly replied the boy.

Shenstone: "A miser grows rich by seeming poor, and an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich."

"THE WOODS THAT BRING THE SUNSET NEAR."

[Richard Watson Gilder.]

The wind from out the West is blowing,
The homeward-wandering cows are lowing;
Dark grow the pine woods, dark and drear—
The woods that bring the sunset near.

When o'er wide seas the sun declines,
Far off its fading glory shines;
Far off, sublime, and full of fear—
The pine woods bring the sunset near.

This house that looks to east, to west,
This, dear one, is our home, our rest;
Yonder the stormy sea, and here
The woods that bring the sunset near.

Seldom can the heart be lonely,
If it seek a lonelier still,
Self forgetting, seeking only
Emptier cups of love to fill.
—[Francis Ridley Havergal.

TRAIN DISPATCHING.

The Responsibilities of the Man Who Has the Work in Charge.

"People who climb on a passenger train when she is two or three hours late little imagine what endless planning and management it takes to get her through safely. Let a freight get behind time and we can handle her by running her on another train's time, but a passenger breaks up everything on the road. A train dispatcher must be familiar with every circumstance and every possible combination of circumstances. He must know on just what portions of the road fast time can be made and give orders accordingly. He must never give an order for a certain time to be made unless he is positively certain that the grade and condition of the weather will permit of such time being made. To-day I may order a train to run from station A to station B, and another for a train to run from B to A, when the same order to-morrow would precipitate a collision. You have got to know all the men on the line. Why, on that road that I worked on there would be engineers and conductors that could never get a train through on time. Then there would be others that would never be late except in case of accident. Why, sometimes during my eight hours of duty I would give 250 train orders. Just think of that for a moment. Here is a passenger train four hours late and a freight side-tracked at almost every station. Of course that puts every train behind time. First I have to order the operator to put out his flag and hold the train for orders, and then I have to send the order and wait for it to be repeated back. At the same time a train may be be passing a station five miles away, where I want to hold and side-track her. All this time I must not only keep a clear track for the passenger train, but must not unnecessarily detain the freights. Sometimes right in the middle of a rush of business like this the wire will break or some operator will leave his key open. Then everything is to pay. Fortunately the train dispatcher's order is law. Every employe is bound to obey it. So we do not have to worry about that."

"Why did you leave the business?"

"Because I was growing a year older every week. I had the work of ten men upon my shoulders. You often hear about the brave engineer, clinging with firm resolve and calm resignation to the throttle while the engine is plunging on toward inevitable destruction. His responsibility is nothing. He has only a single train and has no duty but to obey rules. The train dispatcher has a hundred trains under his finger that presses upon the key. A moment's delay to a freight, and the dispatcher is cussed. The eight hours you put in bending over your key seems like a week. Your head swims and grows dizzy beneath its awful responsibility. No more train dispatching for me, if you please."

Coffee Beans Moulded from Dough.

New York Sun.

"Give me your opinion of these, young man," said the east side grocer, as he spread before the reporter a handful of coffee beans. "They aren't very regular in size, are they? Now compare them with these, and tell me which you think are the better"

The grocer placed a second handful alongside of the others. The two lots were of the same dark brown color, and at a little distance away presented no very marked difference. Closer inspection showed that while the coffee beans first shown were not all of the same size, the second handful were of extraordinary regularity, the beans being very plump and large.

"I know what you are going to tell me, and at first glance any one would say so. Your opinion is that the last lot is the best isn't it? Well, the difference between the two batches is that those which I showed you first are a fair lot of coffee beans while the others aren't coffee at all, and never grew on a coffee bush."

"What kind of a bush did they grow on?"

"No bush at all. They are a manufactured article. You need not look as if you didn't believe it, for is't a fact on which you may safely risk your last dime. They are nothing more or less than imitations, made out of dough, and browned up to resemble true coffee. They are made in molds and baked afterward. Each one is almost perfect in shape, and all are alike. You won't find genuine coffee beans to have such regularity."

"They look all right, but it strikes me that no one would mistake the beverage made from them for coffee."

"You are wrong again, young man. No respectable grocer would be foolish enough to give any customer who buys a pound of coffee a pound of the imitation. No, indeed. They mix it in the proportion of four or five of coffee to one of the imitation. Nobody examines each bean. You hear persons complaining of bad coffee all the time. 'I'm sure I can't tell how it is,' says the housekeeper; 'I buy the coffee in the bean and grind it myself. I am sure it is not adulterated.'

"You see, the grocer can mix chicory with ground coffee, but when coffee is bought in the bean something's got to be done. Some brilliant mind got over the difficulty by making coffee beans to order."

Modern Explosions.

New York Sun.

Explosions now occur every day, in one quarter or another, as if a large part of the world were engaged in either making or using dangerous compounds. The same night brought news of the disaster in the Spanish dynamite factory at Laperuoca, from which seven dead bodies had been recovered; of the explosion in the British gun works at Enfield; and of the bursting of two cans of Arctic powder at Kitzaning, with a force that shook the whole town and injured many people. In this last case the calamity was due to gross carelessness, for two men, practising shooting, took as a target a railroad car containing the powder, with the result of blowing it to atoms. Few people take practical account of the fact that during the last twenty years the quantity of manufactured explosives in the world has been prodigiously increased, and that a reckless shot or shock has a proportionately greater chance of doing damage.

The Roman Campagna.

Boston Transcript.

The Roman Campagna (Agro Romano) is about as large as Rhode Island—1,300 square miles. Its permanent residents (excluding, of course, Rome and its suburbs) are some 4,000 in number. During harvest nearly 12,000 men arrive for three or four weeks from various poor districts. They come under contract. The government now proposes to drain and reclaim a belt of the Agro Romano—some 77,000 acres around Rome. The population was once over 3,000,000, and the land well cultivated by an industrious population whom the Romans conquered. Subsequently these lands were granted to large proprietors, who used them for grazing purposes. In the time of Augustus they were again partially tilled, but afterward elapsed into an uncultivated waste. The proprietors must now reclaim according to the plans of the government, or pay for the government's doing so, or the land will be taken at a valuation by the government.

Porcelain Type.

Porcelain type is coming into use in France. Two large printing houses in Paris have pronounced it thoroughly satisfactory for broad-side work. Porcelain types closely resemble those made of metal, but are much less liable to become broken or damaged from falls. In color printing they take the ink more readily than wood or metal. They are represented to be from 30 to 40 per cent cheaper than metal, and of about the same price as wood type.

A Mistaken Policy.

"You're sister 'Melia's feller, ain't you?" asked the little trotter, not yet out of dresses. "Well, what do you think about it?" was the replying question, with a redness of the face that nearly matched his hair. "I fink," said the little one, "that mamma talks awfully 'bout the 'margerine on your hair gettin' the new wall paper dirty." There's where the child made a mistake. He drew no candy that trip.

PROTECTING LONE WOMEN.

A Paris Professional whose Vocation it is to Guard Lonely Ladies Against Sneak Thieves.

"J. H. H." in San Francisco Chronicle.

The thieves in Paris—and there are many of them—are divided into two classes, one of which go about searching for openings for the other class, the more daring, to display themselves in. The favorite victims of the corporation of grinches are maiden ladies, and widows living alone and whom they have reason to believe have a snug little sum of money stowed away in an old stocking between their mattresses. When this fact is discovered the grinche calls on the lady, invents some pretext to enter her apartment, and, if necessary, will not hesitate to knock her in the head in order to get possession of the magot. The esbrouffeur des grinches devotes his talent to the protection of such persons and the following is, in his own words, his modus operandi: "When I discover an elderly lady living alone I call on her and explain the danger to which she is exposed. My terms are reasonable—one franc (20 cents) a month—and I rarely fail to secure her for a customer. In return for that sum I undertake to keep a well-brushed hat hanging on the rack in her ante-room. If she has been pointed out to the grinche as a person who may be easily robbed the sight of this hat will frighten him off when he calls, for it leads him to think that she has a visitor, and he goes away to wait for a more convenient opportunity. A day or two afterwards he calls again, with the same result, and after a third call he gives up the job, for there is nothing he is more afraid of than attracting attention. You doubtless think that my customers could get along without me by purchasing a second-hand hat, but that is not the case. It is necessary that the hat should be kept well brushed and be hung up by a man, for men and women do not place a hat on the rack in the same way. The hat must not be too old-fashioned, and what is more important than all the rest, it must be changed every day. Unless these points are attended to the grinche would be true (guess the trick) at his second visit, for he knows that his intended victim lives alone and the object of the hat is to lead him to suppose that she has a caller with her at that moment. I have at present 209 customers and I own 241 hats. Every morning I start out, carrying a hat or two with me that I have carefully brushed. I call on customer No. 1 and replace the hat left the day before by another; the hat I take away with me goes to No. 2, and hers to No. 3, and so on through the whole 209 customers. By this means none of my customers have the same hat hanging in their ante-room for two consecutive days. One day it is a round hat, the next a stove-pipe, the third a slouch. If I am told that there has been a suspicious caller I take the precaution of leaving two hats, for it would never do for one of my customers to get robbed or murdered."

I asked the esbrouffeur if his calling was a profitable one.

"As my terms are a franc a month," was his reply, and as I have now 209 customers, it is easy for you to calculate what I make by it. Twenty-five hundred francs a year is not a great deal, but enough to live on and make ends meet when one is economical and has no vices. My hats cost me something, and if you have any old ones you do not want I will take it as a favor if you will make me a present of them."

A Money-Making Memory.

George Harding, Esq., the distinguished Philadelphia patent lawyer, is remarkable for a retentive memory.

On Saturday Mr. Harding rode down to Wall street, New York, in a Broadway omnibus. A beautiful young lady got in and handed fifty cents to the attorney, requesting him to please hand it to the driver.

"With pleasure," said Mr. Harding, at the same time passing the fifty cents up through the hole to the stage man.

The driver made the change and handed forty cents back to Mr. Harding who quietly put it away into his vest pocket and went on reading a mowing-machine brief.

Then all was silence.

The young lady began to look nervously at Mr. Harding for her change. "Can it be possible that this is one of those polite confidence men we read of in books?" she thought to herself.

Then she looked up timidly and asked Mr. Harding something about the Brooklyn ferry.

"Oh, the boats run very regular—every three minutes," replied the interrupted lawyer, trying to smile. Then he went on reading his brief.

"Do the boats run from Wall street to Astoria?" continued the young lady.

"I don't know, madame," replied Mr. H., petulantly; "I am not a resident of New York; I'm a Philadelphian."

"Ah! yes"—(then a silence).

Mr. Harding again buried himself in his brief, while the young lady ahemed, and asked him what the fare was in the New York stages.

"Why, ten cents, madame—ten cents."

"But I gave you fifty cents to give to the driver," interrupted the young lady, "and—"

"Didn't he return your change? Is it possible? Here, driver!" the lawyer continued, dropping the brief and pulling the strap violently, "why the dickens don't you give the lady her forty cents, sir, forty cents?"

"I did give her the change. I gave forty cents to you, and you put it in your pocket," shouted back the driver.

"To me?" said Mr. Harding, feeling in his vest pocket, from which his fingers brought out four ten-cent pieces. "Gracious goodness, madame! I beg 10,000 pardons; but—but—"

"Oh, never mind," said the lady, eyeing him suspiciously; "you know a lady in a wicked city like New York has to look out for herself. It's no matter—it wasn't the forty cents; but before I left home mother cautioned me against polite confidence men, who look so good outside, but—"

"Goodness gracious! my dear woman!" exclaimed Mr. Harding, while all the passengers eyed him with suspicion. "I assure you—"

But the stage stopped and the young lady, holding fast to her portemonnaie, got out and fled into the custom house, while Mr. Harding went on filling up in this form:

"Goodness gracious! Did you ever? O Lord! what shall I do?" etc.

The lawyer got so excited that he went back to Philadelphia in a hurry. He even forgot to take a big fee in a mowing machine case. He says he'd rather pay $10,000 than to let the Philadelphia fellows get hold of the story.

Times Will Change.

Boston Transcript.

Twenty years ago, if a private gentleman had taken up a public print and seen his house laid bare, the names of his private friends and what they were regaled with in his dining-room warmed up for the public palate, he would have asked satisfaction from the editor who dared to take such liberties with his household gods as to set them up for a public show. A man's house was then his castle. There was a feudal spirit in the home, pervading good society. It is no longer so. A man's house is the public's. All may gaze at his pictures, see his plate, count his dishes, enumerate his servants, and report price lists of his wines. There is nothing hid from the publicity thereof. Hid! Who desires to live the private life? What is the thing expected? Editors are expected to give the finishing touch to the entertainment by a swelling notice in the next day's paper, and columns of such matter would not be too much for those who attended to read. Vanitas vanitatum. Twenty years ago, had a gentleman seen his sister's name printed in full as Mrs. So-and-so, of Such-and-such street (oh, vulgar of vulgar!) he would have settled with the editor in very short, if not sharp, fashion—but now! Nothing more pleases a charming young lady than to see herself in print; to hear herself described au tout personnelle, in detail, even to the hair of an eyebrow or the curve of a nostril.

Stephens and Giddings.

Washington Cor. New Orleans Times.

Along in 1849 and 1850 Giddings, of Ohio, occupied a prominent position before the country on account of his abolition proclivities. He was a courageous man, and spoke his sentiments pretty freely. Mr. Stephens related that in 1849, while Giddings was a member of the house, a double-fisted fellow from Florida, an acquaintance of Senator Wescott, of that state, called upon the senator at the capitol and told him that he had come all the way from Florida to whip old Giddings. "Do you know what you are talking about?" said the senator. "Why, one blow of his ponderous fist would knock you into eternity as quick as a hundred-pound sledge hammer wielded by the hand of a giant. Come along, I will introduce you to him." They went over to the house, and Giddings was called out. Senator Wescott introduced his friend, and stated the object of his visit. Giddings extended his hand, at the same time laughing heartly. He had a pleasant talk with the Floridr man, and parted with him in a very friendly way. The Florida man remarked to Senator Wescott after they had left Giddings: "Why, that's a clever old fellow after all; I like his appearance." Wescott was highly amused at the incident and enjoyed relating it to his fellow senators.

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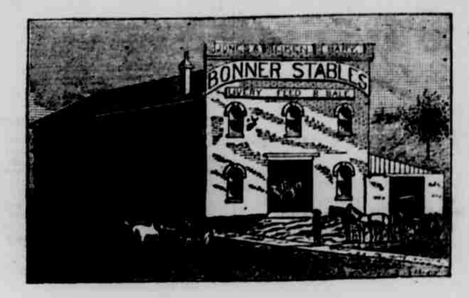

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