TABLES.

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.	4:25 p m	Ar.	3:15 a m
	L've	4:35 p m	L've	3:30 a m
Red Cloud	Ar.	7:55 p m	Ar.	6:30 a m
	L've	8:20 p m	L've	8:05 a m
McCook	Ar.	10:50 p m	Ar.	12:05 p m
	L've	11:10 p m	L've	12:25 p m
Akron	Ar.	2:20 a m	Ar.	5:35 p m
	L've	2:50 a m	L've	6:00 p m
Denver	Ar.	6:05 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.	8:20 a m
Concord	Ar.	4:35 p m	Ar.	8:05 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.	7:33 a m
Greenwood	Ar.	3:15 p m	Ar.	7:34 a m
Lincoln	Ar.	2:00 p m	Ar.	3:30 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.	6:55 p m
	L've	8:25 a m	L've	7:15 p m
McCook	Ar.	5:55 a m	Ar.	2:00 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	11:05 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		5:52 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 "	2.09 p. m.
Springfield	8.42 "	9.00 "	3.05 "
Louisville	8.59 "	9.15 "	3.50 "
Weeping Water	9.24 "	9.40 "	5.00 "
Avoca	9.37 "	9.53 "	5.45 "
Dunbar	10.07 "	10.21 "	6.45 "
Kansas City	6.37 a.m	7.07 p.m.	
St. Louis	5.52 p.m	6.22 a.m.	
	Going NORTH.	Going NORTH.	Going NORTH.
St. Louis	8.52 a.m	8.32 p.m.	
Kansas City	8.38 p.m	7.57 a.m.	
Dunbar	5.10 a.m	4.24 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 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.
7.30 p. m.	EASTERN.	9.00 a. m.
9.30 a. m.		3.00 p. m.
9.00 a. m.	WESTERN.	3.00 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 issue on amount from one cent to fifty dollars, but must not contain a fractional part of a cent.

RATES FOR POSTAGE.

1st class matter (letters) 3 cents per ½ ounce.
2d " " " (Publisher's rates) 2 cts per lb.
3d " " " (Transient Newspapers and books come under this class) 1 cent per each 2 ounces.
4th class (merchandise) 1 cent per ounce.

J. W. MARSHALL P. M.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

CITY DIRECTORY.

GEORGE S. SMITH, Mayor.
WILLIAM H. CUSHING, Treasurer.
J. D. SIMPSON, City Clerk.
WILLETT POTTENGER, Police Judge.
B. B. WINDHAM, City Attorney.
P. B. MURPHY, 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. M. Bons.
2nd Ward—J. M. Patterson, J. H. Fairfield.
3rd Ward—M. S. Murphy, J. E. Morrison.
4th Ward—F. D. Lehnhoff, P. McCallan.

SCHOOL BOARD.

JESSE B. STRODE, J. W. BARNES,
H. 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. WAYERS, Sheriff.
CYRUS ALTON, Sup't of Pub. Instruction.
G. W. FAIRFIELD, County Surveyor.
P. P. GASS, Coroner.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

JAMES CRAWFORD, South Bend Precinct.
SAM'L RICHARDSON, Mt. Pleasant Precinct.
A. B. TODD, Plattsmouth

Parties having business with the County Commissioners, will find them in session the First Monday and Tuesday of each month.

BOARD OF TRADE.

FRANK CARRUTH, President.
J. A. CONNOR, HENRY BECK, Vice-Presidents.
WM. S. WISE, Secretary.
FRED. GORDER, Treasurer.

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

Plattsmouth Telephone Exchange.

1 J. P. Young, residence.
2 Bennett & Lewis, store.
3 M. B. Murphy & Co., "
4 Bonner Stables.
5 County Clerk's office.
6 E. B. Lewis, residence.
7 J. V. Weekbach, 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 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 F. E. Ruffner's office.
26 J. P. Young, store.
28 Perkins House.
29 R. W. Byers, residence.
31 Journal office.
32 Fairfield's ice office.
34 HERALD Pub. Co. office.
35 J. N. Wise, residence.
36 S. M. Chapman, "
37 W. D. Jones, "
38 A. N. Sullivan, "
39 H. S. Palmer, "
40 W. H. Schildknecht, office.
41 Sullivan & Wooley, "
42 A. W. Mecampbell, residence.
43 A. Patterson, livery.
44 C. M. Holmes, "
45 L. D. Bennett, residence.
46 Geo. S. Smith, office.
347 L. A. Moore, floor st.
49 J. W. Barnes, residence.
50 R. R. Livingston, office.
337 J. V. Weekbach, residence.
305 Chaplain Wright, "
300 W. H. Schildknecht "
306 Geo. S. Smith, "
308 R. R. Livingston, "
305 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 Baker & Atwood's store, south side of Main between 5th and 6th streets. 21tf

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Graduate in

PHARMACY AND MEDICINE,

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ATTORNEY AT LAW.

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Plattsmouth. - - - - Nebraska.

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THE MARBLE WIDOW.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart's Isolation in Her Fifth Avenue Palace.

New York Morning Journal.

Alone in her marble palace lives the widow of A. T. Stewart. His remains, which are supposed to be resting beneath the magnificent mausoleum of Garden City, are scarcely more secluded than is the personality of Mrs. Stewart.

The greater portion of the Stewart mansion is closed, dust gathers upon its painting and furniture, its blinds of white and gold shut out the exterior view, and save a small suite of rooms on the western corner the mansion is practically deserted. There is something touching in her splendid isolation within call of the fashion, care, elegance and bustling activity of a restless social world.

A lady with silvery gray hair, whose features are still clearly cut, and bear the evidences of refinement, is Mrs. Stewart. Her eyes are yet fascinated. She stoops slightly. She is of kindly presence, although her features bear the traces of much suffering, and a habitual sternness of expression settles upon her features when in repose. Her face, when lit up with the interest of a passing topic, affords the observer a fair idea of what Mrs. Stewart was in her prime. With the aid of a silver crutch handled cane she can get about fairly. But there are times when the services of her personal attendant are much in request.

Mrs. Stewart is a woman of method. When able she rises by 10 o'clock, and breakfasts usually alone. Her tasks are few and modest, and her rich but simple breakfast equipage contains the old-fashioned meal of tea, dry toast, and some light, easily digested food, as chicken or fish. Wines she rarely touches, save toward evening, preparatory to retirement, between 9 and 10 o'clock, when a glass of port acts as a gentle stimulant to a night of peaceful repose.

But despite her long years of mourning, life has certain duties to be performed, and a business tact, inherited probably from her husband, is still characteristic of Mrs. Stewart's domestic habits.

There are certain pensioners to be looked after, accounts of personal expenditures to be investigated, letters to be answered, and old friends to be received. Besides all these, her signature has to be obtained to sundry business formalities that are indispensable. All this takes up more time than would a first appear.

One of her favorite pastimes, peculiar to many old people, is to indulge in the luxury of having her hair brushed. Her silver braids are long and fine, and though increasing years may have told upon her strength, time has added to, rather than detracted from the glory of her hair. This operation usually lasts for an hour or more, while her companion—sometimes it is a relative—reads from the newspapers, or from a religious book, as her fancy may incline.

Her moods are various and capricious. Ever-changing fancies are continually occurring to her mind. One day she may be bright, sanguine, and exceedingly pleasant; the next she may be plunged into utter despondency, and will refuse comfort from her most attached friends. When laboring under these mental reflections she has been known to lie for hours upon her couch utterly alone.

Her husband's portrait hangs in her bedroom, protected by a small curtain. She will look at it for an hour at a time, and then again the curtain will remain tightly drawn for days.

Under some conditions her vitality is surprising, and her health, upon the whole, is good, considering the mental suffering she has undergone. Her palace is watched night and day, and to get to see Mrs. Stewart is one of the impossibilities to those who are not included among her warmest friends.

How Idaho Was Named.

Joaquin Miller in the Continent.

Colonel Craig, an old pioneer, who had married an Indian woman and raised a family here, proposed to set out for the new mine. The old man had long since, through the Indians, heard of gold in this black mountain, and he was ready to believe this rumor in all its extravagance. He was rich in horses, a good man—a great-brained man, in fact—who always had his pockets full of papers, reminding one of Kit Carson in this respect; and, indeed, it was his constant thirst for news and drew him toward the "expressman," and made him his friend.

I gladly accepted his offer of a fresh horse, and the privilege of making one of his party. For reasons sufficient to the old mountaineer, we set out at night, and climbed and crossed Craig's mountain, sparsely set with pines and covered with rich brown grass, by moonlight.

As we approached the edge of Camas prairie, then a land almost unknown, but now made famous by the battle-fields of Chief Joseph, we could see through the open pines a faint far light on the great black and white mountain beyond the valley. "Idahho!" shouted our Indian guide in the lead, as he looked back and pointed to the break of dawn on the mountain before us. "That shall be the name of the new mines," said Col. Craig quietly, as he rode by his side.

The exclamation, its significance, the occasion and all conspired to excite deep pleasure, for I had already written something on this name and its poetical import, and made a sort of glossary embracing eleven dialects.

Looking over this little glossary now, I note that the root of the exclamation is dah! The Shasta word is Pon-dah-ho! The Klamath is Num-dah-ho! The Modoc is Lo-dah! and so on. Strangely like "Look there!" or "Lo!" is this exclamation, and with precisely that meaning.

I do not know whether this Indian guide was Nez Perce, Shoshonee, Cayuse, or from one of the many other tribes that had met and melted into this half civilized people first named. Neither can I say certainly at this remote day whether he applied the word "Idahho" to the mountain as a permanent and established name, or used the word to point the approach of dawn. But I do know that this mountain that had become famous in a night, and was now the objective point of 10,000 pilgrims, became at once known to the world as Idahho.

A Vegetarian Doctor's Experience.

A vegetarian reports to The British Medical Journal the result of his year's experience without meat. At first he found the vegetables insipid and had to use sauces and pickles to get them down. As soon as he became accustomed to the diet all condiments were put aside except a little salt. The desire for tobacco and alcohol left him spontaneously. Then all his digestive functions became regular, and he found himself wholly free from headaches and bilious attacks. After three months a troublesome rheumatism left him, and at the end of a year he had gained eight pounds in weight. He believes he can do more mental labor than before and that all his senses are more acute. For breakfast he has brown bread, apples and coffee; dinner consists of two vegetables, brown bread and pie or pudding; for tea he rejoices in bread and jam, with milk and water, and for supper bread, jam, cold pudding, and, as a luxury, boiled onions. Eggs, milk, butter and cheese are used only in very small quantities. The dietist is a good doctor, and his statement is drawing out many similar ones from medical men.

In a Fog.

"What would our wives say if they knew where we were?" said the captain of a schooner when they were beating about in a thick fog, fearful of going on shore. "Humph! I shouldn't mind that," replied the mate, "if we only knew where we were ourselves."

Big Fish Story.

Virginia City Enterprise.

The big fish of Lake Tahoe again made his appearance day before yesterday. He suddenly rose in front of the steamer Stanford and disputed her passage. There was quite a rough tustle for about ten minutes, when the fish leaped upward and snapping off the bowsprit, went away with it in his mouth. As the fish is making so much trouble the owners of steamers will send below for a harpoon to kill it. Heretofore this fish has only been seen two or three times in the past twenty-five years. In 1868 he attacked a large boat and drowped four Canadians, since which time he has not been seen till this year.

THE PRESCRIPTION.

They were parting at the gate—
Man and maid—
Still he tarried, although late,
Longing much to hear his fate,
Yet to ask it half afraid.

"If I only knew," said he—
"Only knew,"
"Let me give advice," said she,
"Make a confidant of me;
I can be of help to you."

"Ah! I know that," answered he,
With a sigh.
"Now I guess it all," cried she;
"You are in love, I plainly see,
And afraid to tell her—fie!"

"You're a witch to guess so well,"
Answered he.
"I would like to have you tell
How to make a sick heart well;
Kindly now prescribe for me."

"Every heart will cure a heart,"
Low laughed she;
"You must find another heart,
Then your own will lose its smart—
Try this olden remedy."

"Let me have your heart," he plead.
"Nay!" she said;
"I have none." "No heart!" he said;
"Then I go uncomforted—
Mine a broken heart must be."

"It is yours!" and she laughed low;
"Don't you see?
I prescribed it long ago,
Seeing that you suffered so.
What so blind as men can be?"

"Had I only known before,"
Whispered he,
"What a cure you had in store!"
"You'd have suffered all the more;
Men are foolish things," said she.

The Country Club.

Boston Letter.

Within a few months Boston has awakened to the fact that some general rendezvous was required, some place where people could see each other in a free, easy, unconstrained, and unconventional way, a thing not easy always to do in cities of medium size. So measures were set on foot, and the institution known as "The Country Club" formed. Some hundreds of the more prominent gentlemen subscribed, a beautiful estate, once the country-seat of some local magnate, was purchased and the results have proved most satisfactory in every particular. The club is situated some seven miles from town. The drive to it takes one over the "mill-dam," so called, and through parts of the pretty town of Brookline, so there is nothing lost in getting there, as all is attractive, and the roads good from the start. On arriving, one notices that the gateway is as unassuming and unpretentious as the entrance to any gentleman's country seat. The approach to the house is a slight incline, and winds somewhat, and after a five minutes' drive brings you to the door of the mansion itself—a solid, square, and old-fashioned edifice, which latter attribute the committee of arrangements have been at some pains to retain. The rooms open into each other prettily, and are charmingly fitted up, according to the prevailing style, with high wood-carved fire places, soft-colored draperies, stained-glass windows, etc. The parlors on the right are rooms intended for the use of the lady visitors, and this is one charming and, to some of us, an indispensable feature of the club. Ladies are at liberty to come and go as they please, of course with suitable escorts, on every day of the week save Sunday.

The rooms on the left of the entrance-hall are like ordinary club-rooms, and are exclusively for the use of members. At the back, opening on a pretty, closely-chipped lawn, is the dining-room, a finely shaped apartment, while up-stairs are bedrooms, which may be hired by the members if required. This club-house is a perfect exchange. People drive out constantly. Any bright day at 5 o'clock or thereabout one can find a half-dozen acquaintances chatting, drinking their afternoon tea, and generally amused and amusing. Dining clubs are formed (for the house is opened during the winter as well as in summer-time) and a dozen or more ladies and gentlemen agree to dine together every fortnight perhaps through the season. At a recent dinner the writer was much struck by the nice appointments of everything. The round table, the lovely flowers, perfectly arranged, lights and admirably chosen chet made up a most attractive whole. Out of doors everything is even more pleasing. A race-course at some little distance from the house is used for flat-races, but the more exciting sport lies in the hurdle-racing. Gentlemen jockeys ride exclusively, and enter their own horses. Now that the fine weather is here in all its glory, fun at "The Country Club," is fast and furious. Saturday is the preferred day, but on the "off" afternoons tennis tournaments, pigeon-shoots, etc., are of almost daily occurrence.

A Pair of Army Shoes.

St. Nicholas.

There was another poor fellow, a very small man, who had received a very large pair of shoes, and had not yet been able to effect any exchange. One day the sergeant was drilling the company on the facings—right face, left face, right-about face—and, of course, watched his men's feet closely to see that they went through the movements promptly. Noticing one pair of feet down the line that never budged at the command, the sergeant rushed up to the possessor of them, with drawn sword, and in menacing tones demanded:

"What do you mean by not facing about when I tell you? I'll have you put in the guard-house.

"Why, I did, sergeant!" said the trembling recruit.

"You did not, sir! Didn't I watch your feet? They never moved an inch."

"Why, you see, said the poor fellow, "my shoes are so big that they don't turn when I do. I go through the motions on the inside of them."

Charles A. Dana for President.

Albany Times.

Several of our esteemed contemporaries are opening the dull season in politics by suggesting the name of Charles A Dana as Democratic candidate for president. One or two go so far as to intimate that Mr. Dana is earnestly seeking the nomination; but to those who know him nothing can be more absurd, and all attempts to square the utterances of The Sun by such a theory are simply and wholly ridiculous. We have no doubt Mr. Dana would make an excellent president, much better than some we have had, and very likely better than the one who will next assume the chair, no matter what his name. But to be president of the United States and editor of The Sun at the same time is too much to expect of one man; and in order to become the one Mr. Dana must cease to be the other. This would be asking too great a sacrifice, both of Mr. Dana himself and of the countless readers of the paper over which he presides. Almost any good square man of ordinary intelligence, medium education, and fair physical health will do for president of the United States; but there is not one man in a million who could edit, as Mr. Dana does, The Sun.

Conkling's Retort.

Speaking of ex-Senator Conkling's quickness of mind during a debate, John F. Smyth said recently: "Mr. Conkling was equally swift of mind in replying to those who were rash enough to question him in political meetings. I remember that when he was a young man he was once interrupted during a speech at Utica by a fellow who bawled out: 'Do you want me to marry a black wench?' Conkling pretended not to hear the remark distinctly, and said with great politeness of manner: 'Will the gentleman who asked me a question have the kindness to come forward and repeat it?' The Republicans who were present cried out: 'Turn him out, turn him out.' 'Oh, no, don't turn him out; I'm sure the gentleman asked some question which deserves a reply; let him come forward,' said Mr. Conkling. So they pushed the fellow forward to the middle of the hall, where he puffed out his chest and said defiantly: 'Do you want me to marry a black woman?' Conkling looked the man over carefully for about three minutes. It was so silent that you could have heard a pin drop. Then he said with a drawl: 'Do I want you to marry a black woman? No, I can't say that I do—I have too much compassion for the black woman.'"

AT THE END.

[Philip Bourke Marston in Lippencott's.]

Because the shadows deepened heavily,
Because the end of all seemed near, forsooth,
Her gracious spirit, ever quick to ruth,
Had pity on her bond-slave, even on me.
She came in with the twilight noiselessly;
Fair as a rose, immaculate as truth,
She leaned above my wrecked and wasted youth;
I felt her presence more than I could see.

"God keep you, my poor friend," I heard her say,
And then she kissed my dry, hot lips and eyes.
Kiss thou the next kiss, quiet Death, I pray,
Be instant on this hour, and so surprise
My spirit while her presence seems to stay;
Take thou the heart, with the heart's paradise.

Actors at Last Fully Recognized in France.

Paris Telegram, May 10.

Actors have at length attained a position of perfect equality with other citizens. Since the revolution no actor has been denied Christian burial, in case of refusal to promise, if he recovered, to abjure the stage. Samson and Renier received the cross of the Legion of Honor, but on condition of retiring from their profession. Seveste was decorated for defending Paris in 1870, but he was then mortally wounded. Got was decorated, two years ago, but the decree studiously ignored the fact of his being an actor. It described him as a professor of declamatian at the Conservatoire, and it was there that the riband was handed to him. It remained for M. Ferry to take the last step in the path of emancipation. On Friday night he went to the Comedie Francaise, and between two of the acts sent for Delannay to a private room, where he not only decorated him, but pressed him to abandon his design of retiring. Delaunay, who was on the eve of going through his principal characters, by way of farewell to the stage, could not resist such blandishment. He, too, is a professor at the Conservatoire; but the decree this time contains the words, "Societaire de la Comedie Francaise," and mentions his professorship as a secondary qualification. How he was overwhelmed with congratulations may be imagined, and the performance must have been interrupted, had he not been rescued from the stream of well-wishers. Neither profession nor sex (for Rosa Bonheur was decorated in 1865) is now an obstacle to that honor which is every Frenchman's ambition, and actors are no longer in any sense pariahs.

The Fearful and the Bold.

Life.

A fly, observing one day a sheep running with great rapidity from a forest, inquired, "What is the matter, my friend?" "Matter enough!" panted the sheep. "Dear fly, in yonder wood there is a lion!" "Really? and what of that?" returned the fly. "Surely you are not afraid of a lion?" "And do you indeed not fear him?" gasped the sheep. "Certainly not; to prove it, I will myself enter the wood." The fly hurried away, and returning after some time, continued, "You are right, my friend, he is there; but really there is no occasion for fear. I conversed with him for some minutes, and I even flatter myself that it was I who annoyed him. Pray, do not be so timid!" At this moment a spider, who had just completed her web near by, appeared suddenly on the scene. The fly turned pale, and, without warning, fainted quite away. The spider, seizing him, bore him into her web, whence he never reappeared. "Alas! my friend," sighed the sheep as he walked quietly away, "it is not so much what you are afraid of, as it is the being afraid!"

Another Electrical Wonder.

The most astonishing claim yet made in behalf of electricity is that it has been proven possible to convey by it variations of light, so that it is practicable not only to [illegible] distant friend, but to [illegible] The Otago Times, Dr. [illegible] has invented an apparatus [illegible] electroscope, which accomplish[illegible] paper in question says that a public [illegible] this instrument was made in Melbourne in [illegible] presence of some forty scientific and public men. "Sitting in a dark room, they saw projected on a large disk of white burnished metal the race-course at Flemington, with its myriad hosts of active beings. Each minute detail stood out with perfect fidelity to the original, and as they looked at the wonderful picture through binocular glasses it was difficult to imagine that they were not on the course itself, and moving among those whose actions they could so completely scan."

As Told by the Hero.

Macon Telegraph.

The following is an extract from a letter written from Texas by a young man formerly of Macon to a friend here: "The other night I went into a saloon where there were eight cowboys who had just got in from a long drive. They crowded around me and asked me to set 'em up. Just out of politeness I set 'em up. When they got through they asked me to set 'em up again, and I refused. They crowded around me, evidently taking me for a sucker, and swore they'd eat me up. I stood my ground, and told them if they would let the bar-keeper hold their pistols I'd try 'em a few rounds. Then they took out their weapons and gave them to the bar-keeper, and in ten minutes I had whipped all eight of them. They saw that I wasn't to be fooled with and we shook hands. Every time I meet a cowboy now he takes off his hat to me."

Novel Fire Alarm.

London Times.

Suffocation while asleep is a great danger to be guarded against. Smoke rapidly causes the temperature to rise. A wire fixed in a thermometer at, say 80 deg. Fahr., in connection with a small electric battery and bell, will cause the latter to ring violently on the mercury being driven up by the rise of the temperature, touching the wire, and thus completing the circuit. Such a contrivance, simple and inexpensive, if placed in a hotel, would give the necessary alarm; while if the bell were fixed outside warehouses, etc., left unprotected at night, before the fire therein could possibly attain any serious proportions, the ringing of the bell would attract the notice of passers-by, but especially the police, whose co-operation in the matter of the protection of life and property from fire cannot be too highly appreciated.

The Woodcock's Telegraphy.

I have closely observed the woodcock's system of telegraphy. The bird's mandibles are furnished with extremely sensitive nerves, so arranged that when the point of the bill rests upon the ground the slightest sounds are conveyed to its brain. Standing upon the water-saturated earth of a spouty bog, our bird utters a faint, keen cry, scarcely audible at two rods' distance, then immediately lets fall his head till the tip of his bill touches the ground, and listens attentively. If his mate hears him, she replies, puts her bill on the ground and listens in turn. So the love message goes back and forth as long as the birds have anything to say. This sort of thing usually happens in the soft twilights from May to the middle of August, though occasionally I have seen and heard it in the broad light of a summer day.

She can buy a fancy bonnet, and she knows the use of dye;
She can sing in seven languages at sight;
She can talk æsthetic chatter, and the art that's known as "high;"
She can do a ball or concert every night;
She can paint on silk and velvet, and knows Swinburne's works by heart;
She can angle, she can smib and she can flirt;
But she can't put down a carpet, and she cannot make a tart,
And she cannot sew a button on a shirt.

When Planting Trees.

Those who plant trees for landscape effect should give attention to the grouping of variously colored foliage in the trees planted. A