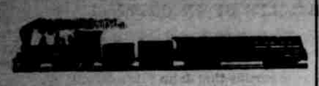
R. R. TIME TABLES.



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.	6:55 p m	Ar.	6:30 a m
	L've	7:20 p m	L've	8:05 a m
McCook	Ar.	11:00 p m	Ar.	12:05 p m
	L've	11:10 p m	L've	12:25 p m
Akron	Ar.	1:20 a m	Ar.	5:35 p m
	L've	1:30 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.	4:16 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.	2:30 p m	Ar.	3:30 a m
	L've	2:35 p m	L've	7:00 a m
Hastings	Ar.	9:20 a m	Ar.	10:15 p m
	L've	10:10 a m	L've	10:30 p m
Red Cloud	Ar.	8:40 a m	Ar.	6:55 p m
	L've	8:25 a m	L've	7:45 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.	10:55 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	5:03 a m	6:07 p m
La Platte	5:11 a m	6:14 p m
Be levue	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	8:37 a m	7:42 p m
Omaha	8:05 a m	7:20 p m

TIME TABLE
Missouri Pacific Railroad.

	Express leaves going SOUTH.	Express leaves going SOUTH.	Freight leaves going SOUTH.
Omaha	7.40 p.m	8.00 a.m.	12.50 a. m.
Papillion	8.17 "	8.37 "	2.00 p. m.
Springfield	8.42 "	9.00 "	3.05 "
Louisville	8.59 "	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 "	7.05 "

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.
9.30 a. m.		3.00 p. m.
6.00 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
10.40 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 an 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.
R. B. WINDHAM, City Attorney.
P. B. MURPHY, Chief of Police.
P. McCANN, Overseer of Streets.
C. KOEHNKE, Chief of Fire Dept.
S. H. RICHMOND, Ch'n Board of Health

COUNCILMEN.

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

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. OHNSON, County Judge.
R. W. HYERS, Sheriff.
CYRUS ALLION, 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. R. 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.

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J. F. BAUMEISTER
Furnishes Fresh, Pure Milk
DELIVERED DAILY.
Special calls attended to, and Fresh Milk from same furnished when wanted. dly

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TTSMOUTH NEB.
C. HEISEL, - Proprietor.
Flour, Corn Meal & Feed

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1 J. P. Young, residence.
2 Bennett & Lewis, store.
3 M. B. Murphy & Co.,
4 Bonner Stables.
5 County Clerk's office.
6 E. B. Lewis, residence.
7 J. V. Weckbach, store.
8 Western Union Telegraph office.
9 D. H. Wheeler, residence.
10 D. . Campbell, "
14 R. B. Windham, "
15 Jno. Wayman, "
16 J. W. Jennings, "
17 W. S. Wise, office.
18 Morrissey Bros., office.
19 W. R. Carter, store.
20 G. W. Fairfield, residence.
21 M. B. Murphy, "
22 D. H. Wheeler & Co., office.
23 J. P. Taylor, residence.
24 First National Bank.
25 P. E. Ruffner's office.
26 J. P. Young, store.
28 Perkins House.
29 R. W. Hyers, residence.
31 Journal office.
32 Fairfield's ice office.
34 HERALD PUB. CO. office.
35 J. N. Wise, residence.
36 S. M. Chapman, "
37 W. D. Jones, "
38 A. N. Sullivan, "
39 H. E. Palmer, "
40 W. H. Schildknecht, office.
41 Sullivan & Wooley, "
42 A. W. McLaughlin, residence.
43 A. Patterson, livery.
44 C. M. Holmes, "
45 L. D. Bennett, residence.
46 Geo. S. Smith, office.
47 L. A. Moore, flor.st.
49 J. W. Barnes, residence.
50 R. R. Livingston, office.
307 J. V. Weckbach, residence.
335 Chaplain Wright, "
340 W. H. Schildknecht "
346 Geo. S. Smith, "
350 R. R. Livingston, "
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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DENTIST,
(Successor to Clutter & Marshall.)
Preservation of natural teeth a specialty.
Uses Nitrous Oxide Gas.
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Office over Smith, Black & Co's. Drug Store. First class dentistry at reasonable prices. 23ly

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Special attention given to diseases of women and children 21tf

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PLATTSMOUTH, - NEBRASKA
Agent for Steamship lines to and from Europe d12w52ly

R. R. LIVINGSTON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
OFFICE HOURS, from 10 a. m., to 2 p. m.—Examining Surgeon for U. S. Pension.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

JAS. S. MATHEWS
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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.

ROBERT B. WINDHAM,
Notary Public
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
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Plattsmouth, - - - Nebraska

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Made ONLY of Vegetable Oil and Pure Beef Tallow.
To induce housekeepers to give this Soap a trial, WITH EACH BAR
WE GIVE A FINE TABLE NAPKIN FREE
This offer is made for a short time only and should be taken advantage of at ONCE. We WARRANT this Soap to do more washing with greater ease than any soap in the market. It has no EQUAL for use in hard and cold water.
YOUR GROCER HAS IT.
G. A. Wrisley & Co.
CHICAGO,
Manufacturers of Standard Laundry and Toilet Soaps.

"MARY JANE."

A Characteristic Letter About Old Bachelors, Gas Wells, etc.

"Mary Jane" in Louisville Courier-Journal.

I also omitted to mention another prominent feature in Steubenville. This is social and easily remediable, but it stays just the same all the year around. I refer to old bachelors. The town is full of them, and I never saw a town in which there were girls better adapted in every way to destroy bachelorhood. They are sensible, practical, economical, smart, good-looking and well-fixed, and yet the bachelor thrives. They are great beaux, too, and the way they made eyes at me and even tried to squeeze my hand "for old acquaintance sake," they said, was something blood-curdling. I don't like bachelors. They are one of the few things the great Creator never made a place for, and their lives, usually, are as aimless as a gun without a sight.

"What are you growling about?" said Dickey. "You are an old maid."

"I know it," said I, "and I'm proud of it. But old maids are useful. They can help the world along in various ways, and some of the sweetest, quietest characters I have ever known are unmarried women whose lives have been one long sacrifice to the happiness of others."

"Don't bachelors ever do that way?" said she.

"Once in one hundred thousand times," said I, "and the rest of 'em live only to have what they call a good time."

"Don't they have it?" said she.

"They don't look like it," said I, "when they happen to get caught in a place where a woman's ministration would be worth everything to them."

Skip out, all ye old bachelors,
Give up your aimless lives;
Go scout around among the girls,
And get you wholesome wives.
But if you fail to make a match,
Just take this word from me;
The girls don't think you're any catch,
So go and climb a tree.

NATURAL GAS.

Now to get at what I really want to talk about. I went down to Wellsburg, W. Va., and Brilliant, Ohio., just opposite, and seven miles below Steubenville, to see the natural gas wells recently opened at those places. Years ago—say twenty-five—they found gas up at New Cumberland, W. Va., eleven miles above Steubenville, while boring for oil, and it has been used there ever since for manufacturing purposes. Later they found it at East Liverpool, Ohio., ten miles further up, the second greatest pottery manufacturing point in the United States, Trenton, N. J., being the first. Here thirty or forty wells have been sunk, the town is lighted by it, the gas being burned all day, as it is cheaper than to hire men to turn it off and on, and it is used in heating houses and also in the potteries. Its flow is lessening, however, and other fuel is being substituted. For a long interval the gas-well business was put on the shelf, but several months since a well six inches in diameter was sunk at Wellsburg, and at 1,310 feet a vein was struck, and until the day I was there the inflamable stuff poured out and a huge flame poured out day and night.

"How much gas has escaped there?" said Dickey, as we looked at it.

"Enough," said I, "to supply all the life insurance agents, editors and traveling salesmen in the United States for a hundred years and still leave enough for a light for the others to read their dead confreres' epitaphs by."

"How about your letters?" said she.

"Don't mention it," said I.

A workman told me at the Wellsburg well that the pressure, when partly shut off, was 200 pounds to the square inch. It was so strong that they had to let it waste for months because if they shut it off it would blow all the tubing out of the well. An hour after we were there it was turned on the town and was to be used for lighting purposes. Several smaller pipes had been connected with it for some time, and they supplied two or three glass and other factories with fuel. Over at Brilliant the Spaulding iron works are being built, and the projectors thought they might get cheap fuel, so they put down a well the same size as the Wellsburg, and at exactly the same depth they struck it, and their iron works stock popped up 10 per cent.—better than a protective tariff, you see. Mr. Chas. Spaulding showed us this well, and to give us some idea of the pressure, he shut it down until the flame was about as big as an apron, and in three-quarters of a minute turned it on full, and the flame shot out fifty feet or more with a roar and a rush like a cyclone, and gave me such a nervous shock that I thought the gate had come unfastened and the old Harry himself would come walking right out of that pipe in five minutes. But he didn't come and I became calm. It is estimated that this gas as fuel will directly and indirectly represent a saving to the new works of from $60,000 to $75,000 a year. It is the best friend to the free trade theory yet discovered.

The Spaulding well is open all the time, and will be for four months yet, by which time the works will be ready to use it. At night the whole country is lighted by it.

It is really a wonderful thing, and useful is no name for it. Already a new well is going down at Wellsburg, one at Mingo, two at Steubenville, and several in the vicinity of Wheeling. Nearly all of these will be used in the manufacture of iron. The Upper Ohio valley has taken a boom on the strength of it.

"Couldn't they get gas at Louisville to help business there?" asked Dickey, innocently.

"I think not," said I.

"Why?" said she.

"Well," said I, "it is found 450 feet below the surface at East Liverpool, and twenty-seven miles down the river it is 1,310 feet down. Figuring on this basis, it would at Louisville, which is about 525 miles further down the river, be found about 16,500 feet below the surface, rather further down than any borings have yet been made. However, my dear, this is not authentic, and may be slightly wild."

WELSBURG.

This is a pleasant town, the county seat of Brooke county, and has a population of 3,000, more or less. It has two newspapers, banks, paper mills, glass factories, good stores, nice homes, and in the earlier days was an exceedingly aristocratic Virginia town. It is a sleepy old place, and the most striking thing I saw there besides the gas well was a bald-headed old merchant trying to get one girl out of a buggy so he could, as he said, "drive Mary around the town." "Mary" was the other girl in the buggy.

"Wasn't that all right?" said Dickey.

"No," said I.

"Why not?" said she.

"Because," said I, "I hate to see a pretty girl wasting her sweetness on the desert hair."

Seven miles back of Wellsburg, over one of the most beautiful drives in West Virginia, is Bethany college, dear to all Kentuckians as the home of Alexander Campbell, whose name made into Campbellite, almost usurped the title of Christianity. He was a noble man, and that his memory and deeds are revered does all honor to those who acknowledged his leadership. Garfield's name is also closely allied with Bethany, and two such names as Campbell and Garfield are honors to be proud of to the end of all time.

BRILLIANT.

This sparkling village, opposite Wellsburg, is taking a fresh start on the strength of the new iron-works, gas, etc., and town lots are so high that the surveyor has to climb upon a ladder to lay them off. As a town, Brilliant isn't very much yet. It used to be called Lagrange, but this hadn't enough sparkle, and Brilliant was adopted. As a name, I think Brilliant is about the best one in the list for a town. The village has one or two saloons. I don't speak of this as anything unusual, but merely mention it to ask why is it that a saloon seems to be so much more necessary to a man than salvation? Women don't have to have saloons, and why men do I can't understand.

"Women don't have wives," said Dickey.

"And men don't have husbands," said I, with equal force.

Speaking of bachelors, I should mention that I made my little side trip to Wellsburg and Brilliant with only four of them, and their combined ages run up pretty nearly in the neighborhood of 200 years. They were all prime fellows, too; just the very kind to make a young woman think matrimony synonymous with heaven.

"Don't they always think that?" said Dickey.

"There you go again," said I. "Of course they think it, but the thought dosen't always pan out, as it were, and while the synonym still begins with an H, the other letters don't make the word out to be heaven exactly."

The country all about these towns is beautiful and almost as productive on the surface as it is down among the coal and gas veins. The farmers live in handsome houses, and they are a reading, intelligent and active people. School houses, churches and newspapers abound, and these are the great civilizers.

"Mary Jane," said Dickey, "when you get down to that style of matter, ain't you writing against time?"

"I am," said I.

"Then quit," said she.

"I have," said I.

Beecher Women in Full Dress.

"Clara Belle."

Forty thousand dressmakers and milliners, with all their arts of development and concealment, shaping and adornment, could not make Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe a stylish woman. The same is true of the queen of England, I believe, but I never had the chance to study her, while this very week I have had a good, leisurely, two hours' view of the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." My conclusion is that she is a sinner against fashion who can't possibly know that her redeemer liveth, for the simple reason that there is no salvation for her. She is the kind of a woman who rises superior to clothes. They have no modifying effect on her. The most fashionable devices are powerless to alter her individuality. Probably at some time in her life she has tried to keep up with the procession, but it was long ago. It has been a long time since she dropped hopelessly to the rear of those who change uniforms every season. It was at the celebration of her brother Henry's seventieth birthday, in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, that I saw her. She resembles him very closely as to face, which is the same as saying that her features are big, deep-lined and unique. No bonnet could hold its own in conjunction with them. The one that was on this occasion subordinated to them was in style, I guess, of twenty-five years ago. The rest of her garb was equally antiquated. Kindly and brainy enough she looked, and, oh! how we did cheer her when she came to the front of a proscenium box! But as an exponent of the fashions she was a success only as a remote negative. By her side sat the wife of Henry Ward Beecher, carrying her 72 years as heavily as he did his 70 jauntily—a bent, wrinkled, broken old woman, but neatly and fashionably dressed in mourning. Then, there was Beecher's daughter Hattie, wife of the Rev. Samuel Scovil, who is of his and Harriet's sort. She lives in an interior New York village that is large enough to provide competent producers of fashionable attire, and yet she looked like Miss Bumpkin from Bumpkinville, though a healthy, wholesome creatures.

A Mammoth Seaside Hotel.

I went with Charles Leland to-day through his larder below stairs at the Brighton hotel, and it seemed to me like a vast quartermaster's supply warehouse on the plains. There was flour piled up by rods, hams stretched along by rods from beams. The larder filled with chickens in ice, fish in ice, steaks and chops sufficient for a regiment, and the steward sat at his desk in the basement taking down everything that anybody wanted. "For," said the proprietor, "here is where I make or lose." The wine rooms were twice as long as liquor stores; the kitchen was big enough to have a sham battle in, and on the pay-roll thus early in the season were 360 persons. "When I have bad weather," said Mr. Leland, "they eat my head right up; it is in the marketing that one must save or make himself here. I paid $4,000 to my butcher this morning. I feed my help on beef that costs twelve and a half cents a pound, while these cuts that go to the customers cost twenty-two. After all, the bar is the great place of gain. Before the month of July had set in I had spent $7,000, with hardly any summer season. On a good day here I take in $3,500.

A Beautiful Girl Who Was Really Two Beings.

A lady correspondent of Meriwether's (Memphis) Weekly saw in the asylum for the insane at Sacramento, Cal., a very handsome girl, with whom she became well acquainted: "I used to take walks with her, and would almost forget my surroundings and circumstances until my companion would release my arm with the remark, "I must go now, my spell is coming on.' This beautiful girl was really two beings, now sensible, modest, amiable, a companion to me, suddenly, by some wonderful process, she was transformed to a writhing, contorted lunatic. She always knew when this change was approaching, and retired to her room to remain until the paroxysm had passed. When my visit was over, and I was taking my leave of the asylum, this little friend shook hands with tears in her eyes. "If you think of me at all," she said, 'only remember me as we walked together—friends and happy. Please don't, don't think of me as that other girl, raving and crazy.'"

Caught a Back-Set.

Boston Budget.

William Winans, of Baltimore, who leases an enormous estate in the highlands of Scotland for sporting purposes, has failed in his suit brought to enable him to turn the cotters off their native heath. Mr. Winans wanted to grow deer instead of Scotchmen on these broad acres, but the courts have justly upheld the rights of the inhabitants to their homes, and they are not to be disturbed, even to please an American snob.

Needed Attention.

Puck.

Count Livonwitz—"In asking for ze hand of Miss Marrie I would zay dat I belong, sare, to a great family—in my own country." Paterfamilias—"So I supposed. What did you run away from it for? Why didn't you stay and take care of it?"

A Young Man's Dilemma.

Troy (N. Y.) Press.

A number of young men went bathing in the Mohawk river at Schenectady on Sunday. Objections had been made to their choosing so conspicuous a place for swimming, but the objections were ignored. After getting into the water on the occasion, a Mr. Van Voast swooped down upon various wearing apparel and took it to police headquarters. One tall young man was more unfortunate than his companions, for all of his articles of clothing were taken, with the exception of a paper collar and a pair of shoes. The others had lost their pants and some of them had been relieved of a shirt, but the young man was in a distressing dilemma. His companions donned whatever garments they had and departed for home in their exceedingly unique toilets. The tall young man set his wits to work. He secured a flour barrel, broke the head out and got in. A paper collar, a pair of shoes and the barrel constituted his suit. In this manner he slunk toward home, hiding in the fields whenever he heard the noise of an approaching wagon. The acme of his distressing predicament did not arrive, however, until his unique appearance attracted the attention of several dogs. The canines barked and snapped at his heels, rendering pedestrianism anything but pleasant to the occupant of the wooden suit. The tall young man, however, trudged along, now and then making an awkward gesture with his legs at the canines who were howling and snapping at his shanks. He finally reached home and went through the back door. The plan of breaking up Sunday bathing by Mr. Van Voast will be successful, it is believed.

JOURNALISTIC SUPERSTITIONS.

Some of the Peculiarities of the Men Who Make Newspapers.

Burlington Hawkeye.

"Are editors as superstitious as theatre actors and sailors and railroad men?" asked the old subscriber, sitting down in a Queen Anne chair and putting his feet timidly under a centre-table inlaid with Mexican onyx.

"Yes," said the solemn editor, "they are. Ever since newspapers were invented by Cadmus, journalists in ever department have had superstitious beliefs and ideas peculiar to their profession. Now, there's the managing editor. If the first man who comes into the private office Monday morning is a man who wants to go to congress and has an editorial article three columns long written by himself, showing how the country is lost unless he is nominated in a minute, the manager is gloomy all day because he doesn't believe that article is going in the paper. No reason for it, you know, only he is just superstitious enough to believe that the manuscript will be lost in the waste-basket ten feet deep before the auther is half way down stairs. Then there's the leader writer. If he found his pen sticking in the paste, he'd suspect Dan, down in the office, in a minute. When he finds his desk opened and all his pencils gone, he suspects the proof-reader, and when the paper comes out dated February 32, he suspects the 'make-up.' And another thing, if he picks up a pen by the wrong end, he will turn it around and say something before he will write with it. I've talked with him about it, but he won't give any reason for it. As for the news editor, do you see that mountain of exchanges on his table? Well, before you get down stairs that young man will lean out of the window to watch your appearance at the counting-room door, and he will say: "I'll bet a dollar that old cuss stole The Boston Transcript and The Denver Tribune. He is superstitious about everything that happens and every man that comes in. He believes it bad luck to drop the scissors down the elevator well. Did it once, and they straddled right into both eyes of a regular advance paying subscriber, who was looking up to see the elevator come down. He believes in Mascottes. Gets five letters a week from somebody, and the boys believe he has one. He won't work on Sunday or the Fourth of July. Says when a man works on Sunday it is a sign he's lonesome. If he wants to get anything out of the library, when he is sitting at the desk, he crosses the room before he takes down the book. Crosses it again before he sits down. If we run out of paper the pressman believes it is a sign that the paper won't be out. If a printer asks for money before pay day it is a sign he hasn't been on the paper quite one week. It is also a sign that he'll never do it again. If a pressman asks a printer for a dollar it is a sure sign that the printer hasn't a cent. When the foreman finds a handful of pi in with his quoins and picks up a sidestick and starts down the room, making loud remarks, it is a sign he is going to (and for) the devil. Oh, a newspaper office is the most superstitious place you can come to."

"And yourself?" said the old subscriber.

"Now do you believe in any of these things?"

"If" said the solemn editor. "Oh, I believe it's about time!!?"

The old subscriber nodded thrice, put on his hat, rose to his feet, and the Old One and and the Solemn One passed slowly, but not too slowly, down the winding stairs.

Can a Bat See With Its Wings?

Forest and Stream.

There is a singular property with which the bat is endowed too remarkable and curious to be passed altogether unnoticed. The wings of these creatures consist of a delicate and nearly naked membrane of great size, considering the size of the body; but besides this, the nose is, in some varieties, furnished with a membraneous foliation, and in others the external membraneous tissues have their sensibility so high that something like a new sense is thereby developed, as if in aid of the sense of sight. The modified impressions which the air in quiescence or in motion, however light, communicates the tremulous jar of its currents, its temperature, the indescribable conditions of such portions of air as are in contact with different bodies, are all apparently appreciated by the bat. If the eyes of the bat be covered up, or if it be cruelly deprived of sight, it will pursue its course about a room with a thousand obstacles in its way, avoiding them all, neither dashing against a wall, nor touching the smallest thing, but threading its way with the utmost precision and quickness, and passing adroitly through apertures or inter-space of threads placed purposely across the apartment. This endowment, which almost exceeds belief, has been abundantly demonstrated.

Grant on Drum Majors.

Long Branch Letter.

General Grant went down on the same steamboat. He smoked, gazed lazily on the water, and chatted a little with several acquaintances, but in too trivial a manner to be worth writing, except, possibly, when the island site of Bartholdi's "Liberty" statue was pointed out, and he said: "It will be a shame if the money isn't raised for the pedestal. I shouldn't care to travel abroad again if that statue arrived and didn't find a place ready to stand on." Then he listened to a conversation about processions which drifted to drum-majors.

"They always strike me as comical," he remarked.

"But they are at least impressive to the small boys," said Chauncy M. Depew, who had joined the circle; "haven't you noticed how the street urchins always swarm in front of the magnificent drum-major, imitating his gait and the flourish of his baton? Mayor Edson tells me that no less a bandmaster than Gilmore came to him recently to know if there couldn't be an ordinance to protect drum-majors from this torment. To be the figurehead of a procession is glorious, Gilmore explained, but its sweetness is turned to gall by these caricaturing urchins who invariably trot before. The major did not think that legislation on the subject was advisable, but he advised that the pestered majors appeal to the police.

Dukes's Grave.

Uniontown Genius of Liberty.

Passing along the McClellandtown road, in Fayette county, I naturally looked over toward the cemetery, and could distinctly see the fresh earth of the new mound. Observing something white on it, I thought it could not be a slab, as his friends are to move him to his native place in Ohio, beside his father. I, however, solved the mystery by turning from the public road into a little shady avenue leading to the gate, where I walked on myrtle until I reached the desired spot, and there I saw a basket—evidently fresh from the florist—bordered with blush rosebuds, each bedded in mignonette, and then closely filled with fragrant white lilies. I said to myself we all have our friends.

In Smoking Cigarettes.

New York Sun.

That cigarette smoking may be both soothing and recuperating, provided that the little roll of tobacco is loosely held between the fingers and puffed from time to time, is the opinion of the Lancet. Where injury may be expected is in keeping the cigarettes firmly between the lips and sucking in and retaining all of the nicotine.

"Contempt av Coort."

Rocky Mountain News.

Judge Mallahey fined another man yesterday for skurrying across the tail end of the police court room with his hat on. The judge has a keen eye for contempt of court.

This reminds us of a story told of a Chicago justice of the peace. A young lawyer met this justice on the street, familiarly slapped him on the shoulder saying, "Hello, old cock, how do you do?" A few days later the limb of the law had some business before the justice, and as soon as he stuck his head inside the court-room door he was fined $10 for contempt. He denied the charge vehemently, but was finally crushed by a recital of his offense and the court's assurance: "I'll tache ye, me lad, that this coort is an object of contempt wheniver and wheriver ye may meet it."

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