R. R. TIME TABLES.

[illegible]

& M. R. R. in Nebraska,

MAIN LINE

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

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

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

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

STATIONS:	EXPRESS TRAINS GOING NORTH.	
Plattsmouth....	4:50 a m	5:55 p m
Oreapolis	5:03 a m	6:07 p m
La Platte	5:11 a m	6:14 p m
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	8:47 a m	7:42 p m
Omaha.	8:15 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.....	8.33 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 "	7.06 "

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. / 9.30 a. m.	EASTERN.	9.00 a. m. / 3.00 p. m.
5.00 p. m.	WESTERN.	6.55 p. m.
7.50 p. m.	NORTHERN.	9.00 a. m
10.20 a m. / 7.30 p. m.	SOUTHERN.	8.25 a. m / 4.25 p. m
4.00 p. m.	OMAHA.	8.00 a. m
11.00 a m.	WEEPING WATER, 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 " " $5 - - - 25 cents

A single Money Order may include any amount from one cent to fifty dollars, but must not contain a fractional part of a cent.

RATES FOR POSTAGE.

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

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. KOENKE, 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 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. H. TODD, Plattsmouth

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

BOARD OF TRADE.

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

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

MILK.

J. F. BAUMEISTER

Furnishes Fresh, Pure Milk

DELIVERED DAILY.

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

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TTSMOUTH NEB.

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Flour, Corn Meal & Feed

Plattsmouth Telephone Exchange.

1 J. P. Young, residence.
2 Bennett & Lewis, store.
3 M. R. 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. S. 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. K. Palmer, "
40 W. H. Schildknecht, office.
41 Sullivan & Wooley, "
42 A. W. McLaughlin, residence.
43 A. Patterson, livery.
44 C. M. Holmes, "
45 L. D. Bennett, residence.
46 Geo. S. Smith, office.
47 L. A. Moore, 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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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(Successor to Clutter & Marshall.)
Preservation of natural teeth a specialty.
Uses Nitrous Oxide Gas.
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ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Will practice in all the Courts in the state. Office over First National Bank. 49y1
PLATTSMOUTH - NEBRASKA.

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

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PHYSICIAN and SURGEON. Office on Main Street, between Sixth and Seventh, south side Office open day and dight
COUNTY PHYSICIAN.
Special attention given to diseases of women and children. 21tf

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Fitzgerald's Block,
PLATTSMOUTH, - NEBRASKA
Agent for Steamship lines to and from Europe. d12w52ly

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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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ATTORNEY AT LAW.
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.
District Attorney and Notary Public.

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COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY.
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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.
Office over Carruth's Jewelry Store.
Plattsmouth. - - - - Nebraska.

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BOYD & LARSEN,

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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.
For reference apply to J. P. Young, J. V. Weckbach or H. A. Waterman & Son. d&w

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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.

DRIFTING.

[T. Buchanan Read.]

My soul to day
Is far away,
Sailing the Versuvian bay;
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote.

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague and dim
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty grim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands,
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er lipid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Floats swift and slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls,
Where swells and falls
The bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie
Blown softly by
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

This day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled;
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies—
O'erailed with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and vines.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one
Its course to run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips
Or gazes at the far off ships.

Oh, happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip,
Oh, happy crew,
My heart with you,
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Battling With an Octopus.

Denver Tribune.

Hon. Edward Eddy is, according to all reports, having a grand time upon his eastern trip. Last Sunday he joined the immense crowd that was en route to Coney island, and ere long it became noised around that there was in the party the champion swimmer of Colorado. It was a proud moment for Mr. Eddy, but perhaps not prouder than that in which, attired in his yellow bathing-suit, he issued from the bath-house and walked majestically down the pebbly beach toward the raging surf. With a wild snort, Mr. Eddy plunged into the seething billows, and at once commenced a series of antics and pranks that were absolutely bewildering. He was just about to execute that acrobatic aria whereby his head and his heels would change places, when he felt something sharp and slimy and cold seize him by his left big toe and begin pulling him out into deeper water. Mr. Eddy gave a kick in the hope of shaking off his unknown assailant, but the biting and pulling continued—in fact, the unknown assailant refused to be shaken off. The awful truth then flashed upon Mr. Eddy that he had been attacked by an octopus. The octopus is the most ravenous and cruel of natural monsters. It coils about its prey, crushes his bones, sucks the juice from the mangled mass of pulp, and finally leaves the dry and quivering corpse in purple shreds for the fishes to nibble at and the tides to toss hither and thither until no remnant remains. All this horrifying truth passed through Mr. Eddy's mind with the velocity of an electric current. Mr. Eddy is a strong man, and when we say he struggled fiercely to regain the surface of the sea, we would have the reader duly impressed with the magnitude of the struggle. The octopus pulled hard, but with Mr. Eddy it was a case of life and death, and it was entirely to Mr. Eddy's credit that he pulled a trifle harder than the octopus.

While thus battling Mr. Eddy was again drawn under the water and he then thought his last hour had come. His past life passed like a momentary panorama before his mind, but there was nothing in it to occasion him remorse. Should he suffer himself to be carried off and devoured by a dirty, soulless octopus, an inappreciative, plebeian cuttlefish? No, he would die rather than be slain by such an ignoble reptile! Yet he felt he was growing weaker and weaker, an awful chilliness swept up and down his veins and his brain seemed to reel. He made another heroic attempt to rise to the surface. The octopus clung to him like grim death.

"Help! help! help!" shrieked Mr. Eddy once more, and then he lapsed into unconsciousness.

Mr. Eddy was lying in a life-boat when he came to his senses, and strong men were chafing his benumbed limbs and pouring brandy down his throat.

"Thank heaven, I am saved!" he murmured. "But where is the octopus?"

"There," said the captain of the life-boat, pointing to the insatiate monster that writhed in the agonies of death near the bawser main-sail of the larboard watch.

Mr. Eddy looked at the hideous creature. It was a soft-shell crab.

Be Firm.

Never knock under. Never! Always rally your forces for a more desperate assult upon adversity.

If calumny assails you, and the world—as is apt to do in such cases—takes part with your traducers, don't turn moody or misanthropic, or worse still, seek to drown your unhappiness in dissipation. Bide your time. Disprove the slander if you can, if not, live it down.

If poverty comes upon you like a thief in the night, what then? Let it rouse you as the presence of the real thief would do, to energetic action. No matter how deep you have gone into hot water—always provided you do not help the father of lies to heat it—your case, if you are of the right kind of stuff, is not desperate, nor is it in accord with the divine order and sweep of things that life should have any difficulties with which an honest, determined man, with heaven's help, cannot surmount.

Exclusive.

Boston Transcript.

New Yorkers avoid crossing the big bridge, fearing that they might be mistaken for sightseers from some of the provincial cities.

VANDERBILT'S DEADHEAD DODGE.

A Car-Driver's Experience of "the Old Man" and Cornelius.

New York World.

"I tell you what it is, young feller," said a Fourth avenue car-driver to a World reporter one evening recently, who stood next to him on the front platform, as he guided his fiery steeds through the devious mazes of the Bowery, "them Wanderbilts is a curious crowd, and no mistake. The other evenin' the old man (William H.) got on the front platform here with me a ridin' up town, chatted quite friendly-like, offered me a cigar, and we was settin' along fine, when along comes the conductor, a green 'un, for his fare.

"'I'm Wanderbilt,' says the old man.

"'I don't give a damn,' says the conductor, 'I want yer fare.'

"Of course, I wasn't sayin' nothin', for it warn't none of my business.

"'I tell you I'm Wanderbilt,' says the old man, settin' kinder angry.

"'How am I to know that?' says the conductor. 'You may be any bloke, for all I know.'

"Well, the old man had to pay his fare, and sure enough the next mornin' the conductor was hauled up. The superintendent asked him what he meant by disobeyin' orders, which are to let no one ride free 'ceptin' a Wanderbilt, and not lettin' Mr. Wanderbilt ride free."

"How was I to know him?" he said. You mighter asked the driver, he was told and then they sent for me. I told him I knew it was the old man, but 'twasn't my business to interfere, and they let him off with a warnin' to look out for the old man."

The car swung into Centre street; the driver mused; then suddenly returning to the reporter he said: "The old man's close, but Cornelius ain't. I like Cornelius. He's a splendid young feller. When I got kicked in the ribs some months since by a horse, I was taken to Chambers street hospital and Cornelius came to see me. For the Lord's sake, I sez to him, Cornelius, gimme a drink. He went out and in ten minutes I had three milk punches. He took me afterwards to St. Luke's hospital in his own carriage, and I got all the brandy I wanted there. The worst of it was I got drunk, but it wasn't Cornelius' fault.

"'Nuther time I lost my old man and was in a hole so deep I couldn't bury him. I went to Cornelius—right up to his house—and asked for $40. He gave me $100, right out. I tell you them Wanderbilts are a curious crowd," the driver again repeated as the reporter left the car.

Some Noted Duels.

"Webb" in Boston Journal.

These southern combatants have followed the precedents of their section, and of an older "civilization." Andrew Jackson was one of the principals in several fields of honor, the most notable of which was fought near Nashville with Charles Dickinson in 1806. A son of Maj. Gen. Wade Hampton, Capt. Frank Hampton, fought with Capt. E. D. Dick in 1815. Commodore R. F. Stockton fought several duels with British officers at Gibraltar. Commodore Perry once fought a duel. Senator C. C. Clay, of Alabama, fought in 1819 with W. Tate, while Henry Clay twice appeared on the field, once in 1808 with Humphrey Marshall, and again in 1820 with John Randolph. Wm. H. Crawford, of Georgia, senator, secretary of war, secretary of the treasury, and minister to France, fought a duel. Senator Thomas H. Benton, of Mississippi, fought near St. Louis with Mr. Lucas. J. Cumming, of Georgia, and George McDuffie resorted to the code to settle a difference. In 1838 Jonathan Cilley, of Maine, fought with his fellow congressman, W. J. Graves, of Kentucky. Wm. L. Yancey and Thomas L. Clingman, members of congress from Alabama and North Carolina, fought near Washington in 1844. B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, fought a duel 1856 with the Lieutenant Governor of Missouri, T. C. Reynolds. Judge Terry and Senator D. C. Broderick, of California, fought in 1857-58. Maj. Gen. D. C. Buell fought a duel. Maj. Gen. Phil. Kearney, of New York, fought with Col. Chambers, of his regiment. Gen. Sam. Houston fought with Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. Jefferson Davis once fought with Samuel Cobb. Lieut. Gen. Winfield Scott challenged DeWitt Clinton, and fought another man in the District of Columbia. Francis Cutting, of New York, member of congress in 1851, challenged John C. Breckinridge; the challenge was accepted, but the difficulty was adjusted. Jonathan Dayton, senator from New Jersey, challenged DeWitt Clinton, senator from New York, to fight in 1803; Clinton apologized. In 1829 Gen. Armistead T. Mason, senator from Virginia, was killed by his cousin, John M. McCarty, near Washington. In 1820 Stephen Decatur was killed by James Barron at Bladensburg. Edward Stanley and Samuel Inge, both congsessmen, fought near Washington. Alexander Hamilton was mortally wounded by Aaron Burr at Hoboken, July 3, 1804. The first congressman to fall in a duel was Richard Dobbs Spaight, of North Carolina, who was killed by John Stanly, who had been elected to succeed him. Stanly was tried and sentenced, and subsequently re-elected to congress. Thomas K. Harris, of Tennessee, congressman, died April 18, 1816, from wounds received in a duel with Col. Simpson. Spencer Pettis was killed in a duel with Maj. Thomas Biddle, August 26, 1831. George A. Waggaman, United States senator from Louisiana, lost his life in a duel. There have been several more congressmen killed in duels, while there have been many bloodless encounters between congressmen.

The Danger of Being a Natural Orator.

I met an old friend the other day, remarks Bill Arp, and says he: "I just wish you could see my boy. I'm fixing him up for college, and he's just the smartest boy in all this country. He is a natural orator. He has got gifts, he has. He speaks now like Henry Clay. He took the medal in declamation. I wish you could see him on the stage. He is just splendid, he is."

I looked at him mournfully, and says I: "It's sad, very sad. I never knew a natural orator to be any account. I was a natural orator and it ruined me. I've never been any account. I took a pewter medal when I was young, and I've never gotten over it. It was for speaking a speech. I thought then that I had whipped the battle of life and there were no worlds to conquer, but I've had to fight on ever since, and my medal didn't do me any good. I wish you would guard your boy against medals and being a natural orator. There is but one remedy for a natural orator, and that is to marry and settle down and wait for invitations to make speeches at college commencements. They are right useful that way."

He Guessed He Got Her.

Life.

Fair Teacher (not a philosopher of the new school)—"Yes, Sambo, the devil is everywhere, always tempting you to do wrong."

Sambo—"Is he everywhar, Miss?"

F T.—"Yes, Sambo."

S.—"In dis yer room?"

F. T.—"Yes."

S.—"On dis yer bench?"

F. T.—"Yes."

S.—"In my pocket?"

F. T.—"Yes."

S.—"Well, I guess I got yer dere, Miss, 'cos I ain't got no pocket.

A Bothersome Business Transaction.

H. D. Ribble in Texas Siftings.

It's curus, ain't it? dat a man has ter ax somebody ess whut his own property cos' him; but dat's jis' whut I want somebody ter 'cide fer me. It is, fer a fac'. Ye see, I give two bushel er corn fer a par er shoes; den I give de shoes an' two bushel er corn fer a par er boots, an' now plagued ef I kin figger out 'zactly whut dem boots cos' me. One way ye look at it, it seems like I give er par er shoes an' two bushels er corn fer de boots—now, don't it? But den, agin, when we refleck dat de shoes am gone; dat de two bushel er corn dat I give ter boot am gone too; an', moreober, dat de fust two bushel er corn (dat I give fer de shoes) am gone also, don't it 'pear like I must er paid a par er shoes an' fo' bushels er corn fer de boots? Seem like it mus' bin dat way, er de udder way, one, but I ain't gwine ter swar ter nuffin 'bout de transactions, 'cept dat I has bought a par er boots, an' dat I has paid 'er 'em, be de price high er low.

The Prince of Wales as Jumbo.

Harper's Bazar.

The most beautiful ball dress ever invented by Worth, all in white and silver, is to be called "The Chamberlayne," in honor of that beautiful American girl, and is not to be worn by any others till she has worn here at the earlier balls of the London season. Mrs. Pitman (Margery Deane) is responsible for the story that this young lady has been heard to address the Prince of Wales as Jumbo. Strange that we complain of caricature in Daisy Miller!

APING THE ENGLISH.

Sleeping-Cars, Sea-Bathing and the Beecher Scandal Taking the Bloom From Modest Women.

Long Branch Letter in The Courier-Journal.

When the British attempted 100 years ago to subjugate the United States, they signally failed. That which could not be accomplished by force of arms has been peacefully effected by fashion. To-day sees the wealth and social influence of the country entirely under the control of England. Parents who have marriageable daughters find a market for them in England. Those who do not succeed in marrying a British subject look to England for the style in which an American marriage shall be conducted. Our men own and run race horses because the nobility of England do. Our young men refuse to become business men because the youth of England are idlers. They drive stage coaches because the young lords of the little isle fancy that occupation. They ape to the "cads" because that term is purely English. England dictates to this country in everything appertaining to folly, and we find married women aping the professional beauty business, and appearing in public with cavaliers, speaking with English abandon of matters which were once considered too indelicate for public discussion, and throwing aside that reserve which once was the characteristic of an American matron.

Evil influences are rapidly denationalizing our country, and in another hundred years we will be a hodge-podge of the vices of all nations. The fashionable summer resorts reveal the depravity which is undermining social life. Fast men and women are conspicuous at these places. They are seen bathing in the ocean and frolicking on the sands; they are seen at the races, on the piazzas and on the fashionable drives. They dress extravagantly, have fine horses and carriages, drink champagne and go in for a lively time. I once held sleeping-cars, sea bathing and the Beecher scandal responsible for the loss of modesty in our women, and still think that these causes are potent factors in the general demoralization of those who travel much or grow accustomed to the sight of others in bathing dress, frolicking in the surf or sporting on the sands or who have read the famous, or infamous, trial.

The Fourth of July was a splendid day here, and there were 900 guests at the West End hotel. The bathing was delightful and hundreds went into the water, the temperature being 71 degrees. The sun shone hot upon the sandy beach, and the summer-houses and platforms were covered with spectators. There issued from a bath-house a female thusly attired: Black silk stockings reaching to her thighs, and a tight-fitting red bodice without sleeves, and a very short tunic of red belted with black and a black border around the tunic. Her arms were bare to the shoulder and her head was bare. She had two male attendants, who were bare-armed, bare-breasted and bare-legged. With a swagger the female walked through the hot sand, and, after allowing the spectators to view her standing for twenty minutes, she sat down on the sand, and the men did the same. For full half an hour they sat browning themselves in the sun and warming up for the bath. The tide was out and the water shallow for a great distance; the three figures walked on, and on, until they reached the large breakers, and then she vaulted through the surf like a circus-rider going through the paper balloons. The trio performed many circus feats for the amusement of the large audience. Then they came out and sat on the sands; one of the men stretched himself out, and the female proceeded to bury him; she soon had him covered from neck to toes, and then stood over him kicking the sand in a higher heap; she would run in and out of the water and cut all sorts of antics on the sand. Two hours were devoted to this sport and I left.

Who or what she is I don't know, but she did her part toward affording a Fourth of July free performance to a large and severely critical audience.

Two young girls chased each other out of the water and in conspicuous bathing suits wrestled on the beach, until one succeeded in throwing down the other, then she laid full length on her, and tried to force sand in her mouth. The under one struggled and shrieked, but the one on top held her down until she filled her mouth with sand. This gave desperate strength to the under one and she succeeded in getting her opponent down and serving her with the same repast, then released her and both ran into the water. These girls only thought of having a bit of fun, but, before this era, would modest girls romp in such attire before such a promiscuous crowd? Another girl came out of the water and threw herself, face downward, on the sand and kicked up her heels in the air. Formerly young ladies protected their complexions from tan and sun-burn; now the tom-boys and hoydens try to brown their arms, hands and faces. After two hours in the water, and on the hot sands, they are as red as their dresses, their parasols and their ribbons.

The French Skeptic's Faith and Philosophy.

The following is an extract from "Recollections of my Youth," by Ernest Renan: "My experience of life has been very pleasant, and I do not think there have been many human beings happier than I am. I have a keen liking for the universe. There may have been moments when subjective skepticism has gained a hold upon me, but it never made me seriously doubt of the reality. * * * Then again I have found a fund of goodness in nature and society. Thanks to the remarkable good luck which has attended me all my life and always thrown me into communication with very worthy men, I have never had to make sudden changes in my attitudes. Thanks, also, to an almost unchangeable good temper, the result of moral healthiness, which is itself the result of a well-balanced mind, and of tolerably good bodily health, I have been able to indulge in a quiet philosophy, which finds expression either in grateful optimism or playful irony. I have never gone through much suffering. I might even be tempted to think that nature has more than once thrown down cushions to break the fall for me. * * * The infinite goodness which I have experienced in this world inspires me with the conviction that eternity is pervaded by a goodness not less infinite, in which I repose unlimited trust. * * * Unless my closing years have some very cruel trials in store for me I shall have, in bidding farewell to life, to thank the Cause of all good for the delightful excursion through reality which I have been enabled to make."

Choice English at Vera Cruz.

Mexico Cor. Boston Herald.

Among the laborers along shore were many negroes, the blackest I ever saw; literally coal black. One thick-lipped young fellow whom I engaged to carry my valise spoke an English so choice that it would have done credit to a lord. All the negroes who spoke English spoke it in the same way, for they were from Jamaica. The effect of this polished accent was rather ludicrous. It seemed like attending a minstrel show composed entirely of "centre men;" and one listened in vain for the "end man's" dialect. I had always supposed that the negro pronunciation to which we are accustomed was the result of a peculiar conformation of the vocal organs, but here, if one should shut his eyes in the presence of these charcoal-hued fellows, one might fancy himself in the streets of London. Query: Where did our darkies get their accent? Many southern whites speak in the same way, and we have been told that they learn it from the negroes; but perhaps it may be that the negroes learned it from them. If that is the case, where did they get it? From their European ancestors?

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