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	6:20 p m	L've	8:05 a m
McCook	Ar.	10:00 p m	Ar.	12:05 p m
	L've	10:05 p m	L've	12:25 p m
Akron	Ar.	2:20 a m	Ar.	5:35 p m
	L've	2:30 a m	L've	6:00 p m
Denver	Ar.	9:05 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.	3:35 p m	Ar.	7:48 a m
Greenwood	Ar.	3:15 p m	Ar.	7:34 a m
Lincoln	Ar.	2:00 p m	Ar.	3:30 a m
	L've	2:05 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.	8:00 a m	Ar.	6:50 p m
	L've	8:25 a m	L've	7:45 p m
McCook	Ar.	3:05 a m	Ar.	2:00 p m
	L've	4:05 a m	L've	3:20 p m
Akron	Ar.	10:45 p m	Ar.	10:50 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		5:55 p m
Oreapolis		5:03 a m		6:07 p m
La Platte		5:11 a m		6:15 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		8:20 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	9.07 "	9.21 "	6.45 "
Kansas City	6.37 a.m	7.07 p.m	
St. Louis	6.52 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 "	5.54 "	2.10 "
Weeping Water	6.05 "	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.	9.00 a. m.
5.00 p. m.		6.55 p. m.
11.00 a m	NORTHERN.	4.25 p. m
7.50 p. m.	SOUTHERN.	9.00 a. m
10.30 a m.	OMAHA.	8.25 a. m.
7.30 p. m.		4.25 p. m.
5.00 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 for 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.
B. 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. Leinhoff, 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. OHNODS, 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. S. 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 B. 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. K. 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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

The Widow Lockery.

Angeline Teal.

I made her acquaintance at an old settlers reunion. The club, which held its yearly meetings at Gershom, was composed of the surviving pioneers of 1839. All persons who, either as adults or children, had settled in the district covered by the organization previous to or within that year were entitled to enrollment.

I was spending the summer with a friend who called herself an old settler by marriage. Her husband, Col. Hugh Hastings, had come into the wilds with his parents at the age of 2 years, and so had grown up with the country in a literal sense. They lived at Barhan station, on the line of the one railroad which traversed the county. Gershom, the county-seat, was six miles distant.

It was arranged on the morning of the reunion that my friend Marian and I should drive over early with the children and spend the entire day. The colonel kept a saddle horse, and would follow in the afternoon.

We started in the dew, yet when we reached Gershom the village was all astir. At 10 o'clock the beautiful picnic grounds on the banks of Shokobee lake were swarming with the population of many townships. The old settlers proper were not a numerous band, but their assemblies had come to be gala days with the entire community.

Passing among the groups gathered here and there, one caught bits of characteristic talk. A group of men were discussing wheat prospects. They seemed to belong to that class in whom the uncertainty of the farmer's hope had bred a condition of chronic foreboding. One said the wheat was too strong, and would all be "lodged" before harvest. Another thought the recent heavy rains would produce "rust in the stalk." A third predicted a hot, dry time, that would cause it to "fire at the root."

"How does your wheat look, Dave?"

The question was asked of a tall, stoop-shouldered fellow, who had been listening to the rest and saying nothing.

"Derned 'f I know," was the reply. "I sowed it in good time and good style last fall, and I hain't looked at it since. Lookin' does no good, nor croakin,' nuther."

The president of the club then asked how many in the assembly had any personal recollection of a two-days' hunt for a lost child in the autumn of '41.

"Answer Sunday school fashion," said he, and about half dozen hands went up.

"Is the Widow Lockery here?" he next inquired.

"I reckon she is," came the answer in a woman's voice from somewhere in the crowd.

"Mrs. Lockery," continued the president, "found the lost child, and if she will tell us all about it, I, for one, will be much pleased. I have a vague impression of the terror which the hunt produced and the excitement it aroused in my childish mind; but I do not remember that I ever heard the occurrence fully described by any one who took part in the search."

He glanced again in the direction whence came that prompt response, and sat down.

A tall, straight woman rose from her seat, walked slowly down the aisle between the rude benches, and took a position facing the people. She seemed in no hurry to begin her story, but deliberately took off her starched bonnet and laid it on the grass beside her. She was the most remarkable personage I had seen that day. Though fully 70 years old, she was erect as an Indian, and gave one the impression of great physical power. Her iron-gray hair grew low over her forehead, and was gathered into a great, rough-looking knot at the back of her head, and secured in its place by a brass comb. Her compelxion was swarthy, and her dark eyes were shaded by darker brows which almost met above her prominent aquiline nose. Her lips closed firmly, and her whole face had an expression of unspeakable sadness.

"Friends and neighbors," she began; and all at once I found myself smiling, as I observed many others doing. Never before did human countenance so quickly transform its expression. The dark eyes twinkled, the corners of the mouth gave a humorous curl, the lips parting in speech revealed a double row of perfect teeth, gleaming with drollery, and the whole changed physiognomy was laughter-provoking.

"Friends and neighbors: Seein' as how Mr. Evans has sort o' give out that I'm the herowine o' this tale o' terror, maybe it would sound better for some one else to tell it." So much by way of preface.

"It was Benjamin Nyfer's child that was lost. Ben started one mornin' in October to get some grindin' done. There was no mill nearer than the one on Taylor's fork, twelve miles off, and the way roads was then it would take him away 'long into the night to get home. That little boy o' his'n, just 5 year old, took a notion to go 'long, but his pa wouldn't let him. He whipped the poor little fellow in the mornin' for cryin' to go; but when he started the child just follered the wagon and bawled to be took in. The other young ones told me that; and that precious mother o' his'n, instead of coaxin' him into the house and fryin' him a dough horse and twistin' him five or six yards of tow string for drivin'-lines, just went on about her work, and paid no 'tention to him till he was clean out o' sight. 'Long towards noon Mary Ann Nyfer, the oldest gal, came over to my house, lookin' real scairt, and said Sammy was lost. He'd follered his pa a ways in the mornin' and hadn't came back. I says right away:

"'He's all right. Your father's give in to his yellin' and took him 'long.'

"But the gal shook her head, and remarked:

"Father never gives in to nuthin'. He's druv him back, and Sammy's lost."

"I went home with her and found Luke Wilson there. We three families lived purty closet—all within a mile. Luke thought just as I did, that Nyfer had took the boy along, but the mother and Mary Ann seemed to doubt it. Wilson said he'd go down the road, and stop at Fell's and Harder's—maybe little Sam had stopped to play. Well he didn't find him, and the good feller hoofed it till he met Nyfer, three or four miles this side the Fork. There was no Sammy with him. He said the child had turned back at the big shingle-tree stump, about a mile from home.

"When Ben druv up to his house there was a quite a company of the neighbors there waitin' to see if he had the boy. A sarch was started that night with lanterns and kep' up till mornin'. Word was sent fur and near, and before noon the next day three townships were on the hunt. Horns was blowed, bells rung, and the poor baby's name called in hundreds of voices. The woods and swamps was scoured, and every brush heap and holler log peeked into.

"The sarch lasted another night and another day, till in the afternoon some begun to give out, myself among the number. I went home and throwed myself onto my bed with my clothes on, and slept as I'd never slept before. About 10 o'clock that evenin' I woke up sudden, just as wide awake as I am this minute. My mind seemed oncommon clear and quick. 'That child can't be fur away,' I thought. He's been with the rest to the huckleberry swamp this summer. The trail leadin' to the swamp leaves the main road not fur from the shingle-tree stump. I'd often heard that lost children would never answer when called, but at night, when everything was quiet, they'd cry and make a noise. It seemed as though the hull kentry had been well sarched, but I still believed he was stickin' somewheres in that huckleberry marsh.

"Now, I don't want anybody to think I was a herowine, for I wasn't. I think I felt more'n common sorry for Rachel Nyfer, because I'd had a dislike to her for quite a spell. It growed out of an egg trade. I wanted a settin' of goose-eggs; she had some, and said she'd let me have a dozen for two dozen hens' eggs. Well, we traded, and I s'posed it was all right, till one day she come over and said she thought she orter have about another half dozen eggs, for she'd opened a goose-egg shell and then broke two hens' eggs into it, and it wasn't quite full. 'Twould have held easy half another egg! I counted out six eggs, and she lugged 'em home; then I told Miss Luke Wilson and one or two other women that I was purty thick with, and we made no end of fun about it whenever we got together.

"I didn't like the general make-up of the woman. She had five purty children, but she didn't seem to take no kind o' comfort with 'em, just pushed 'em one side and druv ahead with her work. She and Nyfer both seemed to think all the duty they owed their young ones was to make 'em mind from the word go, and dig away like all possess, to make property for 'em. But I was there that evenin' when Ben came home without the boy, and I saw 'em stand and look in each other's faces, like the end of the world had come, and neither one could help the other. Then she went about puttin' a bit of supper onto the table; but when she set out Sam's little tin plate and mug, all the mother in her broke loose, and she flung herself down, shudderin' and sobbin' in a way I'll never forgit. Well, seein' as how I'd kinder misjudged the creetur, for havin' no heart, I felt pushed to make one more try for that poor lost kid o' hern; so I jumped right up and said out loud:

"'With the Lord's help, I'll find him yet!'

"I lit my lantern and shaded it so it let just a little light down onto the ground. Then I went over the road, just as I guessed the boy had done, turnin' off on the trail at the big red oak stump, and took right down to the swamp. There I stopped and listened, still as death. Sure as there's mercy for us all above, I heard him almost right away.

"'Oa, ma!' Such a pitiful call! Then he cried and whimpered, very weak, like his breath was 'most gone, and his heart 'most broke. I followed that sound and found him easy. He was mired to his arm-pits in mud and water. I couldn't at first see how I was to get to him. There was the body of a big walnut tree lyin' back on the hard ground, and the bark was loose. I pulled it off in slabs and throwed 'em onto the hummocks, and so bridged my way out to that little yaller head. He struggled wild when I first pulled him out; then gave up in a kind of faint. I carried him home in a hurry. There was still a good many people at Nyfer's. They made some milk warm and put a taste of liquor in it, and forced a few drops down his throat as you've done to a chilled lamb on a winter's mornin'. He was bathed and rubbed and wrapped in soft flannin and laid in the baby's warm nest afore the fire. Nyfer and his wife stood lookin down at him.

"'Raich,' said he—and she looked up, her black eyes a-swimmin' and her face all a-tremble. Then he took her in his arms and held her closst—'Raich, we hain't loved one another enough, and we hain't loved our children enough. There's that that's better'n money and land, and for the rest of our lives we'll try and keep holt of it.'

"And I believe they did. The little boy had a fever, but he came out all right at last. Miss Nyfer died about five years after that, and he took the family and went back east. Of course, I wouldn't have told this story just as I have if any of 'em had been around."

The people had listened closely, and when Mrs. Lockery put on her bonnet and resumed her seat the hush was so profound that we could hear, high above our heads, the twittering clamor of a nest of young tangers, to whom the mother-bird had brought a worm.

The next to address the assembly was a noble-looking old man with silver white hair. It was Mr. Luke Wilson, or 'Squire Wilson, as he was generally called. He had a firm, intellectual head, and when he spoke his language was correct and well chosen.

"The Widow Lockery," he began, "has disclaimed all right to the title of heroine. Do not let the verdict be rendered till I have finished what I am about to relate. My friend and neighbor for forty years will, I know, pardon me if I for once lift the veil from a passage of her experience to which she seldom alludes, and of which many in this audience have never heard. Nothing has been told here to-day, nothing could be told, more strongly illustrative of the courage and endurance of the pioneer spirit, at least of the spirit of one brave pioneer.

"One winter evening, many years ago, a stranger presented himself at the cabin of Thomas and Ruth Lockery and begged a night's lodging. He was a Canadian, completely tired out, and far from well. Neither Lockery nor his wife had it in them to turn a sick stranger from their door; so they gave him supper and a bed. The next day he was unable to rise, and before night he broke out with small-pox.

"The following morning when I went out to feed my cattle I happened to look toward Lockery's, and saw on a sharp rise of ground, about half way between the two houses, a woman standing and beckoning to me. It was my neighbor here. I went toward her, but while I was some distance away she halted me and told me in a few words about the man with the small-pox, and charged me to watch the road and warn the community. She said she had been inoculated, and would not take the disease, but she feared for her husband and children. That day I rode eleven miles to the nearest doctor. His wife cried, and would not let him go. He read his books for an hour, while my horse rested, then he made up a package of medicines for me and I started back. I left the medicines and stimulants on the scrub oak hill, and Tom came and got them.

"As Ruth had feared, her husband and their two children were taken down. Several out of the nearer families then offered to take the risks and help her nurse her sick, but she finally refused their assistance.

"'I can get along alone,' she would say from her post on the hill. 'The Lord gives me strength for all I have to do, and this horror must not spread.' Everything she needed was furnished promptly and abundantly, and this was all she would suffer us to do. The stranger had the disease in the mildest form, but Lockery and the little boys, Amos and Willy, were hopelessly bad from the first. One morning the poor old woman called to me that both the children were dead, and told me to have two coffins brought to the hill that evening at dusk. George Giles and I dug a short, wide grave at a spot on the place which she designated; and that night she took those coffins to her cabin, put her children into them, and buried them with her own hands! One morning, some three weeks later, as I went out of my house just at daybreak, I saw Mrs. Lockery waiting on the hill. She looked changed and bent, and her hair was loose and flying in the wind. I can see it all now. The sky was such a clear, pale gray, and she looked so dark and wild against it! I ran to my old post, from which I had hailed her daily for weeks.

"'Thomas died at midnight,' she called. 'Make his coffin as light as possible to have it strong enough.'

"Then I shouted back:

"'Ruth Lockery, you have done enough! Giles and I will come to-day and bury your dead.' At this she threw up her arms and uttered an awful cry.

"'Don't do it, for the love of God! I've gone through all this alone, that no other place need be desolated as mine has been. Don't let it be for nothing. It shall not be for nothing! If man or woman dares to come near that awful house, I'll draw my rifle on them!'

"The Canadian was by this time well enough to render her some assistance, and together they coffined and buried poor Tom. They drew the body on a stone-sled over the snow, and laid it in the new grave beside the other. The next day we saw a red flame shoot up through the timber, and we knew Ruth had fired her cabin with all the little effects it contained. There wasn't much, to be sure—nothing that she valued after what had gone before. We left a pound of sulphur and two suits on the hill by her orders. The stranger got into his fresh garments after Ruth had smoked them well. Then she cut his hair short, and rubbed his head with sulphur till she said afterwards she knew he'd carry the scent into the next world with him. He took a gun and a pouch of provisions and went away, promising solemnly to enter no human habitation for at least a month.

"The weather had turned very mild—it was the last of March—and Mrs. Lockery begged us not to ask her in for a little while longer. She built herself a wigwam of poles and bark; we took her some bedding, and for three weeks she lived out of doors. Then she changed her clothing again and came among us, pure enough, we thought, to mingle with the angels of Heaven. The people got together and built her another house, and furnished it with everything for her comfort. She lived alone for years, a brave, cheerful, actively helpful life; then she adopted a friendless babe, whom she reared to womanhood, and who is now well married, and gives to Mrs. Lockery in her old age a child's love and duty."

An Industry Which Supports Many Dandy Young Men.

Kansas City Star.

To do up a bundle properly seems like a very simple and easy thing to do, yet it is not everyone that can do it properly. Bundle-wrapping has become one of the important features of many large businesses, and boys are especially trained for that work. This part of a heavy business has become an item of considerable expense. Not only have the salaries of the young men to be paid, but the paper and time used foots up to a large figure and in this city of high rents, even the space occupied by the bundle-wrappers is an item worthy of consideration.

In a large retail store the young man who manipulates the paper and twine earns his money. He must be able to work very rapidly and do up his bundles in the strongest and neatest possible manner. To do this, when the goods are laid before him, he must be able to decide instantly the kind of twine and the size and quality of paper which should be used. No person, be he gentleman or lady, likes to carry a parcel insecurely tied, or awkwardly done up. So much skill is required in this line that boys are specially trained for it. When placed in the wrapping department, if they show an adaptability for the business, they are kept there, but only a small percentage of those who are thus placed on trial are kept there. They may be very smart at other things, but in doing up bundles they are not a success.

There are some lines of goods which are difficult to do up securely and neatly. In a music store in a large eastern city, where forty clerks were employed, there was only one of them who could properly do up a violin. Books which are sent by mail or in paper bundles require a great deal of care in being done up, in order that the string may not cut the edges or that their corners may not be broken by being tossed about. In grocery stores very little care is used, and no style whatever is observed. This may be because it is thought that a man who carries home his groceries is not apt to be very particular about the manner in which his bundles are done up. But many an unlucky fellow, whose arms were loaded up with parcels, has sighed to find his sugar leaking out of a paper bag, or his eggs dropping one by one on the sidewalk. Provision stores also do up their goods carelessly, and one has hard work to carry home a bundle of meat without soiling his fingers and his clothing.

Not exactly under the head of bundle-wrapping, but nearly akin to it, comes the doing up of newspapers for the mail. The magazines and many large daily and weekly newspapers use the best brown paper for this purpose, but most of the smaller publications are content to use fragments of newspapers, circulars, and the like. A machine has been invented for folding newspapers, but they have all to be wrapped for the mail by hand. Young men who are employed for this business acquire wonderful proficiency, and can do up several hundred papers in an hour.

From the foregoing facts it will be seen that bundle-wrapping forms quite an extensive industry, and in large cities affords employment to a large number of persons.

An Exposition in India.

Chicago Times.

The great Calcutta exhibition, which will open on Sept. 1, promises to be the finest ever held in Asia. Up to June 22, 104,450 square feet of space had been taken up. Great Britain and her colonies occupy about three-fourths of the whole. A show of live stock, including exhibits from Australia and from all parts of India, is to be added to the other attractions. The question of accommodation for visitors is a very difficult one. Houses are already being let at fancy prices, and the hotels are hardly sufficient for the ordinary winter incursion of strangers. There is some talk of forming a standing camp.

Why She Objected to the Honor.

Maine Gleanings.

The daughter of a fisherman down the coast had a tiff with her lover because she would not allow him to name his new boat for her. "Why do you stand out ag'in it?" asked her father. "Well," queried the girl, "do you think it such a great compliment to hear every few weeks that Matildy Slocum's up for repairs, Matildy Slocum's in the dock to be scraped, or that Matilda Slocum's this and Matildy Slocum's that? If you do, I don't, and that's got to settle it!"

As an Emblem of Truth.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A decorative article that may be made in various ways is shaped like the genuine George Washington hatchet; it should be of seasoned white wood, and may be covered with plush, velvet, or satin; it may be painted or embroidered upon, or it may serve as a frame for a hollywood panel.

Lillian Russell and the Prince.

New York Graphic.

The prince of Wales is said to be delighted with Lillian Russell. He summoned her to his box the other evening, and she showed her teeth, courtsied and snapped her eyes at him. During an interval in the succeeding conversation the prince levelled his glass at Solomon and remarked with what appeared to him to be great good humor, "Ach! mine lofely frien', dis vas Peauty an' dot vas de Peast, hey?"

"Sir Albert Edward, or perhaps your gracious majesty, or whatever they call you," said Lillian, snapping her eyes still more, "the gentleman to whom you refer is my best friend and I won't have him abused, so there now! I consider your remark quite ungentlemanly, and there is more German than Jew in it, anyhow. What do you think of the several Georges, and how do you account for the fact that your ma loved Mr. Disraeli better than all of his political predecessors put together? You may be the heir apparent, but you shan't abuse Mr. Solomon.

"Haw! by Jove!" said the prince, wiping his bald head with his handkerchief. "That's good, y'know. Haw! Are all pretty ladies of America historians, y'know? Haw! 'Pon me word, aw—didn't mean to offend, y'know. Mr. Solomon is a very decent kind o' fellah, y'know. Let me—haw!—let me apologize by paying you the finest-aw compliment that could be paid-aw an American woman."

"Thank you in advance, sir," said Lillian, turning her eyes to the floor, "and what is that?"

"Why, aw, it is, y'know, that y'don't look like an American woman at all."

"Oh, thank you again," said Lillian, looking very much pleased. "It's very pretty and very gratifying."

"My bleeding country," she exclaimed, after she had gone to bed. "It was an insult to every American woman that ever lived, and I thanked him for it. Well, I didn't think. I never do. But I hope Mr. Frelingeuysen will get up a war with England right away."

Envied an Alligator.

Boston Post.

Two gallons of good whisky were poured down the throat of a captured young alligator in Mississippi to see how it would affect its organization. He uttered a "hic" or two, wanted to fight an old sow, giggled in a silly manner, and finally rolled over and went to sleep. Over 100 tramps and citizens stood about and envied him.