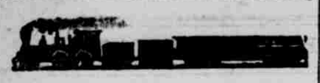
R. R. TIME TABLES.



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. 5:55 p m	Ar. 6:30 a m
	L've 6:20 p m	L've 8:05 a m
McCook	Ar. 8:00 p m	Ar. 12:05 p m
	L've 10 p m	L've 12:25 p m
Akron	Ar. 4:20 a m	Ar. 5:35 p m
	L've 4:50 a m	L've 6:00 p m
Denver	Ar. 10:05 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. 3:30 p m	Ar. 7:48 a m
Greenwood	Ar. 3:18 p m	Ar. 7:34 a m
Lincoln	Ar. 2:00 p m	Ar. 3:30 a m
	L've 2:35 p m	L've 7:50 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. 6:55 p m
	L've 8:25 a m	L've 7:45 p m
McCook	Ar. 3:05 a m	Ar. 3:00 p m
	L've 4:05 a m	L've 3:20 p m
Akron	Ar. 10:35 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	5:52 p m
Oreapolis	5:03 a m	6:07 p m
La Platte	5:11 a m	6:14 p m
Belevue	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
Belevue	8:37 a m	7:32 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	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	8.28 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 "	7.06 "

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.	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.
4.30 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 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. STARSON, City Clerk.
WILLITT POTTENGER, Police Judge.
R. B. WINDHAM, City Attorney.
F. 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.
3d 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. ODBSON, County Judge.
K. 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. B. TODD, Plattsmouth
Parties having business with the County Commissioners, will find them in session the First Monday and Tuesday of each month.

BOARD OF TRADE.

FRANK CARRUTH, President.
J. A. CONNOR, HENRY BECK, Vice-Presidents.
WM. S. WISE, Secretary.
FRED. GORDER, Treasurer.
Regular meetings of the Board at the Court House, the first Tuesday evening of each month.

MILK.
J. F. BAUMEISTER
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DELIVERED DAILY.
Special calls attended to, and Fresh Milk from same furnished when wanted. ly

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PLATTSMOUTH NEB.
G. 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 R. B. Lewis, residence.
7 J. V. Weckbach, store.
8 Western Union Telegraph office.
9 D. H. Wheeler, residence.
10 D. A. 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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

SMITH & BEESON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Will practice in all the Courts in the state. Office over First National Bank. 49y1
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PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

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STRODE & CLARK.
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JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
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ROBERT B. WINDHAM,
Notary Public
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office over Carruth's Jewelry Store.
Plattsmouth. - - - - Nebraska.

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Will give estimates on all kinds of work. Any orders left at the Lumber Yard or Post Office will receive promot attention.

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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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Teeth extracted without pain by use of Laughing Gas.
All work warranttd. Prices reasonable.
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EXPREESS COMPANIES
AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.,
WELL'S FARGO & CO. EXPRESS.
Office in Rockwood Block, with Johnson Bros south.

A CHINESE THEATRE.

An Interpreter Explains the True Inwardness of the Play.

Scenic Peculiarities Which Call for a Strong Imagination---A Series of Conflicts and Screeching Love Scenes.

[M. D. Conway in Philadelphia Times.]

I found the Chinese theatre extremely entertaining. A very attentive Chinaman sat in my box and undertook to explain to me the meaning of the figures and the plot. When I entered there was a man with a sort of long, thin pike in his hand, curiously dressed, with his breast naked, who seemed to be in a frantic state of mind and who squealed perpetually at a bundle of silk on the floor, from which presently emerged a head and an infant foot, showing it to be a woman. She also began to screech in reply, and this squealing and screeching was obviously necessary, in order that their voices might be heard above the dread confusion of gongs, trumpets and other noisy instruments, whose torment ascended up for ever and ever.

The orchestra was on the stage, immediately behind the performers; and when I asked the Chinaman at my side whether his people liked our American music, he replied that they generally thought it to be "too sorry." He put his hand upon his breast and said, "Velly sorry." He added: "Our music is too noisy." In this I concurred with him, but did not say, as I thought, that I had never heard anything more melancholy than the sounds which reached us. Various persons in fantastic dress came on the stage, one of whom was a more horrible looking character than any described in the annals of demonology. On his whitened face were many black and green lines; his mouth was painted with tusks, and I hardly needed my Chinese friend's information that he "not honest man." There were several characters who were not honest, and they seemed to be pursuing the bare-breasted individual who had first occupied the stage.

I understood from my interpreter that a high pile of chairs represented a mountain; that this pursued individual and his wife were brought to a stand in their flight by this terrible obstruction. Suddenly the man began to dig at one of the chairs with his pike; then, getting on that, dig at the next higher, and so on. My Chinaman then made the following reply: "They want kill him: he must takee wife; wife can't go; she cry hard; he diggee way through mountain. They chair is mountain." By this time the man had reached the summit of the pile of seven chairs, the summit being firmly grasped and held in its place by two men, supposed not to be seen. Having valorously cut a path through this mountain the hero returned to his wife, who still crouched on the ground and never for a moment ceased her wild wailings and convulsions. He took her on his shoulder and carried her to the foot of the mountain. Then he attempted to carry her up the steep precipice. Again and again she fell back to the earth, each time with a shriller cry of pain and pointing with great simplicity to the various contusions she had received. Sometimes these falls were made head-over-heels, and I fully expected that the audience would be moved to some mirth; but no, they all sat in imperturbable solemnity, there being during the whole performance no plaudit, no voice, but only the wooden silence.

Finally he succeeded in carrying the trembling woman over the mountain; but, just as I expected that all was going well, she began, with a sword he gave her, to cut her own throat. My Chinaman explained: "She velly sorry again. He can't save him and she. She kill herself for let him free of her while he gone." When she had fallen dead, two servants of the company came and disposed her dress decently, taking care to have the draperies lie in the most effective way to the audience. When the hero returns he screeches a good deal. He then prepares to give battle to his pursuers alone. For this purpose he rolls up his sleeves slightly and takes great care to bare his breast a little more, giving himself a fine barbaric look.

He then falls into a blood-sucker rage, with which he meets his enemies and disposes of them after a series of conflicts, which extend through fifteen minutes, the parties going out one door and coming in another, each of these conflicts reproducing the other with true Chinese fidelity. However, in order to be saved, the hero has to take asylum at the altar of the Joss. In order to do this he must needs become a priest; but it turns out that by becoming a priest he has divorced himself from his other wife, who is a sister of the emperor.

This orignal and highly-decorated wife comes in, finds her husband beside the altar, turned priest; more screeches. She tries to drag him from the altar; failing in that, she tries cajolery, and for ten minutes we witnessed the fascinations of a Chinawoman trying to captivate her lord. My Chinaman again explains: "She velly sorry. She will him have back. She have no priest. She cry a good deal." She did cry a good deal. A more unearthly series of yells, screeches, squeals and outcries than that Chinawoman uttered that evening never greeted my ears, even in the Zoological gardens at feeding time. I don't know why it is, but it seems that whenever these soft-voiced Chinese have anything formal to say they seem at once to have a gong in their throat. Even when they drink tea together they suddenly pause, and as if seized with some wild spirit they gesticulate at each other and shout alternate words with rythmic regularity, at the end of which they take tiny cups of tea.

Nothing but Money.

Richard Grant White in North American Review.

Character, culture, breeding, learning, talents may be of importance to the individuals who possess them, and to their immediate friends and acquaintances; but unless they produce money they are "caviare to the general." The mass of "Americans," native-born and foreign-born, arrived at the point where they now stand—the appreciation of all men, themselves included—solely according to the number of dollars under their control. Needless to say that to this there were and are some exceptions; needless, too, that they were and are so proportionately few as to be in the main of no account whatever.

Typical Family Discipline.

Texas Siftings.

Mrs. Bandry is an Austin parent who is very severe with her children. She maintains strict discipline, and never allows them to speak out loud. A few days ago Mrs. Bandry and her little daughter, Maud, were about to go out calling, when the latter said:

"Ma, your hair is coming down."

"Child, when you speak to me you must do it in silence."

Shells Meeting in Mid-Air.

Inter Ocean.

During the shelling of Atlanta the Confederates responded with a pair of 24-pounders, which made it quite interesting for the soldiers camped between the Stone house and the railroad. The shells, in a favorable light, could be seen as they coursed the air in graceful curves. One morning shortly after the duel opened, two comical shells were seen approaching each other in a direct line. They came together with terrific force, one exploding and the other dropping perpendicularly into the quarters of one of the regiments in the rifle pits, passing through a shelter tent in which four soldiers were playing seven-up. The cracker box, which served as a table, was reduced to splinters, and the "deck" driven several feet into the ground. Not a man was hurt, but there was some quick retiring done during the next two seconds.

Texas Siftings: The fool rented a house and remained poor, but the wise man failed for 10 cents on the dollar, and buildeth a house of his own.

A Snake in the Grass.

Detroit Free Press.

If you stand here and peer through the darkness you can see it all. There is the wagon of a lone emigrant family, its cover weather-worn and rent to prove that the journey has been long and weary. Ten feet away are the embers of the fire on which the evening meal was cooked. Between the wagon and the fire is the rude bed of robes and blankets on which mother and children are sleeping. On the other side of the vehicle stands the horses, munching at the short, sweet grass or listening to the far-off voice of the wolf.

This is the background. In the foreground a sentinel sits with his back to the solitary cottonwood. At his right hand runs a little brook—at his left is the boundless prairie o'er which night has spread her mantle. Forty feet away are wife and children trusting in his vigilance. Over head gray-white clouds are driving across the star-light heavens, and the moan of the wind has an uneasy, nervous sound. Away out on the prairie the wolf gallops from knoll to knoll and snuffs the air, and the coyote gnaws at the bleached bones of the buffalo, and utters his short, sharp cries of hunger.

Is there danger? All day long as the tired horses pulled the wagon at a slow pace, the emigrant has carefully scanned the circle about him, but without cause for uneasiness. He knows he is in the Indian country, and for the last twenty-four hours his nerves have been braced to hear their dreaded war-whoop and to catch sight of a band riding down upon him.

It is midnight as we find him. His ear has been as keen as a fox's and his eye has not rested for a moment. The stakes are human lives—his life with the rest. The odds are ten to one against him.

"Ah! if we were back to the old home in Ohio! You remember the old farm-house hidden away among the cherry and pear trees? There is the highway, lined with dusty May weeds. Half a mile beyond is the quaint little school-house, where the children learned their A, B, C. Half a mile above is the bridge across the——"

The sentinel rouses up and rubs his eyes. It was the creek talking to him. As he listened so its monotonous babble it suddenly began to converse in plain tongue. For a moment he is thrilled and alarmed. He looks keenly about and listens with bated breath. There are the same sounds—the munching of the horses—the babbling of the brook—now and then a half groan from one of the children sleeping an uneasy sleep. And now the brook talks again.

"There was the big brown barn full of sweet-smelling hay—the pasture lot with its cows—the pond in which the bare-legged children used to wade—the orchard with its burden of fruit. Don't you remember how you used to sit on the stoop at evening-time and smoke your pipe and watch the children at play on the grass? How peaceful everything was! There was a drowsy feeling in the summer air—the lazy hum of insects—the low songs of the good wife as she rocked baby to sleep—why, you sometimes fell asleep and let your pipe drop from ——"

The brook babbled and the man slept, Aye! the sentinel who had five lives in his keeping slept and dreamed, and in his dreams wandered back to the old home and heard the old familiar sounds.

"Sh! It was a rustle in the grass! Turn to the left a little more. There it is. Thirty feet from the sleeping man a rattlesnake rears its head above the grass and looks around. It's eyes gleam like stars. The neck swells, the tongue flashes in and out, and it coils and uncoils itself as if in fierce combat. Now it is advancing—now it swerves to the right—now to the left—now it halts and coils itself to strike. It might creep up and bury its fangs in the flesh of the sleeping man, and it will! It creeps again. It glides through the grass like a gleam—now to the right—now to the left—now straight ahead.

"S-s-s-h!"

The serpent halts. Twenty feet more and it could have struck the sleeper, but some movement of his alarmed it, and it glides away for fifty feet, as fast as a shadow travels.

Now look beyond the snake! Is it a second serpent worming its way over the ground to surround the keeper with peril? Is it wolf or panther creeping forward to make a victim? Now you can see more clearly. There is the scalp lock and feathers—the dark face—the gleaming eyes—the shut teeth and bronzed throat of a Blackfoot warrior. A courier from one branch of his tribe to another; he has discovered the equipment, circled around it twice, and is now creeping upon the man, who sleeps instead of watches.

How softly he moves! A panther stealing upon a listening doe would not exercise more care. Almost inch by inch, and yet he is slowly approaching. He was a hundred feet away. Now he is ninety—eighty—seventy—sixty! He can see a dark mass at the foot of the tree, and he knows that the sentinel must be asleep, or he would not be in that position.

See the rattle snake. It has faced about. If it was daylight you could see the gleam in its eye—a fiercer—fiercer the red tongue. A flash of of sixty feet drawn straight line to the tree would place from the Indian Now the warrior creeps over the snake. a weed breaking—not a rustle to prove his presence. Two feet—four—six—! See the shoot sparks—it is thrown back—its eyes of his rattle there goes the deadly z-z-z-z-z three feet. The head of the Indian is not sour—let away as he nears the ominous head. He draws back, but there is a dart, a dash, and something strikes him full in the face and is not shaken off until he springs to his feet with a cry heard for half a mile around and rushes away in the darkness.

What was it? The sentinel is wide awake and upon his feet. Wife and children have been startled from slumber to grow white-faced and tremble. Even the horses have raised their heads and are peering into the night. There was a single cry—the wild scream of a human being suddenly terrified.

"It was nothing—nothing but the howl of a wolf!" whispers the sentinel as he walks over to comfort wife and children; and by and by all is quiet and peaceful as before. The night grows space—the stars fade—daylight breaks. As the sun comes up the wagon moves on its way and the brook and the camp and the cotton-wood are left behind.

"Yes, it was the howl of some wolf prowling about," whispers the emigrant to himself as he walks beside his wagon and cautiously scans the prairie.

Three hundred feet to the left is coiled a snake, which darts its venomous tongue at the rolling wagon. Half a mile beyond lies the dead body of the Blackfoot—swollen, distorted—a horrible sight under the light of the morning sun. Overhead circle three or four vultures of the prairie, and creeping through the grass comes the lank, hungry wolves to the feast. The wife laughs, the children frolic, and the husband regains his light heart. Night wrote the record of the serpents in the grass, and he will never read it.

Might Have Lived Longer.

[Chicago Tribune.]

An old gentleman has just died in France at the ripe age of 70, says Mr. Labouchere, leaving behind him a log-book of all that he has drunk for the last fifty years. His habits in this respect were very regular, his daily allowance being four litres of wine (seven pints), a couple of glasses of absinthe before each of his three meals, and twelve petits verres of cognac, rum, or some other spirit, "to drive away despondency." The total for the half century thus came to: Wine, pints, 127,827; absinthe, glasses, 109,566; spirits, glasses, 219,132.

The old gentleman boasted that he had never had a day's illness in his life, and he certainly seems to have proved his point that a hard drinker is not necessarily a short liver, although very possibly Sir Wilfrid Lawson would say that, had this wine, absinthe, and spirit bibber confined himself to water he would have lived for another twenty years.

GROWING OLD.

The Experiences of "Old Wilson" at the Theatre.

How Men and Women Meet the Enemy, Time---The Brave Fight That Women Make.

Gertrude Garrison in New York World.

How unlike women do men meet the enemy, age! The first time a man notices that the years are mastering him he is slightly surprised, but it never enters his mind to undertake to dodge old Father Time or to keep him at a respectable distance. He doesn't run up and down stairs as he once did. He grumbles as he gets ready to go to the theatre, and declares he would rather stay at home. He wishes his wife were not always wanting to "gad somewhere." He avoids crowds, and begins to fulminate against night suppers. These changes of taste and habit come upon him so gradually that he never wonders at their appearance or thinks about what causes them.

One night he is at the theatre, and before the curtain rises he is entertained in his indolence by the chatter of two youthful snips who sit just in front of him. They are exuberant as to spirits, empty-headed and long-tongued. They look at everything from the decided standpoint of extreme youth and mental shallowness. Their comments amuse the man behind them, and he smiles half in pity for his own sad knowledge of life. Suddenly he hears his own name mentioned and is startled by the strangeness of it. It is the younger of the gabbers who refer to him, and the reference is surprising. The man of 40 hears himself spoken of by the boy of 17 as "Old Willson," or whatever may be his surname.

The little three-lettered adjective falls upon him like a hundred pound weight of astonishment. "Old Wilson," he repeats over and over to himself, trying to get accustomed to the queerness of the unflattering appellation. Sitting there in the blaze of the lights, with the throng of play-goers about him and the music filling the air with sentiment, he loses himself in reminiscences of his youth, which he never before dreamed had slipped away from him.

He does not hear the overture or see the curtain rise. He is away in the primrose spring, young again. He is retracing those forty years in memory. He is trying to think when he first noticed lines upon his face and silver in his hair. He is looking at himself mentally to see if he really is old. He thinks of it as he goes home, and that evening becomes to him forever afterward the milestone which marks the boundary of his youth. He may have been old to others before, but never until then was he old to himself. He cannot think of it for a long time without a sudden sinking of the heart. Strangely enough, he accepts the charge of being old without a disputatious word or thought. Never once does he say: "Oh, infidel, mistake! Oh, pagan, no such thing!"

The next time he finds himself protesting against some little plan for recreation which he once delighted in he thinks of himself in his character of "Old Wilson," laughs gravely and says, a little sadly, that he believes he is getting old. From that time he speaks of it often and without violence to his feeling. He drops into older ways quite submissively and loosens his grip a little upon the world. He does not resume the usurpations of age. He submits because it is his destiny and because his religion and his philosophy both teach him that it is folly to fight the inevitable. But he never sits in a theatre again that he does not experience anew that sudden sinking of the heart that followed hearing himself called old.

A woman, if she has any interest in life at all, fences with time and manages to keep a little ahead of the years. Oldness never takes her by surprise as it does a man. She knows that "the foe waits for her down at the end of life." She knows, too, that he is sure to send on his messengers to keep her apprised of the day he will claim her, and she meets them defiantly. They come in crows' feet and streaks in her hair; in a loss of color and disappearance of elasticity of movement and fairness of outline. She is on the watch for them and she erases their tracks with the marvelous cunning of her sex.

At the first intimation that time is pencilling her face she throws a dash more of youthfulness into her attire, and, if possible, a little more sweetness into her smile, and the effect is to snow under the old thief's pencillings. For a while she laughs at the audacity of the wretch, as Love is said to laugh at locksmiths.

She sits in the theatre and notices the fair, young faces here and there, and knows that Time is closing in on her, but she thinks to to cheat him by assuming ignorance of his power and his intentions. She indulges in no spoken reminiscences, ceases to date her stories and begins to associate more with women a good deal younger than herself. When the crow's feet become noticeable she resorts to a mask veil which comes just to the tip of her nose and takes at least five years from her record. A little later and she makes her hat defy the thrusts of the enemy by a jauntier poise than ever. She fights the foe openly, cheats him with her cherished artifices, contests every step he takes and scorns him always. She never admits his mastery, as men do. The theology of the toilet tells her to resist age and he will flee. This is a doctrine she faithfully lives up to. When she feels the weight of years upon her she affects not to know that Time, the all-devourer, is going to be the victor, after all. Just as bravely does she fight him as though there was a hope that she would win the day. When she can no longer defy him utterly she yields grimly to his dictation, though she never acknowledges his mastery.

Worrying a Sick Baby.

Laws of Life.

Even though the patient is a babe or a very young child—whom many people erroneously think cannot be injured by company, because they do not know what is said—never allow conversation or unusual noises in its hearing. The little nerves are often more sensitive than in adult life, and every stir is a jar from which they shrink. Many a mother has unwittingly injured her child by permitting a garrulous neighbor to sit and chatter with her, while she sought in vain to soothe the moaning babe.

Inter Ocean: The largest peach farms are in Maryland. On one estate there are 125,000 trees, in another 120,000.

THE WRONG GIRL.

[Oil City Blizzard.]

Girl in hammock
Reading book
Catches man
By hook or crook.

Girl in kitchen
Scrubbing pan
Cannot gobble
Any man.

Ten years later,
Head in whirl,
Wished he'd taken
Kitchen girl.

Norristown Herald: It has been discovered that fishing was a primeval occupation; but lying about the size of the fish caught originated in an age of enlightenment and civilization. Hence fishing is still a prime evil occupation to some extent.

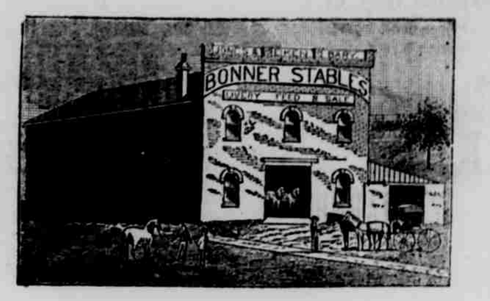
What They Depend On.

Boston Transcript.

A French investigator has discovered that the character of a person's dream depends in a great measure on which side the sleeper lies. The dreams of a lawyer, then, who habitually lies on both sides, must be very much mixed.

Oliver Wendell Holmes: We have a class of critics dubbed smellers; they smell at a book and write a notice of it.

W. D. JONES



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