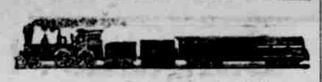
## R. R. TIME TABLES.



### 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 | 8:20 p m | L've | 8:05 a m |
| McCook | Ar. | 11:00 p m | Ar. | 12:05 p m |
| | L've | 11:10 p m | L've | 12:25 p m |
| Akron | Ar. | 2:50 a m | Ar. | 2:35 p m |
| | L've | 3:00 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. | 4:16 p m | Ar. | 8:17 a m |
| South Bend | Ar. | 3:55 p m | Ar. | 8:05 a m |
| Ashland | Ar. | 3:35 p m | Ar. | 7:48 a m |
| Greenwood | Ar. | 3:15 p m | Ar. | 7:34 a m |
| Lincoln | Ar. | 2:30 p m | Ar. | 3:30 a m |
| | L've | 2:55 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. | 6:55 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. | 10:45 p m | Ar. | 10:55 a m |
| | L've | 11:35 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. & C. B. R. R.

| STATIONS: | EXPRESS TRAINS GOING NORTH. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Plattsmouth | | 9:00 a m | | 5:25 p m |
| Oreapolis | | 9:20 a m | | 6:07 p m |
| La Platte | | 9:41 a m | | 6:31 p m |
| Bellevue | | 9:58 a m | | 6:56 p m |
| Omaha | | 10:30 a m | | 6:50 p m |
| STATIONS: | EXPRESS TRAINS GOING SOUTH. | | | |
| Plattsmouth | | 9:20 a m | | 8:10 p m |
| Oreapolis | | 9:40 a m | | 8:00 p m |
| La Platte | | 9:59 a m | | 7:35 p m |
| Bellevue | | 10:24 a m | | 7:12 p m |
| Omaha | | 10:50 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 | 7.52 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 | 9.19 a.m | 4.24 p.m. | 1.01 p. m. |
| Avoca | 9.45 " | 4.54 " | 2.10 " |
| Weeping Water | 10.03 " | 5.08 " | 2.45 " |
| Louisville | 10.32 " | 5.33 " | 3.30 " |
| Springfield | 10.51 " | 5.48 " | 4.25 " |
| Papillion | 11.20 " | 6.15 " | 5.25 " |
| Omaha arrive | 11.40 " | 6.35 " | 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. | | 5.00 p. m. |
| 9.00 a. m. | WESTERN. | 9.30 a. m. |
| 5.00 p. m. | | 6.00 p. m |
| 11.00 a m | NORTHERN. | 4.25 p. m |
| 7.30 p. m. | SOUTHERN. | 9.00 a. m |
| 10.30 a m. | OMAHA. | 8.25 a. m. |
| 7.30 p. m. | | 4.25 p. m. |
| 4.00 p. m. | WEEPING WATER, | 8.00 a. m |
| 11.00 a m. | FACTORYVILLE. | 1.00 p. m |

Dec. 17, 1881.

### RATES CHARGED FOR MONEY ORDERS.

On orders not exceeding $15 - - - 10 cents
Over $15 and not exceeding $30 - - - 15 cents
" $30 " " $40 - - 20 cents
" $40 " " $50 - - 25 cents

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

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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.

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7 J. V. Weckbach, store.
8 Western Union Telegraph office.
9 D. H. Wheeler, residence.
10 D. V. 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.
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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.
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29 R. W. Ivers, residence.
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32 Fairfield's ice office.
34 HERALD PUB. CO office.
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36 S. M. Chapman, "
37 W. D. Jones, "
38 A. N. Sullivan, "
39 H. E. Palmer, "
40 W. H. Schildknecht, office.
41 Sullivan & Mooney, "
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, "

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# "Young Mr. Gordon."

[Chicago Tribune Prize Story.]

"Young Mr. Gordon will be here next week, Pansy."

Miss Mollie Henderson, familiarly known as "Pansy"—presumably because she did not in any respect resemble that "flower of thoughts," being of an exceedingly vivacious temperament, and addicted in the earlier days of her existence to top-spinning, marble-playing, and other amusements popularly supposed to be the exclusive property of boys—looked up in a very placid manner as her father made this announcement, and answered it fully and effectively by an expressive shrug of her pretty shoulders and a very decided pouting of her small mouth. Then she placed the book which had been engaging her attention on the sofa by her side, caused her small feet to swiftly describe a semi-circle, and when the flash of brown hose and prettily-turned ankle was over she had assumed a sitting posture, her previous attitude having been one of comfortable but rather undignified recumbency. She then placed her elbows on her knees, regarded her father complacently, and said:

"Is the Arapahoe coming, too?"

Mr. Henderson's manner changed at once. "Yes," he replied, "Mr. Gordon will accompany his son; and I want you, Margaret, to treat him with every respect—in fact, I shall expect you to do so."

The figure on the sofa saw that a mistake had been made early in the campaign. When her father addressed her as "Margaret" it meant serious displeasure on his part. It also meant that he must be placated at once, for Mr. Henderson was one of that rather numerous class of men in whose minds a real or fancied injury continues to magnify with each succeeding instant, until it finally wraps their whole existence in an artificial but none the less effective gloom. Mollie was well acquainted with the disease, and on equally intimate terms with the remedy. Consequently she at once bounded from the sofa, flung her arms around the paternal neck, squeezing that useful portion of man's anatomy until a fracture of the cervical vertebra seemed imminent, bestowing at the same time upon her sire a large number of kisses, these being punctuated with ejaculatory and highly incoherent remarks to the effect that the object of this tidal-wave of osculation was the dearest, darlingest old papa in the world, so he was, and that the oratrix, on the contrary, was a naughty, wicked girl, who didn't deserve to have such a sweet, lovely papa, who was always doing everything in the world for her. And then, having finished this wild flutter of disjointed English, Miss Mollie nestled closely in her father's arms and indulged in that never-failing panacea for all the woes to which female flesh is perpetual heir—a good cry.

"It's all right, Pansy, darling," said Mr. Henderson, stroking gently the mass of brown hair that lay upon his breast; the remainder of the head to which it belonged having been thrust violently under his left arm in an apparently wild endeavor to discover by burrowing any stray suspender or other article of gents' furnishing goods that might be concealed there. "I was a little hard on you, perhaps, but you know Mr. Gordon is a life-long friend of mine, and I don't like to have you allude to him in a careless or jesting manner."

The face was slowly withdrawn from beneath the paternal arm and looked up at Mr Henderson. It was not exactly a pretty face, there being a tip-tilted nose somewhere about the middle of it, and the features were not at all regular or classic. But the big brown eyes and their long lashes would have attracted attention from any one not a professional cynic or misanthrope, and when these, looking up appealingly, called to their aid a drooping mouth, white, regular teeth, and lips that seemed quivering with the agony of great mental suffering, the immediate and complete capitulation of whoever constituted the opposing force was a matter of course.

And here a little explanation is necessary. From the days of her infancy, when, her mother having died, she was relegated to the care of a maiden aunt whose spinsterhood, in view of the fact that Mr. Henderson had loved his wife very dearly, and did not at all desire to replace with another helpmeet, appeared to be a special dispensation in favor of the motherless little girl, Mollie had been treated by her father to remarks concerning Mr. John Gordon, who, she was informed, had gone to the far west several years previously, and been left a widower with one child, a boy about five years older than Mollie. One of the first facts impressed upon the child's mind was that Mr. Gordon lived in Idaho. Subsequently in her infantile perusal of the newspapers—which at the age of ten she read regularly, and with great fidelity to detail—she gleaned the information that Idaho was the home of the Arapahoe Indians, and at once identified Mr. Gordon with the noble sons of the forest, and pictured him to herself as a ferocious person of carmine hue (having seen Indians alluded to in the public prints as red men) carrying constantly with him a large supply of tomahawks and other destructive cutlery, while there dangled at his belt a long string of particularly gory scalps. When, with increasing years, came the knowledge that her father's friend was not an Indian, Mollie stuck heroically to the name, and persistently alluded to him as "the Arapahoe."

It had always been a fancy of Mr. Henderson's that he should like to see his daughter married to the son of his old friend, and he had not failed to mention the fact to Mollie when that young lady reached the age at which the feminine mind is supposed to take more or less interest in such matters. But Miss Mollie only sniffed the air disdainfully through her "retrousse" nose, and replied that she hoped papa would succeed in getting rid of her to some aborigine, throwing out at the same time dark hints to the effect that in case the child of the prairies should suddenly become deceased, she had no doubt Mr. Barnum would part with one of his wild men from Borneo, in order that all hopes of a suitable alliance for her might not be frustrated. At the close of one of these outbursts, she would generally weep copiously, which action always reduced Mr. Henderson to a state of servile humility, and insured Miss Mollie immunity from further allusion to matrimony for at least a month.

But now the young man who had flitted in such a will-o'-the-wisp fashion before her mental vision for so many years was coming to New York. The trip was to be made, his father had written Mr. Henderson, for the double purpose of giving "the boy" (he was 26) a chance to see the sights of a great city and affording the other gentleman an opportunity of revisiting the scenes of his youth, which, as Mr. Henderson informed Mollie parenthetically while reading the letter to her, were about four miles back of New London, Conn., and not, so far as he was aware, of a particularly inspiring character.

"Now, Pansy, darling," said Mr. Henderson when the letter-reading was finished, "I don't want you to marry young Gordon or any one else unless you do so entirely of your own accord. But I do want you to treat him well, and make his stay as pleasant as possible."

"Of course I'll do that, papa," replied Mollie dutifully, as she sat upon the sofa tapping one little foot with the other and gazing upon the operation in a reflective manner. "Of course I shall be polite to him, but really I don't want to marry him and go out west to live among the prairie dogs and sleep in a wigwam."

* * * * * * *

The day of the Gordons' arrival was a momentous one for Mollie, and when, seeing her father enter the house with two men, one of middle age and the other young, she descended to the parlor, it was with a feeling of some trepidation, as she naturally concluded that Mr. Gordon entertained ideas reciprocal to those of her father on the subject of a matrimonial alliance between the two families, and had communicated them to his son. The elder Mr. Gordon was first presented, and Mollie found him anything but an Indian in looks or manner. The son, "Johnnie," as his father persisted in calling him, was a grave, dignified young fellow, and yet Mollie's rather formal and somewhat distant greeting in an equally ceremonious and remote manner. Their conversation was not at first particularly brilliant or interesting. In lieu of a more suggestive topic Mollie ventured a few general remarks concerning the weather, but, young Mr. Gordon not appearing to take the slightest interest in the existent meteorological conditions, she was speedily reduced to a state of hopeless imbecility, so far as conversation was concerned. But presently she revived somewhat, and essayed another attack. Had Mr. Gordon seen much of the city, and how did it impress him?

Mr. Gordon's observation of the metropolis it appeared had not been of an extensive character, and he was not, therefore, prepared to commit himself as to its general appearance. He then ventured the assertion that Miss Mollie had probably often seen the ocean.

Mollie at once admitted being on terms of personal intimacy with that body of water, and went on to describe with a girlish enthusiasm the beauties of the Atlantic, telling how its apparently limitless area always impressed her, and then dilating on the grandeur of the scene when the vast billows driven by the mighty energy of a gale, came leaping shoreward with resistless force, their foam-crowned summits showing white and haggard against the dull gray of a cloudridden sky, while here and there a vessel tossing helplessly in the caldron of the tempest attracted attention and pity. She was getting on famously, when the young man suddenly interjected a query as to whether mackerel were not caught in the ocean.

Mollie replied that they certainly were—at least she had so read in books. Personally, however (with a charming sniff through the tip-tilted nose), she knew nothing at all of the matter.

"I like mackerel," said young Mr. Gordon, "especially when they are served with baked potatoes and toast." And having delivered himself of this edifying gastronomical sentiment he gazed abstractedly at the toe of his boot and appeared to be enjoying a reverie in which unlimited mackerel and countless baked potatoes were constantly passing before his enraptured vision.

"There is some lovely needlework at the art exposition," suddenly exclaimed Mollie, she having performed in the mental ocean of her thoughts the nautical operation known as "jibbing," which consists in instantaneously altering your course without much regard to how it is done.

Young Mr. Gordon recalled himself from the mystic dreamland of mackerel and baked potatoes and gazed at her intently. "I expect likely," was his somewhat general reply.

"I have got an awful cute crazy quilt," continued Mollie. "Did you ever see a crazy quilt, Mr. Gordon?"

A solemn and prolonged shaking of the head conveyed the information that the person addressed was wholly ignorant of insane bedclothes of any description.

For another hour Mollie bravely endeavored to discover a subject concerning which young Mr. Gordon would consent to unlock the floodgates of his mind, but without success, and then gladly retired to her room.

"He isn't bad-looking, papa," she said to her father in an ante-breakfast chat the next morning, the subject being young Mr. Gordon, "but he is such a stupid!" And then she related the mackerel episode.

But as the days went on Mollie found young Mr. Gordon to improve wonderfully on acquaintance. She soon discovered that he could talk fluently enough when occasion required, and that in the line of paying the little courtesies to which all women attach so much importance he was a veritable Bayard. They rode, walked, took long drives, and availed themselves of various other amusements which a country life affords. Insensibly they became very confidential with each other, but it was the frank confidence of friendship—at least Mollie thought so, and never was mortal more surprised than she when one evening, as they sat together on the piazza young Mr. Gordon suddenly took her hand in his and asked her to marry him. "You must have seen how you have grown into my heart, Mollie!" he said, very earnestly; "and I am sure you believe my love one that will be true and faithful."

But instead of receiving the answer he had hoped for, young Gordon found the little hand suddenly withdrawn from his, and a pair of very snappy brown eyes looking at him.

"I am obliged for the honor, Mr. Gordon," she said, "but you can tell your father that I wouldn't fall in with his plans and be disposed of like a load of hay. You can tell your father that," and Miss Mollie was gone, leaving young Mr. Gordon alone on the piazza, very sore at heart and very much mystified.

* * * * * * *

"I am sorry that you and Johnnie should have fallen out," said the elder Mr. Gordon to Mollie the following day, "because we are going away to-morrow, and it seems too bad to have anything mar the pleasure of our visit. I had no idea the boy would fall in love with you—that wasn't what I brought him east for."

"It wasn't?" queried Mollie, getting suspiciously white about the mouth.

"Why, no," continued the father, "why should I?"

"Oh, of course not," incoherently replied Mollie, and immediately bolted into the house, leaving Mr. Gordon to enunciate confidentially to himself the proposition that "girls were hell when they got started."

The next morning Mollie arose very early, and was unusually occupied with various household duties—so much so that it was not until the time for departure arrived that young Mr. Gordon had a chance to speak to her. He came into the parlor, where she was assiduously dusting a spotless statue.

"Good-by, Miss Henderson," he said, very slowly.

"G-o-o-d-b-y," was the reply in a somewhat falsetto tone, and young Mr. Gordon noticed with surprise that Mollie did not even look at him, but kept the duster going vigorously.

"Is there anything I can do for you in the west?" he said, going close to her.

"No-o."

"Nothing at all? Is there nothing you want?"

"Y-e-e-s."

"What is it?"

"I want you!" she suddenly exclaimed, and before young Mr. Gordon had time to reflect on this extraordinary declaration he found a very pretty young lady sobbing violently in his arms, and from the hall heard his father remark that if women didn't totally eclipse the infernal regions he had failed to discover what did.

### He Thinks She Will Live to Rue It.

[Mt. Morris Letter in New York Sun.]

About a month ago a man giving his name as Edwin Kindmark, accompanied by his wife, a handsome young woman, came to Mount Morris. Kindmark was a photographer. He bought out a gallery in this place. A few days since Roland Smith, aged 55, of Coldwater, Mich., put in an appearance. He claimed Kindmark's alleged wife as his wife, Betsey Smith. Early last month, he said, he had given his wife $500 to buy some articles she wanted. He hadn't seen her since until he found her with Kindmark in Mount Morris.

"I suppose you have spent my money," said the Michigan husband to his wife on meeting her, "and that ends that. All I came on here for was to see whether this man could give you a good living, and if he could I intended to take you away from him. After looking him over, I see that he'll have pretty hard scratching to get you enough to eat and wear, and so I'll leave you with him, because it will serve you right."

And with these stoical remarks the old gentleman took the next train on his way back to Michigan. Smith is a wealthy Englishman.

Cincinnati Enquirer: When a man has so far mastered himself that he can live within his income he has made a long stride toward the kingdom of heaven. To make a show with money you have not yet earned is to live in a house built on an acre of purgatory

# EVANGELIST MOODY.

### A Prominent Minister Gives an Analysis of the Noted Revivalist.

[Chicago Times.]

A prominent divine and an intimate personal friend of Mr. Moody contributes the following interesting sketch of the distinguished evangelist: Mr. Moody, the chief speaker in the late convention, is a Chicago production. In his physique thoroughly healthy and nervous; eager and pronounced in opinion, and withal possessed of a large amount of good mother wit, he is bound to carry through anything which he undertakes. Twenty-three years ago the writer knew him as a "worker" on the north side, and indeed all over the city. Then he was a flame of fire, and he has not cooled a single degree since. At that time wild and anti-church in his sentiments he was not an unmixed blessing to the Chicago clergy. He is well remembered as riding about on a shaggy pony, with an old cap pulled over his eyes, and electrifying an audience many a time in spite of his illiteracy. He has achieved the wonder of becoming intelligent and consecrated and at the same time keeping his heat. He has fairly broken out a niche for himself in history. St. Bernard, Francis d'Assisi, and Tavanarola are no more sure of being known by the future students of the Christian church than Dwight L. Moody. Augustin, Bossuet, Massilon, Jeremy Taylor, Robert Hall, and scores of eminent preachers have blazed out away along the line of Christian prayers. Moody belongs to another order. Without education, a man of the masses, he has swept the British isles and this country, and aroused religious faith with a success which rivals the first period of the apostolic age. After so wide a success it could not be otherwise than that he should be a trifle peremptory, and sometimes dictatorial, and it is only surprising that he is not more so. He is modest, and, on the whole, quite considerate of those whose field is more narrow, and he keeps in mind his dependence on the good will and sympathy of the clerical body. As is true with every healthy and severe mind, Moody, to the surprise of some of his followers of the morbid type, has an eye for the humorous side of Christian work. His quick common sense was illustrated when he worked in Chicago in 1876. In the heat of zeal, the theme being "The Abandoned Classes," a widely-known "worker" proposed from the platform of the tabernacle that the young men of the Christian association put by their scruples and go forth to reclaim the fallen women of the town. God would go with them, he said, as he closed his earnest appeal. Up rose Mr. Moody: "No, no; that won't do! Let the women go after their unfortunate sisters." That ended the debate. At that time the vouchers for miracles found no opening for their wonderful stories. Moody had hardly left town before the Farwell hall meetings had on record some of the most wondrous events. His method of handling men is well shown in the case of the young man who came to him in great despair—real, and not feigned. The world had gone wrong with him, and he had settled on suicide. "Good," said Moody, "let's think about it." It was about 11 in the evening. "Let's pray awhile, and then if you think that suicide is the best thing, perhaps I'll help you along." The suicide collapsed. Once a brother talked quite warmly about praying all night. "Bosh," said Moody, "I can do all my praying in ten minutes." He told a story on Wednesday last that illustrates his open eye, if so it may be called. "Street Preaching" was the theme. "Don't put your third-rate men or your good, strong men who are not quick to make a point on the street to preach. Why, I knew a first-rate minister to try it. There were two of them went together. The first to begin was a good, able man, but he had hardly spoken a dozen words before a fellow on the edge of the crowd sung out: 'The man who discovered gas did more for mankind than all the preachers that ever lived.' This set the crowd a-laughing. The minister tried to go on, but he couldn't, there was so much confusion, and he sat down. The second got up, smiled, waved his hand. Said he: 'Look a here, my friends; that man out there on the edge of this crowd thinks gas is the greatest thing in this world. Why, if he were a-dying he'd be a-sending round to find the gas man.' This brought applause, and gave him the crowd."

Untaught as Mr. Moody was at the start, his printed sermons are no mean reading. Indeed, there are few discourses that are more worth putting into print than his. Moody never makes mistakes. He rode the second hobby eight years ago, but he was quite prudent and has let that drop. His argument in favor of it was mainly: "It does good; it awakens men to think the Lord is coming soon," an argument which is too plainly fallacious to need refutation. He started off once on the "Books of Moses," and said some very absurd things, which, if true, would upset Christianity, but he let go that string. The books of Moses are a kind of mauvais pas for any but scholarly men. Even Rev. John Hall, if report be true, was glad to recall an edition of popular lectures, and Dr. Gibson just escaped—and that by the advice of a clerical friend—putting into print what he might be only too glad at some later time to unsay. Mr. Moody has the good sense to know that his forte is in arousing Christian sentiment and calling men to repentance, and he rarely essays any other role. It is enough for any man to be great in one thing.

### English and American Suburban Lands.

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

Within twelve miles of the Bank of England is an estate of 1,900 acres, with excellent residence buildings, splendid park, vast plantations of larch, oak, fir, and plenty of rich land for farming, for sale at $1,000 an acre. Equally near the New York City hall it would sell for $10,000 an acre. The Campsey estate in Suffolk—4,100 acres—with an Elizabethan mansion, woods, etc., sold for $525,000 but little, if any, over average prices of northern Illinois farming lands. Four miles out of Dublin a correspondent of a Boston paper finds land selling at $2,500 an acre. Alexandra park, London, six miles from the centre of the city, containing 163 acres of land admirably located for suburban homes, is offered for sale for $700,000, the buildings, including the Alexandra palace, thrown in. Similarly situated real estate seems to be considerably higher in America than in England.

### A Discomfitted Dude.

[Boston Transcript.]

One of our Newport swells tells this story of himself. It is his pet story. It impresses different listeners differently. Sometimes I think it doesn't impress them exactly as he expects it to, but it is his way of informing the world that he dresses for the evening religiously. I'll try to put it in his own words: "I'm deuced absent-minded, don't you know; deuced absent minded. Did something other morning, just like me, don't you know? Valet was knocked up; lighted the gas myself when I got up, deuced stubborn mustache, mine is—have to curl it on an iron—lighted gas to heat the iron and forgot to put it out. Of course, fellah don't put on his morning clothes by gaslight and I got into my evening suit. By Jove! opened the front door and stood in evening dress in broad daylight. Haven't got over it yet. Gad! upset me entirely! Felt like a waitaw or a fool. Deuced absent-minded I am, don't you know."

### "Lady-Like" Drawings.

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

The Princess Louise must be delighted to have her drawings described as "inoffensive and lady-like," the comment of one very diplomatic critic who viewed her pictures in a gallery. When art becomes lady-like it must be simply ravishing.


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