TIME TABLES.

R. R. in Nebraska,

MAIN LINE

EXPRESS TRAINS GOING WEST.

	No. 1.	No. 3.
..	9 00 a m	6 55 p m
..	9 20 a m	7:15 p m
..	9 35 a m	7 28 p m
..	9 48 a m	7:42 p m
..	10 04 a m	7 56 p m
..	10 20 a m	8 10 p m
..	10 47 a m	8 30 p m
...	11 05 a m	8 45 p m
.. Ar.	11 55 p m	Ar. 9 30 p m
.. L've	12 30 p m	L've 10 15 p m
... Ar.	4 25 p m	Ar. 3 15 a m
... L've	4 35 p m	L've 3 30 a m
... Ar.	6 55 p m	Ar. 6 30 a m
... L've	6 20 p m	L've 8 05 a m
... Ar.	11 40 p m	Ar. 12 05 p m
... L've	10 p m	L've 12 25 p m
... Ar.	20 a m	Ar. 5 35 p m
... L've	50 a m	L've 6 00 p m
... Ar.	05 a m	Ar. 10 05 p m

EXPRESS TRAINS GOING EAST.

	No. 2.	No. 4.
h....	Ar. 5 10 p m	Ar. 9 00 a m
.....	Ar. 4 50 p m	Ar. 8 50 a m
.....	Ar. 4 35 p m	Ar. 8 35 a m
k....	Ar. 4 27 p m	Ar. 8 25 a m
.....	Ar. 4 16 p m	Ar. 8 17 a m
d..	Ar. 3 55 p m	Ar. 8 05 a m
.....	Ar. 3 35 p m	Ar. 7 48 a m
d	Ar. 3 15 p m	Ar. 7 34 a m
.....	Ar. 2 30 p m	Ar. 3 30 a m
.....	L've 2 55 p m	L've 7 00 a m
.....	Ar. 9 20 a m	Ar. 10 15 p m
.....	L've 10 10 a m	L've 10 30 p m
.....	Ar. 8 00 a m	Ar. 6 55 p m
.....	L've 8 20 a m	L've 7 15 p m
.....	Ar. 3 20 a m	Ar. 2 00 p m
.....	L've 4 05 a m	L've 3 20 p m
.....	Ar. 10 45 p m	Ar. 10 55 a m
.....	L've 11 55 p m	L've 11 05 a m
..	L've 7 05 p m	L've 7 35 a m

and 4, numbering ... run daily except Sunday. and 40 west of

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

STATIONS.	EXPRESS TRAINS GOING NORTH.	
...outh ...	1 55 a m	5 55 p m
...ie ...	5 33 a m	6 37 p m
...to ...	5 41 a m	6 41 p m
...ie ...	5 48 a m	6 50 p m
...	6 00 a m	6 50 p m
STATIONS.	EXPRESS TRAINS GOING SOUTH.	
...mouth ...	9 20 a m	8 10 p m
...ola ...	9 10 a m	8 00 p m
...atte ...	8 50 a m	7 50 p m
...ue ...	8 7 a m	7 42 p m
...a ...	8 5 a m	7 20 p m

TIME TABLE

Missouri Pacific Railroad.

	Express leaves going SOUTH.	Express leaves going SOUTH.	Freight leaves going SOUTH.
...aha ...	7.40 p m	8.00 a.m	12.50 a. m
...lton ...	8.17 "	8.37 "	2.00 p. m
...ngfield ...	8.42 "	9.00 "	3.05 "
...leville ...	8.59 "	9.15 "	3.50 "
...ping Water	9.24 "	9.40 "	5.00 "
...ca ...	9.37 "	9.53 "	5.45 "
...bar ...	9.07 "	9.21 "	6.45 "
...sas City	5.47 a	7.07 p.m	
...Louis ...	7.52 p.m	7.22 a.m	
	Going NORTH.	Going NORTH.	Going NORTH
...Louis ...	8.52 a.m	8.32 p.m.	
...nsas City ...	8.38 p.m	7.57 a.m	
...nbar ...	9.10 a.m	4.24 p.m	1.01 p. m
...ca ...	9.49 "	4.54 "	2.10 "
...eping Water	.03 "	5.08 "	2.45 "
...ulsville ...	.22 "	5.23 "	3.50 "
...ingfield ...	.51 "	5.46 "	4.55 "
...pillion ...	.20 "	6.15 "	5.25 "
...maha arriv.	.00 "	7.35 "	7.05 "

The above is Jefferson City time, which is 14 minutes faster than Omaha time.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF PLATTSMOUTH MAILS.

ARRIVES.		DEPARTS
7.30 p. m.	EASTERN.	10.00 a. m.
10.30 a. m.		3.00 p. m
6.00 a. m.	WESTERN.	10.00 a. m
3.00 p. m.		6.55 p. m
11.00 a m	NORTHERN.	4.25 p. m
7.00 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 issue for 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.
WILLIAM PLOTENGER, Police Judge.
R. B. WINDHAM, City Attorney.
P. B. MURPHY, Chief of Police.
P. McCANN, Overseer of Streets.
C. KOENEKE, Chief of Fire Dept.
S. H. RICHMOND, Ch'n board o. 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. Leinhold, F. 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. JOHNSON, County Judge.
R. W. HYERS, Sheriff.
CYRUS ALLEN, Sup't of Pub. Instruction.
G. W. FAIRFIELD, County Surveyor.
F. 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. R. 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., residence.
4 Bonner Stables.
5 County Clerk's office.
6 E. B. Lewis, residence.
7 J. V. Weckbach, store.
8 Western Union Telegraph office.
9 D. H. Wheeler, residence.
10 D. [illegible] 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 & Voorhees, "
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.

TRAINING MUSQUITOES.

A Man Who Has Devoted Twenty Years to Their Peculiarities.

A Thing or Two for Scientific Fellows---A Musquito Battle and a Waltz.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

"I have devoted twenty years to a study of the habits of musquitoes, and a curious lot of creatures they are." He was a withered-up, yellow-faced, parchment-skinned little man with bright little eyes peering out of big ugly glasses that had been worn so long as to make deep furrows in his nose. But a bright, chirrupy little fellow, withal. He had on a musty black suit and a big collar. He was in the rear room of the second floor of No. 119 East Market street. A strange little den of a room it was. The walls were hung with all kinds of insects; the tables, and chairs, and bureau were all covered with them. Glassy-eyed beetles glared from between golden-winged butterflies, and odd-looking little round bugs were wedged into all sorts of out of the way places.

"These other insects I have picked up everywhere," said the little man with a quick, careless motion toward the strangely tapestried walls. "This tarantula," picking up a big, hairy, spider-like creature, "I found in Texas, and had a hard time catching him. Ain't he a fine specimen, though?" said the little fellow, lovingly putting the frightful creature back in its place. "I have all kinds of insects, and have made them a life study. I have a little money, enough to live on, and am able to devote all my time to them. But of all the insects, the musquito is my favorite. I have so identified myself with their habits that I feel sometimes as though I would like to fly away and buzz-z-z-z off into the air and out into the golden sunlight and never be bothered with mortal troubles again."

There was a look of such intensity in the withered, parchment face, in the bright little eyes, in the outstretched hands, so much earnestness and longing, that the reporter half expected to see the transformation go into effect at once.

"I am writing a book on musquitoes," continued he, after the excitement had died out of his face. "I am going to call it 'Twenty Years Among Musquitoes, by William P. Drieffeld,' and I will tell these scientific fellows a thing or two. I have what I call a hatchery over there in the corner, and I make all sorts of experiments with them. You see it looks like a tub, and has a little water in the bottom. Now, if you look closely you will see that large musquito in the corner there, separated a little from that covey of sabethes there; no, not that one with the red belt, the one next to him. That is a female, and a finer specimen never lived. She is three years old, and at the least calculation has had ten thousand children.

"Larger than the ordinary musquito! you say. Why, of course; Aspasia—that's her name—is three and three-quarters times as large as the ordinary culex. I cross races, and Aspasia is a cross between the Florida anopheles and the Mexican ædes. I never let the air of this room fall below 70 degrees Fahrenheit, and I find that with this temperature the average life of a healthy musquito is 5 years 9 months and 15 days. I have one old male who is 10 years old. His proboscis is useless—paralyzed, I think—and his eyes have long since become useless to him. His antennæ have dropped off, and of the six sharp bristles within his sucking proboscis, which he had when I caught him, not one remains. He couldn't even bite a child," continued the old man, mournfully, looking over toward where the gray veteran sat on the edge of the tub.

The old man's tone had dropped into a musing, subdued monotone. Arousing himself, he said: "I have had some queer experiences with them. I do this to amuse myself. I don't pay much attention to it, however," added the little man apologetically, as he moved toward a long glass case toward one end of the room, which was almost entirely hidden by a black cloth. "I keep this over, because the light is painful to them," continued the old man as he drew the curtain off and revealed a shallow box covered on three sides with glass. The bottom was covered with musquitoes of all sizes. Sliding the top aside the old man made a peculiar humming sound with his mouth. So natural was it his companion involuntarily brushed his hand through the air, as if to ward off a wily and enterprising musquito. Presently out of the box came a swarm of insects. The old man held his brown, skinny, open palm out, and they alighted on it with that delicate, hesitating manner peculiar to them. He counted them over. There were sixteen. He continued his strange humming, and the insects formed into a column two deep and circled about his hand, keeping time to the old fellow's peculiar humming. Suddenly he stopped, and the insects stopped their marching. The two that were at the head of the column, and who were apparently the leaders, drew off at some little distance and kept up a long-continued and monotonous singing.

In a moment the old man began to hum in a higher key, and another swarm came out of the box. He extended his other brown, skinny hand, and after circling about they alighted on it. They also formed a column and marched about. Then the old man drew his two withered palms together slowly. The two columns were opposite now, and he began to sing, or rather hiss, in a harsh, irritating whisper. In a moment the two columns rushed at each other, and were circling round and lost in the mazes of an ever-shifting cloud of wings and long, hair-like legs. The hissing suddenly ceased, and a full, emphatic, guttural sound took its place. The effect was instantaneous. The clouds slowly fell apart, the mass of legs and whirring wings and long bodies separated, and in a few moments they were each on the hand from which they started.

"The musquitoes are governed altogether by sound," said the queer little man as he put them back into their box. "I believe that all things that have consciousness, that can feel pain and pleasure, are able to communicate their feelings one to the other. By a careful observation I have found what affects musquitoes. In a dim, vague way they understand each other. When you learn what sounds produce certain impressions, the secret of governing them or 'training' them is out. That was a battle you saw a moment ago. None of them were hurt. It took me nearly two years to learn them to do this. These are all females. By the way, may be you did not know that the female musquitoes are the blood-suckers, and that the males never bother you at night.

"I have a little band of five that I hatched in '79 that dance tolerable well." He again lifted the box and uttered a low coaxing whistle.

In a moment five large insects came flying up. He held out his hand, and after they had alighted, began to whistle one of Strauss' waltzes. The musquitoes began to circle about, keeping tolerably good time to the music. After he had put them back in the box he turned to the reporter and said: "My book will give minute particulars of how to train musquitoes, and the classes that are easiest to teach. Meigen, in his great treatise, divides the genus culex into three, but I have discovered, described and named twenty-three separate and distinct varieties. By crossing and mixing I have myself created six varieties. The musquito is distinct from all things created in his wonderful susceptibility to music. Even the females, which are most ferocious never drive their proboscis into flesh without accompanying all they do with their own music. They are also very gentle, and are far less blood thirsty than you would suppose. Indeed, I might keep you a week. Come up again and I will show you how they fire a little cannon [illegible] chariot. Oh, no thanks at all, [illegible] time and you want to know it early to

NEW YORK DIVORCES.

What a Judge Says---The Shysters Who Manage Things---A "Round-the-Corner Business."

["Caspar" in Detroit Free Press.]

Husband or wife takes a fancy to some other person for a partner, but present obligations stand in the way. They can be got out of the way only by divorce, so a lawyer is hunted up, a petition filed, testimony produced, and, presto! the whole business is done. But not always honestly done—oh, no, not by a very long shot. In a great many cases the business is a fraud from beginning to end.

We had a word on that point from the bench itself the other day. The man who said the word, Judge Donohue, of the supreme court, has signed quite a lot of divorce decrees in his time. This is what he said: "There is undoubtedly fraud in many divorce cases, and what I mean by that is that the business of obtaining divorces by questionable means has not been suppressed, notwithstanding the extra vigilance to detect it now exercised by the courts. I myself have either suspected or been convinced in a number of cases that fraud had been practiced, yet was unable to obtain conclusive evidence to that effect, and the conspirators thus escaped the punishment the law prescribes and which they merited."

"Who are the perpetrators of the fraud?" Scallawag lawyers, of course. There's a gang of rascally lawyers in New York who make a business of getting divorces by crooked means, and are always ready to take up any case that comes along. They have no professional standing, and respectable lawyers do not recognize them at all, but they care nothing for that. Bread and butter is what they are after, and they'll do anything to get it. The Tombs shyster of the old times was regarded on all sides as the lowest type of the profession. We have Tombs shysters still, but they are no longer the lowest. The lawyers who make a specialty of divorce are rightfully entitled to that rank, and get it. Their plan of operations is pretty well known. All that the client has to do is to put the case in their hands and pay a fee in advance. Most of the divorce suits go to referees instead of being tried in court. If the hearing is not actually secret it is, in most cases, the next thing to it. There are no reporters and there is no audience. The divorce lawyer presents his case and brings on his witnesses.

Who are the witnesses? Why, in many instances, neither party to the suit ever heard of them before. They are scamps whom the divorce lawyer keeps in tow for just such occasions. Their testimony is a lie from first to last. The lawyer tells them beforehand what they must swear to, and often coaches them to see that they have the story straight. They swear to personal knowledge of things which never occurred, and to acquaintance with persons they never saw. If the other side does not appear, as often happens, because proper notice has not been given, the sworn lies of the scamps go unquestioned. The referee may possibly have suspicions, but he must go by the "evidence," and there it is. No one has appeared to refute it. He reports to the court that the charges are proven; the court assumes that it is all right, and a decree of divorce is issued. So the way is clear, and the person getting the decree may go right off and marry again. Perhaps the other party to the new marriage is waiting around the corner.

It is all a round-the-corner business and an exceedingly bad business every way. And much more of it is carried on in New York than the public supposes. As the trials are not reported, unless they contain something sensational, the public knows nothing about them. It would be a good thing for morals if the divorce lawyers could be suppressed. But they probably can't, any more than the quack doctors, but the quacks defy it and go right on in the old way. So would the divorce lawyers, no doubt, even with a law for their suppression on the statute book.

The "Russian Leather" Secret.

[Chicago Times.]

"I think that is a mistake," said Mr. Pliny Jewell, of Jewell & Sons, when shown a published statement to the effect that American tanners had never been able to closely imitate the beauty and odor of the celebrated Russia leather. "I believe Russia leather is now made at or near Newark. I know my brother, when minister at St. Petersburg, discovered the secret. You have heard the manner of the discovery, have you not?"

"I have heard several versions of it."

"Well, I will tell you the true version. Over in Russia they didn't think he had any practical knowledge of mechanics—they thought he must be just as helpless as they. One day he was going through a tannery with some of the officials. Reaching a passageway he noticed some mixture in barrels. He didn't recognize its character, and thrust his fingers in several times as a sort of investigation. There was no handy washing-room, so he completed the tour with his soiled hands, but as soon as he reached his room he washed up. In passing the right hand over his face—as all men will you know—he caught his nose between his thumb and finger. There, most certainly, was the odor of Russia leather. 'Russian leather to be sure,' he exclaimed in ecstacy. He repeated the operation and found the same odor. The secret was out. He didn't know the agents used, but it proved they were employed, not to produce the fragrance, but because they were cheap. The general immediately wrote to Mr Schultz, of The Shoe and Leather Reporter, and the process was tried in this country The base of it was asafœtida, which is also, as you may know, the base of Worcestershire sauce. Do I think the beauty of Russia leather has ever been reproduced here? Oh, yes, I believe it has; but the odor is all there is to it. You find Russia leather pocket-books for 50 cents, do you not? The odor is genuine, isn't it? Well, that's not the imported material, but the leather successfully tanned here by the Russian method."

Editors' Rural Homes.

[New York Cor. Troy Times.]

The difference between Bennett and Greeley was evident in their selection of rural homes. Greeley located on the east side, which was plebeian—first at Turtle Bay, and then at Chappaqua, which at that time was an inferior place. Bennett, on the other hand, bought a large establishment on the Hudson river in the centre of a highly aristocratic community. He fitted it up in elegant style, but it did not realize his expectations, and hence he passed his last days in his Fifth avenue residence. The out-of-town house stands at Fort Washington, eight miles from the city hall, and being in the hands of a tenant is subject to neglect and decay. The present owner, even when in America, rarely visits the place, and he will probably put it into the market as soon as prices reach a satisfactory quotation.

Limekiln Club: "A man who can't spit on his hands an' lick his appetite in a stan' up fight, should have bin bo'n a cow."

Tackled a Slugger.

[Merchant Traveler.]

A western man, who was fighter, landed in New York, and some of his friends wanted him to tackle a local hitter and he agreed. The fight came off and the local rough knocked the unscientific westerner clean through himself. After the battle, one of the backers said to him:

"You are a pretty duffer, ain't you?"

"Maybe I ain't now, but I guess I wuz precious to the scrimmage."

"Why didn't you stand up to him like a man?"

"Stand up, h—! I'm from the west, I am, and if I hain't got such a d— sight o' New York sense, I've got enough of the kind I've been raised to know better'n to tackle a cyclone comin' straight at me. You go away and let me git repaired up, or I'll pull my gun on you, and when I pull my gun I'm thar [illegible]

DOG OIL AND CATS' SKINS.

What Becomes of the Dead Canines and Felines---Queer Articles of Commerce.

[Philadelphia Record.]

"We skins the horses and the dogs. Sometimes we skins the cats. Then we bile 'em all up together, and make that and these here out of 'em." The speaker was bloody from neck to boots and the "that and these here" were two piles of black stuff, the odor from which was somewhat off color. The place was one of the four or five carcass-rendering establishments which dot the river bank a quarter of a mile below Bridesburg. The cats and dogs referred to were the twenty or thirty barrels of these animals received each week from the city dog-pound and the "cat home" on Lombard street, below Thirteenth. Here also are taken all the dead carrion which can be begged or purchased in the city. In the darkest hours of night great covered wagons make their mysterious way through the byways of Philadelphia. These lumbering vehicles are large enough to carry too dead horses, and no matter how long the carrion they may find has been dead, if it will hold together it is gathered up, and the wagon's march resumed until their rounds have been completed and they dump their repulsive loads at the establishments on the river bank.

"Sometimes," said the man in charge, "we gets a big supply in the way of a fire. After the Knickerbocker Ice company's fire we had all we could do for some time. In the ordinary run we gets here about thirty horses and mules and twenty barrels of dead cats and dogs every week. What do we do with 'em? Well, you see, they goes three or four ways. We cuts 'em up, bones and all, and tosses 'em into that big biler over yonder. When that has biled away for twenty-four or more hours we get out the bones and they go to the boneyard to make phosphate. We press the oil outen the balance, and that goes mostly to make lubrication [lubricating] oil or to soap-makers. The other stuff is put in the sun and dried, and we make phosphate out of it ourselves."

The skins, the men said, were sold to the tanners. In the winter and early summer the cats are skinned, and the hide is used in the lining of winter circulars for ladies. Two curious uses are, however, frequently made of the dogs. Their fat is carefully taken off and manufactured into "dog oil," which among superstitious persons, especially the colored people, possesses almost miraculous virtue in the cure of various diseases, but chiefly of rheumatism. In all localities where the colored population is large this oil is for sale, and always sells for a good price. It is also in demand for consumptives. Very frequently people who have been pronounced incurables go to the establishment and beg the people there to sell them some of the oil obtained from the dog fat. Occasionally persons will bring dogs which they have killed themselves and have the oil manufactured from them.

Some of the rendering establishments along the river do an enormous business, receiving their supplies not only from the city but from abroad by the car load. Some of them use the intestines and refuse matter from the slaughter house and abattoirs.

HIRING OUT DIAMONDS.

How Costly Jewels are Obtained for Receptions and Weddings.

[Boston Globe.]

"That was an expensive set of jewelry," remarked a reporter to the proprietor of a large Washington street store, alluding to a set of diamonds a young lady had just taken away with her.

"It is the most expensive set we have in the store," was the reply," but she has only hired them."

"Is that a common thing in Boston?" asked the newspaper man.

"Most certainly. Many of our best customers hire a set of jewelry for an evening, and for a comparatively small price excite the envy and jealousy of their friends. I wonder you have never heard of it before. We take our costliest gems and reset them to please our customers, and then rent them. Of people whom we know we never require any security, but a stranger would, of course, have to deposit the full value of the gems. There are two of our finest sets at Swampscott now, where I understand they have been much praised and their temporary possessors congratulated.

"A funny thing happened in connection with this branch of our business. There was to be a large German, and a young lady, well known in this city, came to make arrangements about a set of diamonds. I was not in the store at the time and knew nothing of the matter, so when I came in I let out the same set to another young belle. In the afternoon No. 1 came in and asked significantly if her diamonds had been cleaned. While she was talking No. 2 put the same question to me. The situation was very awkward, but I explained the matter and all was finally settled in favor of No. 1, the young ladies pledging each other and me to eternal secrecy.

"'I wouldn't have it get out for the world, you know,' explained No. 1.

"Another branch of our business is to rent silver services. These were very well paid for. Most of the designs are antique, and some of them have figured in many Boston homes as highly treasured heir-looms. At weddings we frequently furnish large collections of bric-a-brac and other articles to swell the number of 'gifts' and make a fine display. We rarely get much for this, as the jeweler's name is frequently published when there is anything particularly beautiful given as a present, and the advertising compensates us.

When the End of Polygamy Comes.

[D. Conway in San Francisco Chronicle.]

In the "Revelation on Celestial Marriage, given to Joseph Smith, Nauvoo, July 12, 1843," it is written: "And again, verily, verily, I say unto you, if any man have a wife who holds the key of this power, and he teaches unto her the law of my priesthood, then shall she believe and administer unto him, or she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord your God, for I will destroy her." This constantly repeated sentence is the iron out of which many marriage rings are made in Utah; they bind the Mormon woman, but she does not pretend to love her fetter. In the breast of every woman in that territory there is an enemy or a potential traitor to the system of polygamy, and when, as must sometime be the case, the struggle with polygamy becomes a recognized war for the deliverance of woman, the end of the Deseret dispensation will be swiftly—it is to be feared violently—reached. As Goethe wrote: "Ever the womanly leadeth us onward."

The gastrometer of The Rochester Post-Express is responsible for this advice: "You should never chew a raw oyster. Just place him lengthwise across the end of your tongue, elevate your chin a trifle, and after that you will have nothing to do but pay for him."

Salt Tax in India

[Inter Ocean.]

England supplies the 250,000,000 people of India with salt and charges them 25 cents a pound, equal to a tax of 3,000 per cent. A poor native must work two days and a half at hard labor to earn enough money to purchase a pound of salt.

Kissed His Wife.

[Inter Ocean.]

It is reported that when the judges at Narragansett park announced Jay-Eye-See's time to have been 2:10¾ in the test beat last Saturday, Mr. J. I. Case, the owner of the horse, was so gratified that he actually kissed his wife. It is curious what some men will do in moments of joy and excitement.

A toy says in his composition that "onions are the vegetables that make you sick when you don't eat them yourself."