A GRIM TALE OF THE SEA.

A DARK CLOUD FOLLOWS THE SAXON ACROSS THE OCEAN.

Terrible Voyage of a Ship from Havre to New Orleans—A Chapter in the Life of a Brave Mariner—The Awful Death Record on the Ship's Log.

What a fearful thing, then it must be to be confined to a ship where death is a daily occurrence, where a contagious disease is raging and no one knows when his turn may come and his lifeless form, inclosed in a shotted hammock, may be committed to the deep. Such a voyage was the passage of the Maine ship Saxon, Capt. Groton, from Havre to New Orleans, in 1854. Capt. Groton has long since passed away, but these incidents were related to the writer by his brother, and may be verified by his log book.

This log book is a continuous narrative of death, storm and disaster, and without the usual descriptions of courses sailed, directions of wind each hour, state of weather, observations of latitude, longitude, etc., would be a most interesting volume. Such things, however, would have little interest for the average reader.

Oct. 9, 1854, the Saxon, with 437 passengers, was towed out of Havre, homeward bound on a voyage that was to try the soul of her brave commander. The first entry of the log book is business like enough. We are told that the tug boat received the neat sum of $140, and left them to themselves. But in a day or two the record of death begins. Oct. 11 the ominous words, "Buried one girl," sounded the key note of the entire passage. The next day, "buried a woman," and the next, "buried a child."

On Sunday, the 15th, the island of Ushant was seen, and the captain states the passengers were mostly well; but on the 16th the terribly monotonous entry again appears, "Buried an old man." For the next few days the records are of fearful gales, sails blown to pieces, and the ship hove to for safety.

Cape Finisterre is passed, and with land still in sight, three of the passengers go over the ship's side, and two of the crew are sick. Up to this time nothing has been said as to the nature of pestilence so rapidly decimating the ship's company, but now we learn that it is pronounced cholera by two French physicians who happen to be among the passengers. Now we learn also that the captain's wife, whom he had but recently married, is with him on this ill starred voyage. She too falls a victim. At five in the morning she is taken very ill, and from that time till her death the loving husband's grief and despair is mingled with the more prosaic details of each day's events. She suffered no pain, but rapidly weakened. Her life, no doubt, was prolonged by the assiduous care of the two French doctors, who did all in their power to save her, but in vain. On the morning of the 21st he writes: "My wife is very sick and weak. She is failing fast. She cannot live, but I still hope that she will. The mate asks if he shall do what is to be done with the body. If it can be kept, we shall keep it by all means. The mate has not left the room since she was taken sick." At 11:30 he says: "She sleeps quietly; a dark cloud seems to follow the Saxon."

On the next day, "She is very low, but without pain." At 12 p. m., "sinking fast." At 2 a. m. she closed her eyes in death, and the sorrowful man exclaims, "I feel as though I had lost all in life worth living for. The passengers are dying at the rate of two a day, and I seem surrounded by sickness and death. The passengers that take care of themselves are all right, but these who are not clean in their habits and careful about eating and drinking are the first to be taken." The hardest blow had fallen upon the unhappy sailor, but not the last. On the 28th this entry appears: "Another death at midnight—my mate, Joshua Keller. He suffered terrible pain from cramps till death relieved him. The doctors say his death was caused by exposure and imprudence. His home was in Rockland, Me. He leaves a wife and infant child. I am now all alone, and the only navigator on board the ship. God only knows what will become of the ship and the passengers if I happen to take the cholera and die."

This last misfortune, however, did not befall the ship, though it seems almost a miracle that he was spared. Every care fell upon his shoulders. The crew and passengers had to be watched. Even the second mate and the cook could not be trusted.

THE ONLY NAVIGATOR LEFT.

Every part of the ship had to be visited daily, and the burials had to be superintended by him, for the deaths occurred with horrible regularity.

Nov. 2 he made this entry: "Buried a child;" on the 29th, "Buried two children," and so on till Dec. 1, when forty-five had died in the twenty-two days since leaving Havre. They dropped off suddenly, some times with not an hour's warning. The mortality seemed greatest among the children. On each recurring day of the week my wife died, he says, "the pathetic entry occurs, 'One, two or three weeks since my wife died.'" Her body he religiously preserved. The remains were carefully inclosed in a canvas sack, and this was thoroughly coated with tar, to which he added succeeding tarred canvas cases until there were five of these coverings. One day he found that the passengers were cutting up their berth boards and burning them. There was no more wood on board the ship but what was used to cook with, and they were well supplied with wood and coal, and he promptly threatened them with confinement in irons if they persisted. On one occasion he had to thrash a man for fighting, and at another time he had to use force to quell a fight among them. They began to show a mutinous and disheartened spirit. Capt. Groton was not a man of words, and when he speaks of "chastening" any man, he doubtless meant a sound thrashing for the unruly Frenchman.

One day a rush was made for him when standing aft and at a great disadvantage, but at the earnest representations by the French doctors of their helpless condition without a navigator, they concluded not to throw him overboard. They took it as an injury that he should so carefully preserve his wife's body, while theirs were consigned so soon to the water. Thus the weary days went by. On the 6th of December, when near their destination, the Saxon got aground. It seemed as if the ship would go to pieces. The passengers were taken ashore, and at high water the ship floated. The company re-embarked, and after a few days landed at New Orleans.

Sixty-eight had started from France whose bodies marked the ghastly route of the Saxon across the ocean. Many of the rest of the 437 have since crossed the ocean of life, but few go to the unknown land after a more dreadful voyage to the New World.

As I closed the old log book I was invited to look at the portraits of Capt. Groton and his wife, made a few years before her death. The features of Capt. Groton were those of a man fitted to go steadily on through scenes of sickness and death in the straight path of duty, but it was a relief to find that the lovely face of his wife showed that he had settled into the repose of the grave with the very commencement of what promised to be a happy voyage, and thus lessened the pain of an experience which was marked by constant misfortune.—George W. Singer in Lowiston (Me.) Journal.

THE OLD HOUSE.

In through the porch and up the silent stair;
Little is changed, I know so well the ways;
Here the dead came to meet me; it was there
The dream was dreamed in unforgotten days.

But who is this that hurries on before,
A flitting shade the brooding shades among?
She turned—I saw her face—O God! it wore
The face I used to wear when I was young!

I thought my spirit and my heart were tamed
To deadness; dead the pangs that agonize.
The old grief springs to choke me—I am shamed
Before that little ghost with eager eyes.

Oh, turn away, let her not see, not know!
How should she bear it, how should understand?
Oh, hasten down the stairway, haste and go,
And leave her dreaming in the silent land.

—The Spectator

Desert of Sahara.

The Sahara as a whole is not below sea level; it is not the dry bed of a recent ocean, and it is not as flat as the proverbial pancake all over. Part of it, indeed, is very mountainous, and all of it is more or less varied in level. The upper Sahara consists of a rocky plateau rising at times into considerable peaks; the lower, to which it descends by a steep slope, is "a vast depression of clay and sand," but still for the most part standing high above sea level. No portion of the upper Sahara is less than 1,500 feet high—a good deal higher than Dartmoor or Derbyshire. Most of the lower reaches from 200 to 300 feet—quite as elevated as Essex or Leicester.

The two spots below sea level consist of the beds of ancient lakes, now much shrunk by evaporation, owing to the rainless condition of the country; the soil around these is deep in gypsum, and the water itself is considerably salter than the sea. That, however, is always the case with fresh water lakes in their last dotage, as American geologists have amply proved, in the case of the great Salt lake of Utah. Moving sand undoubtedly covers a large space in both divisions of the desert, but according to Sir Lambert Playfair, our best modern authority on the subject, it occupies not more than one-third part of the entire Algerian Sahara. Elsewhere rock, clay and muddy lake are the prevailing features, interspersed with not infrequent date groves and villages, the product of artesian wells, or excavated spaces, or river courses. Even Sahara, in short, to give it its due, is not quite so black as it's painted.—Cornhill Magazine.

To Pay Expenses.

The wife of a wit has often as hard a time as the wife of a philosopher. It is an old story about the wife of Emerson enduring the sight of her husband breaking the teeth out of her back comb, thinking, absent mindedly, that they were matches which he was presently to light; but it is quite a new story—that of a famous modern humorist who really gets a great many of his best and funniest ideas from his wife.

"We live from mouth to hand, instead of from hand to mouth," said he, in telling the story. "Her mouth utters the words of nonsense, and my hand writes them down. Sometimes she rebels at my receiving the checks in payment of her jokes, though I promptly turn most of them over to her, and she wouldn't sign her own name to one of the jokes for a farm.

"Well, one time I was going on a little southern trip, and she took a notion she wanted to go along. We had just been paying for a new carriage house, and there wasn't enough ready money in the family exchequer to take us both.

"'If you go, I shall have to stay at home,' said I, trying to reason with her.

"'No, no,' said she. 'I'll make jokes enough to pay all our current expenses. I'll get up early every morning, and joke just as hard as I can for fifteen or twenty minutes before breakfast!'"—Youth's Companion.

Wanted Twenty-four Apostles.

Stories almost without end have been told on John Stetson, the well known theatrical manager, and hundreds of them have been printed, but here is one old enough to be a chestnut, but so far as learned has never been put in print before. It goes away back to when the attempt was made in New York to produce the "Passion" play, and Stetson was managing it. This gentleman's ignorance and mistakes have been the subject of more than four-fifths of the yarns told on him, but all have had to admit that his eye for artistic effect in setting a stage is nearly perfect. Affairs in connection with the play had reached a stage where a dress rehearsal was arranged.

Mr. Stetson and the stage manager were seated in the parquet to observe the scene. On the left of the stage was Pontius Pilate and Jesus Christ; back of the stage, at the left, was a large rabble; on the right had been placed the twelve apostles. At the first glance Stetson began to kick. "Why," he yelled angrily, "that stage ain't set right, it's all out of balance." "Well," said the stage manager meekly, "it is the best we could do with the people we have." "What's that gang there over to the right?" asked Stetson. "That," replied the assistant, "why, those are the twelve apostles." "Well, get twenty-four of 'em then; we must have that corner filled up somehow."—Chicago Herald.

Such Is Fame.

Francis Wilson, the comedian, says that fame is a fugitive and altogether an unsatisfactory thing after all. He was in Paris with Alfred Canby, his manager, and one afternoon they strolled along the Avenue de l'Opera looking at the shop windows. In an art store they discovered a large collection of photographs of celebrities from all over the world. This claimed their attention for some time. At length Wilson started in surprise and directed Canby's attention to a photograph of a young girl. "Don't you recognize that face?" he asked. "Why, that's a New York photo of my daughter Frances."

And so it was. Wilson had always been sure that his daughter was a beautiful child, but he did not think that she was so strikingly beautiful that her photographs would find purchasers in Paris. Canby suggested that they interview the shop keeper and see if he knew who the original was. So they entered the shop and put the question to the Frenchman. The shop keeper knew, of course. "Oh, certainly," he said. "Eet is ze daughtaire of ze famous Americain, Bob Ingersoll."—New York Star.

Palate Tickling.

The venerable M. Chevreul never cared for the pleasures of the table. He appears to have ate very little himself and railed at those who ate more. He considered that the revolution did France a great evil by throwing the cooks of royalty and of the nobility out of employment, and thereby leaving them nothing to do but to open cheap restaurants and serve palate tickling meals to the masses. M. Chevreul may have gone to an extreme in his beliefs, but it is a generally admitted truth that more illness is caused by over eating than by under eating.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A l'Outrance.

"I see," said the man with the newspaper, "that a French journalist has just been killed in a duel." "At last," exclaimed the man reading the time card. "Yes; died of old age or something of the other fellow to come." "Well, the French are terrible fighters when they make a business of it."—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

OUT WEST IS VAGUE.

A RELATIVE TERM SUBJECT TO SEVERAL CONTINGENCIES.

One Is the Location of the Speaker When He Uses the Expression—The Ideal, the Real and the "Wild Woolly"—An Incident in Buena Vista's Early Days.

When Horace Greeley said "Go west, young man, go west!" he should have explained how far west he meant. He should have said whether he meant west of Chicago or merely west of New York, for "the west" is merely a relative term, and a place that in some localities is spoken of as "the west," in other portions of America is mentioned as "back east."

In Boston and New York even Chicago is thought of and spoken of as "the west," while in Colorado every small town in Indiana, every hamlet in Missouri, Iowa, Kansas or Wisconsin is mentioned as "back east."

So the terms "out west" and "back east" are, after all, merely relative and mean only so much or so little of the real east or west as may enter into the conception of certain localities. Nevertheless there are distinctive sectional characteristics belonging to each. There is an ideal west, a real west, a cultured west, and alas and alack-a-day, a "too, too utterly wild, woolly west."

THE IDEAL AND REAL.

The ideal west is "the land of the free and the home of the brave." It is redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled from the "outworn" creeds of a materialistic and often corrupt civilization. It is not afraid to say that its soul is its own lest it should lose a dime or risk the loss of a dollar. It has no exaggerated ideas in regard to the value of money. It has "old fashioned" notions of "genteel" society and has no foolish affectations, fondly supposed to be "so English, you know." It has strength without brutality, dignity without pomposity, sympathy without "gush," and a discriminating hospitality that never fails to render "honor to whom honor is due." The ideal west has liberty without license, conformity without servility, ambition without small trickery, and a magnificent enterprise that means devotion to noble uses.

This is the ideal west, and it is fair as the moon, bright as the sun, and to all forms of "genteel ignorance" it is as terrible as an army with banners, for it has a "frankness in saying what others only think."

The real west differs from the ideal and is open to the same objection advanced by Mr. Howells' young lady who refused her lover because he was "too much of a mixture." The real west is like a merchant's "job lot," where twenty-five cents will buy an article worth fifty cents or one worth only ten cents, according to the discrimination of the buyer.

There is a modified west where certain landmarks enable one to feel that he has "got out of the wilderness" of other places. Reasonable concessions to long established and widely accepted customs take away the "stranger-in-a-strange-land" feeling incident to the totally unaccustomed and one is given a "leave to be" that discloses in a very short time the nature and extent of his possibilities and limitations.

The cultured west is the ideal west and is perhaps a dream of Utopia, since it has both vigor and elegance, both law and liberty, power without tyranny, and an independence whose most eager and joyous manifestation is to succor the weak and comfort the faint hearted and lend a hand to help every beneficent influence.

THE "WILD AND WOOLLY" WEST.

The "wild woolly" is kind according to its conception of "kindness." Sensitive people sometimes shrink, as from a red hot iron, when this "kindness" happens to touch a "galled spot;" but in that case they are "very sensitive," or "real cranky," or "awfully exacting," or "better go back east if they don't like our west." Nevertheless, kindness is kindness and not to be spurned whatever its manifestation.

To illustrate: A woman once died in the town of Buena Vista, Colo. She was the mother of four or five children, and the entire family lived in two small rooms and drank the dregs of a prosaic and repulsive poverty. The woman had been clothed in red flannel underwear, that seemed to make death more hideous.

Nothing in her surroundings but the children suggested anything not simply repulsive.

Motherlessness, however, is always pathetic, and when the husband and father attempted to kill himself the sympathies of the entire community were aroused, and the little hut was packed with sympathetic neighbors and friends anxious to render the last honors to the dead and the first offices of kindness to the living. The funeral sermon was preached in one of the village churches, and there was not a vacant seat.

The dead woman's female relative came, dressed in "their Sunday best," and with a profusion of hair dressing suggestive of intervals when curling irons had usurped the throne of grief and anticipations of the funeral had obtained a mastery over sorrow's mad abandon. The funeral sermon was a "literary" effort, and at its close the congregation was requested to "avail themselves of the corpse" by passing up one aisle and down another, in order that they might, by viewing the deceased, who was mentioned as "the deceased," show their "respects to the dead." There was nothing to do but to comply. The procession moved and view the woman in her coffin, if one would not refuse "respects."

She had died in red flannel; she had been sallow and thin and violently ugly, decidedly so in her death hour, yet in her coffin she wore white tarletan and artificial flowers made of paper, home made, and evidently made for that purpose. Her face was covered with cosmetics and her forehead profusely ornamented with "slate pencil curls," narrow, stiff, burned and laborious curls that would have made a professional hairdresser hang himself in despair, so ugly, so "crimped" they were as if art had done its worst.

Thus did the kindness of the "wild woolly" manifest itself and therein was it perhaps quite as successful as in its "intellectual salads," "literary lunches," and "cultural "teas," and yet it is suggestive that a large majority of the "wild woolly west" were born in New England and emigrated from the rural districts there and elsewhere.—Agnes Leonard Hill in Chicago Times.

The Nation's Wards.

The Indian reservations in 1886 in the United States amounted to 212,466 square miles, all that is left to the race of 3,200,000 square miles, once all their own. The total Indian population of the United States is 247,761. Estimated number of Indians in Alaska is 30,000. The Indian agencies are 61 in number. Number of Indian church members in the United States is 28,663. Number of houses occupied by Indians is 21,232. Number of Indians living on and cultivating lands is 8,612. Number of Indians in the United States who wear citizen's dress is 81,621. Number of Indians in the United States who can read Indian languages is 10,037. Number of Indians in the United States who can read English is but 25,405. There are 10 Indian boarding schools located in different parts of the Union.—Exchange.

MODERN MIRACLES.

Delicate Relations of Mind and Matter—A Moral for Doctors.

Without any affirmation or denial of "miracles," there is one way of accounting for the cures reported from Boston, from Lourdes, from Paris, and just now by Canon Wilberforce. May we not be on the track of some notable discovery as to the influence of the mind over the body? The late Dr. W. B. Carpenter, a very skeptical and unimaginative man, records in one of his scientific works a singular incident of impressionability.

A lady saw a heavy window sash falling on the fingers of her child. She screamed, but she was too late; the little fingers were terribly bruised. But as she took up and soothed the sufferer she saw that her own fingers were bruised exactly the same way. The mental impression produced a physical result. When a blush comes to a boy's or girl's face as the result of a word or thought, we seem to have a milder form of the same thing, and the birthmarks on newly born children, the consequence of some fright suffered by the mother months before, are indications of similar susceptibility. Dr. Carpenter also records how a man prisoned in his chair for ten years by a paralytic attack rose and rushed up stairs on hearing of the sudden illness of his favorite child. Here we had what would be called a miracle if it had been preceded by prayer.

The question is, how far does intense mental expectancy account for some of the cases of cure recorded in modern times? If a man is told by a Boston healer, a French priest or a Parisian doctor that at a certain day and hour he may look for a change, does the mind triumph over the bodily ailment and disperse it? Both patients and physicians are well aware that quite apart from their drugs some doctors seem to bring healing with them. Their presence is more potential than their prescriptions. Is this magnetism, or does the mind of the patient, acted upon by the genial strength of his physician, work out the cure? It is also certain that sometimes when the regular doctor retires a man called a quack will produce a result. Does he do so by eliciting faith—by making the patient believe that he is going to be cured?

The "faith healers" begin their process, according to American accounts, by telling the patients that they are victims to a delusion: they are not ill at all; it is a diseased fancy, nothing more. So the invalid walks across the room wherein for months he fancied himself powerless. In regular practice physicians frequently meet with the curious phenomena of simulated disease. A hysterical girl assures her doctor that her right knee is so tender she cannot bear even the pressure of a thin sheet, and if he attempts to touch it she screams aloud in what seems agony—and is to her real though purely mental pain. If, however, the doctor can get her attention diverted he can press unseen, with all his force, on the seat of the imaginary disorder, and inflict no suffering. The moral of all the facts would seem to be that medical men should neglect no department of their art, and that it is their business to study the minds as well as the bodies of their patients, for in the occult connection between the two may lie the secret of all the ages.—London Telegraph.

The Pallium.

The pallium is a band of white wool worn on the shoulders. It has two strings of the same material and four purple crosses worked on it. It is worn by the pope and sent by him to patriarchs, primates, archbishops and sometimes, though rarely, to bishops, as a token that they possess the fullness of the episcopal office.

Two lambs are brought annually to the Church of St. Agnus, at Rome, by the apostolic sub-deacons while the "Agnus Dei" is being sung. These lambs are presented at the altar and received by two canons of the Lateran church. From this wool the pallia are made by the nuns of Tarre de' Specchi. The sub-deacons lay the pallia on the tomb of St. Peter, where they remain all night.

A bishop cannot, strictly speaking, assume the title of patriarch, archbishop, etc., cannot convoke a council, consecrate bishops, ordain clerics, consecrate crisms or churches, till he has secured the pall. He is bound, if he is elected to a see of metropolitan or higher rank, to beg the pallium from the pope, "instanter, instantius, instantissme," within three months after his consecration, or from his confirmation, if he was already a bishop and came to the metropolitan see by translation.

Meanwhile he can depute another bishop to consecrate, if he has in due time applied to the pallisuan. He receives it from the hands of another bishop delegated by the pope, after taking an oath of obedience to the latter, and wears it on certain great feasts, a list of which is given in the pontifical. He cannot transmit it to his successor or wear it out of his own patriarchate, province, etc. If translated he must beg for another pallium. The pallium, or pallia, if he has received more than one, are buried with the bishop to whom they were given.—New Orleans State.

The Curfew Bell.

An interesting bell ringing custom was that of ringing the curfew, a modified form of which still exists in this country and in England. Curfew, of which Gray speaks so feelingly in his elegy, was established in the year 1058 by William the Conqueror, or, as the English people more frequently say, William the Norman, and was partially abolished about the year 1100. The curfew bell was rung promptly at 8 p. m., at which time the people were compelled to put out or cover up their fires and blow out their candles. Henry I fixed the matter in the year last mentioned so as to not absolutely prohibit lighted candles until after the ninth hour. The curfew bell was rung in order to compel every one, high or low, to cover up and put out the fire, which in those early days was in a hole in the center of the house—a hole being cut in the roof to allow the smoke to escape.

The word "curfew" is a corruption of two words couvre feu, literally "cover fire," the custom being to cover the hole in the floor with a large flat rock or metal basin made for that purpose. As long as these customs were strictly adhered to great conflagrations were thought to be well nigh impossible. Be this as it may, the people did not look upon it in that light, they only thought of the rigid sway of the conqueror.

Thomson thus describes the feelings of the conquered people who were forced to put out their cheerful fires by a "foreign invader:"

The shivering wretches, at the curfew sound,
Dejected sank into their sordid beds,
And, through the mournful gleam of better times,
Mus'd sad, or dreamt of better.

—John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

Learned Men.

Fenderson—Ha! what's this? "The posterior third of the inferior convolution of the left frontal lobe is diseased in aphasia." Now, this is really startling. I'll tell that to Mr. Stickle; he's always interested in such matters. Oh, here he is now! I say, Stickle, were you aware that the posterior convolution of the aphasia is diseased in the left third of the inferior lobe?

And then Stickle knew just as much about it as Fenderson did; but it was an interesting matter, and both gentlemen stuck their hands in their pockets and felt that it would be a terrible set back to the earth should they be taken out of it.—Boston Transcript.

IRVING BISHOP'S FEATS.

What His Friend Dixey Has Seen Him Do at Mind Reading.

"I knew Irving Bishop for fifteen years," said Henry E. Dixey, the actor, to a reporter, "and he was the most remarkable man I ever met. He was not simply remarkable as a mind reader, but he was a clever genius in other respects. Apparently a little insignificant fellow, he courageously went into Russia and besought the czar to grant him an opportunity of displaying his wonderful gifts. After repeated applications the monarch deigned to receive him. His performance before the Russian court was to be a crucial test, which would demonstrate whether the young American was a phenomenon or a fraud.

"One of the czar's sons took daggers, and, while Bishop was blindfolded and put into another apartment of the palace, went through all the actions appropriate to a stealthy attempt at stabbing. Then the prince jumped into a sleigh, and, behind his three horses, he rode through the dark roads to a point about a mile distant from the imperial household, and there, in a deep snow bank, secreted the dagger. On the prince's return Bishop's eyes were uncovered and he got into the sleigh. The mind reader directed the horses, although the roads were unknown to him and the night was pitch dark, and alighted at precisely the same point where the young man had got out. He went straight to the snow bank and took out the hidden weapon. Returning to the palace he gave a perfect counterfeit presentment of the mock stabbing affray, and concluded, to the bewilderment of the czar and his family, by putting the point of the dagger exactly at the place on the czarina's left shoulder where her son had touched her.

"Irving Bishop never had a confederate. His performances were no mere feats in legerdemain. Bishop had a fine education and was a thorough cosmopolitan. He had an incomprehensibly keen perception and power of concentration. The mental and nervous strain was intense during some of his performances. I recollect that after one exhibition his pulse actually beat 160.

"That performance was the most marvelous I had ever witnessed. It was in Louisville, Ky., and as I sat on the stage and watched the entire performance critically, I am sure he had no assistance. An old Kentuckian, very wise in his own way and skeptical, offered to wager a large sum that Bishop could not reveal the secret he would try to conceal.

"'Now, my friend,' said Bishop, 'Charles Foster would give you a pad and ask you to write something on the upper leaf and then tear the page off and put it into your pocket. Foster would take back the pad, in which he had a piece of manifold paper, and seeing a duplicate of your writing would tell you what you had put into your pocket. That was a trick. Now, I will do something more difficult. I won't use any pad and I want you to take your own paper.' The sneering old fellow took a scrap of paper from his pocket, and while Bishop sat blindfolded in another part of the stage the old man wrote a name on the paper and put it into his pocket. Bishop's bandage was removed, and going over to the old fellow he said, smilingly: 'That's quite a man you wrote about. Won't you come out and have a smoke with me? You wrote the name of Henry Clay on that paper.' You never saw a more surprised man in your life than that old fellow. 'Henry Clay' was really what had been written. But Bishop had worked himself into a most agitated state and the doctors then found his pulse to be 160.

"He did another thing which puzzled me greatly. He got a man to get an ordinary needle, mark it, and then go along to a store a quarter of a mile away and mix the needle among a boxful. Bishop then went to the store, took the particular box of needles, although there were dozens of boxes there, and picked out the needle instantly."—New York News.

Improving the Bible.

Those who are best qualified to judge of such matters agree in pronouncing the King James version of the Bible a model of style. But the Rev. Rodolphus Dickinson thought otherwise, and he therefore put forth a new translation. Concerning the old version he said in his preface: "There is much inelegance and inaccuracy in the selection of words, the structure of sentences, and in every compartment of composition." Here are a few of his improvements:

"When thou art beneficent, let not thy left hand be conscious of what thy right hand performs."

"Contemplate the lilies of the field, how they advance."

"Be not, therefore, anxious for to-morrow; since that will claim correspondent attention."

"Then his disciples approaching said to him, Art thou conscious that the Pharisees were offended when they heard this observation? But he, answering, said, Every plantation which my heavenly Father has not cultivated shall be extirpated. And Peter replying, said to him, Elucidate this parable."

"Salt is salutary; but if the salt has become vapid, how can it be restored?"

"Be not surprised that I announced to thee, ye must be reproduced."

"For this the Father loves me, because I give up my life to be afterward resumed. No one divests me of it, but I personally resign it. I have authority to surrender it, and I have authority to resume it."

"For corporeal exertion is of minor advantage; but piety is advantageous in all respects, having a promise of the present and of the future life."

"This is a correct remark, that if a man ardently wishes a spiritual superintendency, he earnestly desires an honorable employment."—Youth's Companion.

Turguenief on Tolstoy.

Turguenief read aloud portions of Tolstoy's works, especially the forty-third chapter of the first part of "War and Peace," and greatly excited said, shaking his head: "I know nothing in European literature finer than this description. * * * That is a description."

But while Turguenief thought Tolstoy a great writer, and admired and prized his talent, he from time to time considered him from his own moral and æsthetic standpoint. In other words, he applied to the views of Tolstoy the measure of his own views about men, and was not always satisfied. While he was reading "Anna Karenin" he could not understand why Tolstoy was so evidently prepossessed in favor of Levin, who was to him an unsympathetic character. "Can you for a moment believe," said Turguenief to Polonsky, "that Levin is in love with Kitty, or that he could ever love anybody? No: love is one of those passions which annihilates our 'Me' and compels us in some degree to forget ourselves and our interests. But Levin, even after he knows that he is loved and is happy, never ceases holding fast to his own personality and flattering himself."—Eugene Schuyler in Scribner's.

It Would Make No Difference.

A lady, greatly excited, asks to see the editor of a daily paper and is told that it is impossible, the editor being too busy to speak to any one, no matter who it may be. "Oh, that makes no difference," is her reply, "I shall do all the talking myself."—Paris Figaro.

R. B. WINDHAM, Notary Public. JOHN A. DAVIES, Notary Public.

WINDHAM & DAVIES,

Attorneys-at-Law.

Office over Bank of Cass County.

PLATTSMOUTH, - - NEBRASKA

C. F. SMITH,

The Boss Tailor

Main St., Over Merges' Shoe Store.

Has the best and most complete stock of samples, both foreign and domestic woolens that ever came west of Missouri river. Note these prices: Business suits from $16 to $35, dress suits, $25 to $45, pants $4, $5, $6, $6.50 and upwards.

Will guarantee a fit.

Prices Defy Competition.

H. C. SCHMIDT,

(COUNTY SURVEYOR.)

Civil Engineer

Surveyor and Draftsman

Plans, Specifications and Estimates, Municipal Work, Maps &c.

PLATTSMOUTH. - - - NEB

MIKE SCHNELLBACHER,

Wagon and Blacksmith Shop.

Wagon, Buggy, Machine and Plow REPAIRING.

Horseshoeing

A Specialty. He uses the

NEVERSLIP

Horseshoe, the Best Horseshoe for the Farmer, or for Fast Driving and City purposes, ever invented. It is made so anyone can put on sharp or flat corks as needed for wet and slippery roads, or smooth dry roads. Call and Examine these Shoes and you will have no other.

J. M. Schnellbacher,

5th St., Plattsmouth, Neb.

Lumber Yard.

THE OLD RELIABLE.

H. A. WATERMAN & SON

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

PINE LUMBER!

Shingles, Lath, Sash,

Doors, Blinds.

Can supply every demand of the trade

Call and get terms. Fourth street

In Rear of Opera House.

Robert Donnelly's

Wagon and

Blacksmith

SHOP.

Wagons, Buggies, Machines Quickly Repaired; Plows Sharpened and General Jobbing Done.

Horseshoeing A Specialty

I USE THE

NEVERSLIP

Horseshoe, which sharpens itself as it wears away, so there is never any danger of your Horse slipping and hurting itself. Call and examine this Shoe and you will Have no other. Best Shoe made.

ROBERT DONNELLY

SIXTH ST., - - PLATTSMOUTH

$75 to $250 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va. N. B.—Please state age and business experience. Never mind about sending stamp for return. B. F. J. & Co.

THE BEST WHITE SOAP MADE IN AMERICA. MAIL JAS. S. KIRK & CO. CHICAGO. 25 WHITE CLOUD FLOATING SOAP WRAPPERS (LARGE SIZE) and receive a HANDSOME ALBUM Containing 12 PHOTOGRAPHS of ACTORS and ACTRESSES

MATCHLESS FOR SHAMPOOING. FOR LACE CURTAINS, SILKS AND FINE WOOLENS