THE HERALD

is Published every Thursday at
PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.
Office—Corner Main and Second Street
—Second Story.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF CASS COUNTY.

Terms, in Advance:

One copy, one year.....$2.00
One copy, six months.....1.00
One copy, three months.....50

NEBRASKA HERALD.

J. A. MACMURPHY, Editor. "PERSEVERANCE CONQUERS." TERMS; $2.00 a Year.

Volume 9. Plattsmouth, Nebraska, Thursday, May 22, 1873. Number 8

THE HERALD.

ADVERTISING RATES

One square, (10 lines or less) one insertion.....$1.00
Each subsequent insertion.....[illegible]
Professional cards, not exceeding six lines, 10.00
1 column per annum.....[illegible]
½ column per annum.....40.00
1 column do.....60.00
One column do.....100.00
All advertising bills due quarterly.
Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

EXTRA COPIES of THE HERALD for sale by H. J. Streight, at the Post Office, and O. F. Johnson, corner of Main and Fifth Sts.

ATTORNEYS.

SAM. M. CHAPMAN—Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery, Plattsmouth, Neb. Office in Fitzgerald's Block.

M. B. REESE,—Attorney at Law. Office on Main Street, over Chapman's Drug Store. Special attention given to collection of Claims.

D. H. WHEELER. J. W. STINCHCOMB.
Wheeler & Stinchcomb,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
40-1y Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

MARQUETT, SMITH & STARBIRD, Attorneys at Law.—Practice in all the courts of the State. Special attention given to collections and matters of Probate.
Office over the Post Office, Plattsmouth, Neb.

PHYSICIANS.

R. R. LIVINGSTON, Physician and Surgeon. Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Cass county. Residence southeast corner of Oak and Sixth streets; office on Main street, one door west of Lynam's Lumber Yard, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

J. W. RAWLINS, Surgeon and Physician.—Late Surgeon-in-Chief of the Army of the Potomac. Plattsmouth, Nebraska. Office at O. F. Johnson's Drug Store, Main street.

INSURANCE.

WHEELER & BENNETT—Real Estate and Taxpaying Agents, Notaries Public, Fire and Life Insurance Agents, Plattsmouth, Neb.

PHELPS PAINE—General Insurance Agent. Represents some of the most reliable Companies in the United States. jan7-w1

HOTELS.

BROOKS HOUSE,
JOHN FITZGERALD, Proprietor.
Main Street, between Fifth & Sixth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Plattsmouth Mills.

C. HEISEL, Proprietor. Have recently been repaired and placed in thorough running order. 100,000 Bushels of Wheat wanted immediately for which the highest market price will be paid.

Abstracts of Title.

THE NUMERICAL SYSTEM—The best in use. For descriptive circulars, address,
ACRES, BLAUKMAR & CO.,
Burlington, Iowa.

GREENHOUSE AND BEDDING PLANTS.

Time and money saved by ordering of me. I have the largest and best collection of Plants ever offered for sale in the West. Catalogues free. Sweet Potato, Cabbage, Tomato, and other Plants for sale in their seasons.
Address W. O. HESSER, Plattsmouth, Neb.

FINE ART GALLERY.

☞ Photographs, Ambrotypes and copies from old pictures, plain or colored, either in ink water or oil. All work neatly executed and warranted to give satisfaction.
V. V. LEONARD, Artist.
10-tf Main St., Plattsmouth, Neb.

NEW DRUG STORE.

WARING WATER, NEB.

T. L. POTTER,

DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISH, PERFUMERY, STATIONERY, NOTIONS, CIGARS AND TOBACCO. 16tf.

L. GOLDING,

Dealer in
CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c., &c., &c.
One of the oldest and most Reliable Houses in Plattsmouth. Main street, between Fourth and Fifth.
☞ REMEMBER THE PLACE.
n8-tf.

NEW STYLES.

E. L. ELSTER,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

Is in receipt of the finest and
BEST ASSORTMENT
CASSIMERES, CLOTHS, VESTINGS, SCOTCH GOODS, IRISH TWEEDS, &c.
In fact, the largest and best assortment of Cloths ever brought to this city, which I am prepared to make up in the Latest Styles. Call and examine Goods. apr18.

Mrs. A. D. Whitcomb,

DRESS AND CLOAK MAKER.

Rooms three doors west of Brooks House.

CUTTING AND FITTING

Made a specialty.
☞ Patterns of all kinds constantly on hand
20-1y.

J. W. SHANNON'S

FEED, SALE, & LIVERY STABLE.

Main street, Plattsmouth, Neb.
I am prepared to accommodate the public with
Horses, Carriages,
Buggies, Wagons,
and a No. 1 Hearse.
On short notice and reasonable terms. A Hack will run to the Steamboat Landing, Depot and all parts of the city when desired.
jan11

New Lumber Yard.

Having opened a Lumber Yard at Louisville, will keep on hand all kinds of
Lumber, Lath,
Doors, Blinds,
Shingles, Sash, &c.,
&c., &c., &c., &c.
☞ I will also deal in all kinds of Grain, for which I will pay the highest market price.
E. NOYES,
Louisville, - - - - Nebraska.

Blacksmith Shop.

CHAS. N. TIFFANY,

MT. PLEASANT, NEB.

Begs leave to inform the farmers of Cass County that he keeps a good No. 1
BLACKSMITH SHOP
one mile north of Mt. Pleasant.
All kinds of Iron Work attended to. Wagons repaired, Farm Implements carefully mended. Lowest prices, and work done on short notice.
Cash received in payment. Give me a call. CHAS. N. TIFFANY.

Official Directory.

CONGRESSIONAL.

T. W. Tipton, Brownville.....U. S. Senator.
P. W. Hitchcock, Omaha.....U. S. Senator.
L. Crounse, Ft. Calhoun.....Representative.

EXECUTIVE.

R. W. Furnas, Brownville.....Governor.
J. J. Gosper, Lincoln.....Secy of State.
J. B. Weston, Beatrice.....Auditor.
H. A. Koenig, Columbus.....Treasurer.
J. E. Webster, Crete.....Atty Gen.
J. M. McKenzie, Lincoln...Sup't Pub. Instruc'n.

JUDICIARY.

Geo. B. Lake, Omaha.....Chief Justice.
Daniel Gantt, Nebraska City, } Associate Just's.
Samuel Maxwell, Platts'th, }

PLATTSMOUTH.

R. R. Livingston.....Mayor.
Phelps Paine.....City Clerk.
J. W. Haines.....Police Judge.
Miles Morgan.....Marshal.
D. N. Johnson.....Street Commissioner.

ALDERMAN.

FIRST WARD.—J. Fitzgerald, H. S. Newman.
SECOND WARD.—J. Wayman, C. Nichols.
THIRD WARD.—R. C. Cushing, Thos. Pollock.
FOURTH WARD.—R. Vivian, L. F. Johnson.

CASS COUNTY.

H. F. Ellison.....Probate Judge.
Dan'l McKinnon.....County Clerk.
W. L. Hobbs.....Treasurer.
U. W. Wise.....Sup't Pub. Instruct'n.
Jacob Vallery, }
T. Clarke, }.....County Commissioners.
Lyman Jones, }
J. W. Thomas.....Coroner.

Churches.

BAPTIST—On the corner of Main and Ninth, Rev. W. J. Arnold, pastor. Residence on Main between 10th and 11th. Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 9½ a.m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

CHRISTIAN—Service in Congregation Church at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Corner of Locust and 5th streets. Cordial invitation extended to all classes to attend.

EPISCOPAL—Corner Vine and Third streets, Rev. A. R. Graves. Services every Sunday at 11:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m.

CATHOLIC—North side of Public Square, Rev. Father Robal. First Mass every Sabbath at 8:30 a. m., second Mass and sermon at 10-30.—Vespers and Benediction at 3-30 p. m. Mass at 8 a. m. every week day.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN—North side of Main street, west of 6th, Rev. W. T. Bartle; Services every Sabbath at 10½ a. m. and 6-30 p. m.—Sabbath School at 9-30 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—West side of 6th street south of Main—
Services every Sabbath at 10-30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Class meetings every Monday evening and immediately after close of Sabbath morning services.—Sabbath School at 2 p. m.

SONTAG den 24 September hat die Deutsche Ev. Luth. Gemeinde in ihrem Schulhaus vorläufig ihre Gottesdienst. Ueberhaupt finden derselbe von jetzt an regelmaessig alle 14 Tage statt. Minister, Rev. L. Brauswald.
Sabbath school at 1 p. m., Prof. d'Allemand, Superintendent.

Lodges.

I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings of Platte Lodge No. 2, I. O. O. F., every Thursday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall. Transient Brothers are cordially invited to visit.
A. d'ALLEMAND, N. G.
M. B. HATHAWAY, Sec.

I. O. O. F.—PLATTSMOUTH ENCAMPMENT No. 3. Regular Convocations the 2d and 4th Friday's of each month at Odd Fellows' Hall corner 5th and Main streets. Transient Patriarchs cordially invited to visit.
H. NEWMAN, C. P.
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Scribe.

MASONIC—PLATTSMOUTH LODGE No. 6, A. F. & A. M.—Regular meetings at their Hall on the first and third Monday evenings of each month. Transient brethren invited to visit.
R. R. LIVINGSTON, W. M.
A. d'ALLEMAND, Sec.

MACOT LODGE No. 22, A. F. & A. M.—Regular meetings at Macoy Hall, first and third Fridays.
J. N. WISE, W. M.
J. M. BEARDSLEY, Sec.

NEBRASKA CHAPTER No. 3, R. A. M.—Regular Convocations second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month at 7½ o'clock, p. m.
R. R. LIVINGSTON, H. P.
H. NEWMAN, Sec.

I. O. G. T.—OLIVE BRANCH, No. 2, H. Ellison, H. W. C. T., C. W. King, W. Sec., T. W. Sharpless, Lodge Deputy, meets at Clark & Plummer's Hall every Tuesday evening. Traveling Brothers respectfully invited.

TURNVEREIN—The Turner Society meets at Turners' Hall in Guthman's Block, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month.
Verkehrsgid—Theodore Bock; Beihackle; Herr Turnwart—Wm. Hesser; Second Turnwart—Geo. Karger; Warden—John Erhart.

Purissima et Optima.

This unrivalled Medicine is warranted not to contain a single particle of Mercury, or any injurious mineral substance, but is
PURELY VEGETABLE.
For forty years it has proved its great value in all disease of the Liver, Bowels and Kidneys. Thousands of the good and great in all parts of the country vouch for its wonderful and peculiar power in purifying the blood, stimulating the torpid liver and bowels, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system. Simmons' Liver Regulator is acknowledged to have no equal as a
LIVER MEDICINE,
It contains four medical elements, never united in the same happy proportion in any other preparation, viz: a gentle Cathartic, a wonderful Tonic, an unexceptionable Alterative and a certain Corrective of all impurities of the body. Such signal success has attended its use, that it is now regarded as the
GREAT COUNTERACTING SPECIFIC,
for Liver Complaint and the painful offspring thereof, to-wit: Dyspepsia, Constipation, Depression of Spirits, Sour Stomach, Heart Burn, &c. &c.
Regulate the liver and prevent
CHILLS AND FEVER.
Prepared only by J. H. ZEILIN & CO.
Druggists, Macon, Ga.
Send for a Circular and see Arch street.
Price $1, by mail 1.25 Philadelphia Pa.
For Sale by
J. H. Buttery,
jan1-w1y Plattsmouth, Neb.

MONEY SAVED
BY
Buying Your Greenhouse and Bedding Plants
AT THE
Picnic Gardens.

DON'T send East for Plants when you can get just as good for less money nearer home. To my numerous friends and patrons I would say that I have the largest and best stock of plants ever offered for sale in the West, and at reasonable prices.
Be sure and send for my
New Descriptive Catalogue.
which will be sent free to all who apply for it. Then give me your orders, and I feel confident I can satisfy you.
Address,
W. J. HESSER,
jan29 Plattsmouth, Neb.

From the Chicago Teacher.

LIKE A MAN.

BY GEORGE HOWLAND.

With consciousness of power,
But no call to serve the State,
Sat a maiden hour by hour
Piercely wrangling with her fate,—
Longing with the world to mix,
Play a part in politics,
Could she, braving custom's ban,
Freely do so like a man.

Long the struggle and severe,
Heaps of fancies strewed the field,
Mourned with many a bitter tear;
But one point she would not yield;
Public life to make her own,
Home for Honor to postpone;
She would lead freedom's van,
And would do so like a man.

Every pleasure now denied,
All her energies were bent,
With a chosen, earnest guide,
To her true development;
'Neath whose guidance her employ
Soon became her truest joy,
While *his* fondest thoughts all ran
Upon her;—so like a man.

Sometime finding his distraught,
She in playful humor, turned
With a penny for his thought,
Which he had no sooner earned
Than a strangeness o'er her came,
Something that she could not name,
For it was not in her plan,
That she could so like a man.

Lexicon and labored tome,
All are put aside unread;
To the making of a home,
One live man 'gainst all the dead;
Quickly new her beau ideal,
In the presence of the real,—
Half unconsciously began
To become so like a man.

Though for better or for worse,
Now her Eubicon is past,
Yet the true, heroic verse
Still she fancies to the last,
Only blest when two more feet,
Life's hexameters complete,
Where she satisfied can scan
The full likeness of a man.

DOESTICKS.

In the Tombs—Positively for One Night Only.

I've had an experience—not but what I've had several before—but this is a new one, also original. Four nights ago, I had been with a friend—no matter who; to a certain chop-house named—no matter what; and I had taken him, that is, accompanied him to his house—no matter where. I, then, like Mr. L. E. G. Gray's weary ploughman, proceeded to "homeward plod my way," when Lo! (not a Modoc or any other Ind, but—No! the temptation is great, but I won't say it) I beheld a man prostrate on the walk. I ran up to see if I could help him; in a minute one of those valuable guardians of our rights and liberties, a policeman, came up and saluted me over the head with a blow of his club. Whether my heels struck the middle of the street before or after my head fell into the ash-barrel, I am not even now able to determine. When I awoke, Mr. Police Gentleman was fumbling through the fallen man's clothing, probably loosening his braces for fear of apoplexy, or small-pox, or cerebro-spinal chills and fever. Policeman saw me revive. Policeman instantly rapped with his big stick on sidewalk. Policeman No. 2 came. *My* policeman hit me another rap to stimulate me to immediate action, previously giving the fallen man over to M. P. No. 2, who lugged him off with many curses on the "dead beat" who had so thoroughly "gone through him." I didn't understand what he meant exactly; some official language of the police, I supposed.

When I woke up after my second delicate attention from my policeman's club, I was in a cell in the Tombs. I was told I couldn't get out till morning. Asked what I was charged with, and was told to "shut up, if I didn't want my jaw mashed." I *didn't* want my "jaw mashed," having been already sufficiently amused in that manner, so I "shut up."

Cell was cold, and wet, and dirty, and cobwebby, and—well, neither the city nor the essence of Cologne could be compared to the perfume of it. It had, however, one advantage; it was a social, companionable sort of place. I had for friends three other gentlemen, one of whom had been "taken in" for garroting, one for car robbery, and the other for a playful attempt to brain his most intimate friend with a sledge-hammer. The raving maniac in the next cell on our right, who howled all night like a hungry wolf, amused me somewhat; but he wasn't so funny as the gentleman on our left, who had delirium tremens, and who swore one perpetual swear from midnight till dawn, in a mellow voice, that kept everybody awake within a mile and a quarter; and neither of these was quite so interesting as the woman who was brought in crazy drunk, and who begged all night, at the top of her voice for the pleasant privilege of cutting out some other lady's liver, and who persistently, in intermittent schreeches, execrated and anathematized the Doorman, whose arduous duty it was to club her over the head every fifteen minutes in order to send her into a peaceful slumber.

A discussion soon sprung up among my cell companions about me—one wanted to kick my unoffending bowels out; another to mash my innocent skull; while the third proposed to compromise the matter on condition of my agreeing to pay all their fines in the morning. While they were quarreling over my watch and money, I seized the opportunity and a Billy or Noddy or Jimmy (I'm not well up in my Burglarese), and knocked all three of them senseless. I and Jimmy stood guard over these chaps till daylight; when one would stir either Jimmy would hit him or I would—generally both.

Went into court at 7 A. M. *My* policeman swore that he saw me knock the man down, and then pick his pockets; also, that he had known me for years as a thief, and had arrested me with his own club twenty-seven times. In fact, the Justice, the Hon. Mr. Growling, did me the honor to state to the assembled multitude that he distinctly recognized me as a gentleman he had sent to the Penitentiary for two years some six months ago, and he wanted to know how I got out so soon,—as if I had no political friends to get me out of trouble, *if* I had ever got into it, and as if it was any of his business anyhow.

Was sent back to cell—alone, this time, except the rats, who'll keep an active and nimble man like myself mighty busy, for it's a question of kill or be killed on both sides.

Paid a man $5 to take a message to my friend to come and get me out; friend came at noon, the messenger having taken four hours to carry my note three blocks and a half.

Friend knew Growling, the Justice; told him he had been with me all the evening before, and that I *couldn't* be the criminal, and so I was at last allowed to go. I've had one night's experience of the Tombs,—of its rats, cats, keepers, stenches, cells, maniacs, raving drunkards, and other beauties, and when I want any more similar delicacies of the season I know where to apply.

This morning, my friend Scroggins tells me that I was served right; that I had no business to be putting on any of my Good Samaritan airs, trying to help a fallen man; that such things, together with justice and morality and decency, and many other obsolete vices of our ancestors, are all played in New York. I asked him what I should have done. Our conversation ran somewhat as follows:

Wise and Worldly Scroggins—You should have "staked" the policeman or made a fair "divvy" with him of what you raked from the stranger.

Innocent and Indignant Doesticks—But I *didn't* rake from the stranger; I *didn't* rob the man.

W. and W. S.—You found him lying in the road, with a watch and money, and *didn't* go through him? Now, that's too thin—or perhaps you're favoring me with some samples of a new cargo of truth that's "just arrived" in New York. But if you really *didn't* take the man's money and place it where it would do the most good, I'll make you a present of my name, for you can wear it better than I can.—You're too vicious for this latitude—go West, young youth, go West.

I can't just now say which of the ailments I caught that night I shall get over first. I can't tell whether I shall be cured of my rheumatism before the fever leaves me, or whether my cough will stop before the knots in my knees and ankles get straightened out; whether my stiff neck will pass away before I get rid of my sore throat; perhaps after all, my clubbed and half-scalped head will heal before any of the others. Anyhow, as soon as I begin to feel like a man rather than like a hospital for the accommodation of all known maladies, I'll write again.

I am, Thankfully,
(that the policeman didn't club me to death);
Gratefully,
(that I didn't die in the Tombs);
and Hopefully,
(that Justice Growling won't follow me up and send me to the Penitentiary after all),
Yours,
Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.

P. S.—The M. P. who arrested me pawned the man's watch and diamond studs at Simpson's for $75. Scroggins says, "See what you've lost."

P. S. No. 2.—In the beginning of this article I stated that this experience was new and original—I take it back—it is neither. I find that it has been done before—several times. D.

OWNERS OF THE GREAT NEWSPAPERS IN NEW YORK, AND OTHER ITEMS.

The *Times*, which is about equally valuable with the *Tribune*, has now but four stockholders: E. B. Morgan, Geo. Jones, the publisher; Mrs. Taylor, wife of James Taylor, deceased, and Andrew V. Stout, President of the Shoe and Leather Bank.

The other two great dailies, the *Herald* and *World*, are owned exclusively by James Gordon Bennett and Manton Marble. The *Journal of Commerce*, a very close corporation, has six or eight stockholders, of whom David M. Stone, the editor-in-chief, is the principal.

The *Sun* is a joint stock company, in which Charles A. Dana and Wm Hitchcock are largest owners. William Cullen Bryant, and Isaac Henderson, who is the publisher, own nearly, if not quite, all the *Evening Post*.

The late James Brooks and his brother, Erastus, owned the *Evening Express*, and Hugh J. Hasting, owns most of the *Commercial Advertiser*. Some small interests are held in the *Evening Mail*, but Robert Johnson, the publisher, has the greater part of the interest, including, I think, that which Cyrus W. Field held, but recently sold back for $50,000. The *Evening Telegram* is, of course, the property of James Gordon Bennett, and the *Evening News*, of Ben. Wood.

JAMES BROOKS.

Speaking of newspaper men, it is somewhat singular that James Brooks, who had anticipated the greatest satisfaction from getting into the new *Express* building (he might have done so, for the old concern was such a vile structure that every respectable rat had retired from it in disgust), should have died the very night previous to the morning when the office was to be removed to the new quarters.

ONE MORE.

Pomeroy's *Democrat* is dead at last; the large sign on the *Sun* building, which pointed out its local habitation, having been taken down. Pomeroy is said to have lost about $250,000 by his attempt to transfer his journalistic blackguardism from La Crosse. The paper is not quite dead yet; it has removed its quarters, and is dying in a new place.

It is curious to notice the juxtaposition of many of the photographs of notable persons in the shops about town. You will find Horace Greeley at the side of Lucca; Henry Ward Beecher leaning on Lydia Thompson, and Rev. Dr. Chapin hobnobbing with Edward Sothern; Clara Louise Kellogg smirks upon Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Daniel Drew glowers in the face of little Lotta.

Chinese Lingo.

Some 150 Chinese, on their way to California, passed through Lincoln, last week, and one of the *Journal* men interviewed them with the following result:

We asked him what he had been doing, and he told us building Melican man's steam horse path. In answer to how much he got per day, he showed us a dollar bill, and a fifty cent currency piece, and informed us that he "no likee Melican man's money." He expressed his belief that Cairo, Ills., and Lincoln, Neb., were the two cities in which a native of the Celestial Empire could most readily revel at his ease.—"Heap rat-ee there," said he. "Rat-ee under sidewalk—run fastee. Chinaman catch—kill—make soup—fry—boil—bake—stew—much goodee, much nicee. Melican man dam fool—no likee ratee. Hlin kill ratee—throw away—feed dog—no good for that. Chinaman much like ratee; make Chinaman big, strong—make Chinaman do much workee. Good for Chinaman's stamjack." Chinaman throw much dirt on Melican man's steam horse path, when him eat much ratee." The old gentleman was growing enthusiastic on the subject, and we told him that he ought to stop over in Lincoln a few days, and he might gather a few bushels of rats, to take with him, and that the people of our city wouldn't charge them a cent for all he captured, killed and carried away. The idea tickled the old infidel so that he looked a little less sorrowful for an instant, and then dexterously tossing a mouthfull of rice into his mouth, he resumed his former expression of gentle, sorrowful imbecility.

We next entered upon a political discussion. The old heathen having been employed in shoveling dirt on a railroad, considered himself authority on all railroad matters, and had heard of Credit Mobilier. He said they didn't have such things in the Celestial land, and informed us that he had a brother once—a near relation on the father's side of his mother, who once attempted to get up a corner on paper kites, and he had to repent for it. "How did he repent," we queried. He told us that the Mandarin "no likee dat. He pay him visits—much soldiers come wiz um—much sword—much music—much noise. They take him out; he no likee go. He says he be good-ee. But they say no. You bad Chinaman—you die—die like dog. They cut-ee head off by um shoulder. Den um repent-ee.—Hlim repentee hard. Dat what Chinaman do with Credi Mobely man. Cutee head off, by um shoulder."

We next traversed the shores of the theological sea, and the old sage, volunteered this information: "Melican man dam fool, much dam fool. Um joss, no joss. Um pray to no joss. Um say have joss, but um pray to no joss. Why um say have joss and no show um joss? Chinaman show um joss.—Bad man kill Melican joss. Why not kill um bad man? Why pray to um dead joss? Chinaman no have dead joss. Chinaman make joss—make good joss—pray to um joss. Chinaman joss better Melican joss—cause, un can't kill um. No see Melican joss—um dead several years ago. Melican joss fly up—way up. Melican man pray as if Melican joss up stairs. Chinaman joss down on first floor. Chinaman joss with Chinaman and hear um prayer, cause um near um. Think Chinaman dam fool? Think joss hear mile?—Melican man's joss too far off. Melican man's voice too weak. Beat um drum, and joss can't hear. Fire um cannon, and um might hear, but Melican man heap dam fool. Can't pray with cannon. What cannon say?—Boom! Boom! That no pray. Melican man heap fool. Pray with cannon!—Pray with weak voice! Ugh! Can't hear cross street! Ugh!"

This irreverent piece of logic was delivered by the old heathen in the most solemn manner possible, the gestures being made with a pair of dirty, greasy chop-sticks. The sentiments expressed, so jarred upon our orthodox feelings, that we conclude to put an end to the conference, and telling the old reprobate that he was a heathen of the deepest, most gorgeous dye, and that a course of Sunday School was the best thing next to a dose of poision for him, we departed, followed by "thankee, Milican," from the old sinner.

[From Rowell's Newspaper Reporter.]

On the first page of this issue of the *Reporter* is printed a list of all individuals or firms known to any of us as possessing claims for consideration as newspaper Advertising Agents, as defined by the Advertising Agents' Convention.

We do not recommend any of these for credit, and we know that in dealing with some of them publishers will do well to exercise discretion.

We do not say that there are not others entitled to be considered and treated as regular newspaper Advertising Agents, but we reiterate that we do not know of any such, and we believe that publishers should carefully investigate before allowing the claim for an agent's commission to any one not named in the above list.

Geo. P. Rowell & Co., New York.
Cook, Coburn & Co., Chicago,
Sheffield & Stone, St. Louis,
Wm. J. Carlton, New York,
S. M. Pettingill & Co., New York,
Horace Dodd, Boston,
Heman Burr, New York,
Griffin & Hoffman, Baltimore, Md.,
DeGolyer & Rychen, Cincinnati.
New York, April 19, 1873.

We think some of that list will bear watching.

Henry Clay and the Clown.

Sam Long, a well-known circus clown, tells the following story of Henry Clay: "I remember once we entered Lexington in procession, and it just happened that Henry Clay was driving in at the same time. I brought up the rear of the procession, riding a mule. As he was directly behind me, I turned my face to the ass's tail and sang out: 'Here we are, fellow-citizens. Wisdom led by Folly.' The people laughed and shouted, and old Harry seemed greatly amused. The next day at the circus I made him a speech, in which I advised him to be President of the United States, and take me in his Cabinet. That night he sent me a bottle of the finest wine I ever tasted, with his compliments, saying: 'From the poorest fool to the best clown in the United States.' Ah, sir, there was a great man for you."

"California Joe."

[From the San Francisco Alta.]

During the rebellion, one of the characters brought to light, and who gained quite a national celebrity, was "California Joe," one of Berden's sharpshooters. Joe, after the war, returned to California, and has since been leading a quiet, unobtrusive life in the country, forgotten by almost every one, because man, nowadays, must keep himself before the people if he desires to be remembered. We are making history too fast to look back and scan the pages written a few years ago.

Yesterday morning, while going to Oakland, one of our reporters observed a little, stoop-shouldered, grizzly-haired, sharp-eyed man, of perhaps fifty years of age, who carried in his hand a heavy rifle, for the barrel of which was the ramrod used for cleaning the gun.—There was something in the appearance of the man that caused our reporter to address him. A conversation ensued, of which we shall give the reader the substance:

"Well, you see, I'm old California Joe, and hain't been doin' much for a long time, and hev been gittin' rusty like.—I hain't smelt blood nor had a fight of any description for so long that I really don't know that I am fit for anything, but you see those Modocs have been playing a very rough game onto the people in the North. They is good fighters, and as mean Injins as ever was seen, and I sorter think a few ov their skelps would ornament my cabin. I hain't got nary Modoc skelp, and you know my collection won't be complete unless I kin get some Modoc har to hang alongside the other kinds. So, you see, I'm going to the lava beds to take a hand in the little game that is being played thar. May be you will hear the result of the crack of Joe's rifle, and may be the red-skins will lift my har, but one thing is certain, I'm going to give them a chance."

The boat reached the opposite shore, and bidding the old man good bye, with plenty of luck, we saw him enter a car and disappear from view.

A Serious Matter.

Old Mr. Watson on Nelson street, has got a nice little bill to pay. He sent a man down town for a pot of paint and a ladder. The man got the paint, and then went to a lumber yard after a ladder. Then he put the paint pot on the end of the ladder, and put the ladder on his shoulder. This was a very smart arrangement, and the man himself admired it very much. He started for home this way, and didn't find any trouble in getting along the first block, because people had an impression that a long ladder with a pot of yellow paint dangling on the end of it wasn't exactly the thing to trifle with, so they balanced along on the curb stone, or rubbed up against the buildings. Pretty soon the man saw somebody in a store he knew, and he turned around to speak to him, and drove one end of the ladder into a millinery case and knocked the crown out of an eighteen dollar bonnet. Then he backed off in affright, and knocked down two sewing machine agents with the other end.—Then he started to turn round, and an old gentleman who was desperately endeavoring to pull his wife out of danger, saw the peril, and shouted out "Hi, there!" But it was too late. The pot struck against an awning post, tipped to one side, and the entire contents went over the caged couple. This so startled the man that he whirled completely round, smashing in an entire store front, frightening a milk man's team, and knocking over some thirteen persons who were actively dodging about to get out of the way. Then he dropped the ladder and fled into the country, shouting "murder" and "fire" at every jump. A regular ordained painter is now engaged on Mr. Watson's house.—*Danbury News.*

AUTHOR AND JOURNALIST.

In his recent address before the Indiana State Editorial Association, Mr. Henry Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, bewailed the futile efforts of misguided literary genius to compete in books with the intellectual excellencies of the newspaper of the period. "I do not mean," said he, "to disparage Longfellow and Whittier and Lowell, Motley and Bancroft; and I hope I shall not be suspected of seeking to steal a titular distinction for our craft at the expense of our greatest humorist, if I declare that the morning paper is the only autocrat of the breakfast table. When I consider the labor and the learning that are devoted to books, which will be fortunate if they get sight of ten thousand readers, and observe the increasing audiences which are gathered about the press, I mourn in silence but in sorrow at the sight of such young men as Bret Harte and Joquin Miller an Markd Twain throwing themselves away, and I rejoice and am exceedingly glad in the salvation to journalism and to the world of a soul so precious as that of John Hay. Bad image aside, my serious meaning is that every age has its interpreter. There was the age of the drama; there was the age of the pamphlet; there was the age of the novel. This is the age of the newspaper."

The reputation of members of the Legislature for sobriety seems to be rather bad in Kentucky. Two of them were rather noisily drunk on a railroad train the other day, and when the conductor remonstrated one of them very pompously asked: "Do you know, sir, that I am a member of the Legislature?" The conductor quietly replied, "You've got the symptoms."

The chap who could do all the business he wanted to without advertising, has been compelled to advertise at last.—The new advertisement is headed "Sheriff's Sale."

Forgiveness: A kiss of the lips to heal a stab at the heart.

Men of the smallest calibre are generally the greatest bores.

If you would avoid dogmatizing be careful of your catechism.

Hemizing.

Who that regularly reads the newspapers, says a Philadelphia journal, has been struck with those many-named columns into which the news of all the world is compressed? Variously styled in various newspapers, they aim to grasp and localize the news of everything and everybody, everywhere, and to present it in as small and telling a space as possible. They carry the reader in a breath from Indus to the Pole, and hurry him along from sentence to sentence, to conduct him in a trice to antipodes of thought. The reader never thinks, as his eyes take their rapid journey down the columns, of the care, pains, the taste, the skill, the patience necessary to reduce those items to attractive shape. The scissors and the paste do a good deal of the work, it is true, but the brain helps more than it is given credit for. Fancy and imagination and judgment have to play their part. The scissors dart instinctively at a "good" item, and the brains step in and decide whether its publication would be judicious. Is the item old? Has it ever appeared before? Is it nice and fresh and crisp and sparkling? What position shall it hold with regard to the other items? Has another on the same subject been already clipped out? Might not the phraseology be changed, so as to bestow point and pith? Could a piquant joke be tagged on? Again, when the selection is done, and the items—personal, miscellaneous, religious, theatrical and what not—are all arranged in order, will they make a glittering and symmetric whole, over which the eye will delight to rove, like a bird from flower to flower. All these things have to be considered in attending to the "item" department of a newspaper. The tastes of every possible reader must be anticipated. Since it takes all sorts of people to make a world—a truism of profounder meaning than is generally appreciated—it takes all sorts of items to make a newspaper.

Considerable interest has been excited by the announcement of the capture, by Seth Green, equally famous as fisherman & as piscicuiturist, of a huge fish in Chatauqua Lake, which the newspapers of the interior of New York find it difficult to classify. They describe it as six feet in length, and weighing 134 pounds, as having one back and three belly fins, a head of remarkable construction, a mouth opening far back, and wide enough to receive a nail cask. The inside of the mouth is said to be covered with a species of coarse hair, resembling the small feathers or down of an ostrich. Projecting from the upper jaw is a species of shovel blade, which it is thought must have been intended for throwing food into the mouth. As the fish has no teeth, it was supposed to subsist upon animalculæ or other substances floating in the water.

The notices proceed further to state that there is no fish described as belonging to the lakes at all resembling the one referred to; and what it is, and how it got into the lake, are questions extremely puzzling. But the solution of the mystery seems exceedingly simple. The fish is nothing more than the well-known paddle-fish of the Mississippi basin, or the *Polyodon folium* of naturalists—a near ally of the sturgeon, and a species of great interest, being much sought after by foreign museums on account of its zoological and paleontological relationships. It is, however, quite abundant in the Mississippi and Ohio, being sometimes captured in considerable numbers, though not very often of the size of Seth Green's specimen.

The occurrence of the fish in Chatauqua Lake is not particularly remarkable, as that is one of the sources of the Allegany River, from which it could readily enter the lake.

The "Graphic" Process.

The process of illustration used by the *Graphic* Company is a secret, jealously guarded by the proprietors, and is yet upon its trial. The rough theory, may be of interest to our readers. Upon a sheet of paper is spread a layer of oily transfer ink used by the lithographers, and over that a thin layer of a photographic preparation which the action of light readily decomposes.—The subject for illustration is then photographed and the negative placed over the prepared sheet. The action of the light passing through the unobstructed parts of the negative, decomposes the surface of the sheet, and leaves the image in a sort of bas-relief. The other portions are then removed, and the sheet laid over one of the porous stones used by the lithographers, and subjected to pressure. The oleaginous ink sinks into the stone and makes, in oil as it were, outlines of the desired picture. The stone is now sponged with pure water, and is ready for printing. The ink-roller of the press passes over it, leaving no trace whatever on the clean portions of the surface, but coating every place where the oleaginous transfer ink has touched, and printing the picture upon the sheet of paper that follows.

The *Republic* is a monthly magazine, published in Washington, D. C., and devoted to the dissemination of political information. Its subscription price is two dollars per year, in advance, and we find many useful and interesting articles therein:

Its table of contents for MAY is:
Shall the Republican party Live;
The Farmers' movement against railway oppression;
The death of Gen. Canby;
The Government's Indian policy;
Japan;
The Fisheries;
Our Indian Population;
The Forty-Third Congress—Parliamentary Reform;
An Old enemy under a New name;
Canadian Independence;
Number of Males and Females in the United States;
Postoffice Savings Bank;
"In Debt;"
No Officer of the Army can hold a Civil Office;
Frederick Douglass;
Political Information Wanted;
Living Within One's Means;
A Word About Statesmanship;
Miscellaneous;
Press Photograph of our Country;
Departmental;
Connecticut Elections.

WIVES' COLUMN.

EMILY FAITHFULL, writing of Anna Dickinson, remarks that "she was wayward and willful in the nursery, and gave more trouble than all the other children put together," but adds, "for the encouragement of parents afflicted with 'incorrigible' children, that long before she reached the age of thirty (born October 28, 1842) she was not only her mother's pride, but had achieved an independence which enabled her to surround her family with every comfort."

GENUINE BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—Four coffee cups full of sifted Indian meal, two cups of coarse flour, either wheat or rye; one teaspoonful of salt; one teacup molasses, and boiling water enough to make it as thick as griddle-cake batter. When nearly cool, add a tea cup of yeast, either home made or distillery. Put the mixture into an iron baking dish, cover tightly, and let it stand in a warm place till it cracks over the top (which should be smoothed over with wet hands before it is placed to rise). Bake it five or six hours in a moderate oven, which will not burn the crust to a cinder.

AN "art gallery" is a great and taking feature of a fair, and is easily arranged. People will pay a small extra fee to see it. Here is a description of a recent one, which will give any one a fair idea of the arrangement. Some of the views were:

Early Home of Lincoln—a cradle; view of "The Flats"—a pair of flat irons; "Things to Door"—lock, knob, hinges of a door; Bridle Scene—bridle of a horse; Cain and Abel—cane and a bell; Spring Scene—spiral spring; Horse Fair—oats; Sight of Other Days—tallow candle; National Gas Works—view of the Capitol, Washington; and many others, numbering more than a hundred. These articles were arranged in a room, upon tables covered with cloth, running across the end of the room, numbered and catalogued, and