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TERMS: \$2.00 a Year.

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OF PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA. CAPITAL PAID UP, \$100,000.

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NEW TAILOR SHOP! W. L. THOMAS, A COLORED TAILOR.

PROFESSIONAL WORKMAN. Has given good satisfaction, so far and PROPOSES TO STAY!

GOOD FITS, WARRANTED. AND ALL ORDERS ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

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A Large Stock of Clothing, MEN'S AND BOYS' SUITS, CAPS, GLOVES, HATS, etc., etc., etc.

E. PARMELE, SALE, FEED & LIVELY STABLE.

HORSES FOR SALE. The buying and selling of good horses made the specialty of the business.

PONY PHAETON, with gentle horses, for Ladies to drive is kept at the Stable.

FARMERS CALL AND EXAMINE MY STOCK FOR SALE.

OYSTERS! Better you call on dot Ben Hempel.

KEEPS AN EATING HOUSE. ON LOWER MAIN STREET, PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

Meals at all Hours. Also, Wine and good liquors to be used for occasions, for your benefit.

HENRY BECK, DEALER IN FURNITURE, SAFES, CHAIRS, Lounges, Tables, Bedsteads, etc., etc., etc.

METALLIC BURIAL CASES. WOODEN COFFINS of all sizes, ready made and sold cheap for cash.

Excelsior Barber Shop. J. C. BOONE, Main Street, opposite Saunders House.

HAIR-CUTTING, Shaving and Shampooing. SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO Cutting Children's and Ladies' Hair.

CALL AND SEE BOONE, GENTS. GLENN BRADY.

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1876.

VOLUME XII, NUMBER 35.

TERMS: \$2.00 a Year.

ADVERTISING RATES. SPACE: 1 W. 2 W. 3 W. 1 M. 3 M. 6 M. 1 Y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

25 RANCY CARDS, 11 styles with name and post paid, A. B. Husted, Newark, N.J.

NO MONEY. We will start you in a business you can make \$25 a week without capital.

AGENTS. If you want the best selling gold patent lever watch, free of cost, write at once to J. H. Blyden, 70 Broadway N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE STORY OF Charley Ross. Written by his father. A complete account of this most mysterious abduction and exciting rescue.

CAUTION. Be not deceived by premature reports of the success of the "First Bank" of such instruments at the U. S. CENTENNIAL 1876.

MASON & HAMLIN. Have been unanimously assigned the "First Bank" of such instruments at the U. S. CENTENNIAL 1876.

Baylies. Great Mercantile College, Keokuk, Iowa, on Monday, Nov. 27, 1876.

Wheeler & Bennett. REAL ESTATE and Tax Paying Agents, Notaries Public, Fire and Life Insurance Agents, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

W. B. JENKINS. ATTORNEY AT LAW, U. S. Claim Agent and Public Auctioneer, Business promptly attended to, Greenwood, Neb.

R. H. SURGENTON. PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Cass county, Nebraska.

GEO. S. SMITH. ATTORNEY AT LAW and Real Estate Broker. Special attention given to Collections and all matters affecting the title to real estate.

CHAS. H. THOMPSON, M. D. HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN. Thirty years practice has made the Dr. familiar with nearly all diseases, and their treatment.

JOHN W. HAINES. JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, sole collector of the county, made from one dollar to one thousand dollars.

DR. J. M. WATERMAN. Physio-Medical Practitioner. Louisville, Cass Co., Neb.

CLAPP & GREENSLATE, ELMWOOD. Dealers in Dry Goods & Groceries, and all articles generally kept in a country store.

PLATTSMOUTH MILLS. C. HEISEL - Proprietor. Flour, Corn Meal, & Feed.

'GRAND CENTRAL' HOTEL, Largest and finest Hotel between Chicago and San Francisco.

CHARLES WARREN, TONSORIAL ARTIST. Will give you a clean shave, or trim your hair in the latest style!

OR GIVE YOU A FIRST-CLASS SHAMPOO. NEXT DOOR TO PLATT VILLAGE HOUSE.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

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GOVERNOR—Silas Gove, Lincoln. SECRETARY—Bruno Trachsel, Lincoln. TREASURER—J. G. McBride, Lincoln.

ATTORNEY GENERAL—G. H. Roberts, Lincoln. SUT. PUBLIC INSTRUCTION—J. M. McKean, Lincoln.

LEGISLATIVE. SENATOR—1st DISTRICT—Sam. M. Chapman, Plattsmouth; 2nd DISTRICT—Jno. W. Barnes, Plattsmouth; 3rd DISTRICT—Jno. W. Barnes, Plattsmouth; 4th DISTRICT—Jno. W. Barnes, Plattsmouth.

JUDICIAL. SUPREME JUSTICE—Geo. F. Lake, Omaha; DIST. COURT, NEBRASKA: Samuel Saxwell, Fremont.

COUNTY. CLERK—C. P. Moore, Plattsmouth. TREASURER—J. C. Galt, Plattsmouth. COMMISSIONER—E. G. Doney, Plattsmouth.

W. R. Arnold, Greenwood; R. H. Mansey, Louisville. MAYOR—R. F. Reed, Cook Bluff.

CITY. CLERK—W. F. Bennett. COMMISSIONER, 1st WARD—J. Peppersberg, W. Neville. COMMISSIONER, 2d WARD—L. L. Wells, J. V. Weckbach. COMMISSIONER, 3d WARD—Wm. L. White, R. Donnelly. COMMISSIONER, 4th WARD—F. R. Guthman, J. Heineke.

B. & M. R. R. Time Table. Corrected Sunday, January 30th, 1876.

OR OMAHA FROM PLATTSMOUTH. Leaves 2:45 a. m. Arrives 5:00 a. m. 2:30 p. m. Arrives 5:00 p. m.

FROM OMAHA FOR PLATTSMOUTH. Leaves 2:45 a. m. Arrives 5:00 a. m. 2:30 p. m. Arrives 5:00 p. m.

TO THE WEST. Leaves Plattsmouth 9:40 a. m. Arrives Lincoln, 12:15 p. m.; Arrives Kearney, 8:30 p. m.

FROM THE WEST. Leaves Kearney, 6:40 a. m. Leaves Lincoln, 12:15 p. m. Arrives Plattsmouth, 3:15 p. m.

GOING EAST. Express, 6:00 a. m. Passenger, (train each day) 3:30 p. m.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF PLATTSMOUTH MAIL. EASTERN, NORTHERN & SOUTHERN.

WESTERN VIA R. & M. Arrive at - 10:30 a. m. Depart at - 2:15 p. m.

WESTERN VIA R. & M. Arrive at - 1:15 p. m. Depart at - 9:00 a. m.

ROCK BLUFFS & DECATUR MILLS. Arrive at 12:30 p. m. Depart at 2:00 p. m.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. R. B. WINDHAM. ATTORNEY AND Counselor at Law. Real estate bought and sold. Taxes paid and appeals taken.

SAM S. CHAPMAN. ATTORNEY AT LAW and Solicitor in Chancery. Office in Fitzgerald's Block, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

J. L. MCKEAN. DENTAL SURGEON. Is always on hand; 204 1/2 corner Main and Sixth Streets, up stairs; 204 1/2 corner Main and Sixth Streets, up stairs.

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AMERICAN PRESIDENTS.

BY S. W. C. First Washington, Adams. With Jefferson re-elected. Next Madison, Moore. Then Adams the second.

Andrew Jackson came next. Van Buren and Harrison. And Tyler next came.

Then Polk and then Taylor. Then Fillmore and Pierce. Then Buchanan, then Lincoln. With war's dreadful course.

Then Johnson, of whom There is little to say. And now Grant who presides At the White House to-day.

The question is now, In these uncertain days, Who'll be the next one, Tyler or Hayes.

But you'll see my kind friends, In a very few days, Our next President will be Rutherford B. Hayes.

THE LION AND THE SKUNK. I met a lion in my path, 'Twas on a dreary autumn night. He roared and bellowed, and I tried to either run or fight.

I dare not turn upon the track, He darted like a lightning bolt. For fear the lion at my back, Would seize me as his prey.

So summoning a fearless air, I stepped upon the lion's back, I laid upon the forest king, And he was soon my slave.

We fought, and as the fated deed, He roared in the bloody fray: For soon the lion at my feet Lay dead and dead to-day.

A little skunk was standing By and noted what the lion spoke: "The lion's track he took, He used the lion's very speech, He stretched to his utmost height, He roared and bellowed, and I tried to either run or fight."

I saw he was prepared to sting, And he was ready to bite, And knew those words were good, My nostrils would assail.

So summoning a humble air, I stepped upon the lion's back, I laid upon the dirty brute, 'Till run, but not to-day.

MOAL: As years begin to cool my blood, 'Till I shall no more doubt my spunk I shall be a lion and a skunk. To battle with a skunk.

HEADLONG INTO THE RIVER. The Plunge Made by a Train at the Communipaw Depot.

[New York world, Nov. 12.] At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon the engine and train of the Jersey Central Railroad standing in New Jersey Central Railroad depot at Communipaw for trains.

They were astonished to see a train of nine cars coming into the depot at the rate of 25 miles an hour, and before they could understand why the engineer was whistling down breaks it dashed down the south track and went through the freight office with a terrible crash.

The engineer and fireman jumped from the engine—one on each side—before it reached the freight office. The engineer was thrown with such violence that he was picked up insensible; the fireman escaped with minor injuries.

The engine and tender carried away the bumper at the end of the track, and in a moment the engine was strong enough to stop its progress. The engine went off to the outer side of the building, plunging into the water in the dock used for laying up the ferries, and a forty-ton car was hurled into the water.

The engine and tender were forced out of its position by the shock. The engine and tender were submerged at once in over twenty feet of water. The first car, a baggage car, was under the overturned car, the forty-ton car in two compartments, went over on top of them, turning on one side. The water came up far enough to it to cover the wheels, but the car was not overturned.

The third car followed the forward truck going down on the smoking car and the rear truck remaining on the dock, caught by the wreck of the bulkhead. The other car tore into the platform and the shock of the sudden stoppage smashed the glass and threw the passengers forward with great violence.

The crowd in the depot ran the assistant who were caught in the wreck. Under the lead of ex-Corporation Counsel A. K. Brown, of Jersey City, they pushed a freight car aloft along the side of the overturned car, and drew out eighteen men who were imprisoned in the submerged car, breaking out in the window sashes of the car to get at them. The passengers were soon collected, and it was found that there was not a single life lost.

Engineer Peters being the only one seriously injured, though a large number were bruised and cut by broken glass and splinters. The train was the Philadelphia train due at the depot at 4:10 p. m., and was crowded with passengers.

The engine No. 95, was one of the fastest on the road, and it is thought that the engineer tried to put on the airbrakes as usual, just before entering the depot, and finding that they would not work, he blew the whistle for the brakemen to apply the ordinary brakes, but either too late to avert the accident or was misunderstood by the train gang. Capt. Winants, the superintendent, was soon on the scene, and rendered very material service.

What is a Car-Load. Nominally a car-load is 20,000 lbs. It is also 70 barrels of salt, 70 lbs. of flour, 60 of whiskey 300 sacks of flour, 6 cords of soft wood, 18 to 20 head of cattle, 50 to 60 head of hogs, 80 to 100 head of sheep, 1,000 ft. of solid lumber, 17,000 ft. of siding, 15,000 ft. of flooring, 40,000 shingles, 1/2 less hard lumber, 1/2 less green lumber, one-tenth of joists, scantling, and all other large timbers, 340 bushels of wheat, 400 of corn, 870 of oats, 400 of barley, 360 of flaxseed, 260 of apples, 400 of Irish potatoes, 200 of sweet potatoes, 1,500 of bran.

A MAGAZINE NOVELTY.

Great will be the waiting among the little folks this month, for ST. NICHOLAS, for December, which has ordinarily been issued on the 20th, is to be held back until the 25th; but it is then to be the GRAND CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY NUMBER.

We have not had a peep even at its pages, but Editor and Publishers promised to do their very best, and that means a great deal where ST. NICHOLAS is concerned.

They tell us, among other contributions to this number, will be a paper by Mr. Bryant, "The Boys of My Boyhood," &c., the boys of the latter part of the last century or the beginning of this.

The number will have nearly one hundred pages and over fifty pictures. Then there is the account of the great "Horse Hotel," with very spirited pictures; an article by Lucy Larcom, "The Poetry of Winter," besides lots of Christmas stories, accounts of curious Oriental Sports, and more good things than we can find space to mention.

Besides all this, J. T. Trowbridge begins his new story for boys, "His Own Master," in this Christmas Holiday Number of ST. NICHOLAS.

Need we say more? Could we say more to interest the young folks? THAT HATEFUL MUSTACHE.

Mr. and Mrs. Crim were at the festival the other evening. Mrs. Crim was radiant, but Mr. Crim bore a faint appearance of gloom, brightened somewhat by the bareness of his upper lip.

We noticed this bareness at once, and at the same time received a significant glance from Mrs. Crim, which we readily understood. Several years ago Mrs. Crim had come to us with a sore throat, and he had been very sorely troubled, indeed, for one so young and but shortly married, Mrs. Crim's trouble was Mr. Crim's mustache. It was when they first began to "keep company" that his mustache began to grow, and he all young men, felt that his whole future depended on the growth of the hair, and despite her pleading to cut it he refused. He did not doubt, she said, in earnest, but he knew better than she that should his lip be shaved, he would live longer on one mustache than on two.

Mr. Crim was a republican two weeks ago, but when he was elected he was elected changed his mind and became a democrat. If you was a woman, and in my place, would you marry him? "SUSIE B."

Ans.—That is a hard question to answer, but it would depend pretty much on whether we would or not. At any rate he is sick, and if you marry him he will probably be flirting with the girls again as soon as the honeymoon is over.

Mr. Editor:—Can you tell me what it costs a man to make the canvass for an office in Gage county? "B. D."

Ans.—No, not exactly; but we have been told that it costs more or less, often more than the income from the office; but we never had an office, never made a canvass, and consequently are not prepared to make any estimate squarely. The glory that comes with victory is however, often considered as amounting to more than the income.

Down in the southern part of Virginia flourishes a breed of semi-wild hogs, called in the country vernacular "wind splitters," or "razorbacks." They greatly resemble a greyhound in shape and in speed would mark contrasted with the leaner native specimens by which they were surrounded. Their owner one day encountered one of his competitors in a fine field, and started a comparison between his own and the stilled occupants of the neighboring pens. "Wah, stranger," replied the rival, "they may be right smart for you now, but down your country you couldn't give 'em away."

"Why not?" asked the astonished Pennsylvanian. "Why, ye see, stranger, down yar hog can't outrun a nigger ain't with a cuss."

This anecdote was told by Senator Withers, of Virginia, in a stump speech delivered in Chesterfield county, when he descended from the platform he was accosted by a venerable dandy, who had been an attentive listener, with the query: "I say, Mars Withers, whar can I git some dem hogs. Fo' God, dey's jes' de breed for dis yar kentry."—Harper's Drawer.

The Tribune says "the Democratic propositions for preventing the count of the votes are of a most unbusiness character." We don't like this at all. Any honest, square "proposition" will "blush," as everybody knows. And yet an unbusiness proposition may be red-olent, but until it is read. We should think the color of a democratic proposition for preventing a count of the votes would be sky-blue, the color that the devil painted his tail, in order to have it neat but not gaudy. Every one of a republican accepting such a proposition would, without controversy, be green. The color of a democrat when his proposition is refused would be purple. While after all the propositions, the vote will be counted and the result declared, by men "black in the face." These are the true color lines at last advices. The "white line" is wiped out.—Post.

The unusual spectacle of a flock of quails on Boston Common was witnessed the other day. Special dispatches from Faneuil hall say the birds all wore eye-glasses and whiskers in original Greek, but the eye-glass part of the story is denied by the Associated Press report. It isn't safe to believe either side until the official count is in.

She Wanted to Adopt Them.

A remarkable case of brute affection came to our notice last Saturday. On Tuesday E. Mack took six young puppies away from their mother, his noted Queen, and during the entire day she whined and moaned piteously in her bereavement; but she soon discovered a nest of kittens, and immediately carried them away to her own stall in the stable, and made a comfortable nest for them in the hay. Queen became very devoted to her little wards, and watched them tenderly for several days, while the mother of the kittens hung around and endeavored to rescue them.

On Saturday pussy had, by exercising great prudence, succeeded in rescuing and carrying off to a safe hiding place three of the kittens, and Queen was again feeling bad at the loss of her family; but her grief apparently knew no bounds when the holster took the fourth and only remaining kitten and returned it to its own mother.—She whined and cowered about, and would look first into the barn loft where the kitten had been taken, and then beseechingly to the holster. Eugene finally brought the kitten back again, and Queen was as happy as dogs usually become; she fairly danced for joy and as soon as the kitten was set down she took it tenderly between her jaws and carried it back to the nest in the stall where she was when we left her, with the cat skrimishing around and waiting for another opportunity to rescue her offspring.—Express.

The following are so true and so interesting we clip them from the Beatrice Express: Mr. Editor:—I am a woman, and my husband has not been at home a single night since election. He says he has been up every night waiting for election returns. Do you think he tells me the truth? "FANNIE B."

Ans.—Yours is a peculiar case, and we cannot tell a lie. Your husband has been "out with the boys," and we advise you to watch him.

Mr. Editor:—What was the real cause of Limber Jim's withdrawal? "J. K. L."

Ans.—If you refer to Mr. Doon, we will simply say that we give up. It is a conundrum, a knotty problem; but it is supposed by some that his withdrawal was for the preservation of good morals and the good of the country generally. He says to himself, in fact, and as he knows how it is himself, we do not gainsay it.

Mr. Editor:—I am engaged to marry a man who was a republican two weeks ago, but when he was elected he was elected changed his mind and became a democrat. If you was a woman, and in my place, would you marry him? "SUSIE B."

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The Presidential Game.

[From the Ottumwa (Iowa) Courier] It is a game of seven up, in which Tilden has one to go and Hayes four. If Hayes should make high, low, jack and the game, it gives four and puts him out. If Tilden, however, should turn up a high, low, jack and a deuce, he would win the game, and win the game.

Thomas Jefferson, that wise and far seeing statesman, remarked, "If our country is to be saved, it must be done by the proper training of children to love Christ," and he added, "what a responsibility rests upon the Sabbath schools!"

"I don't see how you can have been working all day like a horse," exclaimed the wife of a lawyer, her husband having declared that he had been this working. "Well my dear," he replied, "I've been drawing a conveyance all day anyhow."

No body has read the Vanderbilt health bulletins for ten days, and the old Commodore is so mad that he swears "unconsciously and unalteredly," catching up the expressions from those by whom he is surrounded, that he will die some time in the night, and not let a soul know a word about it until he has seen dead a week.

It costs about three million dollars to elect a president of these United States. Now, why couldn't we get along without a president for a while, and pay off the national debt by some new clothes or something? Seems to us that is a big pile to pay for presidents when the raw material is so abundant and willing.

One of our teachers in Sunday school was "stumped" badly Sunday afternoon while giving services at the hour. He was teaching the infant class, and, after explaining the lesson as well as he knew how, he threw open the question book, figuratively speaking, and told the children that he was in a quandary that suggested themselves. He was gratified by a seven-year-old girl, who immediately piped out: "Who's elected?" "He could't tell."

Railroad construction bids fair to be quite active in Nebraska the coming season. Work is now in progress on the Omaha & Republic, and a line from Omaha to the Union Pacific road, and trains will be running to Wahco from Omaha before Christmas. The proposition of constructing a railroad to the Black Hills, either from Omaha nearly to Elkhorst valley, or from some point on the Union Pacific road, is also under consideration, and the prospects are that the northwest will develop rapidly within the next few years. It has three feet six inch narrow gauge has been commenced, called the Covington, Columbus & Black Hills road, and over thirty miles has been completed the present season. This line extends to a point opposite Sioux City, in a rather circuitous route to the southwest and northwest, and is intended ultimately to be pushed to the Black Hills county and probably to Montana.—Omaha Republican.

Five per cent, and perhaps ten, can be added to the amount of milk obtained from the cows of the country, if the following rules are inexorably followed: 1. Never hurry cows, in drying to and from pasture. 2. Milk as nearly at equal intervals as possible. Half-past five in the morning and six at night are a very good hour. 3. Be especially tender with the cow at milking times. 4. When seated, draw the milk as rapidly as possible, being certain always to get all. 5. Never talk or think of anything beside what you are doing when milking. 6. Offer some grass and always a soothing word when you approach the cow when you leave her. The better she loves you, the more free and complete will be her abandon as you sit at her side.—Exchange.

"A Farmer's Wife" writes an eastern journal as follows: There is no telling what a thing will do for you. I know ammonia, diluted in water, could restore rusty silks and clean wool, but when I got a greasy spot on the carpet, I tried a half dozen other things before I thought of that, and that is just what did the work effectually. I put a teaspoonful into a bucket of hot water, took a cloth and wet the spot thoroughly, just rubbing it slightly, and the ugly spot was gone. It is splendid for cleaning your carpet, but when you approach ammonia, you must be careful. Ammonia is a powerful solvent, and for looking-glasses and windows it is best of all; and one day when I was tired and my dish clothes looked rather gray, I turned a few drops of ammonia into the water and rubbed them out, and I found it acted like a charm, and I shall be sure to do so again someday. I suppose housewives have a perfect right to experiment, and see what results they can produce; and if they are not on as large a scale as the farmers try, they are just as important to us, and may make our work lighter and brighter too. Now, I do not believe in luxuriating in a good thing all alone, and I hope all the housekeepers will send and get a ten cent bottle of sulphuric acid, and commence a series of chemical experiments and see what they can accomplish with it. Take the boys' jackets, the girls' dresses, and when you have cleaned everything else, put a few drops of ammonia in soft water and wash the little folks' heads and report progress.

An English lady who had forgotten her prayer-book sent her little boy to the church vestibule, where they kept a supply for such contingencies. In a minute the wee chap returned with a very red face but without the book. "Why did you come back without it?" "Oh no, mamma dear, there were plenty, but they were all common prayer-books, and I didn't like to bring you a common prayer-book, mamma dear!"