

JNO. A. MACMURPHY, Editor.

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THE YOSEMITE HERMIT.

[From the Galaxy.] The shadows were lying tolerably long on the green hillsides when the lumbering yellow stage, somewhat the worse for wear, drawn by four lean, dusty horses, also somewhat the worse for wear, drew up with a grand flourish in front of the Grand Hotel, Mariposa.

It was a long, low building, with a broad piazza in front and along one side; the facade was painted a dingy yellow, to match the stage, apparently, but the rest of the edifice had been neglected, and the superbundant rain and superabundant sunshine of Mariposa had left marks of their handiwork on the bare boards.

The longers rushed out of the bar-room as soon as the wheels were heard, and stood grouped about the broad piazza exchanging jokes with the driver, who was known as Scotty, and asking the news from Hornitos and other way places.

Meanwhile the "Doctor," a stout, ruddy complexioned man, whose appearance spoke well for his profession, descending from his seat on the box, and opened the stage door with an air of pride and satisfaction, he assisted the one lady passenger to alight with a grace which would have done credit to Chesterfield. The loungers on the piazza started and drew back. All ceased their gibes with Scotty, and two or three removed their hats. She was not only a woman, but a very pretty woman—she was even beautiful.

She thanked the Doctor with a pretty grace, and turned her clear, hazel eyes upon the admiring group, scanning each face eagerly and wistfully. The Doctor said, "Allow me," and was about to escort her into a small den at one side known as the "ladies' parlor," but she swept past him and walked straight into the bar room, the Doctor, the loungers, and Scotty crowding in after her, and regarding her movements with an undisguised admiration and as much reverential curiosity as though she had been a visitant from another sphere.

The proprietor of the "Grand" was a podgy man, with an aggressively bald head and scaly eyes like an alligator's—though for that matter it may be libelling the alligator. His name was Sharp, commonly corrupted into "Cutty" by some mysterious process.

He was pouring whisky from a bottle into a glass, preparatory to serving himself, when the new comer walked in. She walked like an angel—straight up to him and said, "Is this the landlord?"

"Cutty" was so astonished by the apparition that he dropped the glass—he called it a glass; it was in reality a stone china cup about half an inch thick—and wasted the whisky; it was only by the greatest presence of mind that he succeeded in saving the bottle.

"Ma-a-m!" he stammered, clutching at his bald head to see if there was a hat there.

The woman repeated her question; the crowd by the doorway, headed by the Doctor, strained their ears to listen. She had a low voice, tolerably sweet. Such music had never before been heard within those low walls, perhaps. They wished she would say more. Old "Punks" muttered that she "minded him of his Lyddy—'jest such a voice!"

Scotty rapped his forehead with his horny hand, and ran his fingers into his bushy, too colored hair, with a clutch of desperation.

"Punks," he whispered, "I allers counted you a fool, but you ain't; you air a shinin' light! His name was Jim Wilmer."

Then, coloring up to the roots of his hair, he advanced and said: "If you please ma'am."

The woman turned at this, meeting a whole battery of eyes without any seeming consciousness of it.

"There was a feller named Jim Wilmer here—was partners in the Banderita, with a feller named Ciro—least ways, I don't know his name, but we called him Ciro Jack, ma'am."

The woman's face—her beautiful face—turned as white as the collar at her throat; she leaned against the bar and tried to speak, but the words died on her lips.

Finally, with an effort, she half whispered: "Do you know where he is now?"

Then, as the men looked at each other, she cried in a clearer tone, "Is he dead?"

"No, no, ma'am. He was here, 'taint a month," said Scotty. "I think he's off huntin' in the hills. I'll find Ciro

Jack, and bring him up here. He'll be likely to know—him and Jim was real good friends."

"Thank you," said the stranger softly, in a voice which smote Scotty's heart exceedingly.

The Doctor, meanwhile, had gone to Mrs. Sharp, who presently entered, and invited the stranger to "hev a little tea."

She was a small, fair woman, with a washed out look, and a mouth not innocent of "dipping;" but she looked and spoke kindly, and the stranger was glad enough to answer, "Yes," and followed her into the dining room. The crowd fell back as she approached, but only enough to give her room to pass. Some stealthily touched her dress as she swept by them, and when she had disappeared and the door had closed forty tongues were loosed at once, and a scene of excitement ensued only equalled by the one which followed on the shooting of the "Judge" by "Little Jack" over a game of poker, in that very bar-room of the Grand Hotel.

"Mought I ax your name ma'am?" inquired Mrs. Sharp.

"Marian Kingsley," was the faint reply.

"Miss or Mrs. ma'am?" pursued Mrs. Sharp, glancing at the shapely, white, ringless hands.

The stranger gave a slight impatient twitch. "It doesn't matter," she said. "Call me Marian. That will do as well as anything."

Mrs. Sharp was a washed out woman. Many of the natural and laudable instincts remained, perhaps being faded colors; but a horror of the class to which she now supposed Marian to belong was one which had faded out of her nature. She gave a slightly supercilious look, which fell upon the woman like moonlight on ice, and pursued her inquiries.

"Come from 'Frisco'?"

"I came through there. I didn't see anything of the place."

"Whar did yer come from?"

"Philadelphia." The tone was changed. She evidently felt the impalpable rudeness of the faded woman, and knew how to resent it in the same way. More conversation ensued, in the course of which Mrs. Sharp discovered that Marian had a little money—enough to pay her board for a few months—and that she had come there to find "James Courtney Wilmer."

Mrs. Sharp had information to give as well as to take, for she knew something of Jim.

"We call him Jim," she said a little scornfully. "He didn't get no courtin' from 'er."

Poor Marian gave a faint smile. "There might be other James Wilmers," she said. "I wanted to be sure."

Mrs. Sharp didn't think this could be the one.

"He's a rough, ragged creeter," she said, "and he's had the snakes for a week at a time."

Marian shrank and covered at this, with a pitiful look of pain on her beautiful face.

"He'd money left him?" asked Mrs. Sharp. Marian nodded.

"'Tont do he'll no good. Soon as he learns it he'll drink himself into snakes. Allers did when they struck a good lead on the Banderita. Ciro Jack, he lost all his'n at poker; so that they go."

In the course of an hour Ciro Jack, scrubbed and "fixed up" to a degree which made him almost unrecognizable by his comrades, appeared, escorted by Scotty, also prepared by a choice toilet to enter the presence of "the ladies."

"Scuse my not comin' afore," said Scotty. "Hosses must be tended to, and them of mine was about dead beat."

Marian smiled graciously, if absently, and turned her clear, hazel eyes to Ciro Jack, who, with many excuses, circumlocutions and profane epithets, most of which he apologized for instantly, and some of which he was evidently unconscious of, gave her the information of his position in regard to the man she had come to find.

"No one in Mariposa knew him better. As 'Jim' he was almost an integral part of the city of 'Butterflies.' The butterflies, by the by, for which the town is named, are not those which soar in the air, but 'Mariposas,' fastened by long, tough filaments to the ground.

Many a night had Jim Wilmer crushed his swollen face into them, and slept a drunken sleep with their soft wings folded sorrowfully above him.

There was something of a mystery about him, which the "boys" had never been able to fathom. Some said that he belonged to a wealthy and aristocratic family, and had left home and came a wanderer and an outcast, because some heavy; that he had broken his wedded faith and his wife's heart at the same time, and that a grim phantom followed him wherever he went, and gave him no peace. Others held that he had been engaged to a beautiful girl, and had loved her and trusted her above all tellings; that his wedding day was near, when he had stumbled upon some miserable secret, which was dead and buried but could not rest in its grave; that there was no room left for doubt, which is sometimes blessed, and he had fled without a word; disappeared, and left to her own wretched heart the task of telling her the reason why.

(To be continued.)

The Plattsmouth Institute and County Superintendents' Convention.

As already announced, this meeting will be held from July 9th to 19th inclusive.

The special purpose of this institute is to prepare Superintendents and teachers for managing and instructing teachers institutes. The exercises will consist of:

1st. Lectures on object, methods and means of institute work.

2d. A regular study of and recitation of some good work on teaching.

3d. Specimen lessons by members of the convention, with criticism by the leader and others.

4th. The preparation of an outline manual institute instruction, embodying the best thoughts brought out at the convention, and suitable for use at institutes.

As a basis for specimen lessons, and instruction in the art of teaching, classes will be formed in the following, among other subjects:

Arithmetic—Compound numbers and per centage.

Geography—North America and map-drawing.

Drawing on blackboard, with special reference to its use by the teacher.

Elementary sounds and the use of a dictionary.

Physiology—Digestive, Respiratory, and circulatory systems.

School economy—Organization, regulation, teachers, records, health, condition, study and recitation.

Recitations will be largely confined to the topics indicated above.

Many text books will be furnished for use without charge, and all at a very low rate. Delegates had better bring some text books for reference. Bring Dictionaries especially.

This institute is called for all the counties in the state east of the 6th meridian.

County Superintendents are notified that Sec. 91 of School Law makes it their duty to attend this institute. Superintendents who live within the district for which it is called, but who prefer to go to Grand Island will be at liberty to do so.

EXAMINATION. If desired, an examination for first or second grade state certificates will be held. Boarding at hotels, \$4.00 per week; in private families, \$3.00 per week. Delegates who pay full fare coming will be returned for one-fifth fare.

This bids fair to be one of the largest and most important conventions ever held in the state, and every superintendent and teacher in the state is earnestly requested to be present.

Persons wishing more particular information concerning boarding arrangements, may write to Mr. Thomas Pollock, Plattsmouth.

S. R. THOMPSON, Supt. Pub. Instructions.

"PULL OUT, BILL!" shrieked an engineer's son along the B. & M. Rail Road to one of his playmates, a breaker's boy, who was in imminent danger of getting smashed by his mother, who was coming after him—"Git on the main line and give her steam! Here comes the switch engine! But before the juvenile could get in motion, she had him by the ear and he was laid up with a hot box.

Han Opinion. First son of Albion—He'm surprised at this news from Hamerica, but it shows the superiority of our government." Second Son of A.—"What's the up now hower there?" First S. of A.—"W'y, they can't pay their army. Did you hev 'er the like? To speak of it as a army is habsurd, you know; but to think that the pay of such a hiusignificant army should be in arrears! W'y, blawst me heyes 'at if these Hamericans 'ad the Rooshans to heneometer!"

THE Red Cloud Chief man has been to see us and this is what he says: "PLATTSMOUTH, nestled down among the hills bordering on the river, was the scene of our first advent into Nebraska, while she was yet a Territory. The town has grown since then, but looks rather weather-beaten and dingy. While there we called at the HERALD office and found the "boys" busy. The editor Mr. MacMurphy was absent, having accompanied the rest of the "fortunate ones" on their trip to the mountains."

The editorial party were very fortunate in their company to and from Salt Lake. Senator Saunders, Capt. Nickerson, Chief of Gen. Crooks staff, U. S. Marshal, Sweeney; Ass't. Supt. U. P. Land Department, Howard Kennedy; Judge Mason & Covell of Neb. Cit kept us company more or less of the way to Cheyenne. Ex-Governor Stanford's family of California, went through in the C. P. Directors car. We picked Gen. Tom Thumb up at Evanston going out.

Returning we had Frank Leslie and party, Senator Conover of Florida, in a special car. Mr. Leslie took several fine views along the road, some of which embraced members of the Editorial Association.

Mr. Henning, ("Jack Harkaway") of Mr. Leslie's party, almost captivated one of our young ladies, and Mr. Rice, nephew of Gov. Rice, of Boston, fought a duel for another one. Who says there's no fun on the road now-a-days?

THE PROPOSED PLAN OF SHIPPING DRESSED BEEF FROM OMAHA TO THE EAST.

What J. H. Canfield of St. Louis and H. K. Smith of Omaha Think About It.

(From the Daily of June 1st.) The announcement in yesterday's Herald that Kansas City had commenced the shipment of fresh beef to the centers of population in New England and the Atlantic States by patent refrigerator cars, created considerable stir in Omaha. One effect of the announcement, which is most certainly highly significant in a commercial sense, was to prompt the question, "if Kansas City, why not Omaha," and many minds went back to recall a similar project which was mooted and almost put upon its feet in Omaha several years ago. The fact that a rival city had seized the idea and put it in practical shape, made many regret that Omaha had not at least tried the project, which promised such great results.

"I don't know why it can't be done," said Mr. H. K. Smith to the Herald reporter yesterday afternoon. "The great highest heretofore has been the Union Pacific Railroad, but I had a talk with Mr. S. H. H. Clark, the Superintendent, the other day, and he offered to lease to such a company thirty-five acres of ground just outside of the city limits, which cost the company \$11,000, for ten years, at a rate of about \$5,000, with the privilege to purchase at a fair valuation at any time within ten years."

Reporter—What amount of cattle are west of Omaha?

Mr. Smith—Last year 69,000 cattle passed through this city for Chicago and other eastern markets, and this year it is calculated that 109,000 will pass through here for the same points. By the erection of stock yards and packing houses a market can be made at this point that I think can compete with any market in the country. Nebraska, Wyoming, Montana, Utah, Colorado, contain 1,000,000 or 1,500,000 head of stock. That whole country is tributary to Omaha, which is the natural gateway through which they must all pass to find a market. This is independent of hogs and sheep, with which the prairies and plains are alive. Besides that, we have an outlet eastward through four different roads, while Kansas City has but two, which gives us the advantage of double their railroad competition.

At this point Mr. Smith exhibited a letter from J. H. Canfield, of St. Louis, the inventor of a well known patent refrigerator car, proposing the formation of a joint stock company in Omaha for the slaughtering, packing and shipping of dressed beef to the eastern markets. Mr. Canfield explained his reasons for laying the propositions before an Omaha business man by the statement that the stock yard a' on in and east of St. Louis had formed a combination against him, knowing that if his refrigerators ran west of St. Louis the Union and National stock yards of St. Louis, and East St. Louis would have to go by the board. Men who are shipping beef to Liverpool, continued Mr. Canfield, said that if they can kill their beef in Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado