THE HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
—AT—
PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA

OFFICE:
On Vine St., One Block North of Main, Corner of Fifth Street.

LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY PAPER IN CASS COUNTY.

Terms, in Advance:
One copy, one year $2.00
One copy, six months 1.00
One copy, three months ..... .50

NEBRASKA HERALD.

JNO. A. MACMURPHY, Editor.) " PERSEVERANCE CONQUERS." [TERMS: $2.00 a Year.

VOLUME XIII. } PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1877. { NUMBER 18.

THE HERALD.

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE.	1 w.	2 w.	3 w.	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
1 sqr...	$1 00	$1 50	$2 00	$2 50	$5 00	$8 00	$12 00
2 sqrs...	1 50	2 00	2 75	3 25	6 50	10 00	16 00
3 sqrs...	2 00	2 75	4 00	4 75	8 00	13 00	20 00
¼ col...	5 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	20 00	28 00	35 00
½ col...	8 00	12 00	15 00	18 00	25 00	40 00	60 00
1 col...	15 00	18 00	21 00	25 00	40 00	60 00	100 00

☞All Advertising bills due quarterly.

☞Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Extra copies of the HERALD for sale by J. P. Young, Postoffice news depot.—and O. F. Johnson, corner of Main and Fifth Streets.

FIRST
National Bank
OF PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA,
SUCCESSOR TO
TOOTLE, HANNA & CLARK.

JOHN FITZGERALD.....President.
E. G. DOVEY.....Vice President.
A. W. McLAUGHLIN.....Cashier.
JOHN O'ROURKE.....Assistant Cashier.

This Bank is now open for business at their new room, corner Main and Sixth streets, and is prepared to transact a general

BANKING BUSINESS.

Stocks, Bonds, Gold, Government and Local Securities
BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Deposits Received and Interest Allowed on Time Certificates.

DRAFTS DRAWN,
Available in any part of the United States and in all the Principal Towns and Cities of Europe.

AGENTS FOR THE
CELEBRATED
INMAN LINE AND ALLAN LINE
OF STEAMERS.

Person wishing to bring out their friends from Europe can
PURCHASE TICKETS FROM US
Through to Plattsmouth.

Odenwald Beer Saloon.
Farmers' Eating House,
KEPT BY
GEORGE SHAFER.
ALSO KEEPS
Groceries & Confectioneries.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
ON MAIN STREET,
Nearly Opposite Court House,
PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.
26tf

Excelsior Barber Shop.
J. C. BOONE,
Main Street, opposite Saunders House.
HAIR-CUTTING,
Shaving and Shampooing.
ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
Cutting Children's and Ladies' Hair.
CALL AND SEE BOONE, GENTS,
And get a boone in a
CLEAN SHAVE.

WILLIAM HEROLD
Keeps one of the
Largest Stocks
OF
GROCERIES,
IN TOWN. 40y1

Wm. Neville,
PROPRIETOR OF
PALACE BILLIARD HALL.
(Main St., east of First Nat. Bank.)
PLATTSMOUTH, - - - NEB
MY BAR IS SUPPLIED WITH THE
BEST WINES, LIQUORS,
CIGARS
BEER, ETC., ETC. 40y1

FOUNDRY
AND
Machine Shops!
JOHN WAYMAN,
PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.,
Repairer of Steam Engines, Boilers, Saw and Grist Mills
GAS AND STEAM FITTINGS,
Wrought Iron Pipe, Force and Lift Pipes, Steam Gauges, Safety-Valve Governors, and all kinds of Brass Engine Fittings, repaired on short notice.
FARM MACHINERY
Repaired on Short Notice. 40y1

"YOUNG!"
The butcher
Can always be found at Hatt's Old Stand, ready to sell the best Meats.
YOUNG buys fresh fat cattle, sheep, hogs &c. direct from the farmers every day, and his meats are always good.
GAME, FISH, AND FOWL, IN SEASON
3y1.

SAGE BROTHERS,
Dealers in
STOVES,
TIN-WARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC.
One Door East of the Post-Office, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.
Practical Workers in
SHEET IRON, ZINC, TIN, BRAZIERY, &c., &c.
Large assortment of Hard and Soft
COAL STOVES,
Wood and Coal Stoves for
HEATING OR COOKING,
Always on Hand.
Every variety of Tin, Sheet Iron, and Zinc Work, kept in Stock.
MAKING AND REPAIRING,
Done on Short Notice.
☞EVERYTHING WARRANTED!☜
PRICES LOW DOWN.
SAGE BROS.
3tf

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

25 FANCY CARDS all styles with name, 10 cts. post paid. J. B. Husted, Nassau, Rens Co. N. Y.

LADIES Elegant Imitation Rose Coral Set, Breastpin and Pendant Drops, Sent Postpaid to any reader of this Paper for 25 cents. Three Sets for 50 cents. In Currency or Stamps. L. A. THOMSON, Clinton Place, New York.

TRIFLING
WITH A COLD IS ALWAYS DANGEROUS.
USE
WELLS' CARBOLIC TABLETS,
a sure remedy for *COUGHS*, and all diseases of the *THROAT, LUNGS, CHEST AND MUCOUS MEMBRANE.*
PUT UP ONLY IN BLUE BOXES.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
C. N. CRITTENTON, 7 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

A GREAT OFFER!! We will during these Hard Times dispose of 100 PIANOS & ORGANS, new and second-hand of first class makers including WATERS' at lower prices for cash or Installments or to let until paid for than ever before offered. WATERS' GRAND SQUARE and UPRIGHT PIANOS AND ORGANS (INCLUDING THEIR NEW SOUVENIR AND BOUDOIR) are the BEST MADE. 7 Octave Pianos $150. 71-3 do $160 not used a year. "2" Stop Organs $50 4 Stops $55. 7 Stops $65. 8 Stops $75. 10 Stops $85. 12 Stops $100 cash, not used a year, in perfect order and warranted. LOCAL and TRAVELING AGENTS WANTED. Illustrated Catalogues Mailed. A liberal discount to teachers, minister, churches, &c. Sheet music at half price. HORACE WATERS & SONS, Manufacturers and dealers, 40 East 14th St., Union Square New York. 1714

SCHENCK'S
SEA WEED TONIC.
During the summer months, the lethargy produced by the heat takes away the desire for wholesome food, and frequent perspirations reduce bodily energy. In order to keep a natural healthful activity of the system we must resort to artificial means. For this purpose Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic is very effectual. A few doses will create an appetite and give fresh vigor to the enervated body.
FOR DYSPEPSIA IT IS INVALUABLE.
Many eminent physicians have doubted whether dyspepsia can be permanently cured by the drugs which are generally employed for that purpose. The SEA WEED TONIC in its nature is totally different from such drugs. It contains no corrosive minerals or acids; in fact it assists regular operations of nature, and supplies her deficiencies. 1714

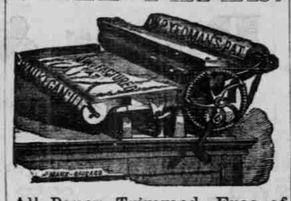
DR. JAS. CHARLES.
DENTIST,
OFFICES: No. 232 and 236,
Farnham St., - - Omaha, Neb.
☞Preservation of the Natural Teeth Made a Specialty.
Oldest practicing Dentist in the City.

J. G. CHAMBERS,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
HARNESS,
SADDLES, COLLARS, HALTERS, WHIPS, ETC., ETC., ETC.
REPAIRING
Done with Neatness and Dispatch.
The only place in town where "Turley's patent self adjustable horse collars are sold." 49m6

HO FOR THE
Black Hills!
IN PLATTSMOUTH.
WHOLESALE LIQUOR AND CIGAR STORE
—OF—
JAS. KEENAN.
☞McGUIRE'S old stand still kept open by the above.
CIGARS, TOBACCOS, &C., WHOLESALE & RETAIL.
WE KEEP
Good Goods, Buy Largely
And invite trade to call and examine. 1tf

MILK.
Good fresh milk
DELIVERED DAILY!
—AT—
EVERYBODY'S HOME IN PLATTSMOUTH
IF THEY WANT IT, BY
J. F. BEAUMEISTER.
SEND IN YOUR ORDERS AND I WILL TRY AND GIVE YOU
PURE MILK
40y1 and serve you regularly.

O. F. JOHNSON,
DEALER IN
Drugs, Medicines,
—AND—
WALL PAPER.



All Paper Trimmed Free of Charge.
ALSO DEALER IN
BOOKS.
Stationery, Magazines,
AND
Latest Publications.
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded by an Experienced Druggist.
REMEMBER THE PLACE.
COR. FIFTH & MAIN STREETS
PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

R. B. WINDHAM,
ATTORNEY and Counselor at Law. Real estate bought and sold. Taxes paid; and special attention given to collections. Office over Dr. Chapman's Drug Store, Plattsmouth. 37y1

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

D. H. WHEELER & CO.
LAW OFFICE, Real Estate, Fire and Life Insurance Agents, Plattsmouth, Nebraska. Collectors, tax-payers. Have a complete abstract of titles. Buy and sell real estate, negotiate loans, &c. 15y1

EDGAR D. STONE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office with D. H. H. Wheeler & Co., Plattsmouth, Neb. 15y1

R R LIVINGSTON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Cass county. Residence southeast corner Sixth and Oak sts.; Office on Main street, two doors west of Sixth, Plattsmouth, 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. Office on 2d floor, over Post Office, Plattsmouth, Nebraska. 40y1.

JOHN W HAINES
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, and collector of debts, collections made from one dollar to one thousand dollars. Mortgages, Deeds, and other instruments drawn, and all county business usually transacted before a Justice of the Peace. Best of reference given if required.
Office on Main street, West of Court House.
40-y1 JOHN W. HAINES.

DR. J. M. WATERMAN,
Physio--Medical Practitioner.
Louisville, Cass Co., Neb.
☞Always at the office on Saturdays. 40y1

PLATTSMOUTH MILLS.
PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.
C. HEISEL, - Proprietor.
Flour, Corn Meal, & Feed
Always on hand and for sale at lowest cash prices. The highest prices paid for Wheat and Corn. Particular attention given custom work.

SAUNDERS HOUSE.
J. S. GREGORY, - - - Proprietor.
Location Central. Good Sample Room.. Every attention paid to guests. 43m3
PLATTSMOUTH, - - - - - NEB.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
LINCOLN, NEB.,
J. J. IMHOFF, - - - Proprietor.
The best known and most popular Landlord in the State. Always stop at the Commercial.

'GRAND CENTRAL'
HOTEL,
Largest and finest Hotel between Chicago and San Francisco.
GEO. THRALL, - - Prop.
OMAHA, NEB.

O. K. SALOON.
I keep constantly on hand
Best's Milwaukee Beer.
which can be had at no other
PLACE IN THE CITY.
Also the best of
WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.
33m6 Ed. Rosenbaum.

LENHOFF & BONNS,
Morning Dew Saloon!
One door east of the Saunders House. We keep the best of
Beer, Wines, Liquors & Cigars.
33m9 Constantly on Hand.

A Great Reduction in Prices of
GUNS, REVOLVERS, &c.
Prices reduced from 20 to 30 per cent. Write for Illustrated Catalogue, with reduced prices for 1877. Address,
GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS,
91 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 18y1

H. A. WATERMAN & SON,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Pine Lumber,
LATH,
SHINGLES,
Sash, Doors, Blinds,
ETC., ETC., ETC.
Main street, Corner of Fifth,
PLATTSMOUTH, - - - - NEB.
Still Better Rates for Lumber.
STREIGHT & MILLER,
Harness Manufacturers,
SADDLES BRIDLES, COLLARS.
and all kinds of harness stock, constantly on hand.
Fruit Confectionery,
AND
GROCERY STORE
NUTS, CANDIES, TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS, TOBACCOES, FLOUR, &c.
Remember the place opposite E. G. Dovey's on Lower Main Street.
21-1y *STREIGHT & MILLER.*

LAND, LAND!
BEST FARMING LANDS IN NEBRASKA,
FOR SALE BY
B. & Mo. R. R.
IN NEBRASKA.
Great Advantages to Buyers
IN 1877.
Ten Years Credit at 6 per cent Interest.
Six Years Credit at 6 per cent Interest, and 20 per cent Discount.
Other Liberal Discounts For Cash, Rebates on Fares and Freights, and Premiums for Improvements.
Pamphlets and Maps, containing full particulars, will be mailed free to any part of the world on application to
LAND COMMISSIONER, B. & M. R. R.
10y1 LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

"The Goodman and Goodwife."

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

To-morrow falls St. Martin's feast,
The goodwife loves her man!
She stirs a pudding with fresh yeast,
And bakes it in a pan.

Retired at night from care and strife;
A wild wind sweeps the moor,
The goodman says to his goodwife,
"You bolt the door secure!"

"The wind blows round my head and ears
Half chilled I sought repose:
The door may clatter a hundred years
The bolt I will not close."

At which a wager now is laid,
In whispers face to face,
That which of them the first word said,
Should shove the bolt in place.

Two travelers come at dead of night,
They know not where they flee,
The fire is out, there is no light,
They nothing hear or see.

A charmed spot you have inferred
For trying patience sore,
Yet is there heard no mortal word,
The cause lay in the door.

They ate the pudding on the shelf,
The darkness quite concealing;
The goodwife mutters to herself,
No audible sound revealing.

At this one traveler sighed within,
"How parched my throat and dry;
The open cupboard smells of gin,
Perhaps it may be nigh."

"A flask of gin I surely find,
How fortunate are we—
I drink your health and you drink mine,
And soon we'll happy be."

The goodman sprang so briskly forth,
All raging fierce within—
"Will pay most dearly for its worth
Whoever takes my gin!"

The wife sprang up at what she heard
The bouncing strings sprang she—
"You goodman spoke the first word,
You bolt the door for me."

Racine, Wis., July 10, 1877.

IN HIS OWN TOILS.

Sleep is the ligation of sense, but the library of reason. We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleep, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the walking of the soul.—[Religio Medici.

Tom and I were only brothers. Our parents having died while we were quite young, left us little besides their blessing, and alone, and almost friendless, we had struggled on together through misfortune and adversity, looking forward hopefully to a happy and successful future, Our lonely place in the world has strengthened an early affection, and at the time of which I write the feeling had become a closer and warmer sentiment than that commonly existing between brothers. Indeed, we loved each other very dearly. I tell you this to show you how great was my sorrow and anxiety when, one day in the latter part of June, 1870, Tom was brought to bed with a serious attack of typhoid fever. Being a medical student, I was constantly noting little symptoms that would have escaped a layman's eye, and hourly vacillating between hope and fear. In fact, I made myself very miserable for days at a time, when there was really no necessity for it.

For three long weeks, day and night, I watched at his bedside, and when, at the end of that time, the physicians pronounced him out of danger, they strongly advised me to go into the country for a few weeks' rest. Indeed I was thoroughly worn out mentally and physically, and, when Tom joined the doctors in the request that I should go out of town to recuperate my *vis vitæ*, I reluctantly consented to leave him.

I sought the country, and one fine afternoon in the latter part of July I found myself at Lake Mahopac, having arrived the day before. A short twenty-four hours had made me feel almost myself again, although my nervous system had by no means regained its equipoise. Tempted by the glassy surface of the lake and the rich masses of verdure overhanging the shores of its two islands, I ventured forth in a little row boat, taking a fishing pole and some bait with me. Having pulled slowly out and passed behind Round Island, I headed in again, and anchored at a little distance from Grand Island. Casting my line, I lit my pipe and patiently waited for a bite, The day was warm and the wind fast asleep, miles away. A half hour drowned itself away and not a bite—not even a nibble. Wonderfully lazy and somewhat disgusted with my luck, I stretched myself out on the cushioned seat and began to muse on the subject of fish and fishermen.

Suddenly there came a crashing sound from the shore of Grand Island, a loud cry, and then a thud, as if some heavy body had fallen. I looked in that direction whence the sound had come, and saw a large object, apparently the body of a man, lying on the shingly beach, where it seemed to have fallen from a jutting mass of rocks above surprised and alarmed, I seized the oars and pulled to the spot where the object lay. My fears were well grounded, for, to my horror, I found an oldman there, bloody, and groaning with pain. When I asked him where he thought he was hurt, he pointed to his head and leg. With true "surgical instinct," I was about to rip up the leg of his pantaloons, to see if there were any broken bones, when he motioned me to stop, and said:

"Don't, please don't touch it. Take me home."

"I'll arrange the boat first, and make it a little more comfortable," I said, starting toward it.

"No, no," he cried. "I live up there," pointing to the woods behind us. "Can't you carry me?" I looked at him in amazement, for the clerk at the hotel told me that the islands were uninhabited. "Some poor devil," I thought, who is hiding from justice, or some one, perhaps who, tired of the world and its ways, lives here by himself,"

Whichever it may be, the man seemed badly hurt and in need of immediate attention. More than that, I felt a strange interest in him, and was curious to see where he lived and what manner of a man he was. Despite all my care in lifting him, he groand with the pain. He was heavy, and seemed to grow heavier with every step I took up the steep ascent., Guided by a sort of path, I labored on. About half way up I was obliged to stop and rest. In a peevish, querulous tone, he begged me to go on. Once More I started. He seemed to be made of lead. Happening to look quickly into his face, I was surprised to see that he was smiling. Perhaps it was for joy at the prospect of soon reaching home. Still I did not like it. There was something sneering and malignant about it—something cunning and devilish. At best his face was anything but prepossessing. He was apparently about sixty-five years of age. His hair originally white, was now dirty and bloodstained. His skin was dirty and wrinkled. Little ferrety eyes, with a greenish tinge of color; long, sharp nose, and a very large mouth contained a few scattered teeth, worn to the gums and blackened, completed the picture. His hands were yellow, wrinkled and dirty. The finger-nails were talon-like. His whole "make up," in fact, was by no means agreeable, and I began to regret that I had aided him. And yet how could I have refused to help a fellow being so seriously injured? I was suddenly roused by his sharp voice: "Stop. Now turn to your left."

This I did, when to my utter amazement, the green-leaved trees had vanished, and in their place stood bare trunks and leafless branches. All about us on the ground were myriads of faded leaves. Just beyond was a clearing with not a blade of grass to be seen. The bare, dry ground looked as though it had been singed. In the centre of the clearing stood an old, half-ruined castle, moss-chinked and ivied. Turret and battlement; court yard, huge gates, and a heavy, cumbersome draw-bridge were all there. I could not doubt my senses; it was real. I had stopped in my wonder and perplexity, and was gazing with open-mouthed astonishment at the old pile when I was suddenly made aware of the presence of the old man by a sharp pinch on my arm, and the words—'why don't you go on!" impatiently.

"Is that your home?" I asked, still staring in a mechanical sort of way.

"Of course it is. Why don't you go on, and not stand staring like a fool?"

"They told me at the hotel," said I moving forward, "that this island hadn't a dwelling on it, and was entirely uninhabited. I can't reconcile what I heard with what I now see."

"They seem to have been mistaken eh?" said he, with one of his develish laughs.

This time I was not mistaken. There was some hidden meaning in the laugh. Whatever it was. it gave me a very positive dislike to the old man. Having reached the shore of the moat, I asked him how we were to get across. for an answer he blew a shrill note upon a key of curious shape, and, as suddenly as if they had been waiting for us, two men in the garb of monks appeared on the other side. They let down the drawbridge with much clanking of chains and creaking of hinges. Its rheumatic joints seemed to cry out with the pain the motion occasioned them.

Carrying my burden as carefully as possible, I passed over the bridge and through the gate into the court yard. Once inside, the monkish creatures stood blinking at me. Becoming uncomfortable under their stare, and finally getting irritated, I said: "Why don't one of you gapping fools tell where to take this person; he is seriously injured?"

"Hurt! injured! Ha, ha, hi, hi," and they capered round me, laughing in shrill, discordent voices. I looked to my burden for an explanatin of this idiotic procedure, when, to my amazement, he slid from my arms and in a jiffy was laughing and dancing about me with the others. He whose leg I supposed was broken, whose head I thought gashed, and whom I thought to weak to walk, was capering about me, varying his antics with an occasional somersault. In a moment the truth flashed upon me. I could account for his request that I should not examine his leg, and his cunning, devilish smile. I had been led into a trap in a very ingenious manner. Their purpose I could not conjecture; probably robbery, possibly murder. I resolved to make my escape, if it was possible. Turning suddenly I rushed through the gate, when, to my dismay, I found the drawbridge up. And yet these cursed people were at my heels, shrieking, laughing, deriding me, tearing my clothes, pulling my hair, and cleverly dodging every blow I aimed at them.

There remained but one thing for me to do. I must cross the moat. I could swim. I rushed to its edge. Baffled again! As far as I could see, the muddy bottom of the moat swarmed with lizards and snakes, the latter with vibrile heads, shooting out their forked tongues. Still my tormentors continued their cruel sport. Thought swept along like a river. I could let the drawbridge down, if these devils could only be made to stand back. I seized a huge stick, and rushed upon them. They laughed at me. I would be revenged. They should mock me no longer. I aimed a fierce blow at my deceiver. Midway in air the stick crumbled to pieces. It was rotten. Dropping the fragment from my hand, I rushed to the bridge, followed by those devils, still howling and shrieking. I grasped the huge chain, and then with a cry of pain snatched my hands away. It was red hot. I had burned myself badly.

"Surely this must be Perdition!" I cried and was greeted with more of their derisive laughter. I turned upon them, and said, "What is it you wish I am your prisoner, and at your mercy.

"Mercy, our mercy," they jeered. Oh, if I had only brought my pistol with me. It lay on the bureau in my room at the hotel.

"Hi! there! Stop that, you fools. Bring him in!" The voice came from a window in the castle. I could not see the face. These men on the first sound of that voice, crouched like whipped dogs. They pointed to the great door of the castle. snarling and looking hate at me, and, following close upon my heels bade me enter.

Up the stairs I went, feeling as I passed through the door, that I had looked for the last time on earth and sky. They hurried me along a small dark passage to the right for a short distance, when suddenly my feet felt nothing, and I fell down, down, down, it seemed thousands of feet. Suddenly I struck something soft, and fell flat upon an immense pile of feathers. The little old man who had decoyed me to the castle, and many others looking just like him, pulled me quickly from where I had fallen, and hurried me out into the center of the apartment. It was a large, windowless apartment, lit by some fragrant preparation burning in skulls, on ledges about the room. The floor, walls and ceiling were composed of rock and clay. In the enter of the room was a large tub, about which were arranged brushes of every shape and size.

These greyheaded demons stripped me of my clothes, and raised me upon their shoulders, tossed me into the huge tub. It was half-filled with a smoking liquid. Oh! how hot it was! In a few minutes they dragged me out, stood me upon some feathers, and, dipping from the tub with their huge white-wash brushes, gave coat after coat of the hot fluid. Taking me between them, they swung me into the air. I began to dry. I felt my arms and legs straightening out, and getting stiff and immovable; so, too, my neck and body.

I tried to speak to cry out. It was useless. I only muttered something unintelligible. I could not close my eyes, and they began to pain me exceedingly. When I was perfectly dry and incapable of the least movement one of them painted on my chest, in red, No. 8,556·678, 3d series. When this had dried they put me in a dumb-waiter or elevator, just large enough for one, and shot me upward with such velocity that I could hardly hold my breath. Suddenly it stopped with a jerk that vibrated through every part of my body. It was a pleasure, that pain, for it was a certain sign of vitality. I no longer doubted that I was alive. A door opened and two old men (they all looked and dressed alike) caught me up between them and carried me into a brilliantly lighted hall. There were rows of seats, bench above bench, all occupied by men wearing black skull-caps, Upon the front of each was tastefully worked in red silk the heart and its great vessels. Upon a raised seat, fronting all these benches, (which were arranged in a semicircle) sat a man of large and commanding stature, though old and wrinkled. He had a long, grey beard, and locks of white hair stragling from beneath a skull-cap of brilliant scarlet. He struck me as being the one who had called to my captors from the window. Ranged about the room were a number of men as stiff and immovable as myself. But they seemed to be dead. A thrill of horror ran through me. They stood me up against a table in the center of the amphitheater, facing the man on the raised seat.

I wondered what end there was to be to these proceedings. All my fear seemed to have passed away, and I was posessed with an eager curiosity to know who the strange men were, and why I had been brought there.

I was soon enlightened. He of the scarlet cap addressed me:

"Your name?"

"Edward Baker" after a sharp vocal struggle.

"Your age?"

"Twenty-four."

"Occupation?"

"Medical student."

A chorous of groans greeted my last reply.

"Young man," said he of scarlet cap, "it is my duty and pleasure to explain to you fully who we are, and why you have been brought here. We are the spirits, the souls if you choose, of dead animals clothed in human flesh. Animals that have been cruelly drugged and butchered to throw light upon various physiological phenomena. We are, or rather were, dogs, cats, sheep, horses, cows, rabits, frogs, toads, and fish, that have been ruthlessly tormented and butchered by the so-called men of science, often without any definite object in view; often to simply demonstrate to a class of country bumkins aspiring to the title of Doctor in Medicine, a point in physiology that could have been equally well explained without such sacrifice. We have been cut burned, subjected to violent shocks of electricity; starved to death to prove that butter and sugar will not sustain life for a lengthened period. We have had tubes sewn into our stomach, and our gastric juce drained off to give to the physiological chemist to analyze it. We have had our intestines tied, and our kidneys extirpated, to make or break the wild ancy of an empty theorist, and then been killed to show the manner in which Rochelle salts acted. We had our nerves cut out by the inch to demonstrate the reproduction of nerve tissue. Our legs have been broken and allowed to unite at all sorts of angles to show the nature of the bony structure and the manner in which fractures united. In fact, doctors, Medical students and men of science, have taken from us the life God gave us, and, when not doing that, have taken away the pleasure of living, which is life itself. It is bad enough to hack and mutilate the dead, fashioned in the image of their maker, but worse, to torment and kill poor animals that cannot help themselves. You hurt us, did you not hear us cry out.

Within the past year, you too, have been our persecutor and destroyer, and it is given us to retaliate upon you. Upon those whom we obtain we try all manner of physiological experiments, being guided in our cruelty by the old law 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.' The rabbit whose kidneys you removed not long since and who died in the most intense agony, is here. He shall name the kind of experiment we will try upon you. Rabbit step forward and name his fate.

I was horrified beyond measure. I could not speak. I could not beg. Now I saw it all but too late.

An old greybeard came forward and handed a paper to him of the scarlet cap. Having read it carefully he addressed the assembly with: 'Brethern it is the will of our friend and fellow sufferer, so mercilessly butchered by this human being, that both his legs be broken at the thighs and that he be then poisoned with strichnia, in order that we may try our new antidote upon him. Nicotia, the native principal of tobacco, as you know is a deadly poison, and heretofore found no place in the catalogue of useful drugs. A physician in Germany has lately been using it as an efficient antidote in strychnia poisoning. We can test the truth of his statements by a careful experiment on this young man, and with both pleasure and profit to ourselves.

"Honored President and brethern," said an old man rising from his seat, "I am the dog into whose stomach this mortal put a silver tube, by cutting through my abdominal walls. He let it remain there for months, draining away my gastric juice, day by day, starving or over-feeding me at his pleasure. I speak of these things not to show you what I have suffered, but to let you see that I am not biased in what I am about to say by any desire to mitigate this man's sufferings. The success of our antidote experiment will, in a great measure, depend upon a perfectly fresh and quiesent state of the system. Breaking his legs will give rise to a certain amount of nervous shock and after-fever, and will render the experimen, if not a failure certainly less satisfactory and conclusive. Therefore, I suggest that we proceed first with the poisoning, and break the legs afterward.

Victim as I was, doomed to most certain death, I could not but admire the thouroughly scientific manner in which the old man (or dog) had spoken. The vote of the assembly being called for, they unanimously agreed with the last speaker. It was decided then to poison me with strychnine. Great God! it was too much; it was too hard. I would spit the medicine in their faces. I would starve to death rather than satisfy the fiends. Oh if I had never studied medicine, or if I had only staid away from that cursed lake! But no, it was too late—too late. My eyes were dry, glazed, and burning, like coals of fire. Perhaps they would throw pepper in them and collect the tears for analysis. Thus ran my thoughts.

The President motioned to an old man, who proved to be the druggist. He came forward and held a glass to my lips. I struggled to turn my head aside. It was useless. He poured the liquid into my mouth and tilted my head back, trying to make me swallow it. With a fierce effort I spat it out, full in his face. Ah! ha! I had the advantage of them. They could not make me swallow it.

The enraged druggist struck me in the face, and, glaring angrily at me, replenished the glass. He held my nose and tried to make me swallow the cursed fluid Again I spat it out. A murmur of surprise and dissatisfaction went round. They were baffled! Perdition! That crafty scientific dog rose again to speak. "Honorable President, I suggest that it be given to him by the hypodermic syringe."

Great Heavens! I had not thought of that. Surely I could no longer help myself. It was useless to fight against my fate. The druggist brought a little syringe about three inches in length. As a nozzle it had a golden needle perforated. Putting the hollow needle into a fresh solution of strychnine he drew the syringe full, and, piercing the skin of my arm with the golden needle, pushed in the injection. I was furious with pain and rage; yet I could not move. The mysterious varnish or glue kept me immovable. I struggled in my mind, but no movement of my limbs answered the effort of my will. The sensation was something terrible. God pity the paralyzed!

The solution of strychnine must have been a very powerful one, for in a few moments I felt it tingling through my veins. My head began to ache and throb; my bones seemed to be grinding against each other; my breath came quick, my heart seemed in a vise; spots danced before my eyes; a sudden tremor shook my frame; then a convulsive agony, and the glue fell scaling to the floor. With chattering teeth I prayed for death, but they laughed at and mocked me. The lights in the room became blurred and misty, and seemed to be dancing about madly; the faces of the old men began to grow more and more distant, and my body, but a moment before stiff and immovable, was twisted about and distorted with the most hideous convulsions. Then a blank.

When I regained consciousness there was the taste of nicotine in my mouth, my limbs were, oh, so sore, and my head seemed throbbing responses to a trip-hammer. Then I heard voices. At first they sounded distant and unintelligible. Then they became more distinct, and I could understand what was said.

"A wonderful success," said one.

"Excellent," said another.

"Didn't enjoy it much," said a third, chuckling.

"He will appreciate how we felt when the doctors and physiologists were torturing us," remarked a fourth.

"I hope the fool isn't dead," charitably remarked one of them, "for we propose to experiment upon the circulation during hanging, after we break his legs."

Great God! were they not satisfied? Had I not suffered enough already? It seemed not. I was suddenly aroused by some one's running a heated needle into my flesh.

"Now, brethren," said the president, "let us proceed at once to the second experiment." They carried me to a table, upon the edge of which were set two heavy, flat steel rings. My legs were drawn through them, and the bands screwed tight. A man grasped each leg, and gave a sudden side-wise jerk. There was a loud snap, and my limbs hung down limp and useless.

The pain was severe, but not so great as I expected it would be. But soon, the position in which the legs hung, caused the sharp end of the broken bones to cut through the muscles. I groaned. The pain became intense; I could stand it no longer, and fainted.

When I came to my senses I was laid out upon another table. Those internal scientists were attaching a sphygmograph to each wrist to register the frequency and "measure" of each pulse beat on a slip of paper. They also strapped on my chest an apparatus for noting the force and frequency of my heart-beats and the number of my respirations.

I felt resigned. I had given up all hope of life, and was glad to die, it mattered little how. They were evidently going to hang me. They raised me to a sitting posture, put the noose about my neck, and began to pull up slowly. Their science far outweighed their humanity.

I felt that I was strangling. My windpipe was in a vise. I could not breathe. I felt my face swelling and my eyes starting from their sockets. I tried to struggle but could not. They had probably give me some paralyzing drug, for struggling would have interfered with their experiment. My face burned, my head seemed about to split; my ears rang, and spots and flashes of fire danced before my eyes. It was all over; the end had come.

No! no! I suddenly gained the use of my hands. In a moment my fingers were twisted in the rope. I loosed the noose and tore it from my neck. My eyes opened.

I was lying down and in a boat. I had been fast asleep and dreaming. The cord about my neck was my fish-line, and at the other end was a three pound bass, pulling for dear life. The taste of nicotine was from my pipe, the amber mouth-piece of which I still held clutched in my teeth.

Looking at my watch I found that I had been asleep about twenty minutes. I looked toward Grand Island. There it was as green and quiet as ever.

But, heavens! what a dream. From that day to this I have never experimented on an animal.

My human conscience, in a dream, had retaliated upon my inhuman science, and yet my conscience, while I was operating on animals, had never found fault with my act.