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 XIV. | PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1879. | NUMBER 52.

THE HERALD

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	1 w.	2 w.	3 w.	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
1 sq.	$1 00	$1 50	$2 00	$3 00	$5 00	$8 00	$12 00
2 sqs.	1 50	2 00	2 75	3 25	5 00	10 00	16 00
3 sqs.	2 00	2 75	4 00	4 75	7 00	12 00	20 00
¼ col.	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00	12 00	20 00	35 00
½ col.	4 00	6 00	8 00	12 00	20 00	30 00	50 00
1 col.	6 00	10 00	12 00	20 00	30 00	50 00	80 00

All Advertising bills due quarterly.

Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Extra copies of the HERALD for sale by J. Young, at the Postoffice News Depot, Main Street.

FIRST National Bank

OF PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA,

SUCCESSOR TO

TOOTLE, BANNA & CLARK

JOHN FITZGERALD ..... President.
R. G. DOVEY ..... 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 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.

Persons wishing to send out their friends from Europe can PURCHASE TICKETS FROM US

Through to Plattsmouth.

WILLIAM HEROLD,

dealer in

DRY GOODS,
CLOTHS,
BLANKETS,
FLANNELS,
FURNISHING GOODS.

GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS.

Large stock of

BOOTS and SHOES

to be

CLOSED OUT AT COST

Notions, Queensware,

and in fact everything you can call for in the line of

General Merchandise.

CASH PAID FOR HIDES AND FURS.

All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods.

SAGE BROTHERS,

Dealers in

STOVES,

TIN WARE AS PER BILL

ETC., ETC., ETC.

One Door East of the Post-Office, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

Practical Workers in *SHEET IRON, ZINC, TIN, BRITANNIA, &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 AS REPRESENTED.

PRICES LOW DOWN.

SAGE BRS.

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.

Offer 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. LINCOLN NEBRASKA.

A. Schlegel & Bro.,

Manufacturers of

FINE CIGARS,

And dealers in

FANCY SMOKERS' ARTICLES, SMOKING and CHEWING

TOBACCO'S.

Special BRANDS and sizes of CIGARS made to order, and satisfaction guaranteed. Cigar clippings sold for smoking tobacco.

Main St. one door west of Saunders House, PLATTSMOUTH, NEB. 10ly

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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

J. L. McCREA,

DENTIST, and Homœpathic Physician. Office corner Main and 5th st's., over Herold's store, Plattsmouth, Neb. 21y

T. B. WILSON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Practices in Saunders and Cass Counties. Ashland, Nebraska. 35m6

R. B. WINDHAM,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Plattsmouth, Neb. Office—Front Room over Chapman & Smith's Drug Store. 43ly

R. R. LIVINGSTON, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

OFFICE HOURS, from 10 a. m., to 2 p. m.—Examining Surgeon for U. S. Pension.

DR. W. H. SCHILDKNECHT,

PRACTISING PHYSICIAN, will attend calls at all hours, night or day. Plattsmouth, Nebraska. Office in Chapman & Smith's Drug Store. 43ly

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.

JAMES E. MORRISON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will practice in Cass and adjoining Counties; gives special attention to collections and abstracts of title. Office with Geo. S. Smith, Fitzgerald Block, Plattsmouth, Nebraska. 17y1

D. H. WHEELER & CO.

LAW OFFICE, Real Estate, Fire and Life Insurance Agents, Plattsmouth, Nebraska. Collections, tax-papers. Have a complete abstract of titles. Buy and sell real estate, negotiate loans, &c. 15y1

J. H. HALL, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE with Dr. Livingston, South Side of Main Street, between 4th and 5th streets. Will attend calls promptly. 49y1

G. W. CLUTTER.

DENTIST.

Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

Office on Main Street over T. W. Shryock's Furniture Store. 34ly

SAM. M. CHAPMAN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

And Solicitor in Chancery. Office in Fitzgerald Block, 19y1 PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

D. H. WHEELER, E. D. STONE.

WHEELER & STONE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Plattsmouth, ... Nebraska.

CHARLES WARREN,

Tonsorial Artist.

PLATTSMOUTH.....NEBRASKA.

Place of business on Main St., between 4th and 5th streets. Shampooing, Shaving, children's hair cutting, etc. etc. 19ly

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,

LINCOLN, NEB.,

J. J. IMHOFF, - - - Proprietor.

The best known and most popular Landlord in the State. Always stop at the Commercial.

LENHOFF & BONNS,

Morning Dew Saloon!

One door east of the Saunders House. We Keep the best of

Beer, Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

43m9 Constantly on Hand.

SAUNDERS HOUSE.

J. S. GREGORY, - - - Proprietor.

Location Central. Good Sample Room. Every attention paid to guests. 43m3

PLATTSMOUTH, - - - - NEB.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

FREMONT, NEBRASKA.

FRANK PARCELL - - - Prop.

Good rooms, good board, and every thing in apple pie order. Go to the Occidental when you visit Fremont. 16y1

PLATTSMOUTH MILLS.

PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

C. REISEL, - 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.

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOPS!

JOHN WAYMAN

PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.,

Repairer of Steam Engines, Boilers, Saw and Grist Mills

GAS AND STEAM FITTINGS.

Cronghit Iron Pipe, Force and Lift Pipes, Steam Gauges, Safety-Valve Governors, and all kinds of Brass Engine Fittings, repaired on short notice.

FARM MACHINERY

F. M. COX,

MERCHANT TAILOR

Over Solomon & Nathan's Store, Main St., Between 4th and 5th.

I am prepared to do all business in my line at Living Rates, and

Satisfaction Guaranteed!

In every instance.

I WILL

WARRANT A FIT!

Or make no charge.

Call and examine goods and samples.—Good Stock of trimmings always on hand. 42m3

THE FRIEND OF ALL!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

"I had no appetite; Holloway's Pills gave me a hearty one."

"Your Pills are marvellous."

"I send for another box and keep them in the house."

"Dr. Holloway has cured my headache that was chronic."

"I gave one of your Pills to my babe for cholera morbus. The little dear got well in a day."

"My nausea of a morning is now cured.

"Your box of Holloway's Ointment cured me of boils in the head. I rubbed some of your Ointment behind the ears, and the noise has left."

"Send me two boxes; I want one for a poor family."

"I enclose a dollar; your price is 25 cents but the medicine to me is worth a dollar."

"Send me five boxes of your Pills."

"Let me have three boxes of your Pills by return mail, for Chills and Fever."

I have over 200 such testimonials as these but want of space compels me to conclude.

For Cutaneous Disorders,

And all eruptions of the skin, the Ointment is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very root of the evil.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

For sessed of the REMEDY. Every Man may be his own Doctor. It may be rubbed into the system, so as to reach any internal complaint by these means it cures Sores or Ulcers in the THROAT, STOMACH, LIVER, STONE, or other parts. It is an Infallible Remedy for BAD LEGS, BAD BREASTS, Contracted or Stiff Joints, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, and all Skin Diseases.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—None are genuine unless the signature of J. HAYNOR, 533 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, surrounds each box of Pills and Ointment. Boxes at 25 cents, 62 cents, and $1 each.

There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes. HOLLOWAY & Co., New York. 5ly

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

State Directory.

A. S. PADDOCK, U. S. Senator, Beatrice.
ALVIN SAUNDERS, U. S. Senator, Omaha.
THOS. J. MAJORS, Representative, Peru.
ALBINUS NANCE, Governor, Lincoln.
S. J. ALEXANDER, Secretary of State.
F. W. LEIDTKE, Auditor, Lincoln.
G. M. BARTLETT, Treasurer, Lincoln.
S. R. THOMPSON, Supt. Public Instruction.
F. M. DAVIS, Land Commissioner.
C. J. DILWORTH, Attorney General.
REV. C. C. HARRIS, Chaplain of Penitentiary.
DR. H. P. MATTHEWSON, Supt. Hospital for the Insane.

Supreme Court.

S. MAXWELL, Chief Justice, Fremont.
GEO. B. LAKE, Omaha.
AMASA COBB, Lincoln.

Second Judicial District.

S. B. POUND, Judge, Lincoln.
J. C. WATSON, Prosecuting Att'y, Neb. City.
W. L. WELLS, Clerk Dist. Court, Plattsmouth.

County Directory.

A. N. SULLIVAN, County Judge.
J. D. TUTT, County Clerk.
J. M. PATTERSON, County Treasurer.
R. W. BYERS, Sheriff.
G. W. FAIRFIELD, Surveyor.
G. HILDEBRAND, Coroner.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

HENRY WOLFE, Mt. Pleasant Precinct.
JAMES CRAWFORD, South Bend Precinct.
SAML RICHARDSON, Eight Mile Grove.

City Directory.

J. W. JOHNSON, Mayor.
J. M. PATTERSON, Treasurer.
J. D. SIMPSON, City Clerk.
F. P. GASS, Police Judge.
P. H. MURPHY, City Marshal.
WM. L. WELLS, Chief of Fire Dept.

COUNCILMEN.

1st Ward—ELI PLUMMER, W. J. AGNEW.
2d Ward—R. G. DOVEY, G. W. FAIRFIELD.
3d Ward—R. C. CUSHING, THOS. POLLOCK.
4th Ward—F. M. DORRINGTON, P. McCALLAN.

Postmaster—JNO. W. MARSHALL.

B. & M. R. R. Time Table.

Corrected Friday, October 18, 1878.

FOR OMAHA FROM PLATTSMOUTH.

Leaves 7:00 a. m.	Arrives 8:35 a. m.
" 2:35 p. m.	3:50 p. m.

FROM OMAHA FOR PLATTSMOUTH.

Leaves 9:50 a. m.	Arrives 11:20 a. m.
" 6:00 p. m.	7:35 p. m.

FOR THE WEST.

Leaves Plattsmouth 10:25 a. m. Arrives Lincoln, 1:20 p. m.; Arrives Kearney, 6:00 p. m. Freight leaves 9:00 a. m. Ar Lincoln 2:50 p. m.

FROM THE WEST.

Leaves Kearney, 6:22 a. m. Leaves Lincoln, 12:15 p. m. Arrives Plattsmouth, 3:30 p. m. Freight leaves Lincoln 11:20 a. m. Arrives Plattsmouth, 5:00 p. m.

GOING EAST.

Express, 6:15 a. m.
Passenger (train each day) 3:50 p. m., except Saturday. Every third Saturday a train connects at the usual time.

R. V. R. R. Time Table.

Taking Effect Monday, Nov. 4, 1878.

SOUTHWARD.

Leaves		Arrives
Hastings, 7:25 p. m.	Ayr	8:21 p. m.
	Blue Hill	8:58 p. m.
	Cowles	9:40 p. m.
	Red Cloud	10:25 p. m.

NORTHWARD.

Leaves		Arrives
Red Cloud, 4:00 p. m.	Cowles	4:51 p. m.
	Blue Hill	5:33 p. m.
	Ayr	6:20 p. m.
	Hastings	7:25 p. m.

C. B. & Q. R. R. TIME TABLE

WESTWARD.

	Express	Mail.
Leave Chicago	10 15am	10 00pm
" Mendota	1 25pm	1 40am
" Galesburg	4 45pm	4 20am
" Burlington	7 40pm	7 10am
" Ottumwa	10 00pm	10 35am
" Chariton	1 44am	2 05pm
" Creston	4 25am	5 10pm
" Red Oak	7 10am	8 00pm
Arr. Plattsmouth	9 25am	

EASTWARD.

	Express	Mail.
Leave Plattsmouth	3 50pm	5 30am
" Red Oak	8 10pm	8 55am
" Creston	10 38pm	11 15am
" Chariton	2 55am	1 45pm
" Ottumwa	5 20am	5 40pm
" Burlington	8 35am	8 40pm
" Galesburg	8 35am	11 00pm
" Mendota	12 12pm	3 35am
Arr. Chicago	3 30pm	7 00am

ONLY 27 HOURS TO ST. LOUIS by the new ROUTE recently opened via KEOKUK. PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS run from Burlington to St. Louis without change.

BY LEAVING PLATTSMOUTH AT 3:50 P. M., you arrive in St. LOUIS the next evening at 8:20, and leaving St. Louis at 5:30 A. M. you arrive in Plattsmouth 9:25 the next morning.

Compon Tickets for sale for all points North, South, East and West.

SAMUEL POWELL, Ticket Agent.
D. W. HITCHCOCK, Gen. Western Pass. Agent.
J. M. BECHTAL, Agent, Plattsmouth.

Brazilian Beautifying Favorites

MAKE OUR PERSONS AND OUR HOMES ATTRACTIVE.

Admiring Wonders of the World! Harmless, Easily Applied, and Effective.

BRAZILIAN TOILETTE—Improves, enriches and beautifies the complexion. Low and sure. 50c.
BEAUTIFUL BRAZILIAN BRILLIANS—Fine, tender, soft and velvety. Sure to please. 50c.
SPARKLING BRAZILIAN BRILLIANS—Clean, beautifies and preserves the teeth. 50c.
BRAZILIAN COSMETIC—Imparts the fairer and best hue and shade to the face. 50c.
BRAZILIAN HOUSEHOLD SOAP—Unequaled for family cleanly and healthy use. 50c.
BRAZILIAN TOILETTE SOAP—The Queen of the Laundry—Pure and lasting. 50c.
BRAZILIAN BILLIARD SOAP—Lasting, Pure, Fragrant—Lasts for months. 50c.
BRAZILIAN OIL—Restores the hair and beautifies. Sure to please. 50c.
BRAZILIAN SELF-ACTING STOVE POLISH—Lasts for months—Saves time, labor and temper. 10c.
BRAZILIAN LIQUID GLOSS—For furniture, carriages, and all classes of paints and varnishes. Sure to please. 10c.
BRAZILIAN ROYAL PASTE—Unequaled for polishing metals. Ready to use. Sure to please. 10c.
BRAZILIAN ROYAL SHOE POLISH—Lasts for months. Sure to please. 10c.
BRAZILIAN ROYAL BLACKING—Lasts for months. Sure to please. 10c.
BRAZILIAN ROYAL CEMENT—Mends anything and everything. Sure to please. 10c.
BRAZILIAN ROYAL INK—Best in the world. Sure to please. 10c.
BRAZILIAN ROYAL BLUE—Best in the world. Sure to please. 10c.
BRAZILIAN ROYAL CARMINE—Best in the world. Sure to please. 10c.
BRAZILIAN ROYAL MUCILAGE—Best in the world. Sure to please. 10c.
BRAZILIAN ROYAL PENCILS—Best in the world. Sure to please. 10c.
BRAZILIAN ROYAL PEN—Best in the world. Sure to please. 10c.

For sale by CHADWICK & SNYDER, Plattsmouth, and other first class dealers everywhere.

To Hoosiers in Nebraska.

Former residents of Indiana now living in the West, desiring to obtain the news from their old Hoosier Home, should at once subscribe for the best of all the weekly papers,

The Northern Indianian.

GEN. REUB. WILLIAMS, Editor and Prop.

Without a doubt THE NORTHERN INDIANIAN is the best weekly paper published within the borders of Indiana. It is a large forty-column folio—the largest in this county—and each number is filled to repletion with Indiana News, Editorials on every subject, Choice Fragments of History, Select Miscellany, and letters from its own correspondents in the East and West. The great size of THE NORTHERN INDIANIAN enables it to furnish its readers with a splendid Continued Story, in addition to the large amount of Miscellaneous Reading matter, and it is conceded by every one to be the best paper published in the old Hoosier State. In the first number of the year 1879, will be commenced a new story entitled,

ROXIE, A TALE OF THE HARRISON CAMPAIGN.

By the Rev. Edward Eggleston, author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Circuit Rider," etc., the text of which is laid in Indiana, and which will for compass may rule published in a western Journal.

At the beginning of the new year THE INDIANIAN will print a monster Double Sheet Holiday Number, which will be the

LARGEST PAPER EVER PRINTED IN AMERICA. This double number will be sent to regular subscribers the same as its usual issue, but single copies of this special issue will be sent on receipt of ten cents.

THE TERMS OF THE INDIANIAN ARE:

Three months (on trial) ..... $ 50
Six months 1 00
One year 2 00

Address GEN. REUB. WILLIAMS, INDIANIAN BUILDING, WARSAW, IND. 33-tf.

My Ship.

When my ship comes over the ocean,
What wonderful things you will see,
'Twill be freighted with every treasure,
And all will be coming to me.

The gales have been blowing so fiercely,
The dark waters dashing so high,
That my vessel lay out in the offing,
Awaiting the soft zephyr's sigh.

Sometimes, in the gloaming I've waited,
With my eyes looking over the sea,
And wondered if, out of the darkness,
A message was coming to me.

But now, with the tempest well over,
And the summer skies all in a glow,
The Pilot has hoisted his signal,
And my treasures are coming, I know.

With hope my proud vessel is freighted,
And loved ones, oh, many a score,
And velvets, and jewels, and laces,
And volumes of wonderful lore.

There's a home over there on the hillside,
I'll purchase with some of my gold,
And I'll deck it with vines, and sweet flowers,
Whose beauties shall never grow old.

I'll store it with earth's choicest treasures,
I'll gather my friends to my side,
And, out of my numberless blessings,
I'll give to the poor far and wide.

No more, then, I'll sit in the twilight,
And look far away o'er the ica,
And sigh for the gleam of the white sails,
Of my ship coming over the sea.

—Mrs. Wood White.

A MOTHER'S HOPE.

BY G. R. GRESHAM.

It was early morning. Little by little the tide was sliding from the Yorkshire coast, leaving behind it long lines of creamy foam, which glistened for a moment in the sunlight and then were gone. Already the night-mists had risen from the sea; every moment deepened the rich azure of the zenith; and the long track of sunlight which gleamed from the horizon to the limits of the wet sands, kept ever spreading as the sun rose higher, leaping from crest to crest of the blue billows, and from sail to sail of the little fishing-smacks that lay off the coast, till the whole sea and shore exulted in the splendors of the new day. Who could play the sluggard on such a morning? I, at all events, found it impossible to lie past sunrise, and I had already enjoyed a stroll of nearly two hours along the shore, when the importunate suggestions of an excellent appetite warned me that it was time to return for breakfast. Accordingly I was toiling over the ugly mounds of sand, anxious to reach the hard road as soon as possible, when I was astonished by the sight of a little child lying fast asleep in the midst of a cluster of sea-wheat, which grew here pretty thickly. In one of its hands was clasped a piece of sea-weed, which had apparently served it in place of those india-rubber rings upon which children of a higher station in life are wont to exercise their gums. The child before me evidently belonged to some fisherman's wife, for its clothes, though clean, were extremely primitive in their construction, suggesting here and there a judicious utilization of old pieces of canvas. As I stood bending over it in great surprise, the little creature awoke, and smiled upon me with the bonniest pair of hazel eyes that I had ever seen. What was the child doing here? I turned to look around, and soon perceived, at a little distance, a woman engaged in catching sand-eels. I knew this must be her occupation, for she was bending over the still wet sand and turning it up with an instrument like a large fork, which now and then sent quite a number of the little silvery fishes leaping into the air to be captured and used for bait. It was not long before the woman observed me, and at once came running up, looking rather frightened, and evidently anxious about her child. She herself was a striking picture. She was very young, and of a dark complexion. Her features were positively handsome in their regularity, and this, together with her long, bare neck, and the manner in which her masses of rich brown hair were done up behind her head, gave her a most attractive appearance.

"Are you not afraid to leave your baby alone here?" I asked.

"Who would hurt him?" she replied, smiling sweetly as she looked down at the beautiful child, who seemed to be listening attentively to the conversation.

"Certainly any one would be very hard hearted who could do harm to the little thing," I said, in a meditative tone. "I suppose you often leave it like this?"

"Yes, every day," she replied. Her tones were as simple as those of a child, and the half timid curiosity with which she kept regarding me, had something strangely interesting.

"And I suppose its father is a fisherman? is he out fishing now?"

The young woman's brow lowered for a moment, and a look of sadness settled upon her face.

"He is a long way off," she replied, shaking her head. "It is a year since I saw him. He went away before baby was born."

"And don't you know where he is?"

She shook her head.

"He will come back soon," she said, and then nodding a good morning to me, she picked up the child and walked back to her baskets on the sands.

I could not help feeling strangely interested in her and the child. I felt that there must be some mystery about them; but she was evidently unwilling to talk about it. So I turned and walked home thoughtfully. After breakfast I again strolled out, and walked purposely past a long row of fishermen's cottages, hoping that I might discover something more about the young mother. Accordingly I was very pleased, when all at once I saw her issue from a cottage door, carrying her baby, and go up the street. I waited till she was out of sight, and then knocked and entered the little house. I found only one old woman inside, but everything was perfectly clean and in beautiful order. Addressing the old woman, I led the talk as well as I could to the subject of my morning's adventure. When I asked her who the young mother was, she shook her head and sighed.

"Eh, sir, she is my daughter," she replied. "She had a sad shock about a year ago, and I'm afraid she'll never be right again." Here she tapped her forehead significantly. "Her husband, poor man, was a fisherman, as stout and hearty a young fellow as you could wish to see; but he was drowned one night in a storm off the shore. We never found his body, but we found that of his mate. And poor Mary would never believe he was drowned, and she won't yet; but she always says that he'll come back soon and see the little bairn. It was born just after its father was lost, and the poor lass can't think but that he'll come to see it one of these days. It goes to my heart to have to tell her that he can't ever come, poor lass; she always laughs in her strange way, and says that I shall see."

Here the poor woman wiped a tear from her cheek, and turned to busy herself with some household work, unable to talk on the subject any more. It was indeed a sad tale, and her simple but heartfelt manner of telling it affected me extremely.

I stayed for nearly a month after this at the little watering-place, and frequently called to see poor Mary and her mother. One morning, it was that before the day on which I left, I went into the cottage early, and found the little family in great excitement. The postman had just left a letter for the girl; and, as neither she nor her mother could read, I was asked to open it and read it to them. This I did gladly enough, noticing with some astonishment that the letter was from China.

"Who's it from? who's it from?" they both cried eagerly. "Look at the end first, and see who it's from."

I looked and read the signature: "James Patterson."

"It's Jemmie! it's Jemmie!" cried Mary, almost frantic with delight. "I told you, mother! He's coming to see the little bairn! I told you he'd come!"

The old woman could not speak for surprise; so I began at once and read the letter. It opened with a reference to a letter which had been sent from London a long time ago, hoping that it had been safely received; and then went on to tell how the writer had safely arrived in port in China, and was shortly to set sail home again. This, with an abundance of kindly and affectionate words, was all the news the letter contained.

"Didn't you receive the letter from London that he mentions?" I asked.

"No, no," they replied, "we never had any letter."

How strange it all seemed! Here was the dead come to life again, and yet no explanation given of the wonder. Of course it had all been contained in the lost letter. And the poor girl's half-crazy presentiment was to be fulfilled, after all, it seemed. Sympathizing deeply with the joy of the little household, I now withdrew, leaving them to spread the news among their friends and neighbors. I would gladly have stayed longer in the town, in hope of hearing the end of the story; but my vacation was at an end, and, unwillingly enough, I left on the following day.

It was not till a year after that I returned, and my first thought was to visit my old friends. As I entered the cottage I was met by a tall fine looking young fellow, who had more the air of a regular sailor than a coast fisherman. I soon discovered that it was Mary's husband. The two women recognized me at once, and, sitting down in the midst of them I heard the end of the little romance; and I now tell it in my own words.

Several months passed away after the receipt of the letter which I had read, and nothing more was heard. The stout hearts of the two women would have borne this delay with ease, had it not been for one circumstance. The little child had somehow or other taken a severe cold, and notwithstanding every care its health grew worse day by day. The poor mother grieved terribly over the loss which seemed to threaten her. All day long, and day after day, she would sit by the side of the little bed on which her treasure lay, looking with eager eyes that overflowed with motherly love, to try and discern some slight trace of an improvement. Every day it grew visibly weaker, though it seldom cried, or showed signs of pain; and the little hazel eyes gleamed with a strange brightness as they looked out from beneath the almost transparent lids.

"Mother," said Mary often, drying the tears which now so often fell upon her paling cheek, "Jemmie will not be long, will he? I know he cannot be long. He *must* come before baby—" and her sobs choked her utterance; she could not speak the last word.

Her mother did all she could to comfort her; often inspiring hopes for which she, poor woman, could find no place in her own heart.

"If its father can only see his bairn," said Mary, always, "I shall be happy. He must come soon."

And so the golden season passed; the bright sunny days became less and less frequent; at night the thick cold mists lay heavily upon the sea, and the breakers roared sullenly all down the Yorkshire coast. Not infrequently the great winds rose and lashed the ocean into fury, and then there were more wrecks, more hopeless longings for those who had gone forth never to return, more widowed wives and fatherless children.

It was on such a night, when the waves thundered upon the shore, and the fierce rain lashed the rattling windows, that Mary and her mother were kneeling beside the child's bed, thinking that every moment the little sufferer would cease to breathe. For two days it had lain insensible, and only the quick eye of motherly love could see signs of life in the motionless little body. For a long time no word had been spoken. Suddenly the women were aroused by a loud knock at the door.

Mary rose and opened it, and a tall man's figure entered the house quickly. The girl looked at his face for a moment, uttered a loud cry, and fell fainting in his arms. It was her husband.

In a few moments she was revived. Instantly remembering her position, she seized the strong man's arm and drew him to the bedside.

"Jemmie, Jemmie!" she cried, "thank God you have come! Look at your bairn! No, no; it is not dead—I know it is not dead! It is still alive—it has waited for you to see it. Kiss it, Jemmie, before it goes!"

The tears fell fast from the man's eyes as he stooped and pressed his lips upon the child's forehead. He felt that it was icy cold.

"Mary, my lass," he said, sobbing like a child, "it is dead! it is dead!"

Mary bent over the body for a moment; when she raised her head again she was calm.

"Jemmie," she whispered, "I think it was not dead when you kissed it. That was all I wanted. I knew you would come in time to see the bairn."

Then the tears came to the relief of the poor mother, and she wept in silence.

The story of the man's disappearance was soon told. He had been rescued from the waves on the morning after the storm by a steamer bound from Newcastle to London, and had been carried on to its destination. From London he wrote a letter, explaining what had happened. The letter had somehow never been delivered. He had no money to return from London to his home, and meeting with a number of sailors, he was induced to get a place on a merchant vessel sailing for China, partly from necessity; partly in hope of earning a good sum of money. The voyage there and back had been a long one, and he had only just reached home in time to see the child's death. This had the mother's hope, held in the face of every discouragement, been at last fulfilled.

Weather Report.

FEB'Y 1879.

Mean temperature ..... 21 1°
Lowest mean temperature, on the 13th 2½
Highest mean temp're on the 24th 47¼
Highest temperature on the 24th 63
Lowest temperature on the 14th ..... 15 b.

The mercury fell from 63° on the 24th at 2 p.m. to 12° 40 the morning of the 25th, a difference of 45°. The greatest variation previously noticed in the same time is 47°.

Two snow storms, on the 16th and 22th.
Depth of snow ..... 8¾ in
" " melted snow ..... ½ in
Two clear days.

FOR THE THREE WINTER MONTHS.

Dec. 1878 and Jan'y and Feb'y 1879.

Mean temperature for three months ..... 19° 4'
Lowest mean temp're on Jan'y 21 ..... 2° b.
Depth of snow ..... 13½ in.
" " melted snow ..... 1¼ in.
Mean temperature for the corresponding months of the previous year ..... 33° 2'

Cyclopedia of Literature.

The new eight volume ACME EDITION OF CHAMBER'S CYCLOPEDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE is meeting with the largest sale which has probably ever been given to a work having only high literary merit and nothing of the sensational. A second edition of 5,000 copies of volume 2 is announced as nearly all sold within one month after issue of the first edition.

Volume 2 just ready, gives the history and epitome of our literature, from the "golden age" of Queen Elizabeth to 1700, giving in its 416 beautiful pages biographies of and choice selections from the writings of all noted authors of that period, among which are Lord Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, Burton, Bishop Hall, John Knox, Milton, Dryden, Jeremy Taylor, and others. The work is of such well-known excellence that every person of literary taste possesses or desires to possess some edition of it. This edition is complete in eight handy volumes, excellent in typography, paper and binding, revised to date, and sold at prices so low, that a common question which the publishers have to answer is, "whether the price is for each volume or for the entire work?" It is sold only to subscribers direct, the large discount usually given to dealers and agents, being allowed to the subscribers instead. The publishers make special inducements to early purchasers, the eight volumes complete, being sent prepaid, to those who subscribe before March 15th, in paper, for $4.75, in cloth, $5.50, or in half morocco, gilt top, $8. Specimen pages are sent free on request, or a specimen volume for examination, with privilege of purchase of the remainder, for nominal prices; in paper, 50 cents; cloth, 65 cents; half morocco, gilt top, 50 cents. AMERICAN BOOK EXCHANGE, Publishers, 55 Beekman Street, New York.

A specimen volume in cloth can be seen at the office of this paper, and those who desire can add their names to a club which will soon be forwarded.

Owing to the great success of the aquarium at Naples, arranged by Dr. Anton Dohrn and Mr. Lloyd, Prof. S. Lovin, of the scientific academy of Stockholm, has sent to England, Dr. H. Theal, of Upsala, to consult Mr. Lloyd about a similar institution to be erected with government aid on the west coast of Sweden.

What German Soldiers Eat.

German soldiers have their fare greatly varied and improved without adding to its cost, as witness the bill of fare for one week: Sunday—broth, roast beef and potatoes, with onion sauce. Monday, breakfast, thickened soup; dinner, pork, potatoes and peas. Tuesday, breakfast, semolina broth; dinner, oatmeal gruel, beef, potatoes, and cabbage. Wednesday, breakfast, thickened soup; dinner, vegetable soup, meat, potatoes, and beans. Thursday, breakfast, semolina broth; dinner, rice, broth, beef, and fried potatoes. Friday, breakfast, thickened soup; dinner, fried bacon, potatoes and peas. Saturday, breakfast, semolina broth; dinner, oatmeal gruel, beef, potatoes, and cabbage.

Our Brother John.

The Chinese question is so many sided, and each side presents such well founded claims for favorable consideration that it is very hard to decide what is right to do in the matter. It certainly is very humiliating to us who have spilled the blood of our sons and brothers to rid the land of slavery, to have it spring up phœnix like under the protection of Chinese emigration companies. And it is perfectly true that coolies brought over by these firms, are as much subject to them, and are compelled to serve them as faithfully as ever the blacks did their masters. These institutions should be voted out, for their existence is a national disgrace. The question is, has not the Government gone at the matter in a back handed way, and does not the Chinese bill seem to be pointed more towards the Chinese, than those who deal in their flesh and blood? It may be necessary to impose rigid restrictions on vessel owners, but should not this traffic, in humanity carried on by these companies be declared illegal, and all discovered engaged in it hereafter, subjected to the severest penalties? Without assistance from these organizations, the lowest class of Chinese *cannot* come here. Those who can *live* in their own country *will not come* in any considerable numbers. The emaciation of these concerns, means therefore an immense diminution of the number of coolies who set their faces towards our shores.

We were very anxious for Chinese trade and we have it—and the coolies to boot. The first we are anxious to retain the second we have pronounced an unmitigated nuisance. Can we rid ourselves of one and keep the other—and do not the advantages and disadvantages balance?

It is asserted that John will not bring his wife here and manifests no interest in our institutions or any desire to become one of us. He has had indeed, small reason to do so, for he has been a very Esau whose "hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him," more particularly the latter. It hardly seems as if we could let all the rest of God's creation into America and shut John out, and yet, what to do with him is a puzzle. He certainly has some very objectionable features. Are we not more in the habit of looking at his faults than his virtues, and in short, is not our national conscience pricking us a little over this bill.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From Afton.

March 8th, 1879.

As intimated in my last a great many cattle have died, mostly up the Republican and Platte rivers, some of the heavy stock men estimate their loss at 25 per cent. Are having very fine weather now, grass has started, so that cattle get quite a taste. Some of our old time settlers are returning, say this is the place to live in, after all. Health good. New saw and grist mill now running within eight or ten miles of us. Yours etc.,

E. S. CHILD.

From Avoca.

March 12th, 1879.

ED. HERALD:—Weather is very fine for the farmers, I see that all are earnestly "Making hay while the sun shines." There will be a large acreage of small grain sown in this Precinct. I hear good reports from the grass wheat as a winter wheat. Farmers are beginning to think the fates will yet be kind to them.

The oldest inhabitant predicts a dry Spring. I hope his glass is smoked.

I notice the people wear faces more cheerful since corn took a rise.

The Literary Society at this place indefinitely adjourned last night Spring's work put in an appearance and to him must all give heed. The drawbacks, mentioned in a letter to you from this place, were removed soon after and the Society had a fine record for its closing meeting.

Amos Tefft, father of O. Tefft, lent us a helping hand and presided at our meetings. As he was a Justice of the Peace the bad boys feared and kept silent.

The Society had a discussion of the "Prohibition Law" and decided that we have no use for said law. This discussion came near rousing the "Irish" of several of the Debaters.

The President was also severely condemned of vetoing the Chinese Bill.

What is the matter with Weeping Water Falls or is it due to your reporter there? They played a fine game of "Now you see it,' and now you don't see it," over "Ten nights in a Bar-room." The speech by Sen. Tipton caught a cold or—something, and—well - what is the matter anyway? People at a distance begin to be cautious.

Senator Tefft, at home, does not seem to be in the best of health. We do not see his honor in the fields any more. He seems to think Law-Making rather wearing on a man physically as well as mentally.

Mr. S. S.