THE HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
—AT—
PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

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NEBRASKA HERALD.

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

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THE HERALD.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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ISAAC WILES, Plattsmouth Precinct.
JAMES CRAWFORD, South Bend Precinct.

Parties having business with the County Commission, will find them in session the First Monday and Tuesday of each month. 43tf

City Directory.

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J. M. PATTERSON, Treasurer.
J. D. SIMPSON, City Clerk.
RICHARD VAN ANTWERP, Police Judge.
W. D. JONES, Chief of Police.
F. E. WHITE, Chief of Fire Dept.

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2d Ward—G. W. FAIRFIELD, J. V. WECKBACH.
3d Ward—D. MILLER, THOS. POLLOCK.
4th Ward—P. McCALLAN, C. S. DAWSON.

Postmaster—JNO. W. MARSHALL.

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BRICK! BRICK!
If you want any
Fire or Ornamental Brick,
Call on
J. T. A. HOOVER,
LOUISVILLE, - - NEBRASKA.

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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.
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PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.
First class Lodging Rooms.
First Class Boarding.
Good Sample Rooms
Everything and every comfort
A Good Hotel can Furnish
Also, Good Wines, Good Beer, Good Liquors, Good Lemonade, Good Cigars,
Kept at the City Hotel.
14ly FRED. GOOS, Proprietor

MORRIS O'ROURKE.
once more comes forward with an entire new
FALL & WINTER
Stock of the finest Piece Goods ever brought into Plattsmouth!!
EVERY GARMENT CUT IS
WARRANTED to FIT
Hundreds go there and they are
ALWAYS SUITED.
Shop opposite the Court House. Give him a call and examine for yourselves. 48tf

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. National Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo. 51t13

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address, STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 49ely

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

Taking Effect May 15, 1881.

FOR OMAHA FROM PLATTSMOUTH.
Leaves 6:50 a. m. Arrives 8:35 a. m.
2:45 p. m. " 4:15 p. m.
FROM OMAHA FOR PLATTSMOUTH.
Leaves 8:05 a. m. Arrives 10:05 a. m.
" 7:00 p. m. " 9:00 p. m.

FOR THE WEST.

Leaves Plattsmouth 9:20 a. m. Arrives Lincoln, 12:05 p. m.; Arrives Kearney, 7:40 p. m. Freight leaves at 9:20 a. m. and at 8:10 p. m. Arrive at Lincoln at 4:55p. m. and 2:00 a. m.

FROM THE WEST.

Leaves Kearney, 5:30 a. m. Leaves Lincoln, 1:00 p. m. Arrives Plattsmouth, 3:30 p. m. Freight leaves Lincoln at 12:05 p. m. and 6:40 p. m. Arrives at Plattsmouth at 5:35 p. m. and 11:55p. m.

GOING EAST.

Passenger trains leave Plattsmouth at 7:00 a. m., 8:05 a. m., 5:40 p. m. and arrive at Pacific Junction at 7:30 a. m., 8:30 a. m. and 4:10 p. m.

FROM THE EAST.

Passenger trains leave Pacific Junction at 8:30 a. m., 6:45 p. m., 10:00 a. m. and arrive at Plattsmouth at 9:00 a. m., 7:15 p. m. and 10:30 a. m.

C. V. R. R. Time Table.

Taking Effect Sunday, December 5, 1880.

WEST.	STATIONS.	EAST.
5:15pm	HASTINGS.	12.10am
6:35	AVOCA.	11:05
7:25	BLUE HILL.	10:30
8:20	COWLES.	9:20
8:55	AMBOY	8:25
9:40	RED CLOUD.	8:00
10:15	INAVALE.	6:35
10:55	RIVERTON.	5:10
11:40	FRANKLIN.	5:10
12:10pm	BLOOMINGTON.	4:45
12:35	NAPONEE	4:10
1:20	REPUBLICAN	3:40
1:50	ALMA	2:55
2:25	ORLEANS	2:25
2:50		1:45
3:50	OXFORD	12:50am
5:00	ARAPAHOE	11:40

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF PLATTSMOUTH MAILS.

ARRIVES.		DEPARTS.
7.30 p. m.	EASTERN.	7.00 a. m.
9.30 a. m.		3.00 p. m.
8.00 a. m.	WESTERN.	8.50 a. m.
3.30 p. m.		6.15 p. m.
11.00 a m	NORTHERN.	3.00 p. m
7.30 p. m.	SOUTHERN.	7.00 a. m
10.30 a m.	OMAHA.	7.45 a. m.
7.30 p. m.		2.00 p. m.
11.00 a m.	WEEPING WATER.	1.00 p. m
11.00 a m.	FACTORYVILLE.	1.00 p. m

Nov. 10, 1880. J. W. MARSHALL, P. M.

FIRST
National Bank
OF PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

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

THE
WEEPING WATER BANK
OF REED BROS.
This Bank is now open for the transaction of a
GENERAL
Banking Exchange Business.
DEPOSITS
Received, and Interest allowed on Time Certificates.
DRAFTS
Drawn, and available in the principal towns and cities of the United States and Europe.
Agents for the celebrated
Hamburg Line of Steamers.
Purchase your tickets from us,
Through from Europe to any Point in the West.
REED BROS., [21.f] Weeping Water, Neb.

UNION STORE!
—AT—
Eight Mile Grove, Neb.
—BY—
WALTER JENKINS
Having opened a New Store at the above I call attention to my stock, and ask the patronage of my friends and the Public in general.
Dry Goods, Groceries
Tinware & Woodenware
and General Goods of all sorts.
CHEAP AND GOOD
Call and see our Stock before going elsewhere.
34ly WALTER JENKINS.

NEW HARDWARE STORE.
J. S. DUKE
Has just opened an entire new stock of hardware, on
MAIN STREET
Next door west of Chapman & Smith's Drug Store.
A Full Line of
SHELF HARDWARE,
SHOVELS, RAKES, SPADES and ALL GARDEN TOOLS.
NAILS, NAILS, NAILS, by the Keg or Pound.
ROPE, POWDER, SHOT, GRIND STONES,
WHEEL-BARROWS.
A Full Line of CUTLERY.
Special Rates to Builders and Contractors.
All goods sold as low as they possibly can be and live. 41y

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DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, Philadelphia Pa.

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DEALER IN
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ETC., ETC., ETC.,
Of All Descriptions.
METALLIC BURIAL CASES
WOODEN COFFINS
Of all sizes, ready made and sold cheap for cash
MY FINE HEARSE

IS NOW READY FOR SERVICE.
With many thanks for past patronage, I invite all to call and examine my
LARGE STOCK OF
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Musical Instruments,
Sole Appointing Agent for
The Unrivalled Mason & Hamlin
CABINET ORGANS.
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SAMPLE INSTRUMENTS
at office. Leonard's Art Gallery, Main St.
PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.
Music Scholars
Will do well to examine our
New Mason & Hamlin
ORGAN INSTRUCTOR

FIRST NATIONAL BAKERY.
Central Block, Corner Main and Sixth Streets.
Bakery, Confectionery and Restaurant.
Meals prepared at all hours. Parties supplied with Suppers, Wedding and Festival Cakes made to order in the handsomest style. Ice Cream furnished for Suppers, &c. at private houses during the season.
Private Rooms for Club Suppers.
Fresh Bread every day at Stadelmann's, Plattsmouth.
Fresh Oysters on hand, in Every Style
26y1.

MONARCH BILLIARD HALL!
In the basement of Merges' Store,
PLATTSMOUTH, - - - NEBRASKA.
One door east of the P. O.
Rooms Newly Fitted up With
NEW MONARCH TABLES.
Cigars & Temperane Drinks
On hand at the counter.
It is a wide and spacious Hall; plenty of room for players and seats for visitors.
ED. OLIVER, Manager. P. B. MURPHY, Prop. 11tf

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[Successor to SAGE BROTHERS.]
Dealer in
STOVES,
TINWARE, SHEET IRON, ZINC
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At the old Stand opposite the new Hotel
PUMPS, GAS-FITTING,
ALSO
Making & Repairing Done.

HURRAH
THE OLD BUTCHER

A. G. HATT
JUST OPENED AGAIN,
New, Clean, First Class Meat Shop,
on Main Street Corner of 5th, Plattsmouth
Everybody on hand for fresh, tender meat.
28y1.06

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.
To all whose occupations cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, a Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, being without intoxicating.
No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.
$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer yourself or allow your friends to suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.
Remember, Hop Bitters is not a vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "TRAVELLER'S FRIEND" and no person or family should be without them.
D.I.C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.

IMPORTANT!

We shall sell for the next 60 days regardless of cost our stock of

Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Hats, &c., Groceries, Furniture.

We are Holding out some Real Inducements to close

CASH buyers; and to convince you that we mean business you can call and examine for yourself, and we shall consider it a pleasure to show you through our various departments.

GREAT RED STORE.

Plattsmouth, - - - - Nebraska.

The Sergeant Tells of the Rebel Mail.

BY EDWARD S. CREAMER.

'Twas an evening fine in Richmond,
When the war was sometime o'er,
Where we gathered to be mustered
Out of arms which long we bore,
That the surgeant told this story
To some men of Sixty-three,
Who were waiting, with the others,
To be paid off and be free:

"'Twas I think within the summer,
Or the fall of Sixty-two,
The general learned a rebel mail
O'er the southern line was due;
And that more had gone before it
Telling of our works and force—
All our weak points of defenses—
Very kind to them, of course.
"But the General thought he'd stop it,
So he sent for me himself,
And a number of the Rifles—
Two I know were Schnepp and Self;
And he told us o'er the river
We should go about twilight—
'Twas the Nansmond, not far up—
And watch over there all night.

"Well, we watched there alertly,
Till I heard a muffled oar,
And I had to wake up John, there,
For he had a loud-toned snore,
And I feared that they might hear it
Ere they brought the boat to land—
But we captured them quite handy,
A most curious mixed-up band.

"We got uniforms and gewgaws—
Intended, we then found,
For some officers in their army—
And we emptied on the ground
All their bags and all their parcels,
Though no letters could we see,
But a female of their number
Stepped aside to speak to me.

"She was very full of favor,
Had a pair of coal black eyes;
And a way of taking long breaths
That somehow did me surprise;
'Have you not a married man, sir?'
Ah, her voice was tremulous here—
'If so I'd like bespeak him, sir,
For I am not well, I fear.'

"'Mong our small but gallant party—
What young men are we to-day—
Just one only had been married,
And that one was Harry May.
She told him with rare modesty,
That well with her sex accords,
That she was the way that ladies be
That only love their lords.

That night we brought her, with the rest,
To our camp in peace to stay;
Where all were given a chance to sleep,
But no chance to steal away.
The next day she was delivered—
Of a child?—Don't spoil the tale—
By a woman, in a pillow,
There was found the Rebel Mail!

This happened in Virginia during the war in '62. Corby was the sergeant and Labaugh was John, of Co. E, 1st Mounted Rifles, N. Y. A part of the spoils was a uniform for Gen. Mahone, new Senator. We print this for the benefit of the old Mounted Rifle boys.

What our Exchanges Say.

An addition is to be built to the Deaf Mute Asylum at Omaha.

Senator Saunders will deliver the address at the Hall county fair.

Fifteen hundred sheep were shipped from Kane Co., Ill., to Belvidere, Thayer Co.

George Jones and Wm. Sims section hands on the railroad near Alexandria brutally killed a German named Taur in a slight quarrel.

Hebron Journal: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ashby, are now located at Wymore, editing the Reporter of that place. Mrs. Ashby is business manager and Mr. Ashby is editor.

A Mr. Wood, from near Long Pine brought a load of wool to Neligh on Wednesday which he sold to B. B Willey at 21 cts per lb. The load contained 2724 lbs. and amounted to the neat little sum of $572.04. That was a load worth drawing.—Neligh Republican.

Hebron Journal: A recent visit to Hubbell impressed a Journal representative very strongly with the fact that that magic and enterprising city in embroyo, is one of the best towns along the Republican Valley railroad. It has an air of comfort, thrift and business, and shows constant development.

The Train Robbers.

[Chicago News.]

A TALK WITH WILLIAM PINKERTON AND R. R. CABLE ABOUT THE FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLAR REWARD.

The $50,000 reward offered yesterday by the State of Missouri, for the capture of the bandits that have for the past ten years made the southwestern portion of that State a region of terror, has inspired the waning confidence of the man-hunters of this city, and it is rumored to-day that a strong and secret organization is about to be effected and will shortly leave for the Kansas border.

On being questioned as to the truth of the rumor, William Pinkerton said: "I think there is a party of Sheriffs or detectives to leave from here, but the State of Missouri can get no good men to work for rewards. They will never catch the James boys, or any other part of the gang, until they engage competent men and pay them a salary and expenses."

"Have you any men at present engaged in the case?"

"No, we don't have anything to do with it. We don't work for reward. Men are not going to jeopardise their lives and spend their time and money, working for a reward without any assurance of success."

R. R. Cable, Vice-President and General Manager of the Rock Island road, was interrogated in regard to what measures that corporation intended to take toward capturing the brigands. He said: "The company will leave nothing undone to effect their capture. Arrangements are being perfected for a thorough hunt, and the company has entered heartily into the project."

"Have you engaged any men at present besides offering a share of the big reward?"

"Not that I know of. I have not heard from the Kansas City Department, yet."

The Alton and Iron Mountain folks are also up in arms having several old scores to settle with the bandits, and from the appearance of things it seems that a hot hunt is about to be inaugurated.

WHAT IT HAS BEEN.

FROM BOSTON TO CHICAGO $5.

Yesterday's Cut in Passenger Rates—Prospects of Free Trip West.

"What is the rate to Chicago today?" Passenger Agent Carpenter of the Pennsylvania Railroad was asked late yesterday afternoon.

"It opened at $9 with us, and about mid-day dropped to $8.50. I have a scout out now, and if he reports any cutting below that rate we shall meet it. The great cut to-day has been made between Boston and Chicago. The Grand Trunk of Canada has reduced its rate to $5, and the Boston and Albany has followed it in the reduction."

"Will that break the New York rate to $5?"

"It may; but not necessarily. The tickets are rebate tickets—the buyer paying $15, and having $10 refunded to him at Chicago. If we meet the rate over our route from Boston to Chicago via New York, we will sell only ironclad rebate tickets, making the purchaser sign here and again at Chicago before he can get the rebate."

The other roads had also reduced their rates to Chicago to $8.50. "We opened this morning at $10," said the New York Central agent, "but afterwards dropped to $9, and then to $8.50. The rate to Cincinnati is now $8, and to St. Louis $13.75. Nothing definite seemed to be known at the regular offices about the cut in the northern routes from Boston, but it was agreed that there was no telling yet when bottom will be reached or how the war would be ended.

The ticket brokers, as usual, undersold the regular offices yesterday. Lansing, at 397 Broadway, said: "The Pennsylvania led the way in cutting to-day, and we keep about 50 cents below its rates. We can undersell the Pennsylvania all the time, and can do it on their own tickets, too. There will be another cut to-morrow, but I don't see how the roads here can meet the Boston $5 rate. The fare by boat from Boston here is $4, and by rail $5 and the roads have to pay these rates to their connections. If the Pennsylvania reduces its tickets from Boston to Chicago to $5, it will simply be carrying passengers from New York to Chicago free."—Sun.

Coverlets from Milk-Weed Down.

Last summer, being in the country in the season when the pods became ripe, I put into execution a project that I had formed some time before but had not been able to bring to a conclusion. This was to collect the silk to make a bed coverlet for the winter, to replace eider down. As my experiment proved successful, I will describe my process for the benefit of the readers of the American Agriculturalist. It is as follows:

Near the end of August, or the beginning of September, when the pods are nearly ripe and some of the silk is seen floating in the fields, collect a good batch of the pods, and spread them in the shade for a day or two. This has the effect of drying up the sap, so that shelling the pods no milky juice escapes to stain the hands and clothes. As soon as the green shells are removed, the seeds should be scraped off with a blunt knife. This is another important point, for if the inside of the pod is allowed to dry it is almost impossible to separate the seeds without having the silk flying all over the room, while the green seeds are scraped off very easily and rapidly. This being done, the bundles of silk—for such is their appearance—are spread on shelves, or in any convenient place, and left to become almost dry. Finally the cores are removed from the center, and the silk is put into bed ticking of the proper shape, and sewed up. On drying completely, the silk swells considerably, and thus makes an extremely warm and light coverlet. When freshly made, it compares favorably with real eider down. But, remember it must always be used *over* the body, not under it. Its principal advantage is its remarkable lightness. Spread over the feet, it keeps them very warm, and yet scarcely any weight is noticed. Before ending, I must say that, owing to the great liability of the silk to "felt" the milkweed coverlet is in really good condition for only one winter. Mine has been found very comfortable during the past unusually cold season, and I propose to make another this summer. When not in use the down will keep intact for a long while. I had some in a paper bag for eight years, that remained as good as ever; worms do not attack it. One more word; on handling the pods, it is difficult to avoid some stains from the milky juice. On drying, this leaves a black spot. As the stain consists of caoutchouc, pure and simple, it can be removed by its most common solvents, namely, grease or butter. First rub the spots with any sort of grease, until the black substance is dissolved, then wash your hands with soap and water.—American Agriculturalist.

Put up Ice.

Why the hard working farmer should be deprived of one of the most common necessities (for ice has ceased to be counted among the luxuries) is more than we can understand. The opinion of the leading physicians of the country is that ice is one of the very best medicines for all diseases common in hot weather. They even say that since the general use of ice, fevers have become almost unknown. Then why go without it. There is no reason why every farmer should not put up ice enough to last through the hot season.

A few years since, the writer piled a lot of ice against the north end of the barn and covered it over with straw, and we believe now that the only reason why it did not last all summer was because we used it before it had melted—think it lasted until some time in July.

A very good ice house can be built by cutting into the side of a bank, leaving one side a little lower so as to drain good; lay a thick bed of straw in the bottom and around the sides, make a shed of poles packing plenty of straw between the ice and poles; then cover with plenty of straw and throw enough dirt on top and against the sides to hold the straw in its place, ice put up in this way will keep all summer. A building 12 foot square will hold enough to last an ordinary family a whole season, and will be worth hundreds of dollars.—Nebraska Farmer.

A standing antidote for poison by dew, poison oak, ivy etc., is to take a handful of quicklime, dissolve in water, let it stand half an hour, then paint the poisoned parts with it. Three or four applications will never fail to cure the most aggravated cases.

Corn silk is said to be an efficient and powerful remedy for dropsy, bladder and kidney troubles. The Medical News gives an account of the medical properties of corn silk, and the cures that have been effected by its use. To use it take two double handfuls of fresh corn silk and boil in two gallons of water until but one gallon remains. Add sugar to make a syrup. Drink a tumbler of this daily, and it will relieve dropsy by increasing the flow of the urine enormously. Other diseases of the bladder and kidneys are benefited by the remedy, which is prompt, efficient and grateful to the stomach. The treatment can be continued for months without danger or inconvenience.

To Keep Very Shaded Places Green.

German Town Telegraph.

Especially in the front yards of dwellings, both in town and country, which are much shaded, we often see the ground completely bare, not a living thing being perceptible. Sometimes there are many nearly nude, straggling limbs lying upon the ground or very near it, which are unsightly and every way worthless, that ought to be cut away. This would give room there for the growing of some plant or vine that would be adapted to it, and which would not only cover the naked spot and make it a "living green," but would be adding very much to the general appearance of the premises. The best vine for this purpose is undoubtedly the periwinkle. It will grow almost anywhere in the shade if the proper attention is given to it, but not otherwise. It is a beautiful vine, and will densely cover the ground, producing nearly the whole season a very pretty blue flower. Weeds, however, are its deadly enemies. It cannot fight them. Steadily they encroach until they drive away our favorite and occupy the ground of battle. A little help now and then, however, will let the common enemy, and allow us to enjoy the cool-looking, popular evergreen for many years without renewal.

A Deadly Scorpion.

A Durango correspondent describes a terrible scorpion, known as the alacran, which infests that region. Its sting is mortal in every case, and no remedy has ever been found to counteract its deadly poison. The spasms are so violent that it takes three or four strong men to hold a patient stung by it. Happily the suffering is short, for after two or three hours it is all over. Patients emit from their mouth a greenish-yellow scum, which turns into a black, spongy matter in a short while. Every year thirty or more deaths are recorded as the work of the alacran. The government pays a premium for their scalps, and the boys hunt them and derive quite a revenue from that source, but the pest does not seem to diminish any. They are said to occupy but a small belt of land running east and west, taking in Durango and Mazatlan. —*San Antonio (Tex.) Herald.*

A Definition of a Gentleman.

"What do you call a gentleman?" asked the duke. "Will you give me a definition of the word?" "That is not so easy, my lord; indeed, I am not sure that it is possible to define the word satisfactorily," replied Lady De Vere, fixing her eyes on the expressionless face of the interlocutor. "By resorting to metaphors, however, I may perhaps be able to outline what we all feel, but are unable to fully describe. A gentleman is one in whom the vigorous and the delicate are happily united. The soft, the refined—that which comes from seeking the society of women of culture, lies in the 'gentle;' the strong, the firm, the stern—that which comes from battling with men, lies in the 'man;' 'gentle' implies the possession of all the social, 'man' of all the civil, virtues; 'man is' the fiery wine, 'gentle' the tasteful goblet; 'man' is the sharp, correct drawing, 'gentle,' the warm, soft coloring; 'gentle' might be the Sybarite who is disturbed by the falling of a rose-leaf, 'man' is the Brutus, who as judge knows not even his own child. Pericles, the brave, magnanimous, amiable, refined Athenian, might be offered as an example of the true gentleman.—*Spielhagen's "Lady Clara De Vere."*

Colored Aristocrats.

In a "study of an old Southern borough" in the *Atlantic* we find the following: "In the newer towns and the larger cities the negroes have by this time forgotten their old masters and old homes, or do not care for them. But in an old borough there are always some who have passed their whole lives there. Their old masters they always address as 'old maser,' and his sons as 'Mars' James,' or 'Mars' Thomas,' or whatever their christian name may be. At their old home they feel that they enjoy no slight privilege, and even that they have a sort of right to see that everything about the household goes on well. These negroes have a sort of contempt for those who have no such old attachment. It is a common phrase among them, in speaking of a negro who did not belong to an aristocratic family: "Dat nigger ain't no manners, neber had no raisin'—poor folks' nigger.' Sometimes these old negro men preserve the lordly manners of their masters. Their negro dialect does not seem to detract from their gentility, and they are noticeable as men of particularly fine manners.

"A Virginia lady in Louisville had employed a genteel old negro man to nurse her son, who was suffering with a broken limb. She noticed at once the dignified bearing of the negro; and one day she asked him, 'Uncle Ned, where were you reared?'

"'In old Virginny, madam,' with a polite bow.

"'I am a Virginian myself,' she continued.

"'From what part ob de State, madam?'

"'From Fairfax, Uncle Ned. My maiden name was Morson.'

"'I knowed dat we was related, madam. I belonged to old Mars' Hugh Morson. I knowed dat we was related.'"

The consumption of beer is greatly on the increase in the United States. In 1863, 1,765,827 barrels sufficed to assuage the thirst of the beer bibblers, but in 1880 it took 13,347,112 barrels to accomplish that object.

She Fell In.

Detroit Free Press.

Yesterday afternoon a woman about 50 years of age, who was waiting with her husband at the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee depot for a train, went out to view the river and fell in. Just how she did it she could not afterwards explain, but the men under the freight sheds heard an awful yell and a "kersplash," and ran to the edge of the wharf to find the old lady kicking up sea enough to swamp a skiff. She was duly hauled out and given a seat on a barrel until she should recover her nerve and wring out her clothes. As she sat there a crowd gathered, and one man said:

"It's a clear case of attempted suicide. Her lover probably went back on her, and she does not care to live any longer."

"And how sad it is to see an old woman driven to such desperate straights," sighed another. "She must have set her cap for a third husband and been disappointed."

"Well, these women are curious creatures," added a third. "This one seems to be fully 80 years old, and yet she has been sighing around the depot here for two hours like a girl of 16."

The old lady went on with her wringing without even looking up, and a fourth man remarked:

"Well, perhaps this will learn her a lesson and be a solemn warning for her to change her line of conduct. She looks like a hard old case, but there's a chance for even the wickedest to strike out into new paths."

Her hair had fallen down. She gave it a twist into a hard knot, and arose and shook herself, and then sat down and said:

"Now, then, do you suppose I'm going to take off my stockings and wring 'em before such a parcel of great big fools as you are? There wasn't no suicide about it; and as for love and sighing around and being disappointed, I want to tell you that I've got an old man down there in the depot who can break your necks as fast as he gits to ye! Now scatter—git out—git out. If I find any of you loafing around here during the next half hour I'll make him want a wig to kiver his baldness!"

The crowd vamoosed, and in two minutes after the captain of a barge going up the river was using his glass to discover what on earth the two red stockings hanging over a barrel could signify as marine signals.

When you read the seductive legend in the tobacconist's window, "Our five-cent cigars can't be beat," remember if they can't be beet they can be cabbage.

How Whistler Painted a Ceiling.

Probably you have heard of Whistler's extravaganza in houses. He was engaged to decorate a noble mansion in Belgravia; the price was no object to the owner—and for that matter neither was it to Whistler. One day a friend asked me to go over and see one of the rooms that was nearly completed, and I hastened to accept the invitation. This is what we saw on entering: A very slim, spare figure extended on a mattress in the middle of the floor; beside him, on an enormous palette, paints, a half-dozen long bamboo fish-poles setting on a line with their butts close at hand, and a very large pair of binocular glasses. Whistler, dressed wholly in black velvet, with knickerbocker pataloons stopping just below the knee, black silk stockings, and low pointed shoes with silk ties more than six inches wide and diamond buckles, was flat on his back, fishing-rod in hand and an enormous eyeglass in one eye, diligently putting some finishing-touches on the ceiling, his brush being on the other end of the fish-pole. Occasionally he would pick up his double glasses like some astronomer peering at the moon, and, having gained a nearer and better view of the effect, he would again begin to agitate the paint-brush at the other end of the long pole.

"Now, wouldn't I be a fool," said he, "to risk myself on a scaffolding, and nearly twist my head off my shoulders trying to look upward, when I can overcome the difficulty and annihilate space so easily thus?" and he gave a wave of his fish-pole.

And such a room! One mass of gorgeous purple and blue, ornamented solely with an enormous number of the eyes of a peacock's feathers. It was a room to make a man a lunatic in a week. It was as if all the peacocks in Christendom had settled down upon one, and were about to smother one in tail-feathers. And this was the celebrated "peacock room" about which all London went wild not long afterwards. —*London Letter.*

Women's Tears.

He must be a brute indeed who can bring tears to a woman's eyes. His heart must be of stone to enjoy the spectacle of a woman bathed in a flood of wild emotion, with the convulsive sobs shaking her little form, while grief, like a tornado, tosses her about like a paper collar box on the bosom of the boiling torrent.

Few men have the hardihood to look a grief-stricken woman in the face while her nose swells up, angry and irritated, in the distance. Few men are so lost to all the better feelings of our nature as to do an act which will thaw out the frizzes and flood the features of the woman he loves.

This is one reason why many men are kind to their wives, who would otherwise be cruel and heartless. They do not like to see the wife of their bosom looking as though she had erysipelas in her nose.

It isn't the grief of wives that is killing off our husbands. It is the terrible shock to their æsthetic taste. No husband can bear to view the howling waste after the washout has subsided and the bridge is repaired.

Then, fellow men, on our journey to the tomb, let us resolve that we will not do or say anything that will bring the hectic flush to the nose of her to whom we have vowed life-long fidelity. Let us, as far as possible, stave off the storm, and if tears must be shed let us shed them ourselves. Most of us are so ding busted homely that it don't make any difference whether we color our nose cherry red or sage green.

Then again if we weep pretty promiscuously and keep our nose middling red, perhaps we can fool the temperance people and thus regain some of the respect that we have lost.—*Bill Nye, Laramie Boomerang.*

An Obedient Lover.

It is related in Paris that a young beauty troubled with a too talkative admirer, bade him be dumb, and he, swearing to obey her behest, did it so