THE HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
—AT—
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Call on
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Contractors and Builders.
Having enlarged our shop and purchased a Steam Power Circle Saw, we are prepared to do an unlimited amount of work in our line in a FIRST-CLASS MANNER, and those who contemplate building will find it to their interest to get estimates from us before giving their work to other parties. Estimates made on all kinds of work FREE OF CHARGE.

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EVERY GARMENT CUT IS
WARRANTED to FIT
Hundreds go there and they are
ALWAYS SUITED.
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B. & M. R. R. Time Table.

Taking Effect July 24, 1881.

FOR OMAHA FROM PLATTSMOUTH.
Leaves 6:30 a. m. Arrives 8:35 a. m.
" 2:45 p. m. " 4:15 p. m.

FROM OMAHA FOR PLATTSMOUTH.
Leaves 8:25 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, 12:55 p. m.; Arrives Kearney, 7:40 p. m. Freight leaves at 9:20 a. m. and at 9:30 p. m. Arrive at Lincoln at 4:55p. m. and 3:00 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 8:00 p. m. Arrives at Plattsmouth at 5:35 p. m. and 1:15p. m.

GOING EAST.
Passenger trains leave Plattsmouth at 7:00 a. m., — a. m., 3:40 p. m. and arrive at Pacific Junction at 7:30 a. m., — a. m. and 4:10 p. m.

FROM THE EAST.
Passenger trains leave Pacific Junction at 8:35 a. m., 7:30 p. m., — a. m. and arrive at Plattsmouth at 9:05 a. m., 7:30p. m. and — — a. m.

R. V. R. R. Time Table.

Taking Effect Sunday, December 5, 1880.

WEST.	STATIONS.	EAST.
5:15pm	HASTINGS.	12:10am
6:15	AYR.	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
12:25	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

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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
CUNARD LINE AND ALLAN LINE
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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.
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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.
24ly WALTER JENKINS.

NEW HARDWARE STORE.
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Has just opened an entire new stock of hardware, on
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Next door west of Chapman & Smith's Drug Store.
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Of All Descriptions.
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MY FINE HEARSE

IS NOW READY FOR SERVICE.
With many thanks for past patronage, I invite all to call and examine my
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Music Scholars
Will do well to examine our
New Mason & Hamlin
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Fresh Bread every day at Stadelmann's, Plattsmouth.
Fresh Oysters on hand, in Every Style
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PLATTSMOUTH, - - - NEBRASKA.
One door east of the P. O.
Rooms Newly Fitted up With
NEW MONARCH TABLES.
Cigars & Temperane Drinks
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It is a wide and spacious Hall; plenty of room for players and seats for visitors.
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Making & Repairing Done.

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Everybody on hand for fresh, tender meat.
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The combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.
No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.
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$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge their use to use Hop Bitters.
Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged and Poisonous stuff but the purest and best Medicine ever made. "HAVELOCK" and HOP BITTERS are the poison or family should use only Hop Bitters.
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IMPORTANT!
We shall sell for the next 60 days regardless of cost our stock of
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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 Wedding Fee.

One morning, fifty years ago—
When apple trees were white with snow
Of fragrant blossoms, and the air
Was spell-bound with the perfume rare—
Upon a farm-horse, large and lean,
And lazy, with its double load,
A sun-brown youth and maid were seen
Jogging along the winding road.

Blue were the arches of the skies,
But bluer were that maiden's eyes!
The dew-drops on the grass were bright,
But brighter was the loving light
That sparkled 'neath each long-fringed lid
Where those bright eyes of blue were hid;
Adown the shoulder, brown and bare,
Rolled the soft waves of golden hair,
Where, almost strangled with the spray,
The sun, a willing sufferer, lay.

It was the fairest sight, I ween,
That the young man had ever seen:
And with his features all aglow,
The happy fellow I'll bet so,
And she, without the least surprise,
Looked on him with those heavenly eyes—
Saw underneath that shade of tan
The handsome features of a man,
And with a joy but rarely known
She drew that dear face to her own,
And by that bridal bonnet hid—
I cannot tell you what she did.

Soon they rode, until among
The new-born leaves with dew-drops hung,
The parsonage, arrayed in white,
Peers out—a more than welcome sight.
Then, with a cloud upon his face,
"What shall we do," he turned to say,
"Should he refuse to take his pay
From what is in the pillow-case?"
And glancing down, his eyes surveyed
The pillow-case before him laid,
Whose contents reaching to its hem,
Might purchase endless joys for them.
The maiden answers: "Let us wait;
To borrow trouble where's the need?"
Then at the parson's squeaking gate
Halted the more than willing steed.
Down from his horse the bridegroom sprung;
The latchess gate behind him swung;
The knocker of that startled door,
Struck as it never was before,
Brought the whole household, pale with fright;
And there, with blushes on his cheek,
So bashful he could hardly speak,
The farmer met their wondering sight.

The groom goes in, his errand tells,
And as the parson nods, he leans
Far o'er the window sill, and yells,
"Come in! He says he'll take the beans!"
Oh, how she jumped! With one glad bound
She and the bean-bag reached the ground.
Then, capering with each dimpled arm
The precious product of the farm,
She bears it through the open door,
And down upon the parlor floor,
Dumps the best beans vines ever bore.

Ah! happy were their songs that day,
When man and wife they rode away.
But happier this chorus still
Which echoed through those woodland scenes:
"God bless the priest of Watsonville!
God bless the man who took the beans!"

R. M. STREETER.

THE STORY OF A SCREEN.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

The level beams of the mellow May sunset were revealing every flaw and crack in the cheap papering which covered the walls of the little garret room where Mabel Moore sat busily at her sewing-machine, and a single pot of blue velvet pansies in the high, narrow window made a spot of color for poor Mrs. Moore's weary eyes to rest upon, as she toiled at the floss-silk embroidery which was her whole occupation.

The room was small and scantily furnished, but there was within its walls one relic of vanished days—a black satin screen, mounted on a standard of gilded bamboo, and painted in deep rich oil-colors, with a scarlet flamingo floating upward against a background of reeds and grasses, while in the distance flamed a stormy sunset sky.

"Mamma did it herself, when she was a girl at boarding-school," said Mabel Moore to those who sometimes asked the history of this one remaining token of luxury. "We have kept it through everything. I would not part with it for its weight in gold."

And then she would laughingly tell the tale of how half a dozen collectors of antiques and æsthetic furniture had, at different times, endeavored to purchase the old screen.

"One man wanted to buy it with a pair of tongs and a brass coal-scuttle," said she; "another one offered a broken set of Thackeray's novels and a fender; and a third bargained with a *tete-a-tete* set of china, and a broken-nosed statue of Psyche."

For Mabel was a bright-eyed, sweet-faced girl, who had a very keen sense of the ridiculous, and lived through the hard realities of her life with the quiet fortitude of an inborn heroine.

But after all, the second-hand dealers were nothing in resolution and persistence as compared with Miss Ann Azalea Harper, the daughter of the landlord from whose leaky and badly drained premises they had removed a few weeks previously. Miss Ann Azalea had a very fair idea of bric-a-brac treasures, and she had cast her fine eyes upon this very screen.

"It's worth a deal of money," said Ann Azalea to herself. "And it was only this morning that Aunt Hepsy was wishing for just such an old-fashioned screen."

Now Aunt Hepsy was a rich old maid, shrewd, crusty, elderly, and full of distrust of all the smooth-tongued relatives whose professions of love and respect were so extreme.

"A screen?" said Aunt Hepsy. "Yes, I want a screen."

"I'll paint you one, dear aunt," said Ann Azalea.

"Much of a screen *you* could paint!" said the old lady, disdainfully.

"I improved a good deal at boarding-school," said Ann Azalea, meekly. "And I'll stretch it upon an antique bamboo rack; and really I think it will please you."

"I don't," said Aunt Hepsy.

"May I try, dear aunt?"

"Yes," said the old lady, grudgingly, "you may *try*."

And Ann Azalea, who had already in her mind appropriated poor Mrs. Moore's antique screen, set diligently about the work of getting possession of the same.

"You owe my pa ten dollars of rent," said Ann Azalea, spitefully, as she sat panting for breath in the little garret-room, after having toiled up the three long and narrow flights of stairs.—"You can't deny it."

"It is quite true", acknowledged meek Mrs. Moore, who, in her daughter's absence was absolutely defenceless: "but—"

"You ought to be ashamed to owe so much money as that," said Ann Azalea.

"We have been very unfortunate, of late," said Mrs. Moore. "But we fully intend to repay all of our indebtedness as soon as my daughter—"

"Oh, that's all nonsense!" brusquely interrupted Ann Azalea. "Pa ought to have put an execution—that's what he ought to have done!"

Poor Mrs. Moore shuddered.

"And it ain't too late now," added the young lady, ignoring the code and all its provisions.

"Oh, Miss Harper!"

"But we don't want to be exorbitant," graciously went on Ann Azalea. "So, sooner than be at the expense of a lawsuit, I'll take some trifle or other in pay. That screen, for instance," with her greedy eyes fixed on the pictured flight of the scarlet flamingo. "Ten dollars is a deal of money, and the screen is an old-style thing, but I wouldn't mind calling things even, just to ease your conscience, if—"

"I couldn't—oh, I couldn't!" cried Mrs. Moore, the tears coming into her eyes. "It was work I did as a girl.—My own poor mother sketched in the green rushes and grass with her own pencil, and—and if any one is to have it, it is already promised to an old family friend, who is to pay twenty-five dollars for it."

"Very well," said Miss Harper, rising, with an ominous toss of her head. "Then, if you really mean to swindle us—"

"Miss Harper!"

"If you really mean to swindle us," severely repeated Ann Azalea, "I may as well stop in at the constable's on my way back and put on the distraint at once."

Mrs. Moore clasped her thin hands in a sort of nervous horror.

If poor Mabel, who had gone out so buoyantly to carry home her little parcel of finished work, should return and find the minions of the law in possession!

"I am a selfish creature," she told herself, "to prefer my own inclination to dear May's happiness!"

And so she told Ann Azalea, with a burst of tears, that the screen should be hers.

"I will send it to you—in the evening," said she, piteously.

"If you'll just wrap a bit of brown paper around it, I'll take it now," suggested Miss Harper, who believed firmly in the ancient adage of the "bird in the hand being worth two in the bush."

And so the scarlet flamingo was carried away in the triumphant arms of Miss Ann Azalea Harper.

"After all," soliloquized she, "I got it for absolutely nothing. For pa said the old mahogany bookcase he took off them was worth a third more than the rent they owed; and any one but a fool like that whimpering little Mrs. Moore would have known it perfectly well. And I'm sure it'll suit Aunt Hepsy to a T!"

While poor Mrs. Moore, sobbing bitterly before the empty place where her beloved screen had stood, felt as if all the sweet associations of her early youth had been wrenched away.

"Mother—dear mother! why are you crying?" questioned Mabel, hurrying into the room. "Is your neuralgic headache worse? Oh, mother! where is the old screen? I have brought Miss Milman to see you about it. She says she will give you thirty dollars for it, if—"

"I have sold it," said Mrs. Moore; "for ten dollars. To our landlord's daughter. Or rather I have let her take it away in payment for the balance of the rent we owed them."

"She has deceived you mother!" cried Mabel, coloring up with honest indignation. "We owed her not a single cent! Oh, dear mother, if I had only been at home!"

Miss Milman, a stout, short, grizzle-headed lady, stood still in the centre of the room, looking sharply about her.

"Don't fret, Alice Moore," said she. "Tears never yet did any good. You may depend upon it, this woman's cruel deceit will yet recoil upon her own head. What is your landlord's name?"

"Harper," said Mrs. More. "Ebenezer Harper."

"Oh!" said Miss Milman.

And then she went away.

"I think she grows more eccentric every day," said May, looking after the retreating figure of the stout lady.

"Rich people have a right to be eccentric if they please," sighed Mrs. More, still looking at the empty place where the screen had once stood.

* * * * *

"Dear Aunt Hepsy," said Ann Azalea, radiantly, "I've come to wish you many happy returns of your birthday. And here's a little present, the satin screen I promised you."

"Eh?" said Aunt Hepsy.

"My own work," said Ann Azalea. "And I do so hope you'll like it."

"Humph!" commented the old lady.

"I've worked day and night to get it finished," said Ann Azalea, fervently.

"Ann Azalea," said the old lady, sudlenly becoming inspired with some degree of animation, "where do you expect to go to when you die?"

"Dear Aunt," said Ann Azalea, "I don't in the least understand you!"

"Because you are telling a perfect tissue of lies, each one more outrageous than the other," said this painfully frank old lady. "The screen isn't your own work at all. The satin was painted by an old school-friend of mine, fifty odd years ago. You cheated her out of it, the day before yesterday, by a regular piece of swindling that would have disgraced a mock auctioneer. And now you may go and carry it back to her—Mrs. Moore, No. 7 Lilac Court—with my compliments. And, Ann Azalea—"

"Yes, aunt," said the dejected young lady.

"You needn't trouble to come back here again. If I adopt an heiress it must be some one who is pure, and good, and truthful—not such a one as you! And I'm rather disposed to think that it shall be Mabel Moore."

And so Miss Ann Azalea Harper's grand scheme resulted in utter failure. The screen was borne ignominiously back, and Mabel Moore is now her aunt's adopted darling. And Papa Harper, instead of tenderly consoling his daughter, says gruffly:

"It's all your own fault!"

Photographs in Natural Colors.

The announcement is again made that a process has been discovered for taking photographs possessing all the brilliancy and delicacy of the natural colors, and an exhibition of pictures thus naturally colored has just been held in London. According to the reports, the colors are produced by the action of light alone in the camera, and owe nothing whatever to the artists brush. In the photographs exhibited, the coloring appeared to be quite true to nature, and delicate tones and shades were clear to the view. The flesh tint was exact to life, and full justice was done to gorgeous regimentals. The protruded tongue of a dog in one of the photographs possessed the exact color of nature. Some of the guests, says the English Mechanic, inspecting this collection, and not fully acquainted with the character of the latest invention, took it for granted that the work was done by skilful, artistic hands on ivory and other material, and could scarcely believe their eyes when informed that the color, as much as the form and outline, was produced by the light of day. Careful investigation, however, would then show that human handicraft was not in it; for there were touches and effects which Nature's pencil of light could alone accomplish. The contention is that photographs colored by artists, however clever, must be more or less "monotonous, hard, untrue to Nature, and to the originals."

The process was discovered, it is said, by a French scientist, but has since undergone improvement by the proprietor of the process in England. If the new system proves an unqualified success, the reward will not have been reaped without much labor in the past, for numerous attempts have been made to induce the sun-pencil to fix colors in the picture it draws in the camera; but chemical and mechanical difficulties have stood in the way. In the new process colors are said not only to be faithfully produced, but protected from the action of light by being passed through a boiling solution, of which gelatine forms the principal ingredient, and that some of the photographs so treated have been exposed for months to the sun without being in anywise affected by the ordeal. Unfortunately the process is yet unknown, as it is likely to be for some time to come.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

A Story of Vaccination.

Some members of a certain noble English household were desired to submit to revaccination. The lymph was to be extracted from the arm of the infant son of the house. All underwent the process quietly enough, until it came to the cook's turn, a brawny Scotch woman, who positively refused on the ground that "no English blood should enter her veins." After much expostulation, she was vaccinated with lymph taken direct from a Scotch calf. Her arm alone took among all those revaccinated, and with much triumph she asserts the fact as showing the superiority of a "wee Scotch beastie" over a noble English lord.

A Chapter on Bald Heads.

A bald-headed man is refined, and he always shows his skull, sure.

What does a bald-headed man say to his comb? We meet to part no more.

Motto for a bald head—Bare and forbare.

However high a position a bald-headed man holds, he will never comb down in the world.

The bald-headed man never dyes.

Advice to bald-headers—Join the Indians, who are the only successful hair raisers.

You never saw a bald-headed man with a low forehead.

Shakspeare says: There is a divinity that shapes our ends.

Bald men are the coolest-headed men in the world.

What our Exchanges Say.

The first two car-loads of new spring wheat was received in Chicago last Friday from this state. It graded No. 2 and No. 3.—Rep.

Ye editor is sicke, being afflicted with ye Job's tormenters but ye devil maketh ye "pent up Utica" howl like unto a wilderness while searching for ye local items.—North Platte Rep.

The Philadelphia Chronicle asserts that those infernal machines with which the Irishmen in America are preparing to blow up England are merely cucumbers stuffed with ice cream.

A party of about twenty gentlemen from Canada are in the city with the view of purchasing land and settling in this county. If they can find land to suit them they will bring their families out some time in September.—Neb. City News.

Thursday of last week, W. F. Paris brought to Brownville, seven hogs weighing a little over 250 pounds each, for which Capt. Bailey paid him $104.00. That beat neighbor Brush's fall and spring wheat crop by big odds.—Nemaha Granger.

We noticed Sunday a copy of the Police Gazette lying on the sidewalk for half the day and not one of the passersby took enough interest in that kind of literature to pick it up. We challenge the state to produce another community as highly moral and exemplary.—Central City Courier.

One of the best moves of the times has been made by the dry goods clerks of Omaha to have the dry goods stores close at 6:30 in the evening. All except two merchants have agreed to close at that hour, and give their clerks something like the same opportunities for recreation and enjoyment that mechanics and laborers have. We remark again that it is a good thing.—Beatrice Ex.

Cassius Reynolds arrived home Sunday from his trip to New Mexico after sheep. He purchased twelve thousand head last Spring, and had them driven to Dodge City, Kansas, where he has just disposed of the entire herd at a good price. Will is on the road with a drove of sixty-five hundred, and will arrive in Fremont in about six weeks, provided he does not sell on the route.—[Fremont Tribune.

A few days ago Geo. W. E. Dorsey took occasion to show some friends through his new dwelling, and upon entering one of the rooms on the first floor, in which the men had just been working, he discovered that a pair of overalls, which were hanging on a nail in the corner, had taken fire and were at the time blazing brightly. The fire was immediately put out, just in time to prevent the magnificent structure from being consumed. The overalls belonged to the painters, and were well saturated with oil, and hanging where the direct rays of the sun fell upon them, causing immediate ignition.—[Fremont Tribune.

A TROTTER IN DISGUISE.

Looking Like $5 Worth, and Doing a Mile in 2:37—Philadelphia Suspects New York.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Two guiltless-looking individuals, giving the names of James Elliott, Jr., and Michael Cleary, were before Magistrate List the other day upon the charge of defrauding Jacob Brown of $100 by a somewhat novel scheme. Brown keeps an inn where horsemen stop and chat stable talk, on Snyder avenue, near the Point House road. On Monday afternoon the two innocents drove up to Brown's place with a dilapidated vehicle drawn by a horse that looked as though he had not seen a currycomb for twenty years. The animal was rigged in a harness improvised from discarded clothslines, and was so bespattered with mud that his color was scarcely distinguishable. Elliott and Cleary alighted, and after drawing a cocktail, exercised their muscles at a game of quoits.

While the players were tossing the rings, Brown, who is a fancier of horses, took the size of the beast in rags, and with a jeer remarked, "What are you going to do with that?" "Why there's nothin' ails that hoss," said Elliott; "I'm going to sell him." "The whole riggin', horse, wagon and clothes line, won't bring a five-dollar note," Brown said, with another laugh, "Well that's where you make a mistake," replied Elliott, as he tossed a ringer and won the drinks. "You can't buy him for a hundred. I tell you what I will do—I'll bet you $100 he can go in three minutes." "Get out!" said Brown. But when Elliott produced a roll of bank notes the innkeeper saw the challenge was seriously made, and eagerly took the bet.

The trio then jumped into the wagon and drove over to Point Breeze, followed by quite a party. Cleary was made the stakeholder. Brown was in high glee, and remarked, "Ain't this a puddin'," as Elliott took the reins and drove the animal on the track. The horse was drawn up at the starting point, and at the word "Go" his ears went up like a shot, and off he went in good style, to the astonishment of Brown, who knew before the first quarter was reached that he had been victimized. The mile was made in 2:37. The disguised animal is supposed to be a New York horse. A butcher named William Falls, residing on South Broad street, was swindled out of $100 by the cunning horsemen a few days ago. Magistrate List held Elliott and Cleary in $600 bail to answer.

A Perpetual Skating Pond.

Yankee Fork (Cal.) Herald.

There is a lake on the Saw Tooth Mountains that has probably no equal in the United states. It is about sixty or sixty-five miles from Bonanza, and at an altitude of twelve thousand feet. The lake lies in a basin among the sharp crags of the snowy Saw Tooth, and is a sheet of perpetual ice. It was discovered in August of last year by a party of prospectors, and named the Ice Lake. The sun seems to have no effect upon it except in places adjoining the short. It is simply a great bowl in the hard mountain rock brimful of solid ice, upon which the rays of the sun descend with no power to penetrate.

BILLY THE KID.

Sheriff Pat Garrett's Official Report of the Killing of the Desperado.

To His Excellency the Governor of New Mexico:

I have the honor to inform your Excellency that I had received several communications from persons in and about Fort Sumner that William Bonney, alias the Kid, had been there or in that vicinity for some time.

In view of these reports I deemed it my duty to go there and ascertain if there was any truth in them or not, at the time doubting their accuracy; but on Monday, July 14, I left home, taking with me John W. Poe and T. L. McKinney, men in whose courage and sagacity I relied implicitly, and arrived just below Fort Sumner on Wednesday the 13th. I remained concealed near the houses until night, and then entered the fort about midnight, and went to Mr. P. Maxwell's room. I found him in bed, and had just commenced to talk to him about the object of my visit at such an unusual hour when a man entered the room in stocking feet with a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other. He came and placed his hand on the bed just beside me, and in a low whisper he asked of Mr. Maxwell: "Who is it?" and repeated the question.

I at once recognized the man, and knew he was the Kid, and reached behind me for my pistol, feeling almost sure of receiving a ball from his at the moment of doing so, as I felt sure he had now recognized me; but fortunately he drew back from the bed at noticing my movement, and although he had his pistol pointed at my breast he delayed to fire, and asked in Spanish: "Quien es? Quien es?" This gave me time to bring mine to bear on him, and the moment I did so I pulled the trigger and he received his death wound, for the ball struck him in the left breast and pier