THE HERALD.

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—AT—
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THE HERALD.

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stock of the finest Piece Goods ever brought into Plattsmouth!!!

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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 8:55 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 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, 3:20 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., 7:00 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.	9:35
10:55	RIVERTON.	3:10
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
5:30	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. 16, 1880.

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FIRST

National Bank

OF PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA,

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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

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AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED

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Persons wishing to bring out their friends from Europe can

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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.

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Of all sizes, ready made and sold cheap for cash

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With many thanks for past patronage, I invite all to call and examine my LARGE STOCK OF 13tf. FURNITURE AND COFFINS

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Rooms Newly Fitted up With NEW MONARCH TABLES.

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The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.

A 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 these Bitters are used, where variable and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.

To all whose employments cause fever and fever of the bowels, urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or unfavorable a few days use Hop Bitters. It may save your life. Do not wait.

$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer any longer but use Hop Bitters and be well. Do it now.

Remember, Hop Bitters is not a drink nor a drink of Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirit or Tobacco Stimulant, but the purest and best Medicine ever made. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co.

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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.

By the Passaic.

Where the river seeks the cover
Of the trees, whose boughs hang over,
And the stones are green with clover,
In the quiet month of May:
Where the eddies meet and mingle,
Baddling over the stony shingle,
There I angle, there I dangle, all the day.

Oh, 'tis sweet to feel the plastic
Rod, with top and butt elastic,
Shoot the line in coils fantastic,
Till, like thistle-down, the fly
Lightly drops upon the water,
Thirsting for the finny slaughter,
As I angle, and I dangle, mute and sly

Then I gently shake the tackle,
Till the barbed and fatal hackle
In its tempered jaws shall shackle
That old trout, so wary grown.
Now I strike him! Joy ecstatic!
Securing rush! leaps acrobatic!
So I angle, so I dangle, all alone.

Then when grows the sun too fervent,
And the larking trouts, observant,
Say to me: "Your humble servant!
Now we see your treacherous hook!"
Maud, as if by hazard only,
Saunters down the pathway slowly,
While I angle, there to dangle with her hook.

Then somehow the rod reposes,
And the book no page unclosES,
But I read the leaves of roses
That unfold upon her cheek;
And her small hand, white and tender,
Rests in mine. Ah! what can send her
Thus to dangle while I angle? Cupid, speak!

—FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

A JEALOUS HUSBAND.

It was the day before the shooting season began. Hunters were pouring out of Paris in all directions. Two might have been seen leisurely proceeding toward the Sceaux Station, but coming from different directions. Both were accoutered elegantly, from jaunty cap to leathern gaiters; both carried a fine gun and handsome game-bag; both remarked with satisfaction the effect their costumes produced upon the female heart; in fact, both were Parisians and hunters. But one was old and the other was young. Full sixty years must have been needed to grizzle the locks of the one; but twenty-three had passed over the other's head.

The elder reached the station a few moments before the other. He entered an empty compartment, but scarcely had he done so when the door opened, and the younger hunter entered. They stared at each other for a moment, but it was the elder who spoke first.

"My dear Boisgibert, I am delighted to see you," he said, pressing the other's hand with simulated warmth.

"And I too, Prethibaut," returned the young man, "am enchanted. What is it Thingummy says now? 'Thrice blessed is it——'"

"Perhaps you mean 'Thrice blessed is't to meet a friendly face,'" replied the other.

"Yes, that's it. Who was the fellow that said it, now? It was—it was——"

"Lamartine?" asked the other, dryly.

"Ah, yes, that's the man—Lamartine. Strange I couldn't think of it."

"Very," replied Prethibaut. "But, now I think of it, De Musset was the author of the line."

"Yes, so he was," replied the other, coloring; "he's one of my favorite authors, you know."

Outwardly Prethibaut replied with a grunt. Inwardly he said: "The same as ever. What an ass the fellow is!"

On the other hand, Boisgibert bit his lip and muttered: "Confound the old fool! as pedantic as ever."

These two gentlemen were just about to make a reasonably long railway journey together.

After a lengthy silence, Prethibaut began:

"I see you are in hunting rig. Might I ask where you are bound?"

"Yes; I'm going to Verrieres. Fine shooting at that chateau."

"What! Has Vaugiron invited——" Prethibaut interrupted, but suddenly stopped.

"Yes, Vaugiron has asked me to come down to Verrieres and open the shooting season with him. And you—where are you going, Prethibaut?"

"To Verrieres."

"What—you also." Boisgibert's tone expressed astonishment, but certainly not pleasure.

"Oh, yes. For ten years I have opened the season there. It wouldn't do for me to miss one."

"How fortunate we chanced to meet!" said Boisgibert, in a tone as destitute of emotion as is the creak of a door.

"It was indeed a happy chance," replied Prethibaut, with the inflection of a man who bids his creditor come tomorrow.

And while their lips distilled honeyed words they were full of bitterness within. Prethibaut's reflections were something like this:

"How in the fiend's name could Vaugiron be so idiotic as to invite this becurled popinjay to this house? I did not think him so stupid—so husband-like, so to speak—as that. When a man of fifty-two marries a girl of nineteen, he should not invite handsome young dandies to spend weeks at his house. And more particularly should he not invite a dandy who was her slave all last winter; who was always waltzing with her; who always turning her music for her when she played; who always had an orchestra seat when she was in her box. And yet Vaugiron—stupid yet hospitable Vaugiron—he invites this fellow beneath his roof. Well, well!"

On the other hand, Boisgibert's brain was no less busy. His reflections ran something like this:

"I wonder why that old blockhead follows me so persistently? For the past year he seems to have exercised a sort of espionage on me. He seems to have divined my secret, too. And yet he is not a relative of Madame Vaugiron. Confound the old idiot! Some one told me he was in Switzerland, and here I find him on the way to Verrieres."

The two men scowled at each other, and then smoothed their faces into expressionlessness. The train rolled on. Boisgibert drew an immense cigar from his case, and lighted it. Then, as if he had but just thought of it—

"Oh, excuse me. I believe tobacco is disagreeable to you."

"No, sir; by no means, sir; you are dreaming, sir;" retorted Prethibaut; "I smoke like a chimney, sir;" and lighting a larger cigar, he puffed defiantly.

At the expiration of ten minutes the two gentlemen were so shrouded in smoke that they could not see across the compartment.

But all things have an end. The train at last reached the expected station, and there was Vaugiron's carriage awaiting them. A brisk drive of a few minutes across country, and they were at Verrieres.

As they descended in the court-yard, Vaugiron advanced. He pressed Prethibaut warmly by the hand, greeted Boisgibert with less warmth, and bade the servant show the latter gentleman to his room.

"As for you, my old friend," said he to Prethibaut, "come into the garden, and let us seat ourselves over there in that summer-house. I have something I want to say to you. I want to ask your advice."

"But will you follow it?"

"Of course, since I ask it."

"But that does not follow, any more than you do. People are always asking advice; they rarely follow it. Last year, in this very month, and where we now sit, you asked my opinion as to whether you should marry. I advised you to live and die a bachelor. Well, three months after that I had to pretend to be glad when I saw you hanged—I mean married."

Vaugiron viciously kicked a pebble on the gravel-walk before him.

"Well, what is it about?" said Prethibaut.

Vaugiron paused a while. "Well," said he, reluctantly, "it's about my wife."

"What!" said Prethibaut, "already?"

"Come," said Vaugiron, impatiently, "don't be getting any idiotic ideas into your head. I have nothing to reproach her with."

"But you have something on your mind."

"Yes, I have. I am jealous"

"Of Maurice Boisgibert."

"How do you know?"

"I know, because I have seen——"

"Seen!" shouted Vaugiron, bounding from his seat. "Seen! seen! What have you seen?"

"Come, now," said Prethibaut, "don't be getting any foolish ideas into your head. I have seen nothing alarming. I have seen, however, that that young puppy, Boisgibert, is altogether too attentive to your wife."

"Well, that's what I wanted to speak about. The fellow has presumed to address some verses to her."

"What are they about?"

"What are they about? Oh, what all poets write about—moon on the waves, stars, and flowers, gentle zephyrs, angels, gondolas, sympathetic souls, and all sorts of idiotic things."

"Naturally," said Prethibaut, "I might have known it. But how did you come to see this letter?"

"Why, Hortense brought it to me herself, of course."

"She did, eh? Well, Vaugiron, I congratulate you on your wife. Now, listen to me. Will you follow my advice?"

"Blindly."

"Whatever I may say or do you will not contradict or oppose me?"

"I promise."

"Very well, then. Young Boisgibert will not favor us with his company during the shooting season. Here is what you must do: to-night, at dinner, when you see me take a pinch of snuff, strike the table with your fist, and say, in a cavernous voice: 'I would do the same.'"

"Hum," said Vaugiron, "a cavernous voice, a pinch of snuff, and a blow on the table. Why—what—how——"

"Never mind," said Prethibaut, "do as I tell you, old boy, and you're all right."

* * * * * *

That evening there were gathered around Vaugiron's festive board eight gentlemen. Six vacant chairs showed that the ladies had left them. Unnumbered empty bottles showed that they were good hunters and true. But one man had attempted to escape to join the ladies. Several times had Boisgibert made a move, but Prethibaut would invariably ask, with much kindness, "Are you not well this evening, sir?" so he was forced to remain.

Of all the merry crowd, Prethibaut alone seemed preoccupied. There was a gloomy expression upon his face, and it finally attracted attention.

"What's the matter with you to-night, Prethibaut?" asked one of the guests, "you look as if you were at a funeral."

"Pardon me, gentlemen," replied the gloomy one, "there are certain anniversaries in a man's life—but no; the story is not a pleasant one."

"Never mind—what's the odds? Go on and tell it anyway," was the cry.

"Very well, gentlemen," said Prethibaut, placing his snuff-box on the table before him, and gazing on it with deep melancholy, "I will tell you the story. Thirty-five years ago to-day I was the chief actor in a domestic tragedy."

"You!" interrupted Vaugiron, "you in a domestic tragedy?"

For reply Prethibaut favored his friend with a violent kick under the table, and went on:

"At that time I was but twenty-five; my life was peaceful and happy. I had a wife whom I adored, a daughter whom I idolized."

"What, you," bawled Vaugiroa.

"Yes," went on Prethibaut, giving him another kick. "My estate was in the Ardennes, and I was a passionate hunter. Adjoining my property was that of a man a little younger than I. He was about the same age as Maurice Boisgibert here, and, by the way, he much resembled him. Well, we often met; we became friends. He came to my house, and—excuse me gentlemen, but my old blood boils when I think of it—he wrote some verses to my wife.

"Well, I sought him out. I told him that one of us must die; that, in order to avoid scandal, we would load our pieces with buckshot, conceal ourselves on both sides of a trail, and when the boar was driven by us we would fire—but not at the boar.

"It was done. Thirty-five years ago to-day we lay crouched there, glaring at each other across the trail. We heard the boar coming; we fired. Whether a consciousness of guilt had unnerved my friend's hand, or not, I do not know, yet I was uninjured. But both loads from my gun struck him, and he fell back, his head and breast pierced with balls, a mangled, bleeding corpse. There is not much more to tell. I was arrested, and released, as on the surface it was accidental. My wife died in a mad-house; my daughter died shortly after, and now I am alone. Can you wonder, gentlemen, that I am melancholy when the years bring round again the day on which I slew my friend?"

He shook his head gloomily, and took a pinch of snuff.

Vaugiron struck the table a violent blow, which made the glasses ring.

"I would do the same," he cried. "You were perfectly right. I would do the same."

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At breakfast the next morning it was noticed that Maurice Boisgibert was absent. The host found a note for him at his plate, however, which he read aloud:

M. Boisgibert has received a letter which forces him to leave for Paris at once. Important business. He begs M. Vaugiron to receive his excuses, and much regrets that he cannot remain with the pleasant party at the Chateau de Verrieres.

"Well," said Prethibaut, in a whisper to the host, "What did I tell you?"

"Prethibaut," replied Vaugiron, with an admiring glance, "what a dreadful liar you are!"—*Argonaut.*

An American's View of Brazil.

Mr. John Beitler, a young Pittsburger, who went to Brazil to seek a fortune almost seven years ago, has returned to his home in this city. He does not give a very glowing account of the country, and states that the opportunities presented there for the encouragement of American enterprise are not very extensive without large financial resources. It is hardly the place for young men of even more than ordinary pluck and energy to visit and grow up with the country, unless they have money and are prepared to grow slowly. The country is flooded with American inventions and knick-knacks, and the listless Brazilians, who in former times looked upon such novelties from the States as great discoveries, have lapsed into a state of more or less indifference. The telephone has been in use for many months, the roller-skating as one of the sports in the large cities and other contrivances have lost their novelty. Mr. Beitler says that the native Brazilians are gradually becoming more "civilized" since the number of Englishmen, Americans and comers from all quarters of the globe are introducing customs as new to the natives as they are frequent. Rio Janeiro, with its 400,000 inhabitants, is gradually assuming metropolitan airs, and you can ride all through its paved streets in a Pennsylvania street car. Mr. Beitler reports that the country is traversed by a number of railroads, all narrow gauge, however, save the Dom Pedro road, and one which was built by English capitalists and operated by Englishmen. The former road owns 200 Baldwin locomotives. One of the best engineers on the road is a young man named Lewis, formerly of Allegheny City. Most of the other engineers are natives, and most of them know as much about the locomotive as the hind brakeman. So says Mr. Beitler. The chief industry of Brazil, the cultivation of coffee, is gradually diminishing, according to the same authority. Many of the planters are leaving for Central America and Mexico, which Mr. Beitler thinks is destined to become a great country for that industry.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

A recent analysis of Lake Superior copper is as follows: Copper, 99.961; sulphur, 0.002; silver, 0.028; iron, 0.007; oxygen, 0.002.

There are, according to the census of Capt. Dave Numa-na, 3,171 Piute Indians in the state of Nevada

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

II.

(Continued.)

A MINE.

Tuesday we went up to the Shively mine, owned by the Equitable Mining Company, of New York, and of which Mr. Fletcher is Superintendent. It is about 1,100 feet above here, and the shaft is a little over 700 feet under ground. We squirm up the the canyon on the Leadville road, that is, up one fork of Clear Creek about four miles, through "Silver Plume," and "Brownville," both mining towns, and then turn to the right up a gulch as far as a wagon can be driven, when we find a "tramway," that winds us up 1,350 feet to the mouth of the tunnel. It is a *little* up hill to the foot of this tramway, but as the horses did not fall back on the carriage anywhere, we did not mind that much. The tramway is only laid at an angle of 60 degrees, part way, and as that is somewhat less than 90 degrees, we held on first-rate. It is true the ladies thought it was steep, and one of the party told how a snow slide last winter went down one side of the mountain, across the little valley, and up the other side of the "big hill," five or six hundred feet, killing only two men, and leaving a good, clear track to slide logs down hereafter.

We speculated a little on how far we would go up the other side, if the rope broke, and how many pieces could be picked up of our remains to send east, and then we were at the "tunnel-hole," as an old fellow down east persisted in calling it.

They hoisted a 5-ton boiler up that tramway last year by windlass; that didn't worry me as much as to know how many mules got the thing to the foot of the tramway. The machinery is up there and in there now, and it simplifies things wonderfully. I only mention this that you may get some idea of the labor, expense and toil of opening a mine here, and getting it in proper shape. Before that tramway was built and that engine warped up there, everything this mine needed had to be packed up an almost perpendicular trail, which, with its windings, was twice the length of the tramway, or more; and this is not a high mine at all. Way above it the white earth from "prospect holes" gleams, and the dark line of the narrow trail can be seen winding in and out, over which all goods for the mine, and all the ores from the mine, must be packed by men, mules or horses.

The inside of a mine, the veins, ore, etc, have been described so often, and by experts, which I am not, that I shall attempt no detailed description, only jotting the impressions left on my mind of mines and mining as a business, and the effect it has on the people and business of a country—something I do know and can see for myself, and need ask no one any questions about.

IN THE DRIFT.

The usual preparations of handling the ladies in "rubbers" and oil-cloth coats, and fixing me out with a miner's hat, overalls and coat, ten acres too big for me, having been made, we walk into the tunnel, sloppy and wet as tunnels usually are, about 400 feet, where we find another engine, used for hoisting, etc. This engine house is simply a sizable cavern, excavated in the jagged rock above, below, all round us. After examining the engine, and having technically explained to us how the water is kept out and the air sent in, we mount some rough steps to the mouth of the shaft. Several miners precede us, stepping carelessly on the edge of the bucket, and swinging away into darkness as coolly as they just swallowed that "Washington pie" in the cabin a few minutes before.

At last it is our turn. A dry bucket is put on, the wife crouches down in the bucket, Mr. Fletcher stands easily on the edge, and away they go. The bucket comes up, and Mr. White and I make the trip below; way down we go each with our little candle glimmering, bearing the same proportion to the great surrounding darkness, that the few words of truth in a political speech do to the mass of other trash spouted out, generally.

It's a rainy day, and I'm tired, and it's just as good a place to leave the folks and my story in the bottom of the mine as anywhere, for they cannot escape there, and I'm sure to find them all when I get ready to go ahead with this scrimmage of ours. MAC.

Salt for Wheat.

We should be much pleased to hear from any one of our readers who have tried the experiment of sowing salt on their wheat this season. It is said that salt will greatly increase the yield of wheat, and will keep away chinch bugs. If this is true it is most valuable information and should be generally known. Salt can be obtained in abundance near Lincoln, and it is estimated that it can be furnished at an average price of ten cents per bushel, which is less than half its cost in other states.—Ex.

The teachers had a lawn party and festival at the residence of Frank Wolcott, last evening, which was attended by about forty persons. The exercises consisted of declamations, solos, essays and readings. Ice cream, lemonade and cake were served, after which croquet, visiting and a general good time was had until a late hour. Cass Co. Recorder.

What our Exchanges Say.

The Nofolk Journal company is building a new print shop.

Track laying between Norfolk and Sioux City is progressing slowly.

The Ia. State Normal school at Peru, turned out forty graduates this year.

Senator Saunders, with son and daughter, is in Colorado to remain a few days.

Grand Island is booming. The U. P. Machine shops located there help the town out wonderfully.—Fremont Tribune.

Clark, the insane man who murdered his wife sometime ago, in Nemaha county has been confined in the Asylum at Lincoln.

The Grand Island Democrat has turned up its toes, so to speak; Nebraska is too much of a Republican state to make the publication of such sheets profitable.

Last Monday Dr. Johnston removed a needle, one and one-half inches long, from the abdomen of a little child only eighteen months old. The needle had been there for over a year.—Bulletin.

Drs. Livingston and Hall made fast time to attend the fireman injured at Louisville. It was only forty minutes from the time he was injured until they were by his side.—Cass Co. Recorder.

Fine rain Thursday morning, and on thanks to Venner for it, either. It was caused by a lady who, on the after noon before, carried seventy-five pails of water to the trees growing in her yard.—North Platte Rep.

Our exchanges from the Republican Valley claim that their rye and barley will harvest from thirty to fifty bushels per acre, and that their wheat will average about eighteen bushels. They say that the corn prospect was never better.—Peru Herald.

It is a very noticeable fact that sheep raising is becoming an extensive and universal business in Neb. The time will soon come when nearly every farmer in the state will be interested to some extent in this most profitable culture.—Syracuse Journal.

Work begun Monday morning last on the re-construction of the Platte bridge, under the supervision of County Commissioner John Wise, who will put the work through as rapidly and as well as it can be done. With no back-set our south-side friends may reasonably expect to cross about two weeks from to-day. We may say in this connection that Columbus will be far ahead of some of her neighbors who lost their bridges during the flood. Columbus Journal.

Mr. P. C. Spencer, near Greenwood, having seen the notice in the Recorder for a pottery, is desirous of visiting the bank and examining the clay, and if suited will enter into any kind of fair contract to open up the bank and manufacture crockery. He says he worked fifteen years in the business in Greensboro, Penn., and will furnish specimens of his work, also recommendations. If the impression prevails that good clay abounds here, it may be a good opportunity to put the enterprise in motion. —[Cass Co. Recorder.

"Never Mind the Hat, My Boy."

Denver Tribune.

General Sheridan was idly sauntering up and down the lobby of the Winsor Hotel, deep in thought, and complacently puffing at his Havana, and blowing the white smoke into pretty white curls. Suddenly a rough looking man, with face so heavily bearded that one could see nothing but the twin