PUBLIC LEDGER.

Eight Dollars per Annum — LARGEST CITY CIRCULATION — Fifteen Cents Per Week

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PUBLIC LEDGER.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER IS PUBLISHED every afternoon (except Sunday) at No. 13 Madison street.

The PUBLIC LEDGER is served to city subscribers by faithful carriers at FIFTEEN CENTS PER WEEK, payable weekly to the carriers. By mail (in advance): One year, $8; six months, $4; three months, $2; one month, 75 cents.

Newsdealers supplied at 2½ cents per copy.

Weekly Public Ledger,

Published every Tuesday at $2 per annum (in advance); clubs of five or more, $1 50.

Communications upon subjects of general interest to the public are at all times acceptable.

Rejected manuscripts WILL NOT be returned.

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN DAILY:

First insertion	$1 00	per square
Subsequent insertions	50	" "
For one week	3 00	" "
For two weeks	4 50	" "
For three weeks	6 00	" "
For one month	7 50	" "

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN WEEKLY:

First insertion	$1 00	per square
Subsequent insertions	50	" "

Eight lines of nonpareil, solid, constitute a square.

Displayed advertisements will be charged according to the SPACE occupied, at above rates—there being twelve lines of solid type to the inch.

To regular advertisers we offer superior inducements, both as to rate of charges and manner of displaying their favors.

Notices in local column inserted for twenty cents per line for each insertion.

Special notices inserted for ten cents per line for each insertion.

Notices of deaths and marriages, twenty cents per line.

All bills for advertising are due when contracted and payable on demand.

All letters, whether upon business or otherwise, must be addressed to
E. WHITMORE,
Publisher and Proprietor.

THE PLAINS—A PROPHECY.

Go ye and look upon that land,
That far vast land that few behold,
And one beholding understand—
That old, old land which men call new—
Go journey with the seasons through
Its wastes, and learn how limitless.
The solemn silence of that plain
Is, oh! so eloquent. The blue
And bended skies seem built for it,
And all else seems a yesterday,
An idle tale but illy told.
Its story is of God alone,
For man has lived and gone away
And left but little heaps of stone.
Lo! here you learn how more than fit
And dignified is silence, when
You hear the petty jeers of men.
Its awful solitudes remain
Thenceforth for aye a part of you,
And you have learned your littleness

Some silent red men cross your track;
Some sun-tanned trappers come and go;
Some rolling seas of buffalo
Break thunder like and far away
Against the foot-hills, breaking back
Like breakers of some troubled bay;
Some white-tailed antelope blown by
So airy like; some foxes shy
And shadow-like move to and fro
Like weavers' shuttles as you pass;
And now and then from out the grass
You hear some lone bird cluck, and call
A sharp, keen call for her lost brood,
That only makes the solitude
Seem deeper still, and that is all.

That wide domain of mysteries
And signs that men misunderstand;
A land of space and dreams; a land
Of sea-salt lakes and dried-up seas;
A land of caves and caravans
And lonely wells and pools; a land
That hath its purposes and plans,
That seems so like a dead Palestine,
Save that its wastes have no confine
Till pushed against the leveled skies;
A land from out whose depths shall rise
The new-time prophets; the domain
From out whose awful depths shall come,
All clad in skins, with dusty feet,
A man fresh from his Maker's hand,
A singer singing oversweet,
A charmer charming very wise;
And then all men shall not be dumb—
Nay, not be dumb, for he shall say,
"Take heed, for I prepare the way
For weary feet;" and from this land
The Christ shall come when next the race
Of men shall look upon his face.
ROME, 1874. JOAQUIN MILLER.

Janauschek.

In a conversation with a reporter of the National Republican Mme. Janauschek gave the following account of herself:

Janauschek—My father and mother are both dead, and of their nine children I have but one sister and one brother living. My sister is an invalid and was never in public life, but in the care of my house she is indispensable to me. Two of my brothers were drowned in a river while bathing. The youngest went down first, and my eldest brother, in trying to save him, lost his life. For several years after the sad occurrence, I could never see a river without a shudder. My father was at one time very wealthy, and he gave the court jeweler, at Prague, all necessary moneys when he needed them. By misfortune he lost his wealth, and in his old age he retired to his birth place—a cottage in Bohemia—to die. Previous to his death, at our house in Prague, we had many admonitions that some dreadful event was to take place; noises and voices that could not be accounted for, and other strange things, so much that the servants were frightened out of the house. I loved my father dearly, but my engagements prevented me from being with him when he died. [Here Mme. Janauschek was overcome with emotion, and wept freely.] Resuming, she said: I should be glad if I had faith that I shall meet him and know him again in the hereafter, but how can I believe it? We live, we die, and go, we cannot tell where—perhaps to some other star. It overwhelms me to think about it. The great thing here is to live right, to do all the good we can, and trust Providence for the unseen future. I should like to live always. I should like to see this country two hundred years hence. Think of the greatness of it then, and the advance in civilization that must take place. The people will all be different then. But I must stop talking for the present.

Ladies and Vinegar.

Taken in moderation there is no doubt that vinegar is beneficial, but in excess it impairs the digestive organs. Experiments on artificial digestion show that, if the quantity of acid be diminished, digestion is retarded; if increased beyond a certain point digestion is arrested. There is reason, therefore, in the vulgar notion, unhappily too often relied on, that vinegar helps to keep down any alarming adiposity, and the ladies who dread the disappearance of their graceful outlines in curves of plumpness expanding into "fat" may arrest so dreadful a result by liberal potations of vinegar, but they can only so arrest it at the far more dreadful expense of their health. The amount of acid which will keep them thin will destroy their digestive powers. Portal gives a case which should be a warning: "A few years ago a young lady in easy circumstances enjoyed good health; she was very plump, had a good appetite, and a complexion blooming with roses and lilies. She began to look upon her plumpness with suspicion; for her mother was very fat, and she was afraid of becoming like her. Accordingly she consulted a woman who advised her to drink a glass of vinegar daily. The young lady followed the advice, and her plumpness diminished. She was delighted with the success of the experiment, and continued it for more than a month. She began to have a cough; but it was dry at its commencement, and was considered as a slight cold which would go off. Meantime from dry it became moist, a slow fever came on, and a difficulty of breathing; her body became lean and wasted away; night swelling of the feet and of the legs succeeded, and a diarrhea terminated her life." Therefore, young ladies, be boldly fat! Never pine for graceful slimness and romantic pallor; but if nature means you to be ruddy and round, accept it with a laughing grace, which will captivate more hearts than all the paleness of a circulating library.

Mongolian Element in San Francisco.

A lady traveling in California writes: "The most interesting part of San Francisco is, perhaps, the most difficult to portray—we refer to the Chinese quarter. If it were possible to take a short walk, and on turning an abrupt corner find ourselves in Canton, we could not be more surprised. Although within a square of some of the best streets in the city, there is nothing to remind one of their existence. There are whole blocks of shops, devoted to every industry that can be imagined, and filled to overflowing with Chinamen. They are wonderfully busy and as cleanly as may be. How so many people exist in such small quarters no one can tell. Not a moment seems to be lost, and they have learned our ways with wonderful rapidity. In almost every shop the noise of the sewing machine is heard in addition to the regular work to which the place is devoted. Their markets are perfectly clean, and as tempting as possible, considering the prejudice that one naturally feels after hearing of their fondness for extraordinary dishes. Even the busiest look as though they had just donned clean attire, dutifully shaved their front hair and plaited the queue in the back. They are very fond of their children, and seem delighted to have outsiders notice them. The dress of the women is similar to that of the men, the chief point of difference being the absence of the queue. We saw a party of women apparently gotten up for some gala occasion. Their coal-black hair formed three shells, one on top and one on either side of the head, and parted by some means known to themselves into the most perfect shining smoothness. Their long overdresses and trousers were of the brightest blue silk in place of the dark blue cloth usually worn by them, and their shoes and stockings were of the most perfect neatness and enriched with fine embroidery. Their Joss houses are certainly very curious places. They seem to be open all of the time for personal devotions, but their grand celebration comes in February, at their New Year. Whatever the wise men may hold as doctrines, the large body of their people are Pagan in their belief and practice."

The Russian Theater.

Possessing a voracious appetite for amusement of all kinds, the Russians are generous to a fault to those who can entertain them, and particularly those who have the power of making them laugh. Thus it happens that there is a theater in the Czar's capital devoted to the comic muse, whose votaries include English and French as well as Russian performers, a medley of nationalities which has a certain attraction for the foreigner who wisely considers some after-dinner amusement indispenable, if only for digestive purposes. The Michael Theater, which is one of the four play houses under State control, is the home of French and German comedy and vaudeville; but if the visitor to the City of Palaces wishes to see and hear the "comic" singers of the three nations in grand combination, he cannot do better than to jump into a sleigh and bid the caftaned Isvotchick drive to the Berg Theater. Having arrived there, after the bumpings and joltings and narrow escapes from being capsized, incidental to sleigh riding in Russian streets, which enjoy the uneviable notoriety of being the worst kept in the world, the fare will find a long, low roofed, squat building, entered by corridors, which are flanked up stairs and down stairs by buffets, somewhat akin to "bars" of similar establishments in England; and having paid a rouble and a half (four shillings) for a chair, he will note with astonishment the peculiar arrangement of the house. The theater is an oblong building, with boxes at each side, and chairs in the center of the house; behind these is a kind of balcony, and, stretching far away, a gallery, which is at so great a distance from the stage that its occupants must find it very difficult to hear the dulcet notes of, let us say, the English duetists. A low roof covers all; but despite this architectural mistake, the house is well ventilated and exceedingly comfortable. The audience in the boxes is principally composed of Russian officers, among whom are not a few lieutenants who have yet to become acquainted with the smell of powder; well made, stalwart young fellows, capable of holding their own wherever they may be. But, looking round the house, you fail to discern more than two or three ladies, albeit there are not a few persons who might, if they were asked, lay claim to that title.—*Belgravia.*

An Aide-de-Scamp.

An amusing anecdote is told of a well-known French general, who played a conspicuous part in a cavalry charge. This gallant warrior had been severely wounded on his head and a bullet in his thigh. Such an allowance might have satisfied a man of quiet tastes, but was far from sufficient for the fire-eating general. In relating the charge, which he did at every dinner party, he was in the habit of throwing in half a dozen bayonet thrusts and a couple of stray splinters from a shell, and he invariably appealed for corroboration of his narrative to an aid-de-camp who had ridden by his side. On one occasion, having imbibed more than his usual allowance of '47 Chateau Yquem, he drew a more than usually startling picture of his riddled and perforated condition. A cannon ball had killed his horse, a dozen sabres had descended at once on his head, a couple of lances had passed through each of his arms, and all the bullets and bayonets of Germany seemed to have given each other a rendezvous in his body! "You remember it well, don't you?" he added, turning to his aide-de-camp. The well-trained subaltern had suffered long in silence. The bayonets, bullets, lances, etc., he had got used to by long practice, but the cannon ball was the last straw that broke the camel's back. "No, General, I don't remember it. How could you expect me to? You know as well as I do that the very cannon ball that killed your horse struck the breastplate of a cuirassier behind us and then bounded back and took my head off!"

Flourishing a Handkerchief for a Wife.

In some parts of Europe it is not unusual to bring about matrimonial engagements by means of advertisements. Some years ago it was agreed by a gay party of ladies and gentlemen in London that an advertisement should be inserted in a morning paper, as from a young lady, rich and beautiful, who felt inclined to the state of matrimony. In the course of the day letters were received from between forty and fifty swains, of all descriptions, in reply to each of whom an answer was addressed stating that the lady wished, previous to his being introduced to her, to see him, at the same time requesting each to be in the pit of the Drury Lane Theater on the following evening, and dressed in a blue coat, white pantaloons and a scarlet vest, and immediately on the conclusion of the first act to stand upon the benches, flourish a white handkerchief in one hand, and apply a glass to the right eye with the other. Everything succeeded so well that as soon as the curtain fell about fifty individuals of all ages, forthwith mounted the benches, from the smooth chinned Adonis of eighteen to the sleek, portly, self confident widower of fifty and the emancipated bachelor of sixty, dressed in uniform, according to orders, in the gayest style and the utmost nicety, to make the deeper impression on the heart of the fair prize. High swelled their bosoms with hope as with studied action the handkerchief was flourished and the glass raised to the eye. But who shall paint the astonishment, dismay and rage which were depicted in every countenance as they gazed upon each other, and discovered the sudden failure of all their hopes! With almost incredible velocity they 'descended from their unenviable attitude to 'hide their diminished heads' among the crowd.

The Spiritualists have the field. All the papers are giving them plenty of room, and the scientists of the period altogether fail to tell how the thing is done

New Advertisements.

STATEMENT SHOWING THE CONDITION
—OF THE—
Knickerbocker Life Insurance Co.
OF NEW YORK, DECEMBER 31, 1873.
JOHN A. NICHOLS, President. GEO. F. SNIFFEN, Secretary.

ASSETS.

Real Estate owned by the Company	$ 412,097 11
Cash on hand and in Bank	66,368 23
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	174,355 00
Loans on Real Estate	2,386,657 12
Loans on Policies	3,444,105 58
Accrued Interest	219,117 40
Deferred Premiums, less cost of collection	549,792 23
Bonds and Stocks owned by the Company	414,760 14
Market value of Stocks over cost	91,360 78
Furniture	25,833 79
Other Assets	326,741 52
Total Assets	$7,900,188 88

LIABILITIES.

Losses due, not yet paid	$ 131,500 00
Reinsurance reserve	6,678,418 29
Other Liabilities	194 50
Surplus as regards Policy Holders	1,180,026 09
	$7,900,188 8

Good Agents wanted to work at old rates.
GREENE & LUCAS, Managers,
Memphis, Tennessee.