

And the dawn whitened, and the east was clear.
 Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
 Of a benignant spirit standing near:
 And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,
 "This is our earth—most friendly earth, and fair,
 Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow
 Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air."
 "There is best living here, loving and serving,
 And quest of truth and serene friendships dear;
 But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer—
 His name is Death: flee, lest he find thee here!"
 And what if then, while the still morning
 brightened,
 And freshened in the elm the Summer's
 breath,
 Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel,
 And take my hand and say, "My name is
 Death."
 —Edward Rowland Sill in Chicago Graphic.

BIG BILL.

Back of Laramie, Wyo., there is a range of hills that would be called mountains anywhere else. Here you can find deep gorges, ravines and valleys. Some twenty miles above the city there is a road that winds up and into the hills, over acres of barren rock, and then descends down into a beautiful valley where grass is growing luxuriantly, and sheep and antelope are grazing. Follow the road by a miniature lake, and by and by it will lead you around the base of a tall mountain, and there you will find a little log cabin beside a willow lined stream, and you will see there a large sheep corral.

I was lounging on the ground a few years ago in front of the little cabin smoking peacefully, and listening to the wind sighing through the willows and pines, the bleating of the sheep in the corral and the howl of the coyote up in the hills.

"As far as I know, Big Bill and me were the first white men who herded sheep up here in the hills," said the occupant of the cabin, as he sat in the doorway with his pipe in his mouth.

"We came up here from the home ranch down on the Laramie river and about this cabin and the corral in '77. We had about 5,000 sheep to look after, with the dogs to help us, and it was pretty hard work, for then the hills were full of mountain lions, and they didn't know the difference between the sheep and the antelope, but we got along all right. As the old man sent some of the sheep down on the plains and others to the home ranch, Bill and me didn't have anything to do, so we went up in the northern part of the state rounding cattle, but in the latter part of 1887 the old man sent for us, and so we came back and took about 3,000 sheep up here to look after."

"We hadn't been here long before a young tenderfoot came up from Omaha to help us, the old man said, but in reality he only wanted a little outdoor exercise. Jim was a mighty good fellow, though, if he was a tenderfoot, and he and Bill became warm friends. Jim was small, thin and pale, and Bill was big, bronzed and full bearded, with hair that fell down on his shoulders. Jim just used to stick by Bill as close as a sick kitten to a hot brick, and used to follow him away over by Dirty Em mountain and Rugged Top, and when he came in at sundown he would look like a corpse, but after a while he got as strong as an ox and slept like a horse. After supper they would take their pipes and tobacco and go out there under yonder tall pine, and would talk until long into the night, and I used to sit here and wonder what the mischief they would talk about. But Jim was the best natured fellow that ever lived, excepting, of course, Big Bill. All that summer they were as inseparable as the lamented Siamese twins, and when one went down to the home ranch or to Laramie the other would go too."

"One day Jim wasn't feeling well, and I'm blessed if Bill didn't camp right by his bedside all day long, and me and Shep, the dog, had to look after the sheep. Jim was only sick a couple of days, and the next Sunday when the men from down on the ranch came up to bring us some papers and canned stuff they brought a letter for Jim from his employers down in Omaha asking that he come home at once. When Jim got ready to go I an Indian if he and Big Bill didn't cry, and Bill he walks clear up to the top of the hill, and sat down on a boulder, and kept his eyes fastened on the wagon as it turned around the serpentine road, and watched it until it disappeared on the plain below, and then he came back here and sets down awful glum, and says he to me: " 'Jake, Jim's an all tired good feller.' "

"You bet he is."

"That's all I said, but Big Bill understood me. Every Sunday when the men from the ranch didn't come up Bill used to walk clear down there and get the letter that would be sure to be there for him from Jim, and he would bring it back up here, and we used to work pretty hard to read it, even if it was written with a typewriter, for you know neither Bill nor me had ever had any schooling. They were awful good letters, though, and once he sent us some fine woolen shirts and mittens, and some crack tobacco and a couple of pipes; this is one of them now. About a month after he left we got a letter saying he was going to be married, and he was dead anxious for Big Bill to come down and take it in, but Bill wouldn't do it, because he said Jim might be ashamed of him; but Jim wasn't that kind of a fellow, as I'm going to tell you pretty soon."

About three years after his marriage Jim wrote a letter asking both Bill and me to come down and see him and his wife and the kid, and there was a lot of scribbling, which Jim said was the baby's invitation. Course I knew it was Big Bill they wanted to see, although Jim and me were good friends, but as Bill allowed he wouldn't go if I didn't go with him, I consented to go, and so when the sheep had been moved down to the ranch we went down to Omaha. We didn't tell him we were coming, for

we were kinder scared, seeing all the people and the rustle; but a policeman comes up and asked us who we wanted, and we told him the name of the firm Jim worked for and he explained how to get there. Bill and me started out and crossed the viaduct. I believe that's what it's called, a big bridge over the railroad tracks, and when we got to the other end and walked around a bit we saw the sign up and we crossed over and went in. There were lots of men working there, and Jim was standing up talking to a girl who was a-writing like a congressman. When Bill saw him he walks right up and shoves out his hand and says he in a loud, cheery voice:

"Hullo, ole Jim, how be ye?"

"Jim just looked up and then jumped a yard and grabs Bill's outstretched hand in both of his and then he grabs mine, a-talking like a politician all the time. He excused himself for a minute and reads a little more to the girl and then he introduced us to three or four people and got his coat. The girl turned around and commenced hitting a machine and Bill went up and took off his hat and his long hair fell about his face and he said:

"That's one of those typewriters, ain't it, miss?"

"And the girl looked up and smiled awfully nice and says, 'Yes, sir,' and then Jim came along and we left. We went out, and I'll be switched if I could see how Jim could find his way around with all the wagons and people and electric cars, but we got on one of them trains and rode for about half an hour and then we got off and walked up a hill. A pretty little house stood up above the street and we went up, for that was where Jim lived. The house was fixed up in great shape, and as Bill and me stood there kind of awkward the curtains were shoved aside and a young lady came in. She stood for a second, and Jim just said "my wife," when she stepped forward with the sweetest kind of a smile and taking my pard's hand and says:

"This is Big Bill, I know, and Jake. I am glad to see you."

"Bill just looked all broke up for a minute and then he turned to Jim:

" 'No wonder you married, Jim,' says he.

"Jim and his wife just laughed, and while they were enjoying themselves a little child came into the room and ran up to his father, and he took him up in his arms and kissed him and then set him down on the floor, and he ran over to where Bill was sitting in one of those big chairs and climbed up in his lap, and Bill held him like he was glass, and he was pleased if he did feel foolish, and the kid ran his little hands through the big man's beard and long hair, and seemed to enjoy it immensely, and pretty soon Bill turns to Jim and says he:

"You had better take this, Jim. I ain't used to handling such lambs."

"Jim reached out for the child, but he clung close to Bill. A flush of pride comes into my pard's face, and he looked up and said:

" 'What's the kid's name, Jim?' "

"But before Jim could answer the boy said 'Bill' just as plain, and the big fellow looked up first at Mrs. Jim and then at her husband and he read the answer in their faces, and then he pressed the child close to his bosom, and two big tears came into his eyes and fell on his cheeks. We felt at home right away, and that afternoon Jim got a carriage and drove us all over the city and out to the fort. Bill looked awful happy sitting on the back seat with Mrs. Jim, and the kid and Mrs. Jim laughing softly and talking merrily while her husband and Bill spoke of when Jim was up here in the hills. We staid there for three days, and Jim just showed us all the big buildings and took us up to one of those swell clubs and introduced us around as though we were millionaires instead of poor sheep herders, and a reporter gave Bill a great write up too."

"About a month after we were down in Omaha we saw a man from the ranch riding up, and so we went over to see what was the matter, for it was on Thursday and we thought something was up. He had a letter with a black margin from Bill and he tore it open and it was from Mrs. Jim, saying that Jim had been taken suddenly sick and had died. Well, sir, Bill just took the letter in his hand and turned around like one that's paralyzed and he walked straight over yonder under that pine tree where he and Jim had laid so often and threw himself down on the ground. I looked after the sheep, and at sundown I drove them all up here into the corral and then Shep and me went over, and the dog, when he saw Bill lying flat on the ground with his face in his arms, gave one long and agonizing howl and began licking Bill's face and Bill reached up and pulls Shep right down by him and said awful soft like:

"Your heart's broken, too, ain't it, Shep?"

"He lay there for a long while, and the moonlight came out from behind the clouds and bathed the hills and the valleys with the soft light, and it fell upon Big Bill, lying with his head on the dog and sobbing to himself. It was almost morning, and the moonlight had died away, and the eastern heavens were tinged by the light of the rising sun and a soft wind stirred the willows there by the brook, and murmured through the pines, when he arose and come over here to the cabin. I was so dead tired that I had slept all night, and when he opened the door I was just getting up."

" 'Jake,' he said, 'I have got to go down to Omaha.' "

" 'Because,' he said, 'you know Jim was pretty extravagant and he didn't get much of a salary, and I wouldn't be surprised if his wife and the kid was pretty hard pressed. I must go down and look after them, for I know Jim would like to have me do so.' "

"I saw there wasn't any use of talking, and so he shook hands with me and started out over the hills for the ranch. He drew all the money coming to him, and I didn't see or hear anything from him until along toward the close of the summer, when one evening, as Shep and

a-puffing my pipe, I heard a step, and looking up, I saw Big Bill.

"I didn't know him at first. He had on store clothes. His hair was short and he only wore a mustache. He looked like a corpse. His cheeks and eyes were sunken, and he had a cough that pained him terribly. He had walked all the way up from Laramie, and as he was pretty well pegged out I didn't say much to him, but just got him something to eat and put him to bed. He used to sleep like an ox, but all night he was restless, and pitching backward and forward on the bed. Next day he told me that when he got in Omaha he went up and saw Mrs. Jim and the kid and that she was all broke up. You see Jim had spent money pretty freely and when his debts was paid she didn't have a cent, and Bill told her that Jim had lent him a lot of money, which, of course, was not so, and that he would pay it back now. You see, if Bill had offered to have helped her she wouldn't have taken a cent, but as long as she believed Bill owed the money it was all right."

"So Bill got a job working on the grades, but he told her he was just resting in Omaha, and every Saturday night he used to give her nearly all his earnings, and just starved himself and slept in a tent with the horses out in the suburbs at night in all kinds of weather, and breathing the dust and dirt all day and the stable at night, and not eating, at all regularly, his health broke down and he was taken to a hospital. About this time an old aunt of Mrs. Jim's died and left her a pile of property. Mrs. Jim kinder suspected something was wrong with Big Bill, but she couldn't get anything out of him, though she tried awful hard. She 'lowed to tell Bill the next Saturday night when he came, but he didn't come, and she couldn't guess what was the matter until she saw by a paper that he had been taken to the hospital. She went up there to see him and he was delirious, and when he was out of his head he told all about what he had been doing, and it liked to have killed Mrs. Jim. When he got better she used to take him out driving, and said she would pay him back, and she did make him take about a hundred dollars, and she was just bound he would be paid in full, and so he skipped out and came back up here."

"For a while he was a good deal better, but his cough got worse, and by and by he didn't pretend to do anything but just walk around with his head down and his hands behind him and talk about Jim and little Bill and Mrs. Jim, and he would lay out there in the cold night air with his head in his hands, looking up at the star dotted heavens and listening to the wind moaning through the pines. I got a letter from Mrs. Jim asking if Bill had come up here and how he was, and I managed to write back how he was. Well, one morning Bill didn't get up and I saw that he was pretty bad, and so I didn't go out with the sheep but just left them in the corral while I attended to Bill. Along about noon I heard Shep bark, and looking out I saw a carriage coming around the mountain there, and I thought it was a doctor which the old man had sent up, but when it drew up Mrs. Jim and little Bill got out."

"Is there anything the matter? He isn't dead, is he?" she asked me. "I have come and will take him back where he can have the best of medical attendance. I can never forget what he did for Billie and I, just for Jim's sake."

"I didn't say anything, but just pointed into the little cabin, and she and the kid went in and leaned over him. He opened his eyes, and when he saw her he tried to raise himself, but he couldn't."

" 'Am I dead?' he asked.

" 'No,' said Mrs. Jim, 'Billie and I have come up here for you, and we will take you back with us to Omaha, where you will soon get well.' "

" 'You are very kind,' he said, and then smiled softly, drew a heavy sigh and died. Mrs. Jim leaned over him and her tears fell upon his face as she kissed him, and little Bill and me were crying too. We buried him next day, when the men came up from the ranch, and there under the tall pine, where he and Jim used to lie so much, and where he spent so much of his time after he got back from Omaha, and a few days after Mrs. Jim came up in a carriage from Laramie, acting as the guide for a man who brought up a stone for Bill's grave."

There were tears in the eyes of the old sheep herder when he finished, and we arose and went over to the grave. The wind was sighing a requiem through the tall pine tree, and the little stream was murmuring the sweetest music as it ran along over the rocks. In the moonlight I read on the plain marble slab the simple inscription:

BIG BILL.
 ONE OF THE NOBLEST OF MEN.
 —R. A. Eaton in Omaha Herald.

The Dangers of a Doctor's Life.

Eighteen thousand doctors are now required to guard the health of the British islands. Few of them spend the evening of their days in competence and retirement. The doctor's life is the most dangerous of all, and, on the average, the shortest of all. It is even more dangerous than the soldier's. Exposed to the contagion of fatal diseases, to cold, to night air, to accident, it is not to be wondered that he falls early in the battle of life. In every little town may be found clergymen, officers, brewers, grocers, tailors, schoolmasters, jewelers, shoemakers and even peddlers, who end the evening of life in affluence and ease. But how seldom the doctor. He generally dies in harness.—London Tit-Bits.

When small bodies get in the eye, like cinders, dust or chips of stone, a horse-hair loop will frequently do what pulling one eyelid over the other fails to accomplish. Pure gum arabic, in weak solution, may be poured into the eye, which requires a cold bandage afterward. In case of lime, use lemon juice and water at once.

Cynics May Not Enjoy Pickwick Papers.

Why criticize "Pickwick"? The interpolated stories are distracting and tiresome; skip the stories. The Fleet episode is not comparable in power or effect to the Marsfield scenes in "Little Dorrit." But skip the Fleet. All the rest remains a priceless treasure. How are we to decide with the cocksureness of a Fitzgerald that this thing is exaggerated and that unattractive? Let us take a look at the principles and the standards of real life the illusion vanishes. Not the least marvelous characteristic of the author's genius is the sureness with which he stills you spellbound in his enchanted pleasure.

So long as the magic holds, you travel with pleasure in the coaches; you go with rapture to Dingley Dell; you admire young ladies with fur round their boots; you applaud Sam Weller; you thank heaven and Charles Dickens for Mr. Weller the elder, and you lavish your hopes and fears on Mr. Pickwick himself. But try to place the characters in the real world, and you find you have to deal with "impossibles," who perambulate the country tripping ale, brandy and water and punch, who kiss the servant maids, whose womanhood areas "impossible" as themselves, and whose circumstances and surroundings are distinguished by nothing save an uninviting plenty. To the dyspeptic who thus essays to "realize" these friends from youth to middle age, these heroes of the one great Cockney epic, the posthumous papers of the Pickwick club are not to be recommended. For those thrice fortunate that boast themselves eupptic they are the most invigorating tonic.—National Observer.

How Do You Bow?

Did you ever watch people bow? It is quite a study to note the variety of facial contortions and the divergence as to the method of bobbing the head.

You have probably noticed the dignified little bend of the head accompanied by a passive countenance. It does not mean much, and when it does the special graces and commendable virtues are not indicated in the definition. A general bow has as much to account for as a hearty hand clasp, and one frigid recognition has been known to drench a sprouting friendship with ice water and kill it on the spot.

Heads are often tossed back and then bent down, and I have taken delight in observing a man who opens his mouth as if to facilitate the tilting of his head. On some occasions a greeting is given by a solemn wagging of the head, just as people in some localities shake hands with a motion from side to side.

With a few people the whole face lights up as they greet their friends, and to these cheery, whole souled mortals we give an unmasked and voluntary confidence. Lips can be curled into a fairly good imitation of a smile. Eyes can be danced into a drowsy semblance of mirth. Words can be strung together by the brain and uttered in tones of counterfeit joy, but we can read the falseness and mark the absence of heart

on every feature.

Those who are glad to see us rarely disguise the fact, and those who are not can scarcely force our belief from resting upon the foundation of a perhaps disagreeable truth.—Toronto Globe.

What the Matter Said About People.

A good way to judge a man is to listen to his talk when he comes in to buy a hat for himself. It is all right for a man to ask his tailor what he ought to wear. But every man ought to know what sort of a hat is most becoming to him. No article of a man's wearing apparel so completely makes or unmakes him as his hat. There are men who should never wear any other than a silk hat, just as there are men who should never wear anything in the way of a hat except a Derby. There are men who will never look like anything human with either. Some men were born to wear nothing but the soft hat.

I would not vote for a man who does not know what sort of a hat he should wear without taking the advice of another on the subject. I believe it was Shakespeare who said that dress proclaimed the man. Shakespeare knew what he wanted to say, I reckon, but if he ever paid any attention to the matter he would have said the hat. It is my observation that a man will say more foolish things when he goes to buy a hat than at any other time.—Interview in Chicago Tribune.

Fire Among Savage Nations.

According to Pliny fire was a long time unknown to some of the ancient Egyptian tribes, and when a celebrated astronomer made them acquainted with that element and how to produce it they were wild with delight. The Persians, Phoenicians, Greeks and several other nations acknowledge that their ancestors were once without the comforts which fire bestows; the Chinese confess the same of their progenitors. Pompanon, Mola, Plutarch and other ancient writers speak of nations which, at the time when they wrote, knew not the use of fire, or had just recently learned it.

The inhabitants of the Marian islands, which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire or its uses. Their astonishment knew no bounds when they saw it applied to wood, most of them taking it to be some kind of an animal which the sailors had brought with them and which must be fed on wood.—St. Louis Republic.

Economy in Horseshoes.

A horseshoe has been patented in Canada which is provided with removable calks. These calks are easily removable, and when they require sharpening calks may be put in in about five minutes. Two sets are kept on hand, one sharp and the other dull; this effects a great saving. The shoe has tapered dovetail recesses, in which the tapered shank of the calk fits.—New York Telegram.

The fifty largest libraries in Germany possess 13,700,000 volumes, against those of England with about 6,450,000, and of North America with about 6,100,000 volumes.

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