

AN ENTERPRISING NEEDLE.

Has Been Wandering Through Mr. Stiger's Body for Two Years.

Mr. M. Stiger, wholesale druggist, at a college place, had an exhibition of an office desk yesterday a common sewing needle, an inch and a half long, with a blunt point, to which was attached two inches of No. 10 thread doubled, says the N. Y. Times. To a hundred inquirers during the day Mr. Stiger answered that he had carried the needle and thread in the muscles of his right side for over two years.

Last Thursday evening when Mr. Stiger retired he complained of a sharp pain in his right side just below the shoulder blade, and Mrs. Stiger, while attempting to relieve the pain, discovered a small red spot, from the center of which protruded the point of a needle. She easily drew the needle and thread out, and when it was shown to Mr. Stiger he remarked: "Then that has been the cause of all my illness these two years."

Mr. Stiger was seen at his office yesterday afternoon and told the following story: "About two years ago I became suddenly troubled with a pain in the thick of my right thigh, and I treated myself for rheumatism, but I found no relief. The pain moved up my right side and settled over the pleura region, and I concluded that I had an attack of pleurisy, and treated accordingly. For a year and a half the pain did not let up. Then it ascended again, and settled in the base of my right lung. I was troubled with a constant cough. I made up my mind I had gone into consumption, and I consulted specialists. Violent exercise was recommended, and the movement of the muscles must have worked the needle out.

"I cannot imagine how I got the needle and thread in me. I could not have swallowed it. I must have sat upon it. Every vestige of illness left me and I felt like a new man. My physicians consider me a very fortunate man, for, they said, if the needle had gone inward instead of outward my life would have been lost."

He Wanted to Avoid Preparations.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore tells this story: The daughter of a certain gentleman, who was quite well off, was to be married. She had purchased her trousseau, which was a gorgeous one, from the apartments of the world's most fashionable modiste. The bill reached way up into the hundreds and was but a short step from a thousand. The ceremony and reception in their turn followed with all the brilliancy characteristic of a nuptial of the society world. The fond parent looked anxiously on as he thought of the immense number of bills that would soon pour in for his sympathy, and silently came to the conclusion that it should be the last.

After the event had passed and the happy Mr. and Mrs. were speeding away in a Pullman enjoying all the pleasures of a honeymoon, he called his other daughter to him and surprised her somewhat by inquiring if she had any serious thoughts of matrimony.

"Why, papa," she exclaimed, "you know I haven't left school yet!"

"I know that," replied the father, as he thought of his diminished bank account, "but will you ever have?"

"Why, of course," was the blushing maiden's reply, "you know all girls expect."

"Then," he answered, "when the final point comes just let me know in time, and I will give you \$1,000 and you and whoever it is may run off. Anything to get away from those trousseaus and receptions."

Speaking in the Open Air.

Experiments have shown that a person speaking in the open air can be heard about equally as well at a distance of 100 feet in front, seventy-five at each side, and thirty behind.

HE'S A NUISANCE.

The Silent Man Bore People and Should Retire.

What society wants is not a man who can sit and look impressive, or even a man who is famous and content with his fame, but a man who will just amuse it, or keep it gently alive in no sense of discomfort, with small talk.

From this point of view the silent man is worst of all. He is, in fact, something less than a nonentity. He is present, and yet he is not present. The minus sign represents him, and not even his claim as a good listener should save him from contempt. Confessedly it is hard upon him, if he have a constitutional timidity. But in that case, depend upon it, nature has not been so remiss as to send him into the world unprovided with a variety of elegant tastes and aptitudes, for the cultivation of which he need not frequent society.

It would matter but little, of course, if he were not likely to be a positive obstacle to the enjoyment of others. In the interest of small talk, however, this aspect of the case must be considered. It is not to be endured that he shall greet the genial remark, "How do you do?" with a mere nod instead of a responsive inquiry, which, with ordinary morals, would be the prelude to a brief but refreshing bout of commonplaces.

Even the systematic grumbler is not so dangerous a foe to our dear small talk as this laconic or dumb person. Indeed, not infrequently, he proves to be remarkably entertaining. For it must not be supposed that because he grumbles he is an unhappy or misanthropic person. By no means. The real sufferers on this count are the people who are too scrupulous of others to venture to utter any complaints. They suffer in secret, and are truly miserable sometimes.

Not so the systematic grumbler. No one offers him the tax of sympathy. He does not want it, however. His woes and grievances are his stock in trade. It is an understood thing that without them he would be a very dull fellow. As it is they save his reputation and set the ball of small talk moving in no matter in what direction. All the Year Around.

GOT AHEAD OF THE BARBER.

It Took Breath, but the Scheme Worked Like a Charm.

Detroit has a barber who if talking never existed would have invented it, and still he is an excellent barber with a good patronage. Since last Tuesday evening, however, he has been wearing a countenance of gloom and disappointment, and some of his friends think he is contemplating suicide.

At 7 o'clock of the evening mentioned a man evidently from Chicago came in, says the Free Press, and removing his external integuments took a chair.

"Shave, sir?" inquired the barber, getting his implements ready.

"Certainly," responded the customer, fixing himself comfortably. "I haven't been shaved for three days owing to the fact that several days ago, in response to an invitation from a man whom I know only slightly, having met him but once or twice during his trips to Chicago on business in which we were both interested, I went over here into a back county of Canada about fifty miles from any railroad station, in a section of country where there weren't any razors except those the hogs wore on their backs, and I haven't been able to slide my chin against anything sharper than a Canadian zephyr 20 degrees below the ice notch, and the consequence has been that I have had a growth of bristles that I think if my wife should run her face against on my return to my native village would give her such a shock that she wouldn't let me come near her again for the next six months, or at least until I had promised her faithfully that I would never let myself get into such a condition again, even if I went to the wilds of Africa, where I suppose a man's whiskers, in the luxuriant climate of that latitude, would grow to such a thickset of hirsute stubbornness that there wouldn't be any way of cutting them, unless he imported a double-strength reaper and mower with re-enforced knives in order that there might not be any mistakes in the accomplishment of the job for which, thanks to the excellence of American manufactures, it would readily adapt itself in an emergency of this kind, provided it were in the hands of a competent and efficient person who knew exactly its capabilities and was conversant with the proper methods of its application to—You ain't through, are you? I don't want any shampoo, haircut, or anything else. How much? Fifteen cents? Here's your money."

And slapping on his coat and hat he bounced out without giving the barber a chance to say a single word.

A Remarkable Piece of Glassware.

One of the most remarkable pieces of old Byzantine glassware now in existence is the "Luck of Edenhall," which never was broken, notwithstanding the poem of Ulland, translated by Longfellow. At one time the hair-brained duke of Wharston let it fall, but the butler, the ancient senechal of the house, caught it in a napkin. It is the property of the Musgrave family, an heirloom which has been cherished many centuries. Legend says it was snatched by a member of the family from the fairies by the well of St. Cuthbert in the garden of the mansion of Edenhall, and the elves in anger called after him as they flew away.

If ever this glass do break or fall Farewell the Luck of Edenhall.

But the Luck of Edenhall has not yet been broken, though it is a glass of exquisite thinness. It is still kept by the family as one of their most precious possessions in a medieval case of decorated leather, and guarded with sedulous care.—N. Y. Tribune.

The German merchant marine stands next to that of England. In 1889, the latest year for which figures have been published, German vessels made 55,344 voyages, carrying 21,398,522 tons of cargo.

EMU-MULE.

A Difference of Only One Letter in the Names of the Two Ablest Kickers.

Dr. J. E. Usher of London, fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and a sportsman of note, who has been in Arabia and other remote parts of the globe hunting for big game, has arrived here from North Queensland and the desert region known as the North Territory, in Australia. This is an enormous stretch of country thousands of miles in area, infested by cannibals, in which are giant emus, nomba and wallaby. It was to hunt the emu that Dr. Usher made his trip there.

"A party of us went up in that far north region," he said last night. "We were among the cannibals, who are great in size, being six and a half feet high and physically perfect. It is a dry, sandy region for the most part. Emus in large numbers are to be found over this territory. We hunted them on horseback, and it was rare sport for the reason that they can run as fast as a horse, and a very good one at that. We found the catching of emus almost as interesting as catching big game, besides having a certain spice of danger about it."

"An emu can kick as hard as a horse. I have seen men kicked so hard by this vicious bird that their legs were broken. If I had my choice of being kicked by a horse or an emu I think I would take the horse. The emu stands on one leg, and with the other strikes a quick and most paralyzing blow. I never would have believed that a bird had such power had I not had ocular evidence of it during this trip. After two or three of our men had suffered from the terrific kicks of these birds we did not venture near them, but after running our horses till we got close enough would bring them down with our rifles. We did not approach them till we knew they were dead. We killed them for their feathers, although they are not so valuable as those of the ostrich."

"We also hunted for their eggs, which are to be found in the sand, but in doing this we took care not to collide with the emu. The eggs are more in demand than the feathers. They are very beautiful, and are so tough that it is difficult to break them. Professional curio makers drill a hole in each end, take the inside out, and then the shell is carved and mounted in silver. There are three layers of the shell, and the carving is done so to show three colors. The silver is set in the first layer, so thick is it, and when it is all carved and ornamented by the silver it is handsome.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Each end, take the inside out, and then the shell is carved and mounted in silver. There are three layers of the shell, and the carving is done so to show three colors. The silver is set in the first layer, so thick is it, and when it is all carved and ornamented by the silver it is handsome.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Gold Dust for Drinks.

Almost anywhere about the old adobe building a pan of dirt will show a good color of gold dust. How this gold came to be scattered about is explained by a few old pioneers who lived with Gen. Sutter. One source of loss was by the prevailing process of cleaning the gold of dross and black sand. This was done by blowing with the mouth or a small hand-bellows. Another waste occurred in the bar room, which was located on the east side of the fort in the basement. It was customary, when a man wanted a drink, to deposit his buckskin sack upon the bar, and after the liquor was disposed of, the barkeeper walked up to the bag, opened it and with his forefinger and thumb, took a liberal pinch of the shining dust. Sometimes the buckskin bag leaked, and the careless miner in his perambulations would leave behind him a trail of yellow dust, like a farmer going to mill with his wheat sacks carelessly untied.

Big Trousers.

A clothing company of Taunton, Mass., has received an order for a pair of trousers 71-1-2 inches waist, 29 inch side seam, thigh 41, knee 31, bottom 24, for a man who weighs 600 pounds and is only 20 years old at that. It will take three yards of double-width cloth to do the work.

Called His Bluff.

Two lassies from the Salvation army strolled rather than marched up Broadway the other night, carrying their bundles of the War Cry, asking every one they passed to buy, says the N. Y. Morning Advertiser. The theater performances were just over and the streets thronged. Many were the rebuffs received, but they took it in good part and responded with a cordial "May the Lord bless you!" At last the twain approached a crowd in front of a cafe near the Bijou theater. "Haven't any change," said a stout, red-faced sport, whose features are always to be seen on the Right. "All I've got is a \$20 bill." "Lord bless you, sir, we can change it," said the meek little woman in the poke bonnet. "All right, here you are; I owe you a quarter, eh?" The soldier-girl handed over a paper and reached down in her somber dress for her purse. The purse was a great bag. She slowly counted out nine silver dollars, a dozen half dollars, and then quarters, dimes, nickels, and pennies without end. The red-faced sport was so handicapped with coin when she gave him the change that he could hardly move. "May the Lord bless you, sir," said the demure woman as she moved away. But there was a twinkle in her eye and a quiver around the mouth that made the crowd laugh heartily. The Salvation army girl had called the sport's bluff.

A PANTHER'S FIERCE JEALOUSY.

A Strange Story of a Brute's Vengeance From New Mexico.

A strange instance of jealousy in an animal is reported from a ranch in the range northwest of Silver City, N. M. A Mexican named Juan Lopez some years ago caught a young mountain lion and raised it as a pet. He had the animal completely under subjection and it was as docile with him as a house cat. The lion is now about 4 years old and is full grown, but it has always been accustomed to sleep at the foot of the bed of its master and has followed him like a dog when he went around the place. Lopez had the lion trained for hunting and it was always with him except when he came to town. It had never shown any dangerous disposition when with other people, and would allow visitors to fondle it.

Lopez recently married and his bride insisted that the lion should be made to sleep out of the house, as she was afraid of it. Lopez assented to her wishes and built a house for his pet near the door of his cabin. When he attempted to make the animal go in that night the brute for the first time was disposed to rebel against the wishes of its master, and the result was that it received a whipping. It went sullenly into the box, but all night long the Mexican and his bride could hear its low growls. Next morning the animal slunk into the house and curled up in a corner, repulsing the caresses of its master. It was sullen all day, but the bride noticed that it watched her constantly, and she became so nervous that she insisted that her husband should get rid of the big lion, and he promised to do so as soon as possible.

The second night it went to its hut outside with little opposition and next morning Lopez started to town to find a purchaser for his pet. He left the animal at home and told his wife to pay no attention to it but go about her work as if it was not in the house. Lopez had no difficulty in finding a purchaser for his lion, and about 5 o'clock in the evening started home pretty well intoxicated with mescal. He arrived home after dark, and was surprised to find the house dark. As he entered the place and groped about he stumbled over something on the floor. Stooping down he discovered that the object was a woman's body. He quickly struck a light, and was horrified at the sight that met his gaze.

The young wife had been torn to pieces by the savage brute. The struggle could not have been long, as the marks of the teeth showed that the lion had jumped upon her back and broken her neck at the first bite. It then bit to the victim to shreds. The animal, after completing his bloody work, had fled to the mountains and has not since been seen.

The young husband's grief was so great that he became insane and had to be confined to prevent him from taking his life.

Taken up at my farm 2 1/2 miles south of Plattsmouth, Wednesday February 3rd, one yearling heifer calf and one yearling steer calf, both red marked with tip of left ear cut off and V cut on under side. Party may have same by paying for advertisement and proving ownership. BEN F. HORNING.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters, state the same song of praise. A pure medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers.—For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50c and \$1 per bottle at F. G. Fricke & Co's drugstore.

Do not confuse the famous Blush of Roses with the many worthless paints, powders, creams and bleaches which are flooding the market. Get the genuine of your druggist, O. H. Snyder, 75 cents per bottle, and I guarantee it will remove your pimples, freckles, blackheads, moth, tan and sunburn, and give you a lovely complexion.

January is gone, yet some papers are still publishing those lists of marriageable young men.

Church Howe has \$100,000 invested in his Nemaha county stock farm and has 125 head of trotting horses.

A Fatal Mistake. Physicians make no more fatal mistake than when they inform patients that nervous heart troubles come from the stomach and are of little consequence. Dr. Franklin Miles, the noted Indiana specialist, has proven the contrary in his new book on "Heart Disease," which may be had free of F. G. Fricke & Co., who guarantee and recommend Dr. Miles' unequalled new Heart Cure, which has the largest sale of any heart remedy in the world. It cures nervous and organic heart disease, short breath, fluttering, pain or tenderness in the side, arm or shoulder, irregular pulse, fainting, smothering, dropsy, etc. His Restorative Nervine cures headache, fits, etc.

It Should be in Every House. J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good.

Robert Barber, of Cor esport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free trial bottles at F. G. Fricke & Co's drugstore. Large bottle, 50c. and \$1.00.

The girl's industrial school building at Geneva is well along toward completion, and is said to be admirably arranged for its purpose.

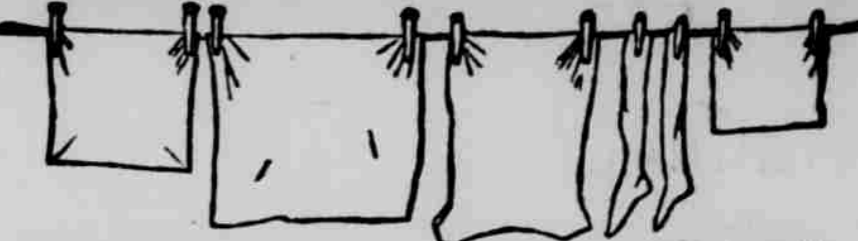
A Mystery Explained. The papers contain frequent notices of rich, pretty and educated girls eloping with negroes, tramps and coachmen. The well-known specialist, Dr. Franklin Miles, says all such girls are more or less hysterical, nervous, very impulsive, unbalanced; usually subject to headache, neuralgia, sleeplessness, immoderate crying or laughing. These show a weak, nervous system for which there is no remedy equal to Restorative Nervine. Trial bottles and a fine book, containing many marvelous cures, free at F. G. Fricke & Co's, who also sell and guarantee Dr. Miles' celebrated New Heart Cure, the finest of heart tonics. Cures fluttering, short breath, etc.

Cough Following the Grip. Many persons, who have recovered from la grippe are now troubled with a persistent cough. Chamberlain's cough remedy will promptly loosen this cough and relieve the lungs, effecting a permanent cure in a very short time. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Starting Facts. The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks and the following suggests, the best remedy: alphonso Humpfling, of Butler, Penn., swears that when his son was speckled from St. Vitus Dance Dr. Miles' great Restorative Nervine cured him. Mrs. J. L. Miller of Valparaiso, J. D. Taining of Logansport, Ind. each gained 20 pounds in an taking it. Mrs. H. A. Gardner, of Vastulud, was cured of 40 to 50 convulsions easy and much headach, dizziness, backach and nervous prostration by one bottle. Trial bottle and fine book of Nervous cures free at F. G. Fricke & Co., who recommends this unequalled remedy.

Ely's Cream Balm is especially adapted as a remedy for catarrh which is aggravated by alkaline dust and dry winds.—W. A. Hoyer Druggist, Denver.

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which contains several colored plates of Flowers and Vegetables, 1,000 Illustrations. Over 100 pages 8 x 10 1/2 inches. Instructions how to plant and care for gardens. Descriptions of over 20 New Novelties. Vick's Floral Guide mailed on receipt of address and 10 cents, which may be deducted from first order.

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