

Sudden Changes.

This morning in the meadows there were drifts of daisies bobbing. Swaying backward, swaying forward, in a careless sort of way. And the daffodils were merry, and the soft south wind was robbing scented larches of their sweetness, and my heart was light and gay.

And the blackbird's song was ringing by a nest hid in the bushes. Where a soft brown head was lifted, listening to his fervent vows; And the happy shifting sunlight gleamed above the brake and rushes. Heating lovingly a moment on the beech trees' golden boughs.

All the earth was fair and gladsome, and the sky was blue and tender. With the fleecy clouds drifting o'er its surface white and gray. Now the sky is dull and clouded, faded is the sunlight's splendor. And I wonder how I ever said the world was bright and gay.

For the constant noisy chorus of the birds is really vexing. And to fancy any mortal thinks the buttercups like a daisy. While the daffodils and daisies' foolish movements are perplexing. And the wind that sets them dancing is quite wintry-like and cold.

Hark! a step upon the gravel, and a laugh—'tis surely Willy! Who is passing in a hurry through the narrow garden gate. Well, I don't mind admitting that I have been cross and silly. With the world, because my lover chanced to be an hour too late.

—M. Lock in Chambers' Journal.

MIGGS' WIFE.

Quite a cozy, comfortable bachelors' party. There was Briggs, from the drug store; Miggs, who occupied himself with something or other at the state house; Diggs, who had something to do with pianos, and Miggs, the married man.

Every member of the party was staid, business-like and solid—the sort of man who could be depended upon to smoke no more than two cigars per diem and to imbibe no more than one cocktail at 11 o'clock in the morning punctually; every one—that is, except Miggs, the married man.

Each member of the party could be safely put down as good for a few thousand dollars, and who enjoyed the comforts of existence in an eminently respectable manner and always went to church on Sunday; each one—that is, except Miggs, the married man.

Miggs was an insurance agent. No one knew for certain even where he lived, except that he was generally to be found somewhere within the limits of the state of Massachusetts. He appeared to float around promiscuously in as many different places as he could possibly think of, and there never was such a man to turn up unexpectedly as Miggs.

He bubbled over with geniality, conviviality and fraternity; he was inconsistent, audacious and irrepressible—and he was married!

But Miggs' whereabouts were not more mysterious and bewildering than the condition of his affairs and the position of his social connection, and neither Briggs nor Diggs nor Diggs would have been very much surprised if he had married twenty times or not at all.

Yet when Miggs raised his eyes reverentially until they rested upon the ceiling, and said, "Ten years ago today was my wedding day," Briggs snapped out:

"Your wedding day? What do you mean?"

"That," said Miggs, still contemplating the ceiling, "shows how much interest a man's acquaintances take in his career. Not one of you has ever thought of inquiring if I were married. I might tell you some outlandish yarn about my family—that my wife was the present queen of Sheba, in which case, of course, my eldest son would be emperor of China; but no! I will confine myself strictly to the unvarnished truth and give you the plain history of my courtship and marriage.

"It was on a pleasant autumn afternoon that I happened to be at Winthrop and wandered along as far as Grover's cliff. There was not a soul to be seen, and I was counting the grasshoppers as they jumped to get out of my way, when I suddenly beheld a woman standing right on the edge of the cliff, who was waving her arms about and making quite violent gesticulations. As I strolled along I saw she had no hat, and that about three feet of her hair rippled in the breeze, but what astonished me, when I came near, was to find that she was singing—or, rather, chanting.

"I said to myself, 'Miggs, brace up and investigate this thing!' and went a little closer. When I came within hearing she was delivering herself as follows:

"I stand on the edge of the giddy steep; Shall I make the terrible, awful leap? Shall I pillow my head in the waters deep? In the cavern of ocean shall I sleep?"

"Here, come off!" growled Briggs. "Find another rhyme."

"I raised my hat," continued Miggs, "and said:

"Madam, I implore you not to take such a desperate course, for my sake."

"She turned around with a look of astonishment, and made an imperious gesture which appeared to be intended to convey the impression that she despised the world in general and myself in particular. She was tall and dark; her eyes gleamed like diamonds in the sunlight; her nose was proud and aquiline; her lips were red and full.

"My heart began to beat audibly within my bosom as I contemplated that panorama of loveliness. Looking over the cliff, I saw her hat lying at the bottom just out of reach of the water; and being possessed, gentlemen, of a quick sympathy and comprehension, I made a sudden resolve; and, having resolved, I immediately acted.

"Madam," I said, "there are all the elements of a noble romance. You have lost your hat, and I—how could I do otherwise than lose my heart? I will rescue your hat and you shall rescue my heart. I implore you to live for me, madam, for me! A million cupids are besieging me on every side, and reinforcements are rapidly arriving. Their arrows are transfixing me by companies and battalions. Be my wife! Oh! be mine!" and I knelt on one knee in the grass.

"For a minute she regarded me doubtfully, and that minute seemed an age. Then she put her hand in mine and I impressed upon it an ecstatic kiss. Oh, rapture! Oh, delicious happiness!

Then I went right down the cliff after her hat, and arrived at the bottom in the midst of a landslide of overwhelming proportions. What did I care? She was mine, mine! I felt that the crisis of my life had arrived and that I had successfully surmounted it.

"I shouted to her to come in to the end of the cliff, and then handed her hat and felt myself the most blessed of mortals.

"Lucilla, my love," I said (she wore her name engraved on a brooch), "there is one trouble—there is one thing which is unfortunately necessary to mention. I am poor. I have but \$300 in the world."

"Money," said the lovely Lucilla, "is dress. Love is all. I want no sordid man for a husband. I want affection, community of feeling—a kindred spirit. I hope you keep your money in a safe bank?"

"To tell the truth," I replied, "I do not keep it in a bank, but in my largest trunk, because I always know then where to find it when I want it."

"She looked once yearningly at the ocean but I clasped her in my arms (I couldn't help it) and—yes, I did twice—and we walked slowly away.

"I can see you are getting impatient. You don't want a love story. You don't want to hear a description of all the perfections of that beautiful creature as displayed by her during the next fortnight. Well, bachelors have a badly perverted taste, but I suppose I must bow to your desires. Suffice it to say that for fourteen days I lived in paradise, while making arrangements for a speedy marriage.

"The only thing that marred our happiness was that Lucilla appeared to be of a jealous nature. She would insist that I flirted, and asked me for particulars of all the girls I had seen during the day, and then would weep, and put her face against mine, and petulantly ask the atmosphere why men were not true, which, I must confess was rather annoying to an ardent spirit like mine.

"At such times she evinced a decided tendency to become poetical, but, knowing the strong prejudices of my friend Briggs, I always endeavored to turn her thoughts in some different direction.

"Then sometimes she would say quite mournfully: 'Miggs, I feel that we are not destined to be happy. I fear some dread specter may come between us, even at the altar, and part us forever.'

"Poor darling! She was indeed a jewel."

"I engaged apartments at Beachmont, and one fine Tuesday afternoon we were married. The fatal step was taken and I was no longer a bachelor.

"Now," I said, after the ceremony, "I can breathe freely. I am sure of you. You are mine!"

"She replied by such a look of tenderness and love, such a radiance of affectionate regard, that I blessed a thousand times the chance that led me on that afternoon to Grover's cliff.

"Be true, darling; always be true!" she murmured, softly; I declared with emphasis that Cleopatra herself would have found me as adamant against her charms; that Lucilla should be my sun by day and my star by night.

"When we arrived home in the evening, however, Lucilla was very much upset. Her belongings, which should have come during the day, had not arrived. She wept a little and I was unable to pacify her. She became hysterical and I became alarmed. She asked me to go to her doctor, who lived ten miles away, and bring her something which he would give me. I objected; she implored. I used language. She commanded. Ultimately, with a very bad grace, I put on my hat and went.

"In the worst of humors, I boarded a train and settled down for the long ride. And a long ride it was. Everything seemed to get in the way of that unfortunate train and delay its progress. I positively foamed at the mouth with rage.

"But when I reached the street and number mentioned by Lucilla, and couldn't find the doctor whose name she had given me, I went nearly mad. No one had ever heard of such a person and his name wasn't in the directory. However, I was bound to take something back, so I called upon the first physician I came to, explained the matter as best I could, obtained some sort of a draught, and wended my way dejectedly homeward, arriving at about 10.

"As I entered the house a feeling of desolation and misery took possession of me. I entered our apartments. They were in darkness.

"Lucilla! I cried.

"There was no answer. I lighted the gas and looked around; no Lucilla. I shivered with apprehension.

"Alas! I said. "I shall find her at Grover's cliff. She may be dashing herself down the giddy steep. I must fly to her rescue, and perhaps I may not be too late."

"I rushed down the stairs, and then a thought occurred to me. I called the landlady and asked her anxiously if she had seen Lucilla go out."

"Gracious sakes!" exclaimed the landlady, "thought you were with her?"

"Why—why?" I stammered.

"Some one was," she replied, and they took away your large trunk with them in a huddle, Mr. Miggs."

"Sainted mother-in-law!" I cried. "Let me investigate!"

"Upstairs I dashed with the landlady after me. It was too true. The trunk in which I kept my money was gone.

"Here," said the landlady, "is a note addressed to you."

"She picked up a piece of paper which lay upon the dressing-table and handed it to me. I unfolded it with feverish haste and perused the following:

"Thanks for your love which I won't return. Thanks for your letters which I will burn. Will be just the thing for my John to wear. Thanks for the dollars, two hundred and three. When in need of money, oh, think of me."

"Gentleman," said Miggs, "when I read that note the heat of feelings was so intense that it would have boiled the whole Arctic ocean. Lucilla—my peerless Lucilla—was a married woman all the time."

There was silence for about a minute, and then, as Diggs drank a glass of water to relieve his excitement, and

riggs shook his head and sympathetically and sorrowfully by the head. Briggs heaved a sigh and said very solemnly: "Miggs, you are a fraud."

—Exchange.

THE GERM OF THE GRIP.

A Wonderful Discovery by the aid of a Micro-Flashlight.

Dr. Robert L. Watkins asserts that he has, by the aid of a micro-flashlight, obtained negatives of the grip germ after it has been assimilated with the blood through the mucous membrane of the nasal organs. He attaches great importance to this discovery, says the N. Y. Herald. According to Dr. Watkins, the "grip" germ was photographed under the power of magnifying lenses of one thousand magnification, the flashlight having the brilliancy of the ordinary incandescent light. The color of the germ, as seen through the lens, is white. The sides and fibrous surface were covered with fine hairs—so fine they could hardly be observed in the original micro-photograph. The germ body seemed to be undergoing constant changes, and in the meantime to rotate rapidly among the adjacent healthy blood corpuscles. The successful examination of the germ under the microscope, aided by the flashlight, proved conclusive, it is said, that the germ attacks rather the blood than the mucous membrane, as in influenza, and that the pain experienced in the various stages of the disease is caused by the wonderful activity of its minute body. I talked with a number of prominent physicians yesterday as to the importance of this discovery, and found that in their opinion it could not count for much. Dr. H. N. Heinemann said: "In searching for new bacteria, simple microscopic investigation leads to the greatest self-deception. So well established is this that no worker in the new field of bacteriology would dare quote a new germ unless he had followed the succeeding process, namely, to inoculate an animal and then to produce the disease; that is to say, to produce culture by growing the germ in gelatine, and then, by inoculating animals, to produce the disease again."

The Children of Julia Ward Howe.

There were five of us. There had been six, but the Beautiful Boy was taken home to heaven while he was still very little and it was good for the rest of us to know that there was always one to wait for and welcome us in the Place of Light to which we should go some day. So, as I said, there were five of us here: Julia Romana, Florence, Harry, Laura and Maud. Julia was the eldest. She took her second name from the ancient city in which she was born, and she was as beautiful as a soft Italian evening, with dark hair, clear gray eyes, perfect features, and a complexion of such pure and wonderful red and white as I have never seen in any other face. She had a look as if, when she came away from heaven, she had been allowed to remember it, while others must forget; and she walked in a dream, always of beauty and poetry, thinking of strange things. Very shy she was, very sensitive. When Flossy (as Florence was most often called) called her a "great red-haired giant," she wept bitterly, and reproached her sister for hurting her feelings. Julia knew everything, according to the belief of the younger children. What story was there she could not tell? She it was who led the famous before-breakfast walks, when we used to start off at six o'clock, and walk to the Yellow Chasses (we never knew any other name for them; it was the house that was yellow, not the people) at the top of the long hill, or sometimes even to the windmill beyond it, where we could see the miller at work, all white and dusty, and watch the white sails moving slowly round. And on the way Julia told us stories from Scott or Shakespeare, or gave us the plot of some opera, "Ernani" or "Trovatore," with snatches of song here and there, such as "Home to our mountain" or "At nostri monti ritornaremo." Whenever I hear this familiar air ground out by a hand-organ, everything fades from my eyes save a long, white road fringed with buttercups and wild marigolds, and five little figures, with rosy, hungry faces, trudging along, and listening to the story of the gypsy queen and her stolen troubadour—Laura E. Richards, in St. Nicholas.

Slightly Embarrassing.

They stood in the darkened vestibule of a double flat house up town. It was a late hour and a cold night, but these were nothing for it was he and she, and they were young and stood very closely together. Time stood no show alongside of opportunity.

"You don't love me a bit?" she said.

"Love you! I worship you, sweetheart—darling!" The blonde head was brought against the manly breast for the fifteenth time and a soft, clinging kiss was planted where it would do the most good.

"Break away," came hoarsely from amid the feminine debris.

"What did you say, dearest?"

"Come off!" in a half smothered whisper.

"Why, darling, I never heard you use slang before. Don't!"

"I never said a word," she declared. It must have been—and a terrible dread overcame her.

"I never thought—" he began regretfully.

"You did—yes, you did!"

"Why, who's that?"

Both young people suddenly started away from the wall against which they had been leaning and stared at the two ranges of bright letter boxes and owl-shaped speaking tubes.

"Will you never come off, down there?"

"Oh, plague on it! That's Johnny," said she with deep disgust. "Our speaking tube's out of order—I forgot."

—N. Y. Herald.

The musk antelope can send forth such a powerful odor of musk that even at the distance of 100 yards he can smother his enemy to death.

Taken Up.
Taken up at my farm 2½ 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.

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The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into nervous prostration. You need a nerve tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alterative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the liver and kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c, 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. P. 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. 1

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Castle, Wis. was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven bottles Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well.

John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters, and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by F. G. Fricke & Co.

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.

ALittle Girls Experience a Light House.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Trescott are keepers of the Gov. Lighthouse at Sand Beach Mich, and are blessed with a daughter, four years. Last April she taken down with Measles, followed with dreadful Cough and turned into a fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere "handful of bones". Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles, was completely cured. They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial bottle free at F. G. Fricke Drugstore.

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, moderate 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 a 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 bottle for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Startling 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 speechless from St. Vitus Dance Dr. Miles great Restorative Nerve cured him. Mrs. J. L. Miller of Valparai and J. D. Taoler, of Logansport, Ind each gained 20 pounds if an taking it. Mrs. H. A. Gardner, of Vastul Ind, was cured of 40 to 50 convulsions easy and much sea-sickness, dizziness, hockach and nervous prostration by one bottle. Trial bottle and fine book of Nervous cures free at F. G. Fricke & Co., who recommend 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. Hover Druggist, Deaver.

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