### Dinah's Pilgrimage.

HashPo' v! Stop, Peter! Stan' dar at de do': I wao' ao chilhun nigh me! Na wa' ay home, long years ago, Wh 'olks could sell or buy me. On 's de cabin I fust fetched breath in, 's onder I trimble and my head hang low, hanged from de days when my broom swept de flo'. sidery forms look into my face-d master-de Capting-and pretty Miss Grace. Dis we Wh

When de war was over and the world sot free' (Mars Linkum made out the oration), fome old cruppled niggers, my mammy and

Me. Stayed here on de ole plantation. We loved our white folks wid mighty good will. We wu'ked or rested, and ate our fill. Knowed our positions and kep' in our places. Wid none o' dese new-fangled airs and graces, Ole Marse done muttin' but hunt 'bout de place; I done nuttia' but wait on Miss Grace.

We knowed Miss Gracie was ketchin' a beau, (My mammy had nusted.her)— But de Captin- was cotin' a mont' or mo' (His folks all lived on de Marylan sho'), 'Fore ole Marse mistrusted her. Den he swo' ef she durs' pars a comp'iment Wid a cussed Yankce, by debble sent, Her, his onliest child, he'd "disinherit." Miss Grace at dem words looked like a sperit.

Old Marse hilt his head high! No 'pinion o' "Twix' his blood and dem folks de fence

"Twix' his blood and dem locks de lence mighty high, Bcusin' twas kinfolks he never sot horses; But dem two was 'termined to marry or die. So dey cryin'; made der 'rangements-she sob-bin and Snow in de win' outside was flyin; Two black horses-der bits a charmpin', As de clock struck twelve we heard em stomnin'.

stompin'. "Good-bye, Miss Gracie—far'well, my dove!" At de gate he whispered, "At last My love!"

But Marster had sprung from his bed and viewed 'em-Seized his weapon, and close pursued 'em. Crack! Crack! went de rifle, again and again: Miss Gracie dropped wid a cry of pain. De Capting had drawed his pistol and shot-He staggered, he tottered—he feil dead on **de** 

spot.
Swarmin' like bees, de fiel' hands come,

Warrann inde tees, doe not inder store, Whoopin', shoutin' and cryin', Speechless wid sorrow, I stood dar dumb, 'Mon: st de dead and dyin', Ole Marster managed one day to live-Miss Gracie murmured de word, "Forgive!"

De grandes' funeral my eye been see Is when we huried dem fatal three, We made de grave so deep and wide, All three could rest dar side by side. De Lenexes come from de Marylan' sho' And ole Marster's kin-a hundred or mo'.

And ole Marster's kin-a hundred or mo . Now when you see my knittin' drop, When I rocks de cradle and suddintly stops, When I see young folks a playin'. My mind is in dem of times strayin': Once mo't is ee the family place Where I was young-I and Miss Grace, -Eva De Jarnette in New Orleans Times Democrat

Democrat.

### SNARING A BACHELOR.

"Positively, you won't have anything more-another cake or a cup of cocoa?" And pretty, brown-eyed Miss Kittridge, standing by the tray in her father's cosy library, glanced inquiringly around into eyes grey, blue, hazel and brown, like her own. "You are leaving the big chair for me. Though I be the hostess, since I have taken the liberty of appointing myself speaker I will take it-I can cut short my peroration if you will kindly call to mind that your notes ran something in this wise:

"Miss Kittridge will be at home Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 5 p. m. The favor of your company is especially requested, as a matter of interest to all will be under discussion.

"For a moment will you be so kind as to take an inventory of yourself? Before to-day, have more than three

or two in which you have iancieu vourself in love with Mr. Grange? Miss Fair and Miss Ellsworth, your hands are not up. Lucky girls! You, too, Miss Lynn!"

"You see," said Miss Lynn, in that big, cheery voice of hers, "I was not ingaged, though if Mr. Grange had begged me quite hard I-but go on, diss Salter."

"Well," said that lady with a laugh, night after night I spread before him ny engageless hand, but to no purose. He seemed to take no real heart aterest in me till I wore Tom Marin's ring; then he found a value that ossession would not show him."

"Girls," said Miss Kittridge, as she eaned her chin thoughtfully in her and, "Since my engagement I have een enabled to see Mr. Grange with ther eyes; I do not say they are uer ones, but at all events he stands efore me in the clear light of reason, nd not in fancy's rosy rays. Now, oung ladies, aside from this one fault, ou will all agree that he is a model nan. That he is bright and talented

is numerous cases testify. How a an so constant to his profession can e so inconstant in his love affairs is he mystery. Perhaps, with Ferdinand, e never found 'so full soul but some efect in her did quarrel with the oblest grace she owned.""

"When he congratulated me upon ny engagement," said Miss Lynn, "he old me confidentially the quality he nost admired in woman was modesty. I am sorry to say,' he added, 'that the rirl of to-day is too easily won and reels a lover by her eagerness to allure um."

There was a storm of indignation at his.

"What is a girl to do when a man all at proposes?" cried bright Miss Saler. "Frown him down?"

"Or run away?" suggested Miss odum.

"Perhaps she should draw herself to er full height and give him a glance f supreme scorn," added Miss Kitfidge. "But to return to business. Iv purpose in calling you here is to eclare a plot to compel this creature rapped up in self to provide pinnoney for some pining woman. His uty seems very clear to me. He has seen playing with our hearts, so he an find no fault if we play or gamble r cast lots for his. He is a man vhose like, take him all in all, we do not often see, so we will take it for granted that the girl whom destiny brough these balls selects will accept er faith with becoming resignation. There are twelve white marbles and me black one; you are each to take a call as you walk by this bowl. Miss Jayo, dear, why are you shrinking

mekon "I suppose," with a smile, "that I need not be greatly disturbed; 'the sest-laid plans of mice and men gang ift agley.' But truly, Miss Kittridge. I am sorry, for I fear you will find me of little help. I do not like to ask him to call, even. He always seems so busy.

Miss Kittridge kissed her. "What have you drawn, little girl?"

"The black ball." "Bravo! Then all is as it should be. and you need do no violence to your instincts. Act out nature-don't invite him to your home. And do you." turning to the rest, "overwhelm him with your admiring attention. The pleasure you will have in comparing notes! No, it does not seem quite correct; but everything is fair in love and war, and this matter partakes of the nature of both. Can you all meet me here at the same hour in two weeks? Remember, girls, your part, and you, Miss Dayo, be your dear, shy self. Good-bye-good-bye! Remem-ber, in two weeks!"

the tas chut ne nen itt - unout. At he has not gone by the house since." "Come, Miss Stone," and the smiling brown eyes turned to that fair but

rather passe blonde. "Well," said that lady, "at a reception one evening he started around the room to speak to me. Straightway my face wreathed itself into such a loving smile of welcome that he stopped short, and I have not seen him from that moment."

"And I." said Miss Salter, "gave him one look from my big, beautiful. long-lashed grey eyes-I quote his words-and he has not crossed my path since."

"Aren't you afraid," said IreneCube, "that Mr. Grange will find us out?" "He is a man, consequently vain, so

he will think nothing of so much devotion."

"But where is Miss Davo?" "She slipped out a few moments ago, and left this note in my hand, which I will read:

"'Dear friends: We are engaged. How it came about I do not at all understand. Margaret Dayo.'" -Waverly Magazine.

Not Proven.

"The charges and counter-charges in the late senatorial muddle," said an old attorney from southern Ohio, "remind me of a celebrated case we had in one of the southern Ohio courts more than thirty years ago.

"Will you give it to the Post?" "No, but I'll tell you the story -not for publication, though. A certain man had lost some very fine wheat and at once suspected a noted thief living fifteen miles away, on the opposite side of the county. This man's name was Winchell and he had escaped from a sheriff while on his way to the pen a few years before.

He was arrested and a long trial ensued. It was clearly proven that Winchell had brought to the mill at the county-seat wheat exactly similar in quality to the stolen article but experts went to his farm and found he had barrels and barrels of the same kind of wheat. As the testimony kept coming in it was plain to his attorneys that the old man had stolen the wheat and mixed it with some of his own raising, so as to present a fine grade to the officers he knew would be searching for the stolen goods.

One of his attorneys, seeing how things were going, leaned toward the old man in the court house and whispered:

"Winchell, you old rascal, you did steal that wheat."

"----sh! Don't say a word-they can't prove it. Of course I did, though.

The trial went on, the prisoner was acquitted and a few weeks afterward paid his attorneys in flour made from the stolen wheat.

Lesson: The fact is often apparent when the proof is difficult to produce. -Columbus Post.

### She Prefers Sunshine to Fog.

Mlle. de la Ramee ("Ouida") is on the point of leaving the beautiful old palace in Florence in which she has now passed several years. Her boxes are all packed, but at present she cannot make up her mind whether to leave the City of Flowers or not. Her last book, "Santa Barbara and Other Stories," is just out. These stories are chiefly Italian tales.

Taken:Up.

. Taken up at my farm 2½ miles south of Plattsmouth, Wednesday Februry 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 owner-ship. BEN F. HORNING. ship.

### Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required, It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by F. G. Fricke

### 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 it normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alterative, Your appetite returns, good digestion is re-stored, 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. H. Snyder, 75 cents per bottle, and I guarantee it will re-move 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 dis ordered, 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 whs incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Buck len's Arnica Salve cured him entire ly. 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,





These will almost melt in your mouth. The "Charmer" is very productive, high quality and sugar flavor. Has great staying qualities. Vines 3½ to 4 ft. high. In season follows "Little Gem" and before the "Champion of England." We have thoroughly tested it, and confidently recommend it as the best ever introduced. Price by mail, per packet, 15 cents; pint, 75 cents.

## GIVEN FREE, IF DESIRED, WITH ABOVE, VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE 1892,

which contains several colored plates of Flowers and Vegetables. 1,000 Illustrations. Over 100 pages 8 x 1016 inches. Instructions how to plant and care for garden. 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. JAMES VICK'S SONS, Rochester, N.Y

of you ever been under the same roof together? Have more than two of you, except in the case of the Misses Cube? Now, who will be first to surmise what matter can be of common interest?" "A man!" cried the unconventional

Miss Salter, with one of her sparkling little trills of laughter.

"The man," amended Miss Norwich, with her usual directness of speech.

"Why not say Mr. Grange and be done with it?" said Miss Sodum, sourly. "A handsome trifler who has made love to every unmarried woman in the place."

Miss Kittridge smiled, then waited a moment as she glanced around.

"Ah, thirteen of us-an unlucky number for Mr. Grange! Young ladies. they say a woman can keep her own secret better than that of another. As the proceedings of this little convention are of interest to each of us. I think that we shall find no trouble in holding them strictly confidential. Now the next condition I would impose is not as easy as it looks at first blush. Hands up, all of you! Who will tell the exact truth for the next half hour? Come. Miss Davo, wear your heart on your sleeve for once in your life: it may ease it."

The smile on the speaker's face was so sympathetic, so sweet, so reassuring that though Miss Davo's tender brown eves showed that her heart stood still "midway in its beat like a frozen waterfall," vet she raised her hand.

"Now set aside all self-depreciation while you answer this question from your own private point of view: How many of you believe Mr. Grange at some time showed marked symptoms of being in love when in your presence? Come, Miss Delno, they had you engaged to him."

"So have we all been," sighed Miss Salter.

"Miss Davo, you need not put up your hand. I read your answer in your eves

As she looked around a laugh shone in her own bright, brown orbs.

"Gracious, "irls!" she exclaimed. "what a mighty fountain of love must to-night, but I thought you mightbe welling up in that heart of his that he can reach us all?

"It may be one of those parlor fountains," suggested Miss Norwich, "using the same water over and over again."

"Or his love may be like the wind," said Miss Cube. "It bloweth where a girl listeth, and no one knows whence i cometh or whither it goeth."

"Oh." sighed Miss Salter, "the wind or wave motion moves on, but the caim depths so tossed and torn must fall back in the same old placesqueezed lemon fashion."

"Oh. Miss Salter. I beg of you do not tell me that he pressed your hand too!" cried Miss Fair.

"Would you have me accuse him of partiality? Is not the language of true love ever the same?" "Then, I suppose," said Miss Ells-

worth. "that he popped out of his office like a jack-in-the-box at all of you."

"Come, girls, I must call you to orure. "I bave another question. How many of you have had as odd moment

"There, didn't I tell you so? Every one of you, kitten-like, has fallen on your feet. Aren't you ashamed of yourselves-not a heart bowed down by sorrow? You have not met your love's Waterloo yet. I have regrets | ed, but few try self-murder a second from the Misses Sodum, Fair and Lvnn. Shall we have the reports of the other members of this philan-thropic society? Miss Cube, will you kindly begin?"

There was a smile in Miss Cube's grey eyes as she commenced.

"I thought it best to let no grass grow under my feet, so my sister and I set out next morning for the office of Mr. Grange. I told him that Irene and I had been long in doubt as to which he was most deeply attached to: as it was possible he could not decide all in a moment he might call in the afternoon and mention his preference. He looked from one to the other of us with such an expression! As we reached the door Irene turned and said, with a languishing air: 'You will come. won't you. dear?' And, would you believe it, girls, he didn't. The extra steps he has taken to dodge us will make him the champion pedestrian of the state.'

There was a chorus of laughter.

"May I speak next?" asked Miss Estrange. "I wish to get it off my mind. I happened to meet him on the street one day-I had been walking up and down before his aunt's door for half an hour. He had scarcely said 'Good afternoon, Miss Estrange,' before I broke out with Dear Mr. Grange, Mr. Ranny wants my answer you might ---- And such a sidelong look as I gave him! He hesitated a moment-you know at the first shock the loss of even a trivial thing seems great-but not so long as I could have wished. He said he hoped we would always be friends, and that Mr. Ranny

was a lucky fellow." Then Miss Griggs commended: "My report is short, though it took me hours to compose it. I met the enemy with my avowal of love, and he is not mine. My griet is too deep for tears Yes. Miss Stadt, you may go on."

"Well, you know, my home is on the street leading to Mr. Grange's office. One evening I way laid him and hegged him to come in. As he sat down I told him how nice it was to see him back in that chair; that if he would drop in for an hour or so every evening I would overlook his long coldness. I was sure he had not forgotten his first affection for me, and that I had long felt he was only wanting an-. But he let me go no further. He said

WHY SUICIDE ISN'T ATTEMPTED TWICE A Physician's Explanation of the Peculiar

ities of Self-Murder.

"Did you ever notice that as a rule the persons who seek death and are rescued from the grave never court the society of the dark angel again?"

The propounder of the question was a hospital physician, and he proceed-ed to explain without waiting for an answer.

"What I mean is that of all the per sons who attempt suicide and are foiltime. Probably one-half, if not more. of all those who try to kill themselves are frustrated. The percentage of those who leap into the dark river a second time is exceedingly small. I have tried to discover the reason for this from the lips of those who have gone through the terrible experience.

but I have not met with success. "It is queer that persons after devoting weeks and months to a consideration of so momentous a question and deciding to end their existence should. when foiled, declare that they were fools, and swear never to do the like again. Yet this is what is done in a large majority of instances. Those

who have stared at death seem to live life anew. The past is effaced-a new light seems to have dawned. The sunshine is dearer; the air is purer. It is the convalescent taking great draughts of the outdoor air with a keenness of relish that was unknown before.

"Did you ever witness a hanging? The execution is impressive. It is terrible to see a human life deliberately and coolly taken. But this is not the most terrible thing about a hanging. It is the recollection of it-the mental picture of that death scene-that is awful. So it is with the suicide. It is not so fearful to take a poisoned draught-to pull a trigger or take a plunge. But to those who have rushed to death and have failed to overtake it the recollection of that race must be awful-and this is what deters rash mortals from a second attempt. This is the only explanation I can gather.

"What do I think of suicide? It is moral cowardice and physical courage. It takes nerve to throw one's self in front of a moving locomotive, but a human being that cannot bear adversity lacks the higher courage. It is not so that all persons who seek their own lives are insane.

"There is possibly one case in which moral cowardice is not apparent. It is in the case of the person who is suffering torture from a fatal illness."

### Tall Trees.

The tallest trees in the world are the gum trees of Victoria Australia. In some districts they average 300 feet high. The longest prostrated one measured 470 feet in girth near the roots.

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, smother-ing, dropsy, etc. His Restorative Nervine cures headache, fits, etc.

### ALittle Girls Experiencein a Ligut 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. Frickey Drugstore.

#### A Mystery Explained.

□ The papers contain frequent no-tices 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 nead-ache, neuralgia, sleeplessness, im-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 person, who have recovered from la grippe are now troubled with a persistent cough. Cham-berlain'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 rase of nervous wrecks and the following suggests, the best remedy: alphouso Humpfling, of Butler, Penn, swears that when his son was spechless from st. Vitus Dance Dr Miles great Restorative Nerving cured him. Mrs. J. L. Miller of Valprai and. J. D. Taolur, of Logansport, Ind each gained 20 pounds if an taking it. Mrs. H. A. Gardner, of Vastulr Ind, was cured of 40 to 50 convulsions easy and much acadach, dizzness, bockach and nervous prostiation by one bottle. Trial bottle and fine boek of Nervous cures free at F. G. Fricke, & Co., who recomends this unequailed remedy.

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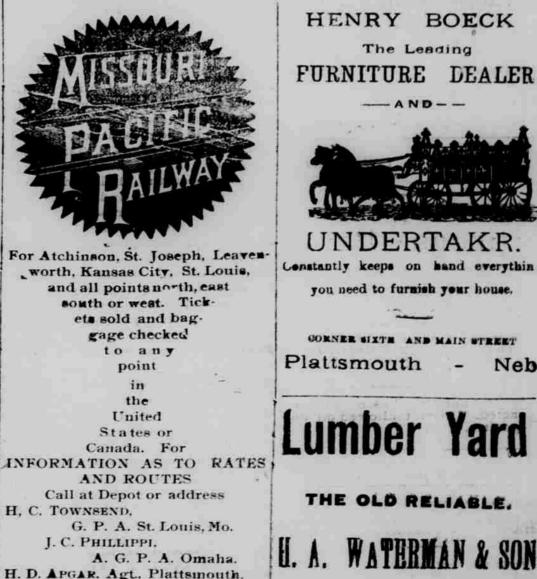
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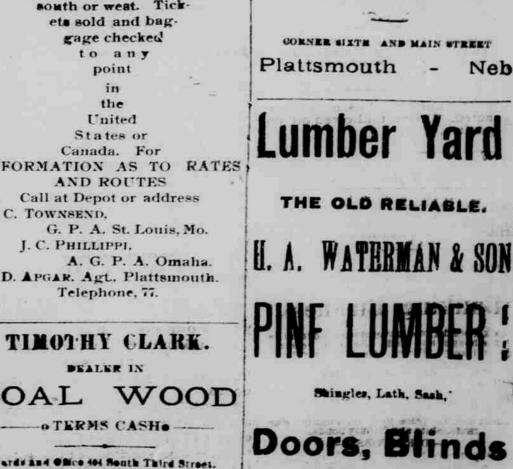
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