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La Grippe Successfully Treated. "I have just recovered from a second attack of the grip this year," says Mr. Jas. O. Jones, publisher of the leader, Mexica Texas. "In the latter case I used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and I think with considerable success, only being in bed a little over two days, against every risk for the first attack. The second attack, I am satisfied, would have been equally as bad as the first but for the use of this remedy, as I had to go to bed in about six hours after being struck with it, while in the first case I was able to attend to business about two days before getting down. 50 cent bottles for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

La Grippe. No healthy person need fear any dangerous consequences from an attack of la grippe if properly treated. It is much the same as a severe cold and requires precisely the same treatment. Remain quietly at home and take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as directed for a severe cold and a prompt and complete recovery is sure to follow. This remedy also counteracts any tendency of la grippe to result in pneumonia. Among the many thousands who have used it during the epidemics of the past two years we have yet to learn of a single case that has not recovered or that has resulted in pneumonia. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

I feel it my duty to say a few words in regard to Ely's Cream Balm, and I do so entirely without solicitation. I have used it more or less half a year, and have found it to be most admirable. I have suffered from catarrh of the worst kind ever since I was a little boy and I never hoped for cure, but Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many of my acquaintances have used it with excellent results. -Oscar Ostum, 45 Warren Ave., Chicago Ill.

The population of Plattsmouth is about 10,000, and we would say at least neo-half are troubled with some affection on the throat and lungs, as those complaints are, according to statistics, more numerous than others. We would advise all our readers not to neglect the opportunity to call on their druggist and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs. Trial size free. Large bottle 50c. and \$1. Sold by all druggists.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS AS A CLASS said to be superstitious, but J. M. Pinckney, an engineer known to almost every Brotherhood man, is an exception to the rule. He has never been able to believe the different stories told of apparitions suddenly appearing on the track, but he had an experience last Monday night on the Northern Pacific east-bound overland that made his hair stand on end.

By the courtesy of the engineer, also a Brotherhood man, Mr. Pinckney was riding on the engine. They were recounting experiences, and the fireman, who was a green hand, was getting very nervous as he listened to the tales of wrecks and disasters, the horrors of which were graphically described by the veteran engineers. The night was clear and the rays from the headlight flashed along the track, and although they were interested in spinning yarns, a sharp lookout was kept for they were rapidly nearing Eagle gorge, in the Cascades, the scene of so many disasters and the place which is said to be the most dangerous on the 2,500 miles of road. The engineer was relating a story and was just coming to the climax when he suddenly grasped the throttle, and in a moment had "thrown her over," that is, reversed the engine. The air brakes were applied and the train brought to a standstill within a few feet of the place where Engineer Cypher met his death two years ago. By this time the passengers had become curious as to what was the matter, and all sorts of questions were asked the trainman. The engineer made an excuse that some of the machinery was loose, and in a few moments the train was speeding on to her destination.

"What made you stop back there?" asked Pinckney. "I heard your excuse, but I have run too long on the road not to know that your excuse is not the truth." His question was answered by the engineer pointing ahead and saying excitedly: "There! Look there! Don't you see it?" "Looking out of the cab window," said Mr. Pinckney, "I saw about 300 yards ahead of us the headlight of a locomotive." "Stop the train, man," I cried, reaching for the lever. "Oh, it's nothing. It's what I saw back at the gorge. It's Tom Cypher's engine, No. 33. There's no danger of a collision. The man who is running that ahead of us can run it faster backward than I can this one forward. Have I seen it before? Yes, twenty times. Every engineer on the road knows that engine, and he's always watching for it when he gets to the gorge." "The engine ahead of us was running silently, but smoke was puffing from the stack and the headlight threw out rays of red, green and white light. It kept a short distance ahead of us for several miles, and then for a moment we saw a figure on the pilot. Then the engine rounded a curve and we did not see it again. We ran by a little station, and at the next, when the operator warned us to keep well back from a wild engine that was ahead, the engineer said nothing. He was not afraid of a collision. Just to satisfy my own mind on the matter I sent a telegram to the engine wiper at Sprague, asking him if No. 33 was in. I received a reply stating that No. 33 had just come in, and that her coal was exhausted and boxes burned out. I suppose you'll be inclined to laugh at the story, but just ask any of the boys, although many of them won't talk about it. I would not myself if I were running on the road. It's unlucky to

A Priestly Curer of Ills. Another miracle worker has recently come into prominence in this vicinity. He is a Catholic priest without a parish, and the medical fraternity attribute his alleged cures to imagination, which, as all doctors know, is worth tons of medicine in many cases. It seems an established fact, however, that a man who for years has been tortured with respiration several times as rapid as the normal, and who had consulted many eminent physicians without relief, got rid of his trouble between dawn and dark of a single day after an application of prayer and holy relics, and that all of his ailing acquaintances have ever since kept the priest's door ajar, some of them going away in the belief that they have been permanently benefited. The worker of these alleged cures, who attributes his success to divine aid, is a stalwart man of fifty years—a man of the kind whom the weak and credulous would instinctively obey so far as their nerves and muscles would allow—and if he has compelled a lot of hypochondriacs to once more come under their own control he has done a great deal of good whatever may be his method, or lack of it. Such men are of unspeakable service to physicians, all of whom, in this vicinity, are haunted by a lot of people who imagine themselves ill and who are sure they know what is the matter with them.—New York Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Restitution. A builder in Avise, a village in Champagne, was arrested by two gentlemen and taken to Chalons, where the judge d'instruction commenced the conversation in the way usual to his calling by saying, "You are a thief and an assassin." After this polite greeting he went on to remark that a murder, accompanied by theft, had been committed in the neighborhood, and a small boy had given it as his opinion that the builder was the murderer. The poor prisoner naturally felt indignant, and declared he was ready to prove an alibi. But of course he was not believed, and every day for three days he was marched through Chalons and Avise with handcuffs upon his wrists. At the end of that time the judge d'instruction said to him: "We were wrong. Your innocence has been proved. You are free."

Electricity from Wind. Owing to the comparative scarcity of water power in many parts of England for the generation of power for electrical purposes, attention has been given to wind power, of which the country is well supplied. A small experimental plant has been in operation at a flour mill near London, the windmill supplying sufficient power to run a small dynamo. The current is used to charge a storage battery, from which a number of arc and incandescent lamps were lighted nightly. Although the current obtained was small the experiment was successful in demonstrating the value of this form of power for generating electricity.—Electricity.

Making Jewelry in State Prison. The authorities have decided to begin manufacturing pearl buttons and pearl jewelry in the southern Illinois penitentiary, which is located in Chester. Warden Murphy has returned from Auburn, N. Y., where he engaged three experts to superintend the work. Arrangements have been made for the sale of the entire product, and the manufacturing will be done on the state's account. One hundred convicts will be employed in the industry, which, it is claimed, will not antagonize the free labor of the state.—Cor. Jewelers Weekly.

Two Singular Accidents. Annie Delamater, the eleven-year-old girl who was choked to death Sunday afternoon by swallowing a small rubber toy balloon, was buried from the residence of Mrs. Kane, 70 Henry street. The child's father, a widower, who boards in Williamsburg, while going up stairs in the house where the corpse lay at 3 a. m. on the day of the funeral, fell backward down a flight of stairs. An ambulance took him to Gouverneur hospital, where it was found that both legs were paralyzed, and he is now in a critical condition.—New York Sun.

A Walking Engine. A New York genius has evolved a curious kind of a traction engine that has both wheels and legs. The end of the machine to which the six legs are attached is supposed to be the rear of the engine. The legs are operated by eccentricities and they work in pairs. The feet are shod with blocks of rubber to enable them to take hold of the ground. The originator of this novel species of draft animal confidently asserts that it will go as fast as well as ahead and will climb any hill less steep than a pitch roof.—New York Journal.

Successful Hunting. One day last week while George J. and Pat Wynne, of Oglethorpe county, were out hunting, the former found a couple of partridges on the ground, and wishing to kill both, fired at them. He was more than surprised on going to pick them up to find that he had killed not only the two he saw, but seventeen others besides, none of which he had seen.—Savannah News.

Fire Loss for Last Year. An unusual amount of inventive talent is now being used to prevent the occurrence of fires. The spur in this line is caused by the statement of fire losses in the United States and Canada during 1891, which aggregated \$135,000,000, an increase of 29 per cent. over 1890.—New York Times.

Costly Wedding Presents for Bala. It is a pitiful item in a story full of pathos that several of the presents originally bought as wedding gifts for the Princess May should now be once more offered to the public, their intended designation leading them a special charm to a certain class of buyers. One feels additionally touched when one remembers the delight with which the princess is said to have received those which were sent her before her terrible trouble. Yet in a little shop in the Strand, well known to connoisseurs, can be seen the celebrated Tiffany necklace, a riviere of magnificent diamonds, which was bought in New York to present to the popular princess. Another particular treasure is a sapphire. I was going to say a priceless stone, but truth to tell it is priced, and its value is \$5,000. It is a perfect stone, without flaw, of exquisite color, two inches long and 1 1/2 inches broad. At present it is set around with fine brilliants and forms a royal looking brooch. The other day a would be purchaser brought his wife to see the present he proposed to make, but she would have nothing to say to the jewel. "No, thank you," she exclaimed; "I should feel like a church window if I wore that." So the treasured heirloom of an old noble Russian family is still in the market.—London Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

Newest Mode of Burglary. The other day a gentleman in a northern suburb found a stranger ascending his staircase, who, without betraying any emotion, said he had come about the repairs. "Oh, yes," replied the owner, "but I am in a hurry to keep an engagement just now. Come out with me, and I'll tell you what I want done." The two walked out together, the householder talking about water-pipes and tanks, and the stranger answering with a glibness that showed considerable experience, until they came to a policeman, when the former at once gave the pretended plumber into his custody for being in his house with unlawful intent. Upon him were found the usual instruments of the burglar's business, and when taken to the police station he was soon identified as an expert crib-cracker, who was already wanted on several charges of housebreaking and burglary. People will do well to view with suspicion men who come to their dwellings to do repairs which have never been ordered.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Particulars of the behavior of the field telephone system in the French autumn maneuvers have now been published. Magneto telephones were used, as no delicate microphone or battery is required with them. The transmitter was held in the hand and the receiver was affixed to the "kepi." Combined receivers and transmitters were also employed. A bare bimetallic wire 0.6 millimeters in diameter was unrolled from a drum and laid out of harm's way on hedges, branches, walls and in trenches. A line twenty-three kilometers long was thus laid, with the addition of ten posts, in five hours; speech was good, and the whole was taken up again in an hour. During a sham fight a cavalry division passed over a long line without interrupting the communication. A layout stuck in the ground made a good earth circuit, so did the body of a cavalry horse if the wire was attached to the bridle.—London Globe.

Russian Discipline. Much comment has been excited by a recent occurrence at Wilna, in western Russia. The men of one of the batteries of an artillery regiment stationed at Wilna mutiniously refused to salute one of their officers when he came among them. He summoned them more than once to pay him the due sign of respect, but the soldiers paid no attention. The officer, enraged at this behavior, at length drew his revolver and shot two noncommissioned officers, one after the other. He was taking aim at a third when the soldiers, in fear of their lives, at length gave the proper salute. The incident is being hotly discussed in military circles, some officers maintaining that their confreres was justified in his act, while others condemn his extreme conduct.—London Times.

A Strange Explosion. Seth Williams and Morris McClelland met death in a mysterious explosion at Cave City, Ky. They were digging a cistern and had reached a flat rock eight feet down. Williams struck the rock with a sledge hammer, causing a terrible explosion, which buried McClelland beneath flying boulders and killed him, and threw Williams into a tree fifty yards away. McClelland lived just long enough to tell what had happened. Several persons have closely examined the scene of the explosion, but discovered nothing beyond bluish vapor with a sulphurous smell issuing from between two large rocks.—Exchange.

An Engineer in Rare Luck. By the death of Patrick Costello, in Detroit, Tom Costello, of Wichita, an engineer on the Atchison road, will get \$80,000. Patrick, the elder brother, left Ireland forty-five years ago for Australia, and ten years later Tom came to America. About 1865 Patrick wrote to his family that he was rich and that he was leaving Australia for America, and they never heard from him again. He had lived in Detroit, it seems, for many years, but no one knew much about him.—Kansas City Times.

At the recent term of the supreme judicial court of Franklin county, Me., no indictments were found, and the members of the grand jury when dismissed presented to Judge Emery a pair of white kid gloves as an emblem of the purity of the county's morals.

A coasting party in Guilford, Me., recently consisted of Ornan Cimpher, aged five years; his mother, his grandfather and his great-grandmother, aged ninety-four. The party coasted down the long hills for an hour and then enjoyed a party backwoods breakfast.