

GREAT MEN'S ILLUSIONS.

DEAN SWIFT SAID ALL MEN ARE MAD IN SOME DEGREE.

Evidences Which Go to Prove the Truth of His Saying—Poets, Philosophers, Soldiers and Reformers Who Saw Spooks and Were Influenced by Them.

It has been said or sung that all men are more or less insane, differing only in degree. Certainly those who are considered sane—in which category the gentle reader is included—are liable to hallucinations, and it depends upon the extent to which we give way before, and believe in, the illusions of the brain, whether we walk abroad with our follies or are placed in a padded room.

Byron often received visits from a specter, but he knew it to be a creation of the imagination. Pope saw an arm apparently come through the wall, and made inquiries after its owner. Goethe states that he one day saw the exact counterpart of himself coming toward him. Ben Jonson spent the watches of the night an interested spectator of a crowd of Tartars, Turks and Roman Catholics, who rose up and fought round his arm chair till sunrise. Dr. Johnson heard his mother call his name in a clear voice, though she was at the time in another city. And Sir Joshua Reynolds, leaving his house, thought the lamps were trees and the men and women bushes agitated by the breeze.

VISIONS APPEARED. Nicolai was alarmed at the appearance of a dead body which vanished and came again at intervals. This was followed by human faces, which came into the room, and after gazing upon him for a while departed. None of his friends was among the faces he saw. After enjoying a silent acquaintance with his visitors for some weeks, they began to speak, and he describes their conversation as brief and agreeable. Such visitors would cause many to lose their reason, but Nicolai knew they were but the effects of indigestion.

Bostock, the physiologist, saw similar figures and faces, and after recovering from a momentary surprise, he set himself to study the habits and customs of his curious visitors. This he had ample opportunity to do, as they remained with him three days and nights. There was one human face constantly before him for twenty-four hours, the features and headgear as distinct as those of a living person, yet having no resemblance to any one he had ever known. Finally the phantom disappeared, to make way for troops of little human figures, which disported themselves like fancies in his entertainment.

The reason, says Connolly, that Nicolai and Bostock did not become hopelessly insane was because they never believed in the reality of the visions. The effects of the illusions of some men have been felt in history. Religions have been founded on the words of men supposed to have been inspired, but who were merely suffering from a form of madness which medical science calls "ecstasy." Oliver Cromwell, lying sleepless on his couch, saw the curtains open and a gigantic woman appear, who told him he would become the greatest man in England.

In 1806 Gen. Rapp, having important news, entered the emperor's apartment unannounced, and found the great warrior in a rapt attitude, gazing at the ceiling. The general made an intentional pause, whereupon Napoleon seized his arm and said excitedly, "Look up there!" He looked and saw nothing. "Why," said the emperor, "do you not see it? It is my star; it is before you beaming; it is never deserted me. I see it on every great occurrence urging me onward; it is an unfailing omen of success."

SPIRITS THAT INSPIRED. Some men have been inspired to persevere in their life's work by self-conjured illusion. Loyola, lying wounded during the siege of Pampeluna, saw the Virgin, who encouraged him to prosecute his mission. Benvenuto Cellini, imprisoned at Rome, resolved to free himself by self destruction, but was deterred by the apparition of a young woman of wondrous beauty, whose reproaches turned him from his purpose. This spirit returned and consoled him on other occasions when he was low spirited. Descartes was followed by an invisible person whose voice he heard urging him to continue his researches after truth.

Many have fondly clung to their illusions, and though reasonable in most things have at least been distinctly mad in one. Tasso firmly believed that he had a familiar genius, whose great delight and chief recreation was to converse with him. His friend, J. B. Manso, tried to persuade him of this illusion, whereupon the poet offered to introduce this unbelieving friend to the spirit. But though he often heard Tasso in conversation with the imaginary being, it never made itself visible to other eyes.

Few believe that Luther actually held a warm discussion with an important personage from the other world, yet that he believed it himself we have his word, and he has even left on record some account of the dispute, from which it would appear that his opponent is not so wily as we have been led to believe. At any rate he could not wind himself argumentatively round the sturdy priest, Ravallac, while chanting the "Miserere" and "De Profundis," fondly believing that the sounds he emitted were of the nature and had the full effect of a trumpet. Count Emmanuel Swedenborg believed that he had the privilege of interviewing persons in the spirit world. Jean Engelbrecht was under a similar impression. Zimmerman was for some time in constant fear of an imaginary enemy, whom he expected to arrive at any moment, break into and wreck his dwelling.—London Standard.

Leuwenhoek by means of microscopes observed spiders no bigger than a grain of sand, which spun threads so fine that it took 4,000 of them to equal in magnitude a single hair. The fly spider it is known lays an egg as large as itself.

At the Savings Bank.

In the long procession that passes before the cashier of a savings bank are many odd characters. The man behind the counter does not receive the deposits, little and great, without retaining also a good many amusing recollections. The other day a pleasant faced woman handed her book to the cashier in a Boston savings bank, and said, with a good deal of what the French call empression, "Next week I wish to draw the full amount of my deposit."

"Very well, madam," answered the cashier, looking at the book.

"I thought I would mention it today, and then it would not cause any inconvenience," she continued, with a bright smile.

"Thank you very much," replied the cashier. "Come in any time next week and you shall have it. Or you can draw it today if you like. We have the amount on hand," and he smiled upon his customer as if he took a personal interest in her plans.

"No, I will come in next Wednesday, thank you," and she tripped happily away with her precious book.

The "full amount of her deposit" was \$10.90.

Not long ago an Irishman explained to the cashier that he wished to draw a certain amount from the deposit of a friend, whose book he presented.

"Very well," said the cashier, handing him a printed blank. "You must have a friend sign this order. Let him put his name here, and write 'Pay to Bearer' here, and we will give you the money."

Not many hours later Mr. Riley appeared again. He pointed to his friend's name properly signed to the order, and also an inscription after the printed words, "pay to—"

"I don't know what ye wanted that name there for," he said, "but I wrote it in as ye told me."

The "name" he had written in was "Pater Barrer."

There being no rule of the bank against phonetic spelling, Mr. Riley received his money forthwith.—Youth's Companion.

Fell Against Ingalls' Skeleton.

I used to know Ingalls years ago. He was thinner then than he is now and looked just about the same. He lived in Atchison, and had the reputation of being possessed of more brain and less flesh than any other adult in Kansas. One day he went up to the office of a friend of his, a doctor, and while he was in there a newsboy dashed in. Now the kids who sold papers around Atchison in those days were the noisiest I ever heard, and the doctor's assistant, a cheerful young student, was always on the alert to shut some of them up and to prevent them from invading the privacy of his room with their stamping feet and their piercing yells of "S'n Louay papers."

The assistant had seen this particular boy as he entered the building, and in an instant had placed inside the doorway of the office a full grown skeleton. When the youngster threw the door open, and was midway through one of his declamations, the skeleton fell over on him. With a shriek that was worse even than his regular street cry the boy rolled down one flight of stairs and tumbled into the street, and his murmurings continued right straight along.

"You've scared that boy to his death!" exclaimed the budding senator, who was overflying with indignation. Then he went to the window, and bending out called to the grimy but pallid faced victim: "Come back here, boy; I'll buy some of your papers. He shan't hurt you."

The response was instantaneous. The boy's sobs ceased, and he shouted: "No, you don't! You can't fool me if you have put your clothes on."—Interview in Washington Star.

The Value of Knowledge.

A Brooklyn manufacturer paid a bill without a murmur the other day, simply on account of the way it was worded. His engineer found that the hot water pump would not work and sent for a machinist. The latter bothered with it half a day and said it must come apart. This meant a stoppage of the factory for a long time. It was suggested that a neighboring engineer be sent for, as he was a sort of genius in the matter of machinery. He came, and after studying the pump a while he took a hammer and gave three sharp raps over the valve. "I reckon she'll go now," he quietly said, and putting on steam "she" did go.

"The next day," says the manufacturer, "I received a bill from him for \$25.50. The price amazed me, but when I had examined the items I drew a check at once. The bill read this way: 'Messrs. Blank & Co., Dr. to John Smith—For fixing pump, 50 cents; for knowing how, \$25. Had he charged me \$25.50 for fixing the pump I should have considered it exorbitant. But fifty cents was reasonable and I recognize the value of knowledge; so I paid and said nothing.'—Brooklyn Eagle.

How to Eat Peaches.

"The art of eating a peach" is, it appears, one of the questions of the day. According to one authority on the etiquette of the dinner table a peach should be picked with the fork, quartered, peeled and eaten piecemeal. But as so much manipulation would evidently leave all the juice of the fruit on the plate this method, to be palatable, requires the courage of the young lady in the story who, at her first appearance at a dinner party, raised her dessert plate with her two hands and calmly drank the sweet juice of the nectarines. The French rule of eating peaches will, therefore, be accepted with much favor, and that rule is, "D'y mordre a pleines dents."—Pall Mall Budget.

Ruby light for photographic purposes, in spite of all that has been said in favor of orange green, continues to hold its own in the dark room, although many who use it complain of its effect on their eyes. A remedy for this has been found in the introduction of a pane of ground glass between the eyes and the ruby.

FATE COULD NOT HARM.

The Feeling of Security of a Man Whose Life Was Insured for \$40.

They are tearing down old houses all over the city to make room for the more modern house. While those houses are being demolished there is usually a class of people who crowd around, eager to pick up the stray pieces of wood which come in their direction. Colored people generally predominate in this class, and many a family is thus supplied with fuel. While tearing down a house in the northwest section of the city recently the workmen were very much bothered by these "wood hustlers," as they term them.

The "wood hustlers" in this case were composed, with but one exception, of small negroes. This exception was an old negro who had one leg shorter than the other, and was nearly bent double, but whether with age or not no one knew. He looked as if he had worked hard all his life, but appearances are deceptive.

The workmen became so incensed at the "wood hustlers" that they drove them all away excepting the old man. After a while the old man became more bold, and endangered himself in trying to get pieces of wood. One of the workmen spoke to him about it, telling him he would be hurt if he persisted in getting in the way. The old man mumbled out something, but paid no attention to the warning.

Finally he got close to the wall and stooped to pick up a piece of beam. Just as he was stooping a brick fell in front of him, and he narrowly escaped being hit. Seeing this a workman yelled:

"Look out, ole man, or you'll be killed."

"I don't care," replied the old man, and he continued to confiscate all the wood that came within his reach. Again he barely escaped being hit with another brick, and again the workman shouted:

"I done told yer onst to git away from dere. The fust thing you know you won't know nothing."

"I don't care," reiterated the old man, looking around for more wood, and, seeing some in the interior of the building, he went for it. He had hardly passed the door when a heavy beam fell in the place he had just vacated, enveloping him in a cloud of dust. Several workmen, thinking that the heavy beam had pinioned the old man to the ground, jumped down to render all the assistance possible. Imagine their surprise when, on reaching the place, they found the old man gathering the wood as unconcernedly as though nothing had happened. The workmen were speechless for a while and then one said:

"Look a' har, ole man, you'll have to git out o' this. We don't care 'bout losin' time er carryin' yer korpus through the street."

The old man looked contemptuously at the speaker, and then said in a don't-give-a-continental tone:

"G'way, niggers; I don't care. I jist had my life insured fo' forty dollars."—Washington Post.

Discoloration of the Skin.

Between the cuticle—the epidermis, that is, or scarfskin—and the true skin is a layer of cells which secrete from the blood a dark coloring matter. The black races have this feature most fully developed, but even the lightest are not wholly destitute of it.

Its complete absence characterizes the albino, giving us occasionally a chalk white negro, the hair, of course, participating in the defect. As this pigment is also wanting in the albino's choroid coat of the eye—normally a dark background for the retina, and essential to clear vision—he is nearly blind except at night.

There is often a local absence of pigment, causing white patches on the limbs and different parts of the body. Such a patch on the head may give rise to a solitary white lock amid a full head of dark hair.

Some parts of the skin are naturally darker than the rest, and the darker color may extend far beyond the usual limit and still be purely physiological, but dark colored spots often appear on the body as a result of some diseased condition or of exciting causes.

The simplest and commonest of such spots are known as freckles. Their remote cause is a peculiarly sensitive skin; their direct cause is the light and heat of the sun. Persons with fair skin and hair are most subject to them. The pigment, which in others is uniformly distributed, seems to gather into small rounded spots.—Youth's Companion.

Badly Crippled.

A party of Americans, including three or four boys and girls, were not long ago visiting an ancient church in a French provincial city. An aged beadle showed them the objects of interest.

"Whose portrait is this?" asked one of the girls, indicating an ancient canvas upon which the face and form of a man in armor could barely be made out.

"That," said the beadle, after stopping to take a pinch of snuff, "is the celebrated Grand Duke Anatole, the founder of the church."

"Was he a great soldier?"

"Yes; but he had the misfortune to lose a leg or an arm in every battle in which he took part."

"How many battles did he take part in?" asked one of the boys.

The beadle, who was expecting a sneeze, looked skyward a minute, then sneezed violently, used his handkerchief, and answered:

"Twenty-four!"—Youth's Companion.

A Sagacious Collie.

On Saturday forenoon, while a gentleman was being driven in his private carriage past the Cross, Paisley, a little girl ran in front of the horse and would inevitably have been seriously injured but for the sagacity of a large collie dog which was running behind the carriage and saw the danger. The animal seized the child's dress and actually swung the little one round about in his efforts to extricate her from her perilous position. She was knocked down, but was not much hurt.—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE NEW DISCOVERY.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any throat, lung or chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time, or money refunded. Trial bottle free at F. G. Fricke & Co's drug store. 6

For Sale.

The nicest residence lots in the city located on Chicago ave., for sale cheap. For particulars enquire of Daniel Burris or call at this office.

For Rent.

The very desirable residence owned and recently occupied by Henry Waterman, Corner of 7th and Main streets. For terms apply at Wescott's Clothing Store. dtf

City Bread Delivery.

Office corner Sixth and Pearl street. Wagon will make daily delivery of the celebrated snow-flake, graham, home made and rye bread. Leave orders at office or M. B. Murphy & Co.

J. D. SIMPSON.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's cure. We guarantee it. For sale by F. G. Fricke and O. H. Snyder

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 & Co.

Wanted.

We want an A. No. 1 agent in this county at once, to take charge of our business, and conduct the sale of one of the very best, most meritorious, and fastest selling inventions ever offered to the American people. To the right person we will pay a liberal salary or allow a large commission. For full particulars address Voltaic Belt Co., No. 218, Marshall, Mich. tf

A Ripe Old Age.

J. H. Holcomb and wife, of Belcher-ville, Texas, have celebrated their fifty-fifth wedding anniversary, and are still hale and hearty. The secret of their long life and good health is they correct any slight ailment promptly, and in that way avoid serious sickness. Like most every one else, they are more frequently troubled with constipation than any other physical order. To correct this they take St. Patrick's Pills in preference to any other, because, as Mr. Holcomb says, "They are a mild pill and beside, keep the whole system in good order. We prize them very highly." For sale by F. G. Fricke.

Don't read! Don't think! Don't believe! Now are you better?

You women who think that patent medicines are a humbug, and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the biggest humbug of the whole (because it's best known of all)—does your lack-of-faith cure come?

It's very easy to "don't" in this world. Suspicion always comes more easily than confidence. But doubt—little faith—never made a sick woman well—and the "Favorite Prescription" has cured thousands of delicate, weak women, which makes us think that our "Prescription" is better than your don't believe.

We're both honest. Let us come together. You try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If it doesn't do as represented, you get your money again.

Where proof's so easy, can you afford to doubt?

Little but active—are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Best Liver Pills made; gentle, yet thorough. They regulate and invigorate the liver, stomach and bowels.

Legal Notice.

Isaac Brum Miller, non-resident defendant will take notice that Emma Miller on the 4th day of September 1890 filed her petition in the district court of Cass county, Nebraska against you. The object and prayer of said petition being to obtain a divorce from you on the ground of desertion, failure to support, extreme cruelty and adultery. You are required to answer said petition by Monday the 20th day of October 1890.

EMMA MILLER.

44 By her attorneys Beeson & Root

Dated September 11, 1890.

Chattel Mortgage Sale.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a chattel mortgage dated on the 5th day of December 1889, and duly filed and recorded in the office of the county clerk of Cass county, Nebraska on the 5th day of December, 1889 and executed by Skinner & Ritchie to the Citizens Bank, and by said bank assigned to W. H. Shafer to secure the payment of \$125, and upon which there is now due the sum of \$124.42, Default having been made in the payment of said sum, therefore I will sell the property therein described, to wit: All the furniture, books, papers and cash and everything now owned by said Skinner & Ritchie and held in their possession in their office, at public sale in front of the post office in Plattsmouth, in Cass county, on the 4th day of October 1890 at one o'clock p. m. of said day.

Dated September 11, 1890.

W. H. Shafer assignee of mortgage.

Beeson & Root attorneys for Shafer.

SPECIAL SALE THIS WEEK.

In Childrens Shoes. Do not miss this Pportunity but take advantage of the low prices we are offering.

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY

Bargains Bargains Bargains

W. A. BOECK & CO.

F. G. FRICKE & CO.

Will keep constantly on hands a full and complete line of pure

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, & OILS
DRUGGISTS SUNDRIES.

PURE LIQUORS.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded at all Hours.



Messrs F. G. Fricke & Co.,
are the Only Parties Selling
our Alaska Crystal Brilliant
Combination

Spectacle

AND EYE-GLASSES.

AT

PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

These Lenses are for superior to any others sold in the city. Possessing a natural transparency and strengthening qualities which will preserve the failing eyesight.

PLATTSMOUTH NURSERY

Buy your trees of the Home Nursery where you can select your own trees that will be a great privilege and benefit to you. I have all the leading varieties and know better what varieties will do here than agents and you can buy as cheap again.

	Each	Dozen	Per 100
Apple trees, 3 years old	-	25 2 00	1800
Apple trees, 2 years old	-	20 1 75	1500
Cherry, early Richmond, late Richmond, wragg	40	3 60	2500
Plum, Pottawattamie, Wild Goose	-	4 00	-
Raspberries, Gregg Syler	-	-	25 150
Strawberries, Sharpless Crescent	-	-	150
Concord vines, 2 years old	-	10 60	500
Moors Early grapes, 2 years old	-	30 3 00	-
Currants, Cherry Currants	-	10 1 00	-
Snyder blackberries	-	-	250
Industry Gooseberry	-	25 3 00	-
Downing Gooseberries, 2 years old	-	10 1 50	-
Houghton Gooseberries, 2 years old	-	10 1 00	-
Asparagus	-	-	125
Rosess, red moss and white moss	-	40	-
Shrubs, Hydrangias	-	40	-
Honey Suckle	-	30	-
Snow Balls	-	25	-
Lilacs	-	20	-
Evergreens, Norway spruce B. Fir	-	40	-

Nursery one-half mile north of town, end of 9th Street.

Address all Orders to

J. E. LEESLEY,

PLATTSMOUTH, - - - NEB.

PISO'S CURE FOR

Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

CONSUMPTION