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As a happy idea the annual banquet of the American Protective League, which will be given at Madison Square Garden, New York April 29, will be served on American table linen, from American china-ware, with American cutlery, silver-ware and glass-ware.

The state election last fall and the recent maneuvers in the legislature have emphasized the fact, that while we have republican politics, democratic politics, independent politics and prohibition politics, in Nebraska; back beyond and above all this is Omaha politics.

HAMILTON DISSTON, the big Philadelphia saw manufacturer, speaking of our excess of immigrants of the wrong kind, and extolling Philadelphia as the only American city, peopled by Americans and run by Americans, said to a New York Press man: "It is the most loyal and patriotic city in the Union."

Even the mugwumps and rankest of democratic editors have doffed their hats to our James G. Blaine since they are compelled to acknowledge statesmanship in a prominent degree.

The truth about Mr. Blaine's reply of April 1st to Baron Fava's announcement of his departure from

Washington, is, that it exhibits the secretary as master of the situation and of himself. A stronger, more temperate, better natured, and in all respects more suitable, document has not gone forth from the state department for many a day.

Now, if ever, is the time for the display of the dangerous peculiarities of mind and temper which, as the mugwumps have always predicted, would be sure to embroil and imperil this nation if Mr. Blaine should reach a post of responsibility in the government.

Secretary Blaine's answer to Baron Fava is very neat and complete, and puts the whole case in a nutshell. It makes the position of the Italian government difficult to comprehend.

ADVICES from Washington announce the very favorable progress made in the negotiations between Secretary Blaine and the Mexican Minister looking to the establishment of reciprocity between the United States and Mexico.

AN ATTACHE of this paper went on record two years ago against a certain measure then pending in the legislature on numerous occasions.

THE Washington dispatches say that Director of the Mint Leach will issue a circular to-morrow to artists for new designs for subsidiary coins.

OUR TOBACCO INDUSTRY. The New York Sun of March 17 prints an interview with "a typical Virginian," a representative of a large tobacco house of Richmond, from which we extract as follows:

men, nearly every one of them is a colored man. You can find no such condition of affairs in any northern state.

"We lead the world in the manufacture of all-tobacco cigarettes and cheroots. The demand for these is constantly on the increase, but it does not appear to diminish the sale of the paper cigarette, to which the newspapers make such general objection.

"Where is the best leaf tobacco for American cigars and cigarettes raised? In New York Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Florida. The latter is looming up as a great tobacco-producing center.

Yet we would almost wager that this 'typical Virginian' votes with the enemies of the great industry which he describes.—American Economist.

AMERICAN IRON IN THE CANADIAN MARKET.

This iron, according to Canadian advices, is beating all other kinds. The demand for Scotch, English and Canadian pig is said to be practically nil in Ontario, owing to American importations being laid down there at a much lower price.

The same paper also says on another page: The fall in warrants (for pig iron) at Glasgow has not particularly influenced other centres, but at the same time brands of Northampton, South Staffordshire cinder and other Midland pig iron are about 1s per ton cheaper, the results of the weaker quotations of the last fortnight.

Original "thinkers" like Mr. Edward Atkinson have insisted that the only logical course for us to pursue if we wished to extend our foreign trade in pig iron, or buy it cheaply for home consumption, is to stop making pig iron ourselves.

County Court. John B. Hayes vs. Mohaska M'fg. Co. Trial by jury. Verdict for plaintiff for \$136.85.

David Rice vs. Mary Anthony Suit on account. Judgment by confession for \$13.82.

Letters of guardianship issued to E. B. Craig, guardian of Elmer Barrett, minor.

Hearing on final settlement estate P. D. Hathaway, deceased, continued.

Hearing final settlement estate Elizabeth Hathaway, deceased, continued.

Charles A. Yant Bros. vs. Charles Blake et al. Continued by stipulation until April 27, 1891, 10 a. m.

Plattsmouth Land & Improvement Co. vs. Chas. Vaudeventer. Action for forcible detention. Hearing, April 7, 10 a. m.

P. S. Barnes, esq., of Weeping Water is in the city today.

Mrs. Fred Murphy of Cedar Creek is visiting relatives in the city today.

Mr. James Romine of South Bend, one of Cass county's best farmers, is in the city today.

John Palmeter has a bran new boy at his house up in the Fifth ward that Mr. P. thinks is the pride of the Park.

M. B. Murphy received a telegram yesterday from Humbolt, Nebraska announcing the arrival at that seaport of a fine grand-daughter by the name of Chaturban.

Frank Courney, George Billings, Bert Pollock and F. G. Fricke came in this morning from their duck hunt, having bagged fifty odd nice birds.

Mr. Burwell Spurlock and wife took their final departure this morning for York. They were accompanied to the depot by a host of friends to say good bye.

Remarkable Facts. Heart disease is usually supposed to be incurable, but when properly treated a large portion of cases can be cured.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

TRUANTS FROM HOME.

TRUANTS AND TEMPTATIONS OF RUN-AWAY BOYS IN NEW YORK.

A Plain Matter of Fact Talk from New York's Chief Inspector—Boys Get Their Ideas of the City from Lurid Books—A Few Examples from the Records.

Having already referred in a general way to the evil effects that usually fall to the lot of a boy who is so foolish and headstrong as to run away from home and try his fortunes in the great city, I will cite a few cases of the many with which the records of our police department abound.

The boy had been absent about three weeks when one day an officer who was patrolling a post in the neighborhood of the docks came upon a boy who staggered as he walked. The officer's first impression was that the boy was intoxicated, but upon making a closer examination and questioning him it turned out that he was not intoxicated, but weak from lack of food and from exposure in the wintry weather.

The policeman took him to headquarters and gave him a good meal. Afterward it was discovered that he was the boy from Albany whose disappearance had caused so much concern.

The idea of wonderful adventures had been put into their heads by the books they had been allowed to read, and they determined to see life for themselves in a larger city than the one where they had been brought up.

They wandered about New York for five days, but found life here a sterner reality than they had supposed. The little money they had was soon spent, and at the end of the five days they were glad to give themselves up to the police, and tearfully asked to be sent back to their homes.

One day a policeman attached to one of the down town precincts saw a boy, evidently a stranger in the city, sitting on the porch of a house, and soon found that he was exhausted from hunger and partially overcome by the heat.

He had come here alone from a town in Massachusetts, first because he wished to see what the great city was like, and also because he had an uncle here, and expected to be hospitably received.

When at last, after much wandering, he did succeed in getting to the street and number, to which he had been so often directed, he was worse off than if he had not found them. The hope of finding his uncle had been the one thing that cheered him during his journeyings through the labyrinth of streets.

But now his uncle refused to aid or harbor him. Giving him a little bread and butter wrapped in a paper, he turned the boy adrift upon the cheerless streets. Under our law the uncle was arrested for his inhuman conduct, but he was discharged in court on his promise to see that the boy was taken back to his parents.

After the ambition to go west and fight Indians perhaps the desire to go upon the stage is the strongest motive animating boys who take a plunge into the wide world for themselves. More girls than boys are "stage struck," but the girls do not run away as the boys do—at least not when they are so young as most of the runaways of the other sex.

No doubt the experience gained in running away from home is often salutary. The glamour and glitter that are imagined to surround life in a big city are speedily seen to have no existence save in the fancy, and the difficulties in the way of a strange lad in a strange place who is seeking a situation, even of the humblest kind—difficulties which amount practically to an insurmountable obstacle—are soon deeply impressed upon the mind.

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Chinese Ideas About God.

A young lady who teaches Sunday school lessons to two Chinese boys in an Episcopal church on Fifth avenue, speaking of her work, said: "My two sons of the Flowery Kingdom can speak but little English, but I really think they have a good idea of Christ and his mission on earth. They seem very apt at learning, and kneed and staid up at the proper time during church services. Both of them wear queues, though, and would not part from them for any consideration. It took me a long time to make them understand that Christ was divine. They imagined I had reference merely to his goodness. At first they imagined he was an idol that had been found over eighteen hundred years ago at Bethlehem, in Judea, and had been buried, after being exposed on the cross, and then stolen and hidden by those who worshipped the idol. It was hard to get them away from the Joss idea.

"They speak English so imperfectly I think that is a drawback to their rapid advancement. One of them asked me if God was buried in Judea, as well as his son. When I explained that they lived above the clouds an incredulous look came upon the boys' faces, and one said, 'Melican man hab things way up.' I could not deny that we worshipped a being far above us, but all around us. How long did it take me to make them understand the divinity of Christ? Well, nearly four years. They are bright boys."—New York Herald.

The Average Man.

One of the most galling tyrannies of modern life is that of the "average man." Who ever saw the average man? Is any one acquainted with any one who ever did? Has any one ever existed? The fact of the matter is that the average man is a myth. He never did and never will exist. He is a philosophical abstraction, a stage property of the metaphysician, a straw man set up to be worshipped or reviled, or, in essence, may be, yet people always bow down to him and talk in whispers about his thoughts, his moods, his needs and desires. They are rejoiced when he is supposed to smile, and are cast down when he frowns.

Statisticians burn the midnight oil in order to "do sums" about him. Statesmen give up their lives to his service. Political economists look solemn as they take his measure. Physicians explain how he may keep well, and preachers adjust the message of the gospel to his comprehension. Yet, of all the myriads of men who have ever lived each one differs more or less from the supposed average man. Who will deliver the world from the tyrannical rule of the average man?—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A Doomed Duet.

Singers who "murder" music are usually considered more guilty than the music is. The provoked Cincinnati judge was not blaming the music, however, when he turned the metaphor the other way.

His daughter and a young gentleman caller frequently indulge in tuneful vocal practice over the piano, and when they get together in the parlor the judge gets in as remote a part of the house as possible in order to avoid what he terms the uproar. One evening they had been even more devoted than usual to their music, and on the following morning the judge inquired of his daughter:

"What on earth was all that racket you and your caller were making in the parlor last evening?"

"Why, papa, Sam and I were trying a new duet."

"Trying a new duet, were you? Well, from what I heard I should judge that you found it guilty and inflicted the heaviest penalty on it."—New York Times.

An Old New Orleans Custom.

If you have plenty time to loaf and observe everything that passes before your gaze you will notice on nearly every post in the French quarters there are little hand bills tacked up and bearing the heading "Decede." Beneath this there is additional printing, all, however, in French. These are death notices, which seemed to be used instead of the newspapers to announce the inevitable funeral. They state the hour of the funeral, etc., and the name of the deceased.

As a general thing these notices are tacked up all over the French section in an hour after the person has died. I noticed several upon which the printer's ink had scarcely dried, and which announced the demise of some unfortunate which had taken place only a few minutes before.—New Orleans Cor. Richmond Dispatch.

Neatly Caught.

The following is told of a judge before whom a man was being tried for stealing a gold watch from a woman as she was entering a bus. The man declared the watch was his, and the woman was mistaken in identifying it as hers. Suddenly the judge asked:

"Where's the key?"

The prisoner fumbled in his pockets, and said he must have left it at home. The judge asked him if he would the watch frequently with the key, and he said "Yes."

Then a key was procured, watch and key were handed to the prisoner, and he was told to wind the watch. He opened the case but could not find any place to use the key, because the watch was a keyless one. The sentence was five years.—London Tit-Bits.

The Thoughtful Manager.

Mrs. De Style (in theatre box)—What was this placard, "No Loud Talking," put in our box for? Mrs. Forundad (after reflection)—I presume the manager left it here so we could show it to the people on the stage when their chatter interrupts our conversation.—New York Weekly.

The Red Man's Disappointment.

"Ugh!" said the Indian, in disgust. "What's the matter, Swallowtail?" asked the agent. "Big Injun chase white man four mile. Want scalp. Catch white man. Light white man said."—Harper's Bazar.

A WOMAN'S ODD CAPRICE.

UNACCOUNTABLE, YET IT MADE HER SUPREMELY HAPPY.

A Sudden Whim Seizes Her and She Started on a Visit to New York by a Circuitous Route—She Meets a Long Lost Brother.

"My aunt, Mrs. O. P. Smith, of St. Louis, started east to visit relatives of her husband in Dutchess county," said one of those relatives, a well known railroad man. "Her direct route was by the New York Central's system to Fishkill, and that was the way the trip had been laid out. Half an hour before starting, however, Mrs. Smith surprised her husband by saying that she intended to go by the Erie route.

"That would necessitate a roundabout way by New York City or by Newburg and across the Hudson, and her husband tried to argue her out of her sudden and unreasonable determination. She stoutly insisted, however, that she must go by the Erie.

"I can't tell you why I have such an inclination to go that way," she said; "but I have that feeling, and I do not believe I could bring myself to go any other way."

"Of course her husband gave in to her whim, and put it down to woman's caprice. My aunt is a native of Richmond, Va., and during the war, being about sixteen, her only sister died, and her brother was killed in the defense of Richmond. This left her without a known relative, unless the oldest one of the family, a brother, who had gone to California in 1855, was living.

"She found a home, however, with a Richmond family, who moved west after the war, where the orphan girl, whose name was Allison, subsequently met and married my Uncle Smith. She was ten years old when her brother went to California, and he was then twenty-five. She had never heard anything from him since the war broke out. Although her father died when she was but eight, she retained a vivid remembrance of his face and manner.

A STRANGE MEETING. "At Meadville, Pa., the next morning after leaving St. Louis, my aunt kept her berth. While she was making her toilet the porter had made up the section. When she returned and sat down a sprightly but elderly man sat down in the other seat of her section and said:

"Excuse me, madam, but I'll just drop down here while the porter fixes up things in my section. I'm only going to the next station anyway."

"My aunt opened her mouth to reply, but she didn't speak. She simply fastened her eyes on the old man opposite. He was tall and bright eyed, with a silver gray mustache and goatee, the latter long and pointed. He wore a wide brimmed felt hat. My aunt's manner seemed to nettles him, and he exclaimed, rising:

"If I annoy you, madam, I will go to some other seat."

"My aunt managed to loosen her tongue then, and putting out her hand begged him to be seated. He sat down again, and my aunt looked out of the window, or at least she says she tried to, but she felt herself drawn irresistibly to look covertly at the gray bearded stranger. When the porter had arranged the stranger's section, and he arose and went to it, my aunt's eye followed him. She tried to speak to him as he went from her seat, but she didn't seem to be able to get out the words she wanted to say.

The next station was Union City. It was only half an hour's ride from Meadville, and as the train drew nearer to it my aunt says she could hardly breathe, her heart beat so, and she felt as if she must speak to the old man or die. But somehow she could not. At last the train whistled for Union City. The gray bearded man took his valise and prepared to leave his seat. The train began to slow up. The old man walked toward the front end of the car. He was passing my aunt's section.

THE RECOGNITION. "She pressed one hand on her thumping heart and, almost choking, she touched the stranger's arm and gasped:

"Sir, isn't your name Allison?"

"The man looked surprised and said, 'Why, yes; my name's Allison.'"

"Charles Jasper Allison?"

"Yes," said the stranger, looking still more surprised.

"Didn't your sister Carrie used to call you Jass?"

"She did," he exclaimed. "But why—"

"Oh, Jass! I'm your sister Carrie!" exclaimed my aunt, and her arms were around the old man's neck and he was holding her to his breast, while both of them sobbed like a couple of children.

"The long lost brother did not get off at Union City. He was the very image of her father when he died, my aunt said, and that is why she felt from the very first that he was her brother Jass. The brother is still a Californian, an extensive vineyardist, and while in Chicago he suddenly remembered that an old friend of his was in or near Union City, and he resolved to visit him before returning to the coast. This had occurred about half an hour before the train he was to take left Chicago, and he was just able to catch it by an extra effort.

"Suppose my aunt hadn't suddenly taken that whim to travel by the Erie? Or suppose her brother hadn't suddenly thought him of his old friend in Union City? And how do you account for it all, anyhow?"—New York Sun.

Derivation of Two Common Words. Our common word abridge has no connection with a bridge. It is a modification of the Greek brachus, short, through the French abreguer, to shorten. Nor has mildew anything to do either with mill or dew. The word is the old High German milton, rust on corn. The likeness between mill and mel (dew) suggested a connection which resulted in the translation of the second part of the word into dew, as hinting at the substance known as honey dew.—Harper's Young People.