

THE TURNPIKE ROAD.

So strange it seems, so strange and sweet,
That here life's busy life once flowed;
That heavily trod our grandfathers' feet,
With light heart, or with heavy load,
Through this forsaken turnpike road.

As walking in some holy nave,
We tread the grass grown rusty today,
As if they marked some ancient grave,
We search upon the milestones gray
Their numbers almost worn away.

Beyond the wood and winding stream
Beat the world's pulses, strong and clear,
With roar and rush of steel and steam;
But, changeless through the changing year,
A sacred silence reigns here.

Yet violets and the windflower sweet
In fairy hosts here greet the spring,
And following Summer's hasting feet,
Blue Gentians—sly and winsome things—
Come forth to hear the last bird sing.

And Fancy weaves a mystic spell
Around this spot, in Nature's bowers,
Perchance the smiles and tears that fell,
The conquests and defeats as well,
That made life in those bygone hours,
Have here found root and bloom in flowers.

And could it be, on every tomb
(As to our toil-worn goal we speed),
That some sweet flowers should live and bloom,
Harvest of brave or holy deed—
Ah, who could ask a richer meed?

God rest their souls in byways fair,
Who heavenly seed on earth have sowed,
While we who still life's burdens bear
Patiently lift our loads of care,
Renewing for our last abode
Such bloom as fills the turnpike road.
—Annie Louise Brakenridge in Springfield
Homestead.

TOLD BY A DEAD MAN.

One evening, not many months ago, three persons were seated in a snug corner of the lounging room of the Electricians' club of Vienna. From the intent and eager expression on the faces of two of them it was evident that the subject of the conversation was more than ordinarily interesting.

The leader of the conversation was a man apparently on the turn of thirty-five, with a face strongly marked by the unsparing brush of late hours and unrestrained passions. He had reached the pith of the tale, and was enjoying the impatience of his listeners with a keen relish. At last, yielding to their eager importunities, he said:

"Well, I'll tell you the name of the lady, but remember you have given your word of honor that it shall go no farther. When I followed her from the train I found it was—oh, shades of virtue! Mrs. Waldemer."

"You lie!"

The words rang through the silent room like a trumpet blast. Springing to their feet with a haste that sent chairs and table flying, the startled trio turned and saw a gentleman in evening dress standing not three feet away. His face was convulsed with rage, and his futile struggle for speech only caused his pallid lips to utter incoherent sounds.

For a few seconds no one moved, and the ominous quiet was only broken by the deep, labored breathing of him who had so unceremoniously interrupted the peace of the night, then with a sudden bound a form cleared the intervening space, and before hand could be raised in hindrance the boastful rove had planted a terrific blow full in the face of his adversary, almost felling him to the floor. The infuriated combatants were quickly separated by the excited bystanders, and both hurried from the house.

On the following morning the frequenters of the club stood about in little knots discussing the episode of the night before. There was a universal sympathy with the gentleman who had received the blow, and many strong expressions of anger were indulged in by the members, who were justly enraged at the publicity that would inevitably follow such a disgraceful affair.

One old gentleman in particular was much excited. He said:

"Such an unwarranted imputation against a lady's character should not pass unpunished, and if Herr Waldemer does not challenge that brute, why, I'll do it myself, if only on general principles."

As the choleric old man finished, a commotion at the door showed the entrance of some one with fresh news on the engrossing topic.

The newcomer was quickly surrounded, and with the eagerness of a bearer of glad tidings he exclaimed:

"Waldemer has challenged him, and the challenge is accepted of course. I have just come from the house of Rukert, who, you know, conducts all such affairs. He wouldn't tell me when it was to take place, or indeed anything at all about it. But there are going to be some extraordinary arrangements; I could tell that by his air of mystery—the pompous old idiot!"

The welcome intelligence created a feeling of general relief among the members, and it was hailed with great satisfaction. They dispersed to their various homes, knowing that their code of honor was still intact.

For several days the curious made every effort to discover any details concerning the impending duel, but without avail. There was only a certainty that it would take place, but where and how was only known to the principals and the indefatigable Rukert.

On the morning of the sixth day after the quarrel at the club the community was thrown into a state of horror at the following article published in the Neue Freie Presse:

At half-past 8 last night, as a party of young men were passing the house of Herr Waldemer, in Strasse Wallfischgasse, they were startled by the loud report of a revolver coming from the direction of that gentleman's residence, followed immediately by an agonizing scream. They hastily forced the front door, and after a vain search in several rooms, all untenanted, they reached the study. There, prostrate on the floor, was the form of our well known citizen—dead. A hideous wound in his left temple and a revolver lying near at hand showed the cause of death. Stretched across his body, her hair dabbling in a pool of blood, was his beautiful wife. It was at first thought that she also was

dead; but a hasty examination showed that she had only fainted.

One of the horrified gentlemen ran for the nearest doctor and also to report the melancholy news to the proper authorities. The others set to work to revive Mrs. Waldemer, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her recover consciousness.

By a fortunate coincidence Dr. Breslon happened to be in the neighborhood, and he was soon in attendance. He pronounced Waldemer past all medical aid, but said that the lady was only suffering from a severe nervous shock, natural under the circumstances.

Despite her protestations Mrs. Waldemer was taken into custody and removed to the house of detention, where she remained during the night, all offers of bail being resolutely refused.

Owing to a most extraordinary and fortunate circumstance we are enabled to clear the unhappy lady from all suspicion, and also to give our readers the details of a very singular duel that took place in this city but a few days ago, and which undoubtedly caused the suicide just mentioned.

Last night at half-past 10 o'clock a messenger left a package in the ante-room with instructions that it be sent up to the managing editor. Upon the removal of the outer wrapper was found a sealed envelope with the following note:

"June 13, 1889.

"To the Managing Editor:
"You will find inclosed an important item of news, which you are at liberty to use only on condition that this envelope be not received before 10 o'clock this night. I trust to your well known honor to see that this stipulation is faithfully carried out.

"RUDOLPH WALDEMER."

Long before the receipt of the mysterious package Waldemer's suicide had been discovered, and so the seal was immediately broken. Inside was the following remarkable confession:

"These, my last words, are written on the threshold of the unknown. Though in the prime of life, the mere thought of living has become a dread more terrifying than that of death.

"It is still fresh in the mind of the public how I overheard in my club the name of my wife bandied about by a lecherous scoundrel, who has already gone the road I shall travel tonight.

"I challenged him. The challenge was accepted. All the details were left to a mutual friend—a man learned in electrical science—who enthusiastically proposed the adoption of electricity as a weapon. I assented with indifference, not heeding the agents to whom I had my revenge. My antagonist agreed, prompted by a professional curiosity. For several days the mysterious preparations went on, and at last there came a note stating that I was to call at a certain house on the outskirts of the city at midnight.

"On arriving at the place indicated the scientist met me at the door and led the way to a little anteroom on the second floor. There I found my antagonist, and it was only the knowledge that but a few minutes could elapse before we would be engaged in mortal combat that restrained me from throttling him where he stood.

"We were taken into an adjoining room, and what I saw there filled my soul with a grim joy—the lust for murder. Returning again to the outer room, we were requested to submit without delay to any preparations necessary. I complied with alacrity, but he evidently hesitated before answering, and I noticed with pleasure that his voice trembled and his face paled with a cowardly dread.

"The old electrician produced two long, close fitting robes that enveloped us from neck to heels, and with skillful fingers he speedily buttoned them around us, making the shroudlike garments more secure by passing a stout cord about the outside in innumerable turns. Fettered in this way we lay upon the floor unable to move hand or foot. Satisfied at last that the fastenings were secure, he dragged us with infinite care into the chamber of death.

"It was a small, square room, devoid of furniture, and but dimly lighted by a common oil lamp suspended from the ceiling. The floor had been waxed and polished until it was as smooth as glass. In two corners of the room, diagonally opposite each other, were a couple of peculiar looking metal disks placed horizontally on the floor, and having a round, flat knob in the center. Leading from each were two lines of insulated wire about six or seven yards long, ending in shallow cups containing dampened felt.

"Placing us side by side, midway between the corners, the cups were fastened to our bodies, one being placed on the neck at the base of the brain and the other at the extremity of the spinal column. Thus attached to our respective disks we were told that he who first reached his opponent's corner could, by merely placing his head on the elevated spot, send the annihilating current on its deadly way.

"The old scientist, after a few hurried directions, given in a voice agitated with strong emotion, retired to a corner, where I could see him standing in an attitude of rapt attention, his head bent forward, his eyes protruding and glowing with a fixity of expression almost maniacal in its intensity.

"The room was filled with a solemn quiet, unbroken save by the low murmur of heavy respiration or the regular tick of a clock, whose monotonous rhythm sounded like the beat of a drum to my overstrained nerves. Thus we lay for nearly half a minute, each waiting for the other to make the move.

"A short reflection had shown me that victory would come to him who showed the greatest cunning, as the manner in which we were tied precluded the display of brute force, and the slippery floor offered no fulcrum wherewith to propel one's self along.

"Slyly I turned my head and saw, close by, the livid face of my antagonist, his deep set eyes watchful and alert.

"As a faint I turned slowly over. He did the same. Then with a sudden effort I swung around so that my feet struck him a sharp blow in the face. It aroused all the devil in his nature, and

he quickly retaliated by making a desperate lunge at my head. His heels flew past within an inch, and the force of the movement placed him almost between me and my corner. He was quick to see the advantage, and started to roll with increasing force in that direction. Then ensued a terrible race for the disk.

"Over the glassy floor, slipping and sliding, with head advanced in futile endeavor to gain a greater momentum, we writhed and squirmed, vainly grasping at the polished surface.

"The room revolved in a dizzy whirl, and soon my eyes were blinded by aching tears called forth by a raging terror at the heart—a fear that he might gain the victory and live. With one last superhuman effort I threw myself across the widening gap between us and stopped his progress. There we lay panting for breath on the very edge of the metal plate, but I was nearest.

"After what seemed an eternity of time the strange combat recommenced. I was posted in the angle, my feet pressed firmly against one wall and my head against the other. It was a living barrier of resistless strength.

"Suddenly I felt his form against mine, creeping cunningly closer. With a hasty jerk I drew my body in, and with shoulders pressed firmly against the plastered sides gave one powerful kick and sent him sliding to the center of the room. Before he had stopped I was rolling in the direction of his corner.

"With elbow and heel, invoking the aid of every nerve and muscle, I rapidly covered the intervening space, and then found my passage barred and the goal snatched from my eager grasp on the threshold of victory. Wild with baffled rage I threw myself upon him, and with hellish fury tried to tear his throat with my teeth.

"As we struggled the room resounded with an infernal din of gasping moans and oaths strangled in his utterance. For a time I lost all sense of direction, and was only intent on crushing out his viperous life.

"We had neared the middle when, by what crafty trick I know not, he broke away, and with miraculous speed, now leaping half erect and now writhing like a serpent, he again approached the disk. I watched him with fascinated eye as he drew nearer and nearer. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, every drop of blood turned to ice, and I felt the bony hand of death clutching that heart which in a second would shrivel at the lightning's touch.

"He reached it; up went his head, higher and higher. My God! why does he prolong this living death? A thud as it touched the iron plate; a horrible gurgling noise cut off in its infancy; one long, convulsive shudder of the body, and he lay dead before me, killed by his own wire. He had mistaken the plate!

"Hours afterward I was carried from the house, my reason almost gone and the dread terror of the scene still before me. How his body was disposed of I do not know. Probably it was buried under a false name. His death was not at my hands, but the horror of it rests upon me and it is more than I can bear."—Enrique H. Lewis in Romance.

Why Women Have Dyspepsia.

A medical journal, in a learned discussion of the alleged causes of dyspepsia in women, declares that they are mainly lack of exercise and eating indigestible food at unholy hours. To this a celebrated woman physician takes exception, and asserts that laziness and self-indulgence are not the main causes of dyspepsia in women.

"I have found," she says, "that women are usually victims of the atonic variety of dyspepsia—that variety which comes from a lack of tone in the stomach rather than from any disarrangement of its functions. It is sometimes caused by a generally enfeebled condition of the system, but is often the result of their getting overtired and then attempting to rest themselves by eating a hearty meal.

"Women are so reckless in the expenditure of their strength—they go shopping for a whole afternoon, or they call, or entertain, or are entertained, without a thought of their bodies, until suddenly they find themselves utterly wearied out. When this exhaustion occurs, instead of lying down for an hour's complete rest before eating anything at all, they will sit down to a hearty meal in order to rest themselves, as they think; and the tired stomach is too weak to care for the load of food that is thrust upon it. By and by a dyspeptic condition is induced, and the poor souls wonder what they have eaten that has brought on dyspepsia."—Detroit Free Press.

English and American Homes.

Much is said of the luxury of the Old World, but people who have had opportunities for comparison testify that the average of comfort in living is much higher in the United States than in England and Europe. Even the homes of the wealthiest are entirely lacking in comforts and conveniences that are regarded as indispensable among the middle class and even the poorer homes of the United States. Many English houses occupied by families of means are not supplied with steam or water, and the general method of heating is by open fireplaces fed with smoky soft coal.

Hot air furnaces are almost unknown. Set bowls, with hot and cold water faucets, are regarded as non-permissible extravagance even by the wealthiest, and only the very wealthiest sometimes indulge in the luxury of a bathroom. A hotel having one advertises it as a special and unusual attraction. Candles are still much relied on for illumination. A hundred other conveniences regarded as necessities in American homes are unknown in English households.—Good Housekeeping.

Interested in the Skeleton.

Little Albert had been allowed to amuse himself by turning over the leaves of the big illustrated dictionary. The picture of the skeleton impressed him particularly, and at the breakfast table the next morning he surprised his father by asking suddenly, "Papa, can't that bony fellow in the dictionary wiggle his fingers?"—Youth's Companion.

A DOG THAT GOT A PRIZE

HE WASN'T ENTERED IN THE SHOW, BUT WAS GIVEN AN AWARD.

He Was a Homely Brindle Cur of the Streets and He Saved His Little Gammy Master from a Watery Death—The Faithful Dog Receives Due Credit.

There was a bench show of dogs in the Central rink, and all the pugs, and terriers, and mastiffs, and St. Bernards, and bulldogs, and all the other high bred dogs who were sure to what class they belonged and whose owner could prove their right to be so classed were there. People were coming and going, and the papers had been full of descriptions of the affair, illustrated by wood cuts of some of the finest animals.

Over on another street of the same city was quite a different scene. In a narrow court near the river lay a shivering, white faced little shaver, whose clothes dripped water. Over him bent another boy with a quart of steaming hot liquid in his hand.

"Drink this here hot coffee, Jim," he said. "Bill's gone for to hunt up some dry duds, and maybe we can get yer inter that engine room ter dry. Don't yer go ter gettin' faint nor nothin' now. Want yer head raised a bit?"

But the boy raised himself on his elbow and looked around him. He took a drink of the coffee, and seeming to get strength said:

"Where's Buster?"

"Oh, he's around somewhere. Buster's all right. There comes the boys with the duds, and we'll have you all right, too, in a minute. Don't feel dizzy or nothin', do yer?"

"I'm beginning to feel first rate again. Where's Buster? Some of you whistle; I ain't got the wind."

But at that moment a bobtailed brindle dog came around the corner, closely pursued by a couple of boys.

"Let Buster alone! What are you chasing Buster for?" demanded the prostrate boy.

"Why, yer see," explained the others still keeping up the chase, "there was a man said if we could get him around to the dog show they'd give him a prize for pulling you out of the river, and he won't let us catch him."

LOOKING FOR A PRIZE.

"Wot sort of a prize is it?" demanded the wet boy.

"Money, yer woodenhead, yer. They're all swells down there, and he said there's a prize for the best dog that saves a feller's life."

This was enough to satisfy the inquiries of the smaller boy, and to excite the best efforts of the others to capture the dog, but for some reasons he eluded them. Perhaps he had good reasons for being suspicious of boys who were too friendly. Anyway, he dodged and kept out of their way, almost causing one of them to be crushed under the wheels of a cable car, when the wet boy gave a low whistle and ordered the dog to "come ere."

The animal obeyed without a whine. "Now lay down!" The dog got down and put his nose between his paws. "You've got to go and get that there prize, and I'm going too."

It was doubtful at first if the boy would be able to keep his word, but by the help of the others, who had taken off his wet clothing and wrapped him up in something drier, he managed to go.

When he saw his master going the dog followed, and they soon stood before the bulletin board in front of the rink, announcing the bench show and the terms of admittance.

There was some consultation, and then while four of them stayed with the boy who had been in the water, one of the largest took the dog by the strap around his neck, and, paying the admittance fee with the combined wealth of the company, undertook to drag the dog in with him.

"Here! leave that dog outside," commanded the doorkeeper. "You can't take that dog in with you, I say."

"What's the reason? Ain't I taking him in to get the prize?"

"What prize? There is no prize for such cur as that. Turn him out, I tell you."

A PRIZE WAS GIVEN.

"Yes, there is a prize. Wot are you givin' us? Didn't a man tell me so? He ain't going to eat up none of your fine haired pups, but he's goin' to get that prize."

There might have been a fracas and an arrest, for the boy who had paid his money was positive and determined, but just then a gentleman chanced to step to the door and asked what was the matter.

"Oh, he's got a fool notion about a prize for brindle pups," explained the gatekeeper, "and is making a fuss about his dog going in."

"There isn't such a prize offered, I am positive," said the man. "I am one of the judges."

"What sort of a show is this here, then?"

"A dog show, of course."

"And no prize for the best dog?"

"It is for a certain kind of dogs—those that cost a great deal of money."

"And not for the kind that jumps into the ice and drags a boy outen the river?"

"Did your dog do that?"

"Yes; and that there's the boy he did it to."

The gentleman looked incredulous, but just then a newspaper reporter who had been watching the boys from the street stepped up and corroborated the statement.

"Wait here a minute," said the gentleman; and he disappeared within and went briskly to where a group of his friends were talking. In a minute he came back with something in his hand, and followed by several others.

"We have decided," he said, "that there ought to be a prize for that kind of a dog, and here is a five dollar gold piece for the owner of the dog," and at the same time he stepped forward and tied a knot of blue ribbon to the strap around the dog's neck.

A prouder lot of boys were never seen than those street waifs as they led the dog away.—Our Dumb Animals.



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