

FAITHFUL NATURE

Nature ever faithful is
To such as trust her faithfulness.
When the forest shall mislead me,
When the night and morning lie,
When sea and land refuse to feed me,
'Twill be time enough to die.
—Emerson.

THE MAJOR'S UMBRELLA.

"Isn't she ridiculous?" said Fanny Drew.
"I declare," gasped Rhoda Filley, "I've laughed until my sides ache!"
"You ought to be an actress, Patty Price," said Mary Ellis.
The girls stood around, in a little group, laughing and applauding. It was a dull, rainy day, and business was not brisk at the "Dry Goods and Fancy Emporium" on the corner of Main street and Willow avenue.
Maj. Carson had just been in to look at yellow silk pocket handkerchiefs—a tall, slender man with very black eyes, and a complexion that matched the pocket handkerchiefs—and had gone away, leaving a curious old Madras silk umbrella with a hooked ivory handle, carved in the similitude of a stork's head, on the counter.
And Martha Price, the youngest, merriest and prettiest of all the shop maidens, had caught it up, twisted a yellow bandanna around her neck, put one of the "newest styles" of gentlemen's felt hats on the side of her chestnut curls, and was parading down the middle of the side aisle, with an excellent imitation of the half hat that characterized Maj. Carson's gait. Even Mr. Hoyt, the dignified floor walker, looked on from a distance and smiled.
"That Patty Price is a regular little lump of wither," said he to Miss Daly, the cashier. "Just look at her, will you? I'm told she is capital in private theatricals. And she is certainly very pretty."
"Yes," primly assented Miss Daly.
She had nothing against Patty Price, but it is hard for a woman of 60 afflicted with chronic neuralgia, to sympathize heartily in the praises of a woman thirty years her junior.
Just at the moment when the laughter was loudest, the store door noiselessly opened, Maj. Carson himself re-entered.
"Did I leave my umbrella here?" he asked, with a quick glance which swept the whole auditorium, and took in every detail of the scene. "Oh, yes, I see. A thousand thanks!"
He lifted his hat with the quaint, old-fashioned bow, and left the store.
Patty Price stood agape, the felt hat still topping her crop of curls, the yellow pocket handkerchief yet displaying its flat bow under the central dimple of her chin.
The sudden laughter of her audience was hushed. Miss Daly uttered a little gasp of horror. Mr. Hoyt rapped sharply with his knuckles on the nearest counter top.
"Girls," said he, "go back to your departments. This isn't business."
The knot of damsels dispersed at once, but Patty Price carried the heaviest heart of all beneath the coquettish surplice folds of her blue delaine frock.
"I oughtn't to have done it," she faltered, busying her hands among the rolls of colored ribbon that the porter had just brought upstairs. "Prudence always told me that my foolish, flighty ways would bring me into trouble. I'm quite, quite sure that he saw me!"
"What if he did?" encouraged Rhoda Filley. "He can't have you arrested, can he?"
"Oh, but he has been so good to us," half-whispered Patty. "He left his handsome suit of rooms at the hotel and took board with mother just to help us along; and sister Prudence says he is the most perfect gentleman she ever knew. Oh, I don't know how I shall ever look him in the face again!"
"Is he an old beau of your mother?" asked Rhoda, indifferently.
Patty started.
"No!" she cried; "of course not! Why, he's not 40 yet, for all he looks so old. It's the East Indian climate has done that. Prudence says she thinks he's very handsome and—"
"Oh!" laughed Rhoda; "then it's sister Prudence he's in love with!"
"I wish you wouldn't say such disagreeable things," said Patty, frowning.
"Hush! don't you see there's a customer coming?"
All day long Patty was in low spirits. She went home at night with a headache, taking care to be a little behind the regular family tea time, so as not to see Maj. Carson.
"If he told mother," she pondered, "as it would serve me entirely right for him to do, what will she say? Prudence too—if Rhoda speaks truth, and she is really in love with Maj. Carson—she will never forgive me. And now I come to think of it, Maj. Carson's profile is perfect, and his quiet, courteous ways are not a bit like those of the other men around here. He does walk a little lame on one ankle, but when one remembers that he got the bullet wound in protecting a party of women from the mail robbers on the Neigherry Hills—oh, dear! what evil spirit did possess me to mimic him today? It was the sight of that queer old umbrella. I do believe, that put it into my head. Old Daphne always said that piece of ivory on the handle was carved out of an eastern amulet, and I believe she was right! Daphne don't like to pass that umbrella in the dark. She always utters some spell as she goes by. There it is now!"
She stopped and looked at the umbrella as it leaned against the rail of the hat stand in the hall, where a single gasp had burned feebly in the lantern overhead.
"Is it a good spirit, I wonder," she asked herself, "or an evil one, that Daphne is afraid of?"
She took the umbrella in her hand and looked wistfully at the carvings of the stork's head.
"The Sacred Isis, I suppose," she pondered. "And I wish I hadn't made fun of it. Prudence will be so angry."
She was still looking intently at the major's umbrella when the street door opened and the major himself came in.
"I'm afraid," said he, "that I am a little late for tea. Oh, you were looking at my umbrella, Miss Martha. Well, I grant you" (with a quiet smile) "it is rather ridiculous; but it is a very old friend of mine, and I've a prejudice in favor of old friends."
Patty burst into tears; the umbrella fell clank against the iron shell of the hat rack, splitting the stork's head in two.
"Please do forgive me, Maj. Carson!" she sobbed. "I've behaved like a Patagonian Indian, and I don't deserve that you should ever speak to me again! But

I never will again—and, oh, please, I've broken it now! What will Prudence say?"
"It don't matter," said the major, quietly interposing to prevent her picking up the ruins of the Sacred Isis. "But what has Miss Prudence Price to do with it?"
"I—I don't know," murmured Patty. "She says I have neither discretion nor dignity, and she is right."
"Now, Miss Martha, stop crying," said the major, gently patting her hand. "If you think that I bear you any malice on account of this morning's innocent bit of girlish masquerade, you are entirely mistaken. It is quite natural that half a dozen gay young things should make fun of an old foggy like me."
"But you are not an old foggy!"
"At eight-and-thirty? No? Well, people differ on such subjects. And you are not to torment yourself about it any more—do you hear? Why do you look so earnestly at me?" he added.
The long, dark curtains of lashes fell on Patty's crimson cheek once more.
"I don't know," she faltered. "I was thinking how good you are. Here comes mother, and I know by the smell that old Daphne has taken the tea biscuit out of the oven. And oh, I am so sorry about the umbrella!"
The major picked up the umbrella, snapped the slender standard in two, and flung it composedly out of the hall window.
"There!" said he, "I won't have you fretting yourself so ceaselessly about an old umbrella!"
Old Daphne, coming across the hall with the coffee pot in her hand, stopped short.
"Bress an' sabs us!" cried she, "if de spell ain't done gone outen de house! Well, it's a pow'ful lucky t'ing for we uns. I neber done feel easy while dar ar was stan'in' round."
"Martha," said Mrs. Price to her youngest daughter that evening while the baker's book down in the kitchen. "Maj. Carson has been speaking to me."
"I know," interrupted Patty, with a little guilty start. "He's going away—the best boarder you ever had—and it's all my fault."
"No, he's not going away. He—"
"Then," cried Patty, "he's going to marry Prudence! And she's a dear, good girl as ever lived, mother, but—but do you think she is quite young enough for the major?"
"My dear child, if you would only hear me out. The major—"
"Has got a wife already in India!" burst out Patty, "an olive-skinned princess, with a diamond as big as a hazel nut in her hair, and he wants to bring her here! There are some things I won't stand, mother. The Emporium people are going to establish a branch business at Denver, and I'll go out there with Miss Daly and the Wicklow girls. I don't believe!"
At that moment there was an outcry in the kitchen. Master Alonzo Price, the youngest hope of the family, had just come in with a bloody nose from single combat with some neighboring youth. Mrs. Price grasped a camphor bottle and rushed to the rescue, and Patty was left alone.
"I wish I were dead!" sobbed she, dropping her head on the cushioned arm of the sofa. "It's all the evil spell of that horrid old umbrella!"
"Has your mother told you, Martha?" asked a gentle, reassuring voice close to her elbow.
And she started, to behold the very subject of her thoughts.
"No—yes—she faltered. "Please don't go away, Maj. Carson!"
"It all depends on you, Martha, whether I go or stay," he answered, gravely.
"Does it, really?" Her heavy eyes brightened a little at this. "Then I will try to be good to her."
"To be good to whom?" said the major, with something of a puzzled expression in his face.
"To the prin—to the lady, I mean, whom you are going to marry."
"I shall marry no lady, little Martha, unless you will have me," said the major, resignedly, shrugging his shoulders.
"Yes," spoke up Maj. Carson. "I hardly dared plead my own cause with you; but since Mrs. Price has not delivered my message, I must even try for myself. I suppose, dear, I seem very grim and antiquated to you, but my heart has never yet been touched by woman's voice or woman's eyes, and I have grown to love you very dearly. Do you think, Patty, you could learn to love me again?"
Patty had grown first red, then pale. Her hands fluttered, as she glanced timidly up, and then answered:
"Oh, yes, I am sure I could, because—because I felt so miserably jealous when I thought of the East India princess."
"Of whom?"
"No matter—no matter," said Patty. "And almost in a second she was crying and laughing on Maj. Carson's breast."
Put the next morning she crept out into the garden and picked up the pieces of the Sacred Isis' head, lying out there in the dewy grass.
"I shall have it mended," said she, "and keep it always. Daphne is right—it is an amulet, and it has brought me luck!"—Saturday Night.

Saved by His Monkey.

An instance of the instinct and fidelity of a young monkey comes from Batignolles, a suburb of Paris. A little boy (so says a French journal), the son of an inhabitant of that part of the city, was playing in one of the rooms of his father's flat with the monkey, which is a most intelligent and domesticated member of its species. The boy, in a fit of juvenile caprice, tied the cord of a window blind around his neck and pretended to hang himself, to the immense amusement of his Simian playmate, which grinned and chattered on a chair. Suddenly the boy became livid and began to cry, for the cord got into a real noose around his neck. In a very short space of time the monkey took in the situation and tried to undo the noose with his paws, but had to give up the attempt. It then hopped away to another room, where the boy's grandmother was sitting, and began to pull at her gown, to chatter, grimace and look wistfully toward the door. At first, thinking that the animal wanted to bite her, the old lady was frightened; but, seeing that it was endeavoring with might and main to drag her toward the door, she rose from her seat, and went, piloted by the monkey, to the room where her grandson was meaning. The boy was instantly extricated from his perilous position, though it was some time before he recovered from his pain and fright. Jocko, the deliverer, says the French authority for this strange narrative, received a nice little tablet of chocolate cream for his splendid action, and he deserved it.—London Telegraph.

TRADING WITH JAPAN.

Some Figures Showing How Much of It We Do—Imports and Exports.

Governor Hubbard tells me that we buy more from Japan than any other foreign nation. "Last year," said he, "our imports from this country amounted to 21,000,000 Japanese dollars, or about 16,000,000 American dollars. We bought \$11,000,000 worth of her raw silk, and nearly \$7,000,000 worth of her teas. The fair cheeks of our ladies were cooled last year with \$97,000 worth of Japanese fans, and our noses were wiped with \$816,000 worth of Japanese silk handkerchiefs. We buy nearly \$300,000 worth of porcelain every year, and our imports of bamboo were amount to \$102,000 of Japanese money. We buy more than twice as much of Japan as any other country, and our imports are increasing every year. In 1887 we bought \$1,500,000 more goods than in 1886, and the United States will probably continue to be Japan's best customer."
"What are the chief articles of export from the United States to Japan?" I asked.
"Kerosene oil leads the list," was the reply. "Half of the Japanese nation lights its houses with our coal oil lamps, and we sold in 1886 over \$2,000,000 worth of coal oil to Japan. There has been a falling off this year in this, but the export is still large. Then the American clock is popular in Japan, and you may see thousands of them in Tokio. The common office clock, which hangs upon the wall, is very popular, and one sale of clocks here amount to 160,000 Japanese dollars a year. Many a Japanese baby is now brought up on American condensed milk, and \$55,000 worth was sold last year. We sell sole leather, books, machinery and provisions, and Japan bought \$94,000 worth of our flour last year. Their figures are small, but American foreign trade is in its infancy, and it has a world yet to conquer. Here in the east there are 600,000,000 of people who require more or less of some kinds of goods, which American brains, push and capital can furnish at a profit, and in Japan there are 38,000,000 of people who are ready to take from America what she has to sell that fits her needs, whenever they can buy it as cheaply of her as of other nations. We sell to north China \$6,000,000 worth of cotton sheetings a year, and this in the teeth of the manufacturing nations of Europe. Japan is much more accessible to us. Why should we not sell to her?"
"How much do we sell?" I asked.
"None," replied Governor Hubbard. "The American cottons do not enter the Japanese markets. We do not make the cheap and light article of cotton required by the Japanese. A slight change in the factories, however, would adapt them to this class of goods, and there is no doubt but that our American mills can get a limited market here when they are forced to look abroad for foreign trade. They will then have to sell their goods in close competition with England. We are Japan's nearest foreign neighbor. We have the cotton at our doors, and our factories are in operation. Japan raises some cotton, but it is of an inferior quality. It seems to me that foreign trade offers the solution of many of the labor and capital troubles of the United States. When the home markets are glutted and factories closed for want of demand, this foreign trade could eat up some of the surplus and keep the mills from resting."
"Japan buys," Governor Hubbard went on, "\$51,000,000 worth of goods a year from foreign nations. It sells in round \$52,000,000 worth of goods abroad, and its imports are thus nearly \$1,000,000 less than its exports. The needs of the nation will grow with the new civilization, and an increased demand for our productions will be the result. Among the chief things it now buys are steam engines, clocks, watches, hats and caps, iron, steel, window glass, sugar, woolen and cotton yarns. Its importations of cotton yarns last year were \$8,000,000, and it bought \$500,000 worth of wines. It sells abroad about forty different articles, and some of these will be new to you. In our export of cotton, for example, of \$1,000,000, and in cattle fish like amount. Japan sells \$2,000,000 worth of copper a year, and it has one of the largest copper mines in the world. It sells \$1,000,000 worth of porcelain, \$1,000,000 worth of silk handkerchiefs, and \$7,000,000 worth of tea. We buy nearly all of the Japan tea that goes abroad. The sales of raw silk amount to \$19,000,000 a year, and of cocoons to \$200,000 a year. It sells \$400,000 worth of mushrooms, and \$2,000,000 worth of rice. The trade of the country is susceptible of increase, and Japan is by no means at the end of its material development."—Frank G. Carpenter's Letter.

One Cause of Rain Storms.

A correspondent of the Northwest railroad advances a curious theory for the increasing prevalence of floods and rain storms. He says that there are over 30,000 locomotives in use in North America, and estimates that from them alone over 53,000,000,000 cubic yards of vapor are sent into the atmosphere every week, to be returned in the form of rain, or over 7,000,000,000 cubic yards a day—"quite enough," he says, "to produce a good rainfall" every twenty-four hours. Estimating the number of other non-condensing engines in use as eight times the number of locomotives, the total vapor thus projected into the air every week in this country amounts to 470,000,000,000 cubic yards. "Is this not," he asks, "sufficient for the floods of terror? Is there any reason to wonder why our storms are so damaging?"—Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

Reads Their Names Publicly.

One of the most successful ministers of our whole connection has inaugurated the following practice in taking the benevolent collections: He reports by name from the pulpit every donor, with the amount given. He also designates the names of his membership specifically, and those who have not made any subscription are fully reported by name with a cipher appended.—Boston Zion's Herald.

QUIET AFFAIRS.

Pawnshops Which Do Not Hang Out the Three Significant Halls.

In my rambles around this great metropolis I have been surprised at the many methods of making a living. The Detroit Tribune. Certainly if one half the world do not know how the other half live, they just as little know how the other half make their living. There is on Fourteenth street a place which gets its patronage from the very swellest and most exclusive circles of society. The place has no sign, nothing to give it away as a pawnbroker's shop, but such it is, notwithstanding its handsome entrance and liveried door tender, who ushers the visitors or patrons into an elegantly furnished drawing room, decorated with rare bric-a-brac and choice paintings. The woman who keeps it, for the proprietor is a woman, is dressed in the latest style, and receives her customer as if a guest. It is not until after the usual exchange of morning salutations that she asks:
"What can I do for madame this morning?"
The madame displays a set of jewelry, diamonds, perhaps, or bric-a-brac, on which she wishes a loan. Sometimes a note is given at the rate of 15 or 20 per cent. These notes, however, seldom go to protest, for the givers do not care to have these transactions known to their husbands; but, apart from that, they care but little, as it is generally understood that a woman frequently exceeds her allowance and makes it up on the next, while the obliging broker makes a good profit from the necessities of fashionable women.
The "duplicate gift" woman who calls at the handsome "brown front" house just after a fashionable wedding is known to the neighbors, who see her descend from a carriage or barouche only as a caller, but she makes quite a living in buying up the duplicate gifts. Every one knows that the wedding gifts of a season run in grooves, and that most brides, on looking over their possessions, find a large proportion of their gifts duplicated. The bride who wept herself ill on finding that she had seven butter dishes, every one alike, with a cow on the cover, had not the advantage of the bride of today, who calls to her aid the buyer of such duplicates.
One of the popular brides of last season found among her 700 wedding presents 15 silver plated candlesticks, 3 bronze busts of Shakespeare, 4 etchings of Millet's "Angulus," 10 silver hand mirrors, 3 engravings of one picture, 8 fish knives, 23 pickle and olive forks, 16 fans, 14 jewel boxes, 8 bon bon boxes and 7 table crumb knives. What did she do with them? The exchange woman came to her aid and took most of the duplicates off her hands. Of course they were disposed of at a sacrifice, and the young bride worried for weeks for fear the transaction would leak out, but what could she do? She could not litter up her rooms with duplicates. I think it would be a good idea, when one is sending out invitations for a fashionable wedding, to add to each what one is desired to present, or else to do away with gifts by saying, "Gifts not desired." I am sure either method would save any amount of annoyance to both giver and receiver.

Peru's Curse of Wealth.

It was the wealth of Peru and Bolivia which was their curse from the time of Pizarro to that of modern Chili. Guano has been exported since 1846 from Peru, and the annual shipments are said to have amounted to \$20,000,000 and \$30,000,000, whereas the whole population of the country was not greater than Pennsylvania. The epidemic of riches broke both the government and the people, and brought in foreign enemies. How much better are we off in some parts of this country with our riches and so little fortune! The guano running down, nitrate of soda was found in the deserts, and Chili came in to get this, and destroyed Peru.
It was discovered in 1833, in South America, by an old Englishman named George Smith. They say it will take eight or ten centuries to dig it away. Nobody knows how the nitrate was formed under the sands of this desert. Shoveling off the sand, you come to a course of sun baked clay, and under this is a bed of white material, like melting marble, and soft as cheese. It is about four or five feet thick, and is broken up by crows and ground. A solution from it is run into vats of sea water, and crystallization is caused. The ultimate result is an iodine of commerce costing as much per ounce as the saltpetre brings per hundred weight. The highest grade goes to the powder mills, the next to the chemical works, and the third to the fertilizer factories.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

What Cigarettes Are Made of.

For some time past The Chicago Journal and The Evening News have been waging vigorous warfare against cigarettes. The Journal has printed a series of articles showing the large number of cigarettes that were sold by small shopkeepers to the public school pupils, and has had interviews with the principals of the various schools and with physicians, showing the extent and injury of the cigarette practice among young boys. The News has been investigating the composition and effect of cigarettes generally. With this end in view a number of packages of each brand commonly used were purchased and stripped of the boxes, cards and every distinguishing mark. Each kind was put into a pasteboard box, the lid of which was inscribed with a letter. These were taken for analysis to Professor Delafontaine, a well known chemist.
He found that the cigarettes he tested were generally made of tobacco "imperfectly fermented," which means that an unusually large amount of nicotine was present in them. He found that nearly all had an unnatural proportion of insoluble ash, that several kinds were steeped in an injurious substance, and were impregnated with dirt in varying proportions.—New York Tribune.

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