THE DAILY HERALD : PLA DISMOUTH, MERKASKA, MONDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1883.

WHATEVER IS, IS BEST.

"I know as my life grows older And mine eyes have clearer sight. That under each rank wrong somewher There lies the root of Right: That each sorrow has its purpose By the sorrowing oft unguessed; But as sure as the sun brings morning Whatever is, is best.

"I know that each sinful action, As sure as the night brings shade, Is somewhere, some time punished, Tho' the hour be long delayed. I know that the soul is aided Sometimes by the heart's unrest And to grow means often to suffer: But, whatever is, is best." --Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

AN UNEXPECTED VISIT.

It was with the air of a man profoundly indifferent to his own successes, that Gerard Strickland, twitching his cuffs and stretching his arms, before letting his hands fall into his lap, sank back into the luxurious arm chair by his library fire, after throwing on the table the letter that announced his promotion Yto an enviable post in the civil service. As he thought of the post, his advancement seemed to him no subject for congratulations, but only one of those grim jests with which fortune delights to mock disappointed men.

An old man servant, one of a sort growing rare, entered the room with an evening paper. He laid it at his masevening paper. He had it at his mas-ter's side, and stood at a respectful dis-fance, waiting, half hesitating, with some anxiety legible in his countenance. "Well, Thomas?" asked Strickland. "I beg your pardon, sir; but do you remember what day it is today?"

"No, Thomas."

1.1

"Your wedding day, sir!" Strickland's face clouded.

"I did not know, sir, whether you would wish for dinner the same wine as -as you used to have.

"No, Thomas; I shall probably dine at the club.

'I ordered dinner, as usual, sir, and a bouquet, in case"-

"Quite right, Thomas, quite right."

For an instant the heart of the pro-moted official sank. The fidelity of his old domestic was humiliating. How he would once have resented the suggestion that Thomas would remember this anniversary better than himself! And that it should fall to the old servant to order from the florest the bouquet Gerard himself had been formerly so proud to bring home, on this evening, to his wife! But the slight sense of annoyance passed away quickly. It was with absolute indifference that, seeing the man servant still waiting, he asked-

"Anything cise, Thomas?"

"This morning, when you had just gone, a young lady called. Hearing you were not at home, she said she would call again this evening, about 6. She wished to see you on important business."

"Her name?"

"She left none."

"Did you see her?"

"Did John say what she was like?" "Rather tall, sir: a young lady, dark, dutiful falsehood falls to the ground, and I, at least, am unable to conjecture the

consequences:" "And L" "Mr. Strickland, it is absolutely nec-essary to prevent this scandal. I trust you will assist me. My father must find us together; and we must avoid everything that would serve to awaken suspicion.

She spoke sadly, as well as earnestly. A deep shadow of concern settled on her hearer's face. Wrapt in thought, he de-layed the answer. His visitor became

impatient. "Your promised courtesy costs too much," she demanded.

"No. I am ready. But I see many difficulties. The servants?" "Give the new man servant I found here this morning a holiday. I will make to Thomas "

speak to Thomas.

If a friend should call?"

"You will see no one."

"If we meet your father, people will see us together."

"We will go in a closed carriage." "Your father will stay here several hours. Good and simple hearted as he is, do you believe it possible he will not recognize a-bachelor's house?"

"I will send my work, my music, and so on, this evening. My room?" "Is as you left it."

"Sentimentality?"

"No-respect."

"Have you any further objections" "None. It remains to be seen whether

we shall be able to deceive Mr. Gregory. "By playing the affectionate couple. Can you remember your grimaces and fooleries of two years ago?" she asked,

sarcastically.

"No; I have forgotten them," replied Strickland, with a frown. And the two looked into each other's eyes like two duelists.

"When will you come here?" asked Strickland.

"This evening. I will bring my things, and I shall slightly disarrange this and that. I hope I shall not incon-venience you. You are not expecting any one?"

"No one. I was going out. If you wish, I will stay and assist you. My en-gagement is unimportant." "Pray go. We should have to talk, and

we have nothing to say to each other." "Nothing. Will you dine here?"

"No, thanks; I'll go home now, and eturn by-and-by.

She rose. Strickland bowed in response to her bow, conducted her to the door without another word, and re-turned with a sense of relief to the library.

When he returned home, shortly after midnight, the house had resumed an aspect long strange to it. Lights were burning in the drawing room, and a little alteration in the arrangement of the furniture had restored to the room a forgotten grace. Bouquets of flowers filled the vases, and a faint sweetness of violets floated about the hall and staircase. The piano was open, and some music stood on the bookstand. On the boudoir table was a work basket. By the hearth his visitor was sitting in a low chair, her little feet half buried in the bear skin rug, and her head reposed on fier hand, while she gazed wistfully into the fire.

Was it a dream? Bertha's flowers:

The Greatest Opportunity.

ary other set of enlightened millionaires aby other set of enlightened minionaires to come forward and undertake here in this neighborhood an experiment whose successful working would confer upon the human family a greater benefit than any novelty or invention or discovery since the introduction of printing.

We refer, of course, to the new agriculture, the great system of subterra-neous irrigation, of feeding the roots of plants from beneath with a perpetual supply of moisture. This system was discovered by that irrepressible, electrical veteran, Arahel Newton Cole, of Allegany county, and the right place to make a conspicuous and triumphant display of its marvelous results is here at the doors of this metropolis, among the hills of Westchester. The land is there, its long slopes turning to the southern sun; the living springs of water are there; the climate is favorable, the situation peerless, and all that is necessary is that some great and far seeing man, with as much money as he has brains, should devote a little thereof to a work whose success will not merely to a work whose success will not merely make its capitalist glorious and famous, but also increase his wealth beyond the wildest dreams of avarice. No matter how many millions he may have already, the new agriculture would add to his store, and, in addition, the blessings of the human family, the cry of joy from poverty relieved, the shouts of hope from heart, that dread and doubt, would be given to him in full measure and ex-ulting chorus.

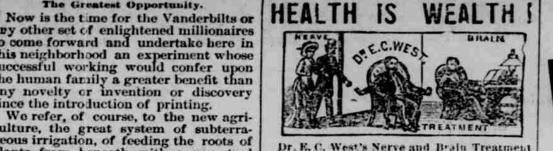
ulting chorus. What wise millionaire, what rich and great philanthropist, desirous of being the benefactor of the human race, of putting an end to hunger and poverty, will come forward and lay hold of this unexampled opportunity to gain for him-self imperishable renown, and to confer upon his grateful countrymen the bene-fits of universal prosperity and boundless abundance?—New York Sun,

Japanese Courts.

A Japanese court room even now is far different from an American one. Imagine a room half of which is made up of a wooden rostrum three feet high, and the other half floored with stone, Upon this rostrum the judges sit behind little tables which are covered with green cloth. In the common pleas and the cloth. In the common pleas and the preliminary courts there are three of these tables. The judge sits at the center one. At his right is the prosecutor or prosecuting attorney, and at his left is the clerk. All three have little paint boxes before them with brushes for writing in block the lenguese characters and no in black the Japanese characters, and no stenographers are used. Close up to this rostrum, in the pit below, there is a low railing upon r hich the prisoner places his hands and looks up at the judge as he is tried. There are no seats for the lawvers, and lawyers are not allowed inside the bar. At the extreme back of the room one or two benches stand for the accommodation of visitors, and upon these sometimes sit prisoners waiting to be tried.

There is no jury and the judge ex-amines the prisoner himself. The prose-cutor states the case first, however, and the prisoner can employ counsel. I watched or two criminal trials. A half dozen offenders with handcurrs their hands and with there

....s tied toropes into the courts. The handcuffs were then taken off and laid with the ropes on the scats while the trial went on. As far as I could see the judge tried to get at the truth and the trial seemed to be fair.—Frank G. Carpenter.



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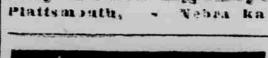
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"If she calls I will see her. You may go. Thomas." The servant left, and strickland continued to himself: "Tall,

me. Who can she be?" "The lady is here, sir, in the drawing room," said Thomas, returning to the library, after about ten minutes, Strickland weat to the drawing room. At the door he paused a moment to steal a look at his visitor. She stood by one of the tables, idly turning the leaves of a photograph album. Her back was toward him, and he could distinguish only the tall and graceful figure of a woman, well dressed and wearing ex-"Madamt" he spid adreed pensive laces. "Madam!" he said, advancing.

The lady turned. Strickland started as if he had received an electric shock. To be made her a profound bow. "Thope I am not inconveniencing you,"

she said, at the same time returning his salute. Then, with a quiet case, sha se-lected a chair and sat down. "Not in the least, I am at your service,"

said Strickland.

"As I shall avail myself of your con-descension, I hope that was not merely a compliment.

"May I ask you how I can oblige you?" The lady stroked the soft fur of her muff, and once or twice lifted her searchmill, and once or twice lifted her search-ing eyes to his face. Apparently she was lessitating to name the purpose of her visit. Meanwhile, Strickland gratified his eyes with a good look at her, lovely, fascinating still, as the first day he had seen her. Only her pure profile had gained more decision, and her eyes had a profounder meaning than when he last a profounder meaning than when he last looked into them, as those of a woman who had lived and suffered.

At length she said: "Do you still correspond with my father?"

"Yes. It is, however, a fortnight since I last wrote to him,"

"I received a letter from him yesterday. He is coming to town to-morrow." This time Strickland made no attempt to conceal his surprise.

"To-morrow! Your father, who never leaves home!"

"The medical men order him to the south coast, and he will, on his way, stop r in town, to spend the night with"____ She paused.

"His daughter," sai | Strickland.

"He says his son. And so we find ourselves in a pleasant embarrassment." She loant back, and with a small hand

began drubbing a waits on the table at her side.

"You call it pleasant," said Strickland. "I did not come here to discuss words, but to discover a plan of action." "I see none.'

"And you are a politician, a man of genius! If those subtle arts, that have been so successfully employed in your own advancement, could be, without prejudice to you, this once employed to extricate me from "-----

"Excuse me, rundam; but your re-proaches are scarcely likely to assist me to exercise my imagination." "Bah! Well, I have a plan. First, I

do not wish, cost what it may, to let my father know-the truth."

father know-the truth." "The unhappy truth!" She made a little grimace, and pro-ceeded: "My father would be cruelly hurt, and the sins of the children ought not to be visited upon their parents. My remorse-I beg your pardon, that is of little consequence here"-she looked aside to warn him not to expostulate, and continued: "Hitherto, thanks to our precautions, the distance of my father's residence, and the seclusion in which he prefers to live, has been spars's this sca-

Bertha's music. Bertha herself in his sether with robes -home again! Two years' misery can-pered in an evening! In a moment rushed across his memory -

Thood night? replied his wife, without moving.
The strange event that had taken place in Gerard Strickland's house prevented none of its inmates enjoying a whole-some night's rest. Bertha, persuaded that to-morrow's comedy could effect no real change in her relation to her husband, went to her room with the feelings of one who spends a night in a hotel. Strickland, similarly regarding the past as irremediable, read in bcd for half an hour, and then fell asleep.
To get married they had both committed a thousand follies. After meeting her at a table d'hote, Strickland had pursued her half over Europe, vanquished the difficulties of an approach to her father in his secluded country house, and ultimately, assisted by the lady's prayers and tears, gained the old man's reluctant consent to surrender his idolized daughter. The young married people, passionately attached to each other, enjoyed fifteen months of remarkable happiness, and then came the end. and then came the end.

Bertha became jealous. Devoted to her husband, proud, hasty, immoderate in all her thoughts and emotions, she re-sented, with all the intensity of her nature, a meeting between Strickland and a former flame, a dance, a note, half an hour's conversation. The hus-band unfortunately met her messionate band unfortunately met her passionate expostulations with the disdainful insouchance of an easy temperament. The inevitable consequence ensued, a bitter misunderstanding. An impudent serv-ant, a malicious acquaintance, half a ant, a malicious acquaintance, half a doz a venomous tongues, lashed the wife's jealousy into madness. An ex-planation demanded from her husband, was refused with a sneer. He had begun to think her a proud, unloving woman, and, under the circumstances, judged self justification ridiculous. The follow-ing morning she entered his library, and with marvelous calmness, without quav-ering over a single word, announced to with marvelous camness, without quav-ering over a single word, announced to him their immediate separation—for-ever. Taken by surprise, Strickland tried to temporize, acknowledged he had been thoughtless, did all in a man's power to avoid the rupture. Bertha only replied so proudly, and with so much se-verity, that self respect forbade him fur-ther self defense.

ther self defense.

ther self defense. They separated. Strickland externally bore his misfortune with quietness, and, in counsel with his own conscience, con-cluded his life broken and ruined by his own want of tact. The husband and wife met two or three times, as people who barely know each other. He de-voted himself to professional duties, re-sumed some of his bachelor habits, and anused himself as he could. She led a quiet, almost solitary life, restricting her amused himself as he could. She led a quiet, almost solitary life, restricting her pleasures to such simple enjoyments as she could provide herself at home, and seldom appearing in public. On one point both agreed, to write regularly to Bertha's father, repeating such stereo-typed phrases as "Bertha is well and sends her love, I believe she wrote to ycu a few days ago." "Gerard is well, and at present very busy. He will not this year be able to accompany me to the senside."

seaside."

It will be easily believed that to go to her husband's house and to ask a favor of him had cost Bertha's pride a struggle. "For papa's sake; for papa's sake!" she repeated to herself, to steel her nerves to the humiliation, which, however, Strick-

American Gypsies Don't Steal.

The American gypsy does not steal, for he has no need to steal. A thief and pilferer was he when, starving and persecuted, he was hunted over the face of Europe. But the well to do Rom of the United States scorns to lay his hands on what does not belong to him. Always in the wake of a gypsy band follow those who find the Romany reputation a convenient shield for their own robberies. Their presence in a community is the horse thief's and the chicken stealer's the horse thief's and the chicken stealer's opportunity. The Rye buys all of his horses openly, honestly. He is a clever bargainer. He watches for chances to make cheap purchases in horse flesh in mid winter, when feed is high. He gathers in and treats horses that need nothing but rest and grain to make them available for market. However close and shrewdly he may bargain, steal a horse he never does.—Chicago Herald.

A Centenarian's Sixty-nine Children.

The death is reported in Turkey of a Mohammedan named Hadzi Sulejman Saba, who had reached the very respect-able age of 182. He had seven wives, sixty sons and nine daughters and had survived them all. At the time he married his last wife he was 98 and when she joined the majority he was still so far under the influence of love's young dream that he wanted to marry again. but the state of his finances did not permit of any further participation in matri-monial joys. With the exception of meat at the Bairam festival he lived extheat at the Balram restival he lived ex-clusively on barley bread and beans, drinking only water, but on this spare diet he managed to preserve his health so well that until four days before he ended his long career he did not know what it was to be ill.—London Figaro.

One on Abe.

Stories of Abe Lincoln always pass as coin everywhere, and it is not too late for one told by his son to a friend in Washington. "My father," said Robert Lincoln, "liked to stroll about Washington without any escort or show of dis-tinction, and he sometimes strayed into tinction, and he sometimes strayed into curious company. One day, as a lad, I accompanied him down a back street, where we encountered a regiment of sol-diers marching past. My father was cu-rious to learn what particular body of troops this was, and as soon as he came within hailing distance he inquired with-out addressing anybody in particular, 'Well, what's this?' Quick as the word came a reply from somewhere in the detachment, 'Why, it's a regiment of soldiers, you old fool, you!'"-Buffalo Express. Express.

An Unexpected Meeting.

Mrs. Carrollton Smythe (to her hus Mrs. Carrollton Smythe (to her hus-band)—I happened to meet Mrs. Van Kortland and daughter at Gridley's today. I always thought she was altogether too swell for such a place. She was even looking over the bargain counter. Husband—And what took you there? You wouldn't like to be considered less swell than Mrs. Van Kortland? Mrs. Smythe (haughtily)—Certainly not. I mersly went to see some goods which they advertised at specially low rates.—The Epoch.



able; and above all you can get it cheap. Remember that he who sells most can