WHATEVER IS, IS BEST.

- "I know as my life grows older And mine eyes have clearer sight, That under each rank wrong somewhe
- 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
- "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 unres 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 latter that announced his promotion to 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 mas-ter's side, and stood at a respectful dis-tance, 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."

"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 else, 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, and fashionably dressed."
"If she calls I will see her. You may go, Thomas." The servant left, and Strickland continued to himself: "Tall, young dark, well dressed, business with 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 went 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 expensive laces.

"Madam!" he said, advancing. The lady turned. Strickland started as if he had received an electric shock. To conceal, to the best of his ability, his surprise and the sudden pallor of his face, he made her a profound bow. "I hope I am not inconveniencing you,"

she said, at the same time returning his salute. Then, with a quiet ease, she 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 searching eyes to his face. Apparently she was hesitating 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 looked into them, as those of a woman

I last wrote to him."

to concea! his surprise.

south coast, and he will, on his way, stop in town, to spend the night with"—

selves in a pleasant embarrassment.' began drubbing a waltz on the table at

"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, madam; but your reproaches 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

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

"The unhappy truth!"

She made a little grimace, and proceeded: "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 exceed this ar-

dutiful falsehood falls to the ground, and I, at least, am unable to conjecture the

"And I." "Mr. Strickland, it is absolutely necessary 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 delayed the answer. His visitor became

"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 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?"

"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, "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

"No one. I was going out. If you wish, I will stay and assist you. My engagement 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

return 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

When he returned home, shortly after 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 rickets floated about the hall and stain 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 her hand, while she gazed wistfully into the fire. into the fire.

Was it a dream? Bertha's flowers;
Bertha's music. Bertha herself in his home again! Two years' misery canceled in an evening! In a moment rushed across his memory a golden wooing, a proud wedding, happy months, and the bitter day of separation. He turned away, and passed to his room, saying, "Good night!"

"Good night!" replied his wife, without moving.

out 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 hus-band, 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 bed 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 nursuad her half over France, repositioned.

ing 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 her husband, proud, hasty, immoderate in all her thoughts and emotions, she resented, 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 husband unfortunately met her passionate expostulations with the disdainful incompanies of an easy temperament. The 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 is town, to spend the night with"—

She paused.

"His daughter," said Strickland.

"He says his son. And so we find ourselves in a pleasant embarrassment."

She leant back, and with a small hand began drubbing a waltz on the table at her side. souciance of an easy temperament. The

They separated. Strickland externally bore his misfortune with quietness, and, in counsel with his own conscience, concluded 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 devoted himself to professional duties, resumed some of his bachelor habits, and amused himself as he could. She led a quiet, almost solitary life, restricting her 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 stereotyped phrases as "Bertha is well and sends her love. I believe she wrote to you a few days ago." "Gerard is well, and at present very busy. He will not this year be able to accompany me to the 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, Strickland's cold courtesy had considerably

erate on the morrow, a little spirit, a little self command and some clever pretend-ing might enable them safely to conduct her farther through the few hours to be spent in town; to see him off from Victoria, and, with a polite bow, to separate and return to their several existences.

. . . . . . . Dinner was ended, Mr. Gregory smiled contentment and happiness, and the two actors at the opposite ends of the table of necessity smiled too.

Their parts had proved difficult. From the moment of the old gentleman's arrival they had had to call each other by

rival they had had to call each other by their Christian names, and to use the little endearments of two married people still in love. More than once a word, an intonation, that sounded like an echo of of the dead past, made Strickland pale and Bertha tremble. Their embarrassment momentarily increased. The more perfect their dissimulation the bitterer was the secret remorse that wrung the hearts of both of them whilst they exchanged for meaningless things words, looks and smiles, once the most sacred signs of affection. With the fear of betraying themselves by an indiscretion was intermixed another, a misgiving lest, while they acted affection, they should be guilty of real feelings warmer than the courteous indifference with which they desired to regard each other. On the stairs, when Mr. Gregory, pre-

ceding them, was for an instant out of sight, Bertha turned back and bestowed on her husband a grim look of fatigue that meant, "How are we to continue

"Tis only till to-morrow, Bertha," he replied in an undertone, wishing to help her. But the Christian name (which, because he had in the last two hours used it so frequently, unwittingly slipped from his lips) caused her to turn her face

away with an angry frown.

By the fire in the back drawing room Mr. Gregory appeared actuated by a de-sire to ask all the most awkward questions, and to broach all the topics of conversation most difficult for his host

"Letters are welcome, Bertha," he said, "when people cannot meet, but I have enjoyed my little visit more than all the pages you have sent me. There is very little in letters. Don't you think your wife grows handsomer, Strickland?"

"I tell her so every day."

"And so he tells me, Bertha. His letters are all about you. You have a model husband, my dear."

"I have, papa." Strickland hung his head and regarded the pattern of the carpet.
"I should like to see your house,
Bertha," said Mr. Gregory, after a mo-

The little party set out on a tour of the mansion. After an inspection of several rooms, as Strickland preceded them into the breakfast room, the father stopped his daughter and said:

"Bortha where is room at the stopped of the little party set out on a tour of the half a dozen men whose income from their practice exceeds \$10,000 or \$12,000. They are men of the widest reputation who have been years in building up a practice among a class of "Bertha, where is your mother's por-

"The frame had got shabby and we have sent it to be re-gilt," replied the

daughter, promptly.
"Where does it generally hang?" She assigned to the picture which she had taken away with her, the first empty space on the wall that met her eye. "I don't think that a very good place!" said the old man. "Oh, what a woman she was! What a wonderful woman! You should have known her, Strickland.

You owe her your wife. When she was leaving me, poor dear! she made me leaving me, poor dear! she made me promise never to hesitate to make any sacrifice that should be for Bertha's happiness; and so, when my little girl came to me and said, 'Papa, I can never be happy without Gerard,' I thought of my dear wife, and let her go. I feared, when I sent her abroad, I should lose her. Well you were made for each her. Well, you were made for each

other. Do you remember your first meeting in Paris?" They remembered it.

The tour of the house was completed, and they returned to the drawing room, Gerard and his wife congratulating themselves, not without reason, that the good papa was not very observant, for many a token of something abnormal

had been plain enough. With a common sign of relief, the two actors sank into their respective corners of their carriage, after seeing Mr. Gregory off the next morning from Victoria. Not a work was spoken. Bertha watched the drops of rain that trickled down the windows. Gerard studied the back of the coachman. They had again become

Presently, moving accidentally, Strick-land touched his wife's arm.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

"Pray do not mention it."

Perfect strangers! Yet both in the si-lence were anxiously meditating every event of the last few hours, remembering the most trifling impressions, and studying all they signified. As they came near a cross street the husband asked:

"Shall I drive you to your own house?" "I am coming to yours, to superintend the packing. My maid cannot do it alone." On arriving, the wife at once went to her chamber. Strickland, conscious of utter purposelessness, returned to the back drawing room and took up the paper. Bertha passed backward and forward. Once or twice he caught a glimpse of her moving about the room. At last

he looked up.

"You will tire yourself," he said; "cannot I assist you?"

"No, thank you. I have nearly done."

A few minutes later she came and seated herself on the opposite side of the fire. She appeared tired. As she sat, she looked around to see if anything had been

looked around to see if anything had been forgotten.
"I think it rains less," said Strickland,
who had laid down the paper.
"No. It rains just the same as before."

"Is the carriage ready?"
"I have sent to know." The carriage would be ready in ten minutes. Those ten minutes seemed an eternity. When the servant entered to say the carriage waited, Bertha rose, and stood for a little while before the mirror, arranging her laces and ribbons, with difficulty, for her fingers trembled. Then she slowly drew on her gloves, and turned toward her husband. He had risen, and was standing waiting.
"Good morning," she said, bowing

"Good morning," she said, bowing slightly.

He bowed, but made no reply. She turned, and quietly, with calm, even steps, walked from the room. She could hear that he followed her.

They were in the hall. Suddenly he stepped to her side.

"Bertha! You are not going without first forgiving me?" he exclaimed, in a voice in which grief mingled with passion.

She turned round, and in an instant had thrown herself into his arms, "Darling! you will never leave me gain?"

THE PAY OF PHYSICIANS.

Chicago Doctor Says the Fees Are

Smaller There Tkan Elsewhere. "The reports of the splendid fees paid Dr. Mackenzie for his attendance upon the emperor of Germany are read with interest by doctors all over the civilized world, and by none more at-tentively than the Chicago men," said a well known physician. "Of course in this particular case the patient's exalted rank made Mackenzie's pay much larger than usual. Nevertheless, had the patient been a private individual instead of a sovereign Mackenzie's pay ment would have been many times greater than any Chicago man would have received for exactly the same work in this city. Take the opera-tion Mackenzie performed with the forceps. Here a man would have received about \$15 or \$20 for it. An other operation which the crown prince endured - tracheotomy-Chi cago men charge \$100 for. The fee bill established in 1875 has undergone little if any change. The maximum and minimum charge for every operation in surgery and general practice is specified in it. There are a few men here who can in their regular practice ask higher prices than the maximum rates, but you can count them on the fingers of one hand. There are cases in which the grateful patient adds something to the bill, but you may put it down as a fact that large fees are nearly unknown to the rank and file of the profession. Amputation of the

thigh is fixed at from \$75 to \$300. A good fee would be \$150. For the removal of cataract we are allowed to ask \$50 to \$200. About \$100 is what the best cenlists expect. A New York man would get about \$500. The late Dr. Agnew left the fee to his patient, but never took less than \$500. Frequently he received \$5,000. Nor are the New York men, who charge from three to five times more, the only physicians whose fees are scaled higher than ours.

"In the south physicians are better paid. In St. Louis the earnings of the leaders are rich. So also is the case in the west. You cannot find in those localities men of wide renown such as we have here who make visits for \$2 and consult in their offices for \$1." "How large are the yearly earnings of the leaders in this city?"

"Considerable has been published upon that point that is wide of the facts. There are, I think, not over half a dozen men whose income from ing up a practice among a class of people that will pay a little above the usual rates. Moreover, they are men of sufficient business ability to suc-ceed in other walks of life. If they have grown rich it is out of shrew? investments, not practice. There are a large number who carn on the scale from, say, \$12,000 down to \$6,000. Physicians consider themselves in good practice if they collect \$5,000 a year. There are in the city about 400 regulars or allopathics, the same number of homeopathy, and from 1,000 to 1,200 doctors of other schools—in all about 2,000. This may seem a small number for a city of nearly 800,000 people. On the contrary, it is a large

The Indian Sheet Stealer.

Before describing the feats of the juggler, I am constrained to mention a class of dexterous Indians who de serve to rank with sleight of hand per formers. I allude to the sheet stealer. Not the clumsy operator who strips your clothes line in the dead of night, but the bold and skillful manipulator who takes the sheet off your bed while you are sleeping on it. This is a com-mon East Indian trick, and the way they manage it is this: The admirer of linen, before entering a house or tent, anoints himself thoroughly with cocoanut oil, which is done in order

sheet is withdrawn from under him. When fast asleep the feather is applied again, and this process is repeated un-til the entire sheet is withdrawn. Sometimes the thief rolls the sheet up as closely as possible to the body of the sleeper and when the sleeper turns over he rolls off the sheet. - Charles E. Romain in The Cosmopolitan.

The Clara Morris Rage.

The appearance of Clara Morris on the local boards recalls to my mind the days of the Union Square theater when the French drama was being brought out there with a suddenness and per tinacity which made sober people nervous. Surdon was the hero of all. Then came "The Two Orphans," "Led Astray," "The Sphynx" and others, all of which secred big runs, and in all of which, I think, Miss Morris appeared. If I am not mistaken, the members such a galaxy of female stars as Ada Dyas; by the way, what has become of Ada, anyway? Sara Jewett, who used the final "h" in those days, and Rose Eytinge, since fallen into flesh and comparative desuetude. Mor women screamed, and the actress her-self had to be medicined off the stage. And half New York in those days went about repeating, "Oh, second self, from me thou art astray," while the other half, the gods, walked Chatham street and East Broadway muttering in the words of the same play, "Ay, brothers as of old, but this time the scene is changed and Abel will kill

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people. On the contrary, it is a large number. The great majority earn far below \$5,000. Many make less than \$1,000 per annum. Of course, energy, push and close attention to work will earn a man a livelihood in medicine."

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cocoanut oil, which is done in order that, should any one be awake and seize him, he may be enabled to slip from his grasp like an cel. Thus prepared he creeps into the house as noiselessly as possible.

The nights in India are generally warm and oppressive, and the sleep of most people, though heavy, is uneasy and disturbed. This the thief is well aware of, and he takes advantage of it. He quietly crouches down under the

bed, and with a feather gently tickles the nose of the sleeper, who, half dozing, rubs his nose and turns over. While he is turning, a little of the sheet is withdrawn from the sheet is withdrawn. AND JEWELRY

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peared. If I am not mistaken, the same company numbered among its members such a galaxy of female stars FRANK CARRUTH & SON,

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tlesh and comparative desuctude. Morris used to die so realistically that women persumed and the solution of t

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