

LITTLE BREECHES.

I don't go much on religion, I never saw a man who was so... But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir. On the handful o' things I know. I don't pan out on the prophets. And free will, and that sort of thing; but I believe in God and the angels. Ever since one night last spring. I come into town with some turnips, and my little Gabe came along—No 4-year-old in the county. Could beat him for pretty and strong. Peart and chipper and sooty. Always ready to swear and fight—And I'd larnt him to claw terbacker. Jest to keep his milk teeth white. The snow come down like a blanket. As I jumed by Taggart's store; I went in for a jug of molasses. And left the team at the door. They started at something and started I heard one little squall. And hell to split over the prairie. Went team, Little Breeches, and all. Hell to split over the prairie! I was almost froze with skeer; But we rustled up some torches. And searched for 'em far and near. At last we struck horses and wagon. Snowed under a soft, white mound. Upso, dead beat—but little Gabe. No hide nor hair was found. And here all hope soared on me. Of my fellow critter's aid; I just flopped down on my marrow bones. Crotch deep in the snow, and prayed. By this, the torches was played out. And me and laral Farr. Went off for some wood to a sheepfold. That he said was somewhat thar. We found it at last, and a little shed. Where they shut up the lambs at night. We looked in and seen them bundled thar. So warm and sleepy and white; And thar sat Little Breeches and chirped. As peart as ever you see. "I want a claw of terbacker. And that's what's the matter of me." How did he git thar? Angels. He could never have walked in that storm. They just scooped down and toted him. To whar it was safe and warm. And I think that saving a little child. And bringing him to his own. Is a dearn right letter business. Than loafing around the Thirone.—John Hay.

A SECRET OF THE SEA.

"I suppose that by this time to-morrow we shall anchor in the bay," said Col. Gray. "Yes, this is the last of our pleasant evenings if the Ocean Greyhound is true to her promise," said pretty Mrs. Mortimer. It was a very pleasant evening, too, though chilly, as September evenings are apt to be on the Atlantic. A glorious full moon, extinguishing the stars and casting a glittering trail athwart the sea, scarcely ruffled by the gentle breeze that filled the sails and urged the flying vessel with soft murmurs. Most of the passengers were below, playing cards, or enjoying the music, of which an occasional strain floated up on deck, adding one more touch to the weird sweetness of the scene. A little group of four or five persons sat in the moonlight, chatting and watching the maneuvers of two or three stray couples, each seeking to monopolize that nook behind the wheel house, where the moon can be seen to the greatest advantage and a fictitious isolation encourages the interchange of sentiments as ardent as they are transient. "You will not be sorry to exchange these pleasant evenings for something a little livelier though," exclaimed Mrs. Mortimer's niece, a brilliant creature whose magnetic vitality rang in her clear voice and scintillated in her rippling hair and flashing eyes. "After two years hard study in Milan you can fancy how I feel at the near approach of New York and Newport!" "There's not much to keep one alive on the ocean trip nowadays," said the young man who sat opposite her, and who had been rambling all over the globe for a year seeking adventures and finding none, and was now returning home, convinced that whatever might happen to him in the future, it could hardly be more interesting than the past. "This is my first sea voyage," said the colonel, "and I have enjoyed it. But I should be glad enough to see land again." "And I," said the only member of the little group who had not previously spoken, "love the sea, and have had many adventures on it, and am never tired of its sights and sounds." The speaker was a woman in the Indian summer of her life, sweeter and more beautiful than many a young woman, stamped as she was with the indelible traces of great joys and great sorrows. "Tell us something, Mrs. Odell," cried Mrs. Mortimer's niece, imploringly. "I know you must have seen real tragedies—shipwrecks and such things." "I have seen many tragedies and more than one shipwreck," she said, half reluctantly, "and if you like I will tell you an incident that happened on a ship that was wrecked when I was on my way to the Cape in it." Mrs. Mortimer drew her fur cloak closer about her, and her niece sat down on a low stool, clasping her slender white hands round her aunt's knee, and resting her cheek upon them; the young tourist took up a position from which he commanded a good view of her pretty face, and the colonel settled himself with an air of interest. He was a good listener, remarkably so for a military man. Mrs. Odell began her story, accentuating by a slight but impressive gesticulation her soft, rich voice and quiet delivery. "Several years ago—ten or a dozen—I was on my way to the Cape of Good Hope in a sailing ship. My husband and children were living then—all three are dead now—but I left them in England to visit my parents in Cape Town, and I went on a sailing ship, because I had been very ill and was ordered a voyage. There were but few passengers—six or seven first class and some twenty emigrants in the steerage. Among the saloon passengers was a very pretty young woman, scarcely 20, going out as governess to Australia. "We put in at Madeira and took on board two passengers, for whom the captain's cabin was secured, a newly married couple, not long wedded, who were on board, especially during a long voyage, and the young wife had a maid with her, who probably supplied all the details she knew and filled up the gaps with her imagination. It became known, at any rate, within a few hours, that the lady was an heiress of immense wealth and the gentleman was the penniless and younger son of a good family. The marriage was much against the wish of the bride's family, but she was just of age

and perfect mistress of her property, and she had been married a few weeks before I met her, and had gone to Madeira, intending to spend the winter there. It was quite a sudden frock, their coming on board, and could hardly have been the poor thing's wish; for she was a wretched sailor, and for two or three days after we put to sea again she remained in her berth, waited on by her maid and unnoticed by every one else. The husband was about 30, a very handsome and attractive man—dark, tall, with a heavy black mustache and gleaming white teeth, which were often enough seen, for he was a most lively and agreeable talker, full of wit and nonsense, with an amusing anecdote for every occasion, and generally the sort of man to be a prime favorite on board a sailing ship, where every one is sure to be bored more or less. Especially was he attentive and considerate toward the ladies, and I heard, though I did not see anything then, that the pretty governess usurped a large portion of his care. This seemed natural enough, as she was alone, and most of us took a little extra notice of her on that account. "Well, after a day or two the bride began to come on deck a little, and when she gained some flesh and color we could see how pretty she was, and how full of charming ways. Another thing was soon easily seen also, and that was that what-ever might be the state of her husband's affairs, she simply worshiped him. Her eyes followed him about with a kind of reverence, and when he spoke she listened with parted lips and glistening eyes, as though she heard the very angels singing in heaven. It is sad enough to see such madness where it is mutual; but when, as is almost always the case, one gives all, and the other takes and gives nothing—well, well—that's no part of my story. "I should say that he was quite kind to her, and wrapped her up in shawls and made her sit in the deck house while he read to her, for fear she might take cold. But of an evening, when she had gone to her cabin, he would always return to the deck to finish his cigar, and the little governess, who was as strong as a lion and not afraid of any weather, would be out there with him, leaning over the taffrail, and the two would stand there talking in low tones, until the officer of the watch sent them below. "We had been about a fortnight out from Madeira when the weather, which had been pleasant enough, though cold, changed suddenly, and we were driven by storms every way but the way we wanted to go. For several days the hatches were on, and none of the passengers were allowed on deck. Most of the ladies, myself among them, were ill, and the rest were too frightened to notice anything; but I was told afterward that the only woman who was neither sick nor terrified was the governess, and she seemed foy—full of wild spirits, and keeping up a constant banter with the bridegroom, with whom she played at cards half the day. "I do not remember how long the storm continued; but just as we were beginning to take courage and pull ourselves together a little, we heard one morning a sound that made our hair rise with new terror—a peculiar, slow, regular clanking—and a whisper went round that the ship had sprung a leak and the pumps were manned. Oh, you who have only made this luxurious voyage of a week cannot imagine the feelings of those who have been for days together in a straining, struggling ship, pitched back and forth and from side to side like a cork on those tremendous waves, and then to hear, hour after hour, the dull, steady clanking that proclaims the presence of the enemy within the walls, gaining upon you hour by hour. "For two mortal days and nights those brave, indefatigable men struggled with the encroaching foe, while signals were hoisted and rockets sent up to attract passing ships. At last the captain came to tell us he had no hope of saving the ship, that the storm had abated, and that as soon as it was broad daylight he would get the boats out. He begged us to take some food, and added, as he left the saloon: 'I hope, by God's help, to save every one; but remember, it is women and children first, and if any must stay behind, I shall remain with them.' "Nobody attempted to eat anything, but most of us went to our staterooms to secure such portable valuables as we thought it worth while to take, and then sat through the livelong hours waiting for the order to go out and trust our lives to those frail boats upon the tossing sea. The gradual sinking of the ship made her steadier, and, besides, the wind had almost subsided, and the heavy swell of the sea was being beaten down by the steady rain which began to fall. "I was standing at the foot of the companion when the bride came out of her cabin, which was immediately behind me. She was deathly pale and her eyes were slightly distended, but otherwise was perfectly calm and collected. She had on a thick waterproof cloak and a woolen hood, and carried a little sachel in her hand. 'Where's your husband?' I asked. She made a little movement of her head toward the cabin. 'He is securing some important papers,' she said, 'and, I think,' she added, but her voice was almost inaudible, 'our marriage certificate and my will.' "At this moment the first officer came down the companion. 'Mrs. Odell,' he said, seeing me, 'there are but two serviceable boats—the others were injured during the storm. Come up at once and I will put you in the first. Oh, Mrs. Blank,' he added, seeing the bride—'come, too; I will try and put you together.' "S'ir!" said the poor girl, 'I will not stir without my husband.' "Come, then,' he cried; 'there is no time to lose—I will call your husband—but go up stairs with Mrs. Odell, and I will bring him to you—take her up, there's a good soul,' he added to me. 'I took her hand and almost forced her up, but further than the top of the companion she would not move. "The sight that met us there was startling enough. The ship had already sunk so low that I cannot imagine how the water kept out of the saloon; it seemed as if we could step on board the life boat that had already been manned and was raised by every wave almost to the level of the deck. All on board was perfectly orderly, except for the crying of one or two of the steerage passengers who were being separated from their male companions and passed into the boat. It was nearly full when the captain saw us, and grasping Mrs. Blank's arm, was about to hand her forward, when she wrested herself from him, and with sudden fury flashing over her face exclaimed in a tone I can never forget: 'I can die here, if necessary, captain; but I will not stir without my husband.' "He did not say another word, but seized me unceremoniously, and before I could draw my breath I was in the lead-

ed boat. The painter was cut, and one great billow carried us many yards away. Then we lay to, to watch the second boat, and witnessed what was unseen by her occupants. She was full, all but a very small space, and almost every one was off the ship. I saw the young couple standing together, her hands clasped round his arm, and evidently refusing once more to be saved without him. At the same moment the pretty governess darted forward and flung herself upon his other arm, evidently imploring to be saved. A stentorian voice from the boat shouted: 'We can make room for two.' They evidently saw the wife's struggle to die with her husband, and were willing with true sailor like generosity to risk something to reward her heroism. I saw him clasp the girl with one arm and push his wife away, preparatory to making a spring. Then as she clung with agonized strength, he raised his cowardly fist and struck her full in the face. With an unearthly shriek she fell back as he sprang into the boat with the other woman in his arms. "The whole thing was like a flash of lightning, and as they cut away the boat, almost before she was clear, the ship sank slowly forward and went down head foremost, carrying the captain, the bride and about a dozen men to the bottom of the sea. "As the thrilling vibration of the narrator's voice ceased there was a momentary silence. Her excitement at the picture conjured up by memory communicated itself to the listeners, and at first no one seemed able to break the spell. At last the colonel spoke: "We are very glad to know that you were saved by ocular demonstration, Mrs. Odell; but how about that scoundrel and his companion in guilt; for she was every bit as bad as he; were they drowned? One could not help hoping so, except for the sake of the innocent people in the boat." "No," said Mrs. Odell quietly—every trace of her agitation had passed away now, and her tone was calm and inexpressibly bitter. "We were picked up a few hours after, having separated from the others in the fog; but they were also soon rescued by a home bound vessel, and carried back to England. There this loving husband proved his wife's death—there were plenty of witnesses, though none had seen his brutal act, and most believed, as I afterward heard, that she was left behind by mistake. He then proved her will, which he had carried off the ship with him, and which had been executed in Madeira within a month of her marriage, leaving him every cent of her immense wealth. Her relatives, I understand, made an attempt to upset the will, but without success, but before she had been six months dead, he bought an elegant villa near Florence, and married the rescued governess. I saw him after that, but I have reason to believe he is living and prosperous." "I suppose you never saw his second wife again?" asked the niece, thoughtfully. "Yes," said Mrs. Odell, slowly, "I have seen her—quite recently." "Your story was really quite too interesting, Mrs. Odell," murmured pretty Mrs. Mortimer, rising languidly from her steamship chair. "You quite made us forget how late and cold it is getting. Thanks, so much, Colonel, may I trouble you for that shawl? I think I will go down now. Come along, Sybille. A demain, gentlemen. Mrs. Odell—good night!" The eyes of the two ladies met as she moved away; but eyes tell no tales, and some women can keep a secret.—Drake's Magazine. Intelligence of a Crow. How "fly" the average crow is, too. Note some time, when you are riding along in a train, how indifferent a crow is to the flying engine and cars. Note, too, how carelessly they will sit on some near by tree, or in some field, as you drive along the highway. Now stop the horse and see how quickly their heads come up and how uneasy they get. It's ten to one that before the carriage has ceased rocking, and before you can take aim with a gun, the bird has disappeared on the wing. Once two of us were riding along a road, and in a field were several crows. Close to the road was a high ledge around which the highway led, hiding us for a moment from the birds. Here I jumped out while my companions drove right along at the usual gait. In a moment I was up on the ledge, and when I looked over carefully every crow was walking off and looking back. They did not see me, but they missed me from the team, and reasoned there was danger, and I did not get a shot.—Lewiston Journal. A Friendly Sheikh. When the Prince of Wales was traveling in the Holy Land with the late Dean of Westminster, the royal party came one day to the banks of Jordan. As they sat at meat in the tents they beheld a number of mounted Arabs riding down to the ford, headed by their sheikh. Presently an Arab messenger arrived at the tent, and his message was that the sheikh desired to see Dean Stanley. The small but courageous dean at once arose and walked down unarmed to the interview. The sheikh, who had dismounted, advanced with dignity, laid both his hands on the dean's shoulders, and beholding him steadfastly, said these words: "Arthur Penrhyn Stanley." The astonished dean looked up and saw that that Arab chief was no other than Lord Palmerston.—A. J. M. in Notes and Queries. A Toad as a Weather Prophet. A curious weather prophet is being shown in a Broadway store window. If is a toad, confined in a glass jar. There is a little ladder for it to climb up and down on, and so susceptible is the little prisoner to changes that it ascends to the top of the tube when the air grows moist in advance of rain and descends when clear weather is near at hand. It also becomes noisy before a storm. To those who have never seen a toad toad may be interesting to know that it resembles the ordinary garden toad in form, but is more flattened. The color varies from pale ash to dark brown, with blotches of greenish brown, and the stomach yellow. The eyes are large and brilliant. It abounds about old trees, old fences and old stone walls.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Used Her Muscle. Sarah Jane McIlroy, a 17-year-old girl of Kingston, Ont., saw two toughs assaulting a citizen, instead of fainting she laid her parcel on the sidewalk, screamed murder, grabbed one of the assailants by the neck and hurled him aside, and gave the victim an opportunity to handle his other foe. When she modestly told her tale in court she was given a round after round of applause. Chicago Record.

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