A LOAD OF HAY.

- A load of hay in the crowded street, A whist of the scent of clover,
- A day in August, and clouds of white, A shifting of light and shadow. The hum of bees and the martin's flight, The meadow larks and the meadow.

Strong arms of men and the yellow green Of the swathes, the steady swinging Of forms of laborers, strong and lean, The scythes with their steely ringing.

The roar of trade and the newsboys' call; And the dream of a moment's over:

Twas a brain wave came through the nose, and
From a whiff of the scent of clover!

—Stanley Waterloo

THE MANSFIELD GHOST.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" said I to my friend Fenton, as we sat on the porch one evening, enjoying a quiet smoke in the cool night air.

Yes. I have seen one." "You have! When? Where?"

"Don't ask too many questions at s time and I'll tell you." "Well, go on. I'm all impatient to

"Well, one summer, about ten years ago, having no business that needed my particular attention, I thought I would run down to — shire, and see my eld college friend Mansfield and his wife.
"When I got down to his place I found that neither himself nor his wife was at home, but as the bousekeeper expected.

home, but as the bousekeeper expected them to return in a few days I concluded to stay till they came

The first day after my arrival I spent in rambling through the grounds about the ancient place; the next day was a rainy one, and I had to stay in the house. My room was on the third floor overlooking the court yard. After dinner I went up to it, and, stirring up the fire, I took my book and sat down to read. I read a short time, and then, letting the book drop on my knee, listened to the steady drip, drip of the rain on the flags of the court yard. Soon I fell into a reverte, and then into a state of semi-conscious-

I was aroused from my dreaming by seeing through my half closed eyes the door noiselessly open and a young woman enter. She was an extremely pretty girl, with light hair falling in long curls over her shoulders. Her dress was an old fashion—just as I suppose my great-grandmother dressed when she was young. Her tiny feet were incased in high heeled, red morocco slippers. She advanced to the table and laid off her scarf and drew up a chair to the fire without as much as a "how d'ye do?" or even taking the slightest notice of me whatever. She then drew from her pocket a miniature portrait of a very handsome young man. From my posi-tion I could see it as it lay in her hand. His countenance was open and manly, and his dark hair was clustered in short curls around his forchead. He was dressed in around his forchead. He was dressed in a fashion as antiquated as that of the lady; delicate rufiles were around his throat and at his wrist; in his hand he carried a riding whip.

The prince soon grew much attached to the priest, who at that time was about 45 years old. Fearing the influence of a Polish Catholic on his son's mind the late removed their intimater. On

She gazed at the picture long and tenderly, with a loving smile on her lips. One of the curls fell back and disclosed to my view a ghastly wound on the temple. Till then I had been too amazed to think; but now the conviction rushed upon me that my visitor was not of this world. I was frightened, and sat like one in a dream.

She replaced the picture in her pocket and, going to a corner, drew out a harp. I had never seen it before, though I had I had never seen it before, though I had been in the room a dozen times. Drawing it to her side, she ran her fingers over the strings and began to sing in a low voice. Her song was in some foreign language. She had a sweet voice, and as it floated through the room, mingled with the lingering sounds of the harp, they had an unearthly sound that filled me with dread.

Suddenly she stopped in her song

Suddenly she stopped in her song, and, looking in the direction of the door, sat in a listening attitude for some time: then she resumed her song. But she seemed restless. She looked first at the seemed restless. She looked first at the door and then at the window, as if expecting some one. At last she rose and, putting the harp in the corner, ran to the window and murmured to herself:

"What can keep Roger? He should have been here before now."

She stood but a moment, when she grew pale as death, her eyes dilated, she clasped her hands above her head, and, with a wild screem of agony threw up

with a wild scream of agony, threw up the window and flung herself out. This the window and Bung herself out. This roused me. I sprang up and ran to the window. It was closed? This staggered me. I threw it up and looked down into the courtyard, fully expecting to see her lying senseless on the stones. But no, There was no one there except a servant hurrying out of the rain by the very spot where she would have fallen. She could not have got into the house as there was not have got into the house, as there was only one door opening into the yard. I ran down to the door. A servant was sweeping the passage,
"Have you seen any one come in?"

"How long have you been here?" "About ten minutes, and I am sure no

one has come in." I went back to my room and sat down to study over my adventure. Suddenly I thought of the harp. I rose and went to the very place I had seen her put it. What was my surprise to find no harp there! I searched every nook and corner of the foom, but could not find it. Here was a new evidence of the ghostly character of my visitor. I concluded to keep my adventure secret till the return

of my friend. He came the next day; in the after-noon I asked him to come to my room, as I wished to see him. We went up, and, taking seats, he

"Well, what is it?"

"I have seen a ghost."
Instead of laughing at me, as I expected, he looked very serious and said:
"When?"

"Yesterday, in the oak sitting room."
I then told him what I had seen, and he listened with a troubled air.
When I had finished he studied a few

minutes and then said: "Would you know her again if you were to see her picture?"

"Come with me, then."

He took me to another room, and there, hanging side by side, were the portraits of the young woman and the young man, whose miniature I had seen in your hand.

that, with your permission, I will relate

"A hundred years ago this house was occupied by an ancestor of mine named Roger Mansfield. He had been married about one year to the daughter of a neighboring gentleman, whom he loved dearly. He was passionately fond of field sports, while she was of a retiring disposition,

"One day a large company of the gen-try rode out to hunt, and Roger, for once, gained the consent of his wife, and joined them, promising to be back at a certain time. The day wore on and the hour at which he was to have come back

another night." I promised. We went below, and I stayed about three weeks at the Grange,

stayed about three weeks at the Grange, but I gave that room a wide berth.

Now, I know that some skeptical person would pooh-pooh on hearing this, and say I had eaten a hearty dinner and fallen asleep and dreamed what I have been telling you; but this I know, that I was not asleep—no more than I am at this moment, and that I did really see the Mansfield ghost.—Minneapolis Journal.

It is no secret that the emperor of all the Russias pays far less heed to his official advisers than to the private friends he made in his youth, who have no ministerial dignities. M. de Giers, his faithful minister of foreign affairs, has little real control over the destinies of Rugsia. But M. Pobodonezoff, the czar's old tutor, is said to be more powerful, and has shaped many of the corial measures. has shaped many of the cocial measures which within the past few years have been introduced into the empire.

been introduced into the empire.

The Paris Figaro gives an interesting account of a less known counselor to whom Alexander III, it seems, often goes in search of health and comfort. He is a Polish priest, named Zmudowski, and lives in the little parish of Podborz, a few miles from Spain. Zmudowski is, of course, a Catholic, but despite his heterodoxy no man is more loved and trusted by the orthodox czar. Alexander made his acquaintance at Skierniewicz fifteen years ago, during a hunting excursion to Poland. While on a visit to Field Marshal Prince Bariatynski, his father's life long comrade, the then czarefather's life long comrade, the then czare-witch was one day thrown into the com-pany of a priest whose culture did not prevent his being an ardent sportsman. This was Zmudowski.

czar at last stopped their intimacy. On his father's death, however, Alexander III returned to Podborz and renewed his friendly intercourse with Zmudowski. Since then whenever the cares of state and the Nihilists have allowed him a holiday he has been in the habit of stealing off to Poland to rest and strengthen ing off to Poland to rest and strengthen himself in the society of the priest. He made ineffectual efforts to induce him to come to St. Petersburg, and, having failed, had a chateau built near Podborz, which has become his favorite country

The czar's long talks with Zmudowski have caused the issue of several decrees materially improving the hard lot of Polish Catholics. The recent foundation of a peasants' bank in Poland and other liberal measures might probably be traced to the counsels of the Podborz cure,

What a Close Shave Means,

"Do you know what a close shave means? I never did until I looked at a face the other day through a microscope which had been treated to this luxurious which had been treated to this luxurious process. Why, the entire skin resembled a piece of raw beef. To make the face perfectly smooth requires not only the removal of the hair, but also a portion of the cuticle, and a close shave means the removal of a layer of skin all around. The blood vessels thus exposed are not visible to the eye, but under the microscope each little quivering mouth holding a minute blood drop protests against such; cruel treatment. The nerve tips are also uncovered, and the pores are left unprotected, which makes the skin tender and unhealthy. This sudden exposure of the inner layer of the skin renders a person liable to have colds, hourseness and sore throat and it is only that the face and neck are pachyderthat the face and neck are pachyder-

"Hold on, barber! Not another word!"

"Hold on, barber! Not another word!"
exclaimed the customer. A look of sadness had come over his face and he seemed to be mentally calculating the amount of epidermis that had been sacrificed in many years of close shaves. Suddenly jumping from his chair he said with deep feeling:

"I'll never shave again."

In a moment more he was gone. The sesthetic barber was astonished at the unexpected result of his effort to rid a fellow being of a foolish notion, and he had a chill when the boss barber told him that the loss of trade would be deducted from his salary.—New York Tribune.

An Ingenious Poison Stopper. An ingenious Poison Stopper.

An ingenious stopper has lately been patented for use in bottles containing poisons. The stopper is made of india rubber, and is surmounted by a perforated ball of india rubber brightly colored, so as to render it distinctive in the light, and containing a bell which rattles when the bottle is moved, thus drawing attention to the character of the contents, even though it be impossible to see the label. Such a warning stopper would have rendered impossible many of the accidents which have from time to time taken place, notably one a few months

taken place, notably one a few months ago, when a distinguished surgeon lost his life owing to a mistake as to a bottle containing poisonous medicine. — Cassell's Family Magazine.

A New Use for Corn Cobs.

Building blocks made of corn cobs form the object of an Italian patent which has been issued. The cobs are pressed by machinery into forms similar to bricks, and held together by wire. They are made water tight by soaking with tar. Them made are very hard

CARE OF THE FEET

The Anatomy of the Foot Described by

The purpose of the foot is for progression and support, says a physician in The Pittsburg Dispatch. As we go down the scale of animal life we find that the hind feet always differ from the fore loving home and home amusements, and as her will was law he had given up hunting for her sake.

"One day a large company of the gentry rode out to hunt, and Roger, for once gained the consent of his wife and try rode out to hunt, and Roger, for once, gained the consent of his wife, and joined them, promising to be back at a certain time. The day wore on and the hour at which he was to have come back passed, but he did not appear.

"She tried to while away the time by playing on the harp as she sang a little song in the Italian language; but still she was uneasy. Hearing a noise she put her harp aside and, going to the window, saw, carried on a litter, the dead body of her husband. She gave one shriek and precipitated herself from the window. Her head struck on the stones and she was killed.

"Her husband had been killed by being thrown from his horse in taking a leap.
"I have one thing to ask you, Frank. Never tell my wife what you have seen, or she would not stay in the house another night."

The foot is controlled by muscles which give us the ability to walk and stand. These muscles are often attacked by a disease, such as paralysis, and, as a result, we have the many malformations of the foot. This is especially true in childhood, and, the bones being them soft, they adapt themselves to the disease such as paralysis, and, as a result, we have the many malformations of the foot. This is especially true in childhood, and, the bones being them soft, they adapt themselves to the disease such as paralysis, and, as a result, we have the many malformations of the foot. This is especially true in childhood, and, the bones being them soft, they adapt themselves to the disease, such as paralysis, and, as a result, we have the many malformations of the foot. This is especially true in childhood, and, the bones being them soft, they adapt themselves to the disease. As the child grows older the bones harden, and, as a result, they never can be cured. The destruction of these muscles gives to us the flat foot and the arched foot, which serve to distinguish the race. The flat foot and projecting the foot and the arched foot, which serve to distinguish the race. The flat foot and projecting the foot and the arched foot, which s

notice, if you will study the statues of of German goddesses, which show a foot much longer than is considered desirable

The great toe in your shoe should be exactly in line with the axis of the foot. This must be so in order to have a grace-ful walk. In walking, the heel is raised while the toes are cramped downward.
When they are incased in leather and a
firm sole there must be some extra room
in order to give freedom of motion.
When the shoe is tight in some places, it presses on muscles, and consequently they are not able to perform their proper functions. As a result, the great toe is drawn out of a line of the axis of the foot; some of the muscles are strengthened and others are weakened. As another result, the toe will be drawn per-manently out of this axis and prove to be the cause of much trouble with our feet. The inner side of the surface of the sole of a shoe should be almost a straight line and the outer side curved.

The shoes now made purve almost equally on both sides, and the curvature of the toe is greatly aided by the struct-ure of the shoe. A shoe is not neces-sarily advantageous because it is loose, as some portions of the foot are able to stand great pressure, and thus relieve other portions which are weaker. The shoe should be loose about the ball of the foot and about the toes. Different styles of shoes may be adopted for different exercises of the foot. Shoes used for dancing may have higher heels than those used when walking.

a respectable interment for so small an amount of money as at present. The inventions and improvements which always cheapen commodities have, in our business, kept apace with the times. A decade ago there was not much difference in prices and methods. Now there is every difference. Ten years ago any funeral would average \$150; now there funeral would average \$150; now there is no average. A man can spend profitably \$5,000 in getting planted, or he can have the thing done in pretty good shape for a week's salary, and he'll feel just as satisfied as though he were investing a fortune in it. Some people are very apprehensive concerning their funeral, and others don't think about it at all. If a man wants to have the thing done properly, and go without a hitch, \$60 will make a pleasant display in his neighborhood. There has been a cut in rates among undertakers of late, and prices are at bottom rock. After a little the trouble will be adjusted and the old scale restored. But our inducements at present should not be overlooked. Now is the time to die.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Powerful Secret Orders.

In the United States there are over 200 fraternal, benevolent, social, insurance, political, religious, temperance and other secret orders. Following is the official membership of some of the more prominent American organizations: Freemasons, 600,000; Odd Fellows, 530,000; Grand Army of the Republic, 380,000; Knights of Pythias, 210,000; Good Templars, 200,962; Ancient Order of United Workmen, 191,876; Knights of Honor, 124,756; the Royal Arcanum, 80,000; Improved Order of Red Men, 64,000; American Legion of Honor, 61,664; Knights and Ladies of Honor, 49,200; Sons of Veterans, 47,000; Ancient Order of Foresters, 88,539; Daughters of Rebekah, 83,858; Knights of the Golden Eagle, 30,000, and Order of Chosen Friends, 29,271. The total number of Masons in the world is estimated at 4,000,000. The total number of Druids in the world is 67,000.—New York Telegram. Powerful Secret Orders.

Invented the Lucifer Match. A German authority claims that lucifer

A German authority claims that lucifer matches were the invention of a political prisoner, who perfected his idea within the walls of a jail. Kammerer, the prisoner in question, on coming out of confinement began the manufacture of matches. Unfortunately the absence of a patent law prevented his rights from being secured, and an Austrian and other chemists analyzing the composition, imitations speedily made their appearance. Between the lucifer match as originally made and the safety match that lights only on its own box, have appeared many varieties of matches. The safety match was invented in Sweden by a man named Lundstrom. The trade in matches has assumed enormous proportions, espeassumed enormous proportions, especially in Germany, where vast quantities are exported.—Troy Times.

His Crowning Effort.

"Ah, Lionel, that poem is beautiful!"
"Yes, Agatha, it is the crowning effort of my life."

"And, Lionel—my Lionel! it will bring you fame, eternal fame, will it not?"

"Yes, Agatha—and perhaps \$2."—Life.

English shoemakers always cut a V in the bench leather for luck. Swedish carpenters mark a cross on their tools for the same purpose and many painters mark a cross and a triangle on a high scaffolding before they feel perfectly comfortable upon it.

The Dummy Spoke.

"I was coming up from Albany a few days ago," said a drummer to a party of friends as they sat in the lobby of the Globe hotel smoking their cigars. "In the seat just in front of me were two
well dressed gentlemen, who were carrying on an earnest but very quiet conversation with their fingers. When the train
reached Utica a couple of stylish looking
girls came in and took the seat in front
of the two men, which happened to be
turned facing them. The girls very soon
noticed the finger conversation, and
coolly proceeded to comment upon the
personal appearance of the gentlemen in
a very audible tone of voice. 'The fellow with the blonde mustache is pretty
good looking,' said one. 'It's a pity be
can't talk. I wonder if they're married,'
and so they went on for a few minutes.
Pretty soon the conductor came through
the car, and, much to the surprise of the
passengers, who had been watching the the seat just in front of me were two passengers, who had been watching the passengers, who had been watching the little scene, the gentleman with the blonde mustache stopped him and asked what time the train got to Syracuse. It was as good as a show to watch the faces of those girls. The strain was too much for them, and as soon as the train stopped they moved into another car."—Syracuse Herald.

Weakening Our Eyes. I wish I could move out to Dakota, twenty miles from the nearest school-house, and bring the children up myself, They would know a hawk from a heru-They would know a hawk from a berushaw as far as any one. See those boys with big, handsome eyes going from school. Half can't sight a target or a duck in a marsh or a ship down the bay. If the country should have another war the government would have to find regiments in spectacles. Nine hours a day do those public school children pore over school books with the vilest print that ruins eyes. Between the poor print of school books and the newspapers, and incessant reading, we are losing eyes as fast as possible. The big, handsome eyed women have to use atropine to see at all, women have to use atropine to see at all, and the clever women all have contracted, sunken eyes from reading too much. They begin at 5 years old and keep tasking the eyes till the amaurosis sets in. Do you know there isn't one person in 500 with really good eyes, and fewer children?—Shirley Dare.

A Convict Cemetery,

two acres, and the only resemblance the spot has to a "City of the Dead" is in the long rows of mounds that extend east and west, denoting the resting place of the unhonored dead. No stately monu-ments here, no marble shafts or broken

the unhonored pean ments here no marble shafts or broken ments here no marble shafts or broken those used when walking.

A reformation in the making of shoes will some anatomist learns the trade of shoemaking and becomes an artist in that line, so that he may have an opportunity of statements and as the theoretical side of the question.

The provided an artist in that line, so that he may have an opportunity of statements soon erase the grave is marked by a small pine board, on which is printed the prison number, name, age and date of death; the elements soon erase these, and in a short time no one can tell the occupants.

Recent calculations go to show that the mean distance of the earth from the sun was wrongly estimated by 130,000 English miles about twenty years ago. But nobody minds a little thing like that in view of the fact that the distance is now figured to be 92,385,000 miles.

Mary Anderson has among her stage effects 300 wigs. This makes her the wiggedest woman in America.—Wash-

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I. PEARLMAN,

"It's raining in London!" That's the word when a New York dude is seen going up Broadway with his trousers rolled up in sunny weather.—Buffalo News TINWARE AND

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