

SECOND... "Ye who... my childhood up have called me... Oh, my dear, compose me to the end!"

"FRUSTRATED."

"Did I not tell you truth, Grant? Surely you have never seen a lovelier face than that of your mother's guest."

"Of a tropical sun; of a host of dusky browned servants clustering to do her bidding of Cleopatra and her spoils; of the splendor of the east; of all things brilliant, from the wing of a tropical bird to the glowing coils of copperheads."

"Involuntarily beautiful," he said again, watching a smile flash over the rich brunette face of Inez Dalgreen, which was truly as vivid and glowing as an eastern sun.

"It was such a face as one rarely sees, save in a country where the sun brings all things to early and transient splendor; it was a face which had won the hearts from many breasts, but lost none of its bloom or its beauty because it scattered pain and heart ache."

"The dark eyes, with their rich fringes, smiled or grew languid, but never became dim; the red lips, dewy, and potent as lips of a siren, were too beautiful to have ever known a curve of pain."

"The dark, diamond like eyes lifted, and for an instant met his own across the width of the vast room. The red lips smiled him a summons, which drew him like a spell."

"As he moved from his place beside her, a sudden cold, feeding went over Hilda, and she shrank to the shadow of the curtain near, and watched him join those about Miss Dalgreen's chair."

"A smile from her eyes, and he forgets my very existence," she said, bitterly, to herself; for pain makes the gentlest of us bitter sometimes."

"She was a young, shy, tender girl, with a general beauty save that which nature had given to her soft, gray eyes. But she had a heart of gold under the white sheen of her bodies, and it had never cooled before in all her eighteen years."

"Now, as she watched the tall form of her guardian's son bend over the stranger, a pain which startled her throbbled with every throb of her pulses, and she pined out to the quiet of the moonlight, that she might be alone with and Lara to understand it."

"She would not be missed by those within the house, for even Lara, her nephew, had no eyes for any face save that of the girl who had come on a visit to one who had known her mother years before."

"As it was on the first evening of Miss Dalgreen's coming, so it was on many that followed. Hilda, sitting with a vague, yearning in her breast, was allowed to stand away when she listed, never missed, never recalled or sought for, while Grant and Inez played the parts of lovers, too engrossed by their affection to realize that any save themselves were in the world."

"Yet Hilda now and then caught the dark gleam of Lara watching her, with a gleam following a suspicious amusement in them, and she was very glad that Miss Dalgreen assumed to wish no friendship to exist between them."

"Summer was nearly over when, one evening, a man with a pale, delicate face and a pair of lips, asked for Miss Dalgreen."

"Lara told that she had taken a certain path, and was walking down near the river alone, he turned on his heel and went through the shadows by the way they said she would return."

"Half an hour later, as Grant was stopping lightly over the grasses, listening back to the presence of one whose beauty had been like a spell, he suddenly heard her low, silvery laugh, and it came from the shadow of heavy branches, which drooped low above the path that led up from the river."

"Something like a smothered malediction followed on the musical peal; and then he caught the full richness of Inez Dalgreen's voice, still with a ripple of mirth in it."

"You are quite tragical over it, my dear Rex; but I don't see why you should be, when you know how poor you are, and how absurd it would be to think of my ever marrying you. Now this Grant Lara is an only child—did you notice how broad the acres are that will be his in a few years? Be reasonable, Rex, and let us part friends."

"Friends? Grant heard a hoarse voice cry—'Friends, when you have taken my life into your hands and broken it as you would a rotten twig? But tell me this—have you any love in your heart for this

"Love for Grant Lara! If she said, merrily, 'Why, Rex, I never thought of loving him; but there is a plain, pale, stupid little thing, here who is breaking her heart about him, and he never looks at her. Rex, if a woman isn't beautiful, she may have all the attractions of the angels, and men may pass her by; but if...'"

Grant Lara never knew what words of wisdom followed those on the red lips that had softened to such tender smiles for him for seven weeks."

He hurried back by the way he had come, reached the river bank, unmooored a skiff he found there, and rowed fast and far on the silver sheen of the waters."

It was late when he fastened the little boat once more, and his pulses were beating more evenly; the cool river air had sent back the blood that had rushed about his brain; reason had come to him, and dwelling on Inez Dalgreen's words, he realized all they signified."

"The 'pale, plain, stupid little thing' was Hilda, of course. His heart was very sore, but a sort of warmth stole into it for the gentle, innocent girl whose heart had ached, perhaps, as his was aching, and who had borne it and made no sign."

"She was 'breaking her heart for him,' Inez had said, with a laughing sneer in her voice."

Did she love him so well, then, the sweet natured, shy eyed child, whose toddling steps he, as a lad, had led from room to room, and up and down, and in and out, in the long ago?"

And he? Had he no love in his breast for her? Was it all given to that glittering, heartless, soulless creature, who said she would accept his hand and share his possessions, even before he had gone to her with the gifts? Well, after all, his infatuation had been patent to every one. Why not to her, most of all?"

He walked slowly toward the house, his eyes roving restlessly about as he went. She was still in the grounds with the man to whom she dare to disclose her worthlessness."

A slight figure in white caught his eye, and he swung around on his heel and met Hilda in the full light of the rising moon."

"Somehow she seemed very fair to him just then. Was it not because he knew her true and sweet and womanly?"

"Hilda," he said, putting out his arms impetuously and clasping her before she was aware of his intention—"Hilda, child, sweetheart, do you care for me more than you would care for a brother? Do you love me well enough to trust your future to me for this hour?"

He saw the gray eyes below him dilate and darken, felt the slight figure tremble in his arms; and a sudden glow of gladness went over him, even in his pain, for he would take those soft hands of Hilda and Brance many long months to heal the wound left in his life by Inez; and yet to be loved—loved truly, and for himself, for what he was, not what he had! Ah, it was very sweet to him!"

"I thought," she faltered—"I did not dream you cared—I thought..."

"Nay! do not tell me what you think or have thought," he said quickly. "Tell me what you know. You love me, Hilda?"

"Yes—since I was a child, Grant."

Half an hour later Mrs. Lara and Inez, who had been wondering where they lingered, looked up as Grant and Hilda came from the room."

Grant led Hilda to his mother's chair. "Mother," he said distinctly, "Hilda is to be your daughter in very truth. You have loved her for years. As my wife love her always!"

He glanced at the brilliant face of the guest and saw a great red wave sweep over it—that was all."

She was utterly frustrated, and Grant soon knew how fortunate he had been.—Saturday Night.

About Spiders. French scientists are puzzling over a spider which has been discovered in the hollow interior of a stone. It is estimated that the stone must be at least 400 years old, but the spider is quite lively and youthful in its antics. It is blind and has no mouth."

A daughter of Mrs. Peck, of Titusville, Ga., drew a pretty little outline design, which so pleased Mrs. Peck that she forthwith framed it and hung it in her parlor. She was astonished to find that an industrious spider had woven across the frame a web which was an exact reproduction of the design beneath. The workmanship is perfect in every detail."

Mr. Louis Nevin, of Louisville, undertook to bring from Hot Springs an immense tarantula which he had captured there. While on the road between Hot Springs and Little Rock the spider escaped from the bottle in which it had been imprisoned and started in a promiscuous hour confusion reigned and the ugly insect had all the passengers at his mercy. Finally he was safely corralled and bottled up, but Mr. Nevin was forced to take himself and his pet off at the next station.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Toad in a Horse's Throat. A Berkshire farmer has just lost a valuable cart colt from a most extraordinary cause. The colt had for a long time suffered very much from difficulty in breathing. An operation having been performed on its throat to no purpose, it was finally decided to have it shot. On the carcass being cut up and the neck severed at the shoulders, to the great amazement of those present, a fair sized toad crawled out of the opening in the windpipe, and the extraordinary cause of the poor animal's sufferings became at once apparent. The toad was almost dead when extricated, but gradually assumed its natural color.—London Tid Bits.

Remarkable Recovery of a Ring. A gentleman was alighting from a carriage on the Underground railway at Gloucester Road his valuable ring dropped. It could not be found, so he left, returning in an hour's time to see if it had been discovered. While he stood in the station the same train entered, having been right round the "inner circle," and strange to say, his eye lighted upon the ring, which lay exposed on the footboard, where it had lain unobserved during the whole journey.—London Tid Bits.

A Pigeon's Strange Death. A peculiar incident occurred at the residence of Dr. G. C. Rahauer, 2515 Carson street. The doctor was sitting in his library reading, when he was startled by seeing a pigeon fly in at the window, which had been raised a moment before for the purpose of cooling the room. The pigeon lit on the back of a chair, and dropped to the floor dead.—Pittsburg Commercial-Dispatch.

SPIES OF WAR.

Discussion as to Whether It is an Honorable Undertaking.

Is the service of a spy in war honorable? It certainly cannot be set down as always dishonorable, since some men who have performed it have been regarded as in the highest degree worthy of honor. Nathan Hale, of Connecticut, an American patriot of the highest character, volunteered, after Washington's defeat on Long Island, to go to the mainland and seek information of the strength, plans and situation of the enemy. Hale was a brave young officer, and had distinguished himself by dashing and brilliant service. Probably he had no liking for the work of a spy; but it was enough for him that his commander desired a brave and prudent man for the service. He volunteered, and was accepted."

Hale crossed to the mainland in safety, obtained full knowledge of the situation, and set out to return to Washington's camp. He was discovered by the enemy and hanged in New York by the order of Sir William Howe, without trial. His last words were: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

The virtues and bravery of Hale alone would have invested the service of the spy with a considerable degree of honor, even if there had not been many other spies whose work had been almost, if not quite, as brave."

But there is no doubt that the duty of a spy is commonly regarded as in some sense dishonorable, even by those who take advantage of it."

Vattel, the author of the "Law of Nations," says that "a man of honor, who would not expose himself to die by the hand of the common executioner, ever declines serving as a spy; he considers it beneath him, as it seldom can be done without some kind of treachery. A sovereign, therefore, cannot lawfully require such a service of subjects, except, perhaps, in some singular case, and that of the last importance."

Following this idea, the French have always had a certain repugnance to spies, even their own. The story is told that, at the time of Napoleon I., a French spy was charged with making a plan of the fortifications of Mayence."

When he arrived at that city, he found the German garrison expecting the arrival of an English general. The spy was able to speak the English language perfectly well, and it occurred to him that it would be an excellent plan for him to impersonate this English general."

He carried out his plan so skillfully that no one suspected that he was not a genuine English officer; and as the English were in alliance with the Germans he was taken through all the fortifications and given every item of information that he wanted."

When he had seen and taken note of everything, he disappeared, and returned to Napoleon's headquarters. His information proved of great service to his country, and it was proposed to the emperor to decorate the man with the cross of the Legion of Honor."

"No, indeed," said Napoleon. "I did not establish the Legion of Honor to reward services of that kind."

But he gave the spy \$5,000 in money."

In opposition to the doctrine laid down by Vattel and Napoleon, it may be urged that the very possibility of dishonorable death, and the knowledge that a spy's service may be regarded as "beneath a man of honor," may render the voluntary performance of this duty more an act of bravery than the most daring service on the battlefield."

The soldier has the rush and excitement of battle to spur him on to brave deeds; the spy has before him the possibility of an ignominious death. He must meet peril alone, and in cold blood. The soldier's brave service may be the result of a sort of physical courage, while that of the spy must be the result of moral courage."

As America has honored a spy, in the person of Nathan Hale, it is distinguished as the first nation to institute a full trial by court martial of the spies of an enemy. Previous to this, it had been customary to send spies to the gallows, as Nathan Hale was sent, merely upon the order of a commander in chief.—Youth's Companion.

De Quincy's Defiance. De Quincy suffered from indigestion. His tastes were a little troublesome to the servant who prepared his repast. Coffee, boiled rice and milk, and a piece of mutton from the loin were the materials that invariably formed his diet. The cook, who had an audience with him daily, received her instructions in silent awe, quite overpowered by his manner, for had he been addressing a duchess he could scarcely have spoken with more deference. He would couch his request in such terms as these: "Owing to dyspepsia, I am unable to eat any system, and the possibility of any additional disarrangement of the stomach taking place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise; so much so, indeed, as to increase nervous irritation and prevent me from attending to matters of overwhelming importance, if you do not remember to cut the mutton in a diagonal rather than a longitudinal form."—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

Transporting a Herd of Buffaloes. The Manitoba fast freight train from Winnipeg brought in a herd of eighty-three live buffalo, which were on their way to C. J. Jones' ranch, near Garden City, Kan. Mr. Jones bought these queer cattle from Warden Benson, of the Northwest Territory, who since 1877 has succeeded in raising this herd from five animals captured at that time. Mr. Jones has already on his ranch about fifty head of bison, and a goodly number of animals resulting from a cross between the bison and domesticating these animals is attracting much attention among breeders, as the wild bison is almost extinct, and buffalo meat is worth 50 cents a pound in Chicago. A great many curious sightseers visited the Manitoba yards while the cars stood there.—Minneapolis Tribune.

A Dangerous Drug.

If one-half of what the doctors are saying all over the country is true, there may soon be a greater need of a temperance reform among the women than there has ever been among the men. Strong drink, however, is not the monster by which the women may be enslaved, but strong and poisonous drugs equally baneful in its effect."

This drug is antipyrine. The chemical name for it is "dimethoxyquinazolin," but as it is rather long and might not be easily pronounced by ladies who are not orthographical experts, it has been called simple antipyrine, and appears as such in the medical books."

It is a white powder, slightly bitter and soluble in water. Until about a year ago it was prescribed for fevers only, but a French medical college recommended it for headaches and other pains and disorders, and in this way it has gained its grasp on so many thoughtless and nervous women."

In Chicago and many other places it is said that the habit is gaining with alarming rapidity, for the women take it for every ill, and cannot believe that its soothing effect can have any evil result until the habit is thoroughly fixed upon them."

It produces different results under different circumstances, and, like many other preparations, varies according to the size of the dose. In large doses it has been known to produce complete relaxation and at the same time a loss of reflex action and death. In moderate or tonic doses it often produces convulsions. Its effect as a stimulant seems to be very much like that of quinine, and the physicians say that they do not understand why it should get the hold on women that it does.—Buffalo Courier.

The Gambo Mills Explosion.

The story of the Gambo powder mills is one of the most terrible in Maine's history. Only one person now lives who can to the full appreciate its horrors, and that is Mr. Clinton B. Hooper, who enjoys the unique distinction of having passed through a powder mill explosion at Gambo alive. He is an old man now and totally blind. He knows the suffering caused by the loss of friends in this way, too, as his son was killed in the same mill a few years after his own dreadful experience. He gives The Express the following account of an explosion, as seen from the inside:—"The first thing I saw was a small, blinding flash, which instantly grew brighter, and I jumped to get out of the way. I had the presence of mind to fall flat on the floor of the mill. Then the horrible, deafening report came, and pieces of machinery, stones and sticks of timber passed over my head. Luckily I was not struck by the missiles, but I was terribly burned by the powder, and the concussion shook me up inside. I lay on my bed for months, and you can see how I am now."

Another man came out of a wreck apparently unhurt. The blow knocked the shoes from his feet, but he walked up the road and told some men he met about the accident. He was laughing and congratulating himself on his escape, when it was discovered that the skin on the bottom of his feet had gone with his shoes, and a few minutes later he fell dead from the effects of the concussion.—Portland (Me.) Express.

Politeness of Americans.

An Englishman sends to an English newspaper the following remarks on a vexed international question: "An American says 'sir' five hundred times where an Englishman says it once. Why? This is an Americanism, so far as peculiar to Americans, but really nothing more than a survival of old fashioned English courtesy. Dr. Johnson, even in addressing his intimate 'Bozzy,' continually repeated 'sir.' Here, Americans are more polite than English people. It is surely better to err on the right side through excess of courtesy than to address our acquaintances like dogs. We owe gratitude to Americans for setting us a good example, here, at least, as some compensation for the havoc played with our language in other respects." This observation is not only acute but accurate. Educated Englishmen in the last century addressed their friends and equals as "sir," nearly if not quite as often as Americans do today. In England this form of address is now seldom used except toward superiors, seniors, or total strangers, or else in an ironical sense toward one regarded as an inferior who has incurred the speaker's displeasure.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Many Beautiful Women.

The women of Arles, France, are renowned for their beauty, which is of a peculiar type. It is a remarkable proof of the isolation of each little community in an old nation like this that one inconceivable city should have had certainly never saw so many beautiful women and girls at once as those that thronged the streets and filed into the churches on Sunday morning, all resembling each other; dark, liquid eyes, full lips, finely molded features, crowned with an abundance of black hair, set off by a becoming head dress with long velvet lappets. They are said to have Spanish blood in their veins. I should rather judge it to be Spanish from their appearance.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Lacking in Delicacy.

The daughters of Henry W. Longfellow tell the story of a remarkable request once sent to their father. Mr. Longfellow, as is well known, was a very kind hearted, generous man, and when he received a letter from a young woman in a distant part of the country, who said she wanted a piano, and felt sure that Mr. Longfellow would be glad to encourage youthful talent and send her one, the family were really afraid that he would respond; but he decided not to do so, on the ground that a girl who was so lacking in delicacy and self respect could not appreciate music.—Boston Gazette.

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