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CIVIC SOCIETIES. PLATTSMOUTH ENCAMPMENT No. 3, I. O. O. F., meets every alternate Friday in each month in the Masonic Hall. Visiting Brothers are invited to attend.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE No. 3, A. O. U. W., meets every alternate Friday evening at 8 o'clock in the Masonic Hall. Visiting Brothers are invited to attend.

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RETROSPECTION. Withing, she rose, and over her shapely head stretching her long white arms to the empty air, she seated against the window. She was fair as any old time goddess to whom men bowed low the knee in Argolis.

Impassioned whippers did I strive to break the cold frost mantle, and for her dear sake I vowed abandonment of all that life held dear for me. But presently the strife I saw was ended—wasted; so in dull cold misery I turned. And 'mid the hail, the sleet of our souls, she softly said: "Leave me to mourn alone. I am afraid!"

He was picking up coal near the M. H. and O. (Marquette, Houghton and Ontonagon) railway when I first saw him a poor, forlorn little fellow, with "butter-milk eyes," a yellow skin and hair of a faded drab color.

I have only to look down on the carpet near my feet at a little pile of iron ore specimens collected by me on my journey at Ishpeming, Mich., at that time, to vividly recall the little hero (for such he was) to my imagination, although no thought like this I am sure ever occurred to his untrained mind, and I doubt if he would have known the meaning of the word, and even his parents, stolid swedes, for which that section of the mining country is noted, never dreamed of thinking him one, even when the end came.

I do not remember to have heard the age of this weazened faced boy, but in height and size he appeared about 10 years old. His face had a worn, wasted, old look, and his small clay like hands shrank as though with age. He seemed less than ordinary in intelligence and spoke only in monosyllables, and so frequently to himself that my attention was drawn to him.

Rambling through the mining country in search of specimens, though in mid-winter, it was thus I came across him. There was something peculiar about him; he did not seem quite right in the "upper story," and I fell to watching him, with a strange interest, as he picked up, one by one, so carefully each piece of coal that had fallen from the coal cars and which the railroad authorities allowed the poor to gather, and placed every piece with a certain mathematical precision in his old, battered coal bucket.

"Who is that boy?" I asked of a tall, well grown lad standing near me, evidently an employe about the yards. "That?" rather contemptuously pointing a grimy forefinger in the direction of the little coal gatherer.

"Oh, that's 'Beekun Bob,'" and he laughed heartily. "'Beekun Bob?'" I repeated. "Why do you call him that? Spell his name, please."

"'B-e-e-k-u-n-B-o-o-b,'" he rapidly spelled out. "We uns calls him that 'cause he allers stands at the old mine shaft with a lighted stick every night, a waitin' fer his dad and the missus."

"The missus?" I echoed. "Yes, that's his marm; she wurks in the mine, long side of his dad. 'A woman work in the mine?' I asked, incredulously. "Oh, yas, lots of 'em do. That's nuthin'."

"Why does he hold a light?" "Cause you see as how the 'ole mine's bandum'd, 'tain't safe, and the big hole is right near their house; he's fear'd they'll fall in some night comin' home."

with its hematite dust painting everything red. And where water had been recently thrown near the roadside amid the iron, there seemed to be pools of blood.

Here and there the sparkle of the iron ore would gleam forth, glinting like diamonds in the sun, and lying in brilliancy with the pearls in the snow. Away off yonder over the white hills, so rugged and grand, a number of wood choppers, going in different directions, were seen, gayly attired in their red flannel shirts, blue woolen caps, buckskin breeches and gray German socks and rubbers, with the bright ax over each shoulder and the invariable black pipe in each mouth, and near them the sledges, to which one or more dogs were hitched, to draw the fruits of their labors home at eventide.

Before them in the distance loomed the tall dark pines, like grim sentinels, adding to the rare picturesqueness of the scene. The air was so cold and clear and bright, "you could cut it with a knife."

"Say, missus," squirting the tobacco juice from his mouth. "Well?" "You know Beekun Bob?" "Yes, what of him?" "Well, he's dead."

"What was he to me that I should grow ill and faint? The omnibus driver became impatient. "You'll have to hurry up there or we won't catch the train," he said.

"Get in," I said to the boy; "I will make it all right with the driver." He clambered up and took a seat by my side. "Now tell me all about it," I said; "How did he die and when?"

"You see, he wur a holdin' of thav ar stick I told you 'bout, awaitin' for his dad and the missus, which they didn't cum home 'til this mornin', 'cause the mine they wurked in caved in or 'em, and they couldn't git out to onct."

"He paused to take breath. "What then?" I asked. "Wall, jest nuthin', only when they did cum, all safe an' sound, but a little smothered like, they found that ar 'chap, 'Beekun Bob,' standin' stark an' stiff, frozen, you know, with his eyes wide open, the stick burned down into his hands, and he dead as a door nail."

"I grew faint and dizzy again. "Poor little Bob, what a hero! I will go and see his parents," I said. "I thought how terribly stricken and heart broken they must feel. A. B. Ford: "Please pull the check string, we will get out here."

"The young fellow did as I requested. "Taint no use. He ain't thar," he said. "Where is he?" "Over to the hospital."

"I paid the driver and told him to call for me again at the hotel to take the next train. He looked at me wonderingly and drove on. We went to the hospital. Yes, there he lay, dressed for the grave. The little pinched face bore the impress of the agony worn into it by the hours of suffering and patient waiting. The shriveled hands, so burned and scarred, were swathed in bandages.

SOCIAL CRUCIFIXION. Husbands Who Go Into Society and Are Made Miserable Thereby. The subject of going into society together is one of endless discussion between men and their wives; these favoring, pressing, insisting on it; those opposing, ridiculing, protesting against it.

Women often carry their point by declaring that if their husbands will go out they will not, either. A just or generous man is averse to keeping his wife at home simply because he considers social entertainments of any and every kind stupid and disagreeable. He knows that she delights in them, and that for her to relinquish them is a positive sacrifice. There is no more reason why she should stay away than why he should go; and, therefore, he goes, but goes reluctantly, with ill will, and, as it were, by compulsion.

It may seem singular that she should permit him to go, knowing as she does how hateful the thing is. It seems downright selfish in her—and women are rarely selfish—but she believes that she cannot afford to release him; that her frequenting society without him is the beginning of their separation, of their leading distinct lives, of their steady divergence. Her belief may not be correct, but it is sincere. Hence she is not wretched in maintaining her position to the last?

At any rate, she maintains it, though not without great cost, greater often than she realizes. Her husband resents more and more his dragging into society. He never puts on his dress suit, or orders the carriage for that purpose, without a feeling of inward bitterness of his wife's excessive selfishness, which is manifestly wrong; and the feeling usually produces habitual dissatisfaction and cynicism. His wife is unconsciously bringing about what she is trying to avoid—settled discontent with her and the conjugal condition. It were better she should let him obey his propensity than thwart it thus; for alienation would be slower with freedom than with fetters.

What a deal of mischief is society, frivolous, hollow, insignificant society, capable of doing! The dragged husband feels that he is a social impostor; that he abuses hospitality by partaking of it in perverse spirit. He is in no mood to entertain or be entertained. He is bored to death, and his countenance shows it. He yawns behind hand or handkerchief, and for the moment fairly despises his wife, noticing across the room her animated manner and obvious gratification. He looks air and gait are funereal. If he were burying a friend he would, he fancies, feel more cheerful. Stealing furtively at his watch, he thinks that it must have stopped. Has there ever before been so long an evening? His wife indicates that she is about to leave; but he knows what that means, and resigns himself to another leaden-footed hour.

Every thing used for having ended; finally she departs, and his face for the moment is flushed with pleasure, immediately dispelled by the remembrance that there are to be five evenings more of similar boredom within the coming week. He dreams of what he has undergone and must undergo in the torture chambers of society; his sleep is broken and feverish; he rises in the morning despondent and irritable. His wife may dimly suspect the cause; but she lacks the intelligence, perhaps the magnanimity, to relieve him of his onerous obligation. In the end he will be very likely to throw it off, and it will be accompanied by no little of his old affection and sympathy.

The women are few who would make good their declaration of surrendering society if their husbands should fully refuse to escort them. They think they would prefer to have their husbands abstain; but the enticement is too great to be long resisted. First, they will go out alone occasionally; then frequently; at last regularly. Women who have dragged their lieges for several seasons, and then acquitted them, may run the risk of losing the early place occupied in their hearts (to a much lesser amount and unavoidable, with most couples, in any circumstances); but they get on far more comfortably.

Men love freedom above everything; and when they have it they are more amiable and patient than when it is in any way curtailed. Husbands who have been exceedingly disagreeable at home, so long as they have felt constrained to discharge social duties in their own persons, have behaved quite decently after turning over those duties entirely to their partners. The average woman gets rid of her romance and sentiment by five or six years of conjugal experience (the first year will answer for the average man), and prefers domestic peace and toleration to the cherishment of the loftiest ideals.—Junius Henri Browne in Chicago America.

A Little Boy whose parents were always discussing ways and means in his presence was constantly reminded of the expense of everything until the early lessons of domestic economy were sunk deep in his soul. When he was 3 years old some friends visited the family, having with them a year old baby. This was such a fund of delight that the small boy's parents remarked that they should like such a baby in their own household, and they looked at him to see how he would take the suggestion. What was their surprise when he answered gravely: "You know you couldn't afford it!"—Detroit Free Press.

Endurance of the Apaches. A white man tires after covering a march of twenty miles on a dead level prairie. An Apache would make at least fifty miles in the same time over rough, rocky mountain piles, and not feel half so much fatigue as the soldier would in making his score of miles. Cavalry cannot work in such a country, and white men cannot compete with natives in their own stronghold.—Philadelphia Record.

The Quail a Prophet. The quail has the gift of prophecy. In some parts of Tyrol the number of his calls is believed to denote the price of corn, each call signifying a guilder. In other parts, if he calls six times, the year will be a bad one; if eight times, it will be tolerably prosperous; but should he call ten times or beyond that number, everything will flourish.—Audubon Magazine.

A Word to the People. The motto, "What is Home without a Mother," exists in many happy homes in this city, but the effect of what is home without the Local Newspaper is sadly realized in many of these "happy homes" in Plattsmouth.

It is steadily finding its way into these homes, and it always comes to stay. It makes the family circle more cheerful and keeps its readers "up to the times" in all matters of importance at home and abroad.

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