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

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A every alternat. Friday evenin at K. of P.
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F. P. Brown, Foreman; G. B. Kemster, Overseer; R. A. Taite, Financier; G. F. Houseworth, Recorder; M. Maybright, Receiver;
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CASS CAMP NO, 332, MODERN WOODMEN of America - Meets second and fourth Monday evening at K. of P. hall. All transient trothers are requested to meet with us. L. A. Newconer, Venerable Consul; G. F. Niles Worthy Adviser; S. C. Wilde, Banker; W. A. Hoeck, Clerk.

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Meets on the first and third Mondays of each month at their hall. All transient brothers are cordially invited to meet with us.
J. G. Richey, W. M. WM. HAYS, Secretary.

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M. Zion Commandary, No. 5, K. T. Meets first and third Wednesday night of each month at Maso is hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to meet with us. W. Havs, Rec. F. E. White, E. C.

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Who sets for me my easy chair." Prepares the room with neatest care, And lays my slippers ready there?

Who regulates the evening fire. And piles the blazing fuel higher. And bids me draw my chair still nigher! When sickness comes to rack my frame,

And grief disturbs my troubled brain, Who sympathizes with my pain? Nobody - American Queen

TAGGART'S GHOST.

"Ah," said Lawyer Drake as he dictated the last word of a brief to his clerk. "I think that will do. Have a good copy carly to-morrow. Hulloa! I'm just too late to catch the 6 o'clock train. Guess I'll take my dinner in the

He rose and stretched his arms with a long drawn yawn. Then he changed his coat, put on his hat and went out, leaving the weary clerk transcribing his notes. After walking a few blocks down Broadway he turned into a narrow street near Trinity. He was wondering what friends he would meet at the restaurant, when he chanced to look across the street. At an open window in the second story sat a man with his hat tipped back on his head—his hands apparently clasped in front of him.
"Hulloa, Taggart!" exclaimed Mr.

Drake, bowing and smiling. The man in the window smiled back faintly, but said nothing. He looked inquiringly at the lawyer and gestured with both hands. Mr. Drake stopped and asked, with a puzzled expression:
"What is it?" The man in the window continued to gesture. Mr. Drake thought he meant to say by his beckoning that he wanted the lawyer to reserve a chair for him at the restaurant. "All right," called out the lawyer, and he continued his walk. But he did not see the expression of pain and disappointment that came over that man's features, or hear the suppressed "Great Gods" that burst

from his pale lips.

Mr. Drake tipped up a chair at his side when he had selected a table and ordered his dinner. He invited a brother lawyer, who dropped in at the same time, to sit at the table, saying: "Taggart will be here shortly." In two minutes they were deeply interested in a discussion of the latest sensation of the courts. The waiter was about to serve dessett before they thought of Taggart again.
"By Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Drake, "I

wonder where the man is? If you will excuse me a minute I will step across the street and see. I may have mistaken his meaning. He waved his arms this way and that, and I thought he meant he would meet me here. Perhaps he wanted to have me come.

When he reached the sidewalk he looked up at the open window and saw the man sitting there as he had been at first, but now his face was turned away and he seemed to be looking to the fur-ther corner of the room. Mr. Drake PLATTSMOUTH BOARD OF TRADE

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J. A. Cenner, B. Elson, C. W. Sherman, F. Gor
Claimed in a weak voice. "I was afraid you did not understand me."

you did not understand me."

Well, I certainly did not, and do not w," mawered the lawyer, "Why! what is the matter-you are all of a tremble, and your hands are like ice? "Come this way, Mr. Drake, to the window where it is light, and I will tell you. That's it; sit down there and I can see your face plainly."

The trembling man's voice choked and he sank into a chair, covering his face with his hands. The lawyer looked at him anxiously.

him anxiously.

"Come, Taggart," he said, soothingly. "there's nothing new wrong, is there? You've been brooding over that rascally partner of yours too much. Come, come! that will be all cleared up in time; don't

"Mr. Druke," said the other, unsteadily. "I'm not a man to break down under business cares. I have brooded over my trouble somewhat, I admit, for when my trouble somewhat, I admit, for when a man is played false by an associate, who has been his life long friend, it goes harder than the loss of money and the temporary loss of confidence and credit. Ruin I can retrieve, but the wound made by my partner never can be healed. But there is something more. What it is I do not know; I dare not think."

He turned his head and glanced furtively at the safe in the corner of the room. The office was in its usual orderly condition, and Mr. Drake's keen eyes, following the fearful glance of his friend, could discern nothing in the shadow cast by the massive safe against the wall.

the wall.

"Go on, Taggart," he said, quietly:

"Go on, Taggart," he said, quietly;
"What is it?"

Mr. Taggart turned his pale face once more to the light, and, looking the lawyer straight in the eyes, continued:

"It is now twelve days since my partner disappeared. You remember that I came to the office unusually early on that morning, and found the safe open and all the cash and securities gone. Harding and I were the only men in the world who knew that combination. The safe had not been tampered with; the proper combination had been worked, that was clear. You know I refused to believe that anything was wrong. I tried to persuade myself that Harding had been nervous about the money, some \$50,000 that had been received the day before too late for deposit; I said that Harding had come down early, as I did, with the idea of seeing that the money was deposited as soon as the banks should open. I thought his nervousness had caused him to forget to lock the safe again. But all the easily convertible securities were gone, too: Well, I stayed here all day whitting for him to return. The next day his own family put detection that morning to this office, and there every clew vanishes. Strange, was it not?

"Since that time I have been in the office throughout avenual to this office, and there every clew vanishes. Strange, was it not?

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"Since that time I have been in the office throughout avenual to the open and the cash of the door could be opened only from the door could be opened only from the door could be opened only from the door could be opened

"Since that time I have been in the office throughout away, any, and have considered until long after business hours as I did to-night. I cannot say why I have done this; it seems, somehow, as if Harding would turn up, and I—I thought he might not come unless I was alone. Mr. Drake, Harding has appeared."

Mr. Drake, Harding has appeared."

Mr. Taggart shuddered violently and then covered his face. us hands.

than an hour. Almost all that time I had been looking at the safe. Still thinking deeply and wondering what had be-come of Harding, I turned my head to-ward the street. I looked out absently, did not notice what was before me, and in a few seconds turned my head again toward the safe. Oh, God! Right there in the shadow stood a man, haggard, pale, terribly emaciated, in such an attitude that it seemed as if he must totter and fall forward. I would have thought it was some decrepit beggar who had entered stealthily had I not recognized unerringly my partner's features. 'Harding!' I cried, starting up, and then—God help me, Drake!—he was not there!"

"Oh, come, Taggart," exclaimed the lawyer, hastily, his blood chilling in spite of himself at his friend's dramatic recital, "I told you you had been think-ing too much of this matter."

"Stop, Drake," interrupted Taggart:
"that is not all. I sank back in my chair,
not knowing what to do or think. I was
absolutely certain of the testimony of
my own eyes, and yet I doubted. I knew
what I had seen, but what was the significance of it? I dared not look again until I could reason myself out of the tremendous excitement that stirred me. Just then you passed. I tried to call out to you, but, in spite of everything, I could not open my mouth. I wanted you to come up at once, for, to tell the truth, I-I think I was frightened. After you went on I turned about and looked again at the safe. As sure as I shahere now Harding stood there. He seemed to be back of the wall a bit and leming, as I told you, a trifle forward. The whole scene wavered indistinctly an instant and then went out, and I went clear up to the safe and touched the wall where he had stood. After that I came back and had not taken my eyes off the spot until you came in. I expected him to appear a third time, and I was dreadfully afraid nobody would be here to see him with me, Ah! Look!" and Mr. Taggart kaned away over the arm of his chair and strained his eyes at the shadow, which was getting rapidly deeper, for the sun

"You don't mean to say you see any-thing now, do you?" whispered the

iawyer.
"No-no-I was mistaken that time. I was mistaken-mistaken. But not before: no, sir, not before."

"I am afraid you were, Taggart," said the lawyer, gravely. "Let's investigate here and be convinced that you are mistaken." He went to the further side of the room and Taggart rose and leaned against a desk watching him. Mr. Drake grasped the handle of the safe door and tried to shake it, saving, as he did so, in a careless tone: "That seems to be all right." Then he passed his hand along the wall and thumped. "Ah!" he added, "you have a thin partition or a hollow wall here."

"It is a condemned chimney," said Mr. Taggart, whose agitation was increasing. "The department for the inspection of buildings sealed it up several months ago. We used to have a freeding there, and Harding had it beauted over and papered to correspond with the rest of the room.

The lawer thumped again on the wall without any real object except to gain time for thinking what to do next. He raised his left hand to a level with his alize what he had done, he felt the par-tition give under the pressure of his hand, and the wall protector sick under his foot, and simultaneously a part of the wall swung open in front of him, disclosing an upright, thastly, emaciated form. In the infinite into fraction of a second that it immintained is upright attitude he recognized the distorted features of the missing limiting, and heard Taggart gash. The third tunul and before he could move his ands the figure fell face down to the floor. He turned to aggart reel and sink lifeless under the window

the window. So great was his astonishment and horror that he stood for an instant staring blankly from one prostrate figure to the other. Then he turned to the opening in the wall. He saw a closet too narrow to permit of a man lying

"I say, Drake, you owe me a dollar and lifteen cents," said a voice at the office door. "You forgot to pay your bill and I got tired of wait—why, what's the matter?"

It was the brother lawyer. "Run for a pitcher of water and get a doctor if you can," was Mr. Drake's an-

When the lawyer returned with water Taggart had recovered consciousness and was sitting up on the floor, and Mr.

A correspondent of The Evening Post writes: "I took a little friend of minethen covered his face us hands.

His action began to tell on the lawyer, who nevertheless inquired with a
show of calmness, "Well, Taggart, how
was it?"

"It was about ten minutes before you
came along," said Taggart, huskily. "I
had been sitting here brooding for more

Smooth Net foundlands. Many years ago, while living in

Raston, I knew a ship master engaged

in the Newfoundland trade, to him I gave an order to buy for me in that island one of the native dogs, and expected to get one of the well known big, long haired animals. The captain, however, brought me a female puppy of a smooth, short haired breed, which he said was considered by gunners in Newfoundland as the best of water dogs. When a year old Fanny was about the size of a small pointer, say eighteen or twenty inches, with short black hair on body and tail, the latter straight, ears small and rather pointed and with a mild and rather pointed and with a wild and somewhat wolfish eye, like that of an Indian dog. She was rather savage in temper, except to myself, and would fight any dog of either sex. When she was about a year old I took her with me to Chicago, and the first time I had her out duck hunting she brought out my ducks like a trained retriever, though she had never before seen a gun fired. She could swim and dive like an otter and no crippled bird teen or twenty feet of water. In those days plenty of ducks could be found on the river just outside the village, for Chicago was then little more in 1840. On the river banks lived Irish squatters who kept geese, and the first time a flock of tame geese, killed the gan-der and brought him to me, and I had to pay the enraged old woman who owned the geese. -Forest and Stream.

The Ecceptric Duchess of Montrose. The Duchess of Montrose is very fond of dress. Her favorite color is scarlet, and when this elderly lady of race courses. Curiosity took her to proached by a number of roughs, who proceeded to give her some good hatured advice. "Now, your grace, don't stay here—go home and take care of yourself—it isn't a fit place for you." "Well, boys, I'll go," answered the lady good humoredly. And as she turned away some one in the crowderied, "Three cheers for Caroline, Duchess of Montrose!" an appeal that met with a hearty response. "Imagine a meeting of British Socialists cheering a duchess!" continued my informant. I have been told, but I do not know with what truth, that the Duchess of Montrose is the lady who became, some thirty-five years ago, greatly attached to James Buchanan when he was United States minister to London, and who would have married that gentlemen, hed not her relations and the city or sent by mail.

head, and placed it against the wall, at the same time putting his foot upon a gentleman had not her relatives dress in the city or sent by mail. wall protector that projected from the mopboard. Before he had time to realize what he had done, he felt the particular alize what he had done, he felt the particular like in the felt was strongly opposed her alliance with an American. I heard this story several years ago in London, but the name of the lady was not then stated.—London Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

Patti's Jealous Fits,

Lucy Hooper, writing Patti's recent performance in Paris, says: "The diva was ar from feeling content with reception, though she was enthusiastically applauded and received myriads of bouquets. But Mme. Patti is not only frenziedly jealous of any prima donna whose renown so much prima donna whose renown so much as approaches her own, but she cannot endure that any singer in the com-pany, male or female, shall achieve a success while singing with her. On the first night Jean de Rescke, as down in it. It was completely closed on all sides, except the one opened by the door, whose combination lock he had accidentally worked. On the floor were packages of paper and parcels that he at once judged to be the \$50,000 abstracted from the safe. He rushed to Taggart, in whom he sought to discover signs of life. He raised his head and chafed his hands any jously. down in it. It was completely closed on Romeo, won such a triumph, especially formance to a conclusion. Mme. Patti. who is 47 years old, is beginning to feel the advance of time, and is consequently twice as cantankerous and quarrelsome as she ever was before. It is now a question as to her successor in the role of Juliet. There is still talk of the unlucky debutante, Mile. Darclee, whose breaking down at the dress rehearsal brought about the enregement in hot haste of Mme. Patti, But it is also whi pered that Mrie. Marchesi's Australian pupit, Mme. Melba, will be called upon to assume the role.—Chicago Journal.

> A Maine Mather. Capt. Davis of the five masted schooner Governor Ames, built at Waldoboro, Me., had a remarkable mother. She was not content with bringing up her own eleven sons end daughters in the way they should go, but adopted two or three other children. She was the dictor of the whole neighborhood. Physicians were few and inexperimental short of the whole neighborhood. neighborhood. Physicians were few and inexperienced, as is usual in small country places, and Mrs. Davis was always sent for in a hurry when any one was sick. Many were the men she saved from death. One man, given up for dead by everybody else, a now a very wealthy citizen of a western state. Often there would be two calls for her at once, and in one case a couple of men carried her a half case a couple of men carried her a half mile through snow want deep to the sick bed of a friend. She was present in the birth of every child form in the village for ever forty years—Lewis ten Journal.

That's the Worst : It. who contains tell you that two parallel mes may be infinitely produced and never meet, without filling you with an earnest desire to denounce the statement as a malicious lie. And they are always excellent people. - Boston

A French subterranean river has been explored for a mile or more by M. Martel, who derives from his investigations a theory of the origin of

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.

could escape her. She would dive off of the Chicago pier and bring up a white object from the bottom in eight white object from the bottom in eight.

Is steadily finding its way into these homes, and it always I took Fan along the river she attacked | comes to stay. It makes the family circle more cheerful and keeps its readers "up to the time." in all matters of importance at home and abroad.

(she is 70, I believe) is gotten up in a toilet of her favorite hue, supplemented with a scarlet ulster, her appearance is certainly peculiar. She is extremely popular with the lower orders, to whom her grace is well known by sight from her constant frequentation of race courses. Curiosity took has to

go to take a look at the great Socialist demonstration in Hyde park. On arriving there she was instantly apriving there she was instantly ap-

The Weekly Herald

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