

At the close of day... Who sets for me my easy chair... Who regulates the evening fire...

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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 early to-morrow. Hulloo! I'm just too late to catch the 6 o'clock train. Guess I'll take my dinner in the city."

than an hour. Almost all that time I had been looking at the safe. Still thinking deeply and wondering what had become of Harding. I turned my head toward 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!

Smooth Newfoundland. Many years ago, while living in Boston, 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 rather pointed straight, ears small and rather pointed 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 could escape her. She would dive off of the Chicago pier and bring up a white object from the bottom in eighteen 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 than a village. On the river banks lived Irish squatters who kept geese, and the first time I took Fanny along the river she attacked a flock of tame geese, killed the gander and brought him to me, and I had to pay the enraged old woman who owned the geese.—Forest and Stream.

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.

THE HERALD

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 time" in all matters of importance at home and abroad.

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"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 worry." "Mr. Drake," said the other, unsteadily, "I'm not a man to brood down under business cares. I have brooded over 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. But 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 of it. 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.

"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 not now, it was 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 waiting for him to return. The next day his own family put detectives on the case. Not a sign of him has been found. He was traced from his house on that morning to this office, and there every clew vanished. Strange, was it not?" "Since that time I have been in the office throughout every day, and have remained 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. Taggart shuddered violently and then covered his face with his hands. He 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, hastily. "I had been sitting here brooding for more

than an hour. Almost all that time I had been looking at the safe. Still thinking deeply and wondering what had become of Harding. I turned my head toward 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 thinking 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 think I was frightened. After you went out I turned about and looked again at the safe. As sure as I sit here, now, Harding stood there. He seemed to be back of the wall a bit and leaning, as I told you, a trifle forward. The whole scene wavered indistinctly an instant, and then went out, and I went dead up to the safe and touched the wall where he had stood. After that I came back and had not taken my eyes off of 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 leaned away over the arm of his chair and strained his eyes off in the shadow, which was getting rapidly deeper, for the sun had set. "You don't mean to say you see anything now, do you?" whispered the lawyer. "No—no—I was mistaken that time. I was mistaken—mistaken. But 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, saying, 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 fireplace there, and Harding had it boarded over and papered to correspond with the rest of the room." The lawyer 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 head, and placed it against the wall, at the same time putting his foot upon a wall protector that projected from the masonry. Before he had time to realize what he had done, he felt the partition give under the pressure of his hand, and the wall, plaster and all, under his foot, and simultaneously a part of the wall swung open in front of him, disclosing an upright, fluted, encausted form. In the indistinct fraction of a second that he recognized the distorted features of the missing Harding, and heard Taggart gasp, "The third time!" and he fell face down on the floor. He turned to Taggart and sank lifeless under the window. Secret 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 down in it. It was completely closed on all sides, except the one opened by the door, whose combination lock he had incidentally 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 anxiously. "I say, Drake, you owe me a dollar and fifteen 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 answer. When the lawyer returned with water Taggart had recovered consciousness and was sitting up on the floor, and Mr. Drake was saying: "It's all right, Taggart, old man. It's all clear now. Your money and securities are all in the secret closet. The Harding had made to hide them in. He must have been at the job when you came, and, having no time to complete it, shut himself in there without realizing that the door could be opened only from this side. The miserable fellow undoubtedly suffocated and starved to death." "I told you," said Taggart, who responded Taggart faintly.—F. R. Burton in The Bulletin.

Patti's Jealous Fit.

Luce Hooper, writing of Patti's recent performance in Paris, says: "The diva was far from feeling content with her 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 as approaches her own, but she cannot endure that any singer in the company, male or female, shall achieve a success while singing with her. On the first night Jean de Rescke, as Romeo, won such a triumph, especially in the balcony scene, that at the close of the act Mme. Patti went into hysterics and declared that she would not finish the opera—an apology must be made for her and the audience dismissed. It took all the persuasive powers of the directors to induce the jealous little woman to bring the performance 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, Mlle. Darlice, whose breaking down at the dress rehearsal brought about the engagement in hot haste of Mme. Patti. But it is also whispered that Mlle. Marchesi's Australian pupil, Mme. Melba, will be called upon to assume the role.—Chicago Journal.

A Maine Mother.

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 and daughters in the way they should go, but adopted two or three other children. She was the doctor of the whole 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, was 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 mile through snow water deep to the sick bed of a friend. She was present at the birth of every child born in the village for over forty years.—Lewis ten Journal.

The Most Popular Poem.

The Cincinnati Enquirer answers a correspondent by saying that the most popular poem in the English language is Clement C. Moore's "Night Before Christmas." We do not know that we concur in this opinion. Is Moore's poem more popular than "Mary Had a Little Lamb"? By "most popular," we take it, The Enquirer means the most frequently known and the most frequently recited. The Moore poem is popular only at a certain short season of the year; there are other simpler lyrics that are taught to children every day of the year. The poem about Mary's lamb has been parodied often, perhaps, than any other English poem; it has come to be a necessary part of one's education. Another universal poem is Watts' "Let Dogs Bitch," etc., and another, "Little Drops of Water," etc., and a third, "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star." These verses are known wherever the English language is spoken.—Chicago News.

That's the Worst of It.

There are some men in this world who would tell you that two parallel lines 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 Budget.

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 canyons.