

FASHION'S EYE UPON HIM.

He loved a stately maiden
Of rather cultured taste,
And promptly at her service
His loyal heart he placed.

A BUSINESS VENTURE.

It was a sharp October evening, the street lamps were struggling faintly through a haze of yellow fog—the dead alanthus blossoms rattled overhead as if the tree in front of Mrs. Medlaw's red brick house had blossomed full of little rattle boxes.

And Mrs. Medlaw had just sat down to her evening refectory of toast and tea, when Polly, the little maid, who always wore green checked gingham and carpet slippers, came shuffling in.

"Please, ma'am, there's two young ladies down in the parlor as says you're their aunt."

"Oh, bother!" said Mrs. Medlaw, in a sort of soliloquy, "it's Eda and Ella. I knew they'd come in when their father died. As if I hadn't anything else to do but to support a swarm of lazy relations. Why didn't you say I wasn't at home, Polly?"

"I would, ma'am, if I'd a-suspected they was any relations of your'n, afore I'd let 'em in," said unconscious Polly. "But they was dressed so nice and looked so clipper I thought, of course, they was real ladies!"

"And just as the tea was boiling, too," said Mrs. Medlaw. "Oh, dear me, what a world this is!"

Eda and Ella Carr were sitting, pale and black robed, in the moldy smelling little parlor, when their aunt came in. They were pretty girls, with delicate, wax white complexions, hair so dark that it gave you the impression of being black, and great, blue gray eyes.

"Well, girls," said Mrs. Medlaw, rather ungraciously, "so you've come here?"

"We had nowhere else to go, aunt?" said Eda, meekly.

"Humph!" grunted the old lady. "Take off your things. I suppose you calculate to stay all night? Well, and what are you going to work at?"

"We don't know, aunt," said Ella, trying hard not to cry.

"Well, ain't it high time you had?" said Mrs. Medlaw. "Folks can't live on air! And two great, grown up girls like you ought to be doing something to earn their salt. There's always plenty of work for willing hands. I've had to foreclose a mortgage on a little fancy store. I want to put some one in it to sell out the stock. I'll give you a fair commission on what you sell. Come, what do you say to that?"

"I am willing to try," said Ella. "Heaven knows I am anxious enough to earn my own living."

"And I, too," said Eda. "We know nothing about such a business."

"But you can learn, I suppose," said Aunt Medlaw.

"But we can learn," said Eda, hopefully.

And in less than a week the little thread and needle store around the corner, which had presented a grim and shuttered front for some days, was reopened, and two pretty girls, dressed in black, were posted behind the counter.

Mrs. Mopson sent her two little boys to match a skein of green worsted and inquire for peppermint taffy first. The widow Hope purchased a little hosiery and three cheap pocket handkerchiefs. A small girl came to ask the time of day, and an old man bought a pair of suspenders, all within the hour, and Eda and Ella began to think they might, in time, develop into commercial characters of note.

To be sure, business waxed rather dull toward the end of the day, but just at dusk a tall, nice looking young man came in to buy a card of pearl shirt buttons. Ella took down a box, and they were quite a long time in selecting the prettiest pattern and the most appropriate size.

"I forgot one thing," said the young man after he had contracted for an eighteen cent investment. "I must have them sewed on. Could you do it?"

"I'll try," said Ella, laughing, "if you'll bring the shirts around."

So the young man brought his shirts and sat down to wait, while Ella's needle flew deftly in and out. He was in a hurry, he told her. He was foreman in the printing office of a great daily paper, and worked at night, when the rest of the world was asleep, like a bat or an owl.

In the meantime Eda was trying to suit an old lady in green spectacles, who wanted some ribbon whose color she didn't exactly know, whose width she wasn't certain about, and whose quality she had yet to make up her mind concerning. But Eda's patience, tact and good temper were inexhaustible. At last the old lady was suited, and went away rejoicing, leaning on the arm of her nephew, who had manifested extraordinary interest in the shade of drab ribbon.

"That's a nice girl, Oswald," said she. "Do you know I almost think she might suit me as a companion? She seems so very good humored! I wonder if it would do me any good if she would like a situation?"

"I don't see why not," said Oswald Grey, thinking he never had seen softer gray eyes or prettier hair. "Shall we go back?"

"To-morrow is time enough," said Mrs. Martigny.

On the morrow she came back. "Didn't the ribbon suit?" asked Eda.

girl who had never yet earned five for herself.

"Yes, go, Eda," said Ella; "I can manage the store by myself easily enough. And," in a whisper, "I've taken a contract to make half a dozen new shirts for Mr. Lessner, we to find the material."

"Who is Mr. Lessner?"

"Oh, the printer. I can do it at odd minutes, when there is no one in the store."

At the end of the month Eda came to report to her sister.

"Well, Eda, how do you like it?" asked Ella.

"Oh, so much! Mrs. Martigny is queer, but she is so kind. And—Mr. Oswald Grey, her nephew, is very polite."

"Is he?"

"Yes," said Eda, fingering a box of hooks and eyes; "I like him ever so much, and he likes me. To tell the truth, Ella—"

"I see," said Ella, putting her arms around her sister; "he wants you to be his companion for life, eh, Eda?"

"How did you know?" faltered dimpled Eda.

"Oh, I'm not quite a fool," said Ella. "But now I've got something to tell you. I finished Mr. Lessner's shirts, and they fitted him perfectly. He says I'm the only woman he ever knew who fitted him with shirts on the first trial. He has saved up a little property and he wants to invest it somewhere, and Aunt Medlaw wants to sell out this store. So he's going to buy it and I'm going to keep it on condition that I marry him."

"Oh, Ella!"

"Not such a very hard condition, either," said Ella. "Because he's very handsome and very pleasant, and I like him very much; in fact, I believe I'm in love with him. There, now it's all out. And I do believe, Eda, we're the two happiest girls in the world, and all through Aunt Medlaw's thread and needle store."

"Well, well," grumbled Mrs. Medlaw, "so the girls are gone, and I'm all by myself again. It is rather lonesome. They were nice girls—but the young men always do find such things out."—Baltimore Daily News.

The Great File Invention.

When I lived in Chicago a queer chap invented a cheap way to make files. A bit of hot steel went into his machine and the file was made at a single blow and fell into a tank of strong mineral water to cool. Then a bare armed workman thrust in his hand and felt around and brought it up for inspection. The files thus made were a little imperfect, but were good ones, and he explained that the machine was a small experimental one and could not, of course, do perfect work as a large and powerful machine would. Capitalists went around and examined the machine and saw him heat the steel in a hand forge and put it in the machine, and saw the red hot file come out and drop into the water, and they tried the file with their own hands on iron which they had brought from home and found it excellent. The only secret was the chemical water into which the files dropped, and which gave them edge. A company was formed and money was paid in freely to enable the inventor to make a set of large machines, and when that was done he disappeared. It was a fraud. He had bought good files and defaced them a little, and stocked his tank with them. His machine stamped the bit of steel into file shape, and it dropped into the water with the files, and his workman, who was in collusion, felt around and brought up a file instead of the steel.—Cor. Portland Argus.

An Old Musket's Charge.

Noah Stropp, a 13-year-old white boy, was killed at his father's home on Le-page street. The manner of his death is most unusual. All the rear portion of his skull was blown away by a charge of water fired from an old army musket, a relic of the war. The boy and his sister, younger than himself, were playing together in the kitchen. Scouring an old musket, which had not been fired for twenty-seven years, he unscrewed the barrel from the stock, filled the barrel with water and placed the breech end in the fire of the stove. Calling his little sister to "come and hear the water in the barrel boil," he leaned over and placed his ear to the muzzle of the weapon. As he did so the explosion occurred, and the boy was instantly killed, being blown several feet away and having his head nearly carried off. The barrel of the musket contained a charge which had been placed in it during the war. The boy was not aware of this, and was merely in search of fun.—New Orleans Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lack of the Rabbit's Foot.

Congressman Dougherty, of Florida, is an earnest believer in the rabbit foot. He says that when he was first nominated there was great opposition to him. One day during his campaign he was training a lot of young hounds and they secured up a rabbit which ran into a burying-ground and disappeared under a tombstone. When he went home he mentioned the circumstances, and his friends decided that he must have that rabbit. Some of them were so superstitious that they vowed they would not vote for him unless that rabbit was caught, and a party went out one night and caught the rabbit. One of the feet was cut off and mounted, and Mr. Dougherty says he carried it and was elected in spite of the odds against him.—New York World.

The Ways of Lawyers.

The Boston Journal relates a good story of a prominent legal firm in that city, which does a great deal of business for a rich mercantile concern. It lately rendered a bill which the senior partner of the mercantile establishment (who was accustomed to liberal charges) thought was too high. He, therefore, took the bill to the law firm and asked the chief to look it over and see if it was all right. The account was subsequently returned with \$10 added for "advice as to the reasonableness of the bill."

The Fatal Opal.

It is a fact that instances of ill luck, misfortune and disaster have been known to follow closely upon the acquisition of the opal; but would not the results have been the same either in the absence or possession of the gem? A lady of wealth and prosperity purchased a full set of opals and diamonds. In five years she has met with more misfortune and reverses than is usually crowded into a dozen life times. Divorce, loss of fortune, beauty, social position was her lot and to the baneful influence of the wonderful opal she attributes her downfall. Another lady traces her troubles to the fact of owning a beautiful opal ring which she keeps because it is an heirloom, but no power of persuasion can make her wear it, and her children have been warned to shun it as they would some evil and poisonous thing. It was given her by her brother on his deathbed. The first day she wore it the water pipes burst and caused a damage of several thousand dollars to the beautiful decorated and frescoed ceilings. She put it away, and several years later her daughter put it on. A gentleman friend who admired the gem asked permission to wear it. What followed is rather remarkable. He had been very prosperous, having made a fortune with great rapidity. With the possession of the ring success deserted his efforts. Loss after loss followed one another in rapid succession and he returned the humble, a ruined man, fully assured that the baneful gleam of that mysterious stone of the ancients had exerted its influence against him.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Joke Supply House.

"Jokes to Let" is a sign that may be read on some office door before long, if a young man who thinks that he has got an inspiration carries out his threat. He revealed his scheme one night recently to a person whom he happened to meet. Said he: "I have got an idea that is going to make me a fortune, and a big one at that. I am going to start a joke shop and a funny story factory. You see, I am something of a hand at making jokes myself, and I can hire two or three others to get up funny stories for me. Then I intend to advertise for patrons, and I'll get them easy enough. There are plenty of young men who like to appear clever, when they really are no more clever than a cow. When they go out in company, or with a party of their fellows, they want to say something smart or tell a story that will delight the girls. Now to remedy the inability of most young men to do this is a long felt want. That is just what I propose to fill. I will simply contract to allow them to use the jokes or stories once, twice or three times, or as often as they care to pay for. In fact, I will rent them my jokes. If they violate my confidence, I will expose them; that is, if I can find them out. I tell you, my boy, it is a great scheme."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Petulous Balloon Ascent.

Great excitement was occasioned at Snaresbrook, Essex, by an accident to "Professor" Higgins, who made an ascent from grounds adjoining the Eagle public house, intending to descend by a parachute, after the manner of Baldwin. The ascent was made in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. The balloon used was of 4,000 cubic feet capacity.

There was no car, and the parachute was attached to the side of the balloon in the ordinary way, so that Higgins might at the proper moment leap from the bar into the air. He rapidly shot up to a height of 4,000 feet, and was watched with almost breathless anxiety by the people in the grounds, and when the parachute was seen to fall away from the balloon and to leave Higgins suspended above something in the nature of a panic seized upon the spectators, especially the female portion. Speedily passing out of view the balloon, as it was afterward proved, descended on a piece of land near Enfield Lock, a distance of about seven miles, at 3:55 o'clock, and the welcome intelligence was received at Snaresbrook that Higgins had escaped a fate which all feared was inevitable and had sustained no injury beyond a severely sprained ankle.—London Telegraph.

A New Gunpowder.

At the Royal Powder factory of Wetteren, in Belgium, a new gunpowder is being made. They call it poudre-papier, or paper powder, and it is claimed that a charge of 2 1/2 grams (39 grains) gives, in a rifle of small caliber, an initial velocity of 600 yards to the ball. This is equal to, if it does not beat, the Label powder. The additional advantages are attributed to it of not smearing the barrel, or producing no smoke, and of causing little recoil.—Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

BANKS THE CITIZENS BANK!

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA. CAPITAL STOCK PAID IN, - \$50,000 Authorized Capital, \$100,000.

OFFICERS: FRANK CARRUTH, President. JOS. A. CONNOR, Vice-President. W. H. CUSHING, Cashier.

DIRECTORS: Frank Carruth, J. A. Connor, F. R. Guthman, J. W. Johnson, Henry Beck, John O'Keefe, W. D. Merriam, Wm. Wetencamp, W. H. Cushing.

Transacts a General Banking Business. All who have any banking business to transact are invited to call. No matter how large or small the transaction, it will receive our careful attention, and we promise always courteous treatment.

Issues Certificates of Deposits bearing Interest Buys and sells Foreign Exchange, County and City securities.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK!

OF PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA. Offers the very best facilities for the prompt transaction of legitimate BANKING BUSINESS.

Stocks, Bonds, Gold, Government and Loc. Securities Bought and Sold, Deposits received and interest allowed on Time Certificates. Drafts drawn, available in any part of the United States and all the principal towns of Europe.

Collections made & promptly remitted Highest market prices paid for County War-State and County Bonds.

DIRECTORS: John Fitzgerald, John R. Olsar, S. Waugh, JOHN FITZGERALD, President, D. Haskworth, F. F. White, S. WAUGH, Cashier.

Bank of Cass County

Cor. Main and Fifth Sts., Plattsmouth. PAID UP CAPITAL, \$50,000 SURPLUS, 25,000.

OFFICERS: C. H. FARMER, President. FRED GORDER, Vice President. J. M. PATTERSON, Cashier. JAS. PATTERSON, JR., Ass't Cashier.

DIRECTORS: C. H. Farmer, J. M. Patterson, Fred Gorder, E. B. Smith, E. B. Windham, B. S. Ramsey, Jas. Patterson Jr.

A General Banking Business Transacted Accounts Solicited. Interest allowed on time deposits, and prompt attention given to all business entrusted to its care.

J. H. EMMONS, M. D.

HOMEOPATHIC Physician Surgeon

Office over Westcott's store, Main street. Residence in Dr. Schidknecht's property. Chronic Diseases and Diseases of Women and Children a specialty. Office hours, 9 to 11 a. m. 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 p. m. Telephone at both Office and Residence.

Lumber Yard.

THE OLD RELIABLE. H. A. WATERMAN & SON Wholesale and Retail Dealer in PINE LUMBER!

Shingles, Lath, Sash, Doors, Blinds.

Can supply every demand of the trade Call and get terms. Fourth street In Rear of Opera House.

K. DRESSLER,

The 5th t. Merchant Tailor

Keeps a Full Line of Foreign & Domestic Goods.

Consult Your Interest by Giving Him a Call SHERWOOD BLOCK Plattsmouth, Neb.

We will give a good silver watch to anyone who sends us twenty-five yearly subscribers to the HERALD.

GO TO HENRY BOECK'S FURNITURE EMPORIUM!

Parlor, Dining Room and Kitchen FURNITURE

HE OWNS HIS OWN BUILDING, PAYS NO RENT

And therefore can sell you goods for less Money than any other dealer in the city.

HE ALSO HAS A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF UNDERTAKER'S GOODS,

HEARSE FURNISHED FOR ALL FUNERALS.

HENRY BOECK.

COR. MAIN AND SIXTH STREETS.

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

During the Year 1889

Every available means will be used to make the columns of THE HERALD a perfect storehouse from which you can obtain all information, and will keep up its record as being the best Advertising Medium for all purposes.

AT 15 CENTS PER WEEK

This paper is within the reach of all, and will be delivered to any address in the city or sent by mail.

The Weekly Herald

Is the Best County Newspaper in old Cass, and this has been well proven to us by the many new names added to our list during 1888. Special merits for the WEEKLY, are all the county news, six columns of good Republican Editorial, News Accounts of all important political or business events, one-half page each week containing a choice piece of Vocal or Instrumental Music, choice selections of Miscellaneous Reading Matter. Advertising in it brings profitable returns.

Our Job Department

Is equal to any, and does work to the satisfaction of patrons from all over the county, and receives orders by mail from a distance, which are promptly filled. We have facilities for doing all kinds of work, from the plain calling card to colored work, books and blanks. Work neatly and promptly executed. Large stock kept on hand. Legal blanks for sale.

Knotts Bros.,

Office Cor. Vine and 5th, Telephone 38.