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Has the best and most complete stock of samples, both foreign and domestic woolsens that ever came west of Missouri river. Note these prices: Business suits from \$18 to \$35, dress suits, \$25 to \$45, pants \$4, \$5, \$6, \$8.50 and upwards. Will guaranteed a fit. Prices Defy Competition.

THE DAUGHTER.

My little daughter grows apace; Her dolls are now quite out of date; It seems that I must take their place. We have become such friends of late, We might be ministers of state, Discussing projects of great peril, Such strange new questionings dilate The beauty of my little girl. How tall she grows! What subtle grace Both every movement animates; With garments gathered for the race She stands, a goddess slim and straight, Young Artemis, when she was eight Among the myrtle bloom and laurel—I doubt if she could more than mate The beauty of my little girl. The baby passes from her face, Leaving the lines more delicate, Till in her features I can trace Her mother's smile, serene, sedate. 'Tis something at the hands of fate To watch the onward years unfold; Each line which goes to concentrate The beauty of my little girl. ENVOY. Lord! hear me, as in prayer I wait, Thou givest all; guard Thou my pearl; And when 'Thou countest at the Gate Thy jewels, count my little girl. -Chambers' Journal

A NIGHT'S LODGING

It is no disgrace for a prospector to be poor, to have no bed except the blanket on his back, no friendly boarding house where his credit is good, no fortune favored comrade to lend him a helping hand and \$5. It carries no suggestion of dissipation, wild oats, or extravagance, and implies nothing worse than a run of bad luck. So I may say without shame that in the fall of '80 I was broke. Statistics show that one out of every 750 prospectors strike "it." I occupied a prominent position among the 749. Like many a better man, my claims had panned out badly, and my assays never climbed above two figures. I had panned the silver ignis fatuus all over the Red Cliff district until my shoes were dropping off, and acquired nothing except a stone bruise on each heel.

Any one who has ever stood by a gambling table reflects the man who had lost a quarter, more in just than anything else; then a dollar, then flushes and reverses pull out a bill; then sits down and loses everything in a desperate effort to get even. That is the prospector in a small scale. He plays at the faro table of fate and loses health, home, years, strength—everything except hope, and all the while smiling at his dreams, until death takes the chips out of his fingers and closes up the game. I had made pretty fair progress on this road. I had with me a veteran miner, one of the best fellows in the world, who shared my enthusiasm and thoroughly participated in my bad luck. His name was Joe Dixon.

A gentleman in Golden had "grub staked" us—giving us enough provisions to last for three months—with the understanding that he was to have a third of any discoveries. We discovered nothing, and devoured the provisions down to the last bean in the last can. Our elbows were sticking out of our sleeves, a quarter of a year's board bled on our chins, and we had not a five-cent piece between us. This was exactly the state of our affairs when we came to sight of Leadville on our return.

We approached the camp from the southwest, and it was evening when we passed on the foothills, a mile or so away, looked down on the glimmering lights and held a council of war. Nothing of us was acquainted in the place, and although we had some hopes of finding friends in the daytime, the prospects of spending the night in a strange town were unpleasant. We were not exact campers, but it would have taken an expert to have told the difference. The spot where we stopped was a desolate-looking slope, strewn with boulders, and bare of vegetation, and presently Dixon called my attention to a large square house that stood some little distance away, quite by itself, and seemed, from its deserted windows, to be unattended. "If it's empty," he said, "suppose we sleep all night there, and in the morning we can go into camp and rustle."

We acted upon the suggestion, and proceeded to reconnoiter the premises. The house was a two story frame, well put together, in good repair, but apparently as empty as a drum. No response came to our knocks, so finally we pushed open the door and walked in. Dixon struck a match, and we looked around and found ourselves in a large apartment, which, with another of the same size, occupied the whole lower floor. Both were furnished sparsely but well. The front room had a number of chairs, a table, and several little conveniences in it, and the rear contained a couple of beds and a washstand. On the table were a lamp, a number of papers and periodicals, all of them dated several months back, and a large inkstand in which the writing fluid had caked from disuse. The air was rather stifling, from all the windows being down, and the dust on the sills indicated that they had not been raised for some time.

We lit the lamp, and to make sure that there had been no recent occupancy of the place, went up stairs. Here were two bedrooms and a sitting room, all well furnished, and in one of the bedrooms hung a quantity of excellent clothing. The windows of this floor were also down, and everything was as silent and lonesome as the grave. We went back to the front room, opened up the doors and windows, and proceeded to make ourselves at home, a little puzzled, but satisfied that we had stumbled into clover. To show that we were entirely open and honest in the matter we sat in the front door and smoked, and

while we were thus occupied a man drove by on the road, about a couple of hundred yards away. When opposite he pulled up slightly, and we both called out "Good evening." He made no response, but looked very hard at us, and whipped up his horse.

This incident did not disturb us and presently we turned in, rolling in our blankets on the floor. But I did not sleep. As I lay there in the stillness and dark, the sense of strangeness in this empty house, the unaccountable circumstance of it standing there untenanted

oppressed me, and I began to fancy queer things. I knew that dwellings were at a premium in Leadville, and this was far better than the average. Why should it be left at the mercy of the first prowling vagabond? There must be some reason—some history connected with it. I felt a creeping in my veins, and then I remembered, with a shock, that there was no lock on the door. Then I recollected the clothing up stairs. Was it possible that any sane man would leave his property unprotected in such a fashion?

Perhaps the house was haunted. I had laughed at such things, but the idea appealed to me now. Then by a natural transition it occurred to my mind that some terrible crime might have been committed there. One thought that sprang into my mind was that a dead man was under the bed in a back room and by some curious process that we are all experienced, but nobody can explain, I was aware that Dixon also was awake and frightened. Finally he spoke up: "I feel awful," he said. "I believe I'll take a turn outside."

Meanwhile the moon had risen and looked everything with a white glare. I got up and leaned against the open door, while he, lighting his pipe, began to pace the slope. At last he turned and glanced toward the front of the house. The moon fell full on his face, and, on the instant, lit up such a look of inhuman terror as I have never seen before and trust I may never see again. He stopped not a second, but ran, ran with all the clumsy feebleness of abject fear, stumbling, falling down, scrambling up again, always faster, until he disappeared over the hill. While this happened, I stood transfixed, and then I backed slowly out of the house. I have read of people backing away from a wild animal or a climatic—that is the way I retreated, and I will be honest, when I reached the slope I ran, too.

The remainder of my experience can be briefly told. I never saw or heard of Dixon again, but very fortunately I found a friend in Leadville who put me on my feet. I stayed there, and a cowardly but perfectly natural fear of being laughed at kept my mouth sealed as to the adventure of the night. What Dixon saw I did not care to speculate upon.

One day, nearly a year afterward, when I had quit prospecting and turned my attention to something more remunerative, I was out riding, and quite by accident came in sight of the house on the slope. Instantly my curiosity was revived, and I determined to have a close look at it, the bright sunlight having dissipated what fears remained. I approached it from the rear, and the place presented very much the same appearance that it did on that eventful night. Slowly I drove around, surveying it rather contemptuously until I reached the front, when one startled glance revealed to me what Dixon saw, and I took flight as precipitately and as speedily as he. Lettered over the door was the simple legend: LARK COUNTY SMALLPOX HOSPITAL.

Thought He Was Harrigan. "How do you do, Mr. Harrigan?" was the salutation Deposition Clerk Ryan, of the Buffalo police court, received here one evening. "Very well," replied Mr. Ryan, who did not exactly get there with the meaning why he should be addressed as "Mr. Harrigan." Presumably he was being "guyed," he stood up to it. "Brought your company with you?" queried the new found friend of Mr. Ryan. "Partly."

"When did you see Tony Hart last?" "Oh! only a short time ago," replied Mr. Ryan, who by this time was drinking a small bottle at the expense of his friend, and helping himself to 25 cent Havanas. "Been a good season?" "Fair," answered Ryan, as another small bottle was uncorked. "Where do you open next?"

"In the United States court here in Albany," replied Ryan, as he coolly knocked the ashes from his cigar. "In a court, Harrigan! Are you crazy?" "Not a bit of it. You are 'off,' my friend. I am not Ned Harrigan, but his double, and as for Tony Hart, don't know such a man. But who are you?" "Hallen, of Hallen & Hart's combination, which is playing here this week. But who are you?" was the astonished inquiry.

"Eugene Junius Ryan, of Buffalo, sir. Here is my card. If you ever get locked up in Buffalo depend upon me to help you out." More bottle. More cigars all around. Then Tony Hart came in. Looking squarely at Ryan, he said: "Well, I would swear that you were Ned Harrigan." Albany Cor. Buffalo News.

Of three women living in one house in Walker county, Ga., there are two wives, two mothers-in-law, two daughters-in-law, three mothers, two grandmothers and one great-grandmother.

SEA WISDOM.

When the wind has died away, Sinking with the sinking sun; When the gold haze turns to gray, An! the purple fades to dun, Lap the low waves of the sea, Through the twilight peace possessed, Sighing, hushed and drowsily: "Rest forever—rest, ah, rest!" Fair witch maidens, long ago, Harkening to the same sea speech, Saw the black ships come and go, Longed to lure them to the beach; Wove a song of subtle rhyme, Calling all things wearied, Of the burden of old time: "Rest forever—rest, ah, rest!" Wisdom doth the hoar sea hold In its slowly heaving deep; Knows the rites and runes of old, Knows the paths beloved of sleep To the goal desirable (Boon of all the last and best); Sings us still the siren spell: "Rest forever—rest, ah, rest!" -Graham R. Tomson.

Literally Sat on Him.

One of the most absent minded men in this city is a popular clergyman. He was at one time riding in a street car with his wife, when he became interested in a conversation carried on by two gentlemen opposite. That side of the car was packed full of male passengers. Wishing to join in the conversation, the reverend gentleman crossed to the speakers, and sitting down deliberately in the lap of a man who had not time to move, began an animated discussion. The unfortunate and nearly rushed passenger edged himself out gradually, without being noticed, and stood up the rest of the way. At another time, and that very recently, the same clergyman was reciting the burial service at a funeral. His eyes were closed, although he had the open prayer book in his hand, and the people assembled were astonished to hear him say: "I now charge ye both"—He had lapsed into the marriage ceremony by a trick of memory. -Detroit Free Press.

Clean knives with a soft flannel and bath brick. If rusty, use wood ashes, rubbed on with a newly cut bit of Irish potato. This will remove spots when nothing else will.

The Theft of Photographs.

There is a custom that prevails in local circles among even conscientious people that causes a great deal of trouble and inconvenience, besides oftentimes being the means of the severing of friendships, and that is the habit of stealing photographs from albums. You cannot imagine how often the thing is done among the people of good social status. One lady will call on another, and while awaiting her in a drawing room, will pick up an album on photograph case and, seeing any picture she wishes, without desiring to manifest interest, sufficient to ask the owner for it, will deliberately slip it in her pocket. It never occurs to her that this photographic theft is as bad as any other. She says to herself: "Oh, it's only a picture; what's the difference?" -Chicago News.

A Remedy of Unconventional.

A young man who dared to break through stern custom and go to see an Oakland young lady during the eclipse last New Year's day was, upon retiring rewarded with a remark which must be regarded as rather mean if the young lady understood the full significance of her words. She said as she was closing the door: "I hope you will call again the very next time we have another total eclipse." Now he is waiting for an answer from Professor Holden to know if it be a fact that we shall not have another such for 119 years. -San Francisco Report.

Transfusion of Blood.

A woman who had inhaled the spirit of turning back was taken to the hospital. All efforts to restore her to health having failed, Professor Holden resorted to the application of the transfusion of blood taken from the veins of a patient who showed signs of life five hours after the transfusion had slept for about ten hours and awoke in excellent spirits. His further recovery was rapid, and he is now quite well. -Berlin Cor. Lancet.

A Healthy Town.

"Where have you passed your vacation?" asked one clerk of another. "At the beautiful little village of Z."

A Common Want.

Brown—See here, teamster, I don't want you to bring gravel and clay and boulders to fill up this lawn with. Teamster—What th' dickens does yer want, then? Brown—Oh, nothing, only the earth.—Yankee Blade.

The New Shade.

Aunt (who is entertaining Miss Breezy, of Chicago)—That is a beautiful dress you have on, Geraldine, and the shade seems to be quite new. Miss Breezy (complacently)—Yes; it is a new Chicago shade, called the "pig's snore."—Life.

A Stradivarius violin is said to have been found in a Norwich, Conn., loan office. It is a big round model of perfectly symmetrical lines, and a rich, dark red color. The instrument is somewhat the worse for wear, but the tone is rich.

JOE THE POPULAR

ONE-PRICE CLOTHIER

Has left for the East to buy the Finest, Largest and Cheapest Stock of

Spring and Summer Clothing

Ever Brought to Cass county. Remember JOE will Buy

Finer Clothing,

Furnishing Goods,

Hats and Caps,

Than You Ever Saw in Plattsmouth.

LOOK OUT FOR JOE'S

GRAND SPRING OPENING

JOE

Has not got one dollar's worth of Spring Goods, or old Shelf-Worn Goods. Everything you will see in his store will be Bran New, of the

LATEST STYLES AND PATTERNS

At Such Low Prices it Will Astonish You.

FEB. 11, '89. FEB. 11, '89.

AT WECKBACH'S

A DEEP CUT IN PRICES!

After a successful pursuit of over 17 years of continual mercantile trade, I find myself for the past six months unable to be at my store more than three to five hours a day. My general health failing, I am obliged to retire from active business, for a time at least, until I get well again.

This is a Genuine Sale and No Scheme

For reasons above given I will Dispose of my Stock by April 5th. The Low Prices continues as last week, and those who bought goods of us last week will bear testimony to our immense Stock of Staple Goods and Low Prices.

WE ARE SELLING

Dress Goods, All-Wool, Book-folded, in all the latest Shades, at the popular price of 25 cents. Checked Goods, 40 inches wide, all wool (generally sold at 35 cents per yard,) at 25 cents. These goods are advertised in Omaha at 35 and 40 cents. Jamestown Broadhead Goods in full Stock and sold at 21 cents per yard—great bargains—sold elsewhere at 25 cents. Gingham from 5 to 7 cents per yard; Dress Gingham, choice styles at 8 1/2; Indigo Blue German Calico from 7 to 11 cents per yard. Muslins from 5 to 10 1/2c. per yard; Hops 7 1/2, Lawnsdale 8 1/2; Fruits 9 1/2; Wannasdale 10 1/2; Half and Unbleached proportionably low. Turkey Red Table Linens 25 cents per yard; White Table Cloth from 15 to 25 cents per yard. Blankets, Flannels, Shoes go at prices Cash.

Jos. V. Weckbach

THE DAYLIGHT STORE.