

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

SECOND YEAR

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 9, 1889.

NUMBER 151

GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE OF BOOTS, - SHOES - AND - RUBBERS!

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PETER MERGES.

CIVIC SOCIETIES.

CLASS LODGE NO. 186, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening of each week. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

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.

TRIO LODGE NO. 84, A. O. U. W. Meets every alternate Friday evening at K. of P. hall. Transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. F. P. Brown, Master workman; G. B. K. Foster, Foreman; F. H. Steinkamp, Overseer; W. H. Miller, Financier; G. F. Houseworth, Recorder; F. J. Morgan, Receiver; Wm. Crehan, Guide; Wm. Ludwig, Inside Watch; L. Olsen, Outside Watch.

CASS CAMP NO. 32, MODERN WOODMEN of America. Meets second and fourth Monday evening at K. of P. hall. All transient brothers are requested to meet with us. L. A. Newcomer, Venerable Consul; G. F. Nilse, Worthy Adviser; S. C. Wilde, Banker; W. A. Boeck, Clerk.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE NO. 8, A. O. U. W. Meets every alternate Friday evening at Rockwood hall at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. L. S. Larson, M. W.; F. Boyd, Foreman; S. C. Wilde, Recorder; Leonard Anderson, Overseer.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE NO. 6, A. F. & A. M. 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. RICHIEY, W. M.
WM. HAYS, Secretary.

NEBRASKA CHAPTER, NO. 3, R. A. M. Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month at Mason's Hall. Transient brothers are invited to meet with us.

F. E. WHITE, H. P.
WM. HAYS, Secretary.

CASS COUNCIL NO. 1021, ROYAL ARCANUM meets the second and fourth Mondays of each month at Arcanum Hall.

R. N. GLENN, Regent.
P. C. MINOR, Secretary.

MC CONNIE POST 45 C. A. R.

M. A. DICKSON, Commander.
BEN. HERPPE, Senior Vice.

S. CARRIGAN, Junior " " " "

GEO. NILES, Adjutant.

A. SHIPMAN, Surg.

HENRY STEPHENSON, Q. M.

A. TARSCH, Officer of the Day.

JAMES HICKSON, " " " "

ANDERSON, C. FAY, Quartermaster.

L. C. CURTIS, Post Chaplain.

Meeting Saturday evening



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Marshal, GEORGE FOISALL

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" 2nd, A. SALIBURY
" 3rd, D. M. JONES
" 4th, DR. A. SHIPMAN
" 5th, M. B. MURPHY
" 6th, S. W. DITTON
" 7th, CON. O'DONNELL
" 8th, P. McCALLEN, PRES.

Board Pub. Works, J. W. JOHNSON, CHAIRMAN
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D. H. HAWKSWORTH

THE CHINA FAIRY.

Tom Johnson was five-and-twenty and a clerk in the city. He was married to the dearest little woman in the world, and they lived in three rooms in a nice respectable street near Camden Town. Rose, Tom's wife, was a perfect little household fairy. Tom could only give her thirty shillings a week out of his salary, but she did wonders with it. The little sitting room was always bright and cozy and clean, and there was always something nice for Tom's tea when he came home fagged out with the work and worry of the office. Of course they were obliged to be very economical and to deny themselves many things they would have liked, but one treat they always allowed themselves every week, and that was a visit to a place of amusement. Tom and Rose were both very fond of the theatre, and by waiting till a play had had a good run and by getting to the doors early they generally managed to get a good place in the pit.

Being so fond of the theatre, Tom and Rose naturally took a great deal of interest in the theatrical items of news and gossip, without which, nowadays, a newspaper is not considered to be fully adapted to these requirements of the public.

Poor little Rose used to give a sigh of envy sometimes when Tom read out to her the paragraphs about the enormous incomes which dramatic authors were making. "Oh, Tom," she would say, "fancy making hundreds of pounds a week like that, just for writing a play! Fancy if you had been able to do it!"

"It would be fine, wouldn't it?" Tom would reply, and then they would begin fancying what they would have done with the money. They would have had a beautiful house and a carriage and a pair for Rose; and when she went to the theatre on the first night to see her husband come on the stage and bow amid the tremendous applause of a crowded house, she would have worn the loveliest dresses, and her diamonds would have been the envy of all the ladies.

"Oh, how beautiful it would be, Tom," the young wife cried one day, as they conjured up visions of splendor together; "no getting up at half past 7 in the morning for you, dear; no turning out in all winds and weathers; you would be able to have your breakfast nice and comfortably with me, and take plenty of time over it; and you would stop at home and work in your study, and I could bring my sewing and sit with you, and when you'd finished we should be able to have dinner together, and go out every evening to some place of amusement. Oh, Tom, dear, couldn't you write a play?"

Tom shook his head. "I'm afraid not, Rose," he said. "There's a peculiar knack about it, I expect."

"I suppose it is very difficult," sighed Rose.

"You may be sure it is, my dear," answered Tom, "or there would be a great many more people doing it, and the authors wouldn't be getting such prices for their work as we read about in the newspapers."

One Saturday Tom and Rose went to the morning performance of a play that had been acted 200 times straight off in London, and the author of which was reported already to have realized £10,000 by it.

On their way home they passed an old curiosity shop and stopped to look in at the window. Among the odds and ends there was a pretty little china fairy, to which Rose took a great fancy.

"Oh, Tom, dear," she cried, "look at that little china figure. Isn't it pretty? That is just the sort of thing I should like on my mantel shelf. I should never be tired of looking at it. Do go in and see how much it is."

Tom went in and asked the price, and returned with the information that it was 10 shillings.

"Oh, dear," said Rose, "that's much more than we can afford. Come along, Tom."

But though Rose said "Come along," she didn't move. She stood looking lovingly at the little china fairy. All at once she gave a start. "Oh, Tom!" she exclaimed; "look at that fairy's lips; they're moving."

"What nonsense!" said Tom, laughing; "you've been staring at it; it's an optical illusion."

"Tom, would it be very wicked if we bought it? I'd save money out of my housekeeping."

"Well, it's a lot of money, but I dare say it won't ruin us. I see you want it,

dear, and you shall have it."

And before Rose could stop him Tom had stepped into the shop, and presently he came out with the little china fairy carefully wrapped up in paper. Rose put it in her muff—it was quite a little fairy—and they bore it off home in triumph.

It looked so lovely on the mantel shelf Rose couldn't take her eyes off it, but kept going up to it all evening and saying, "Oh, you little dear!" and she would have it that the fairy's eyes were looking at her.

Tom laughed, but he confessed that it really was a very lifelike little figure. The face was quite real, and the wonderful thing about it was that its expression seemed to change.

Being Saturday night, the young couple sat up rather late. Tom smoked his pipe while Rose read to him, and they were so comfortable and so happy that they never noticed the time till Tom happened to look at his watch; and then he cried out, "Good gracious, Rose, it's one minute to 12!"

Rose closed the book—she had reached the end of the chapter—lit the bedroom candle, and then Tom turned the gas out. As he did so the big clock downstairs struck 12.

Just as the last stroke died away a sweet, soft, silvery voice exclaimed: "Thank you so much for buying me."

Rose was so startled that she dropped the candle, which fell on the floor and went out. Tom turned around with an exclamation; and there, with a halo of light round her head, stood the little china fairy on the mantel shelf. It was the fairy who had spoken. Her lips had parted, showing two rows of pearly teeth, and the kindest, sweetest smile was on her face.

"Don't be frightened," said the fairy, as Rose clutched Tom and wondered whether she ought to faint or not; "don't be frightened, I am a good fairy. I was turned to china by a wicked enchantress, but every night at 12 o'clock I recover the power of speech, which lasts until dawn. I was very unhappy in the old curiosity shop, where I was taken by the person who found me in a forest and thought I was an ornament. There was no one there at midnight for me to talk to except a lot of Chinese idols and brass figures and creatures of that sort, and they didn't understand me. I was very pleased when you brought me to your nice, happy home, and you can't think how I've been longing for 12 o'clock to be able to thank you."

"I'm sure we're very pleased," stammered Rose, "but of course it's very odd. I don't like to ask you, but—er—would you like anything to eat?"

The fairy laughed a silvery laugh. "Oh, no," she said, "fairies are never hungry. Besides, I want you to be kind enough to open the window for me and let me fly away. If I can get back to fairyland before dawn, I may find my protectress, who will take away the spell that has been put upon me."

"Oh, certainly," said Tom, with pleasure; and he was proceeding to open the window when he recollected the fairy had cost him 10 shillings, and that the transaction would be a dead loss to him.

The fairy evidently guessed what was passing in Tom's mind, for she flew gracefully off the mantelpiece and came and stood on the table beside him.

"I will not be ungrateful," she said; "as a reward for your kindness I can grant you one wish, whatever it is."

"Oh, Tom!" exclaimed Rose, who had gradually shaken off her nervousness. "Wish to be a dramatic author."

"Tom was always an obedient husband (that was why he was so happy), and so he said at once, "I wish to be a dramatic author."

"Certainly," said the fairy. "Go to bed, and to-morrow when you wake up you will be one. Now, thank you very much, and good night." The fairy kissed her little hand to the young couple, spread her wings and flew away into the moonlight. Tom and Rose watched her as far as they could see her, then closed the window and retired to rest.

The next morning when Tom woke up he had a splitting headache, and he felt so awfully seedy he could hardly sit up to look at his watch.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "it's 12 o'clock!"

Then he looked round for Rose and found she wasn't there.

"Rose! Rose!" he called out, "where are you?"

Rose came running in from the next room.

"Oh, you are awake at last, Tom," (Continued on Second Page.)

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