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JUMPING DOWN A MOUNTAIN.

Snowshoe Thompson's Remarkable Leap of 180 Feet.

The sport of "ski," or snowshoe running, so long popular in the Sierra Nevada mountains, is beginning to be practiced in some of the northern of the Atlantic states. An eastern exchange says: "Ski running, a Scandinavian sport, is becoming popular in Minnesota. The performer slides down hill on long wooden skates, or foot toboggans, and at a prepared jolt makes a leap into space. Ninety-five feet is the longest ski jump on record in Norway.

Ninety-five feet seems a immense leap, but it has been so far surpassed in the Sierras that no easterner need ever try for the championship. The champion ski runner and leaper of the world was John A. Thompson—better known as "Snowshoe Thompson"—who died in Alpine county, Cal., about thirteen years ago.

Thompson was born at Upper Tins, Prestjeld, Norway, April 30, 1827, and died at his home in the Sierras May 15, 1876. He was the father of the whole race of snowshoe runners of the mountain counties of California. He made the first pair of Norwegian snowshoes ever seen on the Pacific coast.

Thompson's greatest leap was made on the side of a steep mountain just west of the town of Genoa, Douglas county. Darting down the side of the steep mountain he made a leap of 180 feet. This leap is vouchered for by W. P. Merrill, postmaster at Woodfords, in the high Sierras, and by several citizens of Genoa. The leap was made from a terrace half way down the side of the mountain, and the leaper landed in a drift of snow over fifty feet in depth, where for a time he was buried out of sight.

C. P. Gregory (now deceased), who was for some years neighbor to Snowshoe Thompson in the mountains, said, in speaking of the feat of the great ski leaper: "I did not see him make his great jump off the side of the mountain back of Genoa, but I have often seen him make leaps of fifty and sixty feet at Silver Mountain, Alpine county."

The people of Silver Mountain mining camp were wont to amuse themselves in winter by descending a big mountain near the town and then darting down to a valley below on their snowshoes. They had a starting point only about half way up the side of the mountain. Snowshoe Thompson sometimes joined these parties of ski runners. He was not satisfied with a run down half a mountain—he wanted it all.

He would circle round till he had reached the highest peak of the big mountain. He would then utter the wild cry of the old Northmen, and then with his balance pole poised horizontally before him in both hands, would come flying down the side of the mountain like a fiend of the wind. When he came near to the crowd of townspeople standing midway down the mountain, Thompson would stoop almost to the ground, then suddenly

springing up would go sailing through the air high above the men and women watching the descent. At times he would make several leaps, each of from fifty to eighty feet in a single descent. His ski leaping was not a little like "sky flying."

Snowshoe Thompson was a very sinewy and powerful man. He stood six feet in his stockings and weighed 180 pounds. He had the blonde hair and beard and the blue eyes of his Scandinavian ancestors, the old sea roving Northmen.—Virginia City Enterprise.

Money in Little Things.

"One of the best opportunities for a young fellow to make money quickly in these days," said a self made millionaire of this city recently, "is to rack his brains until he has invented something useful or that the public wants. A general impression prevails that it takes a skilled engineer or a man of phenomenal inventive ability to develop anything useful to manufacturers in this age of machinery. But there is a wide field open to shrewd amateurs, so to speak, to supply little articles of convenience to housekeepers, shopkeepers, etc., and designers can be had at reasonable rates to execute the idea once it is conceived. American women are so accustomed to getting what they want that anything which lightens their labors in the household is sure to 'go.' When I was a boy on the farm at home my mother used to make me clean all the dinner knives on Sunday with bath brick. Now, scraping this brick into a fine powder without lumps in it, used to be the most tedious part of the whole work. The other day I heard of a man who has made a fortune by supplying the trade with powdered bath bricks in neat packages. You know how difficult it is to pick up small coins from a wooden counter. Yet the whole civilized world has growled at and endured it since coins were stamped and counters made, until the other day a young fellow invented a rubber mat with little bristles of rubber standing up thickly all over it. Coins thrown on the mat are as easily picked up as if they stood on edge. The public was quick to appreciate it and the inventor need not work for a living any longer.—New York Tribune.

Seasick on Land and Sea.

Gen. Horace Porter, in his eulogy of Abraham Lincoln, said that the great war president wasn't much of a champagne drinker. The general recalled a visit of Mr. Lincoln to City Point. On his arrival the general said that Mr. Lincoln was suffering from the gastronomic disturbances incident to most folks who have sailed on rough water. "A young staff officer, very previous he was," said the general, "grabbed a bottle of champagne and thrust it toward Mr. Lincoln, saying that that was the very thing he needed. 'No, young man,' Mr. Lincoln said, 'I have seen too many fellows seasick ashore from drinking that very article.'"—Detroit Free Press.

ANECDOTE OF HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

How a Vice President of the United States Served as a Private Soldier.

"Did you ever know," asked a gentleman at the Union League club banquet, "that Hannibal Hamlin once served this government in a dual capacity, holding a position near the top of the ladder and another near the bottom at one and the same time?"

The reporter admitted that he had never heard of the incident. "Well, he did," said the club man. "While he was vice president of the United States he served for a time as a private in the volunteer army. Queer idea, wasn't it? I'll tell you how it happened.

"You see he was an honorary member of a little company of militia in Bangor, Me., and when Lincoln issued his call for troops it promptly responded and came to Washington. There it was ordered to the navy yard to do guard duty, and to the surprise of every one Mr. Hamlin announced his intention to go with it. The officers rather rebelled at the idea of having a vice president under them, but Mr. Hamlin was determined.

"Why not?" he asked. "If I'm a good enough man to be an honorary member of the company I guess I'm good enough to be a private."

"And he shouldered a gun and went with them. Well, at the navy yard there were, of course, more complications. The officers decided that it would not do to put the distinguished private on guard duty, but he objected again, and pertinently inquired: 'What am I here for—to look pretty?'

"And the result was that he marched up and down as a sentinel in his regular turn. Odd, wasn't it? Imagine the vice president of the United States receiving orders from a sergeant of a militia company.

"Then when the company was mustered out he was offered the regular pay of a private for the time he was at the navy yard, but he declined to accept it.

"Why?" he was asked. "You served with the rest of us."

"Well," he said, "I don't think it's right for a man to draw pay twice from the government, and, taking all things into consideration, I believe I'd rather draw the vice president's salary."—Chicago Tribune.

Toads and Snakes.

Toads in the presence of snakes usually remain perfectly still; in this is their only safety, for did they make the least movement they would immediately be caught. I have known a hungry snake lie in waiting over an hour for a frog to move, and even push with the nose to stir him up. This has been called "snake charming," and indeed it looks like it, but the toad is the charmer, the snake the charmed.

I remember one day I dropped a toad in the midst of a pit of snakes I had in my back yard. He at once became perfectly still, though surrounded by more than a dozen hungry

snakes. There was a circle of fierce heads and glaring eyes around him, but he would not move. The circle narrowed, until the protruding tongues almost touched him, yet he was immovable. Just then I was called away for over half an hour, but on returning found the toad, in grave dignity, still holding the fort by most masterly inactivity.

The senses of seeing, hearing and smelling are very defective in garters; they can see but a few yards at most, and even at short distances of but a few inches they are often at fault.

A snake was seen pursuing a frog in a saw mill yard. The sand and open space were greatly in favor of the snake and against the frog. The frog made long jumps and the snake made a direct line to the spot where he alighted, but before reaching it the frog had again jumped in another direction, and so the hunt went on for about half a minute; the snake quite unable to trace the frog in his aerial progress, was directed only by the disturbance made in alighting.

At last the frog, more by accident than design, alighted on the flat surface of a rough board, which stood leaning against a pile of lumber at an angle of about 80 degs., and sat perfectly still, about ten inches from the ground. The snake was quite puzzled; he looked, listened, sniffed and poked about for several minutes, and then, to the end of the board several times, but the hunt was an utter failure, and he slunk away toward the brushwood, a very mad and disgusted specimen.—Forest and Stream.

The Grand Mufti.

He is nominated by the sultan, but he can only choose one of the three highest functionaries; these, again, are nominated by the sultan, but under a similar restriction; and so progressively downward, the sultan always nominating, but only from the eligible persons determined and presented by the hierarchical progression of the body itself. It finally rests upon the students in the different colleges who are raised the first two steps by collegiate degrees. The grand mufti, the cazaskiers of Anatoly and Roumelly, the three cadis of the first cities, and some other dignitaries from the supreme council of Ulema, or learned men. The ordinary functions have reference to their own corporation, but in all extraordinary or doubtful occasions they are consulted by the government; they are not invited to join the divan, but the case is submitted to them. Thus, for instance, before the measures against Mehemet Ali were adopted they were appealed to, and it was on their felva itself, rehearsed in the firman, that he was declared an outlaw, or, according to their expression, a "Firmanli." The case is not presented to them in the form of documents to examine, but as a solicitor prepares a case for submission to counsel. It is said: "M. or N. has done so and so. Is his act lawful or unlawful; and if so, what is the penalty?" This is the form in which cases with foreign powers are submitted.—The National Review.

A TALE WITHOUT A MORAL.

Three giddy, giddy little flies,
Upon a summer's day,
Were going to see the outside world,
Resolved to run away.

Old Grandpa Fly sat on a toad,
And overheard the scheme,
Quoth he: "Children, I'm old and wise,
I have had that self same dream.

"Though life so glittering seems to youth,
And everything looks grand,
The world is treacherous at the best—
Be careful where you stand."

Now, when the little flies heard this
Their spirits 'gan to droop,
When—Grandpa Fly slipped on the edge,
And fell into the soup.

Offending an Angel Unawares.

Mabel—Mother, I have broken my engagement with Arthur. No woman could be happy with such a brute.

Mother—Horrors! What have you learned?

"Last night I asked him to tuck the cover on my workbox and he hit his finger with the hammer, and, mother, he said—damn."

"I see. He danced around the room and swore a blue streak a yard long, and threw the hammer out the window, and kicked the workbox to pieces, and called you a gibbering idiot, and?"

"Why, no, he didn't; he only said 'damn,' and went on tacking."

"What? Is that all? Oh, you foolish child! You have lost an angel."—Philadelphia Record.

From an Unhappy Mother.

Among the letters of condolence which Emperor Francis Joseph received on the death of his son was one signed by the "Mother of Oberdanek." In 1882 Oberdanek was arrested for having a shell in his possession when the emperor visited Trieste. He was tried and condemned to death. His mother sent an appeal to the emperor for his pardon. So did Victor Hugo. His majesty refused the pardon and Oberdanek was executed. "Unhappy father!" says the mother in her letter to the emperor. "I regret that on account of the tragic death of your only son you are compelled to feel the same pang that I, a poor abandoned mother, felt on the morning of Dec. 20, 1882."—Detroit Free Press.

Fashion in beds is returning to the four poster with a rich canopy and, as a modern innovation, a shelf between the upper posts for bottles, glasses, etc. In the simple days of our grandparents the eye opener was kept under the pillow in a green bottle.

One called three knights before her throne,
As fair was she, I ween,
—There above them stood—
Their rightful liege and queen;
And then quoth she: "A task—behold—
To each a choice belongs:
One leads my wars, one guards my gold,
And one shall sing my songs."

Then forth there stepped the goodliest knight

That ever couched a lance,
Dark was his eye, and darkly bright
The soul within his glance;
He was the bravest of the three,
The idol of the throng,
"Oh, queen!" he cried, "this choice to me,
That I may sing thy songs."
—Ernest McCallister.

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