

# Bargain Week at J. V. Weckbach & Son's.

## Our New Goods are Daily Arriving and Our Departments are again Very Complete.

### MONDAY, APRIL 22nd, WE WILL PLACE ON OUR COUNTERS THE FINEST LINE

of Staple and Fancy Dress Gingham ever show in this city. We will give you Bargains in all Departments. In Dress Goods, Notions, Parisols, Fans, Ribbons, Handkerchiefs, Trimmings, Corsets, Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Linens and Domestic of all kinds. We invite the Ladies to call for we will give prices on MILLINERY that will pay you to call. Don't fail to see our New Line of CARPETS.

### JOS. V. WECKBACH & SON.

### THE DAYLIGHT STORE.

#### "AND HOW WOULD I HAVE MY LOVE?"

"And how do I wish that my love would pass?"  
In a long black carriage I'll have him go,  
With white flowers living in silver of glass,  
And plume decked horses to saddle and slow.  
"Like what do I wish his love might be?"  
I would have it long, and narrow and deep,  
And where never a prying eye could see  
How the routelets gather and cling and creep.  
"And how, if I might, would I like the best?"  
"Oh, my darling, my love, to-night to see!"  
With his strong hands folded upon his breast,  
And only death's veil between him and me.  
"And how would I greet him then?" All apart,  
With solemn kisses, and fond names and tears;  
With his head pillowed upon my heart,  
At peace, and at rest, after weary years.  
—Francis H. Bacon in St. Paul Pioneer Press.

#### IN THE NICK OF TIME.

Miss Lily Somers, night telegraph operator at the Floodwood station, sat before her table on which the telegraph instrument clicked busily, a thoughtful expression upon her face.

A face whose expression was its charm, that never could be called pretty, but that, nevertheless, suggested a possibility—only a possibility—of being handsome. For there is a vast difference between pretty and handsome. Pretty people seldom know very much; but to be handsome, a person must have brains; an inner as well as an outer beauty.

Floodwood was a forlornly desolate spot, and one where any woman, except Lily, would have been afraid to come. Much less to stay alone all night with nothing but the wind sadly sighing through the wires overhead and the shrill shrieks of the wild cats away up on the mountain side to keep her company through her nightly vigils. But to her there was something fascinating in the very desolation of the place. From early childhood she had been accustomed to commune with nature in her wildest scenes, and played and wandered at will in the mountain glens and canyons. With no foolish old woman or silly nurse girl to frighten her childish senses with stories of hideous ghouls and monstrous goblins, she had grown to womanhood naturally brave and fearless. In truth she did not yet understand the meaning of the word fear.

Her office was nothing more than a roughly built shanty, seven or eight feet square, with a small window in each end and one in the door which faced the railroad track. It had been hurriedly put together with green lumber while the road was in course of construction, with the intention of only using it temporarily until a better one could be built. Out in usual in such cases, it had done duty for its original purpose ever since.

The rough, unpainted boards were now badly warped and shrunken by long exposure to the elements, and in many places large knots had fallen completely out.

No doubt in the winter time the bleak mountain wind cheerily whistled through these many apertures, and while on the side of the unhappy operator was being nicely browned like a piece of toast by the red hot stove the other side would be refrigerated like a frozen rabbit.

It was about 1 o'clock in the morning when Lily received an order from the train dispatcher which read as follows:—"To Operator, Floodwood: Hold No. 21 until No. 22 arrives."  
E. K. C.

On receipt of this order she immediately displayed the red signal light, which is furnished all telegraph stations for this purpose, in a conspicuous place, in plain sight of passing trains, and also where it could be seen from the office window.

The necessity for this order and position of the two trains, briefly stated, were as follows:

No. 22 had arrived at Silver Creek, ten miles west of Floodwood, a few minutes after No. 21 had passed Floodwood, which was thirteen miles east of Floodwood. As No. 22 was late and could go no further on the schedule, according to the rules of the road, they would be compelled to lay at Silver Creek until No. 21 arrived there, unless they could get orders by telegraph to meet them at some other station. Floodwood being the only intervening telegraph office between the two trains, the dispatcher gave the above order to that station, and as soon as it was properly acknowledged by Lily he sent another order to No. 22 at Silver Creek, which read in this manner:—"To Conductor and Engineer No. 22: Meet No. 21 at Floodwood. Approach carefully."  
E. K. C.

The intelligent reader will readily understand that by means of these orders the two trains would meet each other at Floodwood in perfect safety, notwithstanding that one of them knew nothing of the arrangement.

To explain: If No. 21 should arrive first, they would be stopped by the red

light, which shows that there were orders for them at that station. The conductor and engineer would immediately proceed to the telegraph office, where the operator would deliver them a copy of the order to hold them for No. 22. This would be sufficient, and they would wait until No. 22 arrived. If No. 22 should arrive first, the execution of the order would be yet more simple. No. 22 would take siding, and as soon as they were clear Lily would be at liberty to take down the red signal lantern, and allow No. 21 to pass without stopping. No. 22 having arrived, the object of the order was already fulfilled. If both trains should happen to arrive at the same time, the red signal would stop No. 21, and as No. 22 had instructions to "approach carefully," they would do so, expecting to find No. 21 occupying the main track.

Lily perfectly understood the importance of the order she had just received, and during the long hour which wore slowly away she kept careful watch of the signal light which, however, continued to burn as brightly as ever. At last she heard a rumbling noise away in the west which gradually became louder and louder and more distinct. By this she knew that No. 22 was coming and would probably get in on the siding before No. 21 should arrive.

The rumbling became louder and louder each moment, the earth began to tremble and the peculiar vibration in the air which gives warning of a rapidly approaching train hummed loudly in her ears.

She began to feel anxious, as they were evidently coming at a high rate of speed and not approaching as carefully as their order had instructed them; she also had not yet heard the whistle which is always sounded by trains when approaching a station, and this omission increased her fears that something was wrong.

But she was given no time for further reflection, as the train now suddenly dashed around a curve not a hundred yards distant, running at full speed. Lily flew out and stood between the rails swinging her hand lamp wildly across the track and shouting at the top of her clear young voice. But no attention was paid to her signal, the train coming madly on, with such a rattle and clank that it drowned the sound of her voice.

The roaring, rushing train was now upon her, and she barely had time to spring from the track and escape with her life. With a rattling crash and an awful rush of air the hissing, throbbing monster sped swiftly past her, while the clank, clank, clank of the car wheels passing over a loose splice near by was so rapid that it resembled the rapid hammering on the anvil in a blacksmith shop.

For a moment Lily was unweaved and bewildered, but suddenly arousing herself to action she rushed into the office and seizing a piece of firebrick that did duty for a stove leg, she turned and hurled it through the window of the caboose that was just passing. An instant later the red lights on the rear end of the train had disappeared around a curve in the cut, and the rattle of the runaway train quickly lessened in the distance.

Lily's heart throbbed painfully and she was seized with a sudden fit of shivering, which most persons of delicate organizations are subject to when under great excitement. As soon as she had somewhat recovered she went into the office and calling the train dispatcher, who answered at once, she said:—"No. 22 passed at full speed and No. 21 not yet arrived."

"My God!" telegraphed back the dispatcher as swiftly as his frightened fingers could form the letters. "The crew must be asleep. They will strike in that cut and pile up fifty feet high! Heavens! This is horrible!"

Lily then went on to explain that she had attempted to awaken them by throwing a brick through the caboose window, and on hearing this the dispatcher opened his key without waiting for her to finish and said excitedly:

"Run to the east end of the siding, and if you see them backing up throw the switch and let them in on the siding. No. 21 is not due here for five minutes, and there is a chance for them yet."

"I have no switch key," said Lily.

"Break the lock with a hammer, a rock, or anything," was the quick reply. "Run, fly!"

Lily seized an old ax that was lying handy, and, with a vague idea that she might also need the red light, she took it in her other hand and flew up the track with the speed of the wind, at the imminent risk of falling and breaking her neck in the inky darkness.

Once she stumbled and fell, and the lantern was dashed from her hand and went rolling along the ground far be-

hind her feet by the sudden capetus which her fall had given it; but without pausing to regain it she sprang to her feet and bounded on.

The switch at the end of the siding was fully half a mile from the office, and about the same distance from the beginning of the cut. If No. 22 could back on the siding in time they would be safe, but if they attempted to back down the main track past the telegraph office they were liable to be overtaken by No. 21 before going half the distance, as, according to the dispatcher's figures, No. 21 should now be very close.

As Lily reached the switch a pair of gleaming red lights suddenly appeared around the curve in the cut, and she knew that the train was already rapidly backing up, and that she had not a moment to lose.

Feeling for the lock in the darkness, she then struck it several heavy blows with the ax, which she still retained. Luckily, one of the blows taking effect, the broken lock dropped to the ground. She then grasped the switch lever and attempted to throw it over, but it resisted her utmost efforts to move it.

The train was now only a short distance away, and with the energy of despair she braced her feet against the switch standard, and, putting forth her strength in one mighty effort, the obstinate lever came over with a sudden jerk and No. 22 glided safely in on the siding.

The shrill scream of a whistle was now heard in the cut, and as soon as the train was clear she again exerted all her strength and threw the switch back to its former position.

A headlight now flashed around the curve, and a moment later No. 21 rushed roaring by.

Lily, by her bravery, promptness and presence of mind, had averted a terrible calamity.

At the official investigation which took place a few days later, the entire crew of the runaway train acknowledged that they were asleep, and that the conductor had been awakened by a brick thrown in at the caboose window.

The only excuse they had for their neglect of duty was that they had been on the road for thirty-two consecutive hours without sleep or rest, and that they were completely worn out.

Notwithstanding the fact that the management of the road was responsible for requiring the men to run this long double trip, the entire crew were summarily discharged for criminal neglect of duty, as though man's endurance was an infallible bank, to be drawn on at pleasure!—Cincinnati Times-Star.

#### GETTING EXPERIENCE.

##### Visiting Out-of-the-Way Places in Cairo

Without the aid of Donkey Boys. Whenever any one goes out of the beaten track of travel, or tries to make his way independent of recognized authorities, he is apt to gain some refreshing experience. Mr. Stoddard undertook to explore some out-of-the-way quarters of Cairo without the aid of donkey boys, and from his account of the experiment he must have enjoyed the novelty of the situation.

Many an eye was turned on me in surprise, and when I had at last come into a remote quarter beyond half a dozen streets, and found myself suddenly surrounded by a mob of half grown boys, who were evidently unaccustomed to intruders, I was forced to make a speedy retreat as possible, followed by a shower of stones.

The gates, which are closed at evening, make separate cities of these several quarters. If you wish to pass from one quarter to another after dark, you must take your lantern and summon the gate keeper, who responds and carefully locks you out afterward. Gas lamps are unknown in that end of Cairo, and white faces a novelty.

I was an hour or more working my way out of the unchristian latrines, climbing out, as it were, by the minarets, in each of which, I fancied, I saw a resemblance to the one that stands within earshot of our hotel. All foreigners either ride or drive in Cairo, but I got more experience in that one walk than I could have gathered with the aid of fifty donkeys.—Youth's Companion.

There was a private soldier who would have made a good judge. He would have known how to "construct the law," as the phrase is, so as to get justice done.

Two men were cooking a fat fowl at their camp fire, when a corporal sniffed the unaccustomed odor.

"Hallo, boys! where did you get that chicken?"

"Oh, we confiscated him for talking treason."

"Talking treason! What do you mean! Chickens can't talk."

"No, but they can crow; and as sure as you live, we caught this rooster, this very afternoon, crowing with all his might for Jeff Davis."

The corporal passed on.—Youth's Companion.

W. M. Heston, a student of the University of Kansas, who was on a vacation during his trip to Europe, and returned with a friend, went to the ranch of Charles Kirks, about five miles southwest of Grenada, Colo. In a deep gulch, where a large stream flows a tributary to the Arkansas river, Kirks readily gave them shelter for the night, remarking that it was seldom that guests were called in that lonely place. He told them also that seven years before this he had lived on the Pecos river, at the foot of a mountain spur, herding cattle, and one day a large bear entered the chicken coop and his wife ran to the rescue. She got such a fright that she was sick for several months, and then they moved to their present home. Mrs. Kirks gave birth to a child shortly after, which was never known to have been seen by any one.

The visitors heard strange noises which seemed to emanate from a closed closet. They also heard Mrs. Kirks singing and asked Kirks if he had any children. He then said: "I will show you a curiosity, but you must never breathe it." He then showed them a child three feet high, weighing forty pounds and a compound of human being, bear and chicken. Its head was like that of a bear, but its eyes were those of a human and its ears were a combination of human and bear. As were its mouth and chin. There was a full growth of soft hair over the face, head and neck. In place of arms it had feathered wings. The mother loves it dearly, and will not permit it to be exhibited.—Kansas City Times.

#### The Captain's Prayer.

Capt. Van Etten is nothing if not sensational. His trip to Bismarck overland on a lecture tour attracted the attention of the entire country and his vote upon all measures is given with a thunder clap spontaneity that arouses the surrounding country for miles. The captain did not go to Grand Forks. While the majority of the Dakota legislators were whirling away to the Red River valley he and a number of the other hard working members remained in Bismarck and on Saturday held a session which was made memorable in many ways. Among events of the day was Capt. Van Etten's prayer (the official chaplain being absent), which comes to us as follows:

"O Lord, bless this house. Of course, as can be seen by careful observation, there are not many of us here, the majority having gone on a junketing to Grand Forks. O Lord, thou knowest their motives in going. If it is in the best interests of the country (which seems very doubtful) thou wilt bless them, but if it is for the pleasures of this world, do with them what seemest best. O Lord, save us all at last—junketers and all, if possible."

This may not be a verbatim report of the earnest captain's prayer, but it is as the words are reported to us. The captain wins the palm.—Bismarck (D. T.) Tribune.

#### Japan's National Flower.

It is rather a shock to admirers of chrysanthemums to be told that in Palmaria these beautiful flowers are grown to be converted into insect powder. The connection between the lovely combinations of delicate color and shape is difficult to imagine, but since we are reliably informed that a powder is made from them which kills all sorts of disagreeable entomological specimens of hand, we must accept the fact, even though we abhor the idea. The effectiveness of the chrysanthemum in driving out or destroying insects may be the reason that it has been chosen as the national flower of Japan. If all reports are true, the greatest domestic trouble the Japanese have is in keeping their dwellings free from the many legged atoms that make life hardly worth the living. It is only natural, then, that they should honor the plant that is of such great service to them in this respect. As for us, we will use other means to control the small intruders. We will apply Paris green to our potato bugs and feed our roaches on "rough on rats." We need our chrysanthemums in our parlors and conservatories, and in their case, at least, cannot afford to sacrifice beauty for mere commonplace utility.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

#### She Is Delicate.

"Talk about wives," said Farmer Hawbuck, "I've got one wife in a million. Why, she gets up in the mornin', milks seventeen cows, and gets breakfast for twenty hard workin' men before 6 o'clock." "She must be a very robust woman, Hawbuck," remarked one of his hearers. "On the contrary," put in the farmer, "she is pale and deilikt like Gosh, ef that woman was strong I dunno what work she couldn't do."—Harper's

#### TELEPHONE EXCHANGE.

- 84. Bruhl Jos.
- 85. Bank of Cass county.
- 86. Beeson, A. res.
- 20. " " office.
- 2. Bennett, L. D. store.
- 45. " " res.
- 4. Bonner stables.
- 71. Brown, W. L. office.
- 88. " " res.
- 87. Ballou, O. H. res.
- 7. " " office.
- 8. B. & M. tel. office.
- 30. B. & M. round house.
- 18. Blake, John saloon.
- 69. Bach, A. grocery.
- 51. Campbell, D. A. res.
- 61. Chapman, S. M. res.
- 22. City hotel.
- 13. Clark, T. coal office.
- 25. Clek district court.
- 68. Connor, J. A. res.
- 5. County Clerks office.
- 20. Covell, Polk & Beeson, office.
- 74. Cox, J. R. res.
- 82. Craig, J. M. res.
- 70. Critchfield, Bird res.
- 31. Cummins & Son, lumber yard.
- 19. " " J. C. farm.
- 57. Cook, Dr. office.
- 17. Clark, A. grocery store.
- 55. Clark, Byron office.
- 101. Cummins, Dr. Ed., office.
- 25. District court office.
- 66. Dovey & Son, store.
- 73. Dovey, Mrs. Georgettes.
- 80. Eamons, J. H. Dr. office and res.
- 21. First National bank.
- 91. Fricke, F. G. & Co., drug store.
- 78. Gleason, John res.
- 22. Goos hotel.
- 28. Gering, H. drug store.
- 81. " " res.
- 35. Hadley, dray and express.
- 38. Herald office.
- 44. Holmes, C. M., res.
- 99. Hatt & Co., meat market.
- 64. Hempte & Troop, store.
- 96. Hall, Dr. J. H., office.
- 97. " " res.
- 44. Holmes, C. M., livery stable.
- 96. Hall & Craig, agricultural imp.
- 4. Jones, W. D., stable.
- 40. Journal office.
- 89. Johnson Bros., hardware store.
- 67. Johnson, Mrs. J. F., millinery.
- 67. Johnson, J. F., res.
- 64. Klein, Joseph, res.
- 19. Kraus, P., fruit and confectionery.
- 50. Livingston, Dr. T. P., office.
- 49. Livingston, res.
- 50. Livingston, Dr. R. R., office.
- 83. Manager Waterman Opera House.
- 33. McCotter, F., store.
- 73. McMaken, H. C., res.
- 26. Murphy, M. B., store.
- 72. McMaken, ice office.
- 60. Minor, J. L., res.
- 52. McVey, saloon.
- 15. Moore, L. A., res. and floral garden.
- 77. Neville, Wm., res.
- 54. Olliver & Ranges, meat market.
- 100. Olliver & Range slaughter house. Pub. Tel. Station.
- 39. Palmer, J. H. E. res.
- 21. Petersen Bros., meatmarket.
- 56. Petersen, R., res.
- 27. Polk, M. D., res.
- 93. Patterson, J. M., res.
- 75. Riddle house.
- 16. Ritchie, Harry.
- 64. Schildknecht, Dr. office.
- 11. Shipman, Dr. A. C., office.
- 12. " " res.
- 25. Showalter, W. C., office.
- 43. Siggins, Dr. E. L. res.
- 28. " " office.
- 76. Straight, O. M., stable.
- 16. Smith, O. P., drug store.
- 57. Skinner & Ritchie, abstract and loan office.
- 40. Sherman, C. W., office.
- 102. Ammi res.
- 64. Troop & Hempte, store.
- 90. Thomas, J. W. Summit Garden.
- 32. Water Works, office.
- 37. Water works, pump house.
- 29. Waugh, S. res.
- 23. Weber, Wm. saloon.
- 36. Weckbach & Co., store.
- 36. Weckbach, J. V., res.
- 8. Western Union Telegraph office.
- 47. White, F. E., res.
- 6. Windham, R. B., office.
- 7. Windham & Davies, law office.
- 43. Wise, Will, res.
- 34. Withers, Dr. A. T., res.
- 83. Young, J. P., store.

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Machine and Plow  
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Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Gout or Thick Neck, and Eating Sores or Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties, if taken in time. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh in the Head, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$6.00.

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