

# 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 Ginghams 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.

#### I CLIMB TO REST.

Still must I climb, if I would rest.  
The bird soars upward for his nest;  
The young leaf on the tree top high  
Cradles itself within the sky.

The streams that seem to hasten down  
Return in floods the hills to crown;  
The plant arises from her root  
To rock aloft her flower and fruit.

I cannot in the valley stay;  
The great horizons stretch away.  
The very cliffs that wall me round  
Are ladder up to higher ground.

To work—to rest—for each a time,  
I toil, but I must also climb.  
What soul was ever quite at ease  
Shut in by earthly boundaries?

I'm not glad till I have known  
Life that can lift me from my own;  
A loftier level must be won,  
A mightier strength to lean upon.

And heaven draws near as I ascend;  
The breeze invites, the stars bend,  
All things are leaping to the best;  
I climb to live, my God, for rest!

—Lucy Larcom.

#### A WIFE WORTH HAVING.

The old ship Vincent seemed to be one of those crafts that, according to the theory of sailors, are doomed to ill fate. James Marshall, a young man from Newport, R. I., had been her captain for five years, and during that time she had been twice "knocked down" once had she carried away her foremast, and at the time of which we write the old ship was docked at Liverpool, undergoing repairs from a serious damage she had received during a heavy gale in St. George's channel. But in all these mishaps the owners had been forced to acknowledge that the young captain was entirely free from blame, while on the other hand he had made better "time" in his trips than any other master had been able to get out of her.

The last damage which the Vincent received proved to be the occasion of the dawning of a new era in the life of Capt. Marshall, for while waiting in Liverpool for his ship to be prepared he fell in with a blooming New England girl named Emma Ramsay, the eldest daughter of the agent who did the business for the Vincent's owners, and ere long they discovered that between them there existed a peculiar feeling of mutual love. Capt. Marshall popped the delicate question, Emma consented to her papa, and at length she consented to become Mrs. Marshall. It was a happy day for all parties when the marriage took place, for from the known characters of the bridegroom and his beautiful bride all felt sure that the match would prove one of peace and content.

The Vincent was once more ready for sea. Her cargo was all on board and shipped for Boston, and Emma had resolved to accompany her husband to the United States. For a number of days the weather was pleasant and the wind was fair, while Capt. Marshall felt himself supremely happy in the delightful company of his wife. The sailors shook their heads as they saw the gentle Emma pacing the deck, and they very mysteriously asserted that "such pleasures couldn't always last," and so indeed it proved, for at the close of a pleasant day, when they were within three or four days' sail of their destined port, things began to look anything but agreeable. Away to the southward and eastward the horizon began to assume a sort of inky blackness, with here and there a ghost-like livid spot, while on all hands the heavens had changed their ethereal blue for a cast of deeper and more fearful import.

Capt. Marshall felt as he had never felt before on the approach of a storm. For himself—for his ship—he had no thought then. There was one on board who engaged his every sympathy—for his young wife he felt a degree of intense anxiety that was painful, but he forgot not his duty, and with comparative calmness he set about it. The courses were hauled up and snugly furled, the lighter sails taken in and the lofty yards and topgallant masts sent on deck and the three topsails close reefed.

Long before the sun went down the undulating ocean had assumed almost the blackness of night, and not many moments elapsed after the spars had been secured upon the deck, ere the storm burst upon the ship. It was a regular southeaster, and those who have encountered one of these storms in the gulf know something of their power. Higher and higher rose the mighty tempest, until at length it was found necessary to take in the topsails and trust to the fore and main stormstaysails and a balance reef spanker, and in this way the ship lay till morning, the gale increasing every hour.

Capt. Marshall trusted that when the

passage on the next day the storm would abate, but in this he was disappointed, for a part of the forenoon he was actually obliged to scud before it.

It was not until two staysails had been torn from their bolt ropes that he fully explained his anticipations and the extent of his fears to his wife. "Emma," said he, "I wish I had not taken you with me."

"Why so?" she asked, as she gazed up into her husband's face with apparent astonishment.

"Why so? Do you not comprehend our danger?"

"But the ship does not leak, does it?" returned Emma, with remarkable coolness.

"No."

"Then let us not fear the storm. I was born upon the Atlantic, and I feel that I can yet trust to my native element."

The captain was astonished at this trait in his wife's character, and clasping her in his arms he felt his own soul swelling with a new life.

"Emma," he said, as he gazed more affectionately than ever into her face, "my heaviest fears are passed. For you alone have I feared the most; but now I can calmly tell you wherein lies our danger. This storm has driven us far out of our course, and twice have we been scudding before it. I fear that the coast of Maine cannot be far to the leeward, and of that coast I know nothing, save what I may gather from my chart for us to lay to is next to impossible. The rising sea has rendered our staysails useless, and I have been obliged to set the close reefed maintop sail, but she cannot hold it long."

"My husband," returned Emma, "though you may know nothing of the coast of Maine, yet there are but few spots along her rugged shores that are not as play grounds to me. My father was for years a surveyor of her islands and harbors, and I was his constant companion. To me her cliffs and inlets present nothing that can alarm me."

Hardly had she ceased speaking when a sharp crack, like the report of a pistol, sounded from aloft, followed by a tearing and crashing that started the captain to his feet.

"The main topsail has gone!" he exclaimed, and immediately he sprang upon the deck.

Again the ship was put before the gale, and for several moments Capt. Marshall was undecided what to do. While in this quandary he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and on turning he beheld his wife. She had a "sou'wester" upon her head and a pea jacket buttoned closely about her.

"What is the matter, James?" she asked.

Her husband explained his perplexity. A strange look of fearlessness and confidence rested upon that fair woman's face, and looking for a moment at the compass, she said:

"We head due northwest. Station a trusty lookout in the foretop and let the ship stand on!"

Capt. Marshall felt at that moment as though an angel had been sent to pilot him to a haven of rest. Whence arose the feeling he knew not, but instinctively he obeyed. Fearful and loud roared the mighty storm, and on dashed the riven ship, but all fearless and composed stood the heroic woman upon the quarter deck, and the hardy seamen, as they gazed upon her, felt that what daunted not a woman should not daunt them.

"Land ho!" came from the foretop.

In three minutes more, as the ship rose upon the bosom of a giant sea, the land was made out upon the deck, bearing about two points on the larboard bow. Emma caught sight of it, and seizing a glass, at the next swell she discovered a lighthouse upon its summit. Then she turned her glass over the starboard beam and in a moment she exclaimed:

"There are the Bantam ledges. That land on the larboard bow is Seguin, and beyond I can see Cape Small Point, James," she continued, as she gazed into her husband's face with a look all made up of conscious power, "if you will drop your foretop sail, I will take you into the Kennebec!"

For a moment Capt. Marshall had hardly credited the evidence of his own senses, but one look into the calm, radiant features of his wife determined him, and in five minutes the foretop sail was sheeted in.

Emma Marshall seized the speaker out haul and sprang upon the wheelhouse, and calm as the falling of the summer's dew fell her orders to the men at the wheel. The island of Seguin was cleared in safety, and the ship bowed fearlessly by the foam dashed rocks, and ere long her bows cleft the smoother waters of the noble Kennebec. All danger

passed. Though the storm still raged, yet the old Vincent rode at anchor, and the howling tempest could harm her no more. Confidence was restored to the hardy crew.

Emma Marshall descended from her station and sought her cabin. Her rough habiliments were thrown aside, and ere long she reappeared in all the modesty and beauty of her native grace. Capt. Marshall pressed her to his bosom, and at that moment the hardy seamen covered their hats high above their uncovered heads, while a prolonged shout of joy and gratitude went forth from their relieved souls. They had been saved from the terrible coast storm, and from the bottom of their hearts they confessed that Emma Marshall was a wife worth having.—Sylvanus Cobb.

#### Blasting Holes for Trees to Grow In.

"Few people elsewhere in the world may ever have heard of blasting holes to plant shade or fruit trees," said a cultivator the other day, "yet the practice is common here, and shows good results. In most places there is found sufficient top soil for any purpose, but as land has become valuable people have cast about for means to utilize lands where the barren sand rock comes too near the surface for successful tree planting. A blast, well put in, creates a pocket for broken rock mixed with top soil, which furnishes a basin to hold moisture, as well as a deeper and cooler hold for the roots. It is yet too early to say what will be the ultimate result of such planting, but in a climate like ours, where a superfluity of rainfall is not likely to occur, it will no doubt be successful."—San Diego Union.

#### Getting Even.

At Tientsin, China, two neighbors who had been on the most intimate terms had a little spat, and afterward one of them, Mrs. Wang, threatened to commit suicide. The Shih Pao, which has the curious story, tells of what followed in this manner: Mrs. Peng, upon hearing this threat and fearing lest she should be helplessly implicated should her enemy carry her threat into execution, resolved at once to take time by the forelock and steal a march upon her enemy by taking her own life, and thus turn the tables upon her. She accordingly threw herself into a deep ditch with the intention of drowning herself. Fortunately a countryman who was passing by rescued her, and taking her home attempted to effect a reconciliation, with but partially successful results.

#### Saving Wear and Tear.

Miss Glindiet—A new boarder came while you were out—a young lady.

Mrs. Glindiet (boarding house keeper)—Is she pretty?

"Awfully."

"Well, put an extra strip of rag carpet in front of her mirror."—Philadelphia Record.

#### HARD HIT ON THE FIELD.

Peculiar Sensations Which Many a Brave Man Has Experienced.

We had been held in reserve for five long hours while cannon thundered and muskets crackled spitefully along the front a mile away. A procession of dead and wounded had filed past us until we were sick with horror. Shot and shell and bullet had fallen upon us behind the woods until the dry, dead grass bore many a stain of blood.

"Attention! Forward—guide right—march!"

Our brigade was going in at last, and there was a look of relief on the face of every officer and man as we got the word.

"Guide right—front—forward—march!"

As we swung clear of the woods a gust of wind raised the smoke for a minute, and I saw the plain in our front blue with dead and wounded. Away beyond there was a line of earthworks, and I had one swift glimpse of a thin blue line kneeling behind the cover.

"Steady! Right dress! Double quick—march!"

The air is alive with the ping of bullets and the whizz and shriek of shot and shell. We bend our heads as if breasting a fierce gale laden with icy pellets. There is a wild cry—a shriek—a groan as men are struck and fall to the earth, but no one heeds them—no one hesitates. It is a hurricane of death, but we feel a wild exultation in breasting it. Men shout, curse, sing, swing their hats and cheer.

We are driving through the smoke cloud when there is a flash of fire in front. I seem to rise into the air and float hither and thither, and the sensation is so dreamy and full of rest that I

could not rest for a moment. I was shaken by the sound of my own voice, but my voice? It sounds strange and odd to me. What should I cheer most loudly for? What has happened? Ah! now I come back to earth again. Move and around me is the noise—the high trembles under the artillery—men, rushing about and beside me. Where is the brigade? Why did I drop out? I am lying on my back, and I struggle to sit up and look around. I rise to my knees—weave this way and that—topple over and struggle up again. There is red, fresh blood on my face. I taste it on my lips—my parched tongue thrusts itself out in search of moisture.

Who is groaning? Who is shrieking? Who is cheering? And why should I laugh and exult? Have we held the line against a grand charge? Did we scatter and decimate the legions hurled against us? Have we won a great victory to be flashed over the country and cause the bells to ring with gladness? Let me think. Give me time to remember how it all happened. Strange that my thoughts should be so confused, and the desire to sleep be so strong upon me when I should be up and doing. I will shake it off. I will spring up and follow on after the brigade. Here—

"How do you feel?"

My eyes are wide open and I am lying on a cot in a large room. I see people walking about—other people lying on cots like my own.

"I feel all right. Why?"

"You were hard hit in the fight four days ago, my boy."

"So there was a battle?"

"Yes."

"And I was wounded?"

"Had your left arm shattered by a piece of shell and we had to amputate it."—Detroit Free Press.

#### Corp. Tanner Wins a Bet.

In the office of one of the prominent hotels one evening was overheard quite an amusing story of Corp. Tanner and his two artificial legs. It seems that the corporal is very fond of fine horses and undertook to raise a few last year. He had one particularly fine horse, a thoroughbred, and he would let no one use him but himself. One day while the stableman was exercising him he accidentally stepped into a mud hole and sprained a leg so badly that the doctor advised having the horse's hoof bathed in hot water three times a day.

One day, when the gallant corporal was giving the horse the customary bath, a friend of his came along and told him it was cruelty to animals to bathe the horse's foot in such warm water, and asked him how would he like it if he had to put his foot in it. To which the corporal replied that he would not mind it at all. His friend, thinking he saw a chance to win some money, bet him a hundred dollars that he would not keep his foot in the water for five minutes. The bet was no sooner said than it was accepted by the corporal, who not only put his foot in it, but put his whole leg in and kept it there for five minutes.

The friend paid the bet, but probably has not to this day found out how it was possible for the supposed victim to keep his foot in boiling water for five minutes.—Washington Critic.

#### Count Molke.

Count Molke appears in public only when the reichstag is sitting, and until quite lately he was one of the most regular members of the house, where he takes a front seat on the Conservative benches. If a speech is made in which he is particularly interested, he gets up, approaches the speaker, and holds his hands to his ear, in order to catch every word. He himself speaks very rarely, and the last time he said a few words was last year, when he moved a vote of thanks to the president at the conclusion of the session.—Atlanta American.

#### Stealing the Slipper.

At weddings among Germans in the southern colonies 150 years ago, the groomsmen attended in their beautifully embroidered white aprons. Their duty was to protect the bride from having her slipper stolen from her foot. If any one succeeded in capturing it the groomsmen paid a bottle of wine for the loss, as the bride's dancing depended upon it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

M. W. H. Cupper says he has a mule that will point birds. He rides the mule when driving partridges into a net, and the mule enjoys the sport. The mule, generally, is a very stupid looking animal, but he is not always as big a fool as he looks.—Talbot Era.

#### 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.
- 71. " " 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. Clerk 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. Emonns, 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, dry and express.
- 38. Herald office.
- 44. Holmes, C. M., res.
- 99. Hatt & Co., meat market.
- 6. Hemple & 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.
- 80. Johnson Bros., hardware store.
- 67. Johnson, Mrs. J. F., millinery.
- 67. Johnson, J. F., res.
- 69. Klein, Joseph, res.
- 14. 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. McQuart, P., store.
- 73. McKeen, H. C., res.
- 3. Murphy, M. B., store.
- 26. Murphy, M. B., res.
- 72. McKeen, ice office.
- 69. Minor, J. L., res.
- 52. McVey, saloon.
- 15. Moore, J. A., res. and floral garden.
- 77. Neville, Wm., res.
- 54. Oliver & Ranges, meat market.
- 100. Oliver & Ranges slaughter house. Pub. Tel. Station.
- 39. Palmer, H. E., res.
- 21. Peterson Bros., meat market.
- 56. Petersen, R., res.
- 76. Polk, M. D., res.
- 93. Patterson, J. M., res.
- 75. Little ho. se.
- 16. Reikie, Harry.
- 61. Schildknecht, Dr. office.
- 11. Shipman, Dr. A. office.
- 12. " " res.
- 25. Showalter, W. C. office.
- 42. Siggins, Dr. E. L. res.
- 28. " " office.
- 76. Stright, O. M. stable.
- 57. Smith, O. P. drug store.
- 16. Skinner & Ritchie, abstract and loan office.
- 40. Sherman, C. W. office.
- 10. Todd, Ammi res.
- 64. Troop & Hemple, store.
- 90. Thomas, J. W. Summit Garden.
- 32. Water Works, office.
- 37. Water works, pump house.
- 29. Waugh, S. res.
- 23. Weber, Wm. saloon.
- 38. Weckbach & Co., store.
- 38. 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.
- S. BUZZELL, Manager.

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Wagon and Blacksmith Shop.  
Wagon, Buggy,  
Machine and Plow  
REPAIRING.

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Wagons, Buggies, Machines Quickly Repaired;  
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Symptoms of Catarrh.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and purid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectation of offensive matters, breath offensive, smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.  
By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. 50c.

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LITTLE  
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Purely Vegetable & Harmless.  
Unquestionable Relief. Small, cheap, easy to take. One Pellet a Dose.  
Cure Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Bizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cts. by druggists.

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