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JOS. V. WECKBACH & SON.

THE DAYLIGHT STORE.

MY TREASURES.

My children, how many? Why do you, there's two. Two children, the little boys. Who always give me the enough work to do, but it's worth it, my dear. Dear baby, what helps you to do it? In her way. And she's happy to do it, and I love it. Bright little things, and she's so sweet. In a room, where she's so sweet. At the close of the day, I'll do it. My baby, my little boy. In a room, where she's so sweet. You can see I'm so happy. All the time, I'm so happy. To be so happy, I'm so happy. To be so happy, I'm so happy. "Would I wish to change?" No, for I'm so happy. Now for all of your health and your pleasure. You see, my dear, I'm so happy. I'll never want to be, my dear. That's it, my dear. Happiness.

THE TWINS.

And Maurice Keller began thus: "The first day of the battle had been fighting without a moment's respite since the commencement of the engagement. They had struck the mills at Bruckmuhl, at Albrechtshausen, and in the forest of Niesbach, where we had a hand-to-hand struggle with the Germans. But those terrible guns of De Bosc, that had gained a foothold on the heights of Gumbert, made it impossible to hold the positions taken. It was almost worth while having sacrificed the splendid Michel brigade, composed of the Eighth and Ninth Cuirassiers and the Sixth Lancers, in the charge at Morsboun, and whose last survivors had been ordered by the Thirteenth Prussian Hussars. This charge had only temporarily relieved the right wing of the army. We had just emerged from the edge of the Niederwald forest, when an order arrived from the marshal that Elsasshausen must be retaken at any cost. I had met my twin brother, Philippe, three times since the beginning of the battle. We had hardly had time to cheer each other with a smile of recognition and call out from a distance: "Is everything all right?" "Yes, so far." "The so far" was not a mere commonplace. I can assure you, for our comrades were falling every instant, and the turn of one of us might come at any moment—a casualty that would have proved worse than death for the survivor. The ruler's own force, his own opinion; Philippe, who had only just graduated from Saint Cyr, was in command of a company, while I belonged to the second battalion in charge of a lieutenant. The Prussians, who had expected MacMahon's design, had placed eight batteries on the summit of the village, behind some cherry trees, on the road from Woerth to Gumbertshausen. We had entered Elsasshausen and taken possession of the houses. A dozen of us had stationed ourselves at the windows, and fired so rapidly that the barrels of our rifles had become hot. But in spite of the gaps we made in their ranks, one looking on from a distance would have said that they sprang from the earth as they came on in serried columns. The noise was deafening. Soon black smoke, like thick clouds, rose and cut off our view, but we still kept on firing at bayonet range. Then the thick mass that rose slowly upward was pierced by long tongues of flame. "The village is burning," said the old corporal who commanded us, while he continued to fire. We had to stick like nails. The Prussians did not dare to come to close quarters with our death dealing guns, or the mitrailleurs that swept the roads leading to our positions, but they kept up a rain of bombs on the village. There were with us the three Pelle divisions and all that were left of the Wissembourg, Coussol-Dumoulin and Lartigue's. I met a girl, a young girl, who had been a captain and a second lieutenant were assisting him and stood him up against a wall. I saw that the second lieutenant was my brother. "Good heavens! the colonel has fallen," I could not help exclaiming. "This is a day of casualties; so much the better for the lieutenant colonel," replied the corporal. "But go on with your work, my good fellow." He had scarcely finished the sentence when a shell struck the side of the window, burst, carried away his head and made a hole in the wall, while another fell on the single roof, crushed it in and set it on fire.

We could stay there no longer. We had been smoked out, and made the best of our way down stairs. In the streets the regiments are mingled in inextricable confusion. Philippe is picking up the wounded and notices me. "Follow us, Maurice." And about thirty of us started to run at a quick step behind him amid a frightful shower of bombs that naturally still further accelerated our pace. We took refuge in a large brick structure at the entrance of the village and stationed men at all the embrasures. There were four of us in a room with Philippe, who was firing at my side. At the end of five minutes two men of the Seventy-fourth were wounded; one had his skull crushed and the other his breast half torn open. Suddenly my brother relaxed his hold on his gun and he fell in his turn. I sprang to him. "Philippe, where are you hurt?" "I am done for," he replied; "it's my chest. Listen, the colonel, who has also received his death wound, gave Capt. Collin and me the funds of the regiment." He stopped to spit out a mouthful of blood. "I have eleven thousand francs in notes of the Bank of France in my pocketbook. You must put on my clothes. They can't tell us apart, and you must take charge of the money. If you are not killed you will be taken prisoner. They search privates, but not officers. If you escape you must make your way to regimental headquarters and return the money to whoever may be in command. And now be quick! When I am undressed you must lay me on the bed at the end of the room and put your clothes by me." I was dumfounded and obeyed mechanically. Outside we could hear wild shrieks amid a deafening uproar. "Here they are," murmured Philippe, again ejecting a quantity of blood. And he turned his face toward me as if to kiss me. I bent over him in a last embrace. At the same moment the door, which we had fastened carefully, flew open. Three or four shots were fired in but did not touch me, when a stentorian voice cried out: "Stop!" An officer advanced toward me and said in French: "You are a prisoner, monsieur. Your sword!" I was dragged down below, where I found some privates and officers surrounded by Germans. I was indeed a prisoner. We marched towards Cologne. My heart did not give my conscience free play. I loved my brother more than I loved myself, and I also loved my country more than I loved myself. They had snatched me from both in the crisis of their greatest agony. Those only who have lost a twin brother know that ours is no ordinary grief. It is the other half of us that is dead. Philippe and I had never been separated until he entered Saint Cyr. I had been rejected and my grief was terrible to witness. My mother, the holy ecologist, was pleased at it. You can guess why. My father, chief of battalion, had been killed at Solferino. My sister, five years our senior, had been married at 16 to a young physician who had just settled in the west. My mother was thus left alone, as from pecuniary reasons she had been obliged to consent to our being educated at Prytanee de la Fleche. Perhaps, but for the outbreak of the war with Germany I might have realized her dream, which was to have one of us study law and become a magistrate, so that we could live near her. But the blood of a soldier coursed through our veins, and as soon as war was declared I volunteered in Philippe's regiment. Never were twins more entirely alike than we. There was absolutely nothing to distinguish us—that is nothing but a difference in intellect. I learned far less easily than he, but of course that could not be known by any outward sign. In all other respects we were exactly alike. As children our parents only told us apart by the color of our cravats. At La Fleche the matriculation number on our clothes answered the same purpose. It was only when I was alone in the small room I hired from the little tailor at Cologne, that I had time to reflect on all the consequences of my assuming my brother's identity. I really became a forger by appropriating a rank to which I had no right, and allowing a certificate of death to be entered in the books of the Etat Civile that was incorrect. I had received a letter from my heart broken mother asking for details of my own death, of which she had been in-

formed. The peasants had found the little book containing my official description in the room where we had been fighting, as well as a letter I had received from my sister, and both had been sent to my brother-in-law, the physician, who the next day learned the sad story of the recovered articles. They said that I had been carefully buried in the little graveyard of Elsasshausen, and that when the war was over my relatives would come to pray at my grave, or have my remains reinterred near them. The crime that I had committed at the request of my poor dead brother weighed on me heavily. I was eager to return to France that I might give up that portion of the regimental funds that had been confided to me, and to establish my identity. At last the day arrived, and one morning in the month of April, 1871, I rang at the door of the pretty house at Liseux occupied by my aunt, a manufacturer's widow, and my charming cousin Odette, with whom my mother had found a home during the war. April was exceptionally fine that year and the garden was rich in floral treasures. All at once two voices cried out in unison: "Philippe, my Philippe." I was just in time to catch my poor mamma and Odette in my arms as they came near swooning away. They clasped me feverishly, almost wildly, in their embrace, as if some one was trying to snatch me from them. Then Odette started back, leaving me to my mother, who strained me in her arms, gazed at me, again embraced me, and then suddenly exclaimed: "See, Odette, how they have used him! He's only a shadow. What a terrible thing to do, and in what a condition it sends back those whom it does not kill. They slaughtered my Maurice, and see what they have done with Philippe. Oh! my fine stalwart boys. Ah! the assassin! You are not going back again, you understand. I won't have you in another battery in Paris yonder!" "Be calm, dear mother, my regiment is being reorganized at Havre and we shall not have to march against the Commune." She turned to my cousin. "Come, Odette, I am not jealous; he is yours too. All Philippe, love her well. If you only knew how she has wept and prayed for you." At that moment I remembered something: Philippe and Odette, each other and had sworn that they would remain faithful. Must I also steal this child's love? What should I do? Must I cry out, "I am deceiving you both, I am robbing you, dear mother, of your sacred grief, and you of your affection, dear young girl." So far as my mother was concerned it would only be a transfer of sorrow from me beloved object to another, but in the case of Odette it would be a death blow. I therefore continued to play the part of Philippe. His dear personality in which I which I had robbed myself, burnt me like the shirt of Nessus. It seemed to me that I could see him starting from his grave at Elsasshausen and crying: "Enough! Give me back my uniform, my fiancée, my mother's sorrow. Give me back myself, robber!" All at once—it is only women who are subject to this sudden change of ideas, but those who were living at that period will understand it—all at once my mother exclaimed: "You are hungry, are you not? You have been hungry the last nine months. My hands must have the pleasure of preparing the first repast which you are to enjoy. Remain with Odette. You must have many things to say to each other." "The young girl's face became illumined as with a spring aurora. She took my arm and pressed it. "Oh, my beloved! What a day is this! It seems to me as if you had arisen from the dead!" I turned pale and gazed at her wildly, letting the arm that she was holding fall inert. "What is the matter? Do you no longer love me?" she stammered, also losing her color. "Yes, yes; but let us say no more about the dead; they cannot come to life again." "True! Stay, I am selfish. I forgot the other one—your other self, he of whom I was almost jealous. I loved you so. Do you remember what you said to me there, under the arbor, when we bade each other good-by?" It seemed as if the earth was opening at my feet. "Ah, yes! ah, yes!" I stammered like a culprit. In this love duel I was playing out of time and tune, and she no doubt felt it.

"Tell me what it was," she went on suspiciously. "Excuse me; I've thought of so many things since. My poor head! My brother—" She pushed me away, gazing at me with a frightened expression. "Are you not Philippe? Stay! what a horrible thought! You are not Philippe. If you had been in your arms and covered me with kisses so I could not have spoken. And white as a ghost she shrank back, holding up her finger like an accusing angel, and said in a voice trembling with emotion: "You are Maurice, and it's Philippe who is dead." I fell on my knees before her and covered my face with my hands. "Pardon," I murmured. She uttered a piercing shriek and fell to the ground as one dead. My aunt, my mother, the servant, everybody, came running in. She lay on the floor apparently lifeless, while I was on my knees sobbing. What could I say? I confessed all. The colonel of the regiment had escaped the casualties of war and was residing on his estate near Nantes. I set out on the same evening, having Odette, in a sort of cataleptic fit, in charge of the physicians and went to return to him the sacred deposit entrusted to me by my brother and to tell him my terrible story. He embraced me as if I were his son, undertook to make everything right and sent the back to my afflicted relatives with the expectation of obtaining a three months' leave of absence. It came a fortnight later with a medal for bravery at the battle of Elsasshausen, and for having saved half the funds of the regiment. "Ah! youth! At the end of a month thanks to our tender care, Odette was herself again and I told her all. We entered into an engagement that was to last until the close of the war provided I could obtain my mother's consent. When my leave of absence expired I said to the poor child: "Odette, I am going away again; comfort my dear mother." "You will not go away," she replied. "Philippe appeared to me last night and commanded me to love you. 'We are but one being,' he said; 'if you love me, you also love him.'" "You are only making a sacrifice for my mother's sake." "No, I swear I am not," she replied, blushing. Then raising her beautiful eyes filled with tears, she continued: "In loving you I am still loving my Philippe." I remained. There is now another Philippe, my son, and he is the living image of my brother and me.—Translated from the French of Edouard Siebeck for The Home Journal by J. Henry Hanger.

Poison in the Respired Air.
Professor Brown-Sequard is reported to have lately informed the French Academy of Sciences that by condensing the watery vapor coming from the human lungs he obtained a poisonous liquid capable of producing almost immediate death. The poison is an alkaloid (organic), and not a microbe or series of microbes. He injected this liquid under the skin of a rabbit and the effect was speedily mortal without convulsions. Dr. Squard said it was fully proved that respired air contains a volatile element far more dangerous than the carbonic acid which is one of its constituents, and that the human breath contains a highly poisonous agent. This starting fact should be borne in mind by the occupants of crowded horse cars and ill ventilated apartments.—Boston Journal.

Filling a Long Felt Want.
The genus crank seems determined to put the new department of agriculture to some use, or perish in the attempt. An application for a yoke of oxen, a horse, a cow and agricultural tools was received at the department not long ago, and on another occasion a man who had heard Uncle Sam was "rich enough to give us each a farm" asked the secretary for an order for 100 acres of land. Some people had an idea that the creation of the agricultural department was unnecessary, but others, it appears, regard it as "filling a long felt want."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Answered.
Teacher—It seems you are never able to answer any of my questions. How is this, my little boy?
Little Johnnie—If I knew the things you asked me, ma'am, dad wouldn't go to the trouble of sending me here.—Harver's Bazar.

- 84. Bruhl Jos.
- 85. Bank of Cass county.
- 65. 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. 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. Georges.
- 80. Emmons, J. H. Dr. office and res.
- 21. First National bank.
- 91. Fricke, P. 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. Hemple & Troop, store.
- 93. Hall, Dr. J. H., office.
- 97. " res.
- 44. Holmes, C. M., livery stable.
- 94. Hall & Craig, agricultural imp.
- 4. Jones, W. D., stable.
- 40. Journal office.
- 80. Johnson Bros., hardware store.
- 67. Johnson, Mrs. J. P., millinery.
- 67. Johnson, J. P., res.
- 69. Klein, Joseph, res.
- 64. Kraus, P., fruit and confectionery.
- 50. Livingston, Dr. T. P., office.
- 50. Livingston, res.
- 59. Livingston, Dr. R. R., office.
- 53. Manager Waterman Opera House.
- 53. McMane, E., store.
- 73. McMane, H. G., res.
- 3. Murphy, M. H., store.
- 23. Murphy, M. H., res.
- 72. McMane, ice office.
- 69. Minor, J. L., res.
- 52. McVey, saloon.
- 55. Moore, J. A., res. and floral garden.
- 77. Neville, Wm., res.
- 54. Olliver & Ranges, meat market.
- 100. Olliver & Range slaughter house. Pub. Tel. Station.
- 39. Palmer, H. E., res.
- 21. Petersen Bros., meatmarket.
- 56. Petersen R., res.
- 25. Polk, M. D., res.
- 93. Patterson, J. M., res.
- 75. Riddle house.
- 16. Riddle, 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.
- 78. Streight, O. M., stable.
- 57. Smith, O. P., drug store.
- 16. Skinner & Ritebie, abstract and loan office.
- 49. Sherman, C. W. office.
- 10. Todd, Ammi res.
- 64. Troop & Hemple, store.
- 30. Thomas, J. W. Summit Garden.
- 32. Water Works, office.
- 37. Water works, pump house.
- 29. Waugh, S. res.
- 21. Weber, Wm. saloon.
- 38. Weckbach & Co., store.
- 33. Weckbach J. V., res.
- 8. Western Union Telegraph office.
- 47. White, F. E., res.
- 6. Windham, R. B., office.
- 7. Windham & Davies, law office.
- 42. Wise, Will, res.
- 4. Withers, Dr. A. T., res.
- 3. Young, J. P., store.
- S. Buzzell, Manager.

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