

IN THE DARK.

O, in the depths of midnight,
What fancies haunt the brain,
When even the sight of the sleeper
Sounds like a sob of pain.

A sense of awe and of wonder
I may never well define,
For the thoughts that come in the shadows
Never come in the sunshine.

The clock ticked down in the parlor
Like a sleepless mourner groaning,
And the seconds drip in the silence
As the rain drips from the eaves.

And I think of the hands that signal
The hours there in the gloom,
And I wonder what angel watchers
Wait in the darkened room.

And I think of the smiling faces
That used to watch and wait
Till the click of the clock was answered
By the click of the opening gate.

They are not there now in the evening—
Morning or noon or not there;
Yet I know that they keep their vigil
And wait for me somewhere.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

ALL ABOUT HAY FEVER.

FACTS CONCERNING THIS SINGULAR ILLNESS AND ITS CAUSE.

Flowers and Grasses Bring on Fits of Sneezing in Some Persons—The Cat Asthma and the Troubles Caused by Other Animals.

The popular term hay fever gives but an inadequate idea of a curious complaint, the very existence of which was not fully recognized till the beginning of the present century.

It is called in Germany fruhsummer Katarrh, or early summer catarrh; and among ourselves, hay fever or hay asthma, since the more usual kind begins and ends with the hay season.

The complaint is, however, by no means limited to the flowers of the field. The same symptoms may be produced by very different causes; by sunlight, by violent exercise, by the dust of rooms, and so capricious are its ways that it is sometimes difficult to assign sufficient cause for its appearance.

Now, the oil changes the storm wave into the heavy swell. It floats on the surface, spreads rapidly, and forms a film like an extremely thin rubber blanket over the water.

So it is seen that the effect is purely a mechanical change in the form of the wave; there is no apparent chemical change.

Don't Grit the Calves.

A calf is worth nearly as much as a cow. Not that it will bring as much money, but at a very small outlay it will be brought to a cow, and if well fed and cared for it will make a good cow.

Males, Not Men.

"If you desire to be real swell in polite circles you must never speak of the sterner sex as men or gentlemen," said one who is up and up in all the latest fads.

Antiquity of Beads.

The use of beads is of great antiquity, for they are found in the most ancient of Egyptian tombs as decorations of the dead, and beads supposed to have been used as harter by the Phoenicians in trading with various nations in Africa.

An Interruption.

George (fixing parlor stove)—Why the dam?
"George," exclaimed his mother, reproverly.
"George—Pshaw, the dam—

Unsuccessful Experiment.

What a world of mistakes would be avoided if the same word always meant the same thing!
"Say, ma," remarked a small boy, "isn't it funny that everybody calls my little brother a 'bumming baby'?"

Like Superior is said to be the most ancient of the great lakes, dating back to Cambrian, and it may be earlier times, and that it formed, in other ages, one of the sources of a great river system terminating on the Atlantic seaboard.

THREE DAYS IN A TOMB.

TWO MEN LOST IN AN AFRICAN UNDERGROUND LABYRINTH.

Left in Total Darkness in a Counterpart of the Residence of Haggard's "She"—The Mysterious Black River—Saved by a Faithful Newfoundland Dog.

The city of Pretoria, capital of the Transvaal, South Africa, is located in a most beautiful spot. It stands in a valley between two ranges of mountains clothed with rich, dark verdure all the year round.

These caves are the original Haggard's caves of the Amhazga, in which the wonderful "She" dwelt and ruled. Right under this mountain and through these dark caverns runs a clear, sparkling river of water.

Some friends of mine, two ladies and three gentlemen, went on an exploring expedition through this cavern, got lost in its maze and were three days before they found their way back to the outer world.

Mr. J. H. Leroy, of the Northern Pacific railway of the United States of America; Mr. John Sider, and two ladies, Miss Webster and Miss Gooch and myself, started to explore the Fountain cave.

We got through the entrance, which is very narrow, with difficulty. Going a few yards we found it necessary to light the lamps.

All around there were evidences of the caves being inhabited by swarms of bats which constantly kept flying in our faces.

On the right hand a narrow passage presented itself just wide enough to permit of our walking Indian file. The air, hitherto cool and bracing, became damp and a cold clammy dew settled on our faces.

To the sides of the passage hung a pale, slimy, snake-like substance which to the touch produced a shivery sense of abhorrence. We began to wish ourselves well out of the undertaking. However, being in, there was nothing for it but to go on.

We walked up a passage a distance, I should judge, of three hundred yards, when we arrived at an octagonal court, from which ran eight different passages, the four main ones being about a width of fifty feet, and the four narrow ones about four feet each.

Under our feet could be heard a sound as of the running of a river and the violent breaking of water upon rocks. We could perceive no mode of descent, and the ground under our feet seemed solid.

Being weary, and the ladies somewhat faint, we resolved to go back, although disappointed with the result of our exploration. However, before starting again we refreshed ourselves with the victuals we had brought and, fortified by a few draughts of Cape sherry, felt our spirits rise, and curiosity as to the cause of the sound under our feet getting the better of our judgment we began searching for a way to descend, and finally found a place where there were stone steps at irregular intervals.

An Unpleasant Situation. Sidney and I descended, leaving Leroy and the ladies above. We followed these steps for about fifty feet. The descent was very difficult. The light of the lantern grew faint. However, we arrived on a broad platform of level ground.

The sound of the water had by this time increased to that of a roaring torrent, and on our left we saw the black, inky stream rushing past. We sounded and found the river very deep and cold.

Passing along the banks the air became heavier still, and the lamp, which had been burning more feebly, went out altogether. Breathing became very difficult, owing to the absence of oxygen.

In this dreadful place and in total darkness we were stumbling about trying to find the steps, by which to return, for hours, until becoming quite weary we sat down and fell into a torpid, heavy sleep. How long we remained in this state I do not know.

On awakening, with a great effort we aroused ourselves, and finally lit on a passage, which we followed. As we went the noise of the waters became less audible, and finally we lost the sound altogether. Still, there was no ray of light; nothing but total darkness and a noisome, pestilential air.

We groped about for hours from one passage to another amidst a silence deep and dreadful. The sound of our voices appeared unnaturally loud, and echoing through the vaults gave the impression that the place was haunted by countless demons who were mocking our distress.

Quite exhausted by exertion, anxiety and want of food, we sank down in despair, giving ourselves up for lost. After a time, however, we determined to make another effort for life.

We found that the lamp would now keep lighted. This gave us fresh hope and enabled us to see our way about. We made better progress along the darksome passage and soon were overjoyed at seeing my faithful Newfoundland dog jumping and bounding toward us.

We now knew we were saved. Following the dog, which seemed to have a correct view of the situation, we soon discovered a streak of light at the entrance to the cave. The spirit of enterprise being damped by three days spent in the tombs, we resolved in our minds not lightly to make another attempt of the kind.—Omaha Bee.

D. R. P. JANSSEN



Will Be at the Riddle House Thursday, May 16, 1889.

GOLD WATCHES.

The Reason Why They Can Be Bought for So Much Less Than Formerly.

"Gold watches are so common nowadays that men don't take as much pride in wearing them as they did a few years ago," said a Fulton street jeweler the other day.

The individual who could sport a gold watch and chain a dozen years ago was considered a person of wealth and property. But he isn't now. Why, you will find gold watches in the pockets of our street car conductors, and I have even known them to wear handsome diamond rings.

Usually he carries it in a chain leather pouch, and is very careful not to breathe on it or touch the case with his fingers. He consults it every fifteen minutes for the first month, but he soon tires of it, and then considers it a horrible bore to be asked for the time.

"How can dealers offer the public solid gold watches for \$30 and \$35?" "They are not sold by any means. There are some unprincipled makers who will mark a case of 10 carat outside and 8 carat inside 14 carat, and a 19 and 14 carat will be marked 18 carat. There is no law in America to prevent this. The case is made of a composition which holds a gold plating finely. This composition is sometimes very heavily plated, and will wear for several years without showing the base metal. There is little difficulty in detecting them as solid gold cases, and in this way the price is surprisingly low. There is more opportunity for deception in the movement and case of a watch than in almost any other article. The amount of money invested in a watch offers much inducement to experiment. The case manufacturer is not necessarily obliged to know much about the base metal. He makes his cases to fit the standard American sizes of movements, and most makers produce a uniform size."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Story for Bon Vivants. One man invited another to a dinner at the Manhattan club, of which both were members. It was agreed that the one who arrived first should order the meal. Some time after the appointed hour the host of the occasion found his guest at a table in a remote part of the club. "Have you ordered?" asked the host. "Yes," "Well, you have I," was the answer. Both laughed, and then the host with a flash of the eye inquired what soup his guest had ordered. The guest was named and the host answered: "Then we've ordered the same dinner; any man with proper notions of sequence in dining would follow that soup with just what I've ordered." The scientific diners compared means and found that the orders agreed in every particular. Both dinners and all the wines ordered were served.—New York Letter.

Made Him Feel Comfortable. "Do you know what is the difference between you and myself?" This compounder was hurled at a Pittsburg broker by his better half, who had been sitting up for him, when he arrived at home about 1 o'clock in the morning. "Can't say, my dear," he replied. "What is it?" "You speculate all day, and I 'spec' you late at night."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

That'll Fetch It. "What's the trouble with you?" asked the doctor. "Insomnia," replied the patient. "Can't sleep, eh?" "Not four hours a night." "Ever tried anything?" "Tried everything; all no good." "Ever try trying to keep awake?" Patient sees hope for himself in an experiment that never was known to fail.—Bob Bardetta.

Training Boys for Contortion. What, then, is a contortionist? In the first place it appears that a contortionist is a person who has preserved in his spine, and in some cases in his joints, the infantile condition which in most persons is merely transient. This implies a great flexibility of the spine in all directions, great powers of twisting it. It is also very likely that there are many small individual peculiarities all favoring uncommon freedom of motion. If a young boy without any of this special fitness should be trained for contortion, I think he would probably meet with some success, but never achieve distinction. So far as I am aware, children are not educated for this profession from their tenderest years, as they are for several kinds of acrobatic performances. Their capacity makes itself known by accident, from which it is fair to infer that it rests on an anatomical basis.—Scribner's.

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