

Beating a Wolf.

It is not often that a wolf story is told in a way to show the cowardly nature of the animal. For this reason the following account, given by the author of "Twenty-seven Years in Canada West," has its own value and interest.

My wife's youngest sister had a pet sheep that she had brought up from a lamb, and to which she was much attached. One afternoon she was going down to the spring for a pitcher of water, when she saw a large dog, as she thought, worrying her sheep, upon which she picked up a large stick and struck the beast two or three strokes with all her strength, thus compelling him to drop his prey.

Thus, however, he did very reluctantly, turning his head at the same time, and showing his teeth with a most diabolical snarl. She saw at once when he faced her, by his pricked ears, high cheek bones, long bushy tail and gaunt figure, that her antagonist was a wolf. Nothing daunted, she again bravely attacked him, for he seemed determined, in spite of her valiant opposition, to leave her pet lamb, which he again attacked.

She boldly beat him off the second time, following him down the creek, thrashing him and calling for aid with all her might, when, fortunately, one of her brothers, attracted by her cries, ran down with the dogs and his gun. But he was too late for a shot, for when the wolf saw the reinforcement he scampered off with all his speed.

A Rival of the Famous Strasburg Clock.

The most wonderful clock is on exhibition in the parochial school building connected with St. Paul's German Lutheran church in Jamesville, Wis.

The timepiece is divided into four parts—geographical, astronomical, musical and numerical. A little bell strikes every minute. The first quarter hour represents childhood; the second, youth; the third, middle age, and the fourth, old age. As the clock strikes the hours a corresponding number of apostles make their appearance, from one to twelve. Above them stands Jesus blessing them.

The twelve signs of the zodiac are represented. At 6 and 12 o'clock a sexton rings a bell, an old man kneels in prayer, the cock crows and the organ is played. There are four dials on each side of the clock, showing the years on one side and the leap years on the other.

At midnight heathen gods make their appearance, and scenes in the life of Jesus are represented at noonday. The four seasons are represented by appropriate figures, as are the moon's phases. The clock was built by Mr. Martin, a millwright, of Schwarzwald, Baden, and is said to exceed in ingenuity any other clock ever exhibited in the United States.—Jeweler's Weekly.

An Old Bullet.

Bob Lockhart dropped in to renew his subscription.

"I have something in my inside pocket which I want to show you," he said, and after searching for a few seconds Bob produced the half of a large round lead ball.

"I was sawing up a fat lightwood log, and you will see where the saw passed through the center of the bullet. Well, I got to thinking afterward how old this bullet must be. The log was fat heart pine two feet thick. Evidently the bullet was shot into the tree when small or else it could not have pierced to the center, and the tree was evidently 100 years old when it fell to the ground. It may have lived there 100 years or more. You know fat pine never decays. I am satisfied that old man Ponce de Leon, on his tour through this country, must have fired a fancy shot at a skulking savage, and plucked the tree instead of the Indian. You see it's a round ball, and as it is so large I judge it to be of Spanish make."

Bob is quite an antiquarian, you know.—Atlanta Journal.

Oil Ponds in the Gulf.

Between the mouth of the Mississippi river and Galveston, ten or fifteen miles south of Sabine Pass, is a spot in the Gulf of Mexico which is commonly called "The Oil Ponds" by the captains of the small craft which ply in that vicinity.

There is no land within fifteen miles; but even in the wildest weather the water at this spot is comparatively calm, owing to the thick covering of oil, which apparently rises from the bed of the Gulf, which is here about fifteen to eighteen feet beneath the surface. This strange refuge is well known to sailors who run on the small vessels trading between Galveston, Orange, Sabine, Beaumont and Galveston. When through stress of weather they fail to make harbor elsewhere they run for "The Oil Ponds," let go anchor and ride the gale in safety, this curious spot furnishing a good illustration of the effect of "oil upon a troubled sea."—St. Louis Republic.

The Silver Dollar "M."

There is a popular idea prevalent that the minute letter "M" to be seen at the base of the head of Liberty on the face of the present issue of silver dollars stands for "Mint," and is an evidence of the genuineness of the coin bearing it. This is a mistake. The "M" stands for Morgan, George T. Morgan, who is the originator of the design. Upon the same side there is another "M," also the initial of the designer. This is to be found in the waving locks of the fair goddess, and is so cleverly concealed in the lines of the design that it can only be seen after a long scrutiny. A prominent mint official, in speaking of this other initial, said that he had had it shown to him scores of times, but could never find it unassisted.—Philadelphia Record.

No Fondness for Science.

A well known scientist sat in a Chestnut street hotel watching the throngs pass by, when a gentleman entered and said:

"Mr. Blank, can you give any scientific reason why women walk pigeon-toed?"

"My dear sir," replied the professor, in impressive tones, "women and science have nothing to do with each other."—Philadelphia Press.

GOLD DUG OUT BY HAND.

DISCOVERY OF BREYFOGLE'S MINE BY A PROSPECTOR.

Many Lives Have Been Lost in the Search for the Historic Treasure—Gold Is Found There on the Surface in Lumps Like Flints in a Pudding.

There is not a miner or old settler in the southern part of California who is not familiar with the story of the famous Breyfogle mine. It ranks with the Gunsight, the Pegleg and the Lost Cabin legends. Like them it has cost dozens of lives, and so unsuccessful and fatal have been the many expeditions made in search of the mine that it has come to be regarded by many as a myth.

Briefly, for the information of those who have never heard the tale, the story goes that away back in the early fifties a party, in which was a man named Breyfogle, set out for California by way of the southern Utah road, a route which lay through the southern portions of Utah and Nevada, skirted Death valley, traversed the Mojave desert and finally terminated in either the San Bernardino or Los Angeles valley.

Breyfogle was something of a miner in his way, and while prospecting in a wild and forbidding region he found a place where he could literally dig great nuggets of gold out of the decomposed quartz or cement, as he called it, with his knife. As he described the place, there was a large deposit of an exceedingly rich character—enough to make the whole party wealthy. He returned to camp, but the travelers were short of provisions and water, the Indians were troublesome and there was no time to waste in mining.

They pushed on toward their destination, but between the Indians and thirst only a few of them ever reached civilization. Breyfogle told his story, exhibited the nuggets he had dug out and carefully preserved, and then spent the rest of his life in a fruitless search for the deposit. Others who heard the story followed his example, and for upward of forty years the Breyfogle mine has been a veritable will-o'-the-wisp, luring men to destruction in the terrible deserts of southeastern California and southwestern Nevada.

A LUCKY STRIKE.

George Montgomery, an experienced miner well known in the Wood river region of Idaho, was on a prospecting trip in the region to the southeastward of Death valley. It should be premised that the old Utah road after leaving San Bernardino city turns through the Cajon pass and then strikes off in a northeasterly direction across the Mojave desert, passing Resting Springs, the Kingston mountains and then traversing the Pahump valley. This valley lies just on the boundary line between California and Nevada and has a general northwesterly and southeasterly course, the Kingston mountains lying to the west and the Pahump range to the east.

While prospecting in the mountains last named and at the upper end of the valley Montgomery made a discovery which bears every indication of being the long sought Breyfogle mine, or at least one exactly similar. But the location answers to that given by Breyfogle, while the gold has been found just as he said—so plentiful that it could be dug out in nuggets with a knife.

One ledge located by Montgomery is eight feet wide, and has been traced by its outcroppings for a distance of 9,000 feet. In the decomposed surface rock the gold is found almost like plums in a pudding. Pieces of quartz picked out are from a quarter to half bright yellow gold, while with a hand mortar the lucky discoverer pounded out in a short time a yeast powder can full of nuggets of various sizes. All along the ledge free gold is found in quantities that astonish the oldest prospectors and which seem scarcely credible.

After making several locations Montgomery read the news of his discovery, the result being that some thirty or forty miners are at work in the valley. Montgomery himself packed up as large a quantity of the richest specimens as he could carry and made his way across the desert to Daggett, the nearest railroad point, 160 miles away. From there he came to San Francisco.

FORTUNES FOR MANY.

To the question whether he was looking for capital or a purchaser, Mr. Montgomery returns an emphatic negative. The mines, he says, are the richest he ever saw, and he is satisfied that he can realize a fortune by working them. There ought to be plenty of placer gold in the gulches leading from the ledges that have been discovered, but no effort has been made to find any. All the miners yet in the camp are busy on the quartz claims they have located. On one claim taken up by Montgomery a cross cut has been pushed for twenty feet across the vein without striking the hanging wall, and it is free milling ore all the way.

Besides the deposits of gold, some rich silver veins have been found, assays from which run over a hundred ounces to the ton. Lead and copper also abound, but at present gold is the sole object of search.

There is plenty of mesquite wood for fuel in the valley within three or four miles of the newly discovered camp, while in the mountains, fifteen miles away, are forests which afford abundance of timbering material. Water can be had at a moderate depth in Pahump valley, while at Ash Meadows, fifteen miles away, are streams which could be utilized for power.

In any event the Breyfogle mystery seems to have been solved, and perhaps this fact will give another stimulus to the search for the Gunsight and the Pegleg mines.—San Francisco Letter.

Doesn't Pessimism Pay?

She—It's disgusting to see people so demonstrative in public places. Who's that man across the street who kisses his wife and baby on the doorstep when he leaves every morning?
He—That's Dodson, who writes cynical paragraphs on matrimony.—Epoch.

Prince Napoleon's Pompeian Mansion.

When the part Prince Napoleon might have taken in French politics ceases to be contrasted with the part he actually did take he will be remembered for quite a different achievement. In a strange part of Paris he built a very curious mansion, and collected a brilliant circle of friends to witness a singular entertainment. The circumstance, once notorious, is now almost forgotten. Thirty-five years ago the prince went Pompeian mad. It was the fashionable craze of the day.

Artists, authors, dilettanti—they all took it; but the prince alone had funds and purpose to realize his wild project. If he could build a house just like one of these old Pompeian mansions, if he could furnish it classically, put in the right bronzes and statues, himself dress like an old Roman and get his friends to do the same—well, he actually reduced the dream to a fact.

In the avenue Montaigne, at that time perilously near the Bal Mabille, the palace was reared on the true Pompeian lines. Gaius painted the decorations—Roman chanting his ballads, and nymphs that represented the Odyssey and Iliad. Everything was classic and was Greek, but the Bonaparte blood flowed in the veins of the owner.

Prince Napoleon set up busts and statues of his family all round the atrium—Napoleon and Josephine and Marie Louise, Lucien, Charles, Louis and Jerome; they all had their places in this classic apartment. And here, before the emperor and empress, a French play was acted in classic costume—Favart, Brohan and Theophile Gautier being the company, and Got and Emile Augier among the audience.—Boston Herald.

Making Money Talk.

"Look at that fellow," said the man in the window.

"Who?" inquired.

"That young fellow standing outside the mill."

"Well, what of it?"

"Don't you notice that five dollar bill he is holding in his hand?"

"Yes, well?"

"He's been furnishing it around for five minutes. Bought two fifty cent seats in the gallery just now. Gave me a ten dollar bill. I gave him four silver dollars and that five. Been all this time putting the four into his pocket."

"Well, he had to unbutton his overcoat. That takes time."

"Yes, but it doesn't take five minutes. Besides, he could have put the five dollars into his vest pocket in no time. But he didn't. He holds it out in plain view."

"Suppose he does. Hasn't he a right to?"

"Of course. But don't you get on to the racket?"

"No. What is it?"

"Girl."

"Girl?"

"Yes. That's the girl standing over there in the corner. She's watching him. He's just drawn his week's pay, ten dollars, and is talking her to see the show. When they came in he flashed the ten dollars, and dazzled her with it a while before he got into line. Now he's letting her get a good look at the five dollars before he sinks it. It's a grand scheme. No other fellow can steal that girl now. He's got her solid. And the long green did it."—Chicago Post.

Cobbler Sprague's Frugal Wife.

Ten thousand dollars in gold and greenbacks has been found secreted in an old table in the residence of John Sprague, a shoemaker, of Wilmington, Del. The money represents his deceased wife's savings for thirty-nine years. On Jan. 27 Mrs. Mary Sprague, wife of the cobbler, dropped dead, a victim of heart disease, in a drug store. The couple came to Wilmington from England thirty-one years ago. The husband is about sixty years of age, while the wife was nearly fifty-nine years old when she died. They were frugal and industrious, and during their thirty-nine years of married life the husband weekly gave the wife a certain sum of money for her use. He never questioned what she did with the surplus, but supposed it was regularly put in bank.

When Mrs. Sprague died search was made for the bankbook supposed to exist, but to no avail. The house was ransacked also, but no money was found. Finally Mrs. McGinley, a neighbor, suggested, as she had had a dream to that effect, that possibly the treasure might be secreted in an antique table, and this article of furniture was examined. Tightly wedged in an inside corner of the table were found a bag of gold and a roll of greenbacks, which, being counted, amounted to \$10,000.—For. Philadelphia Record.

The Tableau.

The palmiest day of the tableau entertainment has rather gone by. Sacred and profane history, ancient and modern customs have been faithfully worked for varieties in tableau representation and their freshness has pretty well departed. An entertainment of pretty and picturesque scenes, unvaried by action or movement, is a somewhat mild form of amusement. For obvious reasons this kind of entertainment has had a long run of favor. Tableaux, represented by good folks that they all know, are something that the strictest church people can look upon without a feeling of sin, and a great deal of money for good causes has been realized in this way. They flourish best in home soil and presented by home talent and beauty, and not a little have they owed to the good natured puffs of amiable editors and the family pride which loves to see Sis on the stage in a fancy costume, looking as pretty as a peach-blow vase.—Springfield Homestead.

Pleasant, but Unsafe.

"Wouldn't it be nice if some of the pleasant things said about persons after they are dead could only be said while they were still alive? It would cheer their dying hours."
"Yes, it would be nice, but it would hardly be safe."
"Why not?"
"They might recover."—New York Recorder.

Mandamus.

Judge Chapman heard the petition of Prof. Rakestraw last evening, represented by County Attorney Morgan of Otoe, asking for a writ of mandamus against Supt. Parnele of the blind asylum, who refuses to bow to the authority of Governor Boyd and will not give up his office to his successor, Mr. Rakestraw. Judge Chapman granted the writ, giving Mr. P. until Monday noon to vacate.

The "Little Tycoon" opera company will come in this evening on the flyer. It is a troupe of unusual merit and will give the best operatic entertainment of the season at the opera house to-night. There are forty people in the company, every one of them artists of unusual ability.

County Court.

License to wed issued to Mr. Charles S. Hart and Miss Olive M. McGee, both of Elmwood.

Hearing on petition for appointment of A. C. Adams, administrator "de bonis non" of estate of Josiah Keefer, deceased. Prayer of petition granted.

Hearing final settlement estate of Clarence G. Flemming, deceased. Accounts allowed and decree accordingly.

Citizens' Bank vs. T. B. Stokes et al. Suit on note. Trial, May 11, 10 a. m.

A Husband's Mistake.

Husbands too often permit wives, and parents their children, to suffer from headache, dizziness, neuralgia, sleeplessness, fits, nervousness, when by the use of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine such serious results could easily be prevented. Druggists everywhere say it gives universal satisfaction and has an immense sale. Woodworth & Co., of Fort Wayne, Ind.; Snow & Co., of Syracuse, N. Y.; J. C. Wolf, Hillsdale, Mich.; and hundreds of others say: "It is the greatest seller they ever knew." It contains no opiates. Trial bottles and fine book on Nervous diseases, free at F. G. Fricke & Co's.

No farmer or stockman can afford to be without Haller's Barb Wire Liniment. Animals supposed to be permanently injured and useless, have been made valuable by its timely use. We are so well pleased with its results that we heartily recommend it to our customers. For sale by all druggists.

Mr. Haller, a noted pharmacist of 25 years experience, also a member of the state board of pharmacy, compounded that perfect cure for coughs, and colds, Haller's Sure Cure Cough Syrup. We warrant every bottle. For sale by all druggists. 2

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CATHOLIC.—St. Paul's Church, Oak, between Fifth and Sixth. Father Conroy, Pastor. Services: 8:00 and 10:30 A. M. Sunday School at 2:30, with benediction.

CHRISTIAN.—Corner Louest and Eighth Sts. Services morning and evening. Elder J. K. Good, pastor. Sunday School 10 A. M.

EPISCOPAL.—St. Luke's Church, corner Third and Vine. Rev. H. B. Burgess, pastor. Services 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 2:30 P. M.

GERMAN METHODIST.—Corner Sixth St. and Grand. Rev. H. H. Pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 10:30 A. M. RESERVATION.—Services in new church, corner Sixth and Granite Sts. Rev. J. T. Baird, pastor. Sunday-school at 9:30; Preaching at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.

FIRST METHODIST.—Sixth St., between Main and Pearl. Rev. J. D. M. Buckner, pastor. Services: 11 A. M., 8:00 P. M. Sunday School 9:30 A. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN.—Corner Main and Ninth. Rev. W. H. Pastor. Services: usual hours. Sunday school 9:30 A. M.

SWEDISH CONGREGATIONAL.—Granite, between Fifth and Sixth.

COLORADO BAPTIST.—Mc Olive, Oak, between Tenth and Eleventh. Rev. A. Roswell, pastor. Services 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—Rooms in 347-349 Main street. Gospel meeting for men only, every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Rooms open week days from 8:30 A. M. to 9:30 P. M.

SOUTH PARK TABERNACLE.—Rev. J. M. Wood, Pastor. Services: Sunday School, 10 A. M.; Preaching, 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.; Prayer meeting, Tuesday night; choir practice Friday night. All are welcome.

FREE MISSIONARY CHURCH.—Granite Street between 5th and 6th. Rev. C. A. Falk pastor. Sunday School, Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock, services at 11 o'clock. Sunday evening Young Peoples meeting at 7 o'clock services at 8. Tuesday evening young peoples meeting at 8. Thursday, services at 8 P. M. All Swedes are cordially invited.

Catharsis in New England.

Ely's Cream Balm gives satisfaction to everyone using it for catarrhal troubles.—G. K. Mellor, druggist, Worcester, Mass.

I believe Ely's Cream Balm is the best article for catarrh ever offered the public.—Bush & Co., druggists, Worcester, Mass.

An article of real merit.—C. P. Allen, druggist, Springfield, Mass. Those who use it speak highly of it.—Geo. A. Hill, druggist, Springfield, Mass.

Cream Balm has given satisfactory results.—W. P. Draper, druggist, Springfield, Mass.

George Vaux

Is getting in a big stock of spring and summer goods. His novelties in breast pins and jewelry are well worth looking at. Call in and look at his new goods.

Brown & Barrett, successors to Wildman & Fuller, have an endless variety of wall paper and borders—all new colors and designs. wtf

Pansies! Yes! In bloom, of the most gorgeous colors. They will continue to bloom all summer, too, and can be selected at Moore's Green House for from 40 to 50 cents per dozen. dtf

For Sale. A good farm one-fourth mile from the town of Murray, on the M. P. R. R. Plenty of timber and water. Good orchard, 350 bearing trees. Plattsmouth, Neb., Feb. 9th, 1891. wtf R. W. HYERS.

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