

PINNED A WOMAN TO THE GROUND.

The Matter Made Less Serious by the Fact That She Wore Army Shoes.

Richard M. Sommers, the foreman of the roller department in the mint, was recently chatting with some of the men who had seen service in the late war, and, after relating an interesting adventure that had occurred in 1862, said:

But I never was so frightened in my life as I was the day I pinned a fair young rebel to the ground with my bayonet. I thought I had killed her.

The circumstances were these: In August, 1863, when the Philadelphia brigade was moving toward Mine Run, Va., I was detailed from my command, the Seventy-first Pennsylvania volunteers, known as Baker's California regiment, to watch a farmer who was believed to be a spy.

In order to throw him off his guard and also to enable me to learn the better whether he was a spy or not, I was instructed to report at his house, on the Mountain View farm, in Fauquier county, and state that I had come there by command of Colonel W. Penn Smith, in order to protect his home from any straggling soldiers that might trespass with a view to foraging on the premises.

I was well received by the family, who, living in that out of the way country, were quite timid and in constant fear of the passing troops. I was housed there, and fed at their expense, and soon I realized that the hospitality of Virginia's first families was all that it was reported to be. The two pretty girls, sisters, one a blonde and the other a brunette, were at first a little shy of the "wild Yankee," as they called me, but we soon became friends, however, although they would persist in telling me the Confederate cause was just, and that the Union troops were invaders, and all that sort of thing.

The Mountain View farm covered a good many acres of ground, but the owner was poor at that time, and "sweet sixteen," as I called the pretty blonde, had no shoes with which to cover her well shaped little feet. Now I had a brand new pair of army shoes in my knapsack and a fairly good pair on my feet. I asked her if she would wear my new pair if I would make her a present of them. She seemed a little loath to accept them at first, not because of pride, but because she thought it unfair to take them from a soldier who might soon stand in need of them himself. But at last she did accept them, and was real well pleased to do so. Of course, they were a mile too big for her, but that didn't matter. She soon got used to them.

It used to be her custom to watch for foraging soldiers and then to send me after them to drive them away. One morning she said: "Oh, Yank! there is a forager out there. Don't you see him? There he goes under the trees over there."

I started out after the intruder, but I ran all over the part of the farm indicated without seeing any one. It was very warm, and I was very warm and tired when I returned. On seeing her I told her that I could find no one, when she laughed right in my face and said:

"I just fooled the wild Yank for fun. It was fun for her, but not for me. However, I laughed with her. Just then I put my gun down on the ground, as was my habit, bayonet downward, intending to stick it into the ground and thus let the piece stand reversed, but instead of that I stuck it through her shoe and pinned the beautiful girl fast!

I was never so frightened in my life as I was then. I would not have harmed the young woman for the world; she had become to me like a sister.

Maybe I wasn't glad when I saw a twinkle in her bright, blue eyes, and heard her sweet voice ringing in laughter as she said:

"Well, Yank, you did not hurt me a bit; you know these shoes are a trifle large for me, and your bayonet just went through the upper and sole without grazing my toes."

I was rejoiced to hear her talk that way. I assure you, I was taken away from there in a few days after that, it having been found that her father was not what he was suspected to be. But I often thought about that family, especially of one member, in my marches and in later years, but I never met again with any member of it. "Not even with my pretty 'sweet sixteen' friend, for I was engaged in a great deal of active service in the army, and when I was mustered out of it I returned to Philadelphia and never went back to Virginia."—Philadelphia Press.

Intelligence in Mice.

The organs of hearing and smelling in mice are very efficient; but their eyesight is, we believe, poor. Their intelligence is, we should think, low, as might be expected from the paucity of convolutions in their brains. We suspended a tin of flour at such a height from the ground that our little friends could not quite jump into it, though the smell of the food made them very persevering in their endeavors to do so. We then arranged a string so that by a detour they could get at the good stuff that way.

One mouse by following that course attained to the desired goal, but evidently by chance, for being startled out of the tin, it continued for a long while to make futile efforts to recover its lost position by jumping up, never again seeking the road which had led it before to the object of its desire. For hours we have lain in bed watching mice trying in vain to spring into the tin of flour, none of them ever perceiving that there was a feasible road leading thereto.—Chambers' Journal.

A Valuable Set of Vestments.

A famous old set of vestments now in the cathedral sacristy was a gift to the late Archbishop Hughes. On these vestments, which were of the finest gold cloth, was worked the archbishop's coat of arms. They were embroidered in gold and incrustured with jewels. This set comprises vestments for twelve priests besides the archbishop. It is valued at \$30,000, and was imported from Lyons. Archbishop Corrigan wears these vestments occasionally.—New York Herald.

TALKING WITH MOLTKE.

EX-PRESIDENT ANDREW D. WHITE'S DESCRIPTION OF HIM.

He Met Him at a Reception in Berlin on the Occasion of the Golden Wedding of the Old Emperor William—Baron Nothomb's Felicitous Introduction.

By many people ex-President Andrew D. White, of Cornell university, ex-minister to Germany, is regarded as one of the best authorities on German affairs in the United States. Years of patient study and observation give great weight to his views on the new Germany of today.

Regarding the great German soldier and strategist the ex-president says:

I first saw Von Moltke just after my arrival at Berlin at the festivals attending upon the golden wedding of the old Emperor William. The first of these was a great theatrical representation at the Royal Opera house, at which the emperor and empress and very nearly all the crowned heads of Germany, with representatives of the various royalties of Europe, were present, and besides these, attracting even more attention, Bismarck, Von Moltke and the leading generals of the Franco-Prussian war.

The appearance of these people comes back before me very vividly, but no one is more distinctly present to me than Von Moltke. He seemed absolutely different from every other personage in that great hall. He was a tall, spare man, his face a mixture of determination and kindness, his whole appearance, as more than one person has said at various times, being that of an intelligent, kindly college professor or schoolmaster.

There was something singularly gentle about his whole bearing, yet it was impressive. He sat very quietly, exchanging some little conversation with his next neighbor, Manteuffel, the dreaded viceroy of Alsace-Lorraine. The contrast between the two was very marked—Manteuffel, apparently, all keenness and severity, Von Moltke firm, but gentle.

INTRODUCED BY BARON NOTHOMB.

When I next saw him it was at an evening gathering where there was not a large number present, and where I had the opportunity to converse with him. I was introduced to him by the dean of the diplomatic corps, Baron Nothomb, sometimes called "the father of constitutional liberty in continental Europe," a man of very wide political knowledge and who more than once, as I sat at the table, gave me accounts of his conversations with Talleyrand and other men of the first Napoleonic period.

Baron Nothomb in presenting me to Von Moltke took advantage of a little sketch published in one of the German newspapers, and said: "Sir Field Marshal, I wish to make you acquainted with a gentleman who was born in Homer, who lives in Syracuse and who has aided in founding a university at Ithaca."

At this Von Moltke laughed pleasantly, and evidently did not understand the allusion, whereupon I told him that in the earlier days of this country we had a way of naming our townships and villages after noted heroes of antiquity, but at present we did better, naming them after the great men of these times, and telling him that no doubt in the newer states he would find his own name and that of Bismarck attached to some of our younger towns. He seemed interested in this and talked on very pleasantly.

I look back to that evening as one of the most interesting during my stay in Germany.

MOLTKE IN PARLIAMENT.

At various other times I met Von Moltke, but do not recall anything of especial interest. No man was more free from the slightest tincture of vanity. As he walked through the streets and in the parks, going to and from the office of the general staff, he was undistinguishable save by his tall, scholarly form from the crowd of military men about him. He evidently was just as little in the shape of orders and decorations as was permissible.

At court he was expected, of course, to appear in more splendid attire, but even then there was always the same quiet modesty and simplicity. He seemed to me in some respects "the noblest Roman of them all."

But perhaps his most impressive appearance was as a member of the imperial parliament. From time to time as I happened in to hear the discussions I saw him in his seat, quiet, imperturbable; but on two occasions I heard him speak, and on each of these his subject was the necessity of larger votes of money and men to maintain the military supremacy of Germany.

Nothing could be better in their way than these speeches of his. He looked and spoke as I could imagine Julius Caesar looked and spoke in the Roman senate. Nothing could be more simple and yet nothing more effective. He was listened to by men of all parties with the utmost respect.

He seemed to stand in a sense aloof from all parties, and to be guided simply and solely by what he considered the best interests of the German empire. On hearing him speak one could not resist this conclusion, and as his manner was simple, voice good and statements very clear, direct and strong, but without the slightest tendency to exaggeration, his words carried great weight.

I remember hearing him say in substance in one of these speeches that Germany must be prepared for any emergency, and must maintain the very highest condition of military efficiency possible for at least fifty years. And I remember, too, with what a sort of solemnizing effect these words, quietly uttered, but evidently the result of conviction based on knowledge, had upon the audience. They seemed to carry a sense of responsibility to the heart of every person present.—New York Herald.

Unfortunately.

"The effect of Rev. Mr. Harkin's sermon on the terrors of hades was lost." "How so?" "The church was as cold as a barn, and the prospect he held out was rather agreeable."—Epoch.

Robert Ballance came in from Holyoke this morning.

Charley Miller went to Omaha this morning on base ball business.

Mrs. Oliver came this morning from South Bend where she has been visiting friends for a few days.

The K. of P. Lodge moved their goods and effects into their new hall over Bennett & Tutts last night.

O. D. Buzzle departed this morning for Seven Points Wisconsin where he has obtained satisfactory employment.

A chance for every boy and girl to get a flag for Decoration Day FREE by going to J. P. Young's store, 509 Main street, at 10 o'clock next Saturday morning and get one gratis.

"The Twelve Temptations" company played the first portion of the week at Boyd's Opera House, Omaha. The elite of the city packed the house. It was their fifth visit during the past three years.

Mine front, vas you not likes to try our Boots and Shoes. They wear ust like py gracious never vas before. They out wear any hard ware in town. They stand the very roughest wear and fit, oh my! ust like the shell on eggs. Ven you not tinks so ust come vonce in. You will find our leather strong and solid, without paper in soles or counters. Our prices are not the lowest in the city. But our figures fit the quality of our goods the closest of any in Cass county. To demonstrate this fairly drop in at W. H. Schildknecht's shoe store, west half of J. P. Young's room, on Main st., Plattsmouth, Neb. d2w1

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I am now prepared to deliver ice to any part of the city. Telephone 72. H. C. McMAKEN.

Notice.

The first graduating class from the Dominican Sisters' school will be dismissed with honors at the opera house, Friday evening, May 29th. A rare treat will be in store for those present as talents of a high order will be displayed in every number on the program.

Cheap Sugar ought to bring Cheap Coffee.—FOUR packages Lion or McLaughlin's XXXX Coffee for \$1.00 at E. G. DOVEY & SON'S.

Needles, oils and parts for all kinds of machines can be found at the Singer office, corner of Main and Sixth streets, with H. Beck. tf.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co. and O. H. Snyder. 3

Brown & Barrett carry the largest line of druggists sundries in the city. tf.

Take your prescriptions to Brown & Barrett's, they dispense pure medicines. tf.

Mrs. M. J. White left for her home in Chicago this morning after a pleasant weeks visit with her cousin Mrs. W. H. Mallick.

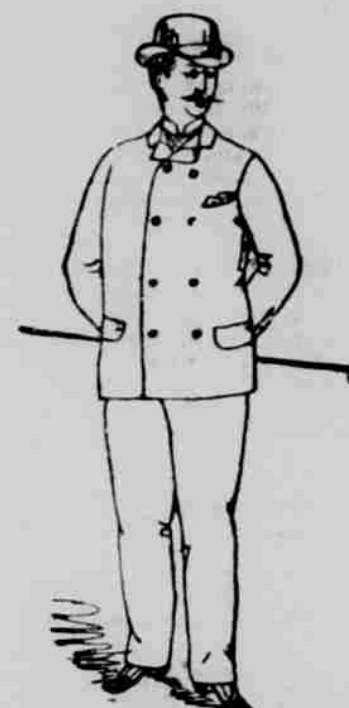
Notice of Probate of Will.

In the matter of the last will and testament of Elisha Stradley, deceased, in county court Cass county, Nebraska. Notice is hereby given that on the 8th day of June A. D. 1891, at the county judge's office in Plattsmouth, Cass county, Nebraska, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the following matter will be heard and considered: The application of Samuel Stradley to admit to probate the last will and testament of Elisha Stradley late of Greenwood precinct, in said county deceased, and for letters of administration with the will annexed to Anton C. Lederer. Dated May 18th, 1891. By order of the court, B. S. RAMSEY, County Judge

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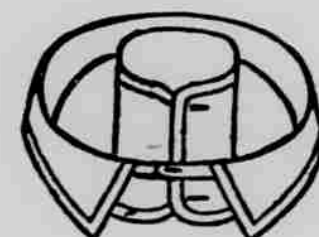
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