

Too early, came not.
In bleak December, low the east red Mars
Rose large and lurid, and a slender moon
Lay, like a finger, on the lip of Night,
Commanding silence.
Perched on a bench, with wistful face and
white,
With limbs a-tremble, bare legs red and raw,
And hands like nips! a tiny child I saw,
Who, thirty clad, sat hither and thither and
bright.
Crouching some baby lay.
That little maid, the while her wee voice rang
So shy and low.
Whether some childish rhyme,
Olden and quaint,
Of fairy and fay; a snatch of nursery rhyme,
Or hymn, or prayer—I knew not, nor shall
know.
But long ago
One spoke this word,
"No sparrow falls, its dying cry unheard,
Though feeble and faint."
And I am sure that he who hears the bird
Heard that sweet plaint.

The English Theater as a Chinese Sees It.
When an actor first appears on the stage he must remove his cap and incline himself toward the seated audience as a mark of courtesy. The audience then drum upon their hands to signify their approval. An actor who has got off the stage must appear again, and by bowing toward the audience express his thanks.
Their plays, like ours, are divided into "civil" and "military"; the civil plays consist either of music solely—when the sound is of a boo-hoo—or solely of mimicry. The majority are taken from the history of the country. The scenery is marvelous. When one scene is finished the curtain is dropped and the scenery changed. Below the stage music is played during the interludes. In the case of these old romances several scenes are brought together to form a play, and if this play is acted today it will be acted again tomorrow, so as to give every one an opportunity of seeing it.
When no more visitors come to see, another play is substituted, or the troupe removes to another theater. Military plays are those in which acrobats are engaged; the theaters in this case are somewhat larger and are known as "camps" (circuses).—Temple Bar.

Famous Horses of the Greeks.
The Greeks were genuine lovers of horses. It was claimed that Poseidon struck the earth and produced the horse—a poetic way of saying that horses were first imported into Greece from beyond the sea. Homer's favorite appellation for the Greek heroes is "tamer of horses." And almost every page of the Iliad shows that Homer's admiration for the chieftains is almost matched by his enthusiasm for the firm footed coursers, the fiery steeds, the horses famed in war. No common animals were these of the Greeks and Trojans.
The horses of Aeneas were of the stock which Zeus the thunderer gave to Trojans. The horses of Rhea were as glorious as the sun; the snow was not so white, the wind not so swift as they. The horses of Dromed seemed to be in the air as they flew along, but of all the horses that proudly distinguished themselves in that famous war, the wooden horse took the lead for efficiency. It was the wooden horse that gave Troy to the Greeks.—Caroline K. Sherman in Chicago Herald.

A Tree That Furnishes Real Lace.
The department of agriculture has issued a very curious and interesting list of plants useful to man which are contained in its collection.
Among the most remarkable of these is the lace bark tree of Jamaica, the inner bark of which is composed of many layers of fibers that interlace it in all directions. Caps, ruffles, and even complete suits of lace are made from it. It bears washing with common soap, and when bleached in the sun acquires a degree of whiteness equal to the best artificial lace, with which this surprising natural product compares quite favorably as to beauty.—Washington Star.

Clothes That Royalties Wear.
What funny people royalties are! If I were to visit a Persian in his home it would never occur to me to put on a flowing robe and a sheepskin hat and to expect the Persian to receive me in European garb. But royalties never seem able to meet without exchanging clothes. For instance, when the emperor arrived at Port Victoria his majesty made his appearance in the garb of an English admiral, and the Prince of Wales responded to this delicate attention by donning the dress of a Blucher Hussar, while his brothers and son masqueraded as German Hussars and Uhlans.—London Truth.

Another Good Way.
A Dutchman went about selling a preparation for poisoning a certain kind of troublesome insect.
"You take de insect mit de finger an de dumb of von handt," said the peddler, "an den mit de odder handt you put de pizen in his mouth."
"But," said the farmer, "if you've got to catch and hold them that way, why can't you smash em and done with it?"
"Vell," said the Dutchman, "dot's a good way, too!"—Youth's Companion.

A gentleman narrowly escaped being drowned by a salmon in Scotland. He hooked a large fish and entered the water to free the line, which had caught to a boulder, when the salmon swam round and round the would be captor, fixing the line firmly round both his legs. But for the prompt assistance of a gillie, the gentleman might have been drowned.

One of the queerest names for a street is that borne by a public thoroughfare in the annexed district of New York called Featherbed lane. It is supposed to have been so christened because it is full of rocks. The name occurs in the city directory.

In sugar refining factories metallic vessels called kettles are used, some of which are capable of holding a thousand gallons.

was crowded. People were packed like herrings inside and on the platform for four square inches of space. It was just at the beginning of a rain, and the gripman had no waterproof along. It seemed that at every second door some one had to get on. The car was constantly stopping. It was filled to the last limit long ago, but still people were waving their arms from the pavement and clambering up and in some way. Nobody knows how many persons can get into a Chicago street car. At one corner three women with babies in their arms stopped the car and got in.
The gripman swore a little at them.
At the next a man looked at the clouds, signaled the gripman and got in out of the wet. The rain began to come down a little more decisively. The gripman started up and threw the lever far forward. He wanted to shoot straight to the stables without stopping. There was another man. The car had not run forty feet.
The gripman swore very roundly as he hoisted the lever and pulled back on the brake.
Then he started, bent the talons of the grip about the cable and plunged ahead again. There was another woman. The car had run just half a block. The passengers looked up as they saw the waving arms of the waiter. They expected to hear a very volley of oaths at this second stop. The gripman's face was a study. First it was black as night. Then he looked closely at the woman. He hated her and wanted to blast her with a frown. Then his brow softened. A twinkle came into his eyes. His lips parted and his great wooden face broke into a kindly laugh.

What had she done? Who was she? Did he know her? Nothing—nothing at all. He knew nothing about her. She was only a handsome girl, and she laughed a caress right into his lips as he frowned at her. Smiles are better than scepters any day.—Chicago Herald.

Wherein Bananas Surpass Wheat.
The banana belongs to the lily family, and is a developed tropical lily, from which by ages of cultivation the seeds have been eliminated and the fruit for which it was cultivated greatly expanded. In relation to the bearing qualities of this fruit Humboldt, who early saw the wonders of the plant, said that the ground that would grow ninety-nine pounds of potatoes would also grow thirty-three pounds of wheat, but that the same ground would grow 4,000 pounds of bananas, consequently to that of wheat is 133 to 1 and to that of potatoes 44 to 1.
The banana possesses all of the essentials to the sustenance of life. The savage of the sea isles and the jungle owes what he has of physical strength to this food. Wheat alone, potatoes alone, will not do this. When taken as a steady diet it is cooked—baked dry in the green state, pulped and boiled in water as soup, or cut in slices and fried. I do not know whose beauty I admire the most, the majestic cocoa palm, with its heavy crown of great fringed leaves, or the graceful banana, with its great leaves, which are six feet long and two feet wide.—Goldsworthy's Geographical Magazine.

White Dresses No Longer Worn.
"Speaking retrospectively," said a fashionable widow, "when I was a girl in society the white dress was considered one of the sweetest things a young lady could wear. Now one never sees them except at a commencement or a wedding. Prints, prints, prints! Even the sweet girl graduate in a white dress is a rarity. As for Broadway, the sight of a white dress on anybody but an infant is a thing of general feminine comment."
"I know it is rather daring to venture an opinion in this era of colors, but I think now that a young and pretty woman in pure white is the loveliest vision in the world of beauty. She need not be so very young, either, if reasonably pretty. I've seen women who could be called without offense neither young nor pretty who looked better in white than anything they could have put on."
And what man of forty upward, pray, will not agree with her?
The man with a handpainted mustache or beard went out with the white dress.—New York Herald.

The Bane of the Unruly Student.
The dean's office at Harvard is, from the nature of affairs, a purgatory. A "summons" to the dean means that there is trouble for the man who is summoned. The high court of justice sits in the dean's office. That is, it does so far as the undergraduates know, for here are delivered all the court's decisions. At one time in the history of Harvard college there hung in the room of every undergraduate a cartoon. It was a picture of "U 5"—the dean's office.

Few Murderers Repent.
There is a popular notion to the effect that a murderer is necessarily pursued by the furies of regret and repentance; but the truth seems to be that such feelings are rarely entertained by the offender. Surgeon Bruce Thomson, of the general prison of Scotland, says that of the 500 murderers he has known only three could be ascertained to have exhibited any remorseful symptoms. The true criminal is unrestrained by moral perception from crime and the same lack of sensibility forbids contrition.—Washington Star.

Do not be angry if the roosters awaken you at daybreak. Remember that if you went to bed at sunset you would be willing to get up with the chickens, and roosters don't stop to consider such things.

Pin Superstition.
Superstition has special claims upon the pin; it should, we are told, "be lent, not given." There is a by no means small class of sensitive minded folks who regard the exchange of a pin a sure and sharp prick to friendship, and there is another goodly number that put themselves to all manner of inconvenience to stoop and pick up every pin that lies in their pathway.—Table Talk.

Character in Eating.
There are few things by which character is more unmistakably portrayed than by a man's choice of food and the manner in which he devours it. In his preference for coarse or delicate edibles, or lack of preference for any—in the deliberate slowness or voracious quickness with which he consumes them—traits of character otherwise hidden are revealed. The dinner of a people are an infallible index of the national life. It has been justly said that there is a whole geological cycle of progressive civilization between the clammy dough out of which a statuettes might be moulded and the brittle films that melt upon the tongue like flakes of lukewarm snow.
In England one of the tests by which the various parties in the state church are unerringly distinguished is the test convivial. For example, it is said that some years ago a clergyman in that country went to a hotel to order a dinner for a number of clerical friends. "May I ask, sir," said the waiter gravely, "whether the party is high church or low church?" "Now, what on earth," cried the clergyman, "do my friends' opinions matter to you?" "A great deal, sir," rejoined the waiter. "If high church, I must provide more wine; if low church, more vittles."—Professor William Matthews in Boston Traveler.

Victims of Misplaced Confidence.
There is a famous dairy farm that supplies a large city not a thousand miles away from New York. The place was started some years ago by a wealthy gentleman of very high social and religious standing in the community which he aimed to supply. Of course, the farm was extensively advertised, and among the "best families" in that city a few years ago it was scarcely possible to find one which did not boast of having upon its table the eggs, butter and milk from this establishment.
In due course of time the venerable proprietor of this farm went the way of all humanity. When his executors came to settle the affairs of his estate one of the heaviest liabilities was a large account for milk that had been regularly furnished for a period of several years from one of the largest swill milk concerns in the neighborhood. It is almost needless to say that the former patrons of this famous farm, when they learned of this little revelation, were less enthusiastic than they had been before.—New York Recorder.

A Cheerful Beggar.
"Boss," he said, "can you give me five cents to get a cup of coffee with?"
He was a Broadway beggar, with a cheerful face and a buoyant manner. Fortune had frowned upon him, but he was not at all disturbed; he simply laughed in fortune's face.
The man to whom the beggar had spoken halted. "I don't know that I have got five cents," he said, but at the same time he put his hand into his pocket. Encouraged by this movement, the cheerful beggar continued:
"Make it ten cents, and I can get a sandwich to go with the coffee."
"I can't do that," said the man, and he added, as he handed over two cents, "this is the best I can do."
"It's all right," the beggar said, "perfectly satisfactory. I ain't fixing the price."—New York Sun.

How Carl Schurz Learned English.
Few foreigners—indeed few English or Americans—speak and write the English language with the grace and purity of Carl Schurz, and he explains the fact as follows:
"When I first came to America I found that I knew as little practical English as the Yale or Harvard student who has read 'Faust' and 'Piccolomini' knows of German. I went to a bookstore and asked for the classic of the English language. The 'Vicar of Wakefield' was given me. I made a careful translation of the work into German, laid it aside for six weeks, retranslated it into English, critically compared the two versions, and knew the English language."—Youth's Companion.

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Wanted After You.
That greatest western paper, The Weekly State Journal, is determined to double its circulation this fall. To do this the paper has been enlarged to twelve pages every week; new departments added, and every column freshened and brightened by crisp and original ideas. The Journal is the true and able exponent of western enterprise and thought. It has grown apace with the progress of our commonwealth and stands to-day at the head of western newspapers, equalled by few and excelled by none.
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Two years ago the Haller Prop. Co. ordered their bottles by the box—now they buy by the carload. Among the popular and successful remedies they prepare is Haller's Sarsaparilla & Burdock which is the most wonderful blood purifier known. No druggist hesitates to recommend this remedy.
For sale by druggist.

Itch on human ans horses and all animals cured in 39 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by F. G. Fricke & Co., druggist, Plattsmouth, wtf.

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CHRISTIAN.—Corner Locust and Eighth Sts. Services morning and evening. Elder J. K. Reed, 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 Granite. Rev. H. T. Factor, Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 10:30 A. M.
PRESBYTERIAN.—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.
The Y. E. S. C. E. of this church meets every Sabbath evening at 7:15 in the basement of the church. All are invited to attend these meetings.
FIRST METHODIST.—Sixth St., between Main and Pearl. Rev. J. D. M. Bickner, pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 9:30 A. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.
GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN.—Corner Main and Ninth. Rev. White, pastor. Services: usual hours. Sunday School 9:30 A. M.
SWEDISH CONGREGATIONAL.—Granite, between Fifth and Sixth.
COLORED BAPTIST.—Mt. 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 Waterman block, 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.
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TIME TABLE.
OF DAILY PASSENGER TRAINS

GOING EAST		GOING WEST	
No. 2	5:05 P. M.	No. 1	3:20 A. M.
No. 4	10:30 A. M.	No. 3	5:20 P. M.
No. 8	7:44 P. M.	No. 5	9:25 A. M.
No. 10	9:45 A. M.	No. 6	7:15 A. M.
No. 12	10:14 A. M.	No. 9	6:25 P. M.
No. 14	8:30 A. M.	No. 11	9:25 P. M.
No. 16	11:05 A. M.	No. 13	11:05 A. M.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS Gauntlet Lodge No. 47. Meets every Wednesday evening at their hall in Parmelee & Craig block. All visiting knights are cordially invited to attend. C. C. Marshall, C. C.; T. H. Dobby, K. K. S.
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION Waterman block, Main Street. Rooms open from 8:30 A. M. to 9:30 P. M. For men only Gospel meeting every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.
A. O. U. W. No. 81—Meets first and third Friday evenings of each month at G. A. R. Hall in Rockwood block. Frank Vermilyea, M. W. D. B. Emsler, Recorder.
A. O. U. W. No. 81—Meets second and fourth Friday evenings in the month at G. A. R. Hall in Rockwood block. E. J. Morgan, M. W. J. P. Brown, Recorder.
ROYAL ARKANAM—Case Council No. 1021. Meet at the K. of P. Hall in the Parmelee & Craig block over Bennett & Tutts, visiting brethren invited. Henry Herold, Regent; Thos Walling, Secretary.
CASS LODGE, No. 146, I. O. O. F. meets every Tuesday night at their hall in Fitzgerald block. All Odd Fellows are cordially invited to attend when visiting in the city. J. Cory, N. G. S. W. Bridge, Secretary.