

AUCTION SALE!

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HOLIDAY PRESENTS

FRANK CARRUTH & SON.

COMMENCING MONDAY DEC. 7, 1891.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, SOLID SILVER AND SILVERPLATED WARE, CLOCKS, OPTICAL GOODS, ETC.

We would call special attention to our Watch stock which is the largest ever brought to this City, cased in Gold, Silver and Nickel. We would also call your attention to our stock of Silverware which is very Large and Complete both Staple and fancy goods, Remember this is no old shop worn or shoddy stock but the same class of goods as Carruth & Son has always carried in stock and every article sold at auction is guaranteed by them same as if sold at private sale. To buy such goods at your own prices is an opportunity that is offered but once in a life time and every one should take advantage of it at once.

REMEMBER - THE - PLACE.

SALES DAILY AT 2:00 O'CLOCK AND 7:30 O'CLOCK P. M.

Frank Carruth & Son

JEWELRY STORE

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA

Colonel J. F. Turner, of Chicago, will Conduct the Sale.

A FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

A FERCE AND BLOODY KNIFE DUEL IN A MOUNTAIN TOWN.

It was the Culmination of a Long Standing Feud, and Was Precipitated by a Cur Dog—Sanguinary Results of Unbridled Ferocity.

It was Saturday and "trading day," and the little mountain town was filled with scores of both white and colored people from up and down the valley. There was considerable drinking, but everybody seemed good natured to me. I could not see the slightest sign of uneasiness, but by and by the captain came to me as I stood in front of the postoffice and said:

"Looks mighty like thar' was gwine to be bloodshed yere?"

"Why, everybody seems peaceful and serene, so far as I can see."

"Yo' don't know these folks. See that yere gaderin' over by the harness shop? That's the Jackson crowd. See that other gaderin' over by the drug store? That's the Berry crowd. They're jist eyin' each other like two bulldogs, and a leetle mo' whiskey'll bring on a bout."

"Is there any feeling between the two crowds?" I asked.

"Powerful bad. I don't goss c'lar back to the wah. The Jacksons was Union and the Berry's was Confed. Thar was houseburnin' and robbin' and shootin', and they don't forget. It's the fust time the two crowds hev bin in town together fur more'n a yar, and I don't like the looks of things."

"Can't the officers of the law keep them quiet?"

"Officers of the law! Why, man, if them crowds were to break loose fifty officers of the law couldn't prevent bloodshed!"

The leaders of the respective factions were men who must have been mere boys when the war broke out. Each had about a dozen adherents, who were all more or less closely related.

HOW THE FIGHT STARTED.

They did not seem at all anxious for a conflict and might have gone their ways without a blow but for the action of a dog. He was a mean looking cur and belonged to the Jacksons. In wandering around he got into the Berry crowd and one of the men sliced about six inches of his ear off. The dog rushed back to his master, while the Berry crowd mocked his yelps of pain and fright.

All of a sudden Steve Jackson stepped to the middle of the street, flung down his hat and shouted:

"Tom Berry, ef yo' hain't a coward, come out yere and fight me!"

The challenge was instantly accepted and within sixty seconds a ring was formed and 300 people were looking on. The men were pretty evenly matched as to height and weight and age. It was not to be a battle with fists, but with long, keen hunting knives, and you could

tell at a glance that it was to be a fight to the death. At first there was much jostling and moving about, accompanied by shouts of encouragement to the men, but after a few moments it was quiet—painfully quiet. I think there were at least thirty women among the onlookers and fully that number of boys and girls from ten to eighteen years of age.

BOTH DUELISTS KILLED.

It was the first and only time I ever saw men fight with knives, and it was a horrible thing to see. As soon as their friends fell back they rushed upon each other with the greatest fury. Each gripped the other with his left hand and stabbed and thrust, and each was wounded four or five times before they broke loose. Not a person in the crowd spoke above a whisper. Every eye followed the men as they feinted and dodged like prize fighters, and men and women shivered and gasped for breath as one or the other of the knives drank blood.

The road was dry, but without dust. Presently it was dyed with blood. The men slipped a little now and then as they dodged about. Blood ran off their finger tips, down their legs. I trembled like a leaf. I felt a horrible disgust, and yet I could not move away. I felt I must see the end.

When the fight had lasted a quarter of an hour, and one man had eight stabs and the other nine they suddenly clinched each other, as at first. Neither uttered a cheer, curse or groan.

They stood square up to each other, and hacked and cut and thrust until both sank down from sheer weakness. Jackson died within ten minutes; Berry lived about thirty. The one had thirty-three wounds, the other twenty-eight. As they were picked up by their friends and carried into the drug store to breathe their last, the hogs running about the village came and disputed with the dozen dogs over possession of the blood pools.—Detroit Free Press.

A Boarding School Supper.

A teacher in a large boarding school for young ladies used to jest over a pupil whose appetite at table caused her neighbors serious alarm. It was the custom to have hot raised biscuits twice a week for supper, and this girl, after eating six one evening, gave her teacher and doctor a very bad night indeed. It never seemed to enter anybody's head that hot yeast biscuit was the food above all others to cause morbid appetite and bilious attacks. Yet the supper of hot biscuits and cheese with honey or preserves is one of the institutions of boarding schools, and worse fare for growing girls it would be hard to find.—Shirley Dare's Letter.

Some Famous Echoes.

There is a famous echo on the Rhine between Coblenz and Bingen, which repeats a word seventeen times, while in the epnicher of Metella, the wife of Sulla, in the Roman campaign there is an echo which repeats five times in different keys, and will also give back with distinctness a hexameter line which re-

quires two and a half seconds to utter. Brewster mentions an echo on the north side of Shipley church, in Sussex, England, which repeats twenty-one syllables.—Brooklyn Eagle.

NOTES ABOUT WEATHER VANES.

Carved Wooden Vanes Went Out with Figurdheads in Ships.

When the Phoenician sailor stuck a needle through the stem of a feather and held it out in the wind, he invented the first weather vane, or feather vane. He was nearly equaled by the Indian boy, who was taught to moisten his finger in his mouth and to hold that finger aloft in the air. When that finger grew cold on a certain side the Indian child knew that the wind came from that particular direction. The Phoenicians, however, were probably the first of all civilized peoples to put the vane of feather into practical use.

Since those early days weather vanes have been used in every form and by all races. Modern vanes in their present shapes were first made of wood by traveling carvers and later of copper by tinkers and smiths. They were used on poles, churches, public buildings, ships and were placed on rocky points of land along the seashore. They are now made in every conceivable design and pattern. Horses, cows, deer, eagles, ships, roosters and even pigs are hammered out in copper and used to register the direction of the wind.

The newer vanes have rain cups attached for catching water during a storm. The amount of water that falls is measured by the square inch in a tube under the vane. Wind gauges also are attached. These indicate the speed of the wind. The gauges are small cups hung sideways to the vane. The wind blows them around in a circle and the revolutions are registered by electricity. Nearly all the large weather vanes in town are connected with dials in the buildings below.

The dial is round, like the face of a clock, lettered like a compass, and a revolving hand shows the action of the wind on the vane overhead. Vanes are no longer set in sockets, as it is nearly impossible to keep them properly oiled. They are hung loosely, like a cap on a pivot, and the hollow stem of the vane hangs over the head of the pivot, covering it from rain and rust.

One of the largest vanes ever seen in New York was placed on the postoffice about fifteen years ago. It was so large that it was considered unsafe and was taken down. A good drawing of it is still in existence. The arrow, scroll and banneret seem to be the favorite shapes in vanes at present. The fence jumping horse and the plow are yet found on the grounds where country fairs are held, but they are not in great demand. The tobacco leaf vane is found largely in the south and in Connecticut. The spread eagle and running deer are wind signs in the western states, the deer more particularly in Canada. Malt barrels in copper are placed on breweries throughout the country.—New York Recorder.

TO CLOSE BUYERS

BEAR IN MIND THAT

JOE

CAN SAVE YOU MONEY

OVERCOATS AND SUITS,

FOR MEN AND BOYS

FOR LESS MONEY THAN EVER HEARD OF BEFORE

Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Trunks, etc. at Jobbers Prices

It will pay you to come fifty miles to trade with

JOE Who will show you better makes, quality and for less money than you can buy west of Chicago.

A CHILD CAN BUY AS CHEAP AS A MAN

JOE Has Only One Price,

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

OPERA HOUSE CORNER, PLATTSMOUTH.