

Preparing for the Journey.

"Come, Michael, come, Michael, come quick, hurry up!"

For the sun in the heavens a great golden cup,
Come, rinse off the reindeer and polish the sled,
For soon will the children be tucked into bed;
And I must be doing and up and away
To fill all the stockings from Quogue to Cat-
bay.
Give each of the reindeer a big handful of oats,
And brush up the greatest of all my great-
coats.
Then a couple of bricks through and through
quickly beat.
To be placed in the sled as a stool for my
feet.
And then did he shout to the girls and his
boys,
"Come, bring out those bundles of candies and
toys,
And don't mix the skates and the toy railroad
tracks
With the sawdust-stuffed dolls with heads
made of wax."
Then the reindeer, led round by the smiling
lured man,
In a new set of harness, looked quite spick
and span.
And he quietly stood, while old Santa Claus
smiled.
To see his rare gifts on the sled packed and
piled.
Till the sled was all full save a very small bit
Of a place for the jolly old driver to sit.
He looked at the load with the eye of a fox,
That he missed no stuffed parrot or jack-in-the-
box.
He saw that the cards were tied snugly around
The porcelain rooster, the red candy bound,
The tin soldiers, the pink Noah's ark,
And, happily, made no unpleasant remarks,
He had all his children a hurried good-by,
And jumped in his seat to make ready to fly.
He placed both his feet on the bricks more
than warm,
While he smiled like a child at the thought of
a storm.
Yet, even when he was about to depart,
His wife, with a petulant sort of a start,
Ran out on the stoop, and among the snow-
birds.
Most hastily uttered these terrible words:
"Remember one errand on which you're dis-
patched.
Don't forget to have that piece of mummy-
cloth mended."
And when he was out of her vision almost—
"Don't forget those two letters I gave you to
post!"
—K. K. Munkittrick in Harper's Bazar.

HER SON AND HIS.

The snow had been falling all day long, and the dark November weather had changed the streets of Paris to dismal drains for the melting flakes.

An omnibus stopped at the head of Prouy street, and from its aristocratic interior stepped a 13-year-old boy with a morocco sachel under his arm. He ran to the door of an elegant house, and the next moment was clattering up the marble steps into the vestibule.

"Is mother home?" he asked of the servant, as she helped him off with his wet overcoat and leggins.

"No," was the answer. "Her ladyship has not come in."

"And my sisters?"

"Miss Christine and Miss Yvonne are in the reception-room with Diana and their dolls."

In the reception-room he found Christine seated before a cheerful fire.

"Oh, how glad I am that you have got home!" she cried, throwing her arms about his neck. "We are so lonely! Father went out after breakfast, and mother about the time you left for school. Father came back with some cakes, but he went right out again."

"I have been thinking of father and mother all schooltime. Something is wrong. Have you not noticed, Christine?"

"Mother seemed a little put out with father. But that is nothing new. I have noticed that this long time."

"Yes," cried little 6-year-old Yvonne. "I have often seen papa crying when I caught him in the study and put my hands over his eyes. Ever since the lady in red—"

"What is that she is chattering about?" interrupted the boy, with a superior air.

Yvonne was touched in her feminine weak spot. "I know it better than you, for I was with mamma. We were coming out of the Louvre shops, and I had my balloon—the one you broke—"

"You should say burst," said her brother.

Taking no notice, the child went on with her story:

"Then mamma said to Fernin, 'I am going to walk across the Palais Royal; have the carriage for us before the Boursoe.'"

Christine and Gaetan looked at each other, hardly able to keep from laughing. But Yvonne kept on with her reflections.

"I know what I saw, at any rate. And when we met papa with the lady in red, mamma drew me away and squeezed my wrist so hard she hurt me."

"What lady in red?" exclaimed Christine.

"There, now," cried Yvonne, "perhaps you'll believe me. And the lady had an elegant bonnet and a gold veil, and a silk parasol, and, and—"

But Gaetan jumped up suddenly, exclaiming: "Don't listen to her nonsense! Why should not papa walk with a lady in red if he wants to? There are plenty of ladies who come here on mamma's Thursdays, and she and pa don't get angry over them."

"Of course not," said Christine.

The hours crept on, the Greek theme is written and Ovid is in a fair way to be converted into bad French, when loneliness proves too much for Gaetan's philosophy, and he gets up to rejoin his sister by the fire.

Just then several quick, sharp peals of the bell were heard, and a young and beautiful woman soon made her appearance. The children had hardly finished a stormy but affectionate welcome to their mother, when the door again opened and their father came in. He received the children's caresses in an abstracted way, and turning to the Countess, said, with some emotion:

"Clotilde, we must arrange our affairs immediately. Take the children out and come back here, I beg of you."

"As you like," she said.

Left alone, Count Bellefontaine took the code from the table and opened it at articles 1448 and 1449, and read: "The wife who has obtained a decree of separation from bed and board assumes the free control of her property. She must contribute to the expense of educating the children of the marriage. If her husband has no property, she must bear the whole of this expense."

He closed the book and leaned on the mantel with his back to the fire. "I don't care for the money, but the children. None of them are to go with me. The Judge so ordered, and they are to be brought to see me once a month.

As if I were no longer their father, because—No consideration! Temptation, passion, weakness—never taken into account, and then in three years divorce—unless Clotilde should forgive. She'll never do that, for she has chosen this course."

"Thank you, Clotilde. You have not kept me waiting. Here are the keys of my secretary. You will find cash and title-deeds all safe."

"And how about yourself? How are you to live? Though I have been wronged, I bear your name, and can not permit you to suffer."

"I thank you, Clotilde, for your commiseration, but I can not accept it at your hands."

"So, having broken your faith, you wish now to play the magnanimous?"

"Remember that I have been defeated. I am punished enough."

"That is so. But that punishment weighs upon me too, and more heavily than you imagine. The sight of my ruined home, the publicity of all, and the scandal afloat."

"You were inflexible."

"My dignity was at stake, sir!"

"Say your pride."

"Yes, and my hate. I could not forgive you for giving me a rival."

"A rival! I have told you a hundred times how it was. You were off in the country, nursing your mother. You had all the children, and there I was alone in Paris for months, with nothing to do and bored to death. Then the opportunity came."

"However, enough of this. I shall say nothing further than is necessary, and I hope you will spare me any more recriminations. But promise me that you will not try to alienate the children from me. For I am still their father!"

"I promise."

"Very well. I have only to bid goodbye. You have judged me strictly, and have given blow for blow. I can't complain, for the law is on your side. Will you call the children and let me kiss them before I go?"

"Certainly."

The Countess left the room, returning presently with the girls.

"Are you going away?" exclaimed Christine in alarm, clinging to him.

The Count faced about and saw Yvonne sleeping heavily in her mother's arms.

He drew her close to him and gently kissed her.

"Yes," he answered. "I am going on a journey, a rather long one, little girl, but I shall be back soon, and find you quite grown up."

As the two little girls left the room Gaetan rushed in. He brushed by the Countess, gathered up his books and exercises, and hastily bundled them into his sachel.

"Are you not going to kiss me?" asked his father. "Don't you know that I am going away?"

"Wait till I get my things," he said. Then he took the sachel and fastened it on his father's valise by the straps.

"What are you doing, Gaetan?" asked the Countess. "Did I not tell you that your father was in haste?"

Gaetan straightened himself up and turned toward his mother, saying, in a tone of resolute defiance: "I must certainly take my books, for I am going with father!"

In vain the Countess held out her arms to him. He only cried still more vehemently: "No, no; I do not love you. I heard you drive papa away."

His father tried in turn to draw him towards his mother, saying gently: "My boy, be reasonable; you are causing your mother much pain."

But in the middle of his nervous fury the boy suddenly sank to the floor and lay at his length upon the carpet, crying over and over again: "Papa, papa," as though his heart would break.

The Count lifted him and placed him in the great arm-chair, and his mother, in great agitation, knelt by his side. But with a violent movement of his arm the boy pushed her rudely away.

"Who could have told Gaetan such stories?" asked the Count.

"Nobody has told me anything," said Gaetan, through his tears. "They took us into dinner, but I saw John packing a valise, and I came back. The door of the room was open, and I got behind the screen. And when I heard mamma scolding you, and found that she had taken her keys, I made up my mind not to love her, and to go away with you."

"My boy, you did very wrong to listen, and you did not understand what your mother said. Be quiet, and believe what I tell you. I have given her the keys because I am going away."

"Come, my dear Gaetan, papa is telling the truth. He will return in a few days."

"Why do you say that mamma? I heard father say he would never return, even to come and see us. Besides, Yvonne warned us. She has often caught papa crying in his study."

"Ah!" said the Countess. "You wept! Why did you hide that, and let me think you wrapped in your proud insensibility?"

"Because you would have laughed at my distress, and I would not give you the pleasure of seeing my tears."

Both parents were now kneeling by the side of their boy, and the Countess was gazing into her husband's eyes as though she would read his very soul.

"You see very well that I must go with him," said the boy. "You will have Christine and Yvonne, and it is not fair to leave him alone."

"So you refuse to stay with me?" said the Countess.

"Yes, because you are so mean."

"And suppose I give the keys back to your father and make him stay here?"

"Oh, my dear good mamma!"

The boy passed one arm around his mother's neck, his other one being still around his father's so that he held them both in one embrace.

"Then, mamma, as you have made him cry, kiss him and then I will kiss you with all my heart."

"Clotilde!" begged the Count, overcome, "for our boy's sake!"

"Yes! And for yours, too," sighed the Countess, letting her head fall upon her husband's shoulder.

The Detroit board of public works has sued a contractor for stealing and carting off two avenues.

"TAD" LINCOLN.

The Old Comedian's Reminiscences of That Fatal Night in Washington.

A veteran and well-known comedian recently related a strange sort of story to a small circle of friends who had gathered around him in the corridor of an up-Broadway hotel. The *World* will "violate no confidence" in repeating the substance of it, withholding the name of the narrator.

"I knew the Lincolns and well remember that night of the 14th of April when the president was shot. I was the leading comedian of a combination that was playing a burlesque on 'Aladdin and His Lamp' at one of the Washington theatres during the fatal week. Little 'Tad' Lincoln was a privileged character around the stage, and every one connected with it, from manager to call boy, liked him, and felt lonesome if he missed an evening. The property man and scene painter had made for him a miniature stage in the White House, with a correct small edition of the stock sets of scenery and properties.

"The president did not try to discourage the boy's zeal for the drama, and if our national history had been destined to tell of brighter days than it does for the Lincolns, perhaps 'Tad' would have been to-day upon our stage—doubtless playing comedy, for that was his delight. In him the stage might have had a recruit from the ranks of genuine heart-and-brain royalty.

"There was a scene in our burlesque where a property balloon made an ascension, and the comic servant—my own character—got caught accidentally in this balloon and carried into the flies, suddenly becoming loosened and falling or tumbling headlong upon the stage. So you see 'athletic comedians' were not originated at our Casino.

"Well, 'Tad' thought this act very amusing, and he furnished much diversion between acts and during waits for the company and stage hands by rehearsing it himself behind the scenes.

"He was on the stage the night his father was shot, and was watching me do this very act, when a messenger rushed upon the scene with pallid face and trembling with terror. The boy did not look at him, but was intent upon the play. The messenger spoke to him in a frightened whisper, asking him to follow him instantly, that a carriage was in waiting to take him to his father, who was waiting for him.

"But father is at the theatre, to see Miss Keene," returned 'Tad.' We were all listening then, for we felt that something serious had happened. The scene stopped.

"But, my poor boy, Mr. Lincoln has been shot," gasped the miserable messenger.

"The young fellow glanced around at us all for a mute instant, to see if he had heard aright, then dashed off like lightning, and in a moment more the carriage went thundering away to the president's improvised quarters. More than one honest tear was shed on that dismal stage and the heart-aches were genuine and as much for little 'Tad' as for the great loss to the nation.

"Some one had whispered the news to our audience and the performance, of course, was not finished. A panic could not have cleared the house more promptly.

"We did not open again for many weary weeks. Nobody had time or inclination for the theatre in those high-tension days. Washington was one great, prolonged tragedy—every phase of its life was dramatic and tense."

The actor was wrought to a tension, too, in relating his story, and after some sighs and cigar puffs concluded: "Yes, I knew John Booth—knew him for years. Warmest-hearted friend a man ever had, but a fanatic.

"I met him a few days before the shooting on the street, and we smoked a cigar together and had a beer. He was the same genial, hearty fellow that I had known for years—wished everybody well, but didn't like those who crossed him in political opinions.

"My friend—was leader of the orchestra at Ford's. He had been under the stage, and, hearing shots, started upstairs to see what was wrong. Going upon the stage he bumped against Booth, who was running away, after his crime. He recognized him, and said: 'Hello, John, what's the matter?' 'Out of my way,—you,' returned Booth, slashing at him with an ugly knife, cutting his coat and vest almost off of him with the stroke, and inflicting an ugly flesh cut."—N. Y. *World*.

Had Given It Some Thought.

"You see," said the woman who is given to investigating the cause of everything in this life, "it is just this way: Your husband is a tyrant in the house—"

"The worst kind of a tyrant," returned the woman who felt that she had a grievance.

"While mine is as quiet and considerate as a man can be," continued the other, "yours orders this done and that done, and wants to know why in the world you have not attended to some trivial matter."

"He just lords it over me and tries to run the whole house."

"While mine does practically what I say when he is home."

"I wonder why it is."

"I'm coming to that. Your husband has to jump around at some one's bidding at the office."

"O, yes. He has a man over him who holds him to the strictest kind of accountability for everything."

"Your husband has no authority at all?"

"None at all."

"That's the trouble. A man must have authority somewhere, so yours exercises his at home."

"But how about yours?"

"O, my husband is the man who makes your husband jump around at the office. He has so much trouble with the clerks there that he's mighty willing to let me run things at home. You'd better get your husband in a position where he can boss some men and then he'll let you alone. I've studied the subject and I know what I'm talking about."—Chicago *Tribune*.

Taken Up.

Taken up at my farm 2½ miles south of Plattsmouth, Wednesday February 3rd, one yearling heifer calf and one yearling steer calf, both red marked with tip of left ear cut off and "V" cut on under side. Party may have same by paying for advertisement and proving ownership.

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January is gone, yet some papers are still publishing those lists of marriageable young men.

Do not confuse the famous Blush of Roses with the many worthless paints, powders, creams and bleaches which are flooding the market. Get the genuine of your druggist, O. H. Snyder, 75 cents per bottle, and I guarantee it will remove your pimples, freckles, blackheads, moth, tan and sunburn, and give you a lovely complexion. 1

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers. For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50c and \$1 per bottle at F. G. Fricke & Co's drugstore. 5

Church Howe has \$100,000 invested in his Nemaha county stock farm and has 125 head of trotting horses.

A Fatal Mistake.

Physicians make no more fatal mistake than when they inform patients that nervous heart troubles come from the stomach and are of little consequence. Dr. Franklin Miles, the noted Indiana specialist, has proven the contrary in his new book on "Heart Disease" which may be had free of F. G. Fricke & Co., who guarantee and recommend Dr. Miles' unequalled new Heart Cure, which has the largest sale of any heart remedy in the world. It cures nervous and organic heart disease, short breath, fluttering, pain or tenderness in the side, arm or shoulder, irregular pulse, fainting, smothering, drowsy, etc. His Restorative Nervine cures headache, fits, etc.

It Should be in Every House.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cocksport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free trial bottles at F. G. Fricke & Co's drugstore. Large bottle, 50c, and \$1.00.

The girl's industrial school building at Geneva is well along toward completion, and is said to be admirably arranged for its purpose.

A Mystery Explained.

The papers contain frequent notices of rich, pretty and educated girls cloping with negroes, tramps and coachmen. The well-known specialist, Dr. Franklin Miles, says all such girls are more or less hysterical, nervous, very impulsive, unbalanced; usually subject to headache, neuralgia, sleeplessness, immoderate crying or laughing. These show a weak, nervous system for which there is no remedy equal to Restorative Nervine. Trial bottles and a fine book, containing many marvelous cures, free at F. G. Fricke & Co's, who also sell and guarantee Dr. Miles' celebrated New Heart Cure, the finest of heart tonics. Cures fluttering, short breath, etc.

Cough Following the Grip

Many persons, who have recovered from la grippe are now troubled with a persistent cough. Chamberlain's cough remedy will promptly loosen this cough and relieve the lungs, effecting a permanent cure in a very short time. 25 and 50 cent bottle for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

The principal of the Ulysses schools has been arrested on the charge of unmercifully beating his pupils.

Startling Facts.

The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks and the following suggests the best remedy: alphonso Humphing, of Butler, Penn., swears that when his son was speechless from St. Vitus Dance Dr Miles great Restorative Nervine cured him. Mrs. J. L. Miller of Valparai and J. D. Tainor, of Logansport, Ind each gained 20 pounds if an taking it. Mrs. H. A. Gardner, of Vastulr Ind, was cured of 40 to 50 convulsions easy and much aeadach, dizziness, backach and nervous prostration by one bottle. Trial bottle and fine book of Nervous cures free at F. G. Fricke & Co., who recommends this unequalled remedy.

Ely's Cream Balm is especially adapted as a remedy for catarrh which is aggravated by alkaline dust and dry winds.—W. A. Hover Druggist, Denver.

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