

AS HE RE-APPEARED.

How a Boy Outwitted the Famous Irish Highwayman.

Redmond O'Hanlon, the most noted of the Irish brigands, after distinguishing himself through the most daring deeds, met his vanquisher at last in a shopkeeper's apprentice.

This youth's master, having to receive a good round sum of money in Newry, was afraid to risk an encounter with Redmond or some of his gang on his return to Dundalk, his native town.

In his perplexity his apprentice, 16 years of age, offered his services, which after some hesitation were accepted.

The youth, in the words of Mr. Cosgrove, author of the 'Irish Rogues and Rapparees,' went to the field and brought home an 'old vicious scow (much of the same humor with Sir Teague O'Keegan's war horse, on which he rode out to meet Duke Schomberg, after the surrender of Charlemont), that when any other came up to meet him on the road he always strove to bite or kick him, by which means he commonly kept the road to himself.

As he wended on his way he was overtaken by a well-dressed gentleman, with whom he freely entered into discourse, making no secret of his business, or of his expectation of being about the same place on his return tomorrow with £100 in his possession.

"I wonder," said his fellow-traveler, "you are so free in your communications with strangers; how can you tell but that I may be Redmond O'Hanlon or one of his gang?"

"O, O!" said the boy, bursting out laughing, "such a nice-looking gentleman as you to be a robber! Do you think I haven't eyes?"

"Well, at all events, I advise you to be more discreet. Redmond is famous at Dundalk, and will find you if he gets wind of your business. Here's a crown for you to drink my health, but keep a bridle on your tongue."

The grateful youth, sobering at once, made the promise.

And even as the boy expected, the gentleman overtaken him as he was returning next day, and conversation was resumed.

"Well, my boy, I suppose from your looks you have not met with any bad company, and your money is safe?"

"Indeed it is, sir; many thanks for your good advice."

"How are you carrying it?"

"In two ends of this thick wallet."

"Dear me! I would like to feel the weight of it out of curiosity," and he approached, but the horse lashed out, and he was obliged to keep his distance.

"Throw over that wallet," he said, rather sternly for such a nice-looking gentleman.

"O, sir, honey, sure you wouldn't rob me! What would the master say?"

"I don't know, but this is what I say: If you don't surrender it at once I will send a bullet through you, and another through your garran."

"I promised my master not to let myself be robbed till I was in danger of my life. Here is the money; but you must make the trouble of crossing the ditch for it."

So saying, he heaved the bag across the slough that bordered the road and the hedge beyond it into the next field. This annoyed the highwayman, but, judging the prize worth the trouble, he dismounted, scrambled over the dike and fence higher up, and laid hands on the bag.

Hearing a clatter he raised his head and, looking over the fence, saw the rascally youth making the road to Dundalk short on his own (Redmond's) good steed, and the vicious beast prancing about on the road and longing for some one to let fly at.

He was enraged for being so taken in, but much more when he found the two ends of the precious wallet containing nothing more valuable than the copper half-pence of the time.

The boy arrived safe in Dundalk with the 100 guineas quilted into his waistcoat.

After many escapades from armed foes and from prisons, O'Hanlon was treacherously killed by his own foster brother for the sake of the reward—an almost unprecedented crime in this country.—Boston Globe.

IT MEANT TOO MUCH.

How a Forgetful and Sleepy Preacher Amused a Cartful of People.

"I want to get off at—"

He was old and his coat was sleek, and he looked confused.

"Marleton, your ticket reads," supplemented the conductor.

"That's it—Marleton—Marleton. Going to preach down there to-morrow, Marleton—Marleton. I ain't much on memory outside the bible."

No others heard the conversation, and the conductor himself forgot about it as he punched his way toward the end of the train. After awhile he came back and the old man interrupted him with:

"What's the name of my station?"

"Marleton—down the road—to the side of the tunnel. I'll tell you when you get there."

The old man settled back and seemed to muse on the frivolities of mankind, as exemplified by the young couple in front of him. They were in love, evidently, and the old man seemed to enjoy watching them. So did everybody in the car. A placid expression was slipping into his face, when the conductor appeared at the far end of the coach. Then he straightened up, and when the man in blue reached him he wearied him with:

"I can't remember the name of that station—I just can't. Er—say—er—couldn't you just call my name instead? My name is Cook—the Rev. James Cook."

"Don't know about that. See that man down there? His name is Cook."

"Well, I'm older'n him, so you just holler the Rev. James Cook, senior."

The conductor laughed and said he would. Then he went into the smoker and told the brakeman about the crank he had back there and both of them

The train stopped again and again, and again and again whistled off, and in the sweetness of security and the softness of a cushioned seat the old man dozed. The new-boy banged in one door and banged out the other but the old man moved no more than the motion of the train made him. The young couple in the next seat chatted and giggled—especially giggled—and the Rev. James Cook, senior, slept.

The porter came through and put down the windows. Then there was darkness—the clatter of wheels—the clash of a thousand echoes—the smell of smoke—and daylight came back.

The train slowed up with a loud hiss and the wheels rolled into a station in comparative stillness.

"The Rev. James Cook, senior?"

"I don't care if he did," said the feminine half of the young couple, with a tilt of her head; "we're married."

And the old man stepped from the train, wondering whether that whole carful of people were laughing at the conductor, the girl or himself.—Leland Rodkin in the Times-Democrat.

TOMMY BYRNE AND THE INDIANS.

How a War Was Averted by a Good Heart and a Persuasive Brogue.

Capt. Thomas Byrne, or "Old Tommy," as he was affectionately called by his associates, had at one time charge of the Hualpais, a tribe of Indians settled in northwestern Arizona.

Old Tommy, perhaps from his "detached" tongue, had an almost miraculous ascendancy over the chiefs and head men of this tribe, and, though his native eloquence was seconded only by the scantiest allowances of rations from the subsistence stores of the camp, he was loved and trusted by these childlike allies. To hear him coaxing back a sulky warrior to good humor was something to be long remembered.

"Come, now," he has been heard to say, "shure, phat is de matter wid ye? Have ye iver axed me for anything that Oi didn't promise it to ye?"

Yet Tommy's promises were always kept.

Suddenly one day the Hualpais, like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky, went on the warpath and fired on the agency buildings before leaving for their stronghold in the Canon of the Colorado. No one knew the cause of their sudden treachery, and Tommy Byrne was one of those who realized how much it would cost Uncle Sam in blood and treasure if the outbreak were not stopped at once.

Without waiting for his spirited little horse to be saddled he threw himself across its back and swept out into the hills after the fugitives. When the Hualpais saw the cloud of dust coming they blazed into it, but Tommy was untouched, and dashed gallantly up, his horse white with foam, to the knot of chiefs who stood awaiting him.

At first the Indians were sullen, but they soon melted enough to tell the story of their grievances. The new agent had been robbing them in the most barefaced manner, and in their ignorance they imagined it to be Capt. Byrne's duty to regulate all the affairs in his camp. They did not want to hurt him and would let him go safely back, but for them there was nothing but the warpath.

"Come back with me," said Tommy, gently. "I will see that you are righted."

Back they went, following that one unarmed man. Straight to the beef scales proceeded the officer, and in a few minutes he had detected the manner in which false weight had been secured by tampering with the poise. A Texas steer, which would not weigh more than 800 pounds stood at 1,700, and of course other articles followed in the same ratio.

Tommy seized upon the agency and took charge; the Hualpais were perfectly satisfied, and the agent left that night for California. Thus was a bitter war averted by the prompt action of a plain, unlettered man, who had no ideas about managing savages beyond that of treating them with kindness and justice.—Chicago Tribune.

He Was Premature.

An old farmer from one of the back counties was the defendant in a suit for a piece of land, and he had been making a strong fight for it. When the attorney for the other side began his speech he said:

"May it please the court, I take the ground—"

The old farmer jumped up and sang out:

"What's that? What's that?"

The judge called him down.

"May it please the court," began the attorney again, not noticing the interruption, "I take the ground—"

"No, I'll be d-d if you do, either," shouted the old farmer; "anyhow not until the court decides the case."

The fine for contempt was remitted.—Detroit Free Press.

Why He Didn't Rise.

Detroit is a lovely city and everybody knows it. The love of it is bred in the bone and never gets out of the flesh. The other Sunday a visiting clergyman addressed the Sunday school of an uptown church. After a serious talk he said to the children:

"All of you who desire to live in a better world than this please rise to your feet." All the children rose except one small boy in the corner.

The good man looked at him in pained surprise. "My child, he said very gently and kindly, 'why don't you rise with the others?'" "Detroit's good enough for me—that's why," sang out the youngster; and the solemnity of the occasion was knocked to pieces.—Detroit Free Press.

Injured His Cause.

The story is told of a certain temperance lecturer who threw upon his serene the micro-organisms in a drop of water. Then on the slide he placed a minute portion of whisky. Instantly it put a quietus on all that swarming life. About to make his point a voice from the rear shouted: "I'll never take another drink of water without a drop of whisky in it."

New York Folly.

A gentleman who conducts a heraldic establishment in the neighborhood of University place tells me that there is a marked change in his business. "Formerly," he said, "the craze was to be connected with the British aristocracy. My volumes of Burke and Debrett were black with researches. To-day they are almost untouched. The mania is for colonial times."

"Are there many families," I asked, "that survive from colonial times?"

"Hardly any in the north," he replied. "And you may safely set down the Association of Colonial Dames as a humbug. The real colonial dames are almost poor enough to beg in the streets."

"Who, then," said I, amazed, "are the persons parading as colonial dames?"

"Nobodies," said he. "I create them in this office. I connect them distinctly—it is astounding how many distant connections a family can be made to have—with the Livingstones or some of the older houses. Furnish a woman with a pedigree and she is happier than with a dozen new bonnets."

"But what do the husbands say?" I protested.

"Oh," he replied, "the husbands don't care. They are content to go to the club while their wives compare pedigrees at home. There is money in a business like mine."—Truth.

Quite a Noticeable Difference.

"Do the men treat you any differently since you have been promoted?" asked his friend.

"Yes; a little."

"More respectful to you, I suppose?"

"Yes, but that's not the most noticeable thing."

"Don't grumble when you ask them to do anything, perhaps?"

"Not so much as they used to; but that isn't the greatest difference."

"Well, then, what is it?"

"Why, they always laugh now when I tell a funny story."

"Really?"

"O yes; and they seem interested when I talk of the bright things my children say and do."

The friend gave a dubious shake of his head.

"Don't you let Blaine hear of that."

"James G. Blaine?" asked the other in surprise.

"Certainly."

"Why not?"

"He'll be offering them foreign missions. You have an office full of diplomats."—Chicago Tribune.

Why He Did It.

A short time ago, as I was crossing Market street, near Twenty-second street, a boy not over ten years old, who had been walking just before me, ran into the street and picked up a broken glass pitcher. I supposed he intended the pieces as missiles, since the desire to throw something seems instinctive in every boy. Consequently I was much surprised when he tossed the pieces into a vacant lot at the corner and walked quietly on. As he passed me, whistling, I said:

"Why did you pick up that pitcher?"

"I was afraid it might cut some horse's foot," he replied.

My next question was a natural one: "Are you a Band of Mercy boy?"

He smiled as he said: "Oh, yes; that's why I did it."

The bands of mercy were drawn very closely around the dear little fellow's heart, I am sure.—School and Home.

History Repeats Itself.

"H'm," muttered the tramp, as he surveyed his one remaining cent in a loving way. "I reckon me an' ole man Gladstone has one thing in common anyway."

"And what's that?" asked Wily Walt.

"We both grow shorter as we grow older."—St. Joseph Daily News.

In Ireland Denis Koochee did possess of forty-eight children, 200 grandchildren, and 944 great-grandchildren. He had been married seven times.

YOUR DAUGHTER.

If You Don't Know What to Teach Her, Read This.

Teach her that not only must she love her father and mother, but honor them in word and deed, says the Ladies' Home Journal.

That work is worthy always when it is well done.

That the value of money is just the good it will do in life, but that she ought to know and appreciate this value.

That the man who wishes to marry her is the one who tells her so and is willing to work for her, and not the one who whispers silly love speeches and forgets that men cease to be men when they have no object in life.

Taken Up.

Taken up at my farm 2 1/2 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. BEN F. HORNING.

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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.

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 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.

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 Coxsport, 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 eloping 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.

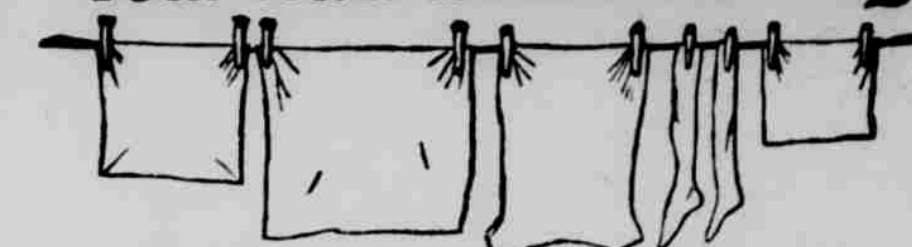
The principal of the Ulysses schools has been arrested on the charge of unmetitifully beating his pupils.

Startling Facts.

The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks and the following suggests, the best remedy: alphonso Humpling, 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 Valprai and J. D. Taolur, 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, bockach 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. Hoover, druggist, Denver.

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