

The Snow-Storm.

All day it snowed and snowed,
And all night long it snowed,
And the white drifts were piled so high,
That the sun was hidden from sight.
When from the land of dreams I woke,
I heard the poor wind whine and moan,
Like Carlo when he's left alone.
Then high above the noisy plain
The red sun sprang, and shook his mane.
And every window seemed like cake
The busy city bakers make.
So I got all my warm wraps on,
And buttoned tight my roundabout,
And found my shoes in the shed,
And shouted loud and long to Ned,
Until he came with answering cries,
All bundled to the very eyes.
Then down the orchard path we ran,
And Ned was rear and I was van.
His whistle shrill the wind still blew,
And oh, what drifts we floundered through!
The apples clinging to the bough,
Were like big bursting puff balls now.
The brook was smothered, not a note
Came gurgling from its merry throat.
And only cheery chickadees
Sang welcome to the cherry-tree.
Beside the fence was piled the snow
As high as pony back, I know;
And there we cleared a space before
A humpy drift, and made a door.
And halfway wide to light the gloom,
And then a great round sitting-room,
Where roof was set with shining things
That looked as bright as mamma's rings.
We had to creep along the hall,
But didn't have to here at all;
And snug within our house of snow
We played that we were Eskimaux.
—Clinton Scottland, in Harper's Young People.

EXPLAINED IT ALL.

"Put on the white tie with the pale blue crescents," said Mary. Tom's sister.
"All right, sister," said Tom, I will, and I'll put on that very pretty scarf pin somebody gave me and one of the new silk handkerchiefs, and I'll have just a faint suggestion of that violet perfume about me, and in short I shall be simply stunning."
Mary laughed gayly.

"I do not doubt you will be very fine," said she, "and do not dare to forget and call here, for all of us expect you, and I want to see how you pass in a crowd."

"Oh, I'll be here!" said Tom, "for I want to see Miss Elkins; she helps you to receive, does she not? and though there is something of a discrepancy in our years, still I am rather impressed, and the discrepancy doesn't count."

"No," said Mary, ironically, "I wouldn't let that worry me, since it cannot be over five or seven years at most."

Tom whistled softly.
"Make it a year, Mary; it can not be more than that, surely."

"You had better go and dress; you will be late," said Mary, crossly. "She is every bit as old as I."

"That may be true," replied Tom, "but no one in the world would dream that you were more than a year older than I."

Happy remark! Mary kissed him, and peace reigned once again.

That afternoon Miss Harkins and her intimate friends received calls, and the long parlors were thronged. In vain did the sister look for Tom, and a close observer could have read the anxiety in her face. The doubt and fear that had arisen to perplex her, however, she could not bear to even suggest to her mother. Tom carried out from somebody's house, overcome with champagne, and limply deposited in a carriage to be taken to a hotel to recuperate, was the awful picture that haunted her.

She could even imagine him jabbering in muddled English, and as still the callers came, and still Tom was missing, her suspicion and fear became more firmly grounded.

It seemed as if the hours dragged intolerably, and as if every young man who called had grown to be a bigger boy than he had ever been before, and still she smiled and talked nonsense, and still Tom did not come.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning and the Harkinses were contemplating the advisability of securing a private detective to look up the erring member of the family, when the bell rang fiercely, and in walked Tom, looking worn and excited. He sank down in the nearest chair and looked about him.

"Well, I didn't get up to call New Year's," he said grimly. "I got at one place and circumstances over which I had no control and all that, prevented me from carrying out my original plan."

All the time he was speaking his sister and mother were hovering near, and regarding him somewhat suspiciously, it must be confessed. He noticed it, too, for he looked up at all at once and said, "Sit down, and I will tell you about my call."

"Wouldn't you like some lemon and hot water?" ventured Mary, who prided herself on being quite advanced.

Tom looked at her quite curiously, and shook his head.

There seemed to be nothing to do but to sit down and listen to his story. "You see," began he, "when I left the house I went out to meet Dick and the other fellows, and we were going to take a carriage after we all got together. On my way I passed a poor little girl of about 5 or 6 years, with the yellowest curls and saddest face I had ever seen. I stopped and asked her name and found it was Mary, looking at his sister, and so I gave her a silver dollar, and the poor little thing looked as if she would drop with joy. It was awful, that expression of relief in the face of a child. Well, I hurried on, and crossed down to meet the boys, and we took a carriage, and all went merrily for a time. But the driver was evidently a gay and festive fellow, who had taken a cup too much, and he had some difficulty to manage his team.

"As we debated upon the practicability of changing driver and carriage, he turned a sharp corner, there was a cry, and looking out I saw a yellow heap in the road, with a mass of yellow hair, and felt, before I knew it, that it was 'Mary.'"

"We got out, and I lifted her in my arms. The dollar was clutched in her hands, and she was hurrying home, evidently, for as I lifted her up she opened her great blue eyes and said: 'A whole lot, mamma!' And then her little head fell back and she became unconscious again.

"We took her to the hospital, and the doctors worked over her long and earnestly, and at last she was out of danger. I stood with her, for it seemed to help her to hold my hand, and she

stood it all so bravely. "And about 12 o'clock she opened her eyes, and seemed to know me. Then I asked her where she lived, and she told me. Late as it was I went out there, for I knew they must be worried to death over her. It was an awful place. Awful! The father lay drunk in the corner of the room, where he had fallen, and the mother was putting a sick baby to sleep for perhaps the fiftieth time that night, and when I told her little Mary was safe she threw her arms around my neck and burst out crying, while the poor, scrawny little baby stopped from sheer wonderment and was nearly dropped to the floor in her excitement.

"Then I came home," said Tom, "and here I am. I'm hungry, too. Mary—there, dear, don't cry—yes, of course we will help them out; and you will forgive me for not calling, now, will you not?"

"Yes, Tom; and you will forgive me for thinking you had drunk too much champagne?"

"Oh, yes," said Tom, "for I probably would have, if I had done my list instead of the one I had not counted on. I met Dick and the fellows singing as I came up, and the driver didn't seem to have any acquaintance with the horses he was driving. Well, if I can have just a bite of something I'll go to bed."

And he kissed his mother and sister, and smiled.

"Well," said Mary the next morning, "I'm glad we only had coffee and lemonade to drink, and I must go and see that little Mary now. Will you come, mother? I'll order the carriage at once if you will."

"Yes," said Mrs. Harkins, "I will come." —N. Y. Press.

HERE'S A WARNING TO MOTHERS. Too Much Unselfishness Likely to Make Your Children Selfish.

There is too much of her in the home. She may be the patient, self-sacrificing mother who gets overworked that others may go free; she may be an elder sister who has sacrificed all the graces and gifts of individual life to a family of younger brothers and sisters.

Perhaps she is a maiden aunt who smooths the way with anxious eagerness for everybody's feet but her own, or a grandmother whose burdens multiply with the coming of the second generation because the young mother has not learned the secret of living her life independently.

Whatever emergency of life may have called out her unselfishness, there it is, and, as I said before, there is altogether too much of it.

Why? Because there is such a thing as an unselfishness that passes beyond its proper bounds and becomes mean-spirited.

It lays aside that proper recognition of self which commands respect, and which is wholly necessary for individual well-being. That the mother should be the head, the brains of her family, what is more fitting? That she should be hands and feet, that she should serve before them like a hired assistant, a thousand times no!

These unselfish women, in their anxiety to exemplify the golden rule, quite forget that self, after all, underlies its measure of values. If a great many women treated their neighbors no better than they treated themselves this would be a sad world for neighbors.

And this unselfishness is sure to work mischief in a family, too. For unselfishness is unlike most other virtues, in that it breeds its opposites, not its own kind.

In a family where the wife, or the mother, or the elder daughter, is anxiously unselfish; where she watches every opportunity to do for the other members of the family what there is every good reason they should do for themselves, these others learn quickly enough first to accept it, then to assume it, and finally to demand it.

And so there comes out of the home of the unselfish woman a flock of careless, self-seeking children, intent on themselves, criminally heedless of everybody else, trampling on the rights of others, and having to unlearn, perhaps late in life, the selfish lessons they learned at their unselfish mother's knee.

Rarely is it that the lesson is learned as it should be, and so is kept up the army of selfish men and women who make half the burden and unhappiness of living.

Swallowed a Horse.

The Rev. Dr. C. W. Parker, a respected preacher of Bremen, Ga., is authority for the following tale, according to the Atlanta Constitution. "Dr. I. N. Chaney used to practice medicine in Carrollton. He now keeps a hotel in Bremen. He went to Carrollton the other day in his buggy, and while there traded an old debt for a good horse, and started out for Boston in his buggy, leading his new horse. When he was nearing the Little Tallapoosa river bridge at Kingsberry's mill he suddenly heard a roaring among the trees which he supposed to be a storm. Looking up the hill he saw the forest in commotion and the trees falling and bending toward him, and in the midst of it a huge body which proved to be a snake. The doctor put the whip to his horse and was quickly on the bridge. Feeling the buggy jerk he looked and saw the snake swallow the horse he was leading and plunge into the river just above the bridge, and as the snake poked his head out on the other bank of the stream, his tail still upon the side of the hill, his body reached across the river. The horse, having on new shoes, kicked through the stomach of the snake, and the snake stopped and the stream was dammed, and the water rose and floated the snake to a level with the bridge. The doctor jumped out of the buggy, took out a big knife and cutting the hole larger where the horse's feet were sticking out of the snake's body, the horse floundered out and mounted the bridge. The doctor secured him to his buggy and drove on, but by this time the water had backed till the horse had to swim the low ground, but they made their escape.

JUST IN THAT WHICH IS LEAST.

Italy's King Acknowledges His Mistake in a Dispute with a Peasant.

The good nature of Italy's king is well illustrated by an anecdote from the days of the last royal hunts at Monza. King Humbert is accustomed to take his sport with the gun in pretty much the same clothes as other persons and without attendants, thereby distinguishing himself from his imperial German ally, who has insignia of his high office all over his hunting costume and is accompanied usually on the chase by noblemen and flunkys.

Shortly before the end of his last season the king's hound started a hare about two miles from Monza, and the king fired. At the same instant another shot was heard, and an Italian peasant with an old-fashioned gun and a mongrel dog hurried up from the opposite direction. The peasant mistook the simply yet elegantly clad sportsman who disputed his possession of the hare for a Roman duke, and caught up the royal arm stretched toward the dead game. There was a hot discussion, which ended in the triumph of the king's superior logic and his taking off the hare.

At the royal castle the king gave the hare to the servants that they might prepare it for his supper, and stood by as they dressed it for the pan. When the entrails were removed the bullet that caused the animal's death was found. It was of the old style for a gun of the pattern of fifty years ago. The king looked at it, and at once sent out a messenger to summon to the castle the peasant who had disputed the possession of the hare. When the old man was led into the king's presence the latter stretched to him both hands, and said:

"My dear man, I have just discovered my mistake. The hare belongs to you. As it is already roasted, however, I can do no more than to ask you to help me eat it."

The peasant sat at the king's right hand at dinner that evening and, although high society spoiled his appetite, he jingled his wine glass against that of his sovereign, and rode home, considerably exhilarated, in the royal carriage.

DIGNITY OF THE SEX.

A Chicago Hod Carrier Drew the Line at Being Put in Order by a Woman.

One of the hod carriers at work on a brick building out in the suburbs climbed up to the first story Thursday. Then he fell, and the hod, the bricks, and the ladder fell on him. When the debris had been pulled away, the hod carrier was lying face downward on the pavement stone senseless. There wasn't a drug store or a doctor within half a mile. A bricklayer put on his coat and tore for the nearest patrol box. Meantime the hod carrier was lying there in a mess of blood, apparently thinking about nothing in particular.

The boss was fuming about, kicking blocks of wood into the street, and swearing at the laziness of the police. The big plasterers, who could drive a spike with their fists, were standing around as helpless as children. At this time a young woman in a blue coat came across the street. She was pretty and rosy, with a lot of yellow hair drawn up tightly from her temples, and she had a most decided look in her blue eyes. She brushed the big fellows aside and asked briskly:

"What's the trouble here, men?"

"One of the boys has busted himself wide open," said the boss politely.

"Let me see," said the pretty girl, dropping on her knees beside the hod carrier. She took off a dainty kid glove, and with her little white hand felt the man's skull.

"No bones fractured here," she said, looking up at the group around her.

Then she noticed the pool of blood lying beside the man's right arm, and whipping out a pair of scissors she ripped up the coat sleeve and the sleeve of the flannel shirt.

"Goodness!" she said. "An artery has been cut. Give me a piece of twine, quick."

The boss pulled a piece of coarse string from his coat pocket and handed it to the girl. She drew it around the man's arm, made a loop knot, thrust a pencil into the loop and twisted it until the cord sank deep into the flesh.

"You hold this," she said to the boss, and the big man knelt down and grabbed the ligature. Then she had some water brought. She washed the scalp wound in a jiffy. Then she cut among the loose flesh with the scissors and with plaster and a strip of linen from the same preposterous bag she made a neat bandage. Then she arose and viewed a pretty job of emergency surgery with reasonable complacency.

The patrol wagon and the hod carrier came around at the same time. As the wagon backed up the hod carrier opened his eyes and saw the girl in the blue cloak.

"Are you hurt, Mike?" said the boss. "Now," said the carrier. "Take me somewhere that I can get a doctor. I don't want no dom women monkeyin' 'round me!"

The girl doctor in blue looked at him quizzically and laughed as she washed his gore from her hands in the bucket of water. —Chicago Herald.

Seven Thousand Miles of Wheels.

If all the locomotives in the United States were coupled together they would make a train of solid iron and steel over 300 miles long. Add the passenger cars and we would have 300 miles more of wood and iron; this would give us a gigantic passenger train 600 miles in length, counting both engines and cars. Should we want a huge "mixed" train we might add the "flat," and every other kind of freight car, and our train would then have a total length of over 7,000 miles. The passenger cars in this giant train would be capable of seating 1,500,000 people, and upon the freight cars could be loaded the weight of all the pyramids of Egypt, and all the State Capitol buildings in the United States besides. Verily, great is the railroad system of America. —St. Louis Republic.

But one Englishman in twenty-seven pays income tax.

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.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by F. G. Fricke.

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into nervous prostration. You need a nerve tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alternative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the liver and kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c, at F. G. Fricke & Co's drugstore.

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.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Castle, Wis. was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven bottles of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well.

John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle of Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by F. G. Fricke & Co.

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 Nerve cures headache, fits, etc.

A Little Girl's Experience in a Light House.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Trescott are keepers of the Gov. Lighthouse at Sand Beach Mich. and are blessed with a daughter, four years. Last April she taken down with Measles, followed with dreadful Cough and turned into a fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere handful of bones. —Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles, was completely cured. They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial bottle free at F. G. Fricke Drugstore.

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, moderate crying or laughing. These show a weak, nervous system for which there is no remedy equal to Restorative Nerve. 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.

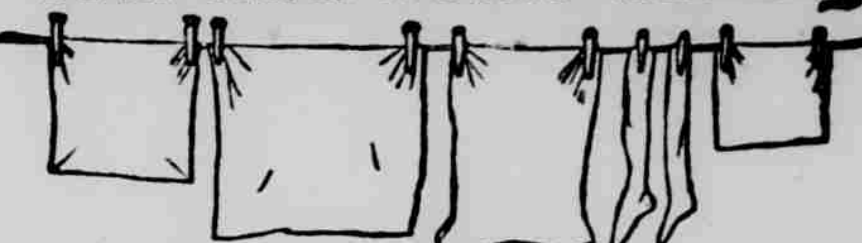
Many persons, who have recovered from la grippe are now troubled with a persistent cough. Chamberlain's cough remedy will promptly loosen this cough and relieve the lungs, effecting a permanent cure in a very short time. 25 and 50 cent bottle for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Startling Facts.

The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks and the following suggests, the best remedy: alphonso Humplung, of Butler, Penn. swears that when his son was speechless from St. Vitus Dance Dr. Miles great Restorative Nerve cured him. Mrs. J. L. Miller of Valparaiso and J. D. Taylor of Logansport, Ind. each gained 20 pounds if an taking it. Mrs. H. A. Gardner, of Vastul Ind. was cured of 40 to 50 convulsions easy and much headache, dizziness, backache 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. Hoyer Druggist, Denver.

Your next week's washing



will look whiter, will be cleaner and will be done with less labor if

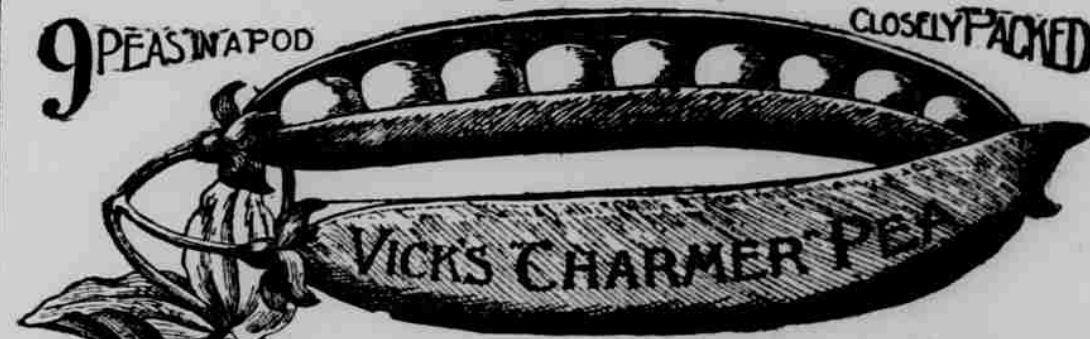
SANTA CLAUS SOAP

is used. The clothes will smell sweeter and will last longer. SANTA CLAUS SOAP is pure, it cleans but does not injure the fabric. It does not roughen or chap the hands.

Millions use it. Do You? N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., MFG. CHICAGO.

A REGULAR SCIMITAR

That Sweeps all before it.



These will almost melt in your mouth. The "Charmers" are very productive, high quality and sugar flavor. Has great staying qualities. Vines 2 1/2 to 4 ft. high. In season follows "Little Gem" and before the "Champion of England." We have thoroughly tested it, and confidently recommend it as the best ever introduced. Price by mail, per packet, 15 cents; pint, 75 cents.

GIVEN FREE, IF DESIRED, WITH ABOVE, VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE 1892,

which contains several colored plates of Flowers and Vegetables. 1,000 Illustrations. Over 100 pages 8 x 10 1/2 inches. Instructions how to plant and care for garden. Descriptions of over 20 New Novelties. Vick's Floral Guide mailed on receipt of address and 10 cents, which may be deducted from first order.

JAMES VICK'S SONS, Rochester, N. Y.

Mexican Mustang Liniment.

A Cure for the Ailments of Man and Beast.

A long-tested pain reliever.

Its use is almost universal by the Housewife, the Farmer, the Stock Raiser, and by every one requiring an effective liniment.

No other application compares with it in efficacy.

This well-known remedy has stood the test of years, almost generations.

No medicine chest is complete without a bottle of MUSTANG LINIMENT.

Occasions arise for its use almost every day.

All druggists and dealers have it.



For Atchinson, St. Joseph, Leavenworth, Kansas City, St. Louis, and all points north, east south or west. Tickets sold and baggage checked to any point in the United States or Canada. For INFORMATION AS TO RATES AND ROUTES Call at Depot or address H. C. TOWNSEND, G. P. A. St. Louis, Mo. J. C. PHILLIPS, A. G. P. A. Omaha. H. D. APGAR, Agt., Plattsmouth. Telephone, 77.

HENRY BOECK The Leading FURNITURE DEALER

—AND—



UNDERTAKR.

Constantly keeps on hand everything you need to furnish your house.

CORNER SIXTH AND MAIN STREET

Plattsmouth - Neb

Lumber Yard

THE OLD RELIABLE.

H. A. WATERMAN & SON

PINE LUMBER!

Shingles, Lath, Sash,

Doors, Blinds

Can supply every demand of the city. Call and get terms. Fourth street in rear of opera house.

TIMOTHY CLARK.

DEALER IN

COAL WOOD

—TERMS CASH—

Store and Office 464 South Third Street.

Telephone 13.

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA