- Folks were happy as days were long
 In the old Arcadian times.
 When life seemed only a dance and a song
 In the sweetest of all sweet climes.
 Our world grows bigger, and, stage by stage,
 As the pitless years have rolled,
 We've quite forgotten the Golden Age
 And come to the Age of Gold.
- Time went by in a sheepish way
 Upon Thessaly's plains of yore.
 In the Ninetcenth Century, lambs at play
 Mean mutton, and nothing more,
 Our swains at present are far too sage
 To live as one lived of old;
 So they coupled the crook of the Golden Age
 With a hook in the Age of Gold.
- From Corydon's reed the mountains round Heard the news of his latest flame, And Tityrus made the woods resound With echoes of Dapline's name, They kindly left us a lasting gauge Of their musical art we're told. And the Pandean pipe of the Golden Age. Brings mirth to the Age of Gold.
- Dwellers in huts and marble halls,
 From shepherdess up to Queen.
 Cared little for bonnets and less for shawls.
 And nothing for crinoline.
 But now simplicity's not the rage,
 And it's funny to think how cold
 The dress they were in the Golden Age
 Would seem in the Age of Gold.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas, Tobacco, balloons, and steam
Are little events that have come to pass
Since the days of the old regime;
And, spite of Lempriere's dazzling page,
I'd give, though it might seem bold,
A hundred years of the Golden Age
For a year of the; Age of Gold.
—Henry S. Leigh.

LOST ON THE DESERT.

I now had every reason to believe that I was lost, yet a half hope that I might find some trail leading to the other side tolled me on. The sun was low in the west, and long shadows stretched from the rocky peaks over the bleak brown hills. A lonely feeling of fear and baffled plans came over me. Night was approaching; I was lost in the desert hills, without water and without grass-that which would enable me to escape.

The scenery grew more wild and broken, and the path a mere wind-swept alley between bowlders, traveled only by the covote and the mountain sheep. Stories about mountain lions, bears, travelers dying of thirst, crowded to my mind. The trail passed out from the rocks to the side of a deep narrow canon, where, from a few hundred feet below, came the cheering sound of trickling water.

This gave me a moment's hope, but at the same instant I heard the croak of a raven as it sailed away from a jutting ledge below. I was an intruder upon a solitude which perhaps no man had ever entered before. The bird immediately flew back towards me, coming directly overhead, crying in the muffled voice common to its tribe. This black omen with its glossy plumes and rasping voice was a depressing accompaniment to the already discouraging train of events. Again and again it flew so near that I could hear the whir of its wings. Was, it the portent of my fate? Was this black spirit, ravenbodied, croaking my requiem? Verily, the thought was natural even to an unsuperstitious mind. If it should fly at my horse's head in one of those fierce plunges its aim would be accomplished, for a few tion of the scene in his way, pricked steps out of the way would hurl us, a up his ears, and increased his pace. crushed mass, on the rocks below.

It had followed me several hundred feet along the cliffs; I could not bear the strain upon my already harassed feelings any longer, and in one of its wheeling flights I seized my gun from the saddle, and with a snap-shot sent it tumbling into the gorge. I heard a prolonged creak as of outwitted tiendish intention, and my sable enemy fell to the ground below my horse, even, seemed to show relief in; a sigh, and "forged along in better mood."

The canon now spread out into a scienaga filled with plum-thickets, occasional mesquite, and willows. With some difficulty, by sliding and jumping, I soon reached the bottom of an old water-course; out of a clump of bushes sprang with a startled snort, a pair of fine deer, stately with branching horns. They stopped long enough for easy rifle-shot, then bounded up the canon, and were hidden by a point of rocks.

Here in the canon another trail led me wrong. It lay in the direction of surdity of it. the supposed ranch, but frowning bluffs of limestone and jagged peaks rose before me. I followed the canon round bend after bend; semetimes the scant stream of water would sink: over slate and lime rocks. I was several thousand feet above the desert.

The moon, now nearly full, was rising over the hills, reflecting from the white ridges, and throwing black shadows into the ravine. I kindled a fire, tied my horse wear a few tufts of bunch-grass, and dug a hole at the base of a rock to catch the slowly flowing fair show in that fight to give a thrust, water. After gathering all the wood and it was a lamentable failure. I and brush near by and making my horse as comfortable as possible. I spread my blankets on a few juniper

twigs and tried to sleep.

The dry southern air was rapidly growing colder for heat radiates almost immediately from the barren soil, and gusts of wind drave down showers of sand and pebbles from the heights above. The fire gave out about mid-night; the moonlighted air was intensely cold; frost was forming on my blankets, and I could hear it crackling in the sap of the willows.

Sleep was impossible. When one side was likely to freeze I turned over on the other. Once a huge owl flew softly over, effeking his sharp bill.
Once or twice I fell into a miserable dose, and was awakened by my horse snorting in some sudden fear, or by gusts of wind rattling down aralanches of loosened rocks from the cliffs. Again the terrified sporting of my dumb com-Passion in misery, my poor faithful Padre, doubled the lossliness and demind at intervals, when my momentary doze was broken by the sound of stealthy footsteps near by, firing a shot in the direction of the noise. Silence again for a time, but my unhappy horse was evidently apprehensive every moment: Miserable even to homesickness, I watched the slowly passing stars in whose glorious march I had now no joy, and no interest except that which related to my escape from this sad

The long night, doubly long with pain of body and mind, at last gave way to dawn. I climbed a tall cliff, but could see only the lonely desert rocks and scanty cactus; no sign of a ranch anywhere. I hastily planned to retrace my tracks to Palm Springs, giving up without one pang of regret the eagerly projected journey along the coast southward. But it was no easy matter to follow the circuitous trail by which I had come, and to take a direct route across hills and canons, factus and brush, was im-

tarting, I shared a half loaf with my hungry horse, who ot say which after such a sperience and companionship) I even worse than I, with noth-ough, juice ess bunch-grass, ing to su lin his terrified anxious to get into a lope over vel stretch.

The two deer we had scared from their resting place the night before were evidently old settlers, for on rounding an angle I saw them feeding in a flat below. Near by the sharp tracks of wild sheep were common.

I was anxious to get a near view of these shaggy big-horns, the most strik-ing of North American mammals This was a good opportunity, as their tracks were fresh and they could not leave the canon without being seen. I had scarcely come to the gulch where I had descended from the bluff, when a noise on the canon side caught my ear. There they were, six splendid fellows, standing facing me with their big horns heavily poised on short, heavy-set necks and shoulders. If I had had a rifle of good range I could easily have shot some of them, but it would have seemed a crime to harm the desert-dwellers. As it was. I hedged them in somewhat, for they could neither go up nor down the canon without passing nearer to me; so up the rugged cliffs they sprang, zigzag and by straight leaps, never once missing a foothold.

I worked my way up on the bluff; there had been but little wind on this side, and I followed my tracks better than I had dared to expect. Glancing back I saw the big-horns on a knoll, sniding and tossing their heads.

It was past noon when I came out on the hills overlooking the desert. Never before had that forbidding basin appeared so lovely. A few clouds floated over the mountains, shading it here and there; while sunshine flooded the rest. Away off to the northwest were the yellow cottonwoods and the white ranch-houses about the springs. My gaunt horse also felt the inspira-Hours later I sat under the bright cottonwoods in the delicious air of evening .- W. W. Price, in Overland Month-

"STRUCK WITH THE SABER."

A Familiar Expression, but Cavalrymen Find Little Use for the Sword in Battle.

From the time we reached the state rendezvous until we went into camp on the peninsula it was drill! drill! drill! with the saber, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. A corporal would take half a dozen-the captain the whole company, and for an hour and a half we would go through the cuts and thrusts and parries. There was the front cut, the down cut, the savage thrust, the back-hand cut, and a dozen others, and we were told that our lives depended on knowing how to give and receive each particular one. It was good exercise, perhaps, but on the very first day we went into a fight as cavalry all of us came to see the ab-

I was in thirty cavalry fights during the war, and in none of them did I witness or have use for anything like the saber exercise. Not that I did not see men struck with the saber, but again it would wickle, a slender thread, I they were struck during the confusion and melee, when the other party could claim no credit. For instance, our close under the snowy back of old San
Jacinto, and the night was growing
cold. The last sunlight had disappeared
from the eastern hills, the twilight
would soon fade from the defile. The
picturesqueness of the place forced itself upon me in spite of the trembled
gloom of my outlook.

The end had come. It now appeared,
indeed, that I had been wrongly informed. Directly before me was a wall
of rock, barring further progress. A
few crevices and open seams made
scant footing for mountain sheep, and
it was by their trail I had been led
astray.

claim no credit. For instance, our
regiment drove full tilt into about 600
Confederate cavalry at Brandy Station. I used my revolver until it was
empty, and then gripped my saber.
The smoke was very thick and men
and horses were greatly excited. In
the mad whirl a Confederate rode upon me and made a savage slash with
his saber, It missed my head and cut
the pommel of my saddle. Before he
could get away I "swiped" at him and
I know the edge of the saber struck
his face. I may have knocked out
some of his teeth, but the edge was as
blunt as a hoe and could not have cut
the skin.

At Shepardstown we were charged about the same way. There were a great many sabers flashing as they came on, but by the time the shock came the revolvers and carbines were doing the heft of the work. I had a got the point of the saber in under the enemy's upraised right arm, but I doubt if I drew blood; I simply pushed him half out of his saddle, and he re-

There were probably more men hit with the saber at Gettysburg than anyhandkerenief, backed up by a thick growth of hair saved my head. He drew blood, and I had a sore head for a week after, but he had wasted his

After the first ten minutes of that cavalry encounter nothing but sabers were used. We thrust, hacked and cut, hitting both horse and man, but I doubt if any one was killed outright on either side with the steel. To make a saber effective it must carry a keen edge. During my three years in the army I did not see above a dozen sharpened sabers. We had no orders to grind them and so we carried them with a hoe edge.

Then it takes a strong-armed man to wield a common cavalry saber so as to strike an effective blow. His horse must be reasonably steady, so he can control him with the bridle arm, and there must be plenty of muscle in the arm to give weight to the blow. With a sharp saber a man weighing 160 pounds might split a man's skull, but a man weighing thirty pounds less, with a dull weapon, would only make play toward it. In fact, realizing his ineapacity in that direction he wouldn't

In a cavalry encounter at Kelley's neck with my saber, and struck as hard as I could. He tumbled from his saddle and was captured. I did not even draw blood. I gave him such a blow as to stun him for a few minutes, the same as if I had struck him with the same as if I had struck him with a club, but aside from a stiff neck he was all right. Big, strong men, with keen-edged sabers, would do some awful cutting, and they would inspire fear wherever they charged, but average men and average weapons accom-plish very little outside of the moral

Quantrell proved that there was something far more effective than the saber. Each of his men was armed with at least two revolvers. Each one could shoot right and left-handed. A squad of thirty of them thus armed never hesitated to charge a hundred regular cavalry, and they never charged without inflicting terrible destruction.

UTILIZED A COUCH. A French Marshal Conveyed an Order

The prevalence of coughs and colds was mainly responsible for the im-mense amount of bloodshed that attended the coup d'etat whereby Na-

Under Its Cover in 1851.

poleon III. obtained his throne, writes a correspondent of the N. Y. Recorder. That unscrupulous but brilliant adventurer general and afterward Field Marshal de St. Arnaud had charge of the military operations. But he was unwilling to assume the direct responsibility of ordering the troops to fire upon the people, being not altogether certain as to the result of Napoleon's memorable enterprise.

When the moment for action arrived and the mob began to show signs of sweeping aside the troops, the brigadier generals under his orders sent an officer to him at headquarters to ask him what they were to do, whether they were to are on the populace or give way.

Strangely enough, St. Arnaud was seized at that moment with a violent fit of coughing which lasted for several minutes. Finally when it ceased the general just managed to gasp the words, "Ma sacre toux!" (my cursed cough.)

The officer, having waited until the general had recovered his breath, repeated the question. Again St. Arnaud was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which terminated, as on the previous occasion, with the parting exclamation of "Ma sacre toux!"

The officer was no fool; he could take a hint as well as any one else, and saluting, he left St. Arnaud's presence. On returning to the brigadiers and colonels who had sent him for instructions he was asked what reply St. Arnaud had made.

"The general's only words and commands were masacrez tous! (massacre everybody.)"

These commands were obeyed to the letter, and many thousand people were shot down and bayoneted in con-

A Question of Dinner Time.

A cardinal who commanded the troops of Pope Boniface IX. in the march of Ancona, finding himself on one occasion in a position where he must conquer or die, promised his soldiers that if they secured the victory those who fell should dine that very day with the angels. They marched to the combat with alacrity, but finding that the cardinal was careful not to expose himself, "How is it," said one of them, "that you show no anxiety for the celestial banquet to which you have invited us so warm-ly?" "Because it is not yet my din-ner time and I am not hungry."—All the Year Round.

Where the Major Laughed.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Advertiser has unearthed one shining exception in Congressional life to the rule that \$5,000 a year doesn't make both ends meet. This example is Maj Martin of Texas, who blew out the gas the first night of his arrival in Washington. The Major's living exdoubt if I drew blood; I simply pushed him half out of his saddle, and he retaliated with a side cut which uncovered my head and did no further damage.

Texas had ranged from \$700 to \$800 per annum. He resolved, when thrust into Congress by his neighbors, that he would not permit the extravagences of fashionable life to dally with him to the extent of more than \$200 in with the saber at Gettysburg than anywhere else during the war. The main reason for this was the equality of numbers, together with the fact that very few of the Union cavalry had revolvers. We charged with our carbines slung to our backs, and it was asber or nothing. I had a heavy silk handkerchief inside my new hat that day as a preventive of sunstroke. It prevented a Confederate cavalryman from splitting my head open. I had a young, green horse, and he gave me no end of trawble. While I was trying to prevent him from going out of the fight backwards a Confederate approached me from the rear and admining the cavalryman fight backwards a Confederate approached me from the rear and admining the cavalryman fight backwards a Confederate approached me from the rear and admining the cavalryman fight backwards a Confederate approached me from the rear and admining the cavalryman from a manness but the beaut ket and the cavalryman fight backwards a Confederate approached me from the rear and admining the cavalryman for a manness but the beaut ket and the cavalryman from splitting my head open. I had a prevented to the cashier: "They say the old man blew out the gas, but I guess none of them fellers that wear patent-leather shoes and drink that the prevented as a confederate approached me from the rear and admining the cavalryman for a confederate approached me from the rear and admining the cavalryman from a confederate approached me from the rear and admining the cavalryman from the cavalryman from splitting my head open. I had a prove the old man blew out the gas, but I guess none of them fellers that wear patent-leather shoes and drink that the provented as a confederate approached me from the rear and admining the cavalryman from the cavalryman from splitting the cavalryman fro excess of that sum. In short, society

Taken Up.

Taken up at my farm 2½ miles south of Plattsmouth, Wednesday Februry 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 owner-ship.

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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 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 it normal, healthy 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 dis ordered, 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 at the present moment reminds me of of eight years' standing. Used the fact that it was a cough which three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven bottles 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 whs incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Buck len's Arnica Salve cured him entire ly. 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, dropsy, etc. His Restorative Nervine cures headache, fits, etc.

ALittle Girls Experiencein 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. Frickey Drugstore.

A Mystery Explained.

☐ The papers contain frequent no-tices 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 neadache, neuralgia, sleeplessness, imache, 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 hearttonics.Cures fluttering, short breath, etc.

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Startling Facts.

The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks becoming a rase of nervous wrecks and the following suggests, the best remedy: alphouso Humpfling, of Butler, Penn, swears that when his son was spechless from st. Vitus Dance Dr Miles great Restorative Nerving cured him. Mrs. J. L. Miller of Valprai and. J. D. Taolnr, 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 of 40 to 50 convulsions easy and much acadach, dizzness, bockach and nervous prostiation by one bottle. Trial bottle and fine book of Nervous cures free at F. G. Fricke, & Co., who recomends this unequalled

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