

IT PAID TO BE A FOOL.

Why He Was Down on His Brother Sam.

There weren't but three of us on the depot platform—the man who checked my trunk, a well-dressed man walking up and down and myself. After a bit I noticed that the two men looked almost as much alike as twin-brothers.

"He looks very much like you." "He ought to, as he is my brother Sam. Consarn his picture, but the sight of him makes me bile over!"

"No. It's just because Sam is the biggest fool in these United States! We didn't use to calculate in our family that he knew enough to chew gum. I've actually had to go out and bring him in when it rained!"

"Well, he seems to be all right now. How did he get dressed up so fine?" "How? How?" he repeated, as he kicked a barrel of dried apples and picked it around. "He got dressed up by being a fool!"

"That's a very old game." "Of course. I let him go on for a while, and then I took him by the ear and dropped him off the platform. I read of that swindle before I was knee-high to a toad."

"Well, what did he do but go and hunt up Sam and tell him the same thing. Somebody probably told him Sam was a born fool and didn't know enough to climb a fence. Sam gulped it all down, of course. I warned him and wrestled with him, but it didn't do no good. He jest scrubbed around and got the money and handed it over."

"And the swindler slid?" "He didn't hurry very much. He walked Sam around, told him where to dig and was around for a couple of days before he snatched off. Drat that fool of a Sam, but I want to go out and knock his head off."

"He lost the \$50, of course?" "Did he? Not much! He dug where the man told him to, and may I be hung by the neck if he didn't find an old crock with over \$12,000 in it!"

"You don't say?" "That's what he did, and that's what built him a new house, got him elected alderman and put them fine duds on his back! Blast him! I'll go out and knock his blasted tom-fool head!"

But I seized him and held him up against a barrel of cider vinegar until the fit of frenzy passed away, and left him weak and trembling and just able to mutter: "The idea of it! Why, he don't know enough to-day to turn a grindstone the right way!"—N. Y. World.

OUT IN THE WORLD TO FIND HER.

The Vow of an Obscure Admirer of a New York Actress.

Seeing Nellie McHenry frisk about on the stage a few nights ago reminded me of an obscure admirer of hers who is buried in the Virginia mountains, says Jean Merry in the N. Y. World. He has "never told his love" and probably never will, but it is none the less sincere for all that.

"More than a year ago I found myself, just as darkness was falling, at the door of a cabin in the heart of the mountains. My horse was tired and so was I. They took me in and kept me over night. I needn't tell you how I slept with the ten or twelve members of the mountaineer's family, and how we all washed in the same tin basin in the morning. That's another story. But I do want to tell you of the work of art which hung on the log walls. It was a poster, representing Nellie McHenry. It was old and stained and time worn, but it was the shrine at which the oldest son of the house worshipped."

"She ain't studyin' about marryin'," said his mother to me next morning. "But he does 'low that if he met that gal he'd think a heap o' her. He's a real fool 'bout that, 'n' won't heve it tuck down, nohow. He 'lows some day 't he'll go out in the worl' tuh fin' her."

So if a tall, raw-boned mountaineer with flowing locks and a determined look penetrates Nellie's seclusion some day she may know that it's her Virginia lover "out in the worl' tuh fin' her." For I told him where she could be seen.

A PHANTOM FACE. She Asked for a Sign, and It Was Given Her. I stood alone looking at the unconscious face before me, which was distinctly visible, though the light was heavily shaded to keep the glare from the dying eyes, writes Sarah A. Underwood in the Arena. All her life my friend had been a Christian believer, with an unwavering faith in a life beyond this, and for her sake a bitter grief came upon me, because, so far as I could see, there were no grounds for that belief. I thought I could more easily let her go out into the unknown if I could but feel that her hope would be realized, and I put into words this feeling.

I pleaded that if there were any of her own departed ones present at this supreme moment could they not, and would they not, give me some least sign that such was the fact, and I would be content? Slowly over the dying one's face spread a mellow, radiant mist—I know of no other way to describe it. In a few moments it covered the dying face as with a veil, and spread in a circle about a foot beyond, over the pillow, the strange yellowish-white light all the more distinct from the partial darkness of the room.

Then from the center of this, immediately over the hidden face, appeared an apparently living face, with smiling eyes which looked directly into mine, gazing at me with a look so full of comforting assurance that I could scarcely feel frightened. But it was so real and strange that I wondered if I were temporarily crazed, and as it disappeared I called a watcher from another room, and went into the open air for a few moments to recover myself under the midnight stars.

When I was sure of myself I returned, and took my place again alone. Then I asked that, if that appearance were real and not a hallucination, would it be made once more manifest to me; and again the phenomenon was repeated and the kind smiling face looked up at me—a face new, yet wondrously familiar.

Why He Couldn't Believe It. "Talking about snakes," he began. No one had said a word about snakes, but he thought it about time to spin a yarn. "Talking about snakes there was a man down in our township—" "You knew him?" interrupted his companion. "Certainly I knew him." "I thought so. He was a truthful man, too." "George Washington wasn't a circumstance to him."

"I knew it. Go on with your story." "Well, sir, one day he was out on the marsh and he saw a snake that—" "Told you about it himself, didn't he?" "With his own lips. Now that snake—" "Pardon me! He isn't a drinking man, is he?" "No, sir." "Never touched a drop of liquor in his life, did he?" "Never since he was born." "I thought not. Say! did you ever hear of a snake story being told by a drinking man?" "Um, well—" "Did you ever hear of a real good one that wasn't told originally by a man who never drank a drop in his life?"

SUNSET COX IN 1856.

The First Time Ever Seen Samuel Sullivan Cox, Known as Sunset Cox, Was in 1856, Said Thomas Sulak to a St. Louis Chronicle Reporter.

"I was then superintendent of bridges on the national arripke in Ohio and Cox was making a tour of taverns on the road delivering political speeches. "The turnpike in those days was the great highway betwixt the East and the West. It was thronged night and day with teams from every part of Ohio, and country taverns, with big wagon yards, were located ten miles apart."

"Every night these taverns were crowded with teamsters and travelers and Cox spoke at every one of them, beginning at the Indiana line and ending at the Pennsylvania border. "Mr. Cox was a young slip of a fellow with real duds ways, but his speeches were so inexpressibly funny that he captured the hearts of the rough teamsters, who carried his fame to every part of the state, and as long as he lived they were always his solid friends."

"EX-Governor Allen once made a tour of those taverns and made friends that stood by him for years, and I have no doubt but that that influence still existed and aided in electing him governor thirty years later."

A Dog That Tells the Hours. Col. F. N. Barksdale of the Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania railroad has a dog that can tell the time of the day. Col. Barksdale has a very fine clock that strikes only on the hour and then very slowly. The dog got into the way of making the dog tap with his foot at each stroke of the clock. He got so he would do so without being told. Just before the clock strikes it gives a little cluck, and whenever the dog heard this he would prick up his ears, raise his paw and gently tap his paw at each strike without being told. After awhile he got so that when anyone clucked like the clock he would get into position and wait for the strokes. He was for a long time confused at not hearing the clock, but after awhile began tapping his paw anyway. The remarkable point is that after a while he remembered how many strokes were due at each succeeding hour, so that now when the Colonel clucks he gets into position and taps the number of strokes the clock should make next time. Thus, at eleven times after 10 o'clock he taps eleven times; after 4 o'clock, five times, etc. Some learned scientists are going to investigate the matter to see whether the dog actually possesses reasoning faculties. Col. Barksdale will not part with the dog under any conditions.—Baltimore (Pa.) News.

He Had the Advantage. An interesting story is told how George Westinghouse, the millionaire inventor, obtained \$1,000,000 when he needed it badly. When the Westinghouse Air-Brake Company was a new concern the directors gave to Mr. Westinghouse a paper vesting absolutely in his hands the power to fix the selling price of air-brakes. The object was to cripple competitors. When the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company was in trouble Mr. Westinghouse applied to the air-brake company for a loan of \$500,000. His application was refused and mention made of the fact that he owed the air-brake company \$650,000.

At the next meeting of the board Mr. Westinghouse produced the paper giving him the authority to fix prices. Its existence had been forgotten and the directors saw the importance of gaining possession of it. Attorneys were consulted to ascertain what could be done. All said that the only thing would be to make terms with Mr. Westinghouse. Then he was asked what he would take for the paper. He said \$1,000,000, stuck to the figure and got it. The directors who refused the loan of \$500,000 and then paid over \$1,000,000 don't like this story, but its truth is vouched for.—Philadelphia Times.

Mark Twain's Brother. Mark Twain has a brother living in Keokuk, Iowa, who is absent-minded enough for Mark to "put in a book." It is related that he drank violet ink for blackberry cordial and took an allopathic dose of ammonia instead of his cough medicine; but his latest absent-minded adventure occurred last summer when his wife had gone to a Sunday school picnic.

Mrs. Clemens instructed her husband that he would find his lunch nicely prepared in the refrigerator. On her way home she inquired of Mr. Clemens as to his bachelorhood and how he had enjoyed his lunch. "Well," said Mr. Clemens, "I didn't think the salad you spoke of was especially good, but I ate it." Mrs. Clemens discovered that he had "eaten it," indeed, that is, the yeast put to raise for the next day's baking, while the salad remained untouched.

An Italian professor predicts that in a few centuries there will be no more noses. No Respect for Musty Traditions. "A reminiscence comes to my mind," writes Justin McCarthy in a volume of "Recollections of Parliament," about American visitors to the House of Commons. "The American girl has no respect for musty traditions. Some years ago we used to be permitted to take ladies into the library, but the rule was strict that they must not be allowed to sit down there. I was once escorting a young American married woman through the various rooms of the library, and I mentioned to her, as a matter of more or less interesting fact, that it was against the rules for a woman to sit down there."

"Is that really a law of the place?" she asked with wide opened and innocent eyes. "The very law," I answered. "Then," said she calmly, "just see me break it!" and she drew a chair and resolutely sat down at the table."

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 Blisters, 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 Alterative. 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. P. 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

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 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 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, dropsy, etc. His Restorative Nervine cures headache, fits, etc.

All Little Girls Experience a Light. 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, 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.

Startling Facts. The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks and the following suggests, the best remedy: aliphous 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 Calport and J. D. Tachar, of Loansport, Ind each gained 20 pounds if an taking it. Mrs. H. A. Gardner, of Vasturl 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. Hoyer

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