

A Modern Parable.

An old Arab about to die called his three sons to his bedside in order to make known to them his last wishes. "As a legacy," he said, "I bequeath to you the three objects before you—an old rug, a sauceman and a stick." And when his sons protested against the paltry value of their patrimony the sick man went on to say: "Don't you make a mistake; these three bequests are more valuable than you think. Thus, the rug has the marvelous property of conveying through space, as quick as thought anyone who sits upon it and directs it where to go. The sauceman, like a cornucopia, is filled at a moment's notice with any kind of food its owner may desire. In striking the ground with the stick you can produce as many jewels and precious stones as you may wish for." Divide the three talismans among you.

Not being able to agree as to the distribution of the bequests, the three brothers called in the aid of an arbitrator.

"I see how it is," said the latter, "each of you would like to have the whole of the paternal heritage to himself."

"Just so!" the three brothers answered in chorus.

"Well, then, this is what I propose. You shall compete for it. The first of you that gets to that tree yonder shall be proclaimed sole heir and may dispose of the three talismans."

At a given signal the three started off to run. At the same moment the obliging arbitrator snatched up the stick and sauceman, seated himself on the rug and disappeared.

The heritage is Cyprus. The three brethren are France, Italy and Russia. England is the arbitrator.—*Deutsche Rundschau.*

Humble but Successful Authors.

The men who make the most money by their pens are not always known to fame. The periodicals that pay the highest prices for fiction and special articles are not those that give the writer a reputation in the world of letters. I have a friend who makes \$10,000 a year writing stories of adventure for a sensational weekly. He is a poet of no mean ability, and when he feels that he would like a little applause he sends a poem to some leading magazine. Only his most intimate friends know that "Pendragon," of the *Youth's Weekly Thrill*, is the long-haired, romantic-looking man who listens at the Authors Club to the flattery of those who think that the highest success in life consists in having a poem printed in the *Century*, *Harper's* or *Scribner's*. Another man I know gets \$25 a thousand words from a weekly that is read in thousands of kitchens throughout the country. He is a highly educated man, but he must earn his living. He makes at least \$8,000 a year. He was recently offered a college professorship at a salary of \$2,500. But he could not afford it. These men will never go down to posterity as great novelists, but, to use a vulgar expression, they get there all the same.—*Pittsburg Leader's N. Y. Letter.*

Bamboo Cuts Are Painful.

A cut inflicted with a blade of grass or a sheet of writing paper is bad enough, but the most disagreeable wound that can be inflicted on the human body is that made with a strip of bamboo. The outside of the bamboo contains so much silica that it will cut like a knife; in fact, the Chinese and Japanese do make knives of it which are cheap and for a time tolerably effective. A cut made with a bamboo is exceedingly hard to heal and obstinate ulcers are apt to result. Whether the silica poisons the flesh or the bad consequences are due to the ragged wound is not certain, but anybody who has cut his finger with a bit of cane or torn his hand on a fishing-rod will have some idea of the unpleasant effects of a cut with a bamboo sliver.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

WIT AND HUMOR.

Teacher—"What is the feminine of man?" Little Girl—"Dude."—*Brooklyn Life.*

When a man hires a dress suit to go on a tear he must pay the rent.—*Pearson.*

Atlas was the first leading gentleman. He supported Earth in her great roll.—*Puck.*

Drinking to a friend's health is a bad medicine for your own.—*Binghamton Republican.*

Long prayers in church generally make heaven seem a long way off.—*Ram's Horn.*

It will require more than nine tailors to make a man of the average dude.—*Texas Siftings.*

Cupid is probably depicted as an archer because he is a bean ideal.—*Washington Star.*

One of the most difficult things to do is to make a dimple of a wrinkle.—*Galveston News.*

The typewriter is said to be the only woman a man has the right to dictate to.—*Boston Journal.*

There's many a man who would run away if he did not have to take himself along.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"So dark, and yet so light" as the man said when he looked at his new ton of coal.—*Drake's Magazine.*

Sometimes the farmer who goes into politics ends by wishing he had raised less rain and more corn.—*Washington Star.*

The statesman that wants to feather his nest has got to take care of the geese that furnish the feathers.—*Texas Siftings.*

Clara—"O, I have so much to say to you." Maude—"And I to you. Let's go to the opera tonight."—*Life's Calendar.*

"Are any of the colors discernible to the touch?" asked the school teacher. "I have often felt blue," replied the boy at the head of the class.—*Brooklyn Life.*

It is no trouble to increase the membership of a church that opens the door wide enough to let a man get in without having to quit his meanness.—*Pan's Horn.*

Maude—"Congratulate me, Clara; I'm engaged." Clara—"Well, you've been mighty quick about it. Here it is only the second week of leap year."—*N. Y. Press.*

A game of "living whist" was played at Newburyport the other night. A gentleman in each case played the knave, but a lady played the deuce.—*Lowell Courier.*

"I nevah eat mince pie," said Chappie. "Why not?" asked Hicks. "It makes me dream of my ancestors, and between us, they were all twadesmen."—*Life's Calendar.*

Judge (after the jury has acted against his judgment in acquitting a man)—"Give this man his liberty—but watch your coats and umbrellas."—*Pittsburg Blatter.*

"It's too bad that Flipkins has been sent to jail for selling liquor. What shall we do for him?" "Give him a coming-out party when he is released."—*Boston Gazette.*

"Old Skinkins says he is laying up riches in heaven." "Maybe he is, but I don't believe there is much chance of his putting in an appearance to collect them."—*Washington Star.*

"Papa, why does the drum major of a band wear that big thing on his head?" "Because the natural size of his head is not equal to the occasion, my son."—*Baltimore American.*

"I couldn't help getting mad. Now, I appeal to you, if you were I wouldn't you be angry?" "I don't know as I would be angry, but if I were you I should be inexpressibly sad."—*N. Y. Herald.*

Sound is said to travel over seven hundred miles an hour, yet we have known the sound of a cat yawning on the back fence to remain right in one spot for five maddening hours.—*Boston Courier.*

"I had to be away from school yesterday," said Tommy. "You must bring an excuse," said the teacher. "Who from?" "Your father." "He ain't no good at making excuses; ma catches him every time."—*Tid-Bits.*

Mr. Slinpurse (hankering for a suit of clothes on tick)—"I aw—presume you are acquainted with my friend, Mr. Nocash. He has a running account here, I believe?" Tailor—"Yes. We do the running."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Man in wagon (who has bought an unsound horse from the Quaker)—"No, I don't expect you to take him back. I only want you to lend me your hat and coat so that I can sell him to somebody else."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Friend—"I can't help wondering why a man on your small salary should give his affianced a cluster diamond engagement ring." Mr. Smarttchapp—"That's so she won't slip it off and leave it upstairs when the other fellows call."—*Good News.*

Mrs. Hilliare—"You seem to get along nicely on your alimony." Mrs. Grasse—"Yes, indeed. I used to so hate asking my husband for pin money. Now, when I see anything I like, I can buy it without feeling I'm extravagant."—*Epoch.*

Lady of House (to Irish servant)—"Bridget, this is altogether too much; you have a new follower in the kitchen every week." Bridget—"Well, ma'am, ye see, the food in this house is so bad that nobody'll come here for longer than a week!"—*Tid-Bits.*

Young Puppette (interrupting the general in the midst of the latter's peroration)—"Pardon me, general, but would you be kind enough to give me the exact date you began telling that story?" The general (glaring)—"With pleasure, sir. It was in October, 1860—the same week that your grandfather took my measure for a pair of boots."—*Truth.*

Waiter (to customer about to leave the restaurant)—"You've forgotten something, haven't you?" Customer—"I guess not. I've got my overcoat, cane, and hat. What have I forgotten?" Waiter (extending his hand)—"The tip, if you please, sir." Customer—"I had a fowl dinner, didn't I?" Waiter—"Yes, sir." Customer—"Well, according to the new base-ball rules there are to be no more foul tips. Good-day."—*Texas Siftings.*

"That is Orpheus," said the young man; "he was a wonderful musician. He was such a forceful player as to move trees and stones." "So?" replied the old gentleman, looking at the statue in a contemplative mood; "not so bad; but you never heard that cousin of yours play. She's only a little puny thing, but they do say she's made no less than twenty whole families move, and I guess it's no more'n the truth."—*Boston Transcript.*

Banjer (to boy)—"Take this dress-suit up to Wangle and give him this note. He will give you a \$5 bill, which you fetch back to me. [Boy goes and returns.] Well, did you get that \$5 bill?" Boy—"No, sir. He said to tell you he couldn't spare it very well today, sir." Banjer—"Then why in thunder didn't you fetch back the suit?" Boy—"I couldn't very well, sir. He put it on before he read the note."—*Clothes and Furnisher.*

Pete Fowler, although somewhat addicted to drink, had considerable literary taste. He was a great borrower of books, but he never returned any, owing more to carelessness than to anything else. His friends had frequently got him to sign the pledge, but he invariably went back on it. He was complaining one day to a friend of his inability to keep his pledge, when the latter said: "I'll tell you, Pete, how you can keep your pledge." "How can I keep the pledge?" asked Pete, swinging helplessly to a lamp-post. "Easy enough. The next time you borrow a book put the pledge in it. Then you'll keep it for good."—*Texas Siftings.*

Moonshine Whisky.

Whisky made by moonshiners seldom becomes a week old, and very often it is drunk warm from the still, having the effect of broken glass on the palate. It is frequently adulterated, tobacco being added to make it bite and rattle-wed to make it head. In the moonshine districts almost everybody drinks men and women, old and young—and the mountain boy on pleasure bent carries a quart bottle of the stuff, a package of snuff, and a six-shooter.

THE MUTUAL FRIEND.

A Great Factor in the Love-Making of South America.

All the love-making in South America must be carried on through a third person. If a youth desires to marry he does not speak of it to the girl whom he wishes for a wife, but to his own father. The latter, if he approves, goes to the father of the young lady and the two discuss the matter together. Each tells the other what he will do for the young folks, and between them a contract is drawn up respecting settlements and all such things.

The intending bridegroom is not permitted to see his fiancée for a moment before the wedding. As soon as that event has taken place there is a wedding breakfast, and usually without the formality of a preliminary tour the couple settle down to living either in an establishment of their own or more often in the house of the parents of the bride or groom.

One drawback about marriage in South America, says the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*, is that in taking a girl to wife it is apt to be considered a matter of course that the young man marries her whole family also. He has no occasion for surprise or disquietment, if, together with the bride, fifteen or twenty people come to share his household and domestic comforts, including all her available relations and their servants.

These Latins are a very clannish race, and a father is apt to be willing to adopt a raft of sisters and cousins and aunts, not to mention a mother-in-law, rather than have his son or daughter leave the family roof. It is due to the strength of family attachments among them that hotels in South America are only from strangers from afar; the natives always find hospitable entertainment among the kindred.

Primitive Pipes.

In England the first pipes used appear to have been made of clay with narrow bowls and contracted mouths. Then, as the habit grew stronger and tobacco became cheaper, something more capacious would be required. These are the pipes which, under the name of "fairy pipes," are sometimes dug up and preserved as interesting relics of the past. Aubrey, writing about 1680, says: "They (The English people) first had silver pipes, but the ordinary sort made of walnut shell and straws. I have heard my grandfather say that one pipe was handed from man to man around the table. Within these twenty-five years 'twas scandalous for a divine to take tobacco. It was then sold for its way in silver. I have heard some of our old yomen neighbors say that when they went to market they culled out their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against tobacco; now the customers of it are the greatest his majesty hath." It is not generally known that the word cutty, as applied to a species of clay pipe very much used, is a corruption of Kutai, a city in Asia Minor, where a species of soft white stone is found which is exported to Germany for the manufacture of tobacco pipes.—*All the Year Round.*

A Famous Poem.

Who is there that has not sung or read or heard "The Old Oaken Bucket"? Many musical compositions have been set to its lines and it has been translated into many languages; it has gone the rounds of the civilized world for more than two generations. And how many know the name of the author? He was Samuel Woodworth and was born in Scituate, Plymouth County, Mass., Jan. 13, 1785. He came to Boston and chose the profession of printer, binding himself to Benjamin Russell, then editor of the *Columbian Sentinel*, with whom he remained until 1806, and while serving his apprenticeship he contributed poetry to the different periodicals then published in Boston, under the signature of "Selina." The only poem of his which has survived is the "Old Oaken Bucket," which he wrote while editing the *Mirror* in New York with George P. Morris.—*New England Magazine.*

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.

A Little Girl Experiences 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 cloping with negroes, tramps and common. 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: alphonso Humpfling, of Butler, Penn., swears that when his son was spechless from st. Vitus Dance Dr Miles great Restorative Nervine cured him. Mrs. J. L. Miller of Valprai and, J. D. Tolnor, 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 headach, 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. Moyer Druggist, Denver.

A Domestic Picture.

With a desire of giving her husband a true picture of herself, a woman in Atchison, Kan., had her photograph taken as she appeared at daily housework in her kitchen dress, with a baby on one arm and broom and dustpan in the other.

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. 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.

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THEY WASH THEIR CLOTHES WITH SANTA CLAUS SOAP. That's where they get their style. MADE ONLY BY N.K. FAIRBANK & CO. CHICAGO.



A REGULAR SCIMITAR That Sweeps all before it. 9 PEASWAPOD CLOSELY PACKED VICK'S CHARMER PEA. These will almost melt in your mouth. The "Charmer" is very productive, high quality and sugar flavor. Has great staying qualities. Vines 3 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; 1 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.



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