

In the Old Tobacco Patch.

I feel kind of feeble, as I don't know what to do. When I think about them days we used to spend here in the tobacco patch, I feel kind of feeble, as I don't know what to do. When I think about them days we used to spend here in the tobacco patch, I feel kind of feeble, as I don't know what to do. When I think about them days we used to spend here in the tobacco patch, I feel kind of feeble, as I don't know what to do.

LOVERS AGAIN.

Out of the window of the old wooden bridge, whose hooded tunnel threw a dark bar across the moonlit mountain stream, a man and a woman stood looking into the pine-clad amphitheater of the cliffs, which lay in stillness beneath the spell of a September night. The black hollow of the bridge, with its one moonbeam sharp across the floor, contrasted with the awful splendor of the granite gorge, buttressed and pinnacled in every rising tier, under the floor of ghostly light, and if the only object of the couple in coming here was to see the view they were amply repaid.

From their conversation since they left the hotel, which now lay behind them, hidden by a fringe of the forest, it would have been difficult to say that this was not their only object. The small talk of acquaintanceship, friendship and even love is within certain limits, and among people habituated to each other's conventions, practically indistinguishable. Frequently it is difficult to decide why the degrees should be of so much consequence to the parties.

It was in this case knowledge of the world and the good temper of experience that kept Mrs. Hugonin and Arthur Kinnaird on perfectly unruffled terms with each other. The conviction that he had long ago forgiven her, gratifying as it once had been, was now of such long standing that it had become confused with her earlier and less justifiable conviction that he ultimately would forgive her. Thus secure in vindication, the desire for which the dying Eve bequeathed to all her sex, Mrs. Hugonin could, without the slightest reflection upon her widowhood, accept once more the companionship of a man who tolerated her as comfortably as Arthur Kinnaird. The imminence of the climacteric which she knew to be threatening him was not to be read from his figure. His step was alert, his cheeks were bronzed, his tastes were rational, and what more could he desire?

She pushed back her dark hair under its somewhat youthful cap, and, leaning her elbows on the ledge, gazed, without speaking, at the haunted defile. Kinnaird gave a little laugh behind her. "Margaret," he said, "upon my word, it seems as if we were boy and girl again."

"Why, particularly?" she asked, without turning her head.

"Oh, all this summer," he replied. She didn't ask him to be more explicit. "It is certainly an ideal place," she said, with a half sigh. "Yet it is foolish to say that the beauties of nature restore one's youth. One may feel young again, but one is not really any the less dispassionate."

"I am not so sure of that," said Kinnaird. "I should like to argue the point with you—if it could be argued."

"You mean you are all right," said Mrs. Hugonin, with an inconsistent shrug of her shoulders. "You give up to logic what was meant for conversation."

Kinnaird stroked his moustache thoughtfully for a moment. "And so you think me dispassionate?" he observed.

"You?" said Mrs. Hugonin, turning with a delightful laugh. "Why, Arthur, there isn't a sentiment or a conviction to whose support society could order you to contribute?"

"If you mean that," he said slowly, "it is quite as I feared."

"As you feared?"

"You still believe me capable of as much mistaken self-control as I once was. And," he added calmly, "I don't wonder."

Though there was no bitterness apparent in his tone, Mrs. Hugonin was startled. "Really, this is unlike you, Arthur," she said, gravely, but yet with a sense of amusement. "You petulant with the past? You provoked with your recollections? Indeed, I have mistaken you."

He laughed, but gently. "Come, he said, you have no right to be ironical. Though I once let you go, it was because I thought you wanted to be released."

"Upon my word, Arthur," said Mrs. Hugonin, "I did not know you were serious, or I should not have taken this as a joke."

"I am entirely serious,"

"Really?" said Mrs. Hugonin, and she spoke with some irritation. "I thought all had been forgotten and forgiven years ago." Then she drew herself up proudly. "Can it be that after all this time you have conceived the childish whim of forcing me to a—to an apology?"

"No—hardly that."

"I am ready to make it," she went on. "But if I do—"

Kinnaird moved to the window beside her and laid his hand on her arm. "You are much mistaken," he said, in the undisturbed voice which so provoked her. "You must indeed think that I am taking leave of my years. I never had much vanity, I think, but what I had when I was younger I never made a pet of. Look over there at the rocks, and what do you see?"

—S. Q. Lupton in Farm and Fireside.

"The rocks made me recollect," he went on, unheeding, "that one day when you were about seventeen you and I climbed Lone Mountain together. And when we reached the ravine you insisted on going first, and let you. Now I did that because I reflected that if you fell I could catch you."

"Well?"

"You see, that was my first mistake. I should have gone first, and made you cling to my—pardon me—coat tails."

"Very likely," said Mrs. Hugonin, half laughing. "But I can't think it does us any good to talk it over now."

"After that," said Kinnaird, pursuing his subject, "I acted consistently on the same mistaken theory. And when it came to the question of giving you up, I thought always of you first. That was why I gave you up—which you naturally considered a weakness."

It did not escape Mrs. Hugonin that a dormant weakness of her own was reviving under the continued stress of this absurd conversation—a weakness for sentiment. But it was checked by her vexation with her friend for breaking their tacit understanding—and by the feeling of half contemptuous pity that stole over her as he spoke.

Were she a man, she thought, she would never confess at 40 to the incompetence of 25. That Kinnaird did so but absolved her again. Also, she reflected, she had had a headache yesterday, and, therefore, it was very lucky this conversation had not been started yesterday or she would have been much more provoked than she was now.

"I shall not stop you," she said, in a half mischievous tone. "Go on—I won't be angry. You will perhaps admit that if there is anything rankling in it as well for you to abuse me and have it over, even after all these years, whose obituary you have written?"

"My dear, my darling," he said, his strong hand clasping hers so quickly that involuntarily her arm struggled like a bird's wing to wrest itself away. "It is well for me to tell the only woman I ever loved that I love her still and do not mean to let her go again."

"Arthur."

"Margaret, I love you more than ever."

"It is impossible!"

"I love you."

"You can not, can not be in earnest," she stammered. "Why, you have never told me."

"Never—until now," he laughed. "I learned something when I lost you the first time—my darling."

"This," said Mrs. Hugonin, partially recovering herself, "is folly, Arthur. And it is most unfair."

"Unfair," he said, "to want you for my wife? No, you mean unfair to take you off your guard. I will not quarrel with your words," he said, smiling.

"May the hour and the scene suggest to you all that they will. May they bring you back to—it was twenty that you were—where it all happened—Margaret, when you were twenty-six I went away from the city of all my hopes, but before I turned my back on it I did as many a refugee had done before me—I sealed up my treasures, hid them, and my store is where I left it. That is why I want you to marry me. All that I had looked forward to telling you—when you were twenty—all that I had to say to you, the secret hoard that I had been piling up for our married life, is intact, and now I want you to share it with me." He paused a moment and then went on: "My dear, I have simply had to wait, that is all. But, please heaven, we will begin again."

Poor Mrs. Hugonin's breath came and went, an unwilling messenger of passion—or, it might be, of sentiment. "Perhaps I was in the wrong," she said. "But why did not you think more of yourself?"

"I am thinking of myself now," said Kinnaird.

Suddenly, as Mrs. Hugonin hung distracted and in doubt, the cliff behind them rang faint and sibilant with an echo. It was the town clock of the village striking over beyond the trees; they could not hear it, but sent from ledge to ledge in the still night air it struck silvery and remote on the granite facade. As it sounded they both started, he at its elfin suggestions, she at its material reminder.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "it is 11 o'clock!"

"It is," said Kinnaird.

"And we must positively go back to the hotel at once. We are a scandal, Arthur—and you know it, for I saw you start, too." She began to smile. "Do you see nothing in the augury?" she asked.

"The augury?"

"We are two old fools," she said. "Think of my boy in his bed, Arthur. Think of my 30 years—be quiet, if you please. I choose to be 30 for formality's sake. It is only the night and the moonlight. When 11 o'clock strikes we recollect that we ought to be respectably at home. It is only an echo. Ah, my dear old friend, we have had our past and it is over."

"Yours has been unhappy, and I am oh, so very sorry! But you are contented now and, what is more, you are kind and strong—it is better as it is. Take me back to the hotel—and we shall beware of echoes in the future."

"I thought you said you had grown old," said Kinnaird. "It is only youth that refuses the echo."

And he took her in his arms and kissed her.—Philadelphia Times.

Senator Beck's death resulted from overwork.

Henry Ward Beecher succumbed to overwork.

Zach Chandler died of apoplexy due to overwork.

Family troubles and overwork killed Horace Greeley.

Secretary Folger fell a victim to the demand of overwork.

Senator Plumb, though a giant in strength, died from overwork.

Dan Manning died from lack of exercise and excessive brain labor.

Edwin M. Stanton's death was superinduced by overwork and worry.

Family troubles and overwork killed ex-Senator Pendleton of Ohio.

Worry and disappointment killed Charles Sumner, Henry Clay and Daniel Webster.—Washington Post.

LESSONS FROM THE OYSTER'S LIFE.

A Colored Preacher's Sermon to a Congregation of Oyster Shuckers.

"The oyster is the lowest species of animal life," said the Rev. I. L. Thomas, pastor of Centennial Colored Methodist church, in his sermon to oyster shuckers recently, "but it can be shown that it is a fair representative of man, and that in every part of the oyster shucker's profession he is shown the way to the Lord. Now the shucker don't have anything to do with the oyster until it is put into his box, but before it gets there it must be caught. It seems strange to say that the oyster must be caught, but when we examine the beds in the ocean, bay and river, we see the necessity of providing means to catch it. It cannot be caught with the hook and line, so other means have been invented, some of which have been very successful. Just so with a man. He has to be caught, and no one but the Lord is prepared to catch him up out of the bed of sin. The oyster comes to the shucker in a shucking box. Now the shucker's box represents the Church of God, and the man is caught out of the sea of death and pitched into the box prepared for him, just like the oyster.

"The hammer represents the word of God, and just as the shucker hammers on the oyster to make it open its shell, so the word of God strikes mighty blows on man's heart until it opens a little bit, so that the Holy Spirit, represented by the knife, can get in.

"Just like the shucker's knife gets in and touches the heart of the oyster and throws off the shell does the Holy Spirit touch man's heart and throw off the shell of worldliness. After the shell is off the oyster is chucked into a pot, which represents the visible church of God.

"Now the shucker has three pots—one for small, another for large, and another for extra large oysters. The little pot represents faith, which is the first thing a man gets after the knife of the Holy Spirit touches his heart. The next pot is hope, which always comes when faith springs up in a man's breast, and the last pot—the extra large one—is love and charity, which fills the man's heart as he goes on to perfection.

"Then come the skimmer and the water. These represent the cleansing power of Jesus' blood. The oysters are put on the skimmer and the water is poured over them to wash off little pieces of shell and any other impurities. So is the water of life poured over man by God, and all the impurities are washed away until he is white as snow.

"Next, the quantity the shucker shucks represents justice. If there is anything a shucker wants more than another it is justice. He wants to know that he gets paid for all he shucks, and that he isn't shucking in a measure with a false bottom, that moves down when the oysters are put in and moves up when they come out.

"In all shucking houses is a big blackboard on which the numbers of all the shuckers are placed. This represents the Book of Life, on which names are recorded in Heaven. For every gallon of oysters a man shucks his peg is moved up a hole, and unless that peg moves the man has no claim on the firm, but the more he shucks the further his peg moves and the bigger his claim. So, if a man hasn't recorded his name in Heaven and won't do good works he has no claim on Heaven. If he does much he will get much; if he does little his reward will be little.

"The canning process represents perfection. When an oyster is put in the can and sealed up all has been done to it that is necessary to be done. So when a man has done what the Lord wanted him to do he has reached perfection.

"Next comes the express. What would it avail an oyster if it stopped where it was after being canned? I tell you the firm would feel mighty blue if all the oysters canned stayed in the factory. Shipping the oysters represents the express train or the lifeboat for heaven, which is death. When the oyster reaches perfection it's got to move, and so does a man. The person to whom the canned oysters are sent represents the rightful claim of Jesus Christ, who stands on the other side of the river to look at the boats as they go by to see if there's anything on board for Him. If the man bears the mark of the Lord on his forehead, then the Lord cries, 'He's mine, he's mine!' and takes him ashore and into the wonderful city."—Baltimore Sun.

Practical Sayings.

Take fresh paint out of wearing apparel by rubbing with gasoline.

Grease spots in cloth may be taken out by applying a solution of salt in alcohol.

Nails may be driven into hard wood without bending double if first dipped in lard or oil.

Lemons will keep fresh for weeks if covered with water; the water must be changed often.

When baking cakes set a dish of water in the oven with them, and they will not be in much danger from scorching.—Good Housekeeping.

Fish are frequently found in newly formed ponds. They are supposed to be carried there by birds.

Preferred Being Generous.

Tourist (about to leave the hotel, examines his bill. To head waiter): "Is the attendance included?" "No, sir; that is left to the generosity of the traveler." "But supposing I am not generous?" "Then, sir, it'll be 2 francs a day or 6 francs for three days."

"Ah! then I prefer being generous for once; here's a franc and a half."—Journal Amusant.

Some New Words.

The development of specialism in the treatment of nervous diseases is adding some remarkable words to the English language. Among the latest of these made-to-order neologisms are "agoraphobia," the fear of public places; "batophobia," the fear of the collapse of high buildings; and "pantophobia," the dread of everything possible.

Taken Up.

Taken up at my farm 2½ 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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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. 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.

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 Nerve cures headache, fits, etc.

ALittle Girls 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, immoderate 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.

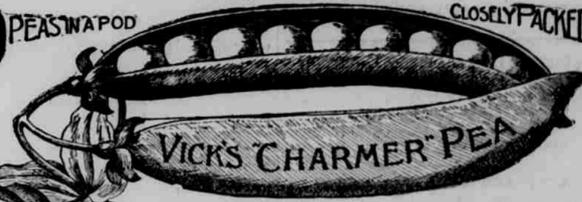
The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks and the following suggests, the best remedy: alphonso Humpfling, of Butler, Penn., swears that when his son was speechless from St. Vitus Dance Dr Miles great Restorative Nerve cured him. Mrs. J. L. Miller of Valparaiso, Ind., gained 20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

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