

REMARKABLE TWIN

TWO WOMEN SO NEAR ALIKE TO DECEIVE THEIR HUSBANDS

Mrs. Coombs and Mrs. Turner, of Springfield, Mass., have had lots of fun in their lives because of their great resemblance—Mrs. Coombs' story.

Similarity in facial appearance has often resulted in mistaken identity with the subjects of this sketch, Mrs. Levi T. Coombs and Mrs. Josiah Turner.

These estimable women are twins; their maiden names were Frances Arrette and Florella Antoinette Foss. It will be observed that their initials were the same, the middle name being bestowed on the promise of a pearl necklace for each.

The Foss twins were the daughters of Dr. Simeon Foss, a Maine physician of the old school and a Mason of high degree. They were born in Belfast, Me., Nov. 22, 1825. Frances made her debut in this world half an hour before her sister.

At Paris Hill they went to school with the late Hannibal Hamlin, ex-vice president of the United States.

Frances married the late Levi T. Coombs, who held the position of deputy sheriff of Androscoggin county, in the town of Lisbon, twenty-one years.

Florella married Josiah Turner, now dead, who also lived in the town of Lisbon. Both have been school teachers and inseparable companions. Their mother died when they were 2½ years of age.

It is difficult to distinguish one from the other, and the photographer who took their pictures persisted that Florella had just been in the room when, in fact, it was her sister who had been there.

Frances has given birth to six children, all of whom are dead but two—Walter Coombs, of this city, and Simon Coombs, now mail agent on the Maine Central railroad.

Mrs. John Staples, of Charlestown, and Charles E. Turner, of Lawrence, are the only living children of Florella, who had three in all.

The height of the twins is exactly the same, and twelve years ago they weighed just 200 pounds apiece.

Singularly, when one would fall away in weight the other would do the same. Their aggregate weight at present is 350 pounds.

These duplicate sisters think alike, act alike and have never adopted different characteristics of dress to avoid mistakes of identity. Often one has worn the other's shoes, while years ago their money came from one pocketbook, and it did not matter which one carried it.

"Mistaken identity was almost a daily occurrence with us in our younger days," remarked Frances a few days ago. "My father always called us 'girls,' and neither of us ever addressed the other by our given names. We called each other 'sister' instead.

The reason why father never addressed us by our given names was due to the fact that he was always uncertain which was which.

"After we were married people addressed me by my sister's new name so often that I declare I got puzzled myself once, and couldn't for the life of me tell whether my name was Turner or Coombs.

"We took our first ride on a railway train at eighteen years of age. We never had seen the cars before. At that time we were living in Lisbon and drove down from there in a chaise to Portland. When we alighted at Saco the depot closely resembled the one in Portland, and I stuck to it that it went with us.

"One time in church Judge Chamberlin was sitting in my sister's pew. My seat was just ahead of him. When I came in he mistook me for my sister, and politely arose and stepped into the aisle to let me into my sister's seat.

"My husband often mistook my sister for myself. To illustrate how easily he was fooled, I will recall the time when I dropped into my husband's store to pay him a call. Judge Chamberlin sat there, and I knew him well, but my sister didn't.

"As I entered leisurely my husband said, 'Come in, Mrs. Turner, and be seated.' I kept a straight face as long as I could until he had introduced me to the judge, when a smile on my face let the cat out of the bag, and then my husband discovered that he had introduced his wife instead of Mrs. Turner.

"When we lived in Minot we studied French under Parson Jones. One day I had a perfect lesson and sister did not know her's. We shifted around, and the parson mistook me for sister and I recited the lesson for her and no one was the wiser.

"We used to attend parties in my younger days, and on one occasion, when the fellows come in after the girls, I started off with sister's fellow and got quite a piece with him before I told him he was mistaken and had better go back after his girl.

"Once at dusk Mr. Coombs was going home from the store. He saw my sister on the other side of the street and thought it was L. Florella had a bundle under her arm which he mistook for a baby. My husband thought it strange that I was out at that time with my baby, and said to a clerk that he believed Frances was 'crazy and going to drown that baby.'

"I used to fool my children sometimes after they had got to be quite large. Whenever I wanted to go away my sister would come over to my house, put on one of my dresses and stay with the children till I got back, and they would not know the difference."—Springfield Cor. Boston Globe.

Unfortunate Hankinson.
Mr. Hankinson—Here are some chocolate creams, Johnny. Do you think Miss Irene will be down soon?

Johnny (after staring them away securely)—Yes, sis'll be down party soon. I reckon. I wish it was you, Mr. Hankinson, sis was going to marry instead of that stingy old Snagsford.—Chicago Tribune.

SHE HAD TO SAY "FLY."

An Amateur Performer, Who Insisted Upon Following the Lines.

It is not often that professional actors get mixed up in amateur theatricals, but when they do, as a rule, their lives are made miserable until the affair is over. A few years ago a young woman, who was one of the reigning belles of the Four Hundred in this city, wrote a romantic play, plentifully sprinkled with singing and dancing. She read the play to her intimate friends, and they one and all unanimously declared that it should be produced at one of the theaters where amateur performances are held, and that the author should play the part of the heroine. After much coaxing the lady consented. The play was called "Kismet." The cast was selected from among the best amateurs, the leading man being the head and front of them. The scene of the play was laid in Turkey, in the garden and palace of the sultan. The plot was hinged on the abduction of two beautiful girls and their final rescue.

A clever professional stage manager was engaged at a big salary and rehearsals began. Everything went along as smoothly as could be expected until the last rehearsal, which took place on the morning of the day appointed for the production, when a note was hastily delivered to the stage manager saying that the leading lady and author had lost her voice completely, and that her physician had ordered her not to leave the house. She was very sorry, but advised that a professional actress be engaged to take her place. Here was "a pretty kettle of fish"—how to get an actress at so short a notice. The costumes must be fitted and the part learned before 7 p. m. The manager thought of a friend of his, Mrs. Addie Plunkett, Charles Plunkett's wife, who had just closed her season with Lawrence Barrett and who was then at liberty. He sent for her and requested her to return with the messenger. She did so, and after a long talk with the stage manager consented to rehearse the part. She was nervous, of course.

In the garden scene her sister's lover has discovered her hiding place and they are having a loving interview, the heroine remaining on the lookout for interruptions, which may occur in the form of the sultan's servants, which would mean death to the intruder. At a certain cue the heroine rushes up to her sister's fiancé and tells him to "Fly! fly for your life—some one approaches!" and the lover is pushed through a wicket and escapes. Mrs. Plunkett rehearsed the scene carefully and told the leading man that in case she should forget to say all the lines she would make him understand when it was time for him to make his exit. Thus it was settled before their evening came, and the time for the curtain to be rung up arrived. Most of the performers had stage fright, one fair amateur declaring that she had entirely forgotten her lines and was sure that she would faint from sheer fright.

The performance began and Mrs. Plunkett struggled bravely through her part, dropping an occasional speech now and then, but with professional tact she covered up her mistakes so that the audience was none the wiser. When the garden scene was reached the lover appeared in good time and she stood guard until the proper cue was given. It came all right, but alas for Mrs. Plunkett, she had forgotten her lines. When she heard the sultan's guard approach she rushed to the lover and said, "Away! begone!" but she received no response from that gentleman. She pushed him and tried to get him to go through the wicket, as agreed upon, but he refused to budge an inch, and said to her in a stage whisper, "Say 'Fly! fly!'" but Mrs. Plunkett was beyond speech by this time, so she continued to push him toward the wicket. Her efforts were useless, however, for he resisted and declared he would not go until she said, "Fly! fly! for your life, some one approaches," so the audience can hear you." Still she could not speak, but with one heroic effort she gave him a tremendous push that sent him flying through the wicket and into some stage bushes which had been artistically arranged at the back of the stage. When the performance was over Mrs. Plunkett heaved a sigh of relief and said, "This is the first and last amateur performance for me!"—New York Tribune.

The Growth of Two Cities.
Just as the Atlantic cities were surprised when Chicago distanced all but two of them in population, and challenged all of them by her enterprise, so will they be astonished again and from another quarter if they refuse to study the forces that are operating to build up new capitals in the west. In another ten years there will be another claim of a million population, and the counting of heads will not make nonsense of it. The new and wonderful assumption of metropolitan importance will be that of the twin cities of the wheat region—Minneapolis and St. Paul. They may not be joined under one name and government—opinions differ about that—but all agree that they will jointly possess a million of population. The last census credited Minneapolis with 164,700 population and St. Paul with 133,000, jointly, 297,000. At the time of the preceding census (1880) the two cities included about 88,000 souls. At that rate of increase they will boast in 1900 a population of 976,000 and more.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Thoroughly Alive.
Young America is in thorough touch with the times. An up town boy of eleven, rejoicing in a little printing press, at once announced a forthcoming newspaper, of which he was to be editor and proprietor. "And Helen," he added, referring to a nine-year-old sister, "may do the woman's page."—New York Times.

Drawing in a Dark Room.
A luminous crayon has been invented which enables lecturers to draw on the blackboard when the room is darkened for use of the lantern.—New York Journal.

Character of the German Emperor.

The new emperor, on mounting the throne, was of course expected to sustain the policy of a minister whom his grandfather had honored with every mark that a loyal subject or even a money-loving one could ask. The reign of Frederick III, less than a hundred days, had been too short and too full of physical suffering to let the world know the strength and breadth of the ruler whom Bismarck next appeared to represent. In his successor the Germans have an emperor who has not only abundant physical energy and endurance, but has with it a contempt for humbug, socialism and the crooked police methods that always suggest a feeble or rotten executive. He is a practical manager and does not pretend to be a savior of society. He has no quack nostrum for poverty, crime, prostitution or the discontent that sets class against class.

His business is to see that the government machine runs smoothly, that competent men are employed, that the people's taxes are spent for the public good, that the law is administered without favor and that reforms are inquired into. He has the mind of a Yankee, he loves experiment, his methods are direct. He is the sort of man that forgets to the front in a new country. We can imagine him learning his trade in some machine shop, then rapidly rising to a position where inventive talent, thoroughness, patience and, above all, honesty tell—say, at the head of some great manufacturing or shipbuilding enterprise.

On his accession to power, 1888, he did what most intelligent young men do when suddenly placed in charge of an estate. He inquired how the previous manager had done his work; he examined personally into cases of alleged wrong; he noted carefully the testimony of qualified observers; his eyes were opened to the need of reform in many directions; he suggested these reforms to his manager; the manager did not agree with the master; the manager resigned and now spends his time in embarrassing as far as he can the movements of the manager who has superseded him. The immediate cause of Bismarck's resignation will be known when the emperor chooses to make the matter public. Today we can regard only the official acts of the minister, and from these infer what reason there was for his being retired.—Poulney Bigelow in Forum.

Modern Cloud Compellers.

A curious and interesting experiment was tried early one morning at the Jardine d'Acclimation. Some ingenious person has hit upon a scheme for making artificial clouds for the warming of fields and preventing damage to crops. A number of stoves had been placed ten yards apart around the spot selected, and when they were lighted a thick black smoke was produced. Unfortunately for the success of the experiment, there was too much wind, and the "clouds" were dispersed immediately, the smoke being blown toward the enclosure occupied by the seals, who did not seem at all to appreciate it. It is said that some experiments carried on in the Gironde were far more successful, and that the system will be largely used there to protect the vines. It is said that a vineyard could be made two or three degrees warmer. Several officers attended the experiments yesterday to see whether the process could be utilized for military purposes.—Galician Messenger.

He Knew All About It.

The British legation building in Washington is draped in mourning for the late Duke of Clarence, but everybody doesn't seem to know it. Last week when a visiting delegation was there, two delegates, whether they were from Chicago or not it is not necessary to state, were showing each other the town. As they passed along Connecticut avenue one of them said: "That big brick over there with the portico-chere in front of it is the English legation."

"Is that so," said the other, taking it in carefully as tourists do. "It's got mourning on it, I see."

"Yes," explained the first one with an air of superior knowledge, "that's for Justice Bradley, who died recently."—Detroit Free Press.

Growing a New Hoof.

A singular condition has developed in the buffalo herd at the Philadelphia Zoo. Late in last year the hoof and mouth disease affected the cattle of Europe very seriously, and there were slight visitations of it in this country. One of these was at the Philadelphia Zoo among the buffalo. Eight of the herd were isolated. Since then the symptoms of this disease have disappeared from all but one of those isolated. This one, however, has lost a hoof, and is now hard at work raising a new one, hobbling around on three legs. This is the only case on record in America of a buffalo losing a hoof and growing a new one in captivity.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Scared Tourists.

The recent earthquake gave a good many eastern tourists at Los Angeles "a bad half hour." One guest at a leading hotel rushed panic stricken into the bar-room, clad in a night shirt, over which he had buttoned his vest, a pair of boots, and carrying an umbrella under his arm. He would have rushed into the street but for the clerk.—San Francisco Call.

A Group of Wealthy Men.

A group of men who meet almost daily at lunch in the cafe of the Chicago club includes Marshall Field, Potter Palmer and L. Z. Leiter, who began life as clerks in dry goods stores, and are now worth from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000 apiece.—Chicago Letter.

Spring in Walla Walla.

In the Walla Walla valley, Wash., spring is as far advanced as in western Oregon. Crocuses and hyacinths are in bloom, lilacs are in bud and cherry and peach trees will soon be in full blossom. The winter was a mild and short one in that favored locality.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

CATHOLIC—St. Paul's Church, at between Fifth and Sixth. Father Carney, Pastor. Services: Mass at 8 and 10:30 A. M. Sunday School at 2:30 with benediction.

CHRISTIAN—Corner Locust and Eighth Sts. Services morning and evening. Elder A. Galway pastor. Sunday School 10 A. M.

EPISCOPAL—St. Luke's Church, corner Third and Vine. Rev. H. B. Burgess, pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 2:30 P. M.

GERMAN METHODIST—Corner Sixth St. and Granite. Rev. Hill, Pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 10:30 A. M.

PRESBYTERIAN—Services in new church, corner Sixth and Granite. Pastor T. Baird. Sunday-school at 9:30; Preaching at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. The Y. M. C. E. of this church meets every Sabbath evening at 7:15 in the basement of the church. All are invited to attend these meetings.

FIRST METHODIST—Sixth St., between Main and Pearl. Rev. L. F. Britt, D. D., Pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 8:30 P. M. Sunday School 9:30 A. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN—Corner Main and Ninth. Rev. White, pastor. Services usual hours. Sunday-school 9:30 A. M.

SWEDISH CONGREGATIONAL—Granite, between Fifth and Sixth.

COLORED BAPTIST—Mt. Olive, Oak, between Tenth and Eleventh. Rev. A. Roswell, pastor. Services 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—Rooms in Waterman block, Main street. Gospel meeting for men only every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Rooms open week days from 8:30 A. M. to 9:30 P. M.

SOUTH PARK TABERNACLE—Rev. J. M. Wood, Pastor. Services: Sunday School, 9 A. M.; Preaching, 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.; prayer meeting Tuesday night; choir practice Friday night. All are welcome.



GO TO

I. PEARLEMAN'S

GREAT MODERN House Furnishing Emporium.

WHERE you can get your house furnished from kitchen to parlor and easy chairs. I handle the world renowned Haywood baby carriages, also the latest improved Reliable Process Gasoline stove. Call and be convinced. No trouble to show goods.

I. Pearleman,

OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

F. G. FRICKE & CO.

WILL KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND

A Full and Complete line of

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, and Oils!

DRUGGISTS SUNDRIES AND PURE LIQUORS

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded at all Hours.

TRY THE HERRALD

Advertising - and - Job - Work

Full Information And Rates On Application.

A. B. KKOTS

BUSINESS MANAGER.

301 Cor Fifth and Vine St.

PLATTSMOUTH - NEBRASKA

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.

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.

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.

How's This!
We offer 100 dollars reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. Cheney & Co. Props, Toledo, Ohio.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations made by their firm.

West & Traub, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo Ohio, Walding Kinnan & Tarvin, Wholesale druggist Toledo Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, action directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists; Testimonials free. □

HENRY BOECK

The Leading FURNITURE DEALER

— AND —

UNDERTAKR.

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

CORNER SIXTH AND MAIN STREET

Plattsouth - Neb

EVERY Family Student School Library

S-M-C-U-L-D Own a Dictionary.

Care should be taken to GET THE BEST.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

THE INTERNATIONAL NEW FROM COVER TO COVER IS THE ONE TO BUY.

SUCCESSOR OF THE UNABRIDGED Ten years spent in revising, 100 editors employed, over \$300,000 expended.

Sold by all Booksellers.

G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

Do not buy reprints of obsolete editions.

Send for free pamphlet containing specimen pages and full particulars.