

# WINNING A WIDOW.

EVERYBODY WAS AT THE WEDDING EXCEPT MISS BECKETT.

Story of a Village Courtship from the pen of a well-known author—The Wedding Excited a Deed of Interest Because the Groom Was an Undertaker, Who Had Buried Many.

Undertaker Samuel Pavey and Mrs. Milliken, who has been known in the village for twenty-five years as the widow of Kill Milliken's widow, were married recently in the presence of everybody in this village except old Miss Beckett. Miss Beckett would have been present if she had not left her sickbed last week to call on Mrs. Milliken and inquire into the particulars of the engagement. After this imprudence she had a relapse and has been unable to leave her bed. She was propped up at the window all the afternoon, however, and saw everybody that went in or out of the church.

Undertaker Pavey has buried all of the dead here for the past sixty years. He is now a tall, thin man, with close cropped white hair and smooth shaven face, and always dresses in black, as becomes an undertaker. Only the oldest citizens can remember when he looked any different from the way he looks now. His wife died forty years ago, and he has kept shy of all maidens and widows ever since. Years ago he was abandoned by the most persistent match makers as a hopeless case.

The widow of Kill Milliken is an estimable lady, a great maker of cakes for the church festivals and clever at crocheting worsted tidies, with a large number of which the chairs and the sofa in her front parlor are adorned. As there has been a good deal of curiosity about her engagement and marriage, she has consented to a public statement. She is a short, fat woman, with hair of a peculiar shade of yellow, which she got by using the hair dye which was advertised extensively in connection with her picture and letter of recommendation. She says that Mr. Pavey had never shown any signs of preference for her whatever, nor had she thought of him as the successor of Kill until ten days before the marriage.

About that time he knocked at her front door at half past 11 in the morning. It was a Wednesday and the Widow Milliken was deep in the dough, as that is baking day through this whole town. She looked out through the blinds of the window next the front door and saw who it was. As she had known Mr. Pavey so many years she just wiped the flour off her hands upon her apron and opened the door.

Mr. Pavey went into the parlor and sat down in the cane seat rocker with the green worsted tidie and blue ribbons through it. He set his tall hat carefully on the floor beside him and then said:

"Good morning, Sarah Milliken."  
"Good morning, Mr. Pavey," said Mrs. Milliken. She said that she accented the Mr. so that Mr. Pavey might understand that she had noticed his not calling her Mrs. Milliken, as he was accustomed to do. Mrs. Milliken also says that she had a sort of premonition that something was coming.

"It can't be that the Gompers girl is dead?" she said anxiously.  
"No," said Mr. Pavey. "But life is uncertain, Sarah Milliken."

"No one should know that better than you, Samuel Pavey," said the widow with one of her sly laughs.

But Mr. Pavey did not laugh as he went on:

"Sarah, you are getting along in years. You will soon be in need of my services."

"I haven't even sent for the doctor yet, and I won't need you till he's done with me," said the widow, bridling and putting.

"Do you remember the first Mrs. Pavey?" said the undertaker, paying no attention to her and pursuing his own gloomy reflections.

"I was a little girl when she died," said Mrs. Milliken.

"Yes," said Mr. Pavey, "you had just married the late Mr. Milliken five years before. You remember that she had the best funeral this town ever saw, not excepting old Captain Lander's funeral, which cost five dollars, as I should know, if anybody. As I said, Sarah, you are getting old. If you marry me I will do as well by the second Mrs. Pavey as I did by the first."

"You always would have your joke, Sam," said the widow. "What will everybody say?"

"We are both getting old," said Mr. Pavey, still paying no attention to what the widow was saying. "Life is uncertain. There is no time to lose."

So Mrs. Milliken said, "All right, Samuel; whenever you say."

"Ten days is long enough. I'll see the pastor this afternoon."

Then they shook hands, and Mr. Pavey put on his hat and went away, looking quite gay and chipper as soon as the door closed on him, for he did not know that Mrs. Milliken was watching him through the blinds. Two minutes afterward she had called Mrs. Meek, her next door neighbor, to the back fence and had told her all about it. Ten minutes afterward by the clock on the court house Mrs. Meek, having left her bakery in charge of her daughter Lizzie, had on her bonnet and shawl and was bearing down the street, telling everybody she met.—Cor. New York Sun.

**A Rare Collection of Fabrics.**  
The collection of fabrics in the Drexel institute, Philadelphia, promises to become one of the finest in the country and of the highest importance to students. The series of Indian prints is remarkable and the Chinese embroideries comprise several notable specimens.

**The Easter Way.**  
A boy of three and a half years, on hearing about a man who strained his back by lifting a barrel, said: "I should have thought he would have rolled it."—Cor. Babyhood.

## A Hawk Killed by a Railway Engine.

To railway officials it is a well known fact that the engines of high speed express kill small and large heavy flying birds, such as partridges and grouse, in great quantities, sometimes carrying their bodies long distances. A few months ago the writer was shown by a locomotive superintendent of one of the principal northern lines a dead bird which, strange to say, though a very rapid flyer, had met its doom through the agency of the iron horse. This bird was a sparrow hawk, and it is now stuffed and may be seen in the Carlton road board school museum, Kentish Town.

The driver of the train relates that he was travelling between sixty and seventy miles an hour near Melton, when just on the point of entering a long tunnel he observed fluttering in front of the engine some object which he at first mistook for a rag, but when on leaving the tunnel he went forward he discovered, to his astonishment, that it was a sparrow hawk which had become entangled between the handrail and smoke box of the engine, and was held there firmly by the pressure of the wind. It was not quite dead when taken out of this curious deathtrap, though one eye had been destroyed. There is no doubt that it met its death accidentally, as a hawk can fly quicker than the fastest train-travel—so the drivers say, who often observe them flying low down in the hedgerow and keeping up with the train till some unwary small bird, frightened by the noise, flies out of the fence, when the hawk pounces on it and devours it.—Strand Magazine.

## Why Birds Migrate.

Why some birds which could pick up food among us all the year around should leave when food is plentiful, while others with similar ways of life remain, is still a mystery. It is easy to understand that a species which preys on fresh water fish and on frogs should seek other quarters when the ponds are frozen and the frogs buried in the clay. But it is not quite so clear why the swallow and the flycatcher leave a region where there is perpetual summer and winged food in abundance, to risk a long journey over sea and land, only to find a great scarcity of the same kind of food. And it is equally puzzling that the seed and fruit eaters who since October have been fattening among the gardens of Algeria and Egypt, should suddenly, in March or April, be seized with such an inordinate craving for a change of diet as to fly 3,000 miles on the chance of picking up the short commons of an English spring.

Perhaps it will be found that immigration is natural to all birds, and is greater or less as circumstances may determine. Every animal shifts its quarters according to the plentifulness or scarcity of food. Even our residents move up and down the country at different periods of the year, living in the lowlands in the winter and in the uplands in the summer, and it is well known that all winter there is a continual drifting of the birds from the Continent to our islands, according to the weather.—London Standard.

## Two Narrow Escapes.

Twice in his experience has John B. Obermeyer, of Chicago, owed his life to the practice of carrying papers in his inside pocket. The first time was on a battlefield in the war of the rebellion. Then the muster roll of his company of the Eleventh Pennsylvania volunteers stopped a musket ball fired at random from the enemy's lines. The second time was on Monday, when a bullet from a 38-caliber revolver, fired only six feet distant, and aimed deliberately at his breast, failed to penetrate an envelope filled with bank bills and a pass-book in his inside vest pocket.

After this second event Mr. Obermeyer, it is said, looked coolly at the would be assassin, and called him a coward, and invited him to shoot a second time, but the latter stood for a moment irresolute, then, with his hand trembling, hid his revolver on the desk and surrendered to the police.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Soda Water Not So Much in Demand.

An up town dry goods store last summer tried the experiment of giving soda water to its patrons free. An enormous fountain, well equipped for service, was placed in the back part of the store and on each hot day half a dozen attendants were kept busy serving a clamorous, thirsty and never diminishing crowd. One day upward of 7,000 glasses of soda water were drawn from that free fountain. This year the firm charges three cents a glass for its soda water, and as a result the patronage has fallen off to a remarkable extent. On two very hot days a fortnight ago, although the large store was well filled with customers, the soda fountain was at no time overworked.—New York Times.

## The Preacher's Industrious Hen.

The Congregational minister in Newington thinks he has the champion hen of the place. She began laying in February, immediately after he first owned her. She kept this up until she went to sitting and hatched out a brood the first part of April. About a week ago she was allowed to run at large with her brood, but returned to the coop during the day and laid an egg, brooding her chickens at night. This she continues to do, laying her egg daily and still caring for her chicks.—Hartford (Conn.) Times.

The coffee crop of Brazil has been so large that the railroads of one of the provinces have for weeks been blocked, every available car being in service, freight depots being crowded and further receipts of coffee being declined.

Major Renard is constantly improving his dirigible balloon, and he has now announced that he has invented a motor of seventy horse power weighing only 430 kilograms.

Melbourne is just emerging from the overwhelming effects of a land boom. All trades are stagnant and the unemployed are clamoring for work.

## The Astor Fortune.

It is believed that the estimate of \$50,000,000 which is made of the shares of his father's estate which John Jacob Astor received is under the mark. Upon the division of the property which William B. Astor left his two sons, William Astor's share was inventoried at about \$90,000,000, and while his family have lived expensively, yet they did not begin to spend his income, and although he did nothing to increase his wealth, the yearly accumulations are believed to have increased the property by some \$15,000,000. Deducting from this the \$6,000,000 given to his daughters, or \$2,000,000 apiece, and the charge on the estate of \$500,000 a year for the benefit of his widow, it would still leave for John Jacob Astor between \$65,000,000 and \$70,000,000.

It is not the amount, however, which the young man receives that causes special interest. The sum is so large that a million either way is of little account. The question which interests people here is what is John Jacob Astor going to do with his property? If he becomes, as his cousin William Waldorf has, a man of keen business instinct, he will have to change remarkably. He has one trait of the Astors perhaps more strongly developed than it was in any of the others, and it is a trait which in some men would be called parsimoniousness. He is an extremely close figurer, and is of such disposition that when he secures a dollar he feels like making it a prisoner for life. Whether he branches out as a daring and conspicuous builder of real estate properties or not his fortune is certain to increase steadily, because no rich man in New York, not even Russell Sage, will figure more carefully over his expenditures, both personal and business, than John Jacob Astor will do.—New York Cor. Philadelphia Press.

## It Finds Precious Metals.

Mr. Andrew Thompson has made an instrument resembling in its appearance the oil well locator, which will locate gold or silver ore. This instrument will act on these metals whether in ore deep in the earth or in the shape of coin or jewelry. Gold and silver money was placed on the floor and the instrument quickly located it. The coin was then placed high above the floor and its location was quickly and accurately determined. It was also tried on gold and silver ore with the same result. Many inducements have been offered Mr. Thompson to disclose the secret of the little machine, but he has refused all offers, some of them very liberal ones.

He has selected a well known resident of the south side, to whom he intends before he dies to impart the secret of the unattractive looking but most potent machine. The gentleman designated to receive this important trust as yet knows nothing about the instrument except its effects. He can handle it with as much dexterity as Mr. Thompson, but possesses no knowledge of the machine other than that imparted in this article.—Pittsburg Post.

## The Latest Western Gold Story.

J. A. McConville, who lives on Montana street, killed one of his chickens for dinner, and on cleaning it was surprised to find a quantity of gold nuggets in the crop and gizzard. Having about thirty more chickens on hand, he began killing and examining them. In each of them he found a pro rata of nuggets, the total amount gathered from the thirty-one hens being \$387.50—an average of \$12.50 a head. The gold was sent to the State National bank and pronounced eighteen carat fine.

Mr. McConville immediately bought fifty more chickens and turned them out on the gold fields in the vicinity of the hencoop. As an experiment one of them was killed and \$2.80 in gold taken from its inside works, the result of a four days' run. Mr. McConville has a virtual bonanza, and expects to be a millionaire before fall if the chickens hold out.—Butte Mining Journal.

## Lightning Kindled the Fireplace Fire.

Saturday night there was a pretty big thunderstorm. An old negro named Henry Wislum lives at 551 Jefferson street. There was no one in the house while the storm was in progress, the building was struck by lightning and the whole front of the house was torn to pieces. On the opposite side of the room was an open fireplace filled with trash, before which a screen had been placed. The lightning ignited this rubbish as nicely as a match could have done, and without setting fire to anything else in the room. When Wislum's wife returned shortly afterward she found the fire burning cheerfully.—Americus Times-Recorder.

## May Be Soap Advertisements.

L. C. G. Harris, of Bertha, Lake county, Cal., writes that he has discovered upon some rocks in that section a large number of painted hieroglyphics of the most interesting character. There are many hundreds of characters, and Mr. Harris, who has studied them closely, believes that he has hit upon a clew to their meaning. In the same locality he has dug up a number of arrowheads, one of which is made of abalone shell, and the characters engraved upon it are similar to those painted on the rocks.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## A Curious Horse.

Mr. Yelkins had a fine bay horse that had a mania for catching chickens, and one day last week, when he went out to the stable, he found the horse lying dead. He cut the body open and found that the horse had actually eaten a whole chicken, and the bones had cut through the stomach, causing death.—Santa Maria (Cal.) Times.

An electric exhibit will be one of the features of the exposition to be held at Buffalo in August. A model of Niagara Falls tunnel, showing how it is to be utilized in the transmission of power, is one of the novelties suggested.

Costa Rica is about to have a law making the sale of Indian antiquities to foreigners a crime, punishable with severe penalties.

## PLACES OF WORSHIP.

**CATHOLIC.**—St. Paul's Church, at between Fifth and Sixth. Father Canvey, Pastor. Services: Mass at 8 and 10 a. m. Sunday School at 2:30, with benediction.

**CHRISTIAN.**—Corner Locust and Eighth Sts. Services morning and evening. Elder A. Galloway 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 Grande. Rev. H. T. Pastor. Services: 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School 10:30 a. m.

**PRESBYTERIAN.**—In new church, corner Sixth and Grande sts. Rev. J. T. Baird, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30; preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The Y. R. S. 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 Park. Rev. L. E. Britt, D. D., pastor. Services: 11 a. m., 8:00 p. m. Sunday School 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

**GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN.**—Corner Main and North. Rev. White, pastor. Services: usual hours. Sunday school 9:30 a. m.

**SWEDESM. CONGREGATIONAL.**—Grande, between Fifth and Sixth.

**COLORADO BAPTIST.**—St. Olive, U. S. between Tenth and Eleventh. Rev. A. Rowell, pastor. Services: 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

**YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.**—Rooms in W. Sherman 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, 10 a. m.; preaching, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.; prayer meeting Tuesday night; choir practice Friday night. All are welcome.

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