

Inquisitive Dog Created Consternation in a Puritan Gathering.

"Some curious stories are told in connection with old Puritan church customs," said Mr. Ezekiel Butterworth. "Some of the old customs seem very funny as we see them now. It was little less than a crime not to attend church in those old days unless detained by sickness. In fact, a person was thought very little of who even came late to Sunday worship.

"One Sunday morning in early autumn a Puritan woman, whose reputation for housekeeping, spinning and church attendance was excellent, was belated in her morning work. She took her long necked pitcher and went to the pasture where her cow was waiting to be milked. This duty done, she found—for she could see people on the road—that she hadn't time even to carry the milk back to the house and get to church in season. So she took her long necked pitcher along with her and sat in the gallery right near where the singers and bass viols were displayed. After the singing was over and the long sermon had begun—sermons were an hour or two long in those days—she grew sleepy.

"Her long necked pitcher sat on the floor near by and near the front of the gallery. She was soon oblivious of either milk, sermon or a dog that came pitterpating up the gallery stairs. The milk soon attracted the dog. He smelled and wagged his tail, then smelled and wagged again, then looked inquiringly at the unconscious milkmaid. He made up his mind very soon, and into the long neck went the dog's head, neck too. He couldn't get much milk and wanted to pull back and try again.

"But he couldn't. His head was wedged fast in. He pulled and used his paws and tried to back away. Blinded of course by the pitcher, his steps were erratic, and suddenly to the astonished people below there appeared a sudden parting of the balcony curtain, an almost blood curdling yell was heard, and there was a flash and downpouring, straight in among the four unconscious deacons in the deacons' pew beneath, of snow white milk, long necked pitcher and a milk soaked, frightened dog. "For once there was a great awakening in that church, but the poor woman was frightened nearly out of her wits, and the superstitious deacons were greatly scandalized."—Boston Journal.

Attention Paid to Walking.

It is enough to imagine the unforgotten amazement of a dame of the old school if the proper position of the feet in walking were made a matter of doubt. For years the dancing master's standard in all matters of carriage and walk has been an unquestioned one. The fine de siècle young woman, however, has a mind of her own. She has not found that the conventional training of the dancing master, valuable as it undoubtedly is, was all sufficient in producing that grace of carriage and elegance of manner so desirable in the woman of the world.

On the contrary, she has found that the physical training of the woman of the stage has been more often conducive to the desired end. Hence it is that schools of Delsarte have sprung up all over the land, and systems of physical training, including boxing and fencing, heretofore relegated to the sterner sex, have found patronesses in plenty.—Chicago Tribune.

He Matches Old Buttons.

Not long since I discovered a man in New York who makes a specialty of matching lost buttons. His shop, a dingy little, low ceilinged room, was surrounded by shelves, on which were piled boxes of buttons of all sorts and conditions. While I was there a girl came in and asked him if he had any like those on her jacket. He took down several specimens and presently found one, which he sewed on. She paid him 10 cents. That is the usual price, though rare buttons sometimes come higher.

At regular intervals he goes around collecting buttons among tailors and dressmakers, who save them for him and sell them very cheap. He has a set of regular customers, and they rarely go away without finding exactly what they want.—Lippincott's.

Some Other Man.

"Hello, Joe!" cried a youth on Broadway yesterday as he slapped a gentleman vigorously between the shoulders.

"Oh, I beg a thousand pardons!" he continued as in response to the blow the other turned his head and revealed an unfamiliar face.

"Took you for another man, you know," he added by way of an apology.

"And so I am another man," replied the stranger laconically as with a shrug of the shoulders he struck across the street, leaving the young man to wonder how he should have framed a more effectual apology.—New York Herald.

A Pagoda in China.

The porcelain pagoda in China had nine stories of the combined height of 266 feet, and the pinnacle was 148 feet above the highest story. It derived its name from being covered with plates of porcelain. It cost 2,485,484 ounces of silver.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Domestic Hero.

A Business Man Who Has Devoted Himself to Making a Woman Happy.

I came across a hero the other day. He looked much the same as every-day mankind. He did not know he was a hero, nor did I until he had left the party in which I met him. Domestic heroism, that of the privacy of home, with no Victoria cross or congressional medal dangling before it as a possibility, is, after all, perhaps the noblest of all heroisms. Here was a great, strong, healthy and wealthy man, fond of outdoor sports, of travel, of the activity of a busy commercial career—one who in his youth was a man's man rather than a woman's. Fifteen years ago he married, and in a few years there came three children into the household.

It had been a happy family. He has been a kindly husband as husbands go, and she a pleasant and dutiful wife. Out of the night came paralysis to her—a new life to him. Since that time his career has been entirely altered. His business was quickly arranged so he could be frequently absent from his office. He was father, mother, nurse, teacher, companion and playmate compressed in one domestic providence. Never had woman more devoted attendant nor more faithful and intelligent nurse.

All the little questions of house-keeping and of the care and training of children, of their clothing, their pleasures and their pains, fell to him, and in his hands they have been managed with a wisdom and care absolutely wonderful. This has been, remember, something of 10 years' standing, and it has grown instead of lessening. Outside of his comparatively casual attention to business his horizon is confined to the walls of his home. To make the wife for got her burden of affliction and be a happy woman through it all has been his happiness, and with such a spirit he could not fail.

They travel about considerably, this family, and all the details are taken care of by him. No hired nurses or governesses are permitted to usurp any of his duties, although there is one of each there at hand as his representative in times of enforced absence. So skillfully is all this done, so modestly is it carried out, that even the chief beneficiary does not realize what is occurring—and that is his reward. "They do not build Westminster abbeys nowadays," said a friend of mine once, and I thought of his remark when I heard the story of this man, for the supply of heroes at this time is far below the demand.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Taste in Animals.

Many experiments have been made in order to find out what and where the organ of taste is in the lower creations; but it is easier to say where it is not. Crayfish and worms seem to have very decided preferences in the matter of food, though no special taste organ has been found. Lobsters like decaying food; the crab is more dainty in its diet.

Snails and slugs show a decided preference for certain kinds of food, as garden lovers know to their cost; peas and cabbages, dahlias and sunflowers are great favorites, but they will not touch the white mustard. Some prefer animal food, especially if rather high. Spiders have only a slight sense of taste; flies soaked in paraffin seem quite palatable to them, though one species, the diadema, is somewhat more particular and refuses to touch alcohol in any form whatever.—Chambers' Journal.

Children Must Sleep.

There is nothing that little folks need so much or that helps their physical development so largely as plenty of sleep. Until they are 15 years old they should have at least 10 hours of nature's great restorer. An authority on such matters says that they never should be awakened, but allowed to sleep until of their own accord they are ready to get up. School and household duties, however, make such a course impracticable, but if they are put to bed early enough they will be quite ready to rise without calling at a reasonable hour. Bedtime can be made pleasant by the telling of a story or a few especially loving ministrations and caresses that will make this hour a period to be anticipated rather than dreaded.—St. Louis Republic.

Finding Their Way Home.

Who does not know that a cat, or even a half grown kitten, taken a long way from home in a bag, nearly always finds its way back? When living in northern Michigan, I had a cat we tired of. I took her in a boat directly across the lake, about two miles, and turned her loose. Although it was about six miles around the end of the lake, a circuitous course and certainly unknown to her by sight, the next morning she was back at the old place. Another case is that of a cat that was taken by rail fully 20 miles in southwest Missouri, and the next day he walked in all right at his former home.—Cor. Science.

A New Kind.

"What's that picture with the curtain over it?" asked Mrs. Hicks in the art gallery. "I don't know. It must be one of those shade covers they talk so much about," said Hicks.—Harper's Bazar.

An Example of Impudence.

In This Case a Vice is Carried to the Apex of the Sublime.

She was a very sweet, gracious old lady, her manners were full of dignity, when she conversed with a young man it was a distinction for him; when she conversed with a girl it was an honor for that girl. When I first knew that old lady, she lived in a large household kept a carriage; she gave rather stately dinner parties; she had rather formal receptions; she was the queen of the quarter where she lived. Everybody respected her, and all those who had the privilege of her friendship loved her. Suddenly she let her great house and gardens and removed into quite a small villa, with a little garden; also she gave up her carriage and limited her household to one servant. And she gave no more parties.

It was understood that this dear old lady had lost her fortune. But nobody knew the facts, nor could anybody ask. She retired to this little villa and continued to have receptions, at which tea and home made cake were the only luxuries offered. Also, there arrived at this juncture a niece, of whose existence no one had previously been aware. She was not nice, this lady; it is no fault to be no longer young or good looking, but one ought at least to be well bred and good tempered.

Now, after a year or two, during which the bitter tongue and the bad temper of the niece caused continual misery to the old lady, there came a time of sickness. It was the plague of influenza. Many of us in the quarter had it very badly, among others the old lady's niece. For the old lady's sake, not from any love of our own, we were shocked to learn that the niece was dead.

A month or two afterward the old lady told me a story. She said: "You know that I lost all my money. It was lost for me. It was my man of business who stole it. He forged a power of attorney and sold my stocks; he gambled with the proceeds and lost the whole. When there was no more, he confessed the robbery. But, he said, to prove the esteem in which he held me, he had brought his only child with him, and he would leave her with me until better days. So he kissed my hand and left me, and that," she explained, "is the reason why I had to leave my dear old house and to receive this poor creature whose unfortunate manners and bitter tongue made me miserable all day long. I have often thought"—Here she stopped, and thinking of that sublime and unequalled impudence I, too, have often thought.—New York Recorder.

The Cowboy's Marvelous Memory.

"Of all men in the world not accounted prodigies I think the cowboy's memory and intuition are the most marvelous," said E. H. Canningham of Indian Territory at the La Crosse. "I have witnessed feats of memory performed by cowboys that appear preposterous when related. For instance, I was on a drive from the Texas Panhandle to the territory a few weeks ago with 7,000 cattle. Twelve men comprised my outfit. We had a couple of big stampedes, and after we got the frightened cattle rounded up, how do you suppose we were able to tell how many were missing? You naturally think we went through the laborious task of cutting out and counting them, and that's where you are mistaken. "Every one of my 12 men was so thoroughly acquainted with the herd that either of them could, by getting on an elevation so as to get a clear sweep of the entire herd, tell exactly how many and the kind of stock we had missed in the roundup. Not only that, but he could pick out all the stray cattle that had got mixed in our bunch without seeing the brand. It is a marvelous accomplishment, and one that is attained only after long service in the 'bull punching business.'—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Impressing a Lesson.

During my second year at the Jefferson Medical college, Philadelphia, I had a classmate whom it would not be uncharitable to call a dullard. One of the professors was in the habit of taking the boys unawares and quizzing them. He said to this fellow one day:

"How much is a dose of —?" giving the technical name of croton oil. "A teaspoonful," was the ready reply.

The professor made no comment, and the fellow soon realized that he had made a mistake. After a quarter of an hour he said:

"Professor, I want to change my answer to that question."

"It's too late, Mr. —," responded the professor, looking at his watch. "Your patient's been dead 14 minutes."—Cor. New York World.

Killing Time at Night.

"I consider the Vaudeville club a great success," said a man of society languidly, "because it fills a large felt want. What to do between 11 and I have always been a question with me. I leave the house where I am dining at 11 or thereabouts and try to look in at any ball or dance that is going about 1, but the intermediate space has always been difficult to fill up." "I should go to bed," said his country cousin simply.—New York Tribune.

Cork Soled Shoes.

The popularity of cork soled shoes is on the increase, and the so called cork is being manufactured in large quantities, the substance being produced in long rolls and lengths, and sold thus to the trade. The only peculiarity about the fashion is why the material is called cork. Certainly it is far more valuable for its purpose than cork itself could possibly be, and this is one of the cases in which the imitation is far superior to the original. Some new and more appropriate name is sure to be adopted before long, but not until the demand for cork soled shoes, so called, decreases. The shoes of this type were in great demand, even when they were both costly and clumsy, and the avoidance of both these drawbacks has paved the way for an apparently long lived career of popularity. Every one who wears them has his own reasons for so doing, some thinking they increase the temperature of the feet and some holding exactly the contrary, but the fashion has been established, and that is practically all that is necessary.—Exchange.

A Monstrous Spider.

Mylale avicularia is a monstrous spider, with a body two inches long and legs, when expanded, reaching to seven, who kills small birds and hangs them up in a ladder of thick web for future use. This robber carries on his murderous trade with cunning dexterity, for which the poor finches are no match. His huge brownish body being thickly covered with coarse gray hairs and exactly matching in color the trunk of the tree, in some rough crevice of which he lurks unseen, he is ready to pounce out at a moment's notice upon his hapless prey when once entangled in the fatal web.

Another monster of the same genus, "five inches in expanse," of a brown tint with yellowish lines on his thick hairy legs, is equally rapacious; but, carrying on his depredations only at the door of his den in the brown earth, needs no protecting color, as he comes out only at night when all about him is in shadow.—Nineteenth Century.

About Lifting the Hat.

There are certain courtesies generally paid by men to women that long usage has led us to take as a matter of course. One of these is that of raising the hat. There is no question but that this is a graceful and becoming act for any man, whatever his age or station may be, or whoever the woman is to whom he pays the little mark of deference. At the same time many men do not follow the custom, and the omission is not necessarily to be attributed to ignorance nor to a lack of respect for women, especially if the man is past middle age.

Most men who are bald are obliged to be careful about exposing the head to a draft, and for that reason avoid taking off the hat out of doors. Of course there are times and places when they could do it without danger, but it would hardly do to vary the rule to suit the weather.—Manchester Union.

Life's Cares and Pleasures.

The bride had just left the altar, and the dear old grandma was kissing the fresh cheek of her blushing young descendant. "And now, my dear," whispered she of the white hair and timeworn face, "remember that life's cares must be life's pleasures."—New York Times.

Rough Clothes.

"It must have been dreadfully hard to wear those old suits of armor." "Yes, they have the appearance of being hardware."—Texas Sittings.



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