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Jonathan Hatt & Son

NO. 414 MAIN STREET



A GREETING FOR NEW YEAR

To the P. E. O. Circle, and May the Passing Months Add to Our Prosperity and Sisterly Affection.

The Rolla Books were a source of great delight to me in my childhood, and they were responsible for the beginning of a lovely air castle, built of all the delights of travel in foreign lands—a castle which grew with the years and which reached magnificent proportions as I traveled through my teens, but which was slowly (and reluctantly) left behind as my small bump of common sense developed. It has been an amusing and interesting experience to recall from time to time the visionary castle and compare it with the reality.

We sailed at noon on the Deutschland of the Hamburg and American line, one of the swiftest and finest steamers. The bands were playing and flags flying, while people shouted and waved to friends. My traveling chum and I were like two orphan-cast into a sea of restless humanity as we stood on the deck and watched our native land, so faithfully guarded by Liberty, slowly fade from sight, while we went

"Sailing, sailing far away,
Around us mighty billows play.
Our ship a tiny speck in space—
Our path by foaming waves we trace.
Piloted with loving care
By God who guides us everywhere."

After one has sailed for a week over a vast wilderness of water he begins to have a better knowledge of the size of our earth. What a study one's fellow travelers are at such a time! The environments are such that formality is thrown aside. Soon all become friends. We walk, we talk, we read. We listen to the music, we discuss the menus, we play games. We watch the stunning girl who is having a flirtation with the first mate. We criticize the fine looking Russian woman who loves wine better than her reputation. We weave a nice little romance around the mysterious South American. We laugh at the surreptitious "spooning" of the bridal couple. We sympathize with the poor little woman who has discovered that the porter made a mistake with her trunk, taking it to her husband's New York boarding house and bringing his numerous trunks and waistcoats on board for her use. And we try to sympathize with the many woe-be-gone convalescents as we saunter past their steamer chairs.

The first harbingers of land were the sea gulls gracefully skimming over the water, then off to our left a lonely lighthouse, and then the Scilly Islands, a low, barren mass of rocks. They were two hours sailing behind us when we saw the first of England, and so different from the foggy, rocky, dismal coast I had expected! A gradually increasing spot of intense blue, like a deep shadow hovering above the water line, above this a dazzling gleam of white which slowly took the form of an old castle, the blue below changing to an intense green, and before us unfolded, as we sailed along, a beautiful panorama view of "Merrie England." On the first out-jutting hill an old stone castle, the low hills back of it one lovely variegated splash of color from small, irregular patches of different grains, sometimes with hedges through them in places, sometimes fortifications, which always seemed to end on some elevation with a tower. Around us were ships and boats of many nations.

Several hundred passengers left us at Plymouth, then, after a sail of five hours we said goodbye to others at Cherbourg, France. Then we sailed through the English Channel, past Belgium and Holland up into the North Sea, and twenty hours later reached Cuxhaven. Six of us kept close together, and were a mutual help and encouragement. Two young ladies from Iowa on their way to visit their grand parents in Switzerland, a New York high school professor to attend a lecture course in Jena, and a jolly young salesman on his way to Russia.

After passing through the custom house we took the train for Hamburg. It was the "schneizug," but much slower than our express trains, so we had ample time to see things. Past fields and meadows where peasants in picturesque dress were working. Past quaint villages with red tile roofs. We saw little German maidens busily knitting while they herded flocks of geese. We saw many teams of oxen, and dog teams and a few long legged storks. There were flowers everywhere. The tiny cottage would have a little flower garden before it, or window boxes filled with gay blossoms, and at the station "beer gardens" the tables often stood shaded by rose bushes, which were always trimmed up with bare stalks and a huge bunch of flowers on top. From a distance they looked like rows of feather dusters stood on end.

Germany is a beautiful country! It has no Niagara Falls, no Yosemite Valley, no Yellowstone Park, no Mammoth Cave, no majestic mountains, no great lakes nor mighty rivers, but it is a beautiful land, every foot of which is cultivated to the greatest extent.

It is impossible to get away from civilization here. In the depths of the forests and on the mountains one finds the work of man everywhere.

There are no isolated farm houses or peasant homes.

There are thousands of red roofed villages nesting among the hills, or scattered over the plains. I have stood on a low hill a dozen around me, all connected with paved roads lined with fruit trees. The fields between were filled with ripening grain, and here and there could be seen patches of scarlet poppies, some delicate white blossoms and blue corn flowers, making a gorgeous bouquet of our national colors on every side. Every village has two prominent buildings, equally well patronized, a church and an inn or tavern.

We spent a few days in Hamburg. It is a delightful combination of old and new. Around us were handsome buildings, broad streets, parks, and all the usual things pertaining to city life. A walk of fifteen minutes and one could imagine oneself in Venice, only instead of palaces, handsome and otherwise, the canals were lined with quaint old buildings with many projecting gables, and instead of gondolas one saw barges of every description. There are three rivers and numerous canals intersecting the city in every direction.

From Hamburg we went to Erfurt, then to a picturesque little walled village nearly 500 years old, where we had a delightful visit of a couple weeks with relatives.

I wonder what American children would think if they had to be in their seats ready for school work at 6:30, 7 or 7:30 o'clock? The village summer schools begin at those hours.

My room at the parsonage was a corner one, with a couple of windows on each side. My first morning there was an experience which was repeated every morning with but slight variation. When scarcely daylight I heard a most unearthly noise, and bounded out and to a window to see what had happened. It wasn't Gabriel's, but some other kind of a trumpet, blown by a swine shepherd in broad hat, brown jerkin and floppy shoes, almost surrounded by his grunting followers. They made a picture walking down the narrow street with its quaint little homes built in an almost solid line along the walls. The first rays of the sun just touching the red tiled gables, lighting up here and there a tiny window, glowing on the gay flowers in the window boxes, or flashing in the tree tops.

Then would come perhaps a team of oxen on their way to work, the driver always walking by the wagon with its broad flaring sides, and cracking his whip. Then perhaps a group of peasant women on their way to the fields. Sometimes they carried immense baskets on their backs. Sometimes they pushed or pulled queer carts with bags or babies or crude farm implements in them. Sometime one would see a poor old woman bent nearly double under a load of wood on her back. Sometimes a dear little girl with a flock of squawking geese, or a boy with an enormous raw cake in a flat pan on his head, going to the baker's where nearly all the bread and cake was baked. Sometimes a young girl, busily knitting as she walked along. Then the clock in the church tower would strike six and I would go to the windows on the other side, while at the same instant the sweet voices of children would be heard singing the morning chorals. Below me the old gray walls, built more than 300 years ago, the walled garden with an old gnarled apple tree and a crooked pear tree nodding at each other over the high gateway. The crooked street with its gleaming cobble stones and across the way the old church yard with its ivy grown and rose entangled graves, its rose hedges, its crumbling wall with tiny lichens rooting in the crevices, and the church with its beautiful windows.

Then soon one would hear a clattering and clamping and along would come two or three dozen boys and girls, all fat and merry, with satchels on their backs, often eating black bread and cheese as they walked along. Their school was next to the church and began at 6:30.

We have seen the most beautiful thing on earth—the work of man—Raphael's Sistine Madonna. Words are utterly inadequate to describe its marvelous beauty. I shall not try. Suffice to say that one feels in the Divine presence before it, and the figures seem to pulse and throb with life and motion. The colors are very thin and as clear and soft and beautiful as though but new instead of near 400 years old. The Dresden gallery now ranks with the Louvre, Pitti and Uffizi as one of the finest in the world. It contains many beautiful and famous pictures, among them being Bagnacavallo's Madonna, Correggio's Madonna and St. George, Giorgione's Sleeping Venus, Titian's Tribute Money, Vecchio's Three Graces, Murillo's Madonna and Child, Ruben's Daughter of Herodias and his Garden of Love.

Carlsbad is a cosmopolitan resort with very handsome buildings. It is long and narrow like mountain towns are apt to be. The center is some-

what crowded together and the sides are pushed up at uneven heights all down the length of it, but it is a pretty place, and although way past the fashionable season when we were there, many people still lingered, loath to leave its fine springs.

Praga, or Prague, the Bohemian metropolis, is a beautiful city of 400,000 inhabitants situated among the hills. It has two universities, famous institutions of science and art, museums and academies. Some of its streets and buildings have remained unchanged since the beginning of the middle ages, and are full of fascinating charm for the strangers within its gates. It has remarkable old towers and bridges adorned with statues of Christ and the saints. It has shrines where one can see kneeling penitents, and it has, I am told, nearly seventy churches. There is a very old royal castle and a more modern one. It has a Jewish synagogue and an old Jewish quarter, through the narrow, dark and dirty ways of which we had some interesting walks and saw many remarkable things. The architecture of many buildings is so Russian one could almost imagine oneself in Russia.

But the most delightful place of all was Nurnberg, with its picturesque old inner town, and surrounding it a fine modern city. It is probably the finest example of an old walled city in existence, and the old wall has been artistically dealt with. There are immense round and square towers at intervals, and a moat 105 feet wide and thirty-three feet deep which has been turned into a park.

A walk around the walls is delightful! On one side a modern city, with broad, well-paved streets, on the other a high railing through which there are openings at intervals leading down into the moat, or across into the old town. When one becomes tired of feasting their eyes on the beauties of the wall, the high-peaked gothic gabled houses, and quaint towers, one descends into the moat and continue the merry-go-round in the lower depths. It is not warm here.

Their national museum is a magnificent one, and is in an old Carthusian monastery of the fourteenth century. The exhibits were very fine, but to me the dim old cloisters, the winding corridors, the arched colonnades, the mysterious passages, the inner courts with queer carved ornaments, the bellies and towers were of a greater interest, and I could almost imagine I saw the sombre gowned monks there.

In the tower of one of the churches there is a curious old clock, made in 1500. At noon a sitting figure on the face of it strikes a gavel, and out marches from an opening at one side, the figures of the seven German electors. The sitting figure gives a rap with his gavel as each elector passes him. The elector "faces about," bows, not gracefully but with spasmodic jerks, at the figure, then turns and marches into an opening on the other side. The seven of them marched by three times. It is very funny to watch. There are many figures of saints carved on the houses, dating from the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries. These figures are usually hideous looking things, highly gilded and painted up, but occasionally one sees an art gem among them. There are statues of Albrecht Durer, Fischer Krafft, Stoss, Sachs and others scattered about.

We sat in the shadow of the torture chamber in the Pentagonal Tower, the oldest building in "Alt Nurnberg," after having risked our lives climbing the rickety stairs of Durer's home, and restored our courage for the horrors to come by lunching on peaches and the famous Nuremberg Lebkuchen. It is a kind of ginger bread generously filled with almonds, and very good.

We have accomplished some marvelous feats of pedestrianism and worn out our good American shoes at a fearful rate. We have been on top of the Brocken, the Pike's Peak of Germany, and the Mons Brocterus of the Romans. We have been thoroughly initiated into the abominable practice of tipping. We have slept under German feather beds and eaten all kinds of typical German dishes. We have cultivated a taste for black bread and caraway seeds, for brodchen and hornchen and mohnkuchen, for many kinds of wurst and kase, but we still prefer home-made pie.

We have stood in the streets waiting to catch passing glimpses of titled people. We have visited the homes and graves of Goethe, Schiller, Bach, Wagner, Luther and other great men.

We have heard fine music, we have seen reviews of soldiers. We have attended Sunday services in magnificent cathedrals, then come out and walked through the busy markets in front of them. We have seen much to admire and much to please us. There are some things in which we could copy the Germans to advantage. There are many things they could learn of us, and in my humble opinion there is no place on earth as beautiful as the United States, no people as progressive as the Americans, no fairer state than Nebraska, no hills more beautiful than those around the little home town. IDA C. WAGNER.



2+2=4

In the ordinary course of business, but there's interest to be considered if part of your earnings is left with us for safe investment. Then there's another story, which will make two plus two equal five in time. Ask us and we will gladly tell you how it is done.

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Independent Cigar FACTORY!

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Challenges Comparison in Quality and Workmanship.

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Still lead all other Meat Markets in furnishing the people of Plattsmouth and vicinity with

First Class Meats

Of Every Description.

Fresh and Smoked Meats,

Fresh Fish, Lard, Etc. Etc

REMEMBER

They have removed to the first room west of their old stand.

By courteous treatment to all they hope to retain their present patrons and gain many new ones.

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Meals Served at Regular Meal Hours.

Fresh Oysters (IN SEASON)

Fish or anything in Market.

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MARTIN BUILDING,
North Side - Main Street

Peerless BEER

Always Welcome.

Any time—anywhere in the poor man's cottage or the rich man's palace.

Gund's Peerless Beer

is welcomed and enjoyed—pure and wholesome.

Ask your dealer.

Accept no other.

Murray

Special Correspondent.

Harve Manners spent a couple of days in Union this week.

Homer Miller, Lizzie Edmunds, Jeff Brendel, Farley Mateer, James Manners and Lulu Leek spent Wednesday evening at the street fair.

Fred Schafer was transacting business in town Tuesday.

Rev. Jackson made his usual visit here this week.

Jeff Brendel has accepted a position in the postoffice.

Mrs. Al. Kennedy and daughter, Agnes, spent Saturday in Plattsmouth.

Mrs. J. M. Leek spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Breckenridge, in Plattsmouth, this week.

The funeral of Nora, the two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Hamilton, occurred Sunday afternoon from the Presbyterian church, Rev. Keiser officiating. The little one had been suffering for some time with pneumonia, and at times would sink so low that the end seemed near; then rally, and new hope would spring within those who so tenderly stood to administer to her wants. When the final summons came, and the young life floated out, the shock was hard to bear. The pall-bearers were Chas. S. Stone, Will Brown, James Lobridge, Dr. Jake Brendel. The remains were laid to rest in Eight Mile Grove cemetery, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton have the sympathy of the entire community in this their hour bereavement.

(Too late for last week.)

Charley Stone drove to Plattsmouth Tuesday evening.

Jeff Brendel and Jeral Royal spent Sunday in Plattsmouth. While there they called on their lady friends.

The A. O. U. W. initiated five new members Saturday night.

L. G. Todd, sr., took a fine car load of cattle to Omaha Monday.

Dr. Brendel and little daughter, Besie, took in the street fair Tuesday.

T. A. Vallery's new house is progressing nicely. When completed Mr. Vallery will have as nice a home as any of them in this neck o' woods.

Miss Pauline Oldham has returned from an extended visit to Broken Bow.

Mr. and Mrs. John Connally spent Tuesday in Plattsmouth.

Dr. Walker's health has improved so much as to allow him to be on the street again.

Read Hayden Bro's ad in this paper.

"The Early Bird Catches the Worm"

This is an old saying, but a very wise one in many respects, and serves to remind those who are on the lookout for

Spring Suits

For Men and Boys

That William Holly is prepared to "fill the bill" in this line to a dot, and invites all to come and inspect his new arrivals and get prices. Fit and quality guaranteed, and prices to suit the times. Also, a fine line of Men's and Boys' Shoes of all grades.

Hats and Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Etc.

Remember the place,

William Holly

East Room Waterman Block

Corner Fourth and Main Streets



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