

Xmas Trees and Holly

We now have a larger supply of Christmas Trees and Holly this year than ever before

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H. M. SOENNICHSEN

love. Mourned members of this order whose names have been so tenderly announced and faded away amid the scintillations of electric lights have "gone to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

Whether their journey was only one stride across the imperceptible line of demarcation between two eternities or whether a boundless, unfathomable ocean stretches between these earthly shores and those invisible shores we do not know!

Whether after death they saw the glorious splendor of an eternal life, or whether their ashes shall slumber in cold oblivion until the resurrection morn, we do not know!

Whether from the narrow casements of their present habitations they respond to the memories which we arouse, or whether from a celestial horizon above they remember us as we remember them, we do not know!

Whether life is but a journey in which the weary traveler sleeps along the highway in an eternal rest, or whether it is but a hiatus along an endless path, we do not know!

These are some of the unsolved and perplexing interrogatories which the finite asks of the infinite, the interrogation point at which the simplest child and the profoundest philosopher must pause alike. As to what is after death, the peasant is as wise as the sage; the dead alone have solved the stupendous problem of immortality. It is beyond the

living. For centuries life has implored death to echo back its destiny and through the corridors of ages no answer comes. "If a man die, shall he live again?"

In reply to the savage incantations of the untutored Patagonian, we listen to the wail of the winds, or the voice of thunder with unfeigned awe, as to the subtle meditations of the metaphysician, comes the same answer to this stupendous question. None, except the trobbing of a soul and the longing for a life hereafter.

If this desire for immortality is to be the splendid realization of our hopes, then men should dread to live and not to die. From the lips of the countless dead, from the lips of the living, from the wails of infancy to the piping sounds of age, pagan and Christian, comes the cry of the soul for immortality.

Plato thou reasonest well, Euseb whence this pleasing hope, This fond desire, this longing for immortality. Why shrinks the soul back on herself And starts at destruction? 'Tis divinity that stirs within us; Divinity, thou dreadful pleasing thought.

In the intense desire for something after death language has been impoverished in an attempt to describe the mystery by pagan and Christian alike, and singular as it may appear one of the most exquisite examples of this hope comes from a son of the

Orient, where, upon the banks of the Ganges, whose waters are reddened with the blood of infants sacrificed to paganism, he wrote:

When the world's last picture is painted, and the tubes are all twisted and dried, And the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died.

We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two,

Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair;

They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair;

They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter and Paul;

They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us and only the Master shall blame;

And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;

But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star.

Shall paint the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are!

Some time ago, on a sombre, sullen Sunday, in the companionship of no one, I wandered into a silent city of the dead in the golden west, and there under the canopy of a leaden sky, without any sound to disturb the reverie into which I had fallen, save the chimes of church bells which called good men and women to the altar of worship, I stood uncovered before a dignified and simple piece of granite, hewed from the rocks he loved so well, that marks the resting place, the chamber in which sleeps one of the masters of English, John James Ingalls. While thus contemplating this singular and fascinating personality, my mind instinctively recalled his famous "Opportunity," his sarcasm and wit, and while thus lost in contemplation, I read in modest bronze upon the boulder his exquisite and appropriate expression:

When life's fitful fever is ended, And the wrangle of the market And the forum have been closed, Grass heals the scar which our descent Into the bosom of the earth has made, And the carpet of the infant Becomes the blanket of the dead.

It has been said that the man who can grow two blades of grass where formerly there grew but one is a benefactor of mankind, but what shall be said of the man who, as in these exquisite lines just quoted, says so much in consolation of death? Were they prompted by an intuition or ambition to survive dissolution? Which? Ambition, that singular and mystifying necromancer of the mind, so long as it is fed by hope of fame, bards will burn what Lord Byron has not inaptly termed the midnight taper and acts of chivalry and heroism will be performed that the deeds of the dead may linger in the memory of the living. Monuments of marble as chaste as an icicle that hangs on Diana's temple will rear their spotless heights to heaven as an epitaph to genius. Poems will be written in the vigils of the night, shapeless marble metamorphosed into living entities that their creators may live in the niche of fame, and lives be sacrificed in senseless wars to immortalize ambition's child, but I would rather have a monument to my memory such as is paid here today than all the shafts of marble at the altar of fame. To know that some loving hand will plant a flower upon a grave, or some sorrow at a dissolution is the greatest monument of all. I have stood under the shadows of a monument reared to the memory of Burns by his grateful countrymen and in fancy heard the sea moan over his death. I have stood at the grave of Tasso and dreamed of his Jerusalem Delivered, while his resting place remained unmarked. I have stood in the gallery at Dresden, awed and enthralled with the transcendental genius of Raphael, as his divine creation of the Sistine Madonna burns her ineffable halo into the heart. I have leaned upon the marble balustrade in the Church of the Invalides, where sleeps the restless Napoleon; I have stood upon the spot where Caesar fell and have scaled the walls of the Colosseum and heard

in fancy the protest of its silent stones against the crimes of Roman brutality; I have been in the halls of the palace of a king decorated with the bloody trophies of a senseless war, but of all these tributes to greatness and genius which the present pays to the past, none can approximate in intensity and feeling that sentiment which prompts us with each coming year to stand in memory upon the edge of an unmarked grave and shed a tear for our unforgotten dead.

To the undying dead who live in the memory of affection, I pay the tribute of this brotherhood, to their living friends I offer the consolation of lives well spent and which has made the world better for their being in it.

Farewell, a long farewell, and as you sleep in silent dreamlessness in God's holy acre, while the soft winds sing a requiem and the weeping heavens shed a tear upon your resting place, let it be said of them and you when God's finger touches your eyelids in death that you were one "where even God did seem to set his seal and give the world assurance of a man."

Such an epitaph engraved upon the hearts of loving friends is the proudest legacy and gentlest memory that man can leave to those who follow after him. Sleep on, sleep on, and with each coming of this holy month the flowers of unforgetfulness will be placed by loving hands upon your bier.

Some time ago, while seated at a table in a public park, amid its myriad of dazzling lights alone, I listened to the exquisite strains of the Traummusic as its sweet sounds stole over me, but seemingly fell upon the unwilling ears of idle men and women who preferred the sound of clinking glasses to the melody of music. Aroused from the reverie into which I had fallen, forgetting the beautiful women who hung lovingly, amorously and tenderly upon the arms of their degenerate companions, I unconsciously pulled from my pocket a piece of folded paper, torn, soiled and fingered, for I had read it often; it was a few lines written by a friend upon the Equality of Man in Death.

Only a little longer And the journey is done, my friend,

Only a little farther And the road will have an end. The shadows begin to lengthen, The evening soon will close, And it's ho for the inn of the sexton

And the inn where we'll all repose, The inn has no bridal chamber, No suites for the famed or great;

The guests who go there to slumber Are all of the same estate.

The chambers are small and narrow, The couches are hard and cold; And the grinning, fleshless landlord Is not to be bribed with gold.

A sheet for the proud and haughty, A shroud for the beggar guest; A sheet for the blooming maiden, A shroud for us all and rest.

No bells at the dawn of morning, No rap at the chamber door; But silence is there and slumber Forever and evermore.

Then ho for the inn of the sexton, The inn where we all must sleep, When our hands are done with toiling And our eyes have ceased to weep.

COUGHS THAT PREVENT SLEEP These coughs are wearing and if they "hang on," can run one down physically and lower the vital resistance to disease. Mr. Bob Ferguson, 319 Pine St., Green Bay, Wis., writes: "I was greatly troubled with a bad cough that kept me awake nights. Two small bottles of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound completely cured me." For sale by all druggists.

You may need an **AUCTIONEER** and we want to inform you that dates can be made at this office for **GOL. WM. DUNN** the Weeping Water Auctioneer

Careful Attention to Public Sales. Rates are Reasonable

HOW TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOUR HAIR

Nothing spoils your good looks so much as homely hair—stringy, dull-colored, harsh. Nothing adds to good looks so much as beautiful hair—soft, silky, wavy and glossy. No matter how beautiful your hair is now, you can improve its good looks by using Harmony Hair Beautifier. If your hair is homely and ugly now, Harmony Hair Beautifier will make it softer, silkier, glossier, more beautiful in every way. It also makes it easier to put up and helps it to "stay put." Its rich rose odor hides the unpleasant, only smell of the hair. Harmony Hair Beautifier is rightly named; it beautifies the hair.

Very easy to apply—simply sprinkle a little on your hair each time before brushing it. It contains no oil, and will not change the color of the hair, nor darken gray hair.

To keep your hair and scalp dandruff-free and clean, use Harmony Shampoo. This pure liquid shampoo gives an instantaneous rich lather that immediately penetrates to every part of hair and scalp, insuring a quick and thorough cleansing. Washed off just as quickly, the entire operation takes only a few moments. Contains nothing that can harm the hair; leaves no harshness or stickiness—just a sweet-smelling cleanliness.

Both preparations come in odd-shaped, very ornamental bottles, with sprinkler tops. Harmony Hair Beautifier, \$1.00. Harmony Shampoo, 50c. Both guaranteed to satisfy you in every way, or your money back. Sold in this community only at our store—The Rexall Store—one of the more than 7,000 leading drug stores of the United States, Canada and Great Britain, which own the big Harmony laboratories in Boston, where the many celebrated Harmony Perfumes and Toilet Preparations are made.—F. G. Fricke & Co., Union Block, Plattsmouth, Neb.

Government Inspector Here.

From Friday's Daily. Lee Ulery of Red Oak, Iowa, government inspector of buildings for this section, was in the city today looking after the government building here, and will see to the driving of the piling which the contractor is preparing to put in to hold the dirt from settling around the postoffice building here. The work has been somewhat delayed owing to the non-arrival of some needed repairs to the pile driver to be

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Casseroles, with genuine Guernsey ware insets.

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Community Silverware, (triple plated) consisting of Desert Spoons,

Table Spoons, Knives and

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Crumb Trays and Brushes in latest Patterns and Finishing

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used in the work, but these having arrived there is no doubt that the work will be pushed rapidly now.

For Sale.

A complete Eastman's photographic outfit for sale cheap; 1x3 camera. J. Aesch, Murray, Neb.

GEORGETOWN, TEXAS, J. A. Kimbro says: "For several years past Foley's Honey and Tar Compound has been my household remedy for all coughs, colds and lung troubles. It has given permanent relief in a number of cases of obstinate coughs and colds." Contains no opiates, Refuse substitutes. For sale by all druggists.

O. Sandin, D. V. M., graduate of the Kansas City Veterinary College, is permanently located in Plattsmouth. Calls answered day or night. Phone 255. Office 606 Main.

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I have chosen a complete assortment all new and desirable shapes and styles, and for a few days, I will sell these at the above prices.

Every women in Plattsmouth should see for herself what this great value giving means to her.

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30th---ANNUAL TOUR---30th

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Seats on Sale at Weyrich & Hadraba Drug Store Monday December 22nd 1913.