-Dr. S. Madden.

### "MAN OR DEMON."

It is nearly forty years since all Paris was flocking to see Frederic Lemnitre in a certain grisly melodrama bearing the above title. Parisian dramatists have always had a leaning to the ghastly in melodrama, and Parisian audiences have encouraged that inclination, as witness "La Tour de Nesle," "L'Hotel de la Tete Noire," and a good many other plays of the grisly order; but this psychological mystery called "Man or Demon" was a new departure in the morbid and the ghastly, and the auditorium of the Ambign Comique thrilled and shuddered as one man at the performance of the great Frederic. There was a touch of the su-pernatural in the play. The damatist and the neter had adapted the old machinery of "Les Pilules du Diable" to

The story of the play was simple, the plot turned upon one ghantly pivot-de monlar possession. A physician, a man of science and enlightenment, refined, intellectual, of blameless life and gracious. bearing, beloved and respected by the world he aderned, was possessed by deville. In the broad light of day, in the exereise of his profession, in society, he was his own man, all went well with him; hat with night and solitude the demon sime and took possession of his victim, and impelled him to deeds of blood

Through the darkened theatre there thrilled a silent horror that held the crowded andlence spellbound, as the man of schence flung a handful of powder into the cruellste, and, in the lurid light that race around him, was seen the awful clause from man to monster. The tall, slim figure of the physician, graceful and clegant in his neat evening dress, swelled to gigantia dimensions, brawny, muscuness by the actor. That which was appealing and emotions depicted in all their hideous ness by the actor. That which was appealing and emotions to sane minds might lar, the form of a savage Hercules, while the fashionable modern dress changed to the blue blouse and blood red cap of the sansculotte. The face changed, too: the pale, refined features thickened, the brows grew penthouse like above the jurid gleam of the malignant eyes; while, with a cry that had nothing in it of humanity, the transformed creature rush ed forth to revel in rapine and murder.

Needless to expatiate upon the action of the play. The later scenes reeked with blood, the whole scheme of the drama was - baseless and wild; but the glamour of Lemaitre's genius held the audience in a state of breathless interest, which flagged not till the fall of the curtain. The play was the greatest success the Ambigu had known for many years.

One furt gave an additional and extransport interest to the performance Theory with honor the colebratics of the mily some rate to recognize the englous de trible; Rheness which Lemsitre, in his parks up as the physician, had eentrived to present to one of the princes of modern achinee, Mare Avalon the celebrated chemist—a man who, at something iets then 40 years of age, had reached the reas of chemical experiment further h dersysters had done within a century. striking was the rescublinger as to be at once prospered and remarked upon, both the true performance of the play and of stare Avalon would take offense at this appropriation of his outward sem is an experience of his between some is the subject of a lawsuit; but the great chemis section amused, and even flattered, when he read the comments of the critics upon this particular feature of Lemaitre's char acterization. He went to see the playwas interested; went again-saw Lemai

realism of the scene in the laboratory. It was observed by and by that Avalon was present nearly every night during some period of the performance. He generally occupied one particular avant seems and kept himself perdu, but these few persons who were able to see his face. as he cat in the shadow of the curtain, remarked upon its intent expression and the keen delight he seemed to derive from the actor's masteriy embodiment of plenty of cover for the detective.

tre in his dressing room, and made various

suggestions, which intensified the grim

a most unreal character. It was during the run of this play that Paras was startled by a series of murders more hideous than any crime that had I shocks f society during the reign of the citizen king; murders which bore a log rible resemblance in being to all appearance motiveless, and the work of a monoler whose sole desire was to steep himself in the blood of an unoffending victim. Once, twice, thrice, within a period of loss than three months was the city horri-

Hed by a revolving act of butchery; once in the Rue Ste. Marguerite, where a waste of power, one might suppose, this wretebed is habitant of that human share-night watch in the Rue St. Guillaume, bles was found stretched in the gutter, wolferlage in her blood; another in the Yellering in her blood; another in the power in hunting will-o'the wisps across The de la Vielle Lanterne; a third in the the moraes of Paris, and one ignus-fatuus Line di a Feves.

Paris and the police of Paris were on this alor, looking for the Chonringur. It was by that grim mame the murderer was talked of in those circles where slang is the only language. Day after day the journalists of the gutter announced that the Chourtour had been heard of and conversed with here or there; had eaten or drank in this or that restaurant, from the Bocher de Cancale to the Chat Noir. The whole flight of canards were on the wing, and every morning and evening there was a new one let fly upon Paris; but those who knew anything at all about the matter knew that, so far, the police were at fault No trace, no clew, no hint of the Chourineur had yet been obtained. Cauler, the chief of the secret guardians of the public safety, had worked till he was weary; weary of his own false lights and failures; wearier of other people's futile and sometimes idiotic tions. He was sitting in the April twilight before a cafe on the Boulevard des Italiens, not many doors from the Ambigu theatre, sitting alone at one of the little marble tables, taking his demitassentter a temperate dinner, and listening bily to the conversations around and about him. He was off duty, resting a jaded brain, yet the old habit of listering and putting two and two together at all times and in all places was so strong tenon him that his ear was on the alert ansciously, and his brain soon awakened to interest in the talk of two men at

a table near his own. They were of the Geneur species both, one young, one middle aged—men who know their Paris, evidently.
"Here he comes," said the elder man.

"I have seen the piece at least half a dozen times, and he was in the theatre every time. Men have told me the same thing It is a kind of mania-a diseased vanity-1 suppose He likes to see him self on the stage-the central figure, the

cynosure of every eye." The man they spoke of approached and passed toward the theatre. Tall, slin, well dressed, with a light coat over his evening ouit, pale, with a fixed look about the eyes, a curious mobility about

the mouth: "He looks harassed and Ill," said the

"Overwork, brain pressure," said the elder. "I should not be surprised if I were to hear within the next few months that Marc Avalon had gone off his head." Cauler rose and followed the great hemist into the theatre, followed him to

the door of his avant-scene, and then went round the other side of the house, and got a stall from which he could observe the face in the shadow of the curtain as well as the lowered lights would allow. That idea of this prince of science being

on the verge of lunacy had started a curious train of thought in the brain of the skilled detective. He had some time since made up his mind that the murders of the Rue Ste. Marguerite, the Rue de la Vieille Lanterne and the Rue des Feves were the work of the same hand, and that the hand of a homicidal maniac; but it had never occurred to bim that these ghastly, motiveless, insane murders might be the rereduction of something shown upon the tage of a Parisian theatre. To-night, for the first time, he, the busy workingman, whose hours were gold, saw the grisly play which all the idlers of Paris had been gloating upon for the last four or five months, and he also saw, or believed that he saw, they even and suggestion of those strange and bloody assassinations which had convulsed the city.

Such a play, acting upon the prepared mind of an unrevealed lunatic, might inspire a sudden sanguinary impulse, an itching engarness to taste those sensations ness by the actor. That which was appalling and revolting to sane minds might exercise a morbid fascination upon the insane. The higher the education and the greater the refinement, the deeper might be the descent into crime.

The detective hung about the vestibule till he saw Marc Ayalon leave the theatre, and was able to keep him in sight without appearing to follow him. An elderly man, who looked like a doctor, accosted the savant as he went out, and the two men walked along the boulevard together in the clear, mild night as far as Tortoni's, where they went in. Cauler had followed close enough to be able to overhear their conversation, which was upon indifferent subjects. The chemist's friend remarked upon his looking ill and wearied, and remonstrated with bim for overeagerness

in his scientific experiments. "You are trying to get a quart of water into a pint buttle," he said; "nobody ever succeeded in doing that yet. Take care you don't burst the bottle. There are very few men of your age who have made as great a mark upon the century as you have. Can't you be content to rest upon your laurels?

"I am not overworking my brain." very planacie of professional success, who Avalon enswered, doggodly. "You task had given how to school and had made | to me as if I were an incipient lunatic. a you see any signs of overwork about

> Yes, several-hurry, paller, dry lips and a tendency to laugh at things that you mayour old friend, and with perfect

ry when a man devotes himself to bis profession and succeeds a little better than his fellow workers. Overstrain, brain work, incipient madness! That is what his friends say about him. Kindly meant, no doubt, but arrent twaddie!"

They went into the cafe, came out again in a quarter of an hour, when Avalon hailed a cab.

The detective followed him in another. The fly deposited him at his own house in the Rue St. Guillaume. Cauler drove to the end of the street, dismissed his cab and went back to Marc Avalon's doorway on foot. The house in which the chemist lived was a fine old mansion in a quadrangular court, dull, dignified, respectable. It was a moonless night, and the court yard was black as Erebus at this hour, save for one lamp which burned dimly over the porte cochere. There was

He saw the light of a lamp travel slowly through two rooms upon the second floor and finally settled in a third

The external Venetian shutters were closed, but there were no curtains drawn within, and the lamplight shone betwixt the wooden bars.

M. Cauler took up his position in the embrasure of a doorway leading to the offices, an obscure doorway in a corner of the great, grave house, as if he meant to stay there half the night. A curious but of late Cauler had been wasting much is as good as another. To-night it was Cauler's whim to watch the windows of Mare Avalon.

The lamplight continued undisturbed for an hour and a half. The third quarter after I tolled heavily from the tower of Notre Dame yonder, and other church chimes repeated the solemn measure. Suddenly those windows on the second floor grew dark. This time the light did not travel from room to room; it was extinguished on the spot.

"The man of science has gone to bed," said Cauler, with a touch of disappointment. "I may go home and get my supper."

He waited some minutes notwithstanding, and, looking up presently, he gave a ery of triumphant surprise.
"Dieu do Dieu! I have hit it this time,"

he muttered. There was a light shining through the shutters of these three upper windows—a light more vivid than the shine of the domestic lamp, a fiery crimson glow, such as he had seen in the theatre three hours age, in the famous laboratory scene. It lasted three or four minutes, and then

came darkness again.
This time Cauler had no idea of going home to supper. He waited for the expected opening of door or window. It came presently; a window on the ground floor was cautiously lifted and a

man stepped out into the courtyard-a man wearing a blue blouse and a red cap, a ruffianty looking brute, with big, proecting teeth like the fangs of a wild beast, and long, coarse black hair, like the bair of a wild beast.

"Here he comes," said the elder man.
This brutal figure crept stealthily across
the yard and out of the porte cochere,
looking down the boulevard toward the
Grand opera. "I felt sure he would pass the walk of the blouse there was the over-

us before 8 o'clock: he is there every acted caution of the movice. In the walk night."

"Not every night, surely?" said the of the man accustomed to hunt his fellow

"This is Blueblouse, whom we have heard of from one lot; this is Redcap, who has been seen by another lot. This is the

"He followed that creeping figure, elouching across the road, doubling, winding, his hand clutching something in his breast. Cauler followed him from the Rue St. Guillaume to the Quai des Grands Augustins, across one of the bridges to the Cite, from the Cite by another bridge to the region of the markets; never lost sight of him, yet on the way contrived to The three contrived to keep Blueblouse in sight, wind and double as he might; watched him as he accosted a night wapderer in a dark alley, and saw her fly from him, scared at that grim face and panther teeth under the red cap. They followed him through the intricacles of a labyrinth of squalid streets which has long disappeared; saw him stop to speak to a woman, more wretched perhaps than she who had fled from him half an hour before-saw him bend to speak to her as clutch fasten one livid hand upon her throat, while the other hand was thrust into his breast.

Quick as they were to spring upon him, they were not an instant too soon. Another second and that long knife would have done its deadly work, as it had done thrice before in the streets of Paris. The Chourineur, the murderer of the Rue Ste. and the Rue des Feves, was found. Yes, this was the solution of the mystery. Homicidal mania, the fatal outcome of p brain wrecked by overwork, day labor and night labor-the too ardent thirst for knowledge, the too keen ambition to achieve. It had needed but a spark to fire the brain, and the spark had been found in the suggestion of the drama at the Ambigu. Mare Avalon had watched and broaded over the play till it had become reality to him, and he had yielded to the irresistible impulse that drove him to act

out the idea in his own person.

He died before the end of the year in r state lunatic asylum. In searching his laboratory the police found more than one set of fangs, carved in ivory, which the chemist had laboriously fashioned in imitation of the actor's hideous make-up. It was discovered, too, that he had carried his experiments with the magnesium light, then little known, far beyond the mechanism of the theatre; but confessions made by him later to the doctors of the asylum revealed that he had firmly believed in his possession of occult knowledge by which he was able to assume diabolical attributes and diabolical power.

#### Cost of Living Abroad.

In England house rent, clothing, and nearly all the commodities of life are cheaper than they are in America. Hotel charges, admission to theatres and railway traveling are exceptions—unless you travel third class. There is talk of abolishing the second class and give people their choice only between first and third. As it is, name of the first class carriages run empty good only encumber the trains. For high charges in French restaurants and hotels there is good reason. New York does not appreciate the great advantages it enjoys in its Paris three frames per pound (sixty cents) is charged for the same quality of beef-steak which we buy in New York for thirty cents. Good coffee in Parts posts

the same price per pound, three francs.

They grow some fruits in France and England that we don't raise in the north, but on the whole the fruits of these two countries will not compare in abundance and flavor with those produced even in our northern states only; and as for grapes and peaches their best specimens are grown under glass, but it minst be admitted that no grapes in the world equal for size and beauty the English hot house grapes. English hot house peaches are pretty to the eye, but they lack the juiciness and rich flavor of the American peach and their cost is very great. The nights in England and France are too rainy for the faverable production of fine fruits in the open air. Retail dealers over there instead of selling vegetables and fruit in our rough-andtumble way, by measure, which by its very uncertainty is unsatisfactory both to seller and buyer, sell them by weight or number, potatoes and apples by the pound, peaches and large "William" pears by the dozen.—"M. P." in Home Journal.

#### The Bulls of Spain.

This allusion to les toros naturally led to my asking the impresario If the breeds had not degenerated. "Los toros degenerated," he exclaimed:

"Dios mio, son tan braves como siempre, los angelistos (our bulls, good God, sir, they are as brave as ever, the little augels)! One would think you had never seen a bull fight. We have splendid breeds in Northern Spain, in Castile and in Andalusia. The Navarrese bulls of Carriquiri are the smallest, but they are powerful and terribly quick and agile. They have a knack of jumping over the barriers into the sort of promenade that runs round the ring between the seats of the public and the ring itself, and have often leaped up, as they did at Vitoria two years ago, right in the midst of the lower seats, los tendidos, and caused frightful panies thereby.

"A Navarre bull costs from \$250 to \$300, to which sum must be added the cost of carriage and many incidental expenses that increase 20 per cent. the original price. The Castilian bulls are very good and cost from \$350 to \$450, exclusive of incidental expenses. The most famous breeds in Castile are those of Col-menar, a few leagues from Madrid, in fine pasture lands, where you can go and pick out the animals while grazing—that is, if you are a good rider, for they are sure to chase any outsider they espy."-Madrid Cor. Philadelphia Times.

#### Living Entirely on Meat,

Dr. T. W. Greene, writing to an English journal from Montevideo, says that fresh meat forms the staple article of diet in a part of the province of Buenos Ayres, where he lived for four years. Vegetables and fruit were unknown except for one month in the autumn, bread could not be had, and biscuits and farina, a meal made from mandicea, were too expensive for the poor. The population live entirely on meat, and crink nothing but the mate de yerba, a bitter kind of herb, containing the same active principle as tea and coffee. It is not uncommon for a man to eat four or five pounds of meat at a meal; but Dr. Greene thinks it contains less fibrine and albumen, and more salts and water, than English meat. He never knew a case of scurvy, or anything like it, during the four years he practiced amongst the inhabitants.—Boston Budget.

MRS. KER'S WANDERINGS THROUGH MANY FOREIGN LANDS.

ED: PLATISMOUTH, NEBRASKA, TUESPAY, NOVEMBER 6 1888.

The Advantages and Mishaps in Journey ing Afar with Little Preparation and Less Buggage-Steady Nerves Needed. Changes of Climate-Serious Perils.

"That little mess in Thibet," says Mr. David Ker, the traveler, "is inviting Then the German row in Samon might be worth while Central Asia and the Pacific enll in at a station of night police and to silands, too, are so easy of access—to say enlist a couple of policemen in the chase. I made up my mind five minutes ago to give Northern Africa a call Five minutes' untice is all that Mrs Ker requires-quite long enough to pack our two hand bags."
"Mrs. Ker! Why, you don't mean to say that your wife always accompanies

'Accompanies me? Why, do you fancy I should want to leave my wife behind me, or, rather, that she would consent to let me go without her? She began this before—saw him bend to speak to her as little skipping round right after we were if in friendliness, then with a sudden married, and that event took place in 1530 In that year we traveled through Montenegro, in 1881 through Beloochistan and Afghanistan; in 1882 it was Cape Colony, Natal, Zululand, the Transvaal, St. Helena, Ascension and Madeira, in 1883, Stam, Malecca, Samatra; in 1884, Hinsgary, Transvivania, Ronmania, the Crimea, Caucasus, the petroleum fields of the Caspian, then to Anatolia and Turkey; Marguerite, the Rue de la Vieille Lanterne | in 1985, ch dear me! that was a delightful year; first class shipwreck on the west coast of Africa, and we had to been off the cannibals with the auts, and in 1886 it was Congo, Dongola and the Cameroon river, and last year a little jaunt, nothing much to speak about, to Ceylon, Barmah and Thibet, and now Mrs. Ker is just be-

ginning to have a taste for travel." handbag, and the two would not weigh fifty pounds. Both of us take on our backs what we wear. We buy what we wear out. One thing, we both carry pistols and Mrs. Ker knows how to use hers. I taught

her, and a friend of ours, Capt. Hansard of the English navy, gave her lessons. She has the 'drop' down very fine, and I really think at long range may be better than her husband. Pray, do not smile, it is a very matter of fact business. We have to go through countries where your revolver must be seen while your money

"Then, Mrs. Ker must have been in strange places?" "She has been in countries where no

white woman had ever been before. That was on the Cestos river, the Cameroon and Weiloby bay, the true Gorilla land." Returning to the tollets of a lady under such circumstances, Mr. Ker said: "Weil they have been peculiar at times.

We two were in Zazuland when the total luggage of the party was represented by a small bundle held together by a shawl strap-all our worldly goods-and that slung on the end of a spear carried by a nahed native. When we cross a river in Africa, there being no cobbler handy nor haberdasher near, we save shoes and stock ings by taking them off. It is an accomplishment to know how to wade. Dat returning to the negrees on the Cameroon river-when they saw Mrs. Ker, they said were quite ready to lie down and die. think Mrs. Ker fascinated a Hindes chieftals in an unknown part of ledis, for he said she represented the wisdom of the world."

STEADY NEEVES NEEDED. "At times things are not so pleasant.

Just famy—and this happened—my wife poing out of her tent in Afguanistan before breakfast and finding a few steps from where the had been sleeping the bodies of two men who had been marder ed but a few minutes before! It takes a woman of steady nerves to see such

"Well, how about the baggage she carries? It can't be much if a single

Gladstone bag holds it. "Ch, there is soop, of course, and brushes and combs. There eight to be hairpins; presumably there are. Certain ly. There is a big lot of quinine and a pistol. Cuffs? Yes, a cuff. Collars? Don't know. It is the quinine, really now, which is the most important. We should all have perished in Africa if not for Mrs. Ker's quimme. What are frills and founces, laces and ribbons good for in a pestiferous swamp? Then Mrs. Ker takes needles and thread and a thimble, and a pair of scissors, for we both want much repairing. As tidy work as I ever saw in cutting, basting, fitting and sew ing was done by Mrs. Ker in a jungle, with the admiring monkeys chattering around us. Yes, a portable sewing machine would be very useful in our travels, and so would be a portable grand piane There, I have given you the principal contents of fire fier's Landbag-a pistol, fifty cartridges and a bottle of quinine What more could a woman want?

A TURN FOR LANGUAGES.

"Is Mrs. Ker a linguist?"
"Yes. My wife has a neat turn for languages and is at home in French, Ger man, Burmese, Hindostance and Malay We get along tairly well, as I am up h twelve other different tongues, with an assortment of dichers. We pick up the talk very fast. We must do that or we

There must be great suffering at times | W & from changes of climate?"

Well, we both climb up and down the thermometer and don't think about it in Central Asia and in Russia 70 deg. below zero. There is only one slight falls low zero. There is only one slight failing of Mrs. Ker's, which I think will become less in time. She will get seasick. But if an emergency comes she shakes that off et once. She rides well on a horse or an elephant or a bullock or a camel, only camels are beasts. It was in an ugly ice-cold terrent in Afghanistan, and Mrs. Ker was slung in a basket on constant was slung in a basket on one side of the brute and I on the other and in mid stream, the wretch of a camel wanted to roll, and he did roll, and we could not help it, and it was very funny and chilly." You must have had many escapes from

"You must have had many escapes from serious perils?"

"We don't keep tally, but I think that for not less than twenty-three times has Mrs. Ker's life been in peril. I don't count my scrapes. I quite evult ever Mrs. Ker my scrapes. I quite exult over Mrs. Ker, for they never tried to hang her yet, and I was very near it once—by the token of my having had a noose around my neck, the knot under my left ear, and having been lifted off the ground. My wife has crossed the water only eighty-six times so far, and is 102 times behind me on that record, but take it all together, since we have been married she has gone over 105,-000 miles."-New York Times.

If you seek for a faultless friend you will be friendless all your life.—Roums-

# A WOMAN'S TRAVELS. THE MARCH OF PROGRESS!

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Such has been the recent progress in our branch of industry that we are now able to affirm that the James Means' \$i Shoe is in every respect equal to the shoes which only a few years ago were retailed at eight or ten doliars. If you will try on a pair you will be convinced that we do not exaggerate. Ours are the original \$1 and \$4 Shoes, and those who imitate our system of business are unable to compete with us in quality of factory products. In our lines we are the largest manufacturers in the United States.

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Now, kind reader, just stop and consider what the above signifies so far as you are concerned. It assures you that if you keep on buying shoes bearing no manufacturers' name or fixed retail price stamped on the soles, you cannot tell what you are getting and your retailer is probably making you pay double what your shoes have cost him. Now, can you afford to do this while we are protecting you by stamping our name and the fixed retail price upon the soles of our shoes before they leave our factory so that you cannot be made to pay more for your shoes than they are worth?

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