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TERMS FOR DAILY.
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THE man who was dissatisfied with
yesterday's weather will certainly com-
plain of his halo—if he ever gets one.

THE republican ticket is generally ac-
cepted as a good ticket and will undoubt-
edly receive a handsome majority to-
morrow.

THE loss of the three men-of-war at
Samoa, by the wind, is about as humiliat-
ing to the government as if they had
been destroyed by shot and shell.

MARCH came in like a lamb and went
out like a lamb. The only lion we heard
of was at Samoa, on the 10th, where it
got away with three American men-of-
war and three German men-of-war.

THE trouble in Samoa has caused six
men of war to be wrecked, three Ameri-
can and six German vessels and the loss
of one hundred and forty-six men, but
it was done in a way that was not looked
for.

THE legislature adjourned last Satur-
day. As usual some things have been
done which might have been omitted
and some things left undone which ought
to have been done, but the amount of
harm done is probably light, for which
the people of Nebraska can congratulate
themselves.

CAPTAIN CARNELIUS M. SHOEMAKER,
commanding the Vandalia, who lost his
life at Apia during the gale on the 10th
of March that wrecked the three Ameri-
can men-of-war and three German men-
of-war, was an old sea captain. He was
appointed from New York in 1854. He
has served on the sea fifteen years, thir-
teen years on shore and was about six
years unemployed. He became midship-
man in 1859, being advanced successively
through each of the grades to his
present rank. He leaves a wife and three
daughters who live at Albany, New
York. There were 750 men on the three
American men-of-war that was wrecked
and fifty of them lost their lives. Three
hundred of the seven hundred survivors
will be sent home as soon as possible.
The Germans lost ninety six men. The
American vessels will probably be re-
placed by the Monongahela which is now
on her way to Samoa, the Alert which is
now at Honolulu and the steamer Adams
which is now at Mare Island navy yard
undergoing repairs.

THE SAVINGS AND THE SAVING
BANKS.
Savings banks are organized for and
patronized by wage earners almost ex-
clusively. The following tables conclu-
sively show that in America national
wages do not mean, as Ricardo's iron law
defines them, the "lowest sum upon which
a man can subsist and propagate his race
without increase or diminution." Natural
wages divide themselves into cost of
living, cost of amusements and "savings."
Out of the "savings" grows nearly every
one of our great fortunes. These are the
germ cells from which spring Astors,
Vanderbilts and Goulds, not, of course, di-
rectly or by saving merely, but by using
these savings as the capitals with which
to embark in the employment of others.
In New York and Kings county the
deposits in 1860 were \$49,000,000, and
the number of depositors were 227,000;
an average of \$216 to each depositor. In
1883, the deposits amounted to \$294,000,
000, and the number of depositors were
166,000; an average of \$384 to each de-
positor, and a total gain to depositors
from 1860 to 1883 of \$245,000,000.
In New York state, 1860, the deposits
were \$58,178,000, and in 1886 they had
increased to \$469,622,000 or a total gain
to depositor from 1850 1885 of \$411,
500,000.

Hundreds of thousands of men who in
1860 were wage earners had in 1886 be-
come bankers, merchants, capitalists,
millionaires!
Now let us look at the figures for
Great Britain, including England, Scot-
land, Wales, Ireland and the Channel
Islands:
Population 1869 1886 Increase.
23,221,660 25,241,000 20 per ct.
No. of Laborers 11,752,093 13,131,000 20 per ct.
Deposits in Banks \$469,622,000 \$436,000,000
Bank Deposits (\$19,000), \$435,000,000
about 118 per cent.
New York state and Great Britain (in-
cluding countries named above) compared
as to growth, deposits, &c. since 1860:
New York Great Britain
No. of Laborers 1860 1,881,000 12,131,000
Increase since 1860 40 per ct. 30 per ct.
Deposits in Banks \$469,622,000 \$436,000,000
Increase deposits 800 per ct. 118 per ct.
Average to depositor \$252 22
Gain to depositor since 1860 312
In other words, the 1,844,000 laborers of
New York alone have to their credit
\$245,000,000 more than the entire 15,181,
000 laborers of Great Britain and Ire-
land combined.

THE COMING COUNCIL

Men put in the morning, and women in
the afternoon, and each New York deposi-
tor in savings banks has gained on the
average since 1860 more than fourteen
times as much as has the average English
laborer.
In Massachusetts the depositors in
savings banks average two to each
family.
In Great Britain the depositors in
savings banks average one to every 30
families.—American Economist.

Time-tried, Truly Tested.
Tried for years; severely tested, and
still growing in popular favor and use.
Is the record enjoyed by Dr. Pierce's
Pleasant Purgative Pellets—the little
sugar-coated laxative granules, sold by
druggists, anti-bilious and cathartic.

An Elephant's Memory.
A circus traveling through the country
parts of England stopped one day at a
little town called Hythe. That night
when everything was quiet in the tent,
animals and employes all being sound
asleep, Clytie, one of the elephants, de-
liberately and without any uproar, broke
the chain that fastened her foot, and
leaving the tent started toward the center
of the town. Nobody was astir, and so
she had the way all to herself.

She proceeded without delay or hesi-
tation to a little shop that stood on the
main street of the village, and finding it
closed, of course, she immediately
forced an entrance with her enormous
head and was soon as busy an ele-
phant as you ever saw cramming
candy and cakes down her capacious
throat. The man who owned the shop
came running in from the back room,
but Clytie did not pause in her lunch on
that account, nor did she pay any more
attention when he ran out again crying,
"Ow! Ow!" In fact, she totally disre-
garded the entire neighborhood when
they took up that cry of "Ow! Ow!"
But pretty soon a little man came up,
who cried out in a sharp voice:
"Hi, there, Clytie! What d'ye mean?
Come out o' that now, d'ye hear!"
And Clytie did come out, and in a
great hurry, too, for the little man was
her keeper, and she not only had a great
deal of respect for him, but she was
afraid of him, as well. But, after all,
she didn't care much about it, for she
had filled herself with candy and cakes,
and that was all she was after.

The most puzzling question was—how
did she distinguish a candy shop from
any other shop in the village? The shop-
man gave the answer to this himself—he
had fed an elephant candy at that very
shop twelve years before, and inquiry
developed the fact that Clytie was that
elephant. She had remembered the shop
—that was all.—St. Nicholas.

The Old Indian Fighter's Story.
In the northern part of this state lives
an old farmer, honest and upright in
business matters, but notorious for the
incredible stories of his own prowess,
which he relates upon every occasion. A
short time since, in company with a few
personal friends who thoroughly under-
stood his weakness, he began the re-
lation of a thrilling Indian story, which
was alleged to have taken place while
crossing the plains in 1851.
"You see, them Injuns had been fol-
lerin' me and my partner for four days,"
he continued, "an' our cattle wuz nigh
give out."
"Now, Bob!" said one of his hearers by
way of a warning not to presume too
much upon their credulity.
"An' that they come," he continued,
ignoring the interruption, "jest over a
little raise 'bout two miles off. We lit
out afoot for all we wuz worth, an' them
right after us a horseback."
"Now, Bob!"
"We come to the river, but it was a
roarin' rapids, an' would have dashed us
to pieces agin the rocks in no time. An'
that they come, closer an' closer."
"Now, Bob!"
"We run along the river for a ways,
an' right ahead of us wuz a precipice that
a goat couldn't climb, and on the other
side wuz a bluff straight up an' down.
The Injuns was right onto us, an' had us
penned up like rats, an' that wuz fifty of
'em, all carryin' rifles."
"Now, Bob!"
"We didn't even have a jackknife
with us, but grabbed clubs an' decided
to fight her out thar. They rode up
within fifty yards of us an' commenced
firin', an'—"
"Now, Bob! No lying."
"An' the d—d Injuns killed us both."
—San Francisco Examiner.

The Ideal America.
It seems to us that there is much which
is arbitrary in the description of this or
that quality or function to this or that
nation. It is like dividing the mind into
faculties: the imaginative faculty, the
reflective faculty, the critical faculty; as
if either of these were something that
could act alone.
No one has had greater influence in
forming the citizens of this republic to
their faith in themselves and in one an-
other than Jefferson; yet Mr. Bryce in
his new book says that Jefferson was one
with Rousseau in supposing a natural
elevation in average human nature and
trusting to it.
As Rousseau was the first one, he was
probably the one, and through his foster-
son was the father of American democ-
racy, of that in us which more distinct-
ly than anything else we can call
Americanism—our faith in humanity,
our love of equality.
One cannot claim that Americans of
English origin are alone the depositaries
of this belief, this passion; and we rather
doubt if either would perish though all
Americans of English stock perished.
The ideal America, which is the only
real America, is not in the keeping of
any one race; her destinies are too large
for that custody; the English race is only
one of many races with which her future
rests.—W. D. Howells in Harper's Mag-
azine.

Plenty of feed, flour, graham and
meal at Heisel's mill. tf

TEMPTATION.
You might as well say to the bee,
As he lights on the lip of a flower:
"Its beauty you're welcome to see,
But the honey must stay and get sour."
Do you think he would list to you long,
With the treasure just under his tongue?
No. He'd find the temptation too strong,
And make a bold dash for the prize.
Or, supposing a bird on a tree,
Where cherries were rosy and sweet,
And you told him to let them all be,
For you thought them too pretty to eat.
Do you think you could command he'd obey,
And with feasting his eyes be content?
No. "To let such fruit spoil," he would say,
"Was never Dame Nature's intent."
So do not be cruel and cold,
And ask me to promise in vain;
For when pretty lips open to scold,
They but tempt one to trespass again.
—George Crouch in Lies.

PELEG'S REBUKE.
"Grandpop," said little Peleg, "do you
remember a story you told me back about
New Year's time? A real good one it
was, grandpop," said Peleg, diplomati-
cally.
"Bout New Year's time, did ye say,
sonny?" replied the Old Settler, pleas-
antly. Lemme see—were it nat'ral hist'ry?"
"Well, there was an elk in it," said
Peleg.
"Aha! an elk, hay?" exclaimed the Old
Settler, nodding approvingly. "Were I
a-lamin' of him good? Did I rassel
him an' thump him till he beliered an'
bawled? Or were he a-jabbin' of me
inter the ground hisself, a foot or two at
ev'ry jab?" An elk, Peleg, ain't ez gentle
ez a suckin' dove when he pitches inter
ya. Which were on top, sonny, an' like-
liest to be cock o' the walk? Me or the
elk?"
"You was, grandpop, for you was rid-
ing him," replied Peleg.
"Oh! Jist takin' a leetle elk-back
spin 'round the kentry, hay?" said the
Old Settler. "That were jist like me,
b'gosh!"
"No!" replied Peleg. "The elk was
swimming. Don't you remember? You
was telling me about a time when you
and your mammy and your pop was
nearly starved to death. There wasn't
nothing in the house to eat, and at last
you went out to ketch some eels. You
got ketch'd in a flood, and the elk came
along in the flood, and you jumped on
its back and steered it right into your
pop's cabin, and at the same time the
flood washed down from way up the
creek a tree full of apples right to the
cabin door, and you and your pop and
your mammy lived high on elk meat
and apple pie. That's what the story
was about, grandpop. Do you remem-
ber it now?"
"Ruther!" said the Old Settler.
"Before you bring in the elk and the
apples you didn't have nothing in the
cabin to eat at all, did you, grandpop?"
"Not even a white bean, b'gosh!"
"Not as much as a little flour or corn
meal or buckwheat?"
"Ye k'd ha' stuck ev'ry drop o' flour,
corn meal an' buckwheat th' was in the
cabin inter a skeeter's eye, an' it wouldn't
ha' started a tear."
"But after you fetched in that elk and
apples you had apple pie, didn't you?"
"Bet ye! An' bang up apple pie it
were, too. No woman ez ever lived k'd
beat my ol' mammy makin' apple pie,
Peleg."
"Well, I've been wondering a good
while, grandpop."
"Hev ye, sonny? An' w'at hez been
the heft o' yer wonderin'?"
"I've been wonderin', grandpop, what
your mammy could have made her pie
crust out of," said Peleg, not without
fidgeting on his chair.
The Old Settler's smile gradually left
his face. He stroked his chin awhile,
and then lit his pipe. After a few em-
phatic whiffs he looked at Peleg.
"Peleg," said he, severely, "Bill Sim-
mons hez been helpin' ye 'long a consid-
able with yer wonderin', or else human
nature is differ'n' f'm w'at I think it is!"
"No, grandpop!" exclaimed Peleg. "I
think it up all by myself!"
The Old Settler smoked in silence for
so long a time that Peleg could scarcely
bear the suspense. At last his grand-
father spoke.
"I believe, Peleg," said the Old Settler,
"th' yer hain't never hed a tame grow.
Yer hed the measles, an' yer woked up
a consid'able o' stons bruises on yer heel.
Yer gran' mammy has made ye set poggy
reglar an' listen to Brother Van Slocum
ev' Sunday, an' 'casionally of an evenin'
yer hed to git the best o' the multiplicat-
ion table, and yev hed the mumps on
both sides to wurst. But ye never hed a
tame grow."
"A boy, Peleg, who has had a tame
grow to contend agin, an' hez contended
agin it an' yit grow'd up to a man an' a
gran'father, is a boy, b'gosh, etch ez
a gran'father. When I were a boy in
the Sugar Swamp deestrie' I hed two
tame grows an' contended agin 'em.
Wuther I ever grow'd up to be a man an'
a gran'father, it hain't fer me to say.
Wen I were a boy, one day ez I were
roamin' in the woods, I see a crow's
nest in th' top of a tall dead pine
tree. Now I couldn't see wuther
th' were anything in the nest or not, an'
fer all I know'd it mowt ha' been a las'
year's crow's nest, an' most ev'rybody
knows th' a las' year's crow's nest hain't
a much more valuable piece o' property
than an empty jug ten miled f'm a
tavern. But I w'at'n't chopped outen the
kind o' stuff th' were gointer let me
slide by that tree 'thout findin' out
wuther the nest were a las' year's or a
this year's, an' so I jist climb clean to
the top o' the pine to see. Wull, the nest
were a this year's, an' it had in it two
young grows, 'most ready to fly out an'
be teach't th' they're libble to break down
ez th' they're libble to break down
if too many grows lights on 'em to
wunst, an' th' the only thing th' is in
life fer a crow is cussedness, an' th' he
must alluz hev that cussedness onmix'd.
I made up my mind right off th' I'd jist
save these two young grows f'm a dis-
graceful flur'd, and so I lifted 'em outen
the nest, slid down the tree an' lugged
the youngsters hum.
"Ye mebbe don't know th' if ye slit a
crow's tongue w'en the varmint is young
I'll earn to talk ez glib ez a lightnin' rod
peddler; but wuther ye know it or not,
it's so. So w'en these two got a leetle
older I clipped their wings an' slit their
tongues. Twa'n't long 'fore them grows
k'd talk a streak, an' in six months—Jee-
whizz! but they was cokers! They got
to handlin' stage driver and bark peeler
talk ruther easy, too, an' w'ile that made
their conversation a leetle sparklin' for
ord'nary ev'ry day business' bout Sugar
Swamp, it were a leetle on the nutmeg
grater order w'en the dominie were to
our house to dinner on Sunday. One
Sunday, I remember, my mammy took
Ebenezzer an' Hanner—that was the
names I give the grows—an' put 'em
outen the house, they was so onpolite;
but that made 'em mad, an' they flew
fast to one winder an' then to another,
an' holler'd in at the dominie setch
warm advice th' if he'd ha' followed it
he'd a gone on the double quick to a
place he'd ben a warnin' the most o'
Sugar Swamp deestrie' away from fer
nigh onto twenty years.
"One evenin' me an' my mammy was
settin' in the kitchen, peelin' apples.
Ebenezzer an' Hanner was discussin' to-
gether over in one corner. I were goin'
on to 16 then, an' were thinkin' a good
deal of a gal named Polly Tubbs. My
mammy didn't like Polly, an' I'd ruther
ha' took the wust kind of a lickin' th'n
th' she sh'd hear th' I had a notion fer
the gal. Bimeby Hanner she hopped up
on the back of a cheer, an' cockin' her
head to one side she says to me:
"What was you an' Polly Tubbs a
sneakin' to 'as' night?"
"An' yer pockets full of mother's
doughnuts, too?" hollers Ebenezer f'm
the floor.
"He's a sly un!" says Hanner.
"An' his syeeth hain't hardly out
yit, nuther!" hollers Ebenezer.
"Wull, the truth o' the matter were, I
had tol' my mammy I were goin' to meet
in the night afore, but 'stid o' that me
an' Polly had gone to an apple cut at o'
Jake Sipe's; an' I had took a lot o'
mammy's doughnuts she'd ben bakin' for
the dominie's donation. Wain't I
took back nor nuthin' at them tame
grows a-blurtin' out the hull business?
Jee-whizz! but I felt cheap!
"Polly Tubbs, is it? says my mammy,
whangin' me 'longside the ear. 'You jist
Polly Tubbs off to bed, an' let me ever
hear o' you an' that creatur' agin; that's
all!"
"Good night, Silas!" hollers Hanner,
ez I dug fer bed.
"Sleep tight!" yells Ebenezer.
"An' w'at does them grows do the next
day but go over to Polly's an' tell her
th' I got my ears boxed an' sent to bed
for goin' to the apple cut with her; an'
Polly she jist gives me the mitted dead
for Bill Silver!"
"An' so ev'ry day, an' ev'ry night fer
that matter, them grows th' I had inter-
duced to 'spectable society an' made
sumpin' of, kep' a playin' rigs on me an'
a knockin' all my plans in the head. But
I contended with 'em, an' grow'd; an'
w'en one night durin' 'practed meetin'
Hanner an' Ebenezer sneaked in unbek-
nown to anybody, an' w'ile Deacon Skin-
ner were exhortin', ez solemm ez solemm
k'd ben an' tears in his eyes, jumped up
on a seat an' sung 'He's a jolly good
feller' at the top o' their lungs, an' Brother
Wacker carried 'em out an' wrung both
of their necks. I jist said to myself that
arter livin' through them same grows I
guess I'd cheer up agin most any-
thing. But, Peleg, I didn't think I were
gointer live to hev a gran'son w'od
lay awake o' nights a wonderin' an' a
thinkin' 'up things all by hisself, ev'ry
one on 'em a sinivation agin his poor ol'
gran'pop. I didn't think that, an' I'll
go to bed now a-thinkin', b'gosh, how wus-
ter th'n two tame grows it is to hev a
sinivatin' child!"—Ed Mott in New York
Sun.

Killing Canada Thistles.
Joseph Harris says: The old fashioned
summer fallow was an excellent method
of killing thistles, but we have outgrown
it. Our farmers prefer to use phosphates
and grow a crop of oats or barley or
other spring sown crops instead of let-
ting the land lie fallow. In this way
they are probably right, but this con-
stant cropping creates a necessity for
better cultivation. We plant corn or
oatoes and give them sufficient cultiva-
tion between the rows to hold the thistles
in check. The shade from the corn also
dwarfs the thistles, but does not kill the
roots. The next spring, the land is
plowed and sown to oats or barley,
and as soon as the crop is harvested the
land is again plowed and sown, the first
of September, to winter wheat. Grass
seed is sown with the wheat in the fall,
and with clover seed on the surface the
following spring. The clover is mown
for hay and afterwards for seed, and the
next year is sometimes plowed up again
or is allowed to remain another year
either for pasture or for timothy hay.
Probably no better rotation of crops can
be adopted in the winter wheat growing
sections. But great care must be exer-
cised to kill thistles and other weeds, or
the thistles, especially, will overrun our
farms. Fall plowing after the corn or
potatoes or beans are removed and thor-
ough and repeated plowing after the
oats and barley are harvested are the
true methods of killing thistles.

A Good Theology.
Ought our religion to repel or attract?
My little child, 4 years old, said to her
mother: "Mamma, I saw in a book a
picture of a man and a picture of God,
and the man looked awfully frightened
because he saw God. Now," she says,
"if I had been there and God had come in,
I would not have been frightened; I
would have just gone right up and put
my arms around his neck and kissed
him." Well, I thought that was pretty
good theology. In other words, religion
ought to invite our caresses instead of
driving the world howling away, as
though it were something disagreeable,
repulsive, and to be hated.—Rev. T. De
Witt Taft in New York Observer.

Dasher—I hope you don't object to my
smoking.
Rev. Mr. Mylde—N—not in the least,
if you don't object to my being sick,—
Pick Me Up.

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month and you will soon have a fine furnished house
and hardly realize the cost. Call and see.
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the best of all restorative tonics. It is potent
specific for all those Chronic Weakness and
Diseases peculiar to Women's a powerful,
general as well as specific, tonic and nerve, it
imparts vigor and strength to the whole system;
it purifies the blood, restores the system, causes
indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous pro-
stration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex,
it is carefully compounded by an experienced
physician, and adapted to woman's delicate
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pants \$4, \$5, \$6, \$7.50 and upwards.
Will guarantee a fit.
Prices Defy Competition.

WANTED—an offer on the following
described property: Lot 7 Block 89, L 6
B 95, L 1 B 6, L 8 B 61, in Plattsburgh,
Lots 9, 10, 11 and 12 Block 7, L 1 B 3, L
9, 10 and 11 B 11, L 7 and 8 B 5, L 5, 6,
7 and 8 B 15, L 1 and 2 B 13, L 5 and 6
B 6, L 4 B 4, L 1 and 2 B 1 and 2, all in
Townsend's addition.
d-1-W WINDHAM & DAVIES

BANKS
THE CITIZENS
BANK!
PLATTSMOUTH, - NEBRASKA.
CAPITAL STOCK PAID IN, - \$50,000
Authorized Capital, \$100,000.
OFFICERS:
FRANK CARRUTH, JOS. A. CONNOR,
President, Vice-President
W. H. CUSHING, Cashier.
DIRECTORS:
Frank Carruth, J. A. Connor, F. R. Guthmann,
J. W. Johnson, Henry Beck, John O'Keefe,
W. D. McRian, Wm. Watercamp, W.
H. Cushing.
Transacts a General Banking Business. All
who have any banking business to transact
are invited to call. No matter how
small the transaction, it
will receive our careful attention,
and we promise always our
best service.
Issues Certificates of Deposits bearing Interest
Buys and sells Foreign Exchange, County
and City Securities.

FIRST NATIONAL
BANK!
OF PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.
Offers the very best facilities for the prompt
transaction of legitimate
BANKING BUSINESS.
Stocks, Bonds, Gold, Government and Local
Securities Bought and Sold, Deposits received,
and interest allowed on time Certi-
ficates, Drafts drawn, available in any
part of the United States and all
the principal towns of
Europe.
Collections made & promptly remitted.
Highest market prices paid for County War-
State and County Bonds.

BANK OF CASS COUNTY
Cor. Main and Fifth Sts., Plattsburgh.
PAID UP CAPITAL \$50,000
SURPLUS \$20,000
OFFICERS:
C. H. FARMELE, President
FRED GORDEK, Vice President
J. M. PATTERSON, Cashier
J. R. PATTERSON, Jr., Asst. Cashier
DIRECTORS:
C. H. Parmele, J. M. Patterson, Fred Gordek,
J. B. Smith, R. B. Windham, B. S. Ramsey,
Jas. Patterson Jr.

A General Banking Business Transacted
Accounts Solicited, Interest allowed on time
deposits, and prompt attention given to all
business entrusted to its care.
WM. L. BROWNE,
LAW OFFICE.
Personal attention to all Business Entru-
st to my care.
NOTARY IN OFFICE.
Titles Examined, Abstracts Compiled, In-
surance Written, Real Estate Sold.
Better Facilities for making Farm Loans than
Any Other Agency
Plattsburgh, - Nebraska
R. E. WINDHAM, JOHN A. DAVIES,
Notary Public, Notary Public
WINDHAM & DAVIES,
Attorneys - at - Law
Office over Bank of Cass County.
PLATTSMOUTH, - NEBRASKA