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MEN WHO WEAR CORSETS.

VERY PRETTY ONES, TOO, AND THEY COST \$10 OR MORE.

How to Tell When a Man Has One On. Is Man More Proud of His Shape Than Woman?—It is Difficult to Find Where the Expensive Shapers Are Made.

There is in one of the corset manufactories of New York a little blonde haired woman who has for many years made a specialty of men's corsets, and has established an extensive business in a western city. She had a man trained to take the measures and fit the corsets, and frequently she or her forewoman never saw the customers for whom they made corsets regularly. It is a very paying business, for men rarely question the price of an article they wish to purchase, and men's corsets are always made to order and never kept in stock. A woman the shape of a tub and a woman the shape of a broomstick will buy the same make of corsets in different sizes, and somehow fit herself into them; but if a man wants a corset at all he wants it to fit, and the cheapest ones made to order cost \$10.

They do not differ materially from a woman's corset in construction, being made of the same material, only with heavier bones and stronger steels. They differ very materially in shape, however, being shorter and nearly straight up and down, though the constant wearing of the corsets conduces to add fullness of chest, which compensates for the pretty bust curve and slope to a woman's waist. They are usually made of gray satin or coutil, but occasionally a very fastidious customer is found who orders the daintiest of materials and decorations.

REGULAR BEAUTIES.

One of the lady's customers always wore satin corsets of a delicate color, flossed and laced with silk. He was very stout, and broke a great many of the silk laces, which a woman will wear almost a year without breaking. One of his latest orders is a Nile green satin corset flossed and laced with cardinal silk, and trimmed at the top and bottom with fine white lace, for which he paid \$25 with no demerit.

Another customer was so extremely modest that he never went into the store, but his wife took his measure and ordered the corsets, fitting them on herself when they were finished. It requires three visits to insure a perfect fitting corset—one for the measure, which is taken very carefully; one for the fitting, when only half the laces are in and the steels basted in place, and one for the final examination, when everything is finished. After one perfectly fitting corset has been made, however, only one fitting is required.

Corsets are worn most by actors, the fit of whose garments furnishes at present a large proportion of their stock in trade. Then there are clerks who sit bending over desks all day and half the night, to whom corsets are frequently recommended by their physicians as a help toward straightening their curved spines, men who from some injury or physical imperfections are obliged to wear them, and a fair percentage of dudes who rejoice in a small waist and a smoothly fitting coat. An ambitious cutter in one of the small establishments, where a suit of clothes may be purchased for the price of a brown stone block, has an idea of winning an heiress for his wife at some popular summer resort where he spends his vacations, and accordingly arranges himself in all the elegance the establishment affords, looks himself into a double boned corset, and lays siege to the hearts of the fair ones. Before he adopted the corset he buckled a broad belt of heavy leather about his body at the waist, but as he grew stout this expedient lost its efficacy.

A man's corsets are as readily detected by his fellow men as the faintest touch of rouge on a woman's face is always discovered by her sister woman. Gentlemen say that a man in corsets goes up stairs like a woman and walks differently, and that if you observe him closely for a few minutes he will give a little peculiar hitch to his shoulders, as if he were endeavoring to pull himself up out of the corsets. It was by watching Berry Wall mount a flight of stairs that it was fully determined that he was laced into a snugly fitting corset. His wife accompanied him, and they made the same motions in the ascent. Both the king dude and his roly poly little chum wore corsets regularly on important occasions. It was at Mrs. Griswald's on Broadway that the pink haired duke returned a pair of baby blue satin corsets trimmed with lace, after they had been fitted three times, to have them made a half an inch smaller, and his anxious perplexity was very amusing to the mischievous merry maiden who fitted them on.

THE PRINCE WEARS THEM.

It is no secret that Omond Tearle wore corsets, and that Kylie Dellow wears them still. The noble Antony has them made in London in a little shop in Conduit street. They are not trimmed with pink lace or embellished with embroidery, which is the only surprising thing about them, but they are deliciously small and very short, not more than six or eight inches long. In the same shop the Duke of Beaufort has the pink satin, lace edged corsets, which he makes no secret of wearing, manufactured and embroidered with his monogram surmounted by a ducal coronet. He is an old, decrepit man, with a wrinkled yellow face and a fringe of white whiskers, and so bent over with age that the line of his corsets is plainly discernible through his dress coat.

It is said that the Prince of Wales... them, too, and that that is why he has abandoned horseback riding. Corsets are worn quite extensively by men in Paris, and all the handsome officers in the German army wear corsets under their uniforms.

Though corsets are worn by men in New York, it is extremely difficult to find out where they are made. There is no special manufactory for them, and though most of the first class corset places receive orders for them occasionally, they are very reticent on the subject, for any publicity given to the fact would destroy the business altogether. There is one bright woman corset maker on Fourteenth street who advertises to make a specialty of men's corsets and receives a great many orders, which she fills simply by taking women's corsets of large size and removing the gores in the bust and taking out some of the fullness at the hips. Merchant tailors would hail with delight the general use of corsets, as they would render the fitting of garments much easier, and enable them to keep smooth and in shape much longer.

It is the stout men who take to them most kindly and who suffer most in wearing them, and it is hinted that two of the handsomest "dress coat actors" in New York resort to their use on the stage. Watch the man who never leans back comfortably in his chair, whose coat does not pull in lines at every button or gradually work up toward his shoulders, and whose chest is unusually round and full, and if he seems at intervals to be pulling himself up out of his garments by the shoulders and goes upstairs with an inflexible back, you may safely infer that he is laced into a pair of \$10 steels, though he wouldn't admit it any sooner than a woman would own her shoes were too tight.—New York Sun.

THE FIRST PARTING.

"Come, Eva, kiss mamma good night, and go with nurse to bed." "What, tears? for shame! a moment since you would be good, you said." "You're quite too big a girlie now to sleep in baby's place." "Why soon you will be tall enough to go to school with Grace." "So kneel beside me, darling, here, and say your prayers, and I will sing that little hymn you love, of guarding angels which." "And when the ladies wake you up, tell Mary you say 'no'." "To have a romp in mamma's bed; just think, what lots of fun!" "The mother in the morning came, in longing, anxious mood; With throbbing heart and dewy eyes beside the bed she stood; Where Eva still slept soundly, her arms embracing tight. The gown her mother wore when she had kissed her pet good night. Its ribbons with her silent tears were stained and limp and wet. Around the white and dimpled neck an empty sleeve was set; While Mary slept she stole away, ere dawn had lit the sky. That something of her idol near her slender breast might lie; Unheeded, save by Him who marks each grief endured alone. She sought and found her solace for the first that she had known."—Philadelphia Times.

He Couldn't Eat the Soup.

An elderly gentleman in a restaurant having been served with a plate of soup he had ordered, said to the waiter: "Look here, I can't eat this soup." "All right; I'll get you another plate." "On receiving the second plate the guest once more remarked: "It's no use. I can't eat this soup." "Then the waiter went to the proprietor and said: "The old gentleman over there is complaining about the soup. He says he can't eat it." "You don't know how to wait on people. I'll attend to him." The proprietor went to the kicking guest and said, blandly: "I understand you say there is something the matter with the soup?" "I didn't say anything of the kind." "You said you couldn't eat it." "Yes, I said I couldn't eat it." "Will you tell me why you can't eat that soup?" "Certainly. I haven't got any spoon."—Texas Siftings.

A Perfect Man.

Several years ago an artist of Dresden persuaded a locksmith there to give up his trade and become an artist's model. It was a good thing for the locksmith, who is now the famous "muscle man" of Dresden, whose magnificently developed body makes him probably the most renowned model in the world. In order to preserve for future artists an exact duplicate of his extraordinary figure, the director of the Royal Saxon Porzellan-fabrik at Meissen, recently invited him there that a cast from life might be taken of the upper part of his body. It is said that "his muscular development is so complete and detailed that even the least and slightest cord of every muscle stands forth prominently, and his whole body looks as if it were woven together, or plaited like basket work. His muscles have such a hardness that they feel to the touch as if they were carved in wood."—Brooklyn Eagle.

UNCLE SAM'S CLUB HOUSE.

OBSERVED IN THE CORRIDORS OF NEW YORK POSTOFFICE.

Sad Scenes and Laughable Incidents—Some of the Queer Blunders That Are Made Daily—The Letters That Never Come—A Party of Italians Pay a Visit.

It is a fact worthy of mention that among the 30,000 persons who daily visit the postoffice not a single professional thief, pickpocket or swindler is ever allowed to enter the corridors. The watchmen know them all by sight and most of them by name, and the entrances are guarded with a care that saves many an honest dollar from finding its way into dishonest palms. The postoffice is the largest and most popular club house in this country. Here every day business appointments are made, engagements are fixed, calls from out of town visitors are received, goods are bargained for, stocks are bought and sold, real estate is traded in, letters are written, papers are read, telegrams are sent and messages are brought back. Every phase of life shown in this big town is here presented daily. It is the people's club house, and yet in spite of the jumble of interests, the crushing of crowds and the diversity of errands, there is no more orderly spot in New York, nor is there a more interesting place to observe what metropolitan life really is. Let us stand in this corridor for an hour or two and watch the scene.

HE WANTED A ROOM.

This is not the busiest room of the post-office day, but it is sufficiently busy to keep one's interest from flagging. A long line of men and boys file slowly past the stamp window in the Broadway corridor. The leader is a fashionable Fifth avenue clergyman; behind him is a messenger boy; next follows a corpulent man who is trying to make amends by tramping on the messenger's heels in his haste; a nervous, dyspeptic man who drops his glasses, fumbles over his change, asks for stamps he doesn't want, and keeps the line waiting until his mistakes are rectified, are part of the line that is never longer and never shorter, and continually laughing.

"What link you do for me today?" "A tall man, with boots too big, trousers too short, coat too tight and hat too large, has placed his carpenter on the stone floor in front of the registered letter window."

"What do you want?" asks the clerk. "What in thunder do you s'pose I want? A room not too all fired high up, and I ain't particular about the price, for I am going to be!"

"Across the street. Go out the door just behind you, one block down on the right, ask and you'll be accommodated."

The man had mistaken the postoffice for the Astor House—by no means an uncommon blunder. "Is there a letter for me?" "A little woman, painfully thin and pallid as to her face, and dressed in a suit that had been brushed, turned and made over so many times that its poverty and its meanness were its chief features, stands before one of the general delivery windows. She is one of the 5,000 persons who ask at these two windows every day for the 1,000 letters that are given out."

"Name?" "Margaret Sylvester." "Nothing." "The look of hope that had softened a few of the careworn wrinkles in her pale face into comparative smoothness dies out."

"When do you get the next mail from Pueblo, Colo.?" "Three o'clock." "And she gives way to the man—a little old man, a bent and crooked little old man—who comes every day, rain or sunshine, snow or hail, to ask for the letter that will never come, and he is followed by others."

FOR BUSINESS AND PLEASURE. Here comes a man who is looking for some one. He walks through the crowded corridors gazing intently into every face that he meets. At last he spies the object of his search in a far end of the corridor, and a moment later they are immersed in business. Here an insurance agent lies in wait for a prospective customer who promised to meet him in the Park row corridor at 11 o'clock, and they retire into a corner for a half hour's exhibition of deliberate cruelty on the one hand and patient heroism on the other worthy of the victims of the Spanish Inquisition in its palmist days. Now come two fashionably dressed women, who walk down the corridor casting glances to the right and to the left. Two young men leave the crowd and address them, and the quartet pass out of the building into the street.

"Where's the ticket office?" "In the gray hallway at the head of the stairs." "What ticket office?" "What do you suppose? I want the Third Avenue elevated, and I'm in a hurry. Where is it?"

The watchman smiles and directs the man to the city hall station. It is the second time this mistake has happened within the past week, and as a rule it occurs once a week the year through.

"Can you tell me where the mayor's room is?" asks a corpulent man from out of town of the watchman.

"You will find it in the city hall, one block farther on. Ask the first policeman you meet," and the deputy watchman turns away to direct two anxious women which car they should take to reach the Staten Island ferry.

Who are these callers? They are certainly strangers to the postoffice attendants. There are five in the party. The leader is tall, bronzed and clad in the picturesque costume of an Italian peasant. Behind him is a woman carrying a crowing baby in her arms. After them come another man, a strapping and a girl. As they enter the corridor the men reverently remove their broad-brimmed hats, the woman silences the crowing baby, and the party make the sign of the cross upon their breasts and bow their knees as they pass the threshold of the door.

They are direct from Castle Garden, and have walked up Broadway on their way to friends in Mulberry street. They have mistaken the postoffice for a cathedral, and have stepped in to pay their devotions.

And thus the panorama of life is presented from morning until night. The dull, gray walls of the people's club house could tell queer tales were they gifted with tongues.—New York Star.

Hammering Brass. A plain and unattractive piece of brass can be made into a beautiful, as well as useful, article with a light hammer and four simple tools.

The tools can be purchased from a hardware store for 25 cents upward. One is a piece of steel called a tracer, six inches long, and sloped towards the edge until a flat strip one-eighth of an inch wide is produced. The edge should be about as sharp as a screw driver.

Another tool is made by roughening the end of a piece of steel by filing diagonally and across it. Still another tool is shaped like a gauge with a screw driver edge, and one like a shoemaker's awl with a blunt end. These tools are necessary, but others will be found useful as your work progresses.

Procure a piece of brass the thickness of a Bristol board and screw it down on a table or board. Now for a design, take a clover leaf; draw it on the brass with a sharp lead pencil. Take the tool that resembles a screw driver in one hand, holding it with the thumb and first finger, and placing it on the stem of the leaf, with a constant tapping of the hammer move the tool along the edge.

After you have sufficiently beaten the edge of the clover down, with the tool that has the cross filed end beat the background down, when your work should stand out in relief. Once more go around the clover with the tracer to make a clean edge.

After two or three successful leaves, try several leaves arranged on a round piece of brass, with one and a half inch margin. When it is done take it to a tinsmith and have a candlestick made out of it. Other pretty as well as useful things that can be made out of brass are match boxes, picture frames, smoking sets, etc.—Philadelphia Times.

Silver Deadhead Ticket. Probably the most unique railroad pass issued this year is that of the Silverton Railroad company of Colorado. It is a thin silver plate, about the size and shape of passes in general use. On the upper left hand corner of the face of the plate is a vignette showing a curve of the road between Silverton and Ouray. The pass is rolled from silver bars and stamped, the vignette and lettering, with the exception of the president's name, being in relief. The name is intaglio, and is gilded, as are the vignette and scroll. The number of the pass and the name of the person to whom it is issued are engraved by hand.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Floating Hospitals. A novel idea is the fitting up of a steamer in England as a "sea going hospital." This is for the benefit of the deep sea fishermen, who are subject to sickness and accidents, and often have to endure great suffering before they can be taken ashore for treatment. One steamer has already been prepared and dispatched on this mission and another will be sent out as soon as it can be got ready.—San Francisco Chronicle.

72. BROWN BUILDING.

- 84. Bruhl Jos.
85. Bank of Cass county.
65. Beeson, A. res.
20. " office.
20. Bennett, L. D. store.
45. " res.
4. Bonner stables.
71. Brown, W. L. office.
88. " res.
87. Ballou, O. H. res.
71. " office.
8. B. & M. tel. office.
30. B. & M. round house.
19. Blake, John saloon.
69. Bach, A. grocery.
51. Campbell, D. A. res.
61. Chapman, S. M. res.
22. City hotel.
13. Clark, T. coal office.
25. Clerk district court.
68. Connor, J. A. res.
5. County Clerks office.
20. Covell, Polk & Beeson, office.
74. Cox, J. R. res.
82. Craig, J. M. res.
70. Critchfield, Bird res.
31. Cummins & Son, lumber yard.
19. " J. C. farm.
57. Cook, Dr. office.
17. Clark, A. grocery store.
55. Clark, Byron office.
101. Cummins, Dr. Ed., office.
25. District court office.
66. Dovey & Son, store.
73. Dovey, Mrs. Georgettes.
80. Emmons, J. H. Dr. office and res.
24. First National bank.
91. Fricke, F. G. & Co., drug store.
78. Gleason, John res.
22. Goos hotel
28. Gering, H. drug store.
81. " res.
35. Hadley, dray and express.
38. HERALD office.
44. Holmes, C. M., res.
99. Hatt & Co., meat market.
64. Hemple & Troop, store.
98. Hall, Dr. J. H., office.
97. " res.
44. Holmes, C. M., livery stable.
96. Hall & Craig, agricultural imp.
4. Jones, W. D., stable.
40. Journal office.
89. Johnson Bros., hardware store.
67. Johnson, Mrs. J. F., millinery.
67. Johnson, J. F., res.
10. Klein, Joseph, res.
14. Kraus, P., fruit and confectionery
50. Livingston, Dr. T. P., office.
49. Livingston, res.
50. Livingston, Dr. R. R., office.
83. Manager Waterman Opera House.
33. McCourt, F., store.
73. McClaken, H. C., res.
3. Murphy, M. B., store.
26. Murphy, M. B., res.
72. McClaken, ice office.
60. Minor, J. L., res.
52. McVey, saloon.
15. Moore, L. A., res. and floral garden
77. Neville, Wm., res.
54. Olliver & Ranges, meat market
100. Olliver & Range slaughter house. Pub. Tel. Station.
29. Palmer, H. E. res.
21. Peterson Bros., meatmar ket.
56. Peterson, R., res.
27. Polk, M. D., res.
93. Patterson, J. M., res.
75. Riddle house.
10. Ritchie, Harry.
64. Schildknecht, Dr. office.
11. Shipman, Dr. A. office.
12. " res.
25. Showalter, W. C. office.
42. Siggins, Dr. E. L. res.
28. " office.
76. Streight, O. M. stable.
57. Smith, O. P. drug store.
16. Skinner & Ritchie, abstract and loan office.
40. Sherman, C. W. office.
10. Todd, Ammi res.
94. Troop & Hemple, store.
90. Thomas, J. W. Summit Garden.
32. Water Works, office.
37. Water works, pump house.
29. Waugh, S. res.
23. Weber, Wm. saloon.
36. Weckbach & Co., store.
36. Weckbach, J. V., res.
8. Western Union Telegraph office.
47. White, F. E., res.
7. Windham, R. B., office.
6. Windham & Davies, law office.
43. Wise, Will, res.
34. Withers, Dr. A. T., res.
83. Young, J. P., store.
S. BUZZELL, Manager.

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