

His Maiden Effort.

The big family of railroad men, brokers and lawmakers who take their evening relaxation at the Windsor hotel are enjoying a story from General Schuyler Hamilton. It comes from the legislative halls of a western state, where an ambitious member attempted his maiden speech. He had written out his remarks, which began, "There is one thing I cannot see," and reached the Capitol on the eventful day set for its delivery, confident that the manuscript reposed safely in an inside pocket.

Getting the speaker's eye, the new member began, "There is one thing, Mr. Speaker, that I cannot see," meanwhile diving into his coat for the speech. It was not where he expected to find it, but fearing to lose his chance, and still confident that it would turn up, his hands flew around to the pockets of his coat tails, and he continued, "I say, Mr. Speaker, that there is one thing I cannot see." The precious paper was still elusive and the member began to plunge through his pockets in a desperate hunt for the speech. His associates saw his plight and became interested.

"I repeat, Mr. Speaker," he blustered, "that there is one thing I cannot see." By this time the assembly was snickering. The speech could not be found and the speaker was stumped. He took his seat, red and perspiring, with a general guffaw to add to his discomfort. Then rose the wag of the assembly.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, "the honorable gentleman from Winona informs me that there is one thing he cannot see. There is also one thing I cannot see, but which every other member can see, and that is the back of my neck."

The member from Winona has indefinitely postponed his maiden effort.—New York Times.

Monkeys as Coin Testers.

It is said that the great ape of Siam is in great request among the Siamese merchants as cashiers in their counting houses. Vast quantities of base coins are known to be in circulation in Siam, and, according to advices from that scorched up little oriental kingdom, no living human can discriminate between the good and bad coinage with as much accuracy as these apes. These monkey cashiers possess the faculty of distinguishing the rude Siamese counterfeits in such an extraordinary degree that no trained banker can compete with them in their unique avocation.

In plying his trade the ape cashier meditatively put each coin presented to him in his mouth and tests it with grave deliberation. From two to five seconds is all the time this intelligent animal requires in making up his decision. If the coin is all right it is carefully deposited in the proper receptacle; if base it is thrown violently to the floor, while the coin tester makes known his displeasure at being presented with the counterfeit by giving vent to much angry chattering.—St. Louis Republic.

Couldn't Dance.

One of our northern friends who has been traveling in the south found himself at a railroad station at which quite a crowd of negro boys were gathered. Some of the passengers amused themselves by tossing nickels out among the crowd to see theurchins scramble for them. One strong fellow managed to get the lion's share of the contributions, using his superior skill and muscular power to good advantage and imposing upon the weaker and more awkward.

With his mouth, which answered the purpose of a pocketbook, full of coin obtained thus by hauling, pulling and shoving, he was invited to dance for the delectation of the company, whereupon he unhesitatingly declared that it was impossible, for, as he said, "I got religion." That was where he drew the line. He could pound and shove and misuse his superior strength to obtain money from his weaker companions, but he couldn't dance.—Richmond Religious Herald.

To Cure Corpulency.

To open the sewerage system of the body and expel the waste matters which have accumulated is of the first importance in the treatment of corpulency. Hot water and exercise will largely do this. That the overworked digestive organs may be relieved the quantity of food should be the smallest possible consistent with strength. Foods which burden digestion or favor the production of fat should be excluded from the diet.

Every corpulent person who observes these simple rules will soon find himself growing lighter in weight and his general health improving, physical as well as mental. His gain will correspond to the degree of faithfulness with which he adheres to this regimen. And once he is back to near the standard of weight he will need no urging to ever afterward obstruct threatening corpulency.—Boston Herald.

We've All Been There.

"No," said Fogg, "it's no use for me to go to concerts. I went once, and liked it well enough too; but great guns! when I took up next morning's paper I was flabbergasted. It told of rambles in bosky dells, slumbrous musings over the dimpled waters of the gurgling brook, the sighing of summer breezes, the roar and rush of the winter's storm, the merry singing of birds, the frolicking of lambs, the daisy piled fields, the lovers' soft glances, and—and in fact half a hundred other things that I didn't see or hear when that fellow was fiddling at the concert. It made me so ashamed of myself that all these things were going on right in front of me and I not know it that I just made up my mind that concerts weren't in my line."—Boston Transcript.

Miss Louise Imogene Guiney, daughter of the late General P. R. Guiney, has been invited to read an original poem at the Sherman memorial meeting in Boston, June 4. General Hawley will deliver the oration.

The Equiman dog will eat almost any of the dried fruits. The sour or acid fruits, as the orange, lemon, lime, shaddock, etc., as well as the sour plums and the bitter olives, are rarely eaten.

HATS OF MONEY KINGS.

THE DAILY PROCESSION OF TILES WORN IN WALL STREET

Silk Hats in Greatest Numbers—Few Straw Hats Worn—Peculiar Headgear of Well-Known Financiers—Jay Gould Wears Derby Hats Altogether.

The procession of hats in Wall street is worth viewing. Everybody must needs visit Wall street at one time or another so more kinds of hats are seen there perhaps than anywhere else. It is, however, to the hats worn by men famed in finance that the most interest attaches. The hat never makes the man, but it often betrays the characteristics of a man. As a rule the money kings are less particular about the hats they wear than are their clerks. They have more important things to think about. Hats good enough for them in one season are good enough for them in another. The consequence is some millionaires wear decidedly antiquated and rusty tiles.

Jay Gould used to be very precise in his dress. His clothes, while of modest pattern, were made by a fashionable tailor, and were always correct in fit and finish. In the cold months Mr. Gould wore a high silk hat, and in the hot months a high white hat. Of late years Mr. Gould has been less particular about his dress. He has worn dark clothes entirely, and he has worn them out too. He has ceased wearing high hats altogether. In the summer his head covering is a light derby and in other seasons of the year a black derby.

There was a time when in the hottest spells Mr. Gould affected a Panama hat. Although this kind of hat was probably the most comfortable one he could find for the dog days he gave it up for some reason for the derby. Mr. Gould does not change his hats with the styles, but makes them do service as long as they will. It is said that when Mr. Gould was a young man he was almost a fop. He is still neat in his attire. His shirt front is always immaculate and he is always carefully brushed, but he has relaxed into staid and conventional ways of dressing.

MOSTLY SILK TILES.

George J. Gould, the eldest son of Jay Gould, is plain but particular in his attire. He is a young man of athletic build, and is a refutation of the saying that clothes make the man. Most of the time he wears a derby like his father. Occasionally he is seen with a silk hat. In the not spells he puts on a straw hat.

Russell Sage wears a high silk hat or a high white hat according to the season. In rainy weather or when he is going for a drive he dons a derby. He generally carries a silk handkerchief in his pocket, with which he brushes his silk hat whenever he puts it on. Mr. Sage is very exact in his dress. Both on leaving his house and his office he carefully brushes himself. He has a shoe brush in one of the desks at his office, and he gives his shoes a smart rubbing at the conclusion of business each day.

Cyrus W. Field's tall form is made to look taller by a high silk hat, which, however, is discarded for a straw hat in the heated term. Mr. Field is particular to see that the nap of his silk hat is brushed the right way, but he is rather near sighted, and rarely goes to a meeting without picking up somebody else's hat in place of his own. Once in a while he gets the best of the bargain, but as a rule, he says, he is the loser.

Collis P. Huntington is one of the few men who wear head coverings both indoors and out. At home as well as in his office he wears a silk cap. The practice is more from force of habit than anything else. Mr. Huntington has little to fear from draughts, because he has a splendid head of hair, and furthermore is a powerfully built man and has scarcely known a day of sickness in his life. In the street Mr. Huntington wears a silk hat, except on rainy days, when he puts on a derby.

D. O. Mills is a clerical looking man, and he accentuates his ministerial mien by wearing a silk hat of severe shape. In the summer he wears a tall white hat. Sidney Dillon, the president of the Union Pacific railroad, wears a derby with a broad black band, which he occasionally, in the evening or on Sunday, exchanges for a high silk hat. Mr. Dillon is a very tall man, and a silk hat makes him look a giant in comparison with the average man.

J. Pierpont Morgan wears both a silk hat and a derby, and one about as much as the other. He buys his hats in London, and they always attract attention by their contrast to American shapes. Mr. Morgan does not let his hats get rusty.

Addison Cammack, the bear leader in Wall street, generally wears a high silk hat in winter and a high white hat in summer.

DEACON WHITE'S HAT.

Deacon S. V. White wears a straw hat in summer, but the rest of the year a soft black hat covers his head. The memory of Wall street runneth not back to the time when Deacon White was ever seen in any other kind of hat than those named. If he were to possess a silk hat he would probably from habit try to double it up and put it in his pocket. He sits on his straw hats the same as on his soft hats.—New York Recorder.

A Platinum Saw.

It has been noticed that platinum, when placed in an electrical current, is heated to a dull redness. This fact is the basis of the invention of an electrical saw which will cut quickly and neatly the hardest wood.

The device is made of steel wire, upon which is deposited metallic platinum. By connecting this modified wire with the terminals of four Bunsen batteries the platinum is heated to a bright redness, and the saw is ready for business.—New York Journal.

A Streak of Luck.

Mrs. Portly Pompons—Oh, Bridget, you have broken that magnificent Japanese vase.
Bridget—Sure, mum, isn't it lucky that there was nothing in it.—Texas Siftings.

Election Day in Greece.

Election day is an exciting one in Greece. The last one was especially so in Athens. The people were to vote for members of parliament. The election occurs every four years. For a week previous to the polling all the men and boys were parading the streets, headed by a band. The Greeks are blessed with most powerful lungs, and their shouts of "Viva!" fairly drowned the braying of the donkeys. The interest was so intense that the young children shared it, and an American lady, passing a "mite of a boy" on the street, who was escorting a little girl home from school, gallantly carrying her books, heard him ask her if she had a vote!

The voting takes place in the churches on Sunday, consequently the customary service is dispensed with. In the church to which an American gentleman succeeded in finding access there were ranged round the church forty-two boxes, that being the number of the candidates.

These boxes were something the shape of a tea box, one half painted white, with "Yes" on it, and the other half black, with "No" on it.

Tin tubes projected from the front outward. Looking through these tubes one could see that the boxes were divided into two compartments. Beside each box stood a representative of the candidate, and over the box appeared the candidate's picture. Each voter, as he entered the church, had his name and address registered, and a check given him. The above mentioned representative then gave the voter a bullet, or vote, made of lead.

Formerly the dishonest voter would slip another bullet up his coat sleeve, and as he raised his arm to the tube the bullet would roll down, and two votes instead of one be cast; but the representative now watches to prevent cheating. Negative votes as well as affirmative must also be cast; that is, if a voter objects to a candidate, he must cast a negative bullet. The voter, of course, casts one vote at each box, or forty-two in all.—Cor. Youth's Companion.

The Chinaman's Purchase.

The Chinese are not supposed to have much talent or liking for humor, but a little story related by the author of "Three Years in Western China" shows that they are not altogether deficient in that respect.

Several of my followers were opium smokers, and one of my bearers had contracted a great craving for the drug. He was somewhat disreputable in appearance, but a willing worker. His baggage consisted of the clothes on his back and a small bundle containing his opium pipe and the necessary paraphernalia for smoking.

On leaving a certain village I noticed that the bundle had assumed larger dimensions, but my speculations as to its contents proved to be wide of the mark.

A few miles to the west of Yang-lin a halt was called for rest, and the cakes on the roadside stall were quickly bought and devoured. The opium smoker, meanwhile, sat apart on the edge of the stone road.

"How is it that you are all eating and drinking," said he to one of his comrades, "and I haven't a single cash to follow your example?"

The other man put his thumb to his mouth, and pretending to inhale, pronounced the single word, "Opium," at which the smoker smiled and was silent.

On the following day we were suddenly overtaken by a sharp rain storm, and when the other bearers were searching for shelter the smoker solemnly produced his bundle, gravely undid the cover, and proceeded to unfold and put on a first class waterproof coat which he had wisely purchased in the village to which we have referred. The astonishment on the other men's faces and the look of triumph in which the smoker indulged were a study.

The First Horse Car.

It was in 1831 that I devised the first street car, or omnibus, as it was then called. This car was composed of an extension to a coach body, with seats lengthwise instead of crosswise. On the outside of the vehicle was printed "Omnibus," in large letters. People would stand and look at this word and wonder what it meant. "Who is Mr. Omnibus?" many of them would inquire. I had a shop of my own at this time, and there I built the first horse car. It was run for the first time in 1832, from Prince street, in the Bowery, to Fourteenth street. This car had three compartments of ten seats each, entrance being had from the sides. On the top there were also three rows of seats, facing back and front, seating thirty persons.—John Stephenson in Ladies' Home Journal.

Salvation Army and the Crusades.

It is obvious that if we would find any analogy for the growth and force of this movement of the Salvation Army, we must go back to the enthusiasm exerted by the preaching of the Crusades, to the work of Francis and Dominic in founding the mendicant orders, to the Protestant Reformation, to the preaching of George Fox, or to the growth of Wesleyanism at the close of the last century. Further, no attentive student of early church history can fail to see many striking points of analogy between the methods adopted and the results achieved by the Salvation Army and those which astonished and disgusted the pagan world in the rapid success attained by the early missionaries of the Christian church.—Archdeacon Farrar in Harpers.

Various Hues.

Every once in a while the African mind will evolve an expression that has a wealth of grotesque poetry in it. An elderly man who is employed about one of the public buildings in this city was heard to remark:

"I dunno what Ise gwine ter do for close foh all ob my family?"

"Have you a large family, uncle?"

"Deed I is—seven chillun."

"Are they all the same color as you?"

"No, sah; dey varies, rangin' all de way f'om dusk ter midnight."—Washington Post.

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Monkeys That Fight with Stones.

The Gelada baboons sometimes have battles with the Hamadryads, especially when the two species have a mind to rob the same field, and if fighting in the hills, will roll stones on to their enemies. Not long ago a colony of Gelada baboons, which had been fired at by some black soldiers attending a duke of Coburg-Gotha on a hunting expedition on the borders of Abyssinia, blocked a pass for some days by rolling rocks on all comers. This seems to give some support to a curious objection raised by a Chinese local governor in a report to his superior on the difficulties in the way of opening to steamers the waters of the upper Yang-tse. The report, after noting that the inhabitants on the upper waters were ignorant men who might quarrel with strangers, went on to allege that monkeys, which inhabited the banks, would roll down stones on the steamers. "The two last facts," the report added, "would lead to complaint from the English and embroil the Celestials with them, especially if the men or the monkeys kill any English."—Spectator.

He Is Against Cremation.

"Don't you favor this idea of cremation?" asked the old gentleman in the horse car of the man who sat next to him.

"No, sir, I don't," said the other man emphatically. "Cremation and crime are synonymous terms with me. I have been in the gravestone business long enough to know that the old fashioned method of burial is in every way the best."—Somerville Journal.

Most birds are stoics compared to owls, and those who cultivate their acquaintance know that they have no time wherein to make their poetical complaints to the moon. Poets should not meddle with owls. Shakespeare and Wordsworth alone have understood them—by most others they have been scandalously libeled.

The most ancient description we have of a water pump is by Hero of Alexandria. There is no authentic account of the general use of the pump in Germany previous to the beginning of the sixteenth century. At about that time the endless chain and bucket works for raising water from mines began to be replaced by pumps.

The Ionian isles produce a loose lace, unique rather than handsome. It was used at first mainly in the churches and tombs. As antiquity more than doubles the price the shrewd natives blacken and mellow their work before offering it to the tourists, who take dirt as a voucher for age.

Americans are the greatest newspaper readers in the world. There are 17,000 newspapers published in the United States. It is said that a new publication is born every four hours and forty-eight minutes day and night; but fortunately or unfortunately the death rate is very high.

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" 5.....9:25 a. m.	" 8.....7:44 p. m.
" 7.....7:15 a. m.	" 10.....9:45 a. m.
" 9.....6:25 p. m.	" 12.....10:14 a. m.
" 11.....5:25 p. m.	" 20.....8:30 a. m.
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