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THE POSITIVE CURE.

ELY BROTHERS, 67 Warren St., New York. Price 50c.

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After using one bottle of "Mother's Friend" I can say that it is the best of all cough remedies. It is a perfect cure for all coughs, colds, and bronchitis. It is safe for all ages and is the best remedy for all ailments of the throat and lungs.

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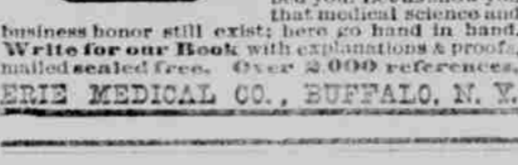
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QUICKLY, THOROUGHLY, FOREVER CURED

By using the perfect scientific method that cannot fail unless the case is beyond human aid. You feel improved the first day, feel a benefit every day; soon know yourself a king among men in body, mind and heart. Drains and losses ended. Every obstacle to happy married life removed. Nerve force, will power, brain power, when failing or lost, restored by this treatment. All small and weak portions of the body increased and strengthened.

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It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea, or in a slice of food, without the knowledge of the person taking it. It is absolutely harmless and will effect a permanent and complete cure. It is the only specific for a moderate drinker or an alcoholic. It NEVER FAILS. We GUARANTEE a complete cure in every instance. 45 page book FREE. Address in confidence.

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Sure cure for Asthma, Bronchitis, Cough, and all ailments of the throat and lungs. It is a perfect cure for all ailments of the throat and lungs. It is safe for all ages and is the best remedy for all ailments of the throat and lungs.

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AGENTS Do you want to make money? Send us ten cents and receive a sample, with full particulars of the business, and quick sales. Steady employment guaranteed. Address: **MAR'S & CO., 9 Portland St., Boston, Mass.**

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A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.

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DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED

By **PARKER'S HAIR BALM**

Cures all ailments of the throat and lungs. It is a perfect cure for all ailments of the throat and lungs. It is safe for all ages and is the best remedy for all ailments of the throat and lungs.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Cures all ailments of the throat and lungs. It is a perfect cure for all ailments of the throat and lungs. It is safe for all ages and is the best remedy for all ailments of the throat and lungs.

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The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, is a treasure more valuable than gold. Read it now, every WEAK and NERVOUS man, and learn to be STRONG. — Medical Review. (Copyrighted)

La Grippe Successfully Treated.

"I have just recovered from a second attack of the grip this year," says Mr. Jas. O. Jones, publisher of the Leader, Mexico Texas. "In the latter case I used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and I think with considerable success, only being in bed a little over two days, against the second attack, I am satisfied, would have been equally as bad as the first but for the use of this remedy, as I had to go to bed in about six hours after being struck with it, while in the first case I was able to attend to business about two days before getting down. 50 cent bottles for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

La Grippe.

No healthy person need fear any dangerous consequences from an attack of la grippe if properly treated. It is much the same as a severe cold and requires precisely the same treatment. Remain quietly at home and take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as directed for a severe cold and a prompt and complete recovery is sure to follow. This remedy also counteracts any tendency of la grippe to result in pneumonia. Among the many thousands who have used it during the epidemics of the past two years we have yet to learn of a single case that has not recovered or that has resulted in pneumonia. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

I feel it my duty to say a few words in regard to Ely's Cream Balm, and I do so entirely without solicitation. I have used it more or less half a year, and have found it to be most admirable. I have suffered from catarrh of the worst kind ever since I was a little boy and I never hoped for a cure, but Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many of my acquaintances have used it with excellent results. Oscar Ostum, 45 Warren Ave., Chicago Ill.

The population of Plattsmouth is about 10,000, and we would say at least neo-half are troubled with some affection on the throat and lungs, as those complaints are, according to statistics, more numerous than others. We would advise all our readers not to neglect the opportunity to call on their druggist and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs. Trial size free. Large bottle 50c. and \$1. Sold by all druggists.

Ely's Cream Balm is especially adapted as a remedy for catarrh which is aggravated by alkaline dust and dry winds. — W. A. Hoover Druggist, Denver.

A CLEVER TRICK.

How the Billers of a Gamekeeper in Ireland Saved Their Necks.

"See that man in the corner of the car?" said a gentleman to a Boston Globe man in a Back Bay car one evening last week. "Look him over quickly, for he will get out at the next stop." The man referred to was of medium height, well dressed, had a determined expression, and would pass as a business man.

"That man," continued the speaker, "figured in one of the most sensational murders ever committed in Ireland, and he escaped by one of the cleverest tricks known to the human mind. I refer to the shooting affray that took place on Lord Clifton's estate in a place called Brandon Hill, County Kilkenny, Aug. 7, 1888, when the poachers and five gamekeepers came together, and before they separated one member of each party was stretched on the field dying."

"One of the gamekeepers who pursued the poachers was more venturesome than the rest and started out in advance of his companions. After wandering about for an hour he was startled by a handsome bird dog bounding toward him. A moment later the dog lay struggling at his feet with a handful of buckshot in his head and breast. The discharge of the gun attracted one of the poachers named Pat Burns, who emerged from the cover, gun in hand, his face covered with a mask.

"Burns asked: 'Did you shoot that dog?' Welch replied: 'Yes, and if you don't look out I will also shoot you.' Burns did not scare worth a cent, but bent down on one knee and examined the dog's wounds. When he got up Welch had a bead on him. Welch was about to pull the trigger of his gun when a report rang out in the bushes near by and Welch, the gamekeeper, was lying on the ground with a load of shot in his head.

"The noise attracted other gamekeepers, who took it for granted that Burns was the man who had shot their comrade, and they at once opened fire on him. He attempted to escape, but the blood was running from his wounds and 100 yards distant he fell from exhaustion. A rapid exchange of shots followed and the poachers were driven back. The keepers gave up the chase to care for their fallen comrade, Welch, who was in awful agony. Burns, the wounded poacher, would probably have survived, but one of the keepers pulled the bandage off his wounded leg, and he lived only an hour, having bled to death. Welch, the keeper, died at the end of the eighth day.

"Kilkenny jail was crowded with suspects a week after the shooting took place. After the shooting the poachers took to the mountains. A surgeon was called to vaccinate a child in the neighborhood. The poachers kept watch of the child, and when the proper time came took the virus, and after scraping the flesh around their shot-wounds they inoculated themselves. The result was the shot-wounds were completely covered with cowpox marks. The poachers were finally arrested and lodged in Kilkenny jail. When the wounds on their arms were discovered experts were called in to examine them, but after a most critical examination lasting all day the men were released.

"That man I pointed out to you," continued the speaker, "is one of the two men who evaded justice so cleverly. I came to this country six months later than he did and was astonished to find him engaged in a lucrative business."

TOM CYPHER'S PHANTOM ENGINE.

A Ghostly Combination That Haunts the Northern Pacific Engineers.

Locomotive engineers are as a class said to be superstitious, but J. M. Pinckney, an engineer known to almost every Brotherhood man, is an exception to the rule. He has never been able to believe the different stories told of apparitions suddenly appearing on the track, but he had an experience last Sunday night on the Northern Pacific east-bound overland that made his hair stand on end.

By the courtesy of the engineer, also a Brotherhood man, Mr. Pinckney was riding on the engine. They were recounting experiences, and the fireman, who was a green hand, was getting very nervous as he listened to the tales of wrecks and disasters, the horrors of which were graphically described by the veteran engineers.

The night was clear and the rays from the headlight flashed along the track, and although they were interested in spinning yarns, a sharp lookout was kept, for they were rapidly nearing Eagle gorge, in the Cascades, the scene of so many disasters and the place which is said to be the most dangerous on the 2,500 miles of road. The engineer was relating a story and was just coming to the climax when he suddenly grasped the throttle, and in a moment had "thrown her over," that is, reversed the engine. The air brakes were applied and the train brought to a standstill within a few feet of the place where Engineer Cypher met his death two years ago. By this time the passengers had become curious as to what was the matter, and all a dozen questions were asked the trainman. The engineer made an excuse that some of the machinery was loose, and in a few moments the train was speeding on to her destination.

"What made you stop back there?" asked Pinckney. "I heard your excuse, but I have run too long on the road not to know that your excuse is not the truth."

His question was answered by the engineer pointing ahead and saying excitedly:

"There! Look there! Don't you see it?"

"Looking out of the cab window," said Mr. Pinckney, "I saw about 300 yards ahead of us the headlight of a locomotive."

"Stop the train, man," I cried, reaching for the lever.

"Oh, it's nothing. It's what I saw back at the gorge. It's Tom Cypher's engine, No. 33. There's no danger of a collision. The man who is running that ahead of us can run it faster backward than I can this one forward. Have I seen it before? Yes, twenty times. Every engineer on the road knows that engine, and he's always watching for it when he gets to the gorge."

"The engine ahead of us was running silently, but smoke was puffing from the stack and the headlight threw out rays of red, green and white light. It kept a short distance ahead of us for several miles, and then for a moment we saw a figure on the pilot. Then the engine rounded a curve and we did not see it again. We ran by a little station, and at the next, when the operator warned us to keep well back from a wild engine that was ahead, the engineer said nothing. He was not afraid of a collision. Just to satisfy my own mind on the matter I sent a telegram to the engine wiper at Sprague, asking him if No. 33 was in. I received a reply stating that No. 33 had just come in, and that her coal was exhausted and boxes burned out. I suppose you'll be inclined to laugh at the story, but just ask any of the boys, although many of them won't talk about it. I would not myself if I were running on the road. It's unlucky to see it."

With this comment upon the tale Mr. Pinckney boarded a passing caboose and was seen on his way to Tacoma. It is believed by Northern Pacific engineers that Tom Cypher's spirit still haunts our Eagle gorge. — Seattle Press-Tribune.

HAUNTED BY A JAWBONE.

An Osseous Spook That Made a Household Uncomfortable.

About three miles north of Amity, in Yamhill county, stands a long, low dwelling house, which, some twenty years ago, was reported to be the scene of some very supernatural disturbances. The house was occupied by a family consisting of a man, his wife, and a daughter, a young lady 18 years of age.

This young lady was the victim of the ghostly visitation referred to. The first thing the family knew a pair of old slippers was noticed sliding about the floor, dogging the girl's footsteps. But these soon disappeared, and in their place came the lower jawbone of a hog, which persistently followed her. She undertook no work that was not all undone by unseen forces as soon as completed. For instance, she would set the table, and the very instant she had finished and before she could turn around, dishes, tablecloth and all would slide off onto the floor.

Following the fashion of those days the lady wore hoop-skirts. These would jump on her bed and dance around during the night.

Just across the road from the dwelling was a spring where the family procured their water. Often when the girl would go after a bucket of water every stitch of clothing would drop from her right in the center of the road. From a well-built and prepossessing young lady she began rapidly wasting away. Various expedients were resorted to to get rid of the jawbone, but all to no purpose. The father at one time nailed it in a soap box, carried it off quite a distance from the house and buried it. The first thing to meet his eyes when he returned home was the bone, which was as tireless as ever following his daughter's footsteps. Burning and other ways of getting rid of its tormenting presence were tried, but like Banquo's ghost, "it wouldn't down."

As a last resort the family removed to California in the hope of ridding themselves of the ghostly visitor, but the last that was heard from them the bone still pursued them.

The scene was visited by a number of Marion county's well-known citizens, among them two or three ex-members of the Legislature, but the only report with any degree of authenticity is that of Mrs. Sursinger, who is to-day living near Amity. She says that on one occasion she was sitting by the fire in the haunted house, conversing with the family, when a little girl suddenly appeared and rested her elbow on the mantelpiece, her body being suspended in midair. When asked what she wanted the girl replied that she had come for —, giving the young lady's name.

The dwelling, about two years after the family left, became the residence of a present Salem physician, but no further disturbances were noticed.

It has been suggested that the young lady was the author of some awful crime, and that this was her punishment, but she denied any knowledge of a crime. — Oregon Statesman.

IT PAID TO BE A FOOL.

Why He Was Down on His Brother Sam.

There weren't but three of us on the depot platform—the man who checked my trunk, a well-dressed man walking up and down and myself. After a bit I noticed that the two men looked almost as much alike as twin-brothers. I also noticed that the well-dressed one evidently wanted to speak to the other, but was given the cold shoulder. It was none of my business, of course, but there was a mystery about it to excite curiosity, and by and by I followed the depot man into the freight-shed and curiously inquired if he knew the other man.

"Know him? Of course, I do!" he indignantly replied.

"He looks very much like you."

"He ought to, as he is my brother Sam. Consume his potato, but the sight of him makes me bile over!"

"Family trouble, I suppose?"

"No. It's just because Sam is the biggest fool in those United States! We didn't use to calculate in our family that he knew enough to chew gum. I've actually had to go out and bring him in when it rained!"

"Well, he seems to be all right now. How did he get dressed up so fine?"

"How? How? He reputedly has upset a barrel of dried apples and kicked it around. He got dressed up by being a fool!"

Seeing that I did not understand, he sat down on a box and continued:

"Sam owned five acres of land next to me up the road. One day about two years ago a fellow came along here, and he says to me that he thinks there is a pot of gold buried on my land. He'd dreamed about it, leastwise, and he offered to point out the spot for \$50."

"That's a very old game,"

"Of course, I let him go on for a while, and then I took him by the ear and dropped him off the platform. I read that that sounds before I was knee-high to a toad."

"Well!"

"Well, what did he do but go and hunt up Sam and tell him the same thing. Somebody probably told him Sam was a born fool and didn't know enough to catch a fence. Sam gulped it all down, of course. I warned him and wrestled with him, but it didn't do no good. He just scrubbed around and got the money and handed it over."

"And the swindler still?"

"He didn't hurry very much. He walked Sam around, told him where to dig and was around for a couple of days before he snuntered off. That fool of a Sam, but I want to go out and knock his head off."

"He lost the \$50, of course?"

"Did he? Not much! He dug where the man told him to, and may I be hung by the neck if he didn't find an old crock with over \$12,000 in it!"

"You don't say?"

"That's what he did, and that's what built him a new house, got him elected alderman and put them fine duds on his back! Blast him! I'll go out and knock his blamed tom-fool head!"

But I seized him and held him up against a barrel of cider vinegar until the fit of frenzy passed away, and left him weak and trembling and just able to mutter:

"The idea of it! Why, he don't know enough to-day to turn a grindstone the right way!" — N. Y. World.

Really Quite Merciful.

It was in the New York Central depot. A well-dressed lady with her Little Lord Fauntleroy son approached the door leading to an outgoing train. Both were laden with bundles. A railroad official stood by the door.

"Open the door or I'll punch your head," exclaimed Fauntleroy in a very swagger voice, and the official, amused by the six-year-old's audacity, consented to become doorkeeper for the occasion and complied.

The mother showed that she was angry as she swept through the door, and as it closed she seized Fauntleroy by the shoulders and shook him severely.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself," she asked, "to be so impolite to the gentleman?"

"Sho, mamma," replied Fauntleroy, "I was only just foolin'. I wouldn't 'a' punched him!" — Syracuse Journal.

The Empress Eugenie paid 1,900 francs (\$290) an ounce for a braud of hair that exactly matched her own.

A Leap-Year Idyl.

"Be mine," she cried dramatically, as she sank on one knee before him. "I have long loved you, and now I can resist no longer—I must know my fate. Sweet creature, say the word that will make me the happiest of women."

"I don't want to be married," he answered, coyly. "Ma says I'm too young and couldn't take care of a wife. Take some one of your own size. Let go of me. I don't want to be kissed."

"O, you great big nunny," she said, banging the furniture. "I was only rehearsing for a leap-year party. I wouldn't have you if you were worth your weight in gold." And she bounced off in a huff. — Detroit Free Press.