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I. PEARLMAN'S
—GREAT MODERN—
HOUSE FURNISHING EMPORIUM.

Having purchased the J. V. Weckbach store room on south Main street where I am now located can sell goods cheaper than the cheapest having just put in the largest stock of new goods ever brought to the city. Gasoline stoves and furniture of all kinds sold on the installment plan.

I. PEARLMAN.

Elys Cream Balm For CATARRH
THE POSITIVE CURE.
ELY BROTHERS, 64 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

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.

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 ten days for the first attack. 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.

The population of Plattsmouth is about 10,000, and we would say at least neo-half are troubled with some affection of 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.

Every Month
many women suffer from Excessive or Scant Menstruation; they don't know who to confide in to get proper advice. Don't confide in anybody but try
Bradfield's Female Regulator
a Specific for PAINFUL, PROFUSE, SCANTY, SUPPRESSED and IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION.
Book to "WOMAN" mailed free.
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Drunkenness
the Liquor Habit, Positively Cured BY AGENTS OF DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC. It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea, or in a glass of beer, without the knowledge of the person taking it. It is absolutely harmless and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. IT NEVER FAILS. WE GUARANTEE a complete cure in every instance. 48 page book FREE. Address in confidence.
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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, which will give you large profits and quick sales. Steady employment guaranteed. Address
Marsh & Co., 9 Portland St., Boston, Mass.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.
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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GRATEFUL-COMFORTING
COCOA
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DEAFNESS AND HEADACHES CURED by Peck's Invaluable Tubular Ear Cleanser. Whispers heard. Comfortable. Sufferers beware! Remedial. Sold by F. H. Ross, only FREE. 833 Broadway, New York. Write for book of proofs.

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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Restores thinning hair to its original color. Cures scalp diseases and itching. Guards against dandruff.

CONSUMPTIVE
Cures Cough, Spitting Blood, Weakness, and all Diseases of the Lungs. The only cure for Consumption. Sold by F. H. Ross, only FREE. 833 Broadway, New York.

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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.)

SHE HAD TO SAY "FLY."

An Amateur Performer Who Insisted Upon Following the Lines.
It is not often that professional actors get mixed up in amateur theatricals, but when they do, as a rule, their lives are made miserable until the affair is over. A few years ago a young woman, who was one of the reigning belles of the Four Hundred in this city, wrote a romantic play, plentifully sprinkled with singing and dancing. She read the play to her intimate friends, and they one and all unanimously declared that it should be produced at one of the theaters where amateur performances are held, and that the author should play the part of the heroine. After much coaxing the lady consented. The play was called "Kismet." The cast was selected from among the best amateurs, the leading man being the head and front of them. The scene of the play was laid in Turkey, in the garden and palace of the sultan. The plot was hinged on the abduction of two beautiful girls and their final rescue.

A clever professional stage manager was engaged at a big salary and rehearsals began. Everything went along as smoothly as could be expected until the last rehearsal, which took place on the morning of the day appointed for the production, when a note was hastily delivered to the stage manager saying that the leading lady and author had lost her voice completely, and that her physician had ordered her not to leave the house. She was very sorry, but advised that a professional actress be engaged to take her place. Here was "a pretty kettle of fish"—how to get an actress at so short a notice. The costumes must be fitted and the part learned before 7 p. m. The manager thought of a friend of his, Mrs. Addie Plunkett, Charles Plunkett's wife, who had just closed her season with Lawrence Barrett and who was then at liberty. He sent for her and requested her to return with the messenger. She did so, and after a long talk with the stage manager consented to rehearse the part. She was nervous, of course.

In the garden scene her sister's lover has discovered her hiding place and they are having a loving interview, the heroine remaining on the lookout for interruptions, which may occur in the form of the sultan's servants, which would mean death to the intruder. At a certain cue the heroine rushes up to her sister's fiance and tells him to "Fly! fly for your life—some one approaches!" and the lover is pushed through a wicket and escapes. Mrs. Plunkett rehearsed the scene carefully and told the leading man that in case she should forget to say all the lines she would make him understand when it was time for him to make his exit. Thus it was settled between them. Evening came, and the time for the performance had stage fright, one fair amateur declaring that she had entirely forgotten her lines and was sure that she would faint from sheer fright.

The performance began and Mrs. Plunkett struggled bravely through her part, dropping an occasional speech now and then, but with professional tact she covered up her mistakes so that the audience was none the wiser. When the garden scene was reached the lover appeared in good time and she stood guard until the proper cue was given. It came all right, but alas for Mrs. Plunkett, she had forgotten her lines. When she heard the sultan's guard approach she rushed to the lover and said, "Away! begone!" but she received no response from that gentleman. She pushed him and tried to get him to go through the wicket, as agreed upon, but he refused to budge an inch, and said to her in a stage whisper, "Say 'Fly! fly!'" but Mrs. Plunkett was beyond speech by this time, so she continued to push him toward the wicket. Her efforts were useless, however, for he resisted and declared he would not go until she said, "Fly! fly! for your life, some one approaches," so the audience can hear you." Still she could not speak, but with one herculean effort she gave him a tremendous push that sent him flying through the wicket and into some stage bushes which had been artistically arranged at the back of the stage. When the performance was over Mrs. Plunkett heaved a sigh of relief and said, "This is the first and last amateur performance for me!"—New York Tribune.

The Growth of Two Cities.
Just as the Atlantic cities were surprised when Chicago distanced all but two of them in population, and challenged all of them by her enterprise, so will they be astonished again and from another quarter if they refuse to study the forces that are operating to build up new capitals in the west. In another ten years there will be another claim of a million population, and the counting of heads will not make nonsense of it. The new and wonderful assumption of metropolitan importance will be that of the twin cities of the wheat region—Minneapolis and St. Paul. They may not be joined under one name and government—opinions differ about that—but all agree that they will jointly possess a million of population. The last census credited Minneapolis with 164,700 population and St. Paul with 133,000, or, jointly, 297,000. At the time of the preceding census (1880) the two cities included about 88,000 souls. At that rate of increase they will boast in 1900 a population of 976,000 and more.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Thoroughly Alive.
Young America is in thorough touch with the times. An up town boy of eleven, rejoicing in a little printing press, at once announced a forthcoming newspaper, of which he was to be editor and proprietor. "And Helen," he added, referring to a nine-year-old sister, "may do the woman's page."—New York Times.

Drawing in a Dark Room.
A luminous crayon has been invented which enables lecturers to draw on the blackboard when the room is darkened for use of the lantern.—New York Journal.

THE BIG BONANZA MINE.

A Smoking Hole in the Ground Out of Which Mackay Took \$150,000,000.
I was strolling with Mackay some years ago in Virginia City, when we looked down a smoking cavity in the ground that was soon lost in the darkness, and at the mouth of which a windlass was slowly grinding. "Out of that hole," he said, "I took \$150,000,000 in bullion." This was one of the famous Bonanza mines, whose history all men know. The Big Bonanza, as it was called, and as Mackay described it to me at the time, was a "kidney" or a "pocket" of crude ore, about as high as the steeple of Trinity and in area as large as the City Hall park of New York. This ore, shoveled out and reduced, gave the stupendous yield to which Mr. Mackay referred, and was the foundation of the Bonanza fortunes.

Associated with him were three other gentlemen, whose names were to win a worldwide mining fame—James G. Fair, afterward senator from Nevada, whose skill as a mining expert had attracted the attention of Mackay; William O'Brien, and James C. Flood. O'Brien and Flood had come to California as friends in the Argonaut days, and had like other men taken their humble parts in the creation of the Pacific states. In those times men who were to be major generals in the army drove drays for a living. Others who were to become luminous in statesmanship and jurisprudence joyfully mended their own trousers and washed their own linen.

They were "partners," a term that Bret Harte has pathetically explained in one of his exquisite stories. "Partners," that is to say, friends, with a friendship such as we who live outside of the atmosphere of adventure which infolded the Argonaut days cannot understand, and which would be but vaguely explained if we compared it to the love of man and woman.

"Billy was my partner once," as Mr. Flood said to me one day in Menlo, while we were looking at the portrait of O'Brien; "Billy was my partner once. He is my partner now, will be my partner forever"—a speech which made a deep impression, coming as it did from the lips of one of the most resolute, self-restrained and undemonstrative of men. Flood was the financial representative and the ally of the two young miners who were at work on the Bonanza; O'Brien, the "partner" in the firm, because Flood could have no interest he did not share.

O'Brien passed away in Bonanza times—Flood not many months since, in Germany. He was a brave, independent, reserved, conscientious man, especially charming and true in the higher relations of life—no better citizen, no truer friend—"in all that goes toward the true development of manhood, the best man I have ever known," as Mackay said to me when the hour of irrevocable silence had fallen. "I know only one man in the world that can break me, and that is Mackay." This Flood said to me and I note it as showing the strong links which in those days bound the Bonanza firm and gave it a strength and a confidence which were the basis of its power.—John Russell Young in Munsey's Magazine.

Beauty as a National Trait.
Is there any handsome people on the face of the globe? Now, we may set aside the black and yellow and polychrome races in general, many of whom are well shaped and like bronze statues to look upon, but who do not come up to the Aryan standard in features and color. Leaving these children of nature out of the question, it may be confessed that there is no race among whom beauty is common. If the ancient Greeks were like their statues, then there once was a beautiful race, but it is not so certain that they did not idealize themselves a good deal. There is the more reason to guess this, as when they have to represent a barbarian, say a Gaul or a German or a professional prize fighter, they make these people as handsome as themselves, though in a rougher way.

There is a famous bronze statue of a boxer, who might be taken for an orator or a poet were it not for his heavy metal studded gloves. Thus it may be deemed that there is a great proportion of the ideal in these statues, vases, coins and figures, where every one is so graceful and goodly. Every nation has a high opinion of its own charms. The French pride themselves on small feet, and it is certain that their women walk very little, and have cunning bootmakers.—London News.

Kept the Least for Himself.
Three ragged newsboys were trying to sell the earlier editions of the afternoon papers. A man carrying a large basket of fine looking oranges on his shoulder passed close by. The motion of his body loosened one of the biggest and ripest and it fell to the ground. The man kept on, not noticing or caring for the loss. The orange lay upon the pavement for about half a minute unscathed. Then the largest of the three ragged urchins spied it, and with a cry of delight he ran over and picked it up. It was natural to suppose that he would proceed to eat it all himself, but instead of doing so he called his companions and exhibited his find. They eyed it greedily.

Without any request from them for a share in the coveted fruit the finder divided the orange into three parts and gave his fellow newsboys each a part. The smallest part he reserved for himself. It was only a small thing in itself, yet it proved, I thought, that there was something noble hidden under the ragged garments of that little urchin.—New York Recorder.

Wives of Some English Writers.
Beaconsfield married a lively young widow, who made him perfectly happy, and he never lost an occasion of singing her praises. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, is cited as having an almost ideal home life, and also the late Dean Stanley. All the world knows how happy the Gladstones are in their family circle, and so it is with many others.—Writer.

New Washington Penn., People
Are not slow about taking hold of a new thing, if the article has merit. A few months ago David Byers, of that place, bought his first stock of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He has sold it all and ordered more. He says: "It has given the best of satisfaction. I have warranted every bottle and have not had one come back." 25 cent, 50 cent, and \$1.00 bottles for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co., druggists.

Irene for the complexion, most useful toilet made, is highly medicated and perfumed. Removes pimples; makes the skin clear and velvety. 50 cents at Brown & Barretts and O. H. Snyder.

Startling Facts.
The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks and the following suggests, the best remedy: **alphonso Humpling, of Butler, Penn.**, swears that when his son was speechless from St. Vitus Dance Dr. Miles great Restorative Nerving cured him. Mrs. J. L. Miller of Valparaiso and J. D. Taolur, of Logansport, Ind. each gained 20 pounds if an taking it. Mrs. H. A. Gardner, of Vastaur Ind., was cured of 40 to 50 convulsions easy and much headache, dizziness, lumbago and nervous prostration by one bottle. Trial bottle and fine book of Nervous cures free at F. G. Fricke & Co., who recommends this unequalled remedy.

Some Foolish People
allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They say "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and \$1. Trial size free. At all druggists.

Catarrh in Colorado.
I used Ely's Cream Balm for dry catarrh. It proved a cure.—B. F. M. Weeks, Denver.

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.

I can recommend Ely's Cream Balm to all sufferers from dry catarrh from personal experience.—Michael Herr, Pharmacist, Denver.

Ely's Cream Balm has cured many cases of catarrh. It is in constant demand.—Geo. W. Hoyt, Pharmacist, Cheyenne, Wyo.

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