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TUCKER SISTERS,

NO TRAIN.

He Thought It Was the Train, but It Was Only Bill.

Among others who were engaged in waiting for the evening train was a young man with a withered carnation in his button hole and a heartrending expression on his face. Half a dozen times he had queried the doorman about his train, which was behind time.

He was almost as uneasy as the pendulum of the big clock which marked the minutes in a seemingly very leisurely manner. Pretty soon a sound fell upon the young man's ear, so to speak. At least he heard something that appeared to him to be the distant rumble of car wheels. An expression of relief succeeded the resigned and suffering look that had had possession of his countenance. The spell of waiting was almost over. The noise of the heavy iron wheels increased. Yes; and there was something added a moment later that sounded like the shriek of a shrill whistle in the distance.

The young man with the faded carnation gathered himself together. He buttoned his coat, after having enveloped his neck in a silk muffler, put his soft hat on straight and began to put on his gloves. The sound of the approaching train grew louder and louder. The young man thought it was almost there and suddenly made a dive for the gate, satchel in hand. The doorman grabbed him just as he was going out. "Where you going?" he bellowed, irritated at having been awakened from a dream that he had been promoted to station master.

"To the train," nervously replied the young man.

"What train?" was the sarcastic query.

"Why—the one that's just coming in. My train; the train to Boston."

"Go off, they ain't no train comin' in. That's only Bill, the freight brakeman, snorin' in the other room."

The old look of suffering followed one of surprise and disgust on the young man's face, and he sat down to continue his waiting.—Albany Argus.

The Shock Killed Him.

He had about finished tuning the piano when he looked up and said:

"Your instrument was in an awful condition. You ought to have sent for me sooner."

"It was tuned only three months ago."

"Then the man who did it certainly didn't know his business."

"No?"

"No, ma'am. He had better be working on the railroad than tuning pianos. Why, my dear madam, a delicate instrument like the piano needs fingers equally delicate to handle it, combined with an ear of unerring accuracy. The individual who attempted to tune this instrument last evidently possessed neither of these. In fact I am free to say that he did it more harm than good."

"Indeed?"

"Indeed he did. May I ask who it was who so abused your poor instrument?"

"It was you yourself."

"Madam, you are wrong. I never tuned a piano in this house before."

"Probably not, but you tuned that instrument nevertheless, or made a botch of it in attempting to do so. It belongs to Mrs. Gazzam, who sent it here while she is out of the city. She told me you always tuned it and to send for you when"—

But she did not finish.

The unhappy man fell to the floor and expired almost instantly.—Brooklyn Life.

An Unfortunate Suggestion.

In a small New England town there is an old negro, Pompey by name and a wood sawyer by profession. He was complaining to one of his customers one day about his sufferings from dyspepsia, and attributed them to the fact that as he had no teeth he was unable to masticate his food properly.

"Well, Pompey," said the gentleman to whom he had been stating his ailments, "why don't you get a set of false teeth? They wouldn't cost you much."

"False teeth?" cried Pompey. "No, sah, not much, sah! I've had all de teeth I want in my mouf, suttin sure! I've suffered more wid teefache dan I do wid de 'spepsy, an I was mighty 'jyful to git shet ob my teef. Nobody won't git no mo' teef into my mouf, not while I lib, sah!"—Youth's Companion.

Getting Over It.



Lady—I suppose you're convalescent now Ethel? Ethel—No, thank you. I have been, but I'm better now.—Judy

Very Careless.

Fashionable Mother (laughingly)—Well, Sarah, how is baby today? Maid—He cut two teeth this morning, ma'am.

Fashionable Mother (still more languidly)—That was very negligent of you, Sarah. You ought not to let a young baby play with a knife.—Exchange.

Everybody.

Mrs. Dangle—Are you coming to my art ernoon on the 28th? Mrs. von Blumer—I am so sorry, but I have a previous engagement.

Mrs. Dangle (complacently)—Every one will be there. Mrs. von Blumer—I have no doubt of that.—Vogue.

A Disappointment.

Dudely Canesucker—I would like to pay my little bill.— Tailor (interrupting him)—That's very kind of you.

Dudely—But I am not able to do so at present. Good morning, Mr. Supt.—Texas Sittings.

Hard of Hearing.

Jasper—Brown never seems to hear his doorbell nowadays. People ring and then go away. Jun. app.—Of course he can't hear it. He is over his ears in debt.—Truth.

Should Be Satisfied.

"I wish I was a monkey," said Chappie. "Well—you've got your wish," returned Maud.—Harper's Bazar.

TYLER'S HOLDOVER CABINET.

Daniel Webster's Speech and the Reply of the Newly Chosen President.

I had quite a chat some time ago with General John Tyler, the son and private secretary of President Tyler. Said he: "When my father succeeded to the presidency, he continued President Harrison's cabinet in office until he found that they were working against him. His first cabinet meeting was held on the day succeeding the death of President Harrison, and it was perhaps the most remarkable cabinet meeting in history.

"When all the members were present and the doors were closed, Daniel Webster, the secretary of state, arose and addressed my father, saying: 'Mr. President, I suppose you intend to carry out the ideas and customs of your predecessor and that this administration inaugurated by President William Harrison will continue in the same line of policy on which it has begun. Am I right?'

"My father, much astonished, nodded his head almost involuntarily and looked at Mr. Webster with wonder. Daniel Webster straightened himself up at this and continued:

"Mr. President, it was the custom in our cabinet meetings of President Harrison that the president should preside over them. All measures relating to the administration were to be brought before the cabinet, and their settlement was to be decided by the majority of votes, each member of the cabinet and the president having but one vote."

"My father was always courteous, but he was also firm. He rose to his feet and looking about the cabinet room he said: 'Gentlemen, I am very proud to have in my cabinet such able statesmen as you have proved yourselves to be. I shall be pleased to avail myself of your counsel and advice, but I can never consent to being dictated to as to what I shall or shall not do. I am the president, and I shall be held responsible for my administration. I hope I shall have your hearty co-operation in carrying out its measures. So long as you see fit to do this I shall be glad to have you with me. When you think otherwise, I will be equally glad to get your resignation.'

"This," concluded General Tyler, "settled the question, and there was no further trouble as to who was the head of the cabinet."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Suggestion For Dancing Parties.

The wits of hostesses are becoming more strained than ever in finding gentlemen capable of dancing to attend their parties. Ladies nimble and graceful are in abundance, but on the part of men the art of dancing seems to be a vanishing quantity. A lady writes suggesting the organization of an agency similar to those existing in Paris and Berlin, where suitable dancing men could be hired for the occasion. The hired guests would appear at the time appointed armed with guarantees of respectability and fitness for their occupation, be allotted to their duties for the evening and leave at a proper hour, conscious of having done a good night's work and honestly earned a day's pay. Imagine how half a dozen to a dozen dancing men would brighten up a languishing dance! Warranted to dance every item on the programme and to give not more than three dances to any young lady, they would infuse a tremendous amount of spirit into the proceedings.—Dancing.

Fear an Element in Sickness.

That apprehension of catching epidemic diseases assists in spreading them is an old doctrine, in support of which many facts might be cited, and it is only reasonable to suppose that where the reception of contagion is assisted by depression of the system alarm would have that effect. It is, however, the common experience of medical men that especially in surgical cases sanguine have a great advantage over despondent patients, and that to abandon the expectation of recovery is about the worst thing which anybody anxious for recovery can do.

Sir Astley Cooper indeed was always reluctant to perform an operation where the subject to be submitted to it was apprehensive of a fatal result. When patients had made up their minds that they would not recover, they seemed to him to lose their recuperative power.—London World.

Blake's Canadian Oratory.

Mr. Blake is unquestionably a man of great capacity, and he is a ready debater. His utterances, however, have the merits and demerits of transatlantic oratory. He was too diffuse, and he piled word on word in his sentences with needless redundancy. And the sentences! Never yet have I heard such lengthy ones. I sat through three minutes of one; then I withdrew to smoke a cigarette. When I returned, so far as I could learn, the sentence was not yet concluded.—London Truth.

Covers a Multitude of Sins.

Biggs—You say your wife always pins a flower on your coat before you leave home? "Yes, she has for a month."

Biggs—Well, it shows she thinks of you— "No, it's because she never can remember to sew on the button."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

FEMININE GUESTS AT HOTELS.

Their Troublesome Caprices and Undesirable Things They Don't Do.

A woman at a hotel is like a live wire on a frolic or a runaway horse at a funeral. She can give and countermand more orders in 15 minutes after her trunks come up than a man could think of in a week. She writes half a dozen letters a day, using three or four sheets of the hotel paper in each one, and calls up a bell boy to mail each one separately. She puts all sorts of things in the safe, and no one minds that so much as the things she doesn't put there, but is perfectly sure she did. Of course she finds them up stairs under the pillow and apologizes so prettily one can't help but be glad she made the mistake.

She never makes out a wash list, but she "knows" exactly what she had, and one egg hasn't been returned. She keeps the ponderous bell boy promenading up and down stairs all day with roses and cards, parcels and messages and never remembers to tip him, but it is good for his digestion, makes him earn his wages and teaches him the philosophy of life. She sends down word to know just when the 5 o'clock train goes out and what time the 7 o'clock limited gets in, but she doesn't come home reeling in after the play to find out who she is or where she is at any way. She will tack up photographs on the wall, but she doesn't go to bed with her boots on.

She expects the chambermaid to clean her gowns and pack her trunks, but she doesn't set the sheets on fire smoking in bed or break the mirrors with her umbrella and play football with the furniture, even in her funniest moods. She wants no end of extra towels, but she doesn't polish her boots with them. Of course she doesn't eat as much or drink as much or spend as much money as a man, but she can make things more lively with her cards and callers, the people she is "in" to and the people she is "out" to, than a house full of men.

She wants to live all over the house, and why not? A pretty woman reading in a parlor, or waiting on a hall seat or scribbling letters in her queer angular hand at the writing table is ever so much more interesting an attraction than a barrel of "brico break," a potted palm or a jardiniere full of flowers. Ever since the days of the garden eviction men have followed where women have led, and the hotel where women most do congregate is sure to have a generous following of men. Indeed it is a question if a pretty woman that will sit around in a stained glass attitude and a handsome gown ought not to have special rates if she isn't paid a salary.

There is one thing a woman will do every time and that is insist that there is something wrong about her bill. She "knows" just what she has had and is sure there is a mistake, and you have charged her too much; but, bless her heart, she always pays. Sunshine isn't surer in June than a woman's honesty. She never is so "deal broke" at the end of the trip that she has to pawn her things or give security on her trunks. And if you do succeed in pleasing her she will tell every one from here to the Golden Gate that your hotel is the only decent place in town. A drummer working on commission and giving his whole time to it can't work up half the custom that one well suited woman will send you if you humor her little caprices, serve her dainty little dishes of nothing sweetened and tied up with bows and fix up her bill so that you can afford to discount it a bit when she leaves.—New York Sun.

A Business Vagabond.

A very dirty and bedraggled specimen of a tramp straggled into a grocery store in Park street the other morning, and the first man he met was the proprietor.

"Can you gimme a dime?" asked the visitor meekly.

"I can, but I hardly think I shall," was the cheerful response. "Why in thunder don't you go wash yourself?"

"I can't afford to," whined the tramp.

"Can't you, indeed? Water's plenty, and soap doesn't cost anything."

"Don't it?" queried the tramp.

"No, it don't."

The tramp edged over toward the door.

"Well," he said, with his hand on the latch, "if it don't, I'd like for you to figure out for me what your per cent of profit is on every bar you sell to your deluded customers," and with that he dodged outside and disappeared.—Detroit Free Press.

Distinctions In Fortune's Favor.

Recent history is full of curious contrasts in the rewards won in the great field of human endeavor. Horace Smith, who invented the Smith & Wesson revolving firearms, died leaving an estate valued at \$5,000,000. Orange Judd, who did more perhaps than any other man to teach the American farmer how to make agriculture profitable, left a personal estate valued at \$150.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Hard to Understand.

Few persons understand the cause of their own failures. Judging other affairs as they do their own, they couldn't tell why a barrel is empty when it has a hole in the bottom.—Century.

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