

25 Per Cent Dis- count Sale

Going on at the De-
partment Store of

M. FANGER!

Owing to the lateness of the Spring season, we find ourselves heavily loaded with all kinds of Spring Merchandise. Cloaks, Suits, Skirts and Spring Jackets—the popular Wooltex make, and everything in our Millinery Department will be included in this Great Reduction Sale. We will also make the same reduction on all our Wash Goods, Embroideries, and fine Hosiery.

**\$1,500.00 Worth of Fine Os-
trich Feathers.**

1-4 Off Means a \$3.00 Ar- ticle for \$2.25.

Is this worth your time and attention? 75 cents saved and you get a strictly high-grade and seasonable article, when you buy here. Your choice from the swellest line in the city. This is your golden opportunity, one that you seldom find. No carried over stock. Everything bright and new, and just at the right time.



We have a small fortune invested in this department, and we must sell the goods; you need them and we need the money, and at the prices we are going to offer you they should change ownership almost immediately upon investigation. We want your patronage in this line, and want you to avail yourselves of this opportunity to buy good goods cheap. Don't fail to call and see us during this Great Reduction Sale.

M. FANGER,

The Department Store Man.



DON'T RIDICULE BOY

ORISON SWETT MARDEN GIVES
SOME GOOD ADVICE.

Well for Parents to Respect Dreams of
Future Greatness Which May En-
ter Youngster's Mind—How
Much Injury Is Done.

Many a boy has gone to bed in tears because his father criticized or denounced his effort at playing the violin; made fun of a simple little composition or story which he wrote; discouraged his attempt to make some little mechanical device, or throw a wet blanket on his dreams, laughing at his prediction of what he would do in the future, writes Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

A man who has recently come into great prominence in his profession says that when, tremblingly, he told his father what he wanted to be, he was told that a padded cell was the only place for a boy with such crazy ideas, and that he was forced for years to do that which God had forbidden in every fiber of his being, and against which every drop of blood in him protested.

The father who has made up his mind that his son must continue his business and keep his estate intact, is not in a position to decide on the boy's bent—his special aptitude. He is prejudiced at the very outset.

The reason why there are so many mediocre men and women in the world, and so many failures, is because they never found their right places.

Everywhere we see men and women, capable of much better things, who were discouraged and diverted from their natural bent when young. Their own families did not take stock in them; they laughed at their young ambitions, and strangled their aspirations, either by harsh treatment, or, what is even worse, ridicule; and their teachers did not understand them.

You cannot read the sealed message which God has wrapped up in your boy or girl, and you should regard it as sacred. You should respect the dreams of future greatness of your son, because the Creator may have intended him for a grand and far-reaching mission. You cannot tell what is going on in his mind; you cannot tell what possibilities are locked in his brain. He may be perfectly conscious at this moment that he was intended for a much higher place in the world than you are occupying yourself, and to denounce him, to scoff at his dreams, to laugh at his predictions for the future may be a source of great humiliation to you some day. It may also work incalculable injury to your boy. A thousand times better strike him with your hand than blast his hopes by ridicule or by a cruel, chilling, cutting word.

Flower Dances for Children.

French mothers have been showing unwonted ingenuity this winter in dressing their darlings for the popular flower dances which are now the fashion for juvenile society and carry all before them. Generally a number of blooms are selected, and these are called bouquet parties. The charm of these parties is that the little people are well suited to represent flowers. Parisian society has gone daft over some of the designs and also the beauty of some of the children. Their dresses are floral, of course. Trails of blooms are draped together from the waists, the ends floating on the airy skirts, or loose petals are scattered all over the material. But this gives little idea of the chic and the detail of the dress or of the human floweret that carries it off. Nothing has so hit the French taste as these flower dances, and many of the elder spectators have grown quite sentimental about them.

Demand for Professional Mourner.

The professional mourner who can be hired in many European cities to follow in the funeral procession and look grief-stricken is usually secured through burial societies. These furnish men and women, and sometimes both, dressed in keeping with the desire of the family of the late lamented. They also weep to order. At homes where self control is deemed a virtue there is no loud demonstration or sorrow, but where the real mourners are emotional and give way to weeping they are usually outdone by the professionals. An undertaker in Delaware furnished mourners several times recently, and the experiment was so successful, the stricken families were so well pleased with the manner in which the mourning parties had been augmented, that the funeral director has determined to enter the professional mourner's business with hopes for success.

That Wireless Signal.

The family circle was discussing the Republic disaster and the now famous "C Q D" signal sent out by Jack Binns that carried to the world the fateful news.

"Say, pa, what does that 'C Q D' really mean?" asked the youngest boy.

Pa continued reading.

"Aw, I know what it means," spoke up the elder brother. "It's this: 'Come Quick, We're Drowning!'"

Rather Slow.

"She is receiving attentions from a young lawyer and also from a young doctor."

"Which is ahead?"

"They're both somewhat backward. The lawyer asks merely hypothetical questions and the doctor only seems to hold her hand to take her pulse."

Japan Beautiful in the Spring.

To a person contemplating a trip to Japan I would advise that he come in the spring. About the first of April the cherry blossom season is on, followed by the flowering of the azalea and wistaria, and the parks and forests are beautiful, but in the winter there is little to be seen in the way of color. The cities and towns are an almost continuous aggregation of unpainted shanties with picturesque roofs of tile or thatch, while the fields beyond are generally covered with water as a preparation for the next planting of rice. The picture is odd and interesting, but not beautiful. Travel through the country is cheap and fairly comfortable, the passenger cars are small and arranged in compartments like those used in Europe. Good hotels, conducted like our hotels on the "American plan," are to be found in every place you will care to visit, but outside the cities their lack of heating facilities will be noticeable and in the winter will result in suffering. From a Kobe, Japan, Letter to the Denver Post.

Submarine Photography.

A French engineer, M. Penau, is making remarkable submarine pictures at Havre, France, where the water, except near the surface, is very muddy. His camera is contained in a sheet steel cylinder 20 inches long and 1 1/2 inches in diameter. The front is covered by plate glass. Into the rear of the camera runs a tube which extends to the surface of the water, and it is through this that the engineer changes the plates and focuses the lens. Illumination is furnished by flashlights contained in a thick glass globe, which is also connected with the surface by a tube. The shutter and flash work simultaneously. The complete apparatus weighs about four pounds, but when in the water is held down by additional weights ranging from twenty to forty pounds. The apparatus is painted as near the color of the water as possible, so as not to arouse the inquisitiveness of the fish.—Popular Mechanics.

Era of "a Bath with Every Room."

"A bath with every room" is the American idea of the "comfortable" hotel. It would be difficult to knock it out of the public's mind, now it has worked in, but pray remember the days when great-grandfather washed in a tin basin no bigger than a finger bowl. Go and look at the tiny corner washstand in the Paul Revere house and see what that hero used for maintaining cleanliness of person! The ablutions of our forefathers were not extensive, it is true, but they told in the "high thinking" that was kept up in those days of low living. Private residences are not thought first-class unless supplied with elaborate bathrooms on every floor, and the bathtub itself, hewn from Carrara marble or made of porcelain, must be of heroic size, large enough to drown any ordinary family.—Boston Herald

SHREWD MR. DOOLY

HE HAS DISCOVERED A USE FOR
"SWITCHTAIL" COWS.

Jersey Farmer Has Device (Not Patented) by Which He Makes Animal Saw Wood with Her Caudal Appendage.

John Dooly of Jacksonville, N. J., has hit upon a plan that will hereafter make "switchtail" cows bring a premium, instead of, as now, being unmarketable. Dooly is the owner of a brindle cow that he has been compelled for years to milk himself. His hired men after the first trial of milking the cow refused to remain longer in Dooly's employ if compelled to put up with the lashing of old brindle's tail.

Dooly has tried for eight years to get rid of the cow, but her fame has spread over Essex and Morris counties, and a purchaser for her could not be found. She can snap her tail like a whip, and the result is that Dooly's face has not been minus several pieces of sticking plaster for years.

Dooly said recently, "I have been thinking for some time of using the old brindle's tailpower to some good effect, and at last hit upon a plan, which I have now put into effect with such good results that if any of the farmers around have any 'switchtail' cows they want to dispose of they will find a buyer at the Dooly farm."

"I cut a hole through the side of the woodshed," continued Dooly, "just opposite the circular saw, which we turn by hand to cut up wood in stove lengths, and through this hole I put a beam, which I balanced just like the walking beam of a ferryboat on the North river. On the inside end I fastened a stick leading down to the wheel that turns the saw. On the outside I fastened a rope. I tried the thing and it worked fine. Driving a stake into the ground near by, I tied the old brindle to it, and, fastening her tail to the beam rope, sat down to milk. I called Pat Dugan, the farm helper, and told him to feed wood to the saw. He thought at first I was crazy, but I ordered him to do as told."

"The next minute the old brindle gave her tail a switch to swipe me across the face as usual, but she couldn't. The rope held, and she could only switch her tail so far. Then she tried in the other direction, with the same result. By this time old brindle got pretty mad and she jerked that tail of hers back and forth as quick as lightning, and, say, that walking beam kept going at such a rate that you would a thought the circular saw was being driven by a ten-horse power engine."

"It just took 15 minutes to milk old brindle, and in that time she cut up two cords of wood into stove lengths. No, sir, I wouldn't take \$500 for that old brindle cow now," concluded Dooly.

YOUR WISHES ARE CATERED

Just as you would have them at Barnes' restaurant. The viands are of the best, the cuisine is perfect, and our sauces, entrees, fish, meats, oysters, clams, deserts and pies are prepared by experts. Our price—well, you will say they are small when you test the culinary gems that we present for your delectation. Good rooms in connection.

A. P. BARNES.



Must Take It In Time

Just as Scores of Plattsmouth
People Have.

Waiting doesn't pay.
If you neglect the aching back,
Urinary troubles, diabetes surely follow.

Doan's Kidney Pills relieve backache,
Cure every kidney ill.
Plattsmouth citizens endorse them.

E. M. Buttery, corner Sixth and Walnut streets, Plattsmouth, Neb., says: "I did not require a long use to prove to me that Doan's Kidney Pills are a remedy of merit. I often had pains in my hips, so severe that I could hardly work and there was also a lameness across my loins. I had reason to believe that these troubles were caused by disordered kidneys and hearing Doan's Kidney Pills so highly spoken of, I made up my mind to try them. I procured a box at Gering & Co's, drug store and they brought me prompt and effective relief."

(Statement given June 19, 1906.)

On December 29, 1908, Mr. Buttery said: "I still have a good word to say for Doan's Kidney Pills. I heartily confirm the statement I made over two years ago in their favor."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Jacob Meisinger of Eight Mile Grove transacted business here Saturday.

Our old friend Julius Pepperberg of Lincoln was in the city the latter part of the week selling his famous "Bud" brand of cigars and incidentally shaking hands with his numerous friends here.

Proposals and Arguments.

I will confess that I attach much more importance to men's theoretical arguments than to their practical proposals. I attach more importance to what is said than to what is done; what is said generally lasts much longer and has much more influence. I can imagine no change worse for public life than that which some prize advocate, that debate should be curtailed. A man's arguments show what he is really up to. Until you have heard the defense of a proposal you do not really know even the proposal. Thus, for instance, if a man says to me, "Taste this temperance drink," I have merely doubt, slightly tinged with distaste. But if he says, "Taste it, because your wife would make a charming widow," then I decide. I would be openly moved in my choice of an institution, not by its immediate proposals for practice, but very much by its incidental, even its accidental, allusion to ideals. I judge many things by their parentheses.—From the Forum.

Pessimistic.

"Well, what be you kickin' about now?" queried the cross-roads storekeeper. "You sure have good crops an' the prices are good enough, I reckon."

"Yass," rejoined the old farmer, "th' crops air good, but ef I sell now th' prices air bound t' go up, an' ef I wait fer 'em t' git higher they air bound t' git lower; so I can't help losin' enny way yew figger it, by grass!"

On th' Trail.

Tramp—Lady, I'm near perishing from exposure.
Lady—Are you a congressman or a senator?—Towa Topics.

The Regular Thing.

Mr. and Mrs. Billington were going to the theater.

Mr. Billington was nervously waiting in the hall, taking a few last impatient puffs from his cigar, while Mrs. Billington was still upstairs trying to put her hat on her head in such a manner that she could take it off again at the theater without disarranging her hair.

"Aren't you ready yet?" called Billington.

"In a minute," replied Mrs. Billington, her mouth full of a hatpin.

"We'll be late!"

"Can't help it. Hurrying as fast as I can."

Dear reader, this is not a short story, or a news happening or a divorce incident. It is merely the faithful account of what goes on every evening from 7:45 to eight o'clock in about 100,000 homes in this broad land.

Why Foam Is White.

"How white the foam is," said the pretty girl, in a voice muffled by the sable stole drawn across her red mouth. "Yet the sea is green. Why, then, isn't the foam green?"

The young sophomore laughed in derision.

"Gee, you are ignorant!" he said. "Beer is brown, but its foam is white, too. Shake up black ink and you get white foam. Shake up red ink and the result is the same. A body that reflects all the light it receives, without absorbing any, is always white. All bodies powdered into tiny diamond form, so that they throw back the light from many facets, absorb none of it and are white by consequence. Powdered black marble, for instance, is white. And foam is water powdered into these small diamonds, and hence its whiteness."