

Too Fresh.

Considerable has been said of late concerning the boldness of some people called strikers who are incessantly throwing slurs at parties who are going about their business interfering with no one and no one's business. Some of the fraternity of strikers have acted as gentlemen since the trouble has commenced and they have said nothing to anyone who did not insult them. Of these I have nothing to say, but a half dozen or so, who apparently think of nothing but slugging people, are seen at all hours sitting in prominence upon corners of the streets looking for some one whom they think has dared to form an opinion of his own and who does not coincide with them in their belief. I am not condemning the brotherhood for this, and an only speaking of a half a dozen or so who are in the habit of insulting some one continually. Should the brotherhood desire the sympathy of the citizens of Plattsouth, such members of their organization should be strongly requested to use what ever good qualities of decency they are possessed of, for if their actions are sanctioned by it longer, no sympathy can possibly be shown any of them by right thinking people. It was not thought so much of until lady friends of parties who just did not happen to believe as they did were insulted on their account. Such conduct will not or can not be tolerated in a civilized community, and if those noisy members of that organization will persist in making themselves such a source of annoyance, steps will certainly be taken immediately to put them where their noise will resound in their own ears. Such actions have been looked upon with contempt for some time, but when it reaches the stage that a man is obliged to be slugged or "believe the same as we do or we will make you" it is about time something was done to put a stop to it. It would be well for the brotherhood to order such men off of the streets or put muzzles on some of them, for they are prowling around at all hours, interfering with peaceable citizens and throwing out indecent slurs, slugging people because they would dare to think different from some of them and expressing themselves. My advice to such fellows would be to go to work. Let the straightforward brotherhood men take a little advice and keep these men under their control or expel them from the order.

AN OBSERVER.

Commencement Tabor College.

June 24-27.
Sabbath morning June 24th dawned bright, beautiful and cool, a perfect June day.
The storm of Tuesday and the threatening weather of Wednesday diminished the crowd from neighboring towns, yet all the exercises were well attended and nothing occurred to mar the pleasure from the beginning to the end.
The Baccalaureate sermon was preached by Pres. Brooks from the text "Behold I have set before you an open door and no man can shut it." Twelve of the entering class had public exercises. A number of other graduates of high schools expect to begin a course of study at Tabor in the autumn. An address full of valuable practical suggestions was given by Rev. C. H. Crawford of Glenwood, and one of unusual merit by Prof. L. P. Parker recently elected to a professorship in Iowa college.
The graduating exercises were of excellent quality, and those of the Conservatory of music and the concert of more than ordinary interest. The degree of D. D. was conferred upon Rev. E. S. Hill of Atlantic.

The average number of different students each year for ten years has been 212, last year 433. If the new R. R. now in prospect is completed, and present plans are carried out the college will speedily enter upon a new era of prosperity.
SPECTATOR.

Chatauqua Assembly.

From Thursday's Daily.
Reports from Crete, Neb., say that large crowds from towns and cities all over the state are arriving there daily and also people from a greater distance have put in an appearance. The Assembly grounds are in excellent condition and electric lights are distributed numerously upon the grounds. Distinguished men from abroad will be present and participate in the proceedings each day. A large number of Plattsouth people left here this morning with the intention of spending a few days at that place and it is expected that a large number will leave here tomorrow. Today is the day of the opening, and it is not expected that all who have made up their minds to visit the place will start today, but it is expected that the excursion train the morning of the 30th will be crowded. Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, America's most famous preacher, will lecture that day. The C. B. & Q. will sell tickets at all points along the line at one fare for the round trip, good to return until July 12th. Crete is a favorite summer resort, and if for no other reason than to take a pleasure trip and remain a few days, a person would be well paid should they go.

If it were not for Cleveland, The Dem-crats would fly. For he is all in the land That Democrats could try.

UNREDEEMED PLEDGES.

ACCUMULATIONS OF A PAWBROKER PUT UP AT AUCTION.

A Curious Crowd in a Chicago Street. Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Jingle as Auctioneers—A Bleeding Heart—Some Pretty Tall Stories—Sentiment.

The street was more crowded than usual. The auctioneers had a house-clearing. All the watches, jewelry, scarf pins, opera glasses, pocket pistols which Mr. Wilkins Micaewer, Gent., and others who were waiting for something to turn up had condescended to the care of a south side pawbroker, were to be sold under the hammer. Mr. Micaewer attended the ceremony. So did Mrs. Micaewer. So did a throng of bargain hunters. The street was pecked with them. The auctioneer was elderly, bald and benevolent. He wore spectacles. He bore a general likeness to Mr. Pickwick. He was assisted by a young gentleman of rapid and disjointed utterance who resembled Mr. Jingle, and he was always calling attention to his Pickwickian philosophy, the purity of his motives, the "squareness" of his conduct. In his vindication Mr. Jingle aided him volubly.

The sale began with a pair of solid gold mounted earrings. Somebody bid \$2.
"Two dollars," sang out Mr. Pickwick.
"Two dollars and a quarter! Who says quarter! Quarter, quarter, quarter, will you make it?"

"Prosperity of prominent society lady," cried Mr. Jingle. "Husband speculated—caught in wheat deal—couldn't come to time—went to board at night—hung himself from gallery—cut down in morning—wheat rose immediately—would have been millionaire—sad case—very."

"My only reason," said Mr. Pickwick, "for putting up these precious relics is the pawbroker's stern command. Gentlemen, you know me. I guarantee everything I sell. My heart bleeds to dispose of these earrings, but I guarantee them. Now who says quarter? Quarter, quarter, quarter, shall I make it?"

The crowd was now down to two or three. The auctioneer and Mr. Jingle stood near the auctioneer, and whenever he urged them to "make it a quarter" they generally made it a quarter. A suspicion that they were in sympathy with the vendors made their neighbors fight rather shy of them, and whenever they showed much disposition to pile up "quarters" they generally had the bidding to themselves. Once or twice a woman at the back would timidly raise her finger and secure a ring or a brooch. The professionals would turn with a laugh, and regard their unprofessional sister with scorn.

A handsome Newfoundland dog strayed in from the street, lay down on the edge of the throng, and regarded the proceedings with philosophic loftiness. "What form of human chicanery is this?" he demanded, blinking his big brown eyes in the sun.
"Here is a watch," said Mr. Pickwick, "with a solid fourteen carat gold case."
"An immense bargain," added Mr. Jingle.
"Stem winder," said Mr. Pickwick.
"Key winder," said Mr. Jingle.
"Perfect order," said Mr. Pickwick.
"Case alone worth the money," said Mr. Jingle.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Pickwick, beaming through his spectacles, "this is not my sale. This is the pawbroker's sale. You know the pawbroker. He is as benevolent as I am. His heart bleeds when circumstances compel him to sell the forfeited pledges of the needy. Twenty dollars are bid. Who says quarter? Quarter, quarter, quarter, shall I make it?"

A third auctioneer now made his appearance. He was more violent than his partners. He was revolutionary in his doctrines and was for "smashing things." A lady's gold watch was produced. "Break it to pieces, gentlemen," cried the revolutionist. "Grind it to powder. The gold dust to which you reduce it will be worth more than you bid for it."

"Remarkable watch," cried Jingle, "remarkable history—lady eloped—notorious scandal—thought she eloped with German baron—no baron at all—only a footman—lady's watch was produced. "Break it to pieces, gentlemen," cried the revolutionist. "Grind it to powder. The gold dust to which you reduce it will be worth more than you bid for it."

"Formerly property of Hattie Blackford," says Jingle—"daughter of Philadelphia parson—went to Russia—called herself Fanny Lear—no grand duke—grand duke all broke up—robbed her—diamonds—shining—gavel-stolen diamonds to Fanny—Russian police bounced her—led to Paris—went broke—sold this lace pin—odd creature—very."

"Worth \$150," says Mr. Pickwick. "Who bids for Fanny Lear's lace pin? Ten dollars? Thank you, sir. Quarter, quarter, quarter shall I make it?"

"Here is a Tissot watch," says the revolutionist. "Smash it with a hammer. Screws are solid gold. Tear 'em to pieces, rip 'em up, pulverize 'em; and a pawbroker will lead you \$75 on the fragments. What's the bid? Six dollars! Why, the glass is worth more."

"Watch belonged to Bearded Lady," says Jingle. "Great attraction—dime museum—manager presented watch—token of esteem—envious rival—took scissors—approached Bearded Lady in bed—cut off head—never drew again—Bearded Lady bustled—manager fired her out—presented another watch to envious rival—sad calamity—very."

Mr. Pickwick got rather jealous of Jingle's tales. He even attempted to spin a yarn or two of his own. He tried to pass off a gold headed cane as "Tasotti's cane." But the crowd jeered, the professionals sneered and the Newfoundland dog gave an ominous little growl. They wanted the original Scheherazade, the authorized teller of tales, or nobody.

In "The Raggicker of Paris"—that famous old play of Felix Pyat, the communist—the raggicker sorts out his bag and finds a shred of sentiment or humor in every rag. This bit of lace was worn by the belle of the ball, that scrap of calico came from a shirt that was made by a starving mother beside the cot of a dying child. So in this pawbroker's sale every article had its history. Jingle, the romancer, knew nothing about them. The opera glasses in mother-of-pearl that lie at his side could tell of the night when he and she went for the first time together to the theatre; how she had no eyes for anything but the stage, and he had no eyes for anything but her; and how the opera glasses, having the gift of observation, surmised from her behavior that the engagement subsequently came to nothing. This ring could tell of a betrothal of which the parents hoped so much; that ring could tell of a marriage which ended in strife and separation.

Gravely rose the Newfoundland dog; gravely he shook his head; gravely he walked away. Dimly it dawned upon his canine intelligence that this auction was an epitome of human life. And still Mr. Jingle went on with his idle fairy tales and Mr. Pickwick kept musically asking: "Quarter, quarter, quarter, shall I make it?"—Chicago Tribune.

As education increases and civilization advances, the luxuries of the present become the necessities of the succeeding age.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Newspaper Comments Concerning Men and Women of More or Less Fame.

Lady Londonderry is trying to make green fashionable in London.

Prince Henry, of Russia, was the first German prince who ever sailed round the world.

Mlle. Labois is the first woman in Paris to be awarded a diploma of Doctor des Sciences.

Nilson's farwell series at Albee had begun with great success. Her voice is said to be as fine as ever.

Miss Amelia Lives received \$1000 from the Lippincotts for her novel, "Quick and the Dead."

Mrs. Gen. Kilpatrick has worn six eyes, raven black hair, olive complexion and vicious manners.

The Prince of Wales is so tired with social duties that at times he cannot get servant changes his toilet.

Jean Inglew gives a dinner three times a week to the sick poor and the discharged convalescents from hospitals.

A temperance paper was recently established at Tokio, Japan, by Miss Asia and Mrs. Tasaki, of the Tokio W. C. T. U.

Mlle. Helene Laroche, a Paris ballet girl, recently drew 200,000 francs in a lottery and donated it to an orphan asylum.

Mrs. Zerelda G. Wallace, who is generally referred to as the mother of Gen. Lew Wallace, is in reality his stepmother. His mother died when he was a boy.

The new Japanese minister at Washington was in 1877 sent to prison for five years for a political offense. During his confinement he translated John Stuart Mill's works on political economy into Japanese.

The first Mrs. Tabor, the divorced wife of the Colorado ex-senator, is living quietly in Denver and is worth nearly a million. She is a shrewd business woman and makes money speculating in stocks and mines.

Mrs. Labouchere, wife of the editor of Truth and member of Parliament, has recently made her debut as a public political speaker in her husband's interests. Mrs. Labouchere was an actress before her marriage, and it was, therefore, no new thing for her to address an audience.

Dr. Annie Pomberger, of Philadelphia, bears the enviable distinction of being the first woman in America who was granted the degree of D. D. S. by a dental college. She looks hardly older than 25, is thoroughly womanly in her ways and earns an annual income of \$6,000 by her profession.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe apparently did not look upon her marriage as an end of her school days, for since her marriage she has learned to speak French, Italian and modern Greek fluently, and has acquired a profound knowledge of the works of K. St. Hegel, Spinoza, Comte and Fichte.

Sarah Winemucca, the Indian princess who attended Wellesley college, and under the non de plume of "Bright Eyes" has written some charming frontier stories, is now teaching an Indian school of her own. She reports that she has fifteen or sixteen pupils, and is getting along nicely.

A feature of James Freeman Clarke's life was his correspondence with Margaret Fuller. "From 1829 till 1833," he wrote, "I saw or heard from her almost every day. There was a family connection, and we called each other cousin. She needed a friend. She accepted me for this friend, and to me it was like a gift from the gods, an influence like no other."

Gen. Boulanger's mother, who is a Welshwoman, is 84 years of age. She lives quietly at Ville d'Avray. Her famous son is very kind to her and has always shown her a great deal of attention. The old lady's mind began to give way about two years ago, but she is by no means an imbecile. Gen. Boulanger has just sent to her house all the decorations, gifts, pictures, bric-a-brac, etc., which used to adorn his study at Clermont-Ferrand.

Mr. Wilkie Collins is described as one of the most courteous of correspondents. He is always prompt with his reply, and his letters are as gracefully written as his books. No curt laconic and brusque brevities with him; there is good nature in every line, and somehow when we get to the end of his chatty epistles we feel there is less of the usual formalism in his "Believe me, faithfully yours." His letters, which are headed "Glooucester place, Portman square," have a monogram, with a quill piercing the letters, which is quite a trademark of his.

The celebrated John Dunn, who turned himself into a Zulu, and is now one of the ten chiefs of Zululand, has just published a book giving some of his experiences in wild Africa during his thirty years' residence there. Dunn was a big hunter before he became King Ceteywayo's right hand man, and the stories he tells make our crack shots open their eyes. One morning he bagged twenty-three hippopotami in thirty shots, and during that season 203 of these river horses were victims of his rifle. No wonder big game in Zululand became scarce, with such hunters as John Dunn continually blazing away at every animal worth shooting. Dunn, unlike the other hunters, did not go further afield in pursuit of sport, but settled down, took to politics, married into the best families of the Zulu aristocracy, and today is the most important individual in his adopted country.

Strange Sight in Maine.
Between 9:30 and 10 o'clock the other night a strange sight was observed by several people at Portland, Me. What appeared to be a huge illuminated cloud passed over the houses at a height of about 100 feet. It actually lighted up the street and caused no little amount of wondering among those who observed the phenomenon. One gentleman's curiosity led him to the roof of his house for purpose of investigation. He then found, to his astonishment, that the strange appearance was a large swarm of lightning bugs flying slowly north.—Chicago Herald.

A SONG.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear; There is ever a something, sings away; There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear, And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray The sunshine showers across the grain, And the bluish thrills in the orchard tree; And in and out, when the eaves drip rain, The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear, In the midnight black, or the midday blue; The robin pipes when the sun is here, And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.

The buds may blow, and the fruits may grow, And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sore; But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow, There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Woman Can Be Ingenious.
Who was it said that no woman ever invented anything? It was untrue, anyhow. A woman can be ingenious when it seems to her worth while. A device for increasing the business of a barroom is a bright silver dollar glued fast to the floor in front of the bar. The customer comes in to order a drink, and covers the coin, desires to pick it up and pocket it without being seen, and to that end gives to the bartender a bill in payment for his beverage, so that he may have time, when that person turns his back to make change, to pick up the dollar from the floor. But the bartender manages to shorten the opportunity so much that the man cannot stoop quick enough to reach the prize. So he orders another drink and tries again. Perhaps he spends three or four times as much as he intended to before he is able to touch the dollar, and to find out that that cannot detach it from the board. Then he either sneaks out quietly or laughs over the trick, and in either case the extra patronage has been gained for the saloon, while the dollar remains for further service. But a cat husband told of a trick she provided with a sharp-edged tack puller, and made a round of all the groceries in her neighborhood where the dollar dodge was being worked. She bought one glass of beer in each place, neatly pried up the coin while the barkeeper was making change, and went on to repeat it.—New York Sun.

Trade of Professional Director.
There is a lucrative, if not very extensive, trade in this city that I have never seen described in print. This is the trade of the professional director. All stock corporations are governed by boards of directors, as everybody knows. These directors serve without fixed salaries, but by no means without compensation. An allowance in cash is made to each director for his attendance at a board meeting, the amount varying according to the company he serves and coming out of the expense fund. In some cases a more or less elaborate lunch is thrown in. All railroad, bank, steamship and trust companies observe the rule of paying a director something for his service. The only requirement is that the meeting shall be a business one. If there is no quorum there is no fee. But it is a peculiarity of board meetings that it very rarely happens that a quorum does not assemble. The directors, with that fine eye to business that characterizes the average financier, are pretty certain to see to it that they earn their fees, especially as the meetings are generally short ones and held quite convenient to the down town offices, so that no considerable amount of time is wasted in attending them.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

Kaffirland's Fantastic Cradle.
One would hardly go to Kaffirland for a fantastic cradle, and one almost as queer as it is fantastic, at that. Yet he would find such a one there. The Kaffir baby, when he comes into the world, is put into a cradle or bag made of antelope skin, with the hair on. The baby, cradle, narrow toward the bottom, widens to within a few inches of the opening, when it again suddenly contracts. The hair is turned inward, giving the young Kaffir as soft a bed as some found in the cradles of royalty. Four long strips of antelope skin are attached to the cradle, and enable the mother to swing it on her back after a peculiar fashion.—Drake's Magazine.

A Curious Freak of Nature.
There is at Lone Pine, Inyo county, a rock that might be easily passed off for a petrified elephant. A photograph of the rock shows as like as possible to the photograph of an elephant. The trunk, the eyes, the head and body are all as well formed in the photograph as if the camera had been turned to a living animal. The wrinkles and folds in the skin of an elephant and the color are all represented in the rock. The symmetry and proportions of the living animal are reproduced in this remarkable freak of nature.—Independence (Cal.) Independent.

Don't Raise Fainting Persons.
The common practice of raising fainting persons to a sitting or upright position is often sufficient to destroy the spark of life which remains. The death of an eminent English statesman a short time ago gave opportunity to the coroner for emphasizing this fact, and of pointing out how much more sensible and sound it is to keep such persons in the prone position, while restoratives and local means are adopted to enable them, if possible, to regain consciousness.—Medical Journal.

The Inventor of Dynamite.
Mr. Alfred Nobel, the inventor and chief manufacturer of dynamite, is emphatically a man of peace and deprecates the use of the explosive as a destroyer of human life. "If I had my way," he said recently, "I would close up all my factories and never make another ounce of the stuff."—New York Tribune.

A Queer Theatrical Crank.
A strange sort of theatrical crank has been discovered in Paris at the Ambigu. It is a woman who sits nightly in one of the galleries and learn the pieces by heart. It is said to make her night draws, she recites with the actors in a whisper. Her neighbors are surprised to hear her whispering the cues before the actor is heard.—Chicago Herald.

Justly Indignant Thieves.
Even the criminal classes are losing faith in the lawyers. A society of thieves in San Diego has passed a vote of want of confidence in the legal profession, and decided that its members will go to jail without the assistance of attorneys henceforth.—San Francisco Examiner.

Putting It Nicely.
"Now, Mr. Bijones," said Mrs. Ringfinger, who was visiting Mrs. Bijones, "don't try to be polite. Do just as you would if we were not here, and we shall feel ever so much more at home."—Harper's Bazar.

The Unhappiest Americans in all Europe are those who cannot come home.
In order to carve out a fortune, one must be sharp.—The Epoch.

S. JACOBS OIL FOR RHEUMATISM.

HON. S. CROSBY, Hawaiian Consul, Lima, Peru, writes as follows:

"St. Jacobs Oil cured me of painful Rheumatism."

S. Crosby

Dr. E. A. BUCK, Editor and Publisher, "The Spirit of the Times," N. Y., says:

"I have used St. Jacobs Oil, repeatedly, with satisfactory results."

E. A. Buck

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

NEBRASKA POST OFFICES.

The Changes of Salaries in Presidential Post Offices.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 20.—For the convenience of postmasters, the salaries for the year beginning July 1, Nebraska postmasters have been provided for as follows:

| Office | From | To |
|---------------|---------|---------|
| Ainsworth | \$1,100 | \$1,200 |
| Alma | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Artesian | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Atchison | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Auburn | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Avoca | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Bellaire | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Blue Hill | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Broken Bow | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Cambridge | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Central City | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Chadron | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Craig | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Callahan | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| David City | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Delia | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Fairbury | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Farmington | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Friend | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Fullerton | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Gem | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Graetzel | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Hastings | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Hebron | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Hildreth | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Holdrege | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Hudson | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Imperial | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Kearney | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Lincoln | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Loup City | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Madison | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Nebraska City | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| North Platte | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Omaha | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Ord | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Orleans | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Plattsmouth | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| St. Paul | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Scioute | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Seward | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Shelby | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Sidney | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| South Omaha | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Stromberg | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Union | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Wahoo | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Weeping Water | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| West Point | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| Wilber | 1,100 | 1,200 |
| York | 1,100 | 1,200 |

SOMETHING OF INTEREST.

To the People of Cass and Adjoining Counties

I desire to say a few words to the people at large in regard to the breeding of horses. Having myself, for the last 25 years been engaged in that business, believing that I am competent to give a fair, unbiased opinion of the best breeders, I drove the stallion, Little Breches, who took the 1st premium at the first fair ever held in Des Moines, Ia. I also owned and bred the stallion, Cap Walker, who was the first horse to take a premium in Cass county and have always been handling horses for breeding purposes. I have handled and bred Printers, Morgans, Copper Bottoms, Bashous, Hamiltonians, Clydesdales, Normans and others. I have bought and brought to Cass county, a large number of horses even before the B. & M. R. R. had a rail here and among them were a Printer Stallion, a Copper Bottom Stallion, four Norman Stallions, four Clydesdale Stallions and others and have bred all these horses at different times. I have been on the horse market for 20 years and am by this time, certainly competent to know what horse or breed of horses will bring the most money in this or any other market and which are the most valuable to stock raisers. My opinion is that the Clydesdale and Norman are worth more money to the breeders and it is based upon this fact, that a three year old Norman or Clydesdale draft horse is worth and can be sold in market for \$140 to \$200 and the smaller horses at the same age will not possibly bring over \$75.

I have said this much for the benefit of breeders and in explanation, and I further desire to say that we have now at our stables in Plattsouth two Clydesdale and one Norman horses good clean big breeders, and with more to follow, both for sale and breeding purposes.

W. D. JONES,
Plattsouth, Neb., May 14th, 1888.

STRAYED FROM PLATTSOUTH, NEB.

About four weeks since, two ponies, one a bay mare with a star in forehead; the other a dark brown gelding, four white feet and white face. The finder will be liberally rewarded by returning one or both to
Geo. H. BAX,
June 12, 1888. Wm. B. PORTER.

For Sale

A thorough bred, Polled Angus bull calf, enquire of Judge W. H. Newell or C. Parmele.

Wm. Gilmore

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Authorized Capital, \$100,000.

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W. B. CUSHING, Cashier.

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J. W. Johnson, Henry Beck, John O'Keefe,
W. D. Merriam, Wm. Wettenkamp, W. H. Cushing.

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ROBERT DONNELLY'S WAGON AND BLACKSMITH SHOP.

Wagon, Buggy, Machine and Plow repairing, and general Jobbing.
at now prepared to do all kinds of repairing of farm and other machinery, as there is a great trade in my shop.

PRYER RACKEN.

The old Reliable Wagon Maker has taken charge of the wagon shop. He is well known as a