

WOMAN AND HOME.

PHYSICAL AND MENTAL DEVELOPMENT OF BOYS AND GIRLS.

Saving the Odds and Ends—Starving to Death for Love—At the Picnic—Being Insulted—In Disguise—"Good Society."—Overeating.

At the bottom of everything lies health—without this, every other gift is more or less useless. Though you miss all else for your children, secure this if possible. Make sure they acquire no health destroying habits. Do not have a boy tied to his mother's apron strings. Let abundant play and out-of-door sports create an amiable spirit. Boys and girls will need all of both they can get before they have done. Encourage them to obtain quickness, self confidence and grace—for instance, by sparring, skating, horse-back riding, dancing, etc. They will hereafter stand in good stead. Indeed, this health and culture of the body are no more helpful, and, indeed, indispensable, on the economic than on the evolutionary side. By all means, make them, if you can, your boys especially, fearless and self-reliant. Remember that true courage is one of the richest possessions. As has been said, it is promotive of health and happiness, and essential to, and by the Greeks and Romans was used synonymously with, virtue. A timid man may be afraid to act right, may not dare to do his duty when opposed by dangers and difficulties. Of this virtue everybody is in need, and none more so than the coward, as proved by his vainglorious affectation of it. Thus, the fool affects wisdom, the knave honesty, the niggard liberality and the poulterer bravery.

As to what can be done in childhood toward the higher development: In the first place, if your son or daughter is gifted with mind or tastes inherently predestined to be cultivated, you could not prevent that consummation is your duty. Some men who, in later life, become distinguished exponents of the higher departments, in youth never show the slightest indication of their future eminence. Chancellor Kent, for instance, famous as he became in his maturity, up to 24 had never really taxed his mind, and had lived the life mainly of a healthy human animal. If your child be one of this sort, he will give you but little trouble, but will just eat, play, grow, become strong, live in his little body, and it will be all the better for him hereafter that he did not develop his taste. You may, indeed, watch your boy and girl, however commonplace they are, and indulge your heart in the hope that in the future they will turn out Peabodys and George Eliots. Others—as Mozart—were precocious, and show from the very start anticipatory evidences of their later growth.

These are the difficult cases. If you suspect that your boy or girl possesses some strongly pronounced talent or bent, by all means do not stifle it. Neither is it necessary to stifle it out. There have been in children inclinations that while not of the imperious and supreme type that cannot be arrested, might have been productive of much pleasure and profit to their owners and a wide circle, and yet early died out through rough treatment and neglect. As time goes on, and the indications persist, and friends and experts confirm your thought, you may feel assured. All the more because of suspected talent, makes health and strength the first consideration. You are much more likely, however, to see in your child remarkable cleverness which has no existence, than not to see those which do exist. Here, it is well to say, that too many parents seek to make prodigies of their little ones. Scarcely are they able to lisp when attempts are made to teach them to read, recite verses and otherwise anticipate the natural ripening of the intellect.

Again, if they are unusually precocious, instead of being restrained, as they should be, more often a systematic form of instruction is instituted, and thus the intellect is prematurely developed, but almost always at the expense of the physical constitution. If in early life the mind is overtasked, the development of the physical organization is retarded. The vital forces during the first years of childhood are especially required by the system at large to maintain its necessary development. If, therefore, they are too prodigally expended on the intellect, or unaccountably diverted to the brain, it must be at the cost of other functions and organs. Under such circumstances, the growth is generally retarded, the muscular system but imperfectly developed, and the body continues spare and devoid of its fair proportions. The complexion will, moreover, be pale and sickly, the circulation and digestion feeble, and nervous affections or other infirmities of the flesh are likely to supervene, overburdening existence and shortening its term. The future of children, therefore, in a very great measure, depends upon the management which they receive during the first few years of life, and this truth should be deeply impressed upon the minds of all parents. Especially should they appreciate the dangers of interfering with intellectual development. The immature brain of childhood is such an exceedingly delicate organ that great consequences often, in later life, result from efforts to force upon the understanding. In the natural order of things, the powers of the mind are disclosed gradually and in harmony with the advancement of other functions of the system.

But to return to our subject. Unexceptional children who are destined, too, to prove unexceptional adults, constitute the great majority. It is much safer to encourage intellectual tendencies in the child than in children who are pronouncedly intellectual. Peculiarly their property, however—in addition to those among the qualities we have already alluded to, which should obviously be secured for them—are the moral graces which most adorn childhood and are due to all. These, in later life, we find to be our dearest treasures and highest incentives. Those lessons of right and truth and uprightness which a mother's heart wisdom best knows how to write upon her children's souls rank first here. Nothing can outweigh them, nothing can fully replace them. They sow the seeds of the highest future character. As air and exercise make healthy bodies, they constitute the health of the spirit. Next come the education in love, kindness and courtesy to those about us, conferred by the same graces, which makes life now and in memory afterward rich, and creates natures capable of later expansion of joys. Integrity and a loving heart are the brightest jewels you can give any child.—Boston Herald.

Saving the Odds and Ends. What sort of a man is it that possesses some of us at times, and makes us save all our odds and ends of every description under the delusion that they will "come handy" some time? They never do "come handy." But we cling to them with great tenacity instead of having the good sense to bestow them on the ash man as his rightful prerogative. My wife and I have well developed economical tendencies, and we pride ourselves on never wasting a thing that may "be useful" or "come handy" at any time in the dim future. I have read of men of wealth who traced

the beginning of their riches back to the time when they carefully saved pieces of twine, never cutting it from a bundle, but carefully untying it and laying it away for future use, until they must have had a barrel or two of old twine lying around some place. Once I read of a millionaire who set his fellow men an example of thrift by getting out of his carriage and picking up a rusty nail he saw by the roadside, and I remember his example until I had about forty pounds of old, rusty, bent and broken nails lying around; and about once in six months I used a pound or two of them in trying to find one that I could drive into a board without bending or breaking. At last I sold the lot for old iron and got ten cents for them. Then I began to reform, and the other day I began reforming my wife.

There was cleaning out the accumulation of years in a closet in the basement and piling most of its contents up for the ash man when my wife came down stairs. "There are some things in that closet I want saved," she said; "they'll come handy some time." But I resolved to be firm. "You don't want this?" I said, holding up an old tea kettle without any spot and with six big holes in the bottom of it. "Well, it might come handy for something some day."

I tossed it into the ash barrel and held up a pair of very old boots, discarded four years ago, and now green with mold. "No use in saving these, is there?" I asked. "Well, I don't know. A little piece of leather often comes handy in a house for a hinge or something."

I called to mind a pair of leather hinges I once made, and the boots followed the tea kettle. "What do you want this rusty old hoop-skirt for?" "Oh, a piece of hoopskirt wire often comes in useful in a house."

"It hasn't been asked for in this house since before the war," I said. "Here's an old hat of mine that's been lying around nine years. Better throw it away, hadn't it?" "Well, perhaps so. I've often thought of giving it to some poor man, but I forget it every time a tramp comes round. I gave it to one tramp and he went off and left it on the front gate post."

"Showed his good sense," I said. "Do you want all these old broken dishes?" "Yes; I'll have them all mended some day. I've intended having it done for five years." When her back was turned they went into the ash barrel. "No use in saving these old bottles, eh?" "Well, a bottle's a handy thing to have around. Better save them."

"My dear," I said, "here are at least seventy-five old bottles, and to my certain knowledge we don't use one a year, and I think we can trust our great-great-grand-grandchildren to get their own bottles, so here they go."

In the same daring, reckless way I threw away three old bustles, old bonnets, breeches, lamps, skillets, hair combs, shoes, sawdust, tin pans, old papers, pop corn, waxy walnuts, soap grease, broken lamps, spoutless teapots, bottomless coffee pots, cracked bottles and ten thousand other things that had for years and years been waiting to "come handy," but which never would or could "come handy" in this world or in the world to come.—Zenas Dane in Detroit Free Press.

Starving to Death for Love. Ouida says that a woman has the heart of a dog, meaning by that, I suppose, that the more she is beaten the more she loves the hand that beats her. But it is not true. The strongest love of the strongest of us can be bent and broken like a lily by indifference or neglect. The man who holds his heart proud and high, too often takes the love of a woman for granted. Having once won it, he feels too sure that he can keep it without any trouble, at least without any extra trouble. "I've got her now," he says to himself. "She belongs to me as much as my horse does; I will see that she is well fed, well stabled, well groomed and well shod, and what a splendid reasonable woman desire," and he picks up the little note he laid at her feet before he "got her," and which he was pleased to call his heart, and holding it up proud and high before him and leaves her. But some women are not reasonable, they don't pretend to be reasonable, and sometimes when the man who has "got her" is poisoning his heart high up in the cool regions of self complacency and waiting for the unreasonable woman to climb for it, she simply doesn't do it. Sometimes she just quietly begins to pack the iron rod her own heart until it freezes even stiffer and colder than his; and sometimes she beats her head, impatient, slighted heart against the bars of her prison until she finds her way out to sunshine and to freedom. But, alas that I must confess it, she more often starves to death from love hunger within her prison walls.

Men may laugh of it, but there are such deaths, and women die there daily and are surrounded and comforted and buried without the world's ever knowing that there is even so much as a faint bruise on their tender, loving, patient hearts. It is the men who hold their hearts "proud and high," who kill women in this noiseless, stealthy way. It is a strange fact that cold, reticent, unromantic men who hold their hearts proud and high, and who weigh out in homoeopathic doses the words of affection they give to a woman test, they should be so much as a faint bruise on their tender, loving, patient hearts. It is the men who hold their hearts "proud and high," who kill women in this noiseless, stealthy way.

What Are They Proud Of? A chronic grumbler caught the Rambler's ear recently, and this is what he had to say: "An aristocracy in a republic is a pestilent anomaly, and yet that is precisely what is growing up. A self-made man who has worked for his wealth with unflinching industry and been frugal, retains his democracy, but not so his wife and daughters, who have done nothing but cultivate expensive tastes. They elevate their noses at less pretentious neighborhoods and lament that their parent has no dignity whatever. They manage to tolerate him because he keeps their lily white hands from the necessity of toil, but they make him feel his immeasurable inferiority when any social question turns up. What are they proud of? They are proud of doing nothing and of being uncharitably used to anybody or even to themselves. Usefulness of any kind is horridly vulgar. They call themselves 'good society,' and what with holding their heads very high and keeping everybody except their own particular set at a distance, they have managed to persuade a great many that they really are superior in some mysterious fashion to other citizens."

For a Bad Breath. A woman with every charm of an ancient or modern Venus ceases to be beautiful if, when she speaks, her breath is hot and feverish, or worse still, absolutely tainted. Naturally she does not know this, and it is only proper that somebody belonging to her should tell her. If it comes from her tongue, it is something very quickly remedied. If it comes from her digestion then it is her doctor's business to get her in good order, but very often in this country of invalid women it comes from the use of very strong medicines. Dr. Wilson advises for this the use of lemons, claiming that they are the most purifying of all fruits, and the aromatic odor produced by lemons rubbed on the teeth, gums or lips lasts longer than any other. For a feverish breath that results from the stomach, few drops of lime water used as a gargle, or better still, a half teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in a little water will have the desired effect.—"Bab" in Philadelphia Times.

A Place to Study Womanhood. It is rather a credit to a young woman that she can heartily and unaffectedly enjoy and help others to enjoy a good—perchance old-fashioned—picnic. It will redound to the life happiness of a young man to take a day off and attend such a picnic, if only to study womanhood from a picnic standpoint. If, from such a point of observation, his faculties are rightly employed, he may detect qualities in the young women of his circle that, until the advent of an all day picnic, have remained latent, unsuspected. If the

fair object of his silent watchfulness reveals new charms, if she lays aside her "company manners" and becomes an unaffected girl for the day; if she looks after the little folks and finds keen joy in the added pleasure she confers upon them in the many ways that a womanly woman is mistress of; if she cares less for trying hard to win attention than to bestow it, upon women older and less attractive than herself; if she does these things then is she a woman to "tie to," a girl that, as a wife, will be a capital prize in the lottery of matrimony.

Per contra, if the umbrageous canopy of the picnic grove casts its latticed shadow upon a damsel who regards the affair as only serving as a background to a picture in which she is the self appointed central figure of the foreground; if she is a creature of many needs and makes these known in an importunate manner; if she invests a green worm with a horror that upsets the peace of mind of all about her; if she permits a vagrant spider or investigating ant to destroy her good humor for hours and to engender wish on the part of her acquaintances that she had been prevented from leaving home; if, in short, she conducts herself as if she was conferring a favor on the entire gathering by coming at all, then does she stand revealed as a young woman that, like dynamite or rough on rats, it is well to leave alone.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Not Exactly What We Seem.

Do many of us strive to make ourselves seem in our little worlds; do we not rather hide under all manner of disguises, do we not try to seem better, kinder, more innocent, purer, wiser, wittier than we are? Do we show to everybody the testiness of our temper? Do we go about admitting freely that we told an untruth this morning; that we have been guilty of listening to what was not intended for our ears; that we ate a gluttonous meal; that we hurt the feelings of all our family by our malicious speech; that we slandered an acquaintance; that we took more than our share of the day's pleasures, the best chair, the first reading of the daily paper; that we snubbed our dependents, and were rude to our superiors and were altogether unlovely?

No; we carry the blindest expressions that we know how to wear, on the side toward the world, portraying the best disposition that we know how to counterfeit; we turn up our eyes in horror at the person who does tell untruths; we speak with scorn and old saws of "people who do listen to what was not meant for them to hear; we wish aloud that we had more appetite, for we eat no more than the girl in the fable, with her grain of rice; we despise gossip and slander; we rise from the comfortable chair when mamma comes in—if there is any one present to see us do it; we ask the paper for grandma without so much as glancing at it; we speak with a voice of silver to our inferiors; as far as our unconscious power of imposture goes we appear to be altogether too sweet and good for human nature's daily food. It is, in fact, our aim to seem so much better than we are that it amounts to seeming what we are not, to an actual disguise, and if you who think he knows us well should ever come to the soul wandering in the No Man's Land of the other life, he will certainly not have the least idea that he has ever met that soul before.—Harper's Bazar.

Attracting the Wrong Element.

I know some women who are always being insulted. I don't wonder at it. They go about expecting annoyance, slight or injury. They are first thought in their minds, and the first thought in the minds of the men surrounded by them, is, "Don't any of you miserable creatures dare to touch me." Now, I believe that those who carry that mental makeup about with them will attract the element of infelicity. They get what they expect. If a person goes out in the world with his or her fists doubled up, and is on the war with all the time, whether there be anything to war with or not, he or she is much more likely to have trouble, than the peaceable person who goes out with his fists doubled up when your physical ones are not; but the influence on others is one which courts trouble, and is likely to get it. They told me in California that the man who always carries a pistol is much more likely to get into a fight than he who does not. I think we have reason for that; it is merely having a deadly weapon about one inclines to the combative spirit, and as the holder of the pistol bears it arouses the same spirit in others. Then there are other women who must flirt anywhere and everywhere, if not with one man with another; no matter the quality, so long as it is a man. Their minds are permanently made up to flirt. They don't know this. They are quite unconscious that this is their mental condition. They would not believe you if you told them so, and they would be honest in their belief. They are very liable to get into scrapes. They like, in this way, to play with a little fire, which sometimes becomes too hot for them. But they kindle it themselves. And a woman with this sort of mind attracts to her the very element which may give her trouble, though she may not lift an eyelid or raise a finger.—Prentice Malford in New York Star.

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A TECHNICAL SCHOOL

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The Modern Movement by Which Women Have Entered So Many Departments of Industry—Subjects Taught in the School. Some Suggestions.

We imagine that it will surprise most people to learn that there is a technical school in New York, exclusively for girls, which has been in existence fourteen years, and graduated this year a class of 924 members, or more than the united members of the graduating classes of boys in all the technical schools in the western hemisphere. It is true that the sciences taught in the school are not of a very abstruse character, but they are of the sort best adapted at present to help girls to earn an honest living, and many a woman must bless the thoughtful charity by which she was put in the way of independence. There is still something strange to an American in the modern movement by which women have entered into nearly all the departments of industry and trade which were once monopolized by men.

It is not many years since a young girl's face was a rather rare sight on Wall or State street, and those that were seen generally belonged to persons who were shyly hurrying by on their way to a ferry or railway station. Now nearly every broker's or lawyer's office and merchant's counting room has its gentle, industrious bookkeepers and typewriters, and in many cases these modest and faithful assistants are entrusted with very great responsibility. All the girls who wish to be employed, however, cannot find places as typewriters or bookkeepers, and it is a matter of much importance to the welfare of the sex to increase the number of occupations in which it can be of service. This sort of work is just what a technical school can do, and those who would like to see the weaker class of their fellow citizens placed in a position where they need not be dependent for support upon the uncertain mercies of their male relatives will do well to keep the New York example in mind.

Among the subjects taught in the school are stenography and bookkeeping, mechanical and free hand drawing, sewing both by hand and machine, cutting and fitting, music, designing as applied to textile fabrics, wall papers and tile and modeling. All the instruction given is free, and the salaries of the twelve teachers employed, as well as rent and other expenses, are paid by subscription under the care of the Young Women's Christian Association. So far as the public are concerned the education of women in all these, as well as other kindred subjects, is an unmitigated advantage. Not only are thousands of intelligent persons changed from idle and often very poor consumers to industrious and comparatively affluent producers, but the introduction of so much trained skill into the practice of the domestic arts must before long show itself in the development of these arts.

The manufacture of wall paper in this country certainly owes to a few clever women a great part of the extraordinary artistic success which it has achieved; and to take another example, the decorative embroidery of the associated artists, and of Mrs. Holmes before them, give a promise for the future of American art which is hardly to be found in the painting or sculpture of the country. If we could suggest anything which might advantage be added to the curriculum of this or similar schools, it would certainly be the development of the actual practice of artistic industry in other ways besides embroidery. There is no reason, for instance, why women here should not be as successful in decorative painting as the Misses Garrett and their rivals are in England.

Most women are somewhat sensitive to color, but are so persuaded of their natural gift in this direction that they scorn to learn anything about the subject, and make, in consequence, laborious attempts at decoration which, to everybody but themselves, appear painfully ignorant and bold. If the same women would get rid of the notion that heaven has already taught them a business which their brothers spend years in learning, and would, like men, make themselves acquainted with the observations of such masters as Owen Jones, Dr. Dresser and William Morris, and compare the beautiful forms of the antique and the Renaissance, the brilliancy of the Japanese and the ineffable coloring of the Chinese, they could, more easily than most men, acquire a resource and certainty which would make them the best and most rapid of decorators.

These sorts of training would fit them for other artistic professions. We cannot say that we think the system of making designs for tiles and similar things, for indifferent workmen to carry out, is calculated to develop the highest artistic capacity or produce the most beautiful art. The highest beauty can only be added by the artist's own hands, without the intervention of mechanics, and there is just now a wide field for the use of works of decoration which shall be as much autographs of the designer as an easel picture could be. To take a single example, a great deal of mosaic for the adornment of buildings is now made in Venice by an association of girls of good family, who draw and color the designs, pick out the bits of glass or stone, and send them to be put in position. Although mosaic is now a rare luxury with us, it might be popularized in this way to the general advantage.—American Architect.

Inventor of the Catcher's Mask. Fred Thayer not only inscribed his name on the tablet of "great Harvard ball players," but he did more than that. The catcher's mask was the creation of Fred Thayer's Yankee ingenuity. It came about in this way: After catching Ernie for a season, Tyng went to Thayer and said he would not stand up any longer and run the risk of having his face stove in. Thayer had no alternative. He must either devise some protection for Tyng's face or lose him as a catcher. Why not cover the face with a cage? thought the quick-witted captain. No sooner did the idea occur to him than he went to work to carry it out. He spent his spare time in bending wires and experimenting until he had constructed the first catcher's mask ever used. It was a primitive affair as compared with the masks of today, but it answered the purpose and kept Tyng behind the bat. That original mask was hanging in George Wright's office in Boston until he died. Fred Thayer is now making money in the wool business in Boston.—Boston Globe.

To Keep Away Flies. The San Francisco Medical Journal says it is stated that oil of bay is used in Switzerland by butchers to keep their shops free from flies; and that after a coat of the oil has been applied to the walls none of these troublesome pests venture to put in an appearance. This remedy has also been tried and found effectual in the south of France in preserving fish frames, chandeliers, etc., from becoming soiled. It is remarked that flies soon avoid the rooms where this application has been employed.—Frank Leslie's.

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