

WRECKED BY A WATER-SPOUT.

Hot Springs, Ark., Wrecked—Six Lives Lost.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Sept. 1.—A Gazette special from Hot Springs, Ark., says: Yesterday was an epoch in the history of Hot Springs. The city is gutted. Ruin and wreck meet the vision everywhere, and nothing like it has ever been known to compare with the result of the Thursday night's storm, which occurred too late to be telegraphed. It was a water-spout, and the valley was swept with a mighty tidal wave. The loss too property is fearful, while the sacrifice of human life, is, under the circumstances, appalling. Swift and terrible were the visitations. Without warning the people were awakened from their slumbers to find themselves threatened with destruction by the mad waves. Strange to relate, few people were conscious of the horrible disaster till they awoke to look upon the desolate scenes yesterday morning, and to drag the drowned from the drifts. The storm struck the town about eleven o'clock Thursday night from a northwesterly direction. It was accompanied by stiff, cool winds, though not strong enough to produce damage. Rain fell in torrents from 11 to 1 o'clock without intermission or cessation. Indeed, those who were up and witnessed the awful scene describe it as one never before seen by them. Vivid flashes of lightning displayed, as it were, great sheets of falling water. At the close of the storm a great and ominous sound, with the shouts of the people and cries of distress went up from the valley, and such citizens as were in the vicinity of the creek and ravines went forth to render assistance. The flood on Central avenue, the principal thorough fare, assumed an angry river, whose rushing tide swept everything movable on its bosom. For over half an hour the avenue was transformed into a torrent fifty yards wide. Barrels, boxes and parts of houses came down on the tide and were left strewn on sidewalks. Several large hotels were flooded to a depth of four feet with the murky waters. Many buildings were totally wrecked. Up to this hour six persons are known to have been found dead in the wrecked buildings. The damage to property is estimated at \$100,000.

Struck a Cold Mine.

HOWARD, Dak., Aug. 31.—Great excitement exists all classes here, brought about by the finding gold dust thickly mixed with sand thrown from an excavation which the workmen were digging for well purposes. Old miners were soon on the spot and pronounced the find as a very promising one. From a quantity obtained, an assay was made, valuing the quality at \$18 per ounce. The only trouble is if the vein is found, will be the nearness of water to the surface, as excavations of 150 feet quickly fill with water to the depth of 130 feet. The find seems to lie under the surface of the main street of the town.

Found Dead on a Sand Bar.

DAKOTA CITY, Neb., August 31.—Sheriff Brasfield was this afternoon notified that the body of a dead man had been found on a sand bar of the Missouri river about twelve miles below here and at once started there. There are conflicting rumors concerning the dead man, one being that he was found a quarter of a mile from high water mark, and that he was undoubtedly murdered, while another report is that he is doubtless the man, Robert Powers, who recently fell from a bridge at Sioux City.

Canada Will Open Her Ports.

TORONTO, Ont., August 31.—A special from Ottawa says: "The bluster and rant indulged in by minister Thompson at Hagersville have not weakened the belief, which is general here, that at tomorrow's meeting of the cabinet privileges of purchasing supplies and transhipping cargoes in Canadian ports will be granted to American fishing vessels, and that canals will be made free to the vessels of both countries."

A popular colored republican known as "Ned" in this city made the following assertion to some hard-skinned democrats who are in the habit of talking him with an eye to next November: "If dar was nobody in dis har world to vote de 'publiken ticket but me, you democrats will see me vote dat way all de time."

The B. & M. will sell round trip tickets to Omaha, during the great fair, which is to be held there from the 3rd to the 8th of September, at a half-fare for the round trip from all stations in Nebraska, good to return until Sept. 10th. The siege of Sebastopol, the great military spectacular conception and pyrotechnical display, will be produced nightly during the fair and on alternate nights thereafter during September.

"Aunt," said a little New Jersey boy who was on a visit, "I thought you said you didn't have any mosquitoes in this part of the county." "We don't, dear." "But I can hear them singing just as they do at home." "No, Tommy; that is a saw-mill you hear."—Harper's Bazar.

Deep water Soundings.

When young men and maidens go out canoeing together their thoughts are sailing to the port of canoeial felicity.—New Orleans Picayune.

A boy's ambition is to go back to school in the fall all tanned up. The schoolmaster's ambition is to tan him up some more.—Boston Transcript.

Passenger (on the "limited")—Are you the conductor of the Pullman car, sir? Conductor (meekly)—No, sir; I am merely the conductor of the train.—New York Sun.

Countryman (at Central Park menagerie to attendant)—'Bout what might them eagles be wuth, mister? Attendant (indignantly)—An eagle, sir, is worth \$10.—Epoch

Bride—Darling, will you let me cook your breakfast to-morrow? Husband—Certainly, pet. (Goes off.) Bride—Where are you going? Husband—To make my will.—Time.

Woman (to tramp)—If I give you a nice dinner will you help me put up some patent self-rolling window curtains? Tramp—No, ma'am. I'll saw wood, carry in coal, or dig postholes, but I wouldn't help a woman on window curtains if she gave me a Delmonico spread.—New York Sun.

Citizen—I sold you that mule, Uncle Rastus, on the condition that you were to pay so much a week, and if the payments were not promptly made I was to have the animal back. You haven't paid me a cent in two months. Uncle Rastus—Yuse right, Mistah Smif; dat was de 'greement, an' Ise willun te lib up to it. De mule died last week, an' yo' kin fetch soon's yo' like.—Epoch.

A free minstrel show company held down a platform on the corner of Fourth and Main streets last night. That number of the population which could not put in an appearance, were certainly sick or disabled, for a larger crowd has not been seen in any locality on the streets for some time. The company of colored men, five in number, are employed by a Dr. Turner, who gives the performance as an advertising scheme and to attract a crowd. It is a good one and must invariably draw a large audience. Their concert consists of negro melodies, songs and dances, choruses and farces, and they are all rendered in a pleasing style by the funny men. They afforded considerable amusement for the appreciative crowd.

The seven year old daughter of Mr. Chas. Spangler, who resides about two miles south of the city, met with what proved to be a very painful and serious accident Friday afternoon. While a cider mill was in operation and she was playing around it, she dropped her hand into the machine. The fingers of her right hand were so badly cut and crushed that her physician thinks it will be necessary to amputate the third and fourth fingers. While under the treatment, it was found necessary to administer chloroform.

Only a few days since, we published a list of names of the old veterans who voted for Harrison in 1840, but as the names printed were secured by advertising, a few of as prominent ones have been received within the last few days, of which we are pleased to make special mention. The gentlemen we have reference to, are still strong supporters of Harrison in 1888: G. S. Cooley, of Louisville; A. Cole, Plattsmouth; Mr. Macdougall, of Manly and Wm. Young, of Rock Bluffs precinct.

The train (No. 5) which now arrives here at 7:30 a. m., from the east, will, in the future, arrive fifteen minutes sooner, at 7:15, leaving Pacific Junction at 7 o'clock. To the many who express considerable dissatisfaction because the train now passes here at such an early hour and frequently miss the train, this information will surely not be the most consoling. Probably some of the alarm clock dealers have been negotiating with the B. & M.

Mr. J. A. Archibald, who represents the Wrought Iron Range Company in this state, is in the city today. He will put in the company's improved heating furnaces in the basements of several of our largest and best houses. Messrs. Wm. Neville, F. S. White and Timothy Clark have contracted for the heaters. They are said to be the most serviceable of any in the market.

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the Denyer Republican through the kindness of Mr. Frank Carruth who is a delegate from this city attending the deep water convention, being held at Denver. The paper gives full proceedings of the convention, but as our space is limited we are unable to publish it.

A boat by the name of "White Wings," which skims over the great Manawa pond, near Council Bluffs, captured one day last week. A sarcastic editor of that vicinity says that while she was sailing home her wings grew weary. What's the matter with adding a tune and give it tone.

Our thanks are due Mr. Elias Sage, for the largest as well as the most delicious watermelon of the season. It weighed 88 pounds and for flavor we will wager that it can't be beat.

A CHAT WITH BLONDIN.

HE CARES NOW MORE FOR MONEY THAN FOR GLORY.

Physique of the Famous Tight Rope Walker—No Weakening of His Powers. The Most Difficult Feat—A Trip on His Back—His Method.

"If say would pay me I would cross Niagara again, but for ze gloire, j'eu al assez!" Of course only one man in the world could have made that remark, and although it is a distinction to have done what no other man of woman born in all the ages has ever done, Jean Francois Blondin seems to have in a measure survived himself. When in his inopportune prime he walked the narrow path of hemp above the mad swirling waters so dizzily far beneath him, both the American and Canadian shores were black with beholders who watched him with bated breath. Now when he returns to America after decades and exhibits the even more startling nerve of tripping a birdie on the tight rope with 35 years on his back, a sparse gathering of Cone Island visitors look with languid interest at the doughty funambulist before the Sea Beach pavilion.

There is much of the same dissonance between the Blondin of today up aloft on his aerial pathway and the Blondin who treads the earth. There, clad in tights, and softened by the enchanting touches of distance, there is something of the quasi heroic about his physique, despite his protuberant abdomen. Straight as a crow Indian, motionless as the statue of Memnon, he stands until the braying hand on the portico of the pavilion breaks into a tumultuous strain. Then grasping his long balancing pole he steps forth hardly and with an elastic abandon on the rope. The cords stand out on his legs and arms, his hair has a sort of wind swept look, and his straight ahead gaze is as firm and confident as the unblanching look of Fate.

His wonderful preservation, the agility which invests his six and a half decades with the robust vigor of a youth, tell of his moderate, carefully regulated life. In the morning he takes a breakfast of eggs and wine, or something equally light, and then touches nothing till after he has walked in the evening, when he takes a hearty dinner and lingers at the board with friends over some cordial—quiet, restful, content.

"Do you feel any weakening of your powers?" we asked.

"None. There is nothing that I have ever done which I cannot do equally well today," answered Blondin in French. "I am slightly heavier, but I feel as active as I ever felt."

"Have you never felt any trepidation on the rope?"

"No. Of course there is a certain tension of nerves, but as cool as a cucumber. I have never had an accident or been hurt. Once or twice I lost my chair. I did this at Niagara. Occasionally some of the gear or ropes have given way, but I have never been injured. The rope is always subjected to a good test first. This one is capable of standing a pressure of forty tons, so I am not likely to break it down. My son superintends all of these details now, and I can feel the most perfect confidence in the safety of everything."

"Well, there must be some feat more difficult than others, is there not?"

"Balancing with the chair is the most difficult so far as equilibrium goes. But the bicycle work is the most dangerous, and recovery in case of a slip would be so difficult, if not impossible."

"How do you tell when the chair is just balanced in the middle?"

"I am not so particular about that so long as my center of gravity is right. I tell that by my shoulders and my balancing pole. There is a sense of balance which assumes me as it is as it should be."

"In carrying a person over on your back, are you indifferent as to who it is, or do you have a person who is trained or specially qualified to be carried? I don't suppose you find many who covet the trip."

"Oh, yes. There are plenty who are willing to take it. I would as soon carry one as another if he has nerve. But when I feel anybody trembling or showing any trace of vertigo, I advise them not to go. Although their legs are run through straps they could slip out of them if they were to get faint and fall backward. The mast sways somewhat, and a person subject at all to vertigo will show it when he gets up there. I generally carry over my son, though he is decidedly opposed to his taking the trip. But it is perfectly safe. I am not as dangerous as a bobtail car as a means of transit."

"When you crossed Niagara did you find the rush of the water below you a nerve trying thing?"

"No. For a fortnight before I crossed I used to go and look down, and see the waters sweep over me. But I found that they had an unpleasant effect on me. It has been a little annoying here at Cone Island when some friends have taken me up into the tower and then asked me if I felt the height. I would as lief walk a rope at one height as another. The difficulty is in stretching a rope securely at such great height."

"Have you ever changed your method at all?"

"No. My method is the outcome of experience rather than theory. I began walking when a child. There is such a thing as a genius for rope walking as there is for everything else. I think I have it," said Blondin modestly.

"Now my son, when he gets over a rope, is not a rope walker. He is a good all-round athlete, but he has no decided talent for the profession, and would rather go over a tight rope on my back than on his feet."—New York Tribune Interview.

The Key to Popular Writing.

It is not given to any one man to cover successfully the whole range of literary work, and as an essayist Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson is a failure. Of course anything dressed in the garment of his perfect English is pleasant reading, but for a man to successfully write critical monologues he must have something in them beside the beauty of style. Mr. Stevenson, in his estimate of popular writers, does not seem to touch the peculiar power of this class at all. He wholly fails to notice the one thing which is common to all of them, be their methods what they may.

There is a gentleman in New York, Mr. Harlan P. Halsey, who is the author of the Old Sleutheries of stories. These are so popular that he makes an income of about \$30,000 a year by his pen. His own statement about his work is worth quoting, therefore, as that of a man who knows how to reach the world of readers spoken of by Mr. Stevenson: "I have a set rule," he said upon one occasion; "I make something happen within every thousand words." Incident, then, is the key to popular writing, not a description of what the reader "believes he would be were he in the hero's place," as Mr. Stevenson puts it. If Mr. Stevenson will again examine the stories of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., Mrs. Southworth, Bracebridge Heming, Pierce Egan, or any of the popular writers, he will find that they are but a succession of incidents, incidents, incidents. There is always something happening within each thousand words.—Current Literature.

BRILLIANTS.

How delicious is the winning Of a kiss at love's beginning. —Anon.

There is gold, and here My blood veins to kiss; a hand that kings Have lip'd, and trembled kissing. —Shakespeare.

Drink to me only with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine; Or leave a kiss within the cup, And I'll not look for wine. —Ben Jonson.

Jenny kissed me when we met, Jumping from the chair she sat in. Time, you thief! who love to get Sweets into your list, put that in. Say I'm weary, say I'm sad; Say that health and wealth have missed me; Say I'm growing old, but add— Jenny kissed me. —Leigh Hunt.

WINE MADE TO ORDER. 'What an English Landlord Told in a Confidential Chat.

In Poole's tales the reader gets an insight into how wines were made at some hotels. The author, meeting a stranger in a country churchyard, recognizes Burley, the former landlord of an inn he used to frequent near Cambridge, now, it appears, retired to enjoy the fruits of his industry. Falling into a confidential discourse about the way in which this worthy conducted his business, the author receives from him a most luminous and satisfactory account of his wines.

"You can't deny it, your wines were delectable—port, Madeira, claret, champagne!" "There now, sir; to prove how much gentlemen may be mistaken, I assure you, sir, as I'm an honest man, I never had but two sorts of wine in my cellar—port and sherry."

"How! when I myself have tried your claret, your—"

"Yes, sir, my claret, sir. Gentlemen who pay their money, sir, have a right to be served with whatever they may please to order, sir. I never would have any wines in my house, sir, but port and sherry. But to explain the thing at once, sir. This was my plan, sir. If any one ordered Madeira, from one bottle of sherry take two glasses of wine, which replace by two glasses of brandy, and add thereto a slight squeeze of lemon, and this I found to give general satisfaction. As to the pale and brown sherry, sir, a couple of glasses of nice pure water, in place of the same quantity of wine, made what I used to call my delicate pale by-the-by, a squeeze of lemon added to that made a very fair Brucelias, and for my old brown sherry, a lettuce brown sugar was the thing. It looked very much like sherry that had been twice to the East Indies, sir, and indeed, to my customers, who were very particular about their wines, I used to serve it as such."

"But my port was the wine which gave me the most trouble. One gentleman would say: 'Burley, I don't like this wine; it is too heavy.' 'Is it, sir? I think I can find you a lighter.' Out went a glass of wine, and in went a glass of water. 'Well, sir,' I'd say, 'how do you approve of that?' 'Why—um—no, I can't say.'—I understand, sir; you like an older wine—softer. I think I can please you, sir.' Pump again, sir. 'Now, sir,' says I (wiping the decanter with a napkin and triumphantly holding it up to the light), 'try this, if you please.' 'That's it, Burley—that's the very wine; bring another bottle of the same way, sir. Some gentlemen would complain of my port as being poor—without body. In went one glass of brandy. If that didn't answer, 'Ay, gentlemen,' says I, 'I know what will please you; you like a fuller bodied, rougher wine.' Out went two glasses of wine, and in went two or three glasses of brandy. This used to be a very favorite wine."

"And your claret?"

"My good wholesome port again, sir. Three wines out, three waters in, one pinch of tartaric acid, two ditto orris powder. For a fuller claret, a little brandy; for a lighter claret, more water."

"But how did you contrive about Burgundy?"

"That was my claret, sir, with from three to six drops of bergamot, according as gentlemen liked a full flavor or a delicate flavor. As for champagne, sir, that, of course, I made myself."

"How do you mean of course, Burley?"

"Oh, sir," he said, with an innocent yet waggish look, "surely everybody makes his own champagne, else what can become of all the gooseberries?"—London Tale.

The "Chippy" Young Drummer. To our old timers on the road nothing is so amusing as the "chippy" drummer. We can always tell him at sight. He may look as if he were a thoroughbred, but his baggage gives him away. He comes on his first trip with a trunk full of clothing, and when he gets on a car he is loaded down worse than an old maid who is going sixty miles. He is sure to have two valises and a sachel with a strap hanging from his shoulder. A hat box, two cages (one for every day wear and the other for Sunday), an umbrella, three railway guides, a half dozen Band & McNally state maps, a silk traveling cap, a new novel, a pair of slippers, a rubber coat, a mohair duster, a flask and a pipe, are a few of the things which he surrounds himself with. We know him because he kicks at everything. The road is rough or crooked, or the time is slow. He notifies the conductor of the Pullman before he leaves the depot of his intention to report on him. He discourses for an hour upon the extortion of the baggage master.

When he gets off at a station he refuses to pay 50 cents to the omnibus man and walks to the hotel, and swears later when required to pay a drayman 75 cents for hauling his baggage from the depot. He asks for the best room in the hotel, and does not get it. Meet that same fellow four years later, and he has dropped all of his valises except one small one, and he no longer travels with canes, umbrellas, slippers, railway guides, maps, rubber coat, and all that. One side of his valise will contain his samples, and all the clothing he will need for a two-months' trip on the other side. He carries two suits of underclothing, two white shirts and a change of socks. When the train is side tracked while the road is being cleared of a freight wreck, he takes a nap. When he goes into a hotel the clerk recognizes him as one of the boys and gives him the best of the house. He is a drummer, and he takes a hand in having fun with "chippies" himself.—Chicago Drummer in Globe-Democrat.

Cinder in the Eye. Railroad conductors get a great deal of medical information and the understanding of many helpful little schemes in the course of a long year's run. Many of the conductors, who, among the many other ills and ailments of their passengers, have found that of particle of dirt or cinder in the eye to be the most frequent and painful, carry with them a supply of horse hair. Their experience makes them experts in doubling the hair and drawing it over the eye while the lid is closed.—Chicago News.

A Sheep's Eye. A sheep's eye resembles the human eye. Young opticians often use the eye of a sheep in learning many of the most critical points connected with their profession.—New York Press.



For want of a Horse Blanket the horse was lost.



For want of a horse the crop was lost.



For want of a crop the farm was lost.

All for want of one of these 5/8 Horse Blankets

5/8 Five Mile. Has Five Miles of Warp Threads.

5/8 Boss Stable. Strongest Horse Blanket Made.

5/8 Electric. Just the thing for Out-Door Use.

5/8 Extra Test. Something New, Very Strong.

30 other styles. As prices to suit everybody.

For sale by all dealers.

Copyrighted 1888, by Wm. Ayles & Sons.

LEGAL.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of an execution issued by W. C. Showalter, Clerk of the District Court within and for Cass county, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will on the 25th day of September, A. D. 1888, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, at the south door of the court house in the city of Plattsmouth, in said county, sell at public auction, the following real estate, to-wit: The east half (1/2) of the southeast quarter (1/4) of the northeast quarter (1/4) of section eighth, township twelve (12) north, range number ten (10), east of the 6th principal meridian in Cass county, Nebraska. The same being levied upon and taken as the property of Thomas J. Thomas, defendant, to satisfy a judgment of said Court recovered by William H. Ellis, Plaintiff, against said Defendant.

Plattsmouth, Neb., August 22, A. D. 1888. J. C. EIKENBARY, Sheriff Cass County, Neb.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of an order of sale issued by W. C. Showalter, Clerk of the District Court within and for Cass county, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will on the 25th day of September, A. D. 1888, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, at the south door of the court house in said county, sell at public auction, the following real estate to-wit: The north half (1/2) of the southwest quarter (1/4) of section number twenty two (22), in township number ten (10), north of range number ten (10), east of the 6th principal meridian in Cass county, Nebraska. The same being levied upon and taken as the property of Samuel Schlotman and Agnes Schlotman, et al. Defendants, to satisfy a judgment of said Court recovered by the Citizens Bank of Plattsmouth, Plaintiff, against said Defendants.

Plattsmouth, Neb., August 22, A. D. 1888. J. C. EIKENBARY, Sheriff Cass County, Neb.

Chattel Mortgage Sale.

Notice is hereby given that we will on the 17th day of September, 1888, at the residence of G. R. Woodcock, Cass county, Nebraska, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., sell at public auction the following chattel mortgage, to-wit: One bay mare, nine years old, weight 1,500 pounds; one bay mare 4 years old; one bay mare 3 years old; one black and white cow; one black cow; one black and white cow; one steer calf; one heifer calf; and one platform spring wagon, all being the property of one L. Anderson, and described as above in his certain chattel mortgage dated August 11, 1886, and recorded in the Clerk's office of Cass county, Nebraska, securing a promissory note of said L. Anderson of \$463.30, to the Bank of Cass County, dated August 11, 1886, said note being at the rate of 10 per cent from March 1, 1887, on which date said note became due. The conditions of said mortgage were, that in default of said note, or if the mortgagor should at any time become insolvent, then, should be lawful for the mortgagee to enter upon the premises of said mortgagor and take immediate possession thereof, and dispose of the same at public sale, and out of the money arising therefrom to pay to said bank, interest, costs, charges and expenses, that in default thereof, There still remaining due on said note the sum of \$188.30 and interest, and default having been made under the provisions of said mortgage, the mortgagee will proceed to make the sale as aforesaid, the proceeds to be applied as conditioned in said mortgage. WINDHAM & DAVIES, Attorneys. 23-1

Notice of Probate of Will.

In the Matter of the Last Will and Testament of Mack L. Jones, deceased, in Cass County, Nebraska. Notice is hereby given that on the 8th day of September, A. D. 1888, at the County Judge's Office in Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the following matter will be heard and considered, to-wit: The application of Maria E. Jones to admit to probate the last will and testament of Mack L. Jones, deceased, in said County, Nebraska, and for letters of administration with will annexed to Maria E. Jones. Dated August 22, 1888. C. RUSSELL, County Judge.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of an order of sale issued by W. C. Showalter, Clerk of the District Court within and for Cass county, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will on the 25th day of September, A. D. 1888, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, at the south door of the court house in Plattsmouth, in said county, sell at public auction, the following real estate to-wit: Five acres of ground in the west half of the northeast quarter of section one (1) in township twelve (12) north, range number ten (10), east of the 6th principal meridian in Cass county, Nebraska, whereon the building, yards, fences, etc., of said defendants, Dufour & Co.'s, slaughter house, packing house, etc., are located. The same being levied upon and taken as the property of Dufour & Company, or Dufour & Pine, John S. Duke, William H. Fickens, Joseph V. Werbach, H. A. Waterman & Son, and Johnson Bros. Defendants, to satisfy a judgment of said Court recovered by Richey Bros., Plaintiffs, against said defendant. Plattsmouth, Neb., August 22, A. D. 1888. J. C. EIKENBARY, Sheriff Cass County, Neb.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of three executions issued by W. C. Showalter, Clerk of the District Court within and for Cass county, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will on the 1st day of October, A. D. 1888, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, at the south door of the court house in Plattsmouth, in said county, sell at public auction, the following real estate to-wit: The west half (1/2) of the southeast quarter (1/4) of the northeast quarter (1/4) of section eighth (8), township twelve (12) north, range number ten (10), east of the 6th principal meridian in Cass county, Nebraska. The same being levied upon and taken as the property of Thomas J. Thomas, defendant, to satisfy a judgment of said Court, recovered by the Citizens Bank of Plattsmouth, Plaintiff, against said defendant. Plattsmouth, Neb., August 17, A. D. 1888. J. C. EIKENBARY, Sheriff Cass County, Neb.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of three executions issued by W. C. Showalter, Clerk of the District Court within and for Cass county, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will on the 1st day of October, A. D. 1888, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, at the south door of the court house in Plattsmouth, in said county, sell at public auction, the following real estate to-wit: The west half (1/2) of the southeast quarter (1/4) of the northeast quarter (1/4) of section eighth (8), township twelve (12) north, range number ten (10), east of the 6th principal meridian in Cass county, Nebraska. The same being levied upon and taken as the property of Thomas J. Thomas, defendant, to satisfy a judgment of said Court, recovered by the Citizens Bank of Plattsmouth, Plaintiff, against said defendant. Plattsmouth, Neb., August 17, A. D. 1888. J. C. EIKENBARY, Sheriff Cass County, Neb.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of three executions issued by W. C. Showalter, Clerk of the District Court within and for Cass county, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will on the 1st day of October, A. D. 1888, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, at the south door of the court house in Plattsmouth, in said county, sell at public auction, the following real estate to-wit: The west half (1/2) of the southeast quarter (1/4) of the northeast quarter (1/4) of section eighth (8), township twelve (12) north, range number ten (10), east of the 6th principal meridian in Cass county, Nebraska. The same being levied upon and taken as the property of Thomas J. Thomas, defendant, to satisfy a judgment of said Court, recovered by the Citizens Bank of Plattsmouth, Plaintiff, against said defendant. Plattsmouth, Neb., August 17, A. D. 1888. J. C. EIKENBARY, Sheriff Cass County, Neb.

BANK THE CITIZENS BANK! PLATTSMOUTH, - NEBRASKA. CAPITAL STOCK PAID IN, - \$50,000 Authorized Capital, \$100,000.

OFFICERS: FRANK CARRUTH, JOS. A. CONNOR, President, Vice-President W. H. CUSHING, Cashier. DIRECTORS: Frank Carruth, J. A. Connor, F. R. Guthmann, J. W. Johnson, Henry Beck, John O'Keefe, W. D. Merrill, Wm. Watercomp, W. H. Cushing.

Transacts a General Banking Business. All who have any banking business to transact are invited to call. No matter how large or small the transaction, it will receive our careful attention, and we promise always to give the most liberal treatment.

Bank Cass County. Cotton Main and Sixth Streets, PLATTSMOUTH, NEB. C. H. FARMER, President, J. M. PATTERSON, Cashier.

Transacts a General Banking Business. HIGHEST CASH PRICE. Paid for County and City Warrants. COLLECTIONS MADE and promptly remitted for.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK! OF PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA. Offers the very best facilities for the prompt transaction of legitimate BANKING BUSINESS.

Stocks, Bonds, Gold, Government and Local Securities Bought and Sold. Deposits received and interest allowed on time Certificates, Drafts drawn, available in any part of the United States and all the principal towns of Europe.

Collections made & promptly remitted. Highest market prices paid for County Warrants and County Bonds. DIRECTORS: D. Haskeworth, F. F. White, John Fitzgerald, S. Waugh, John R. Clark, S. Waugh.

ROBERT DONNELLY'S WAGON A&D BLACKSMITH SHOP. Wagon, Buggy, Machine and Plow repairing, and general jobbing.

PETER RAUEN. The Old Reliable Wagon Maker. Has taken charge of the wagon shop. He is well known as a NO. 1 WORKMAN. New Wagons and Buggies made to Order. SATISFACTION GUARANTY.

K. DRESSLER, The 5th St. Merchant Tailor. Keeps a Full Line of Foreign & Domestic Goods. Consult Your Interest by Giving Him a Call. SHERWOOD BLOCK Plattsmouth, - Neb.

Sheriff's Sale. By virtue of an order of sale issued by W. C. Showalter, Clerk of the District Court within and for Cass county, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will on the 1st day of October, A. D. 1888, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, at the south door of the court house in Plattsmouth, in said county, sell at public auction, the following real estate to-wit: Five acres of ground in the west half of the northeast quarter of section one (1) in township twelve (12) north, range number ten (10), east of the 6th principal meridian in Cass county, Nebraska, whereon the building, yards, fences, etc., of said defendants, Dufour & Co.'s, slaughter house, packing house, etc., are located.

Sheriff's Sale. By virtue of three executions issued