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 Paid up capital \$50,000
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The Perkins has been thoroughly
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 now one of the best hotels in the state.
 Boarders will be taken by the week at
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 Mind wandering cured. Books learned
 in one reading. Testimonials from all
 parts of the globe. Prospectus free.
 Write on application to Prof.
 A. Lohrstein, 227 Fifth Ave., New York.

A NEW MEXICO PICTURE.

**PICTURESQUE SCENE AT A STOP
 OF A SOUTHERN TRAIN.**

How a Famous Railway Station in the
 Southwest Looks—A Place Where a
 Queer Mixture of Humanity May Be
 Daily Seen—A Passing Glance.

One of the famous eating houses of
 the Atchison road is situated at Wallace,
 where the train going south stops late in
 the afternoon. As the cars draw up at
 the station the long platform is thronged
 with the people of the country, of diverse
 races. Rough miners in flannel and
 heavy boots stand watching the train;
 cowboys, set off by somberos and spurs,
 swagger about the platform, and Span-
 ish-Americans, with swarthy faces and
 gleaming black eyes, lounge against the
 railings, looking impassively on the
 scene. Most picturesque of all these
 gathered are the descendants of the
 tribes akin to the Toltecs and Aztecs,
 those migrating people, whose first home
 was in the northwest before they went
 south to colonize the valleys of the Mex-
 ican plateau—the Pueblo Indians from
 Santo Domingo and San Felipe.

They are quaintly clad in their charac-
 teristic garb of leggings and tunic, with
 a blanket dress for the women, and some-
 times for the men a gaudy blanket wrap-
 ped about the body. Some are awaiting
 the train on the station platform, and
 others, belated, are seen running toward
 the cars, bearing on their heads and
 backs the things they have to trade.

They exhibit a great variety of pottery,
 in the shape of vessels of divers sizes,
 form and patterns of decoration, and
 many earthen idols of infinite ugliness.
 They offer for sale pieces of what the
 New Mexican curiosity dealers call
 smoky topaz, which in reality is obsidian
 or volcanic glass, the material used by
 the ancient Aztecs for cutting purposes,
 from scissors down to razors.

MANY NATIONALITIES.

About the train is a characteristic col-
 lection of passengers. There are tour-
 ists, European and American com-
 mercial travelers, young men from the east
 going to the southwest to try their fort-
 unates, and perhaps in the rear cars some
 families of emigrants. Representing the
 territory are merchants, miners and cat-
 tlemen of American and Spanish-Ameri-
 can descent, while opposite the blonde
 eastern lady, in her dainty traveling
 habit, may sit a dark eyed olive tinted
 beauty with the blood of Aragon or Cas-
 talle in her veins, and perhaps a darker
 and not unbecoming tinge from Indian
 ancestry. Traveling theatrical com-
 panies, army officers and private soldiers
 on leave or on duty, and Indian delega-
 tions going on or returning from a visit
 to the great father at Washington, are
 current types in a southwest passenger
 train.

Almost without exception the passen-
 gers are affable and disposed to conver-
 sation. Stiffness and reserve among fel-
 low passengers by stage or by rail vanish
 west of the hundredth meridian.
 There is an excellent dimer, plentiful
 and well served, at the pleasant and
 roomy railroad restaurant, with so much
 time allowed for the stay that the
 traveler, after his ample and leisurely
 meal, is able to walk about in this bar-
 barously brilliant scene and make bar-
 gains with the brown and worldly wise
 sons and daughters of the country for
 such of their wares as he fancies. The
 Pueblo Indians hasten toward any one
 whose eye they may catch, hold up their
 goods, and address him in a language
 mainly aboriginal, with perhaps a few
 Spanish and American words inter-
 mingled, but the only part of the dis-
 course really understood on either side is
 the extemporized sign language.

They ask several prices, expecting to
 be beaten down to a fair rate, and they
 seldom will let the possible customer get
 away without consummating a trade.
 Demure, swarthy Pueblo children look
 on the transactions of their elders with
 great interest, the larger girls helping
 their mothers by carrying the very
 young children in a pouch made by
 slinging a shawl about their necks.

INDIAN POTTERY.

The Indian pottery is the ware most
 purchased by the passengers. It is
 quaint of pattern, and in its way much
 of it is really beautiful. The material
 of which it is made is a white or grayish
 tinted clay, which the men bring to the
 women, who are the pottery makers.
 The Indians guard jealously the secret
 of the places where are found the earth
 that makes the choicest kinds. The
 hunter, prospector or railroad explorer
 coming suddenly upon these natives en-
 gaged in digging clay for the purpose is
 likely to remember the terror and con-
 sternation which they exhibit.
 The molded pottery is buried in dry
 sheep's dung, which is fired, and thus it
 is baked. The material used in making
 the striped designs is a decoction from a
 certain green root which the Indians
 call waka. It is painted upon the ves-
 sels, and in the baking it turns black.
 The best pottery is made by the Acoma,
 Zuni and Cochiti Indians.

A gong clanks at the station, and
 those passengers who have not already
 returned to the cars discontinue their
 promenade or hastily conclude their
 bargains. The conductor's cry rings out,
 "All aboard!" and the laggards enter the
 cars; but even as the train moves slowly
 off the passengers are still making last
 bargains from the car platforms and
 through the windows with the aborig-
 ings, who at the fast approaching dis-
 appearance of their possible customers
 are disposed at the last moment to close
 bargains at almost any price. The train
 gathers headway, the last Indian vendor
 is passed and soon the platform with its
 semi-barbaric, party colored assemblage
 is left behind, and the passengers have
 turned from the strange and striking
 scene to gaze at the panorama of the
 river and the Indian villages against a
 mountain background on the right, as
 the train speeds southward down the
 sandy valley of the Rio Grande toward
 Albuquerque.—Harper's Weekly.

PERSEVERANCE.

The pine that stands upon the wooded mountain
 Gains not its stature in a single day.
 The noble river springs not from one fountain.
 But gathers up its strength along its way.
 The alce bears for years the autumn's dirges.
 Before it shows its blossoms to the skies;
 The coral reef that breaks the ocean's surges
 Through centuries of growth alone can rise.
 Thus, through her works, Dame Nature offers
 Ever
 For our acceptance one persistent thought,
 'Tis but by patient, sturdy, brave endeavor
 The greatest, best and grandest things are
 wrought.
 —Housekeeper's Weekly.

Appetite a Good Doctor.

When the health is fairly good, and
 there is no special strain to be put upon
 the system, the normal appetite may be
 trusted to indicate the kind and quantity
 of food necessary to maintain that con-
 dition. Naturally the appetite varies
 with the changing seasons, and unless it
 indicates an unreasoning extreme of in-
 dulgence or abstinence no attention
 need be paid to any other monitor.
 Much harm is done by injudicious or
 meddling friends suggesting that a
 person is too stout or too thin, too pale
 or too ruddy, and serious disturbances
 of the system often follow the mischiev-
 ous advice to take some bitters or pills,
 or refrain from fattening food or drink.
 Paying attention to any of these fads is
 like playing with fire. If you are ill
 enough to seem to warrant any radical
 change of diet or any application of
 medicine, consult your physician at once.
 Above all, avoid quack medicines. To
 use the opinion of a successful dealer in
 them, whose bank balance is more liberal
 than his conscience, they are "made to
 sell."—Harper's Bazar.

Chewing.

"On which side of your mouth do you
 chew?"
 "What a question!"
 "Well, there is much difference be-
 tween the masticating methods of peo-
 ple. It is quite an interesting study too.
 To me, in the restaurant business, I have
 a host of subjects before me every day.
 I think that a long and close experience
 with men will support the conclusion
 that most people masticate with the teeth
 on the left side of the jaw. A few peo-
 ple chew on the right side; most, how-
 ever, on the left. How do I explain it?
 Oh, it is partly habit, partly the result
 of necessity, broken or defective teeth,
 etc. Next time you sit down to table
 with a large party just notice the vari-
 ous and distinct ways in which the peo-
 ple present chew. It will surprise you.
 Not only do some chew out loud, but—
 well, judge for yourself."—Interview in
 Detroit Free Press.

Great Men As Boys.

Every one knows how, when Sir Wal-
 ter Scott was a boy, the future novelist
 was lost during a thunderstorm, and
 found by the alarmed searchers lying on
 his back on the hillside looking at the
 lightning, clapping his hands at each
 flash and exclaiming, "Bonnie bonnie!"
 But a story of the same kind, with
 Scudder, the German poet, as the hero,
 is not so well known. One day, while a
 very small boy, a severe thunderstorm
 came on; the boy was missed and could
 nowhere be found. The whole house-
 hold searched for him, but it was not
 until the storm was past that he was
 seen descending from the top of a high
 lime tree near the house. To the in-
 quiries of his father as to his motives he
 replied:
 "I only wished to see where all the
 fire came from."—New York Ledger.

A Fine Sermon.

Young Master X is an observant youth
 of 5. He returned from church, and
 was sent up stairs that his maid might
 remove his lordship's top coat. The fol-
 lowing conversation ensued, which I
 delicate respectfully to a certain well
 known clergyman:
 Maid—Were you a good little boy in
 church today?
 Young Master X—Oh, yes, mamma
 said I was very still today.
 Maid—Did you have a fine sermon to-
 day?
 Young Master X—I guess we did. It
 sounded like a very fine one, indeed!
 "Out of the mouth of babes and suck-
 lings," etc.—Brooklyn Life.

Girls Who Ride and Pay.

Thompsonville girls stand a good deal
 of chaffing because they go on sleighing
 parties all by themselves and leave the
 young men out. They retort that they
 can go and have a good time, and pay
 the bills, too, without asking any help
 from the boys. They are not the sleigh-
 ing parties that go hooting and howling
 through the streets, waking folks up
 after midnight, either.—Springfield
 (Mass.) Homestead.

In Doubt.

Quin was once at a small dinner party.
 The master of the house, pushing a de-
 licious pudding toward Quin, begged
 him to taste it. A gentleman had just
 before helped himself to an immense
 piece of it. "Pray," said Quin, looking
 first at the gentleman's plate and then
 at the dish, "which is the pudding?"—
 San Francisco Argonaut.

An alarm for telling when a ship
 reaches a predetermined depth of water
 is being tried aboard her majesty's ship
 Rambler in the Red sea. It consists of
 a wire sounding apparatus having a
 sinker, which, on coming in contact with
 the bottom, relieves the drum on board
 ship and sounds a bell.

The air brake millionaire Westing-
 house is a practical mechanic, being the
 graduate of a machine shop, in which he
 spent his youth. He is a skillful
 draughtsman, and his remarkable mem-
 ory for facts and figures enables him to
 carry in his head the details of his vast
 business enterprises.

The form used by the king of Sweden
 in addressing the members of parlia-
 ment differs from that used by many
 other rulers. His speeches begin with,
 "Good gentlemen and Swedish men."
 They end usually also with, "The bless-
 ing of God be upon you, good gentlemen
 and Swedish men."

Men Cooks Always on Time.

"One of the things to which I did not
 at once become accustomed in my man-
 cooks," said a housekeeper who has lately
 attached a chef to her establishment, "is
 his forehandedness. Soon after his ar-
 rival I gave a dinner, and being used to
 going down stairs late in the afternoon
 at such times, and also a little curious to
 see if there were a pronounced difference
 between the methods of Bridget, the de-
 posed, and Pierre, the newly arrived, I
 made an errand to the kitchen. I could
 see at once that my presence was deemed
 an impertinence, but I forgot to resent
 this in my horror at the condition of af-
 fairs. The dinner was set for 8 o'clock,
 and it was then between 5 and 6; as far
 as I could see, however, it might have
 been sent to the table at that moment.
 A saddle of Canada mutton was the piece
 de resistance, and this Pierre was draw-
 ing from the oven for what appeared to
 me a final basting.

"Vegetables that took twenty minutes,
 as I supposed, to cook were gaily bub-
 bling on the range, an entree was ready
 to be put together, and the cook was ap-
 parently about to perform that act;
 saucies were made and standing in the
 train-marie; the fish kettle was on, and I
 suspected it contained the fish—apparent-
 ly the dinner was ready—and spoiled.
 "I ventured a remark. 'You under-
 stand, Pierre,' I said, 'we dine at 8.'
 "Oh, yes, madame," he answered.
 Then, as if he were willing to tolerate
 this one interference: 'Madame need
 have no fear. Everything will be ready
 at the instant.

"I thought it might be and withdrew,
 fairly sick with anxiety over what
 seemed to me a hopeless failure. That
 dinner, however, was perfection, every
 dish apparently served at the moment of
 its prime. And since then I have trusted
 Pierre and haven't gone downstairs to
 be distressed by his promptness."—Her
 Point of View in New York Times.

The Real Secret.

"Tell me not of your doubts and dis-
 couragements," said Goethe; "I have
 plenty of my own. But talk to me of
 your hope and faith." The tone of com-
 plaint is one which we are all too ready
 to accept, and which is not only in-
 jurious to ourselves but hurtful to all
 who come in contact with us. In speak-
 ing of a young woman who had filled
 several good positions, but with no de-
 gree of success, an elder woman said:
 "She could have kept either position and
 earned a good income if she had not
 been so dissatisfied. She was contin-
 ually finding fault, and never felt that
 she was appreciated."

It may be safely said that this attitude
 of mind is one that almost predetermines
 failure in any line of work. Patience
 under adverse circumstances will often
 bring about favorable results, while
 complaint only accentuates and fixes the
 cause of complaint. Avoid mention of
 the disagreeable things that may come
 into your life. If you cannot be patient
 you can at least be silent. The secret of
 success lies not so much in knowing
 what to say as in what to avoid saying.
 —Boston Traveller.

A Father's Kiss.

A father was seeing his son off on the
 cars for some distant point. There was
 a moment of quiet conversation between
 the two, perhaps a few words of such ad-
 vice as a father should give a son, and
 then the train came thundering into
 the station.
 As the latter, a tall fellow, well along
 in his "teens," stepped on the platform,
 he extended his hand and his lips to his
 father. There was a gentle kiss of fare-
 well, and the two separated. There was
 no gush, no nonsense, no affection; just
 the expression of fatherly tenderness that
 had followed that son since he lay in the
 cradle.

Is there any danger of that boy stray-
 ing from the path affectionately pointed
 out by his father?
 Or is there any danger of that father
 ever having to excuse that son because
 he is "sowing wild oats?" We think not.
 The gentle power of a mother's kiss has
 been sung by poets, but is there not also
 a wealth of tenderness and a lasting
 memory for good in the kiss of a father?
 —Hartford Post.

Searing the Conscience.

Of all her curious customs London
 cannot boast of a more singular one than
 that formerly so strictly adhered to at
 Holland House, one of the most historic
 old mansions in the British capital. The
 last of the Lords Holland shot himself
 during a fit of despondency; everything
 pointed to a clear case of self murder,
 yet the Holland family could never be
 dissuaded from the notion that the old
 man had been murdered by some un-
 known assassin. Accordingly, every
 night for years it was the custom for
 one of the family to go to the rear of the
 house punctually at 11 o'clock and fire a
 gun, for the purpose, it is said, of "sear-
 ing the conscience" of the murderer.
 This curious practice is a relic of medi-
 eval days in continental Europe, and
 the case to point is probably the only
 instance where it has been noticed since
 the days of the Crusades.—St. Louis Re-
 public.

Small Pay for Many Girls.

The average wages of 150,000 ill fated
 working girls of New York is 60 cents a
 day, and that includes the income of the
 stylish cashiers who get \$2 a day as
 well as the unfortunate girls who receive
 30 cents a day in the east side factories
 and shops. The lot of the average sales-
 woman who has not the help and shelter
 that parents or a married brother or
 sister could share is hard indeed. One
 has only to look into the pale, pinched
 faces of these poor girls to know that
 thousands of them are actually starving
 to death. And that, too, in New York.
 —New York World.

Silk from Hemp.

A substance having all the essential
 qualities of silk has been made from
 wild hemp of Japan. The plant grows
 on moors and hillsides, and it will be
 cultivated. The fiber is strong and
 glossy, and several silk factories are said
 to have found it to be in no way inferior
 to silk.—New York Journal.

What is
CASTORIA
 Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants
 and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor
 other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute
 for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil.
 It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by
 Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays
 feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd,
 cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves
 teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency.
 Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach
 and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Cas-
 toria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.
 "Castoria is an excellent medicine for chil-
 dren. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its
 good effect upon their children."
 Dr. G. C. Osceon,
 Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of
 which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not
 far distant when mothers will consider the real
 interest of their children, and use Castoria in-
 stead of the various quack nostrums which are
 destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium,
 morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful
 agents down their throats, thereby sending
 them to premature graves."
 Dr. J. F. KIRCHELOW,
 Conway, Ark.

Castoria.
 "Castoria is so well adapted to children that
 I recommend it as superior to any preparation
 known to me."
 H. A. ANCKER, M. D.,
 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's depart-
 ment have spoken highly of their experi-
 ence in their outside practice with Castoria,
 and although we only have among our
 medical supplies what is known as regular
 products, yet we are free to confess that the
 merits of Castoria has won us to look with
 favor upon it."
 UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
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Plum, Pottawattamie, Wild Goose	4 00 150
Raspberries, Gregg Tyler	25 150
Strawberries, Sharpless Cresen	250
Concord vines, 2 years old	10 75 500
Moors Early grapes, 2 years old	30 3 00
Currants, Cherry Currants	10 1 00 600
Snyder blackberries	300
Industry Gooseberry	25 3 00
Downing Gooseberries, 2 years old	10 1 50
Houghton Gooseberries, 2 years old	10 1 00
Asparagus	125
Roses, red moss and white moss	40
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Honey Suckle	30
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