

GASOLINE STOVES
Cleaned and Repaired at
W. HEMDELL'S HARDWARE STORE.
U. V. Matthews old Stand.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

HENRY BOECK
The Leading
FURNITURE DEALER
—AND—



UNDERTAKR.

Constantly keeps on hand everything you need to furnish your house.

CORNER SIXTH AND MAIN STREET
Flattsmout - Neb

DENTISTRY



GOLD AND PORCELAIN CROWNS—

Bridge work and fine gold work a
SPECIALTY.

DR. STEINHAUS LOCAL as well as other latest methods given for the painless extraction of teeth.

C. A. MARSHALL, - Fitzgerald Block

THE INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER

A strictly first class machine, fully warranted. Made from the very best material by skilled workmen, and with the best tools that have ever been devised for the purpose. Warranted to do all that can be reasonably expected of the very best typewriter extant. Capable of writing 50 words per minute—or more—according to the ability of the operator.



PRICE \$100.
If there is no agent in your town address the manufacturer.
THE PARISH MFG CO.
Agents wanted. Parish S. Y.
F. B. SEELMIRE, Agent,
Lincoln, Neb.

A. C. MAYES,
County Surveyor
—AND—
CIVIL ENGINEER.

All orders left with County Clerk will receive prompt attention.
OFFICE IN COURT HOUSE.

PERKINS - HOUSE,
217, 219, 221 and 223 Main St.,
Flattsmouth, - Nebraska.
H. M. BONS, Proprietor.

The Perkins has been thoroughly renovated from top to bottom and is now one of the best hotels in the state. Boarders will be taken by the week at \$4.50 and up.

GOOD BAR CONNECTED

Bank of Cass County
Cor Main and Fifth Street.
Paid up capital... \$50,000
Surplus... 25,000

OFFICERS
President: O. H. Farnelle
Vice President: Fred Gorder
Cashier: J. M. Patterson
Asst. Cashier: T. M. Patterson

DIRECTORS
O. H. Farnelle, J. M. Patterson, Fred Gorder, A. B. Smith, R. E. Windham, B. S. Ramsey and T. M. Patterson

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED
Accounts solicited. Interest allowed on time deposits and prompt attention given to all business entrusted to its care.

When The Hair

Shows signs of falling, begin at once the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation strengthens the scalp, promotes the growth of new hair, restores the natural color to gray and faded hair, and renders it soft, pliant, and glossy.
"We have no hesitation in pronouncing Ayer's Hair Vigor unequalled for dressing the hair, and we do this after long experience in its use. This preparation preserves the hair, cures dandruff and all diseases of the scalp, makes rough and brittle hair soft and pliant, and prevents baldness. While it is not a dye, those who have used the Vigor say it will stimulate the roots and color glands of faded, gray, light, and red hair, changing the color to
A Rich Brown
or even black. It will not soil the pillow-case nor a pocket-handkerchief, and is always agreeable. All the dirty, gummy hair preparations should be displaced at once by Ayer's Hair Vigor, and thousands who go around with heads looking like the fringed porcupine should hurry to the nearest drug store and purchase a bottle of the Vigor."—*The Sunny South, Atlanta, Ga.*
"Ayer's Hair Vigor is excellent for the hair. It stimulates the growth, cures baldness, restores the natural color, cleanses the scalp, prevents dandruff, and is a good dressing. We know that Ayer's Hair Vigor differs from most hair tonics and similar preparations, it being perfectly harmless."—*From Economical Housekeeping, by Eliza R. Parkes.*

Ayer's Hair Vigor
PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Lumber Yard

THE OLD RELIABLE.

A. WATERMAN & SON
PINE LUMBER!
Shingles, Lath, Sash,

Doors, Blinds

Can supply every demand of the city. Call and get terms. Fourth street in rear of opera house.

P. J. HANSEN

DEALER IN
STAPLE AND FANCY
GROCERIES,
GLASS AND
QUEENSWARE

Flour and Feed a Specialty

Wholesale and Retail. The Public Solicited.

JOHNSON BUILDING Sixth St

MEMORY

Dr. J. C. Ayer's Memory Cure. Mind wandering cured. Books learned in two weeks. Testimonials from all parts of the globe. Prospectus sent free. Send an application to Prof. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass., 27 Fifth Ave., New York.

HIRES
ROOT BEER
THE GREAT HEALTH DRINK

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its youthful color. Cures itching scalp, dandruff, etc. Sold at 25c and 50c per bottle.
CONSUMPTIVE
This is the best medicine for all cases of Consumption, Cough, Spitting of Blood, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Pain, Taken twice daily. It is the only medicine that cures all these diseases. Sold at 50c per bottle. Sent by mail on receipt of 50c. Address: CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. Grosvenor's
Bell-cap-sic
PLASTER.

Give quick relief from pain. Rheumatism, neuralgia, neuritis and lumbago cured at once. Genuine for sale by all Druggists.

PENNYROYAL PILLS
CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only safe, pure, and reliable pill for sale. Laxative and purgative. For constipation, biliousness, and indigestion. Always sold with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse cheap imitations. At Druggists, or send for a full and particular description, and a list of names of Druggists. Price, 25c per box. Sold by all Local Druggists.

LONDON WATER PIPES.

THEY ARE NEAR THE SURFACE AND THE WATER FREEZES.

The People of the City and Suburb. Have Been Troubled with Frozen Water Pipes for Generations, but the Pipe Will Never Be Placed Deeper.

If it were not for the inconvenience and discomfort of the thing the plight in which London finds itself with its water supply frozen would be comical to a practical Yankee. The water pipes are frozen simply because the Briton has never profited by his experience of his native winters. Year after year they have freezing weather in London, and year after year London's water pipes freeze, but there cometh a water famine.

The Londoners' water pipes freeze not because the weather is intensely cold, but because the pipes are insufficiently protected. Too often they are left exposed to all the winds that blow.
Entire districts in London, square miles, districts as large as many good sized American cities, had their water supply entirely stopped one winter. Imagine the inconvenience, even the distress and danger, attending such a condition of things! But the fault has been with the Londoner, and not with the weather. I passed through a district thus afflicted one dismal day, and saw the workmen digging up the road to get at the pipes.
In the street where these operations were going on the supply pipes for all the houses (the pipes running in from the water mains) were all laid within a foot of the surface of the ground. The water was frozen in all the pipes. Eighteen inches below the surface the frost had not penetrated. But the Englishman deliberately puts his supply pipes within reach of the frost.

A PRIMITIVE SYSTEM.
The pipes would never freeze if they were put a few feet under ground, for the frost in London rarely penetrates the earth more than a foot or two. But the Londoner does worse than this—he often runs the water pipe up the outside wall of his dwelling, without protection of any sort. He has another cheerful habit, which is fast becoming the fashion, and which is now put in practice in all the better class houses.

The drain pipes, at any rate those from the sinks and bathtubs, are carried down the outside walls, with a break at every story, where another inlet or outlet is made into a small open trough, from which another pipe leads down another story, and so on to the bottom, where the water flows into a gutter and thence into the sewer. The system fully accomplishes its object—sewer ventilation, but this could be equally well secured by a less primitive arrangement, and with one that would not freeze in the winter and cover the side of your houses with dirty ice.

When I said that the Londoner is not prepared for the annual freezing of his water pipes I did not adhere strictly to the truth. For the good gentleman is prepared in a certain way, or perhaps I should say that the water companies are prepared. And the preparation is peculiarly British, as you will see. When your street freezes up—that is to say, when it freezes down a dozen inches below the surface and blocks all the supply pipes, an official from the water company puts in an appearance, after a day or two, and has an apparatus fixed into a little hydrant close by the curbstone.

The apparatus consists either of a wooden or an iron pipe, as the case may be, which stands upright above the ground, and which has a faucet affixed to it. To this faucet the entire neighborhood must come, with pails and pans and cans and jugs and mugs, and carry away the precious fluid.
WHY THE BRITON BEARS IT.
The water companies keep these primitive plugs in stock, some thousands of them, but it never occurs to anybody to place the supply pipes deeper in the ground and thus prevent freezing. This, then, is the way the Londoner, or his water company, prepares for the annual visit of Jack Frost. But the preparation is effective only when the water mains are laid well below the surface. When they are not there is a water famine throughout extensive districts, as at Bristol, at Hampstead and other places in London town.

Why not lay the water pipes deep enough?
If you had ever lived among these droll people you would not ask that question. The pipes have never been laid deep enough, and therefore never will be—not this side of the millennium.
The water supply of London is bad enough at its best. At its worst, in the winter, it is too bad for words. Nobody but these droll people would submit, year after year, to the ridiculous system of supply and the outrageous charges. But the Briton is a patient soul. He believes that whatever he has is the best of its kind, and he resents any suggestion to the contrary. A water supply that is good enough for his grandfather is good enough for him; moreover, it is good enough for you. There's the rub of the argument. "It's good enough for you." Why, in the name of justice, should you, a foreigner, complain? Out upon you for an ungrateful alien.

Nevertheless, one has to suffer from this drollery. When he does not suffer he can smile. But that is the utmost he can do. You cannot change the habits of a nation. And you cannot induce 5,000,000 people to put their water pipes five feet under ground if they think five inches sufficient, and if they have had them five inches under ground for generations.—*Boston Herald.*

A Chivalrous Lad.
"Mamma," said Willie, "that little Susie Harkins called me a donkey today."
"What did you do?"
"Well, of course I couldn't slap a little girl, so I told Sister Mary, and she just scratched Susie out of sight."—*Harper's Bazar.*

ARE WOMEN EVER MEANT?

An Instance Which Shows That There Are Some Who Are Very Cruel.
"Mean!" exclaimed Sparkins, as he fought the last cigarette in the fourth bunch since morning. "Why, the meanness of women toward each other is colossal."

It was generally conceded at the club that young Sparkins was an authority on the female question.
"You chaps may not know," said he, "that a woman is always worried that something may be wrong with the back of her dress. Well, that's feminine characteristic, just as the habit of sitting on the floor when they put on their stockings is. A woman on the streets is never perfectly at ease in regard to her appearance from the rear. She can look up and down the front all right, but unless she has a girl friend to advise her she is never sure about her back."
"Now, you can imagine how easy it would be to upset the peace of mind of a nervously constructed woman by making her fancy that some misplacement of attire at her back is attracting the attention of people to her. Well, now, what do you suppose I have found out? Why, that there's an organized band of young female fiends who devote themselves at odd times to the business of breaking women up on the street by conveying to them the impression that their garments are making guys of them. The plan is to look straight at a certain point of the victim's skirt just as she is passing, and then to turn and cast up the eyes to the victim's face with a look in which pity and ridicule are equally blended."
"What do these imp do but go out on to the avenue of an afternoon, distribute themselves at equal distances in pairs and proceed systematically to frighten every well dressed woman that comes along by their staring. And they gloat over the discomfiture they produce when they get together afterward. They were delighted the other day when they drove a lady back to her house, about ten blocks away, after convincing her that her white underskirt was in full view. Now, what are you going to do with a sex that's so mean as all that?"
"Nothing," replied one of the listening group. "What are you going to do?"
"Well, I've got to take a couple of 'em out to supper tonight," said young Sparkins.
"After the theater?" some one asked.
"Oh, of course," he replied. "These are theater ladies."—*New York Letter.*

Strong Writer.
Uncle Stephen, an old negro, had come to cut the grass in the front yard, and as Colonel Winter started out to his office he stopped to greet the old man. "Well, Stephen," said the colonel, "I hear that you intend to give your son an education."
"Dat's what I do, sah. I knows what 'is ter struggle erlong widout larnin', an' I is 'termined dat my son shan't trubble his head ober de same hard road dat I did."
"A noble resolution, Stephen. I wish all fathers felt as you do. Is your boy learning rapidly?"
"Ez fast ez er hoss ken trot, sah. Why, last week he wrote a letter to his aunt dat liss mo' dan twenty mile from yere, an' after a while he gwine ter write his udder aunt dat liss fifty mile away."
"Why doesn't he write to her now?"
"Oh, he kaint write so fur, yit. He ken write twenty mile frustate, but I tote him not ter try ter write fifty mile till he got stronger wid his pen. But he's gwine ter git dar, I tell you. Won't be more'n er year 'o' dat boy ken set down at ene end ob de gumbrometer an' write er letter 'clar ter de adder end."—*Exchange.*

The Burglar Stole a Kiss.
The house of Thomas Owens, a well to do farmer at Valley station, was entered Friday night by a masked burglar, who secured about thirty dollars in money and several articles of clothing. The door of the family bedroom had not been locked, and the burglar entered without difficulty. He carried a dark lantern.
In leaving the room he looked at the sleeping ones, and saw the innocent face of Mr. Owens' little daughter. He suddenly bent over and kissed her on the cheek. She awoke and uttered a loud scream. This aroused her father, who, springing up, spied the burglar. He was not quick enough, however, and was knocked senseless by a powerful blow on the head with the lantern the burglar carried.—*Louisville Commercial.*

Kilkenny Cats.
During the rebellion which occurred in Ireland in 1798, or it may be in 1803, Kilkenny was garrisoned by a troop of Hessian soldiers, who amused themselves in barracks by tying two cats together by their tails and throwing them across a clothes line to fight. The officers, hearing of this cruel practice, resolved to stop it. As he entered the room one of the troopers, seizing a sword, cut the tails of two as the animals lunged across the line. The two cats escaped, minus their tails, through the open window, and when the officer inquired the meaning of the two bleeding tails being left in the room, he was coolly told that two cats had been fighting, and had devoured each other all but the tails.—*Notes and Queries.*

She Had Read About It.
The trombone player was fitting a mouthpiece to his instrument with a good deal of care, and a young woman was heard to ask, "Mamma, what can that man be doing?"
"I don't know, my dear," answered the mother, as she leveled her glass upon the musician in question, "unless he is winding his horn. You often read of players doing that, you know."—*Boston Post.*

A New Shoe Blacking.
A patented shoe blacking, which contains no acid, is made in Germany by dissolving casein in a solution of borax or soda and adding resinate of iron, besides the usual boneblack, grease and sugar. A brilliant luster is imparted by casein, and the resinate of iron gives a deep black color.—*New York Telegram.*

A CANARY WITH TALENT

HE GREW UP AMONG FOUR GENTLE NATURED BACHELORS.

He Could Sing and They Taught Him. Many Airs—Each Man Became Attached to the Bird, and When They Disagreed One of Them Stole Him.
In a gilded cage in the top flat of a big house in East Sixteenth street is a little ball of yellow feathers that is cared for as tenderly as any baby in the land. It is only a very tiny canary bird, with the unpretentious name of Dick, but in spite of its size and its name it is the master of a great wealth of music.
Dick never knew the pleasures of liberty, having been born of captive parents in another gilded cage in another big flat farther up town. Up to the time when he was 6 months old he never did anything that was worthy of especial attention. Then he was removed from the parental cage and a private cage was bought for him, and he was sent down town under the charge of a harum scarum boy as a present to four young men who lived in a flat in Ninth street.

He was accepted as a matter of courtesy, and the cage which imprisoned him was hung on a string in a rear window, and the servant was instructed to feed him whenever it became necessary. The young men were free and easy, and it was their habit to lean out of this window in their idle moments and whistle at Blind Tom, who used to exercise on the rear piazza of a house on Eighth street, and at other times to whistle at the neighbors' daughters in the nearby buildings.

Blind Tom responded with a whirlwind of music on the piano, and the neighbors' daughters frequently showed their appreciation of the attention bestowed on them by the young men by singing. One of the young men occasionally played on a tin flute, while another whistled an accompaniment.
DICK BEGINS TO SING.
Nobody paid any attention to Dick until one morning when the sun shone on him, making his yellow feathers glow like a burnished lump of gold, he trilled a bar or two sweet enough to attract the young men's attention. One of them whistled, and he instantly caught the refrain and turned it promptly. Nothing more was needed to make him a great favorite, and one of the young men poked a finger at him playfully. Dick did not flutter away in fear, but hopped toward the finger, and with outstretched wings, pecked at it fiercely, and at the same time pecked his way into the hearts of all the occupants of the flat.

After that incident it was a wonder that Dick's health and morals were not ruined, for the young men insisted on feeding him all sorts of stuff and whistled all the vulgar airs of the day. But no matter what kind of food was offered to him, he ate it promptly and seemed to thrive, and no matter how vulgar the air that was whistled, he repeated it with a sweetness and clearness that would have filled the author's soul with delight.
One morning the door of Dick's cage was opened, and he came out and looked about him with a great expression of wonder in his little head like eyes. Then he piped forth a few low strains, flew to the table, and began to peck a leaf of bread.

"I wish he was bigger, so I could get him," said one of the big men.
Every morning afterward Dick had breakfast with the young men. He would hop on the table, sampling everything he came across, and having frequently in the goblets of his water-brother, Dick would fly back to his cage, and getting into the little swing at the top of it, would sway merrily to and fro, and sing everything he knew. That was regarded as an offering of praise, and quiet reigned during the performance.
DICK'S PRESENT HOME.
The trial came, when the young men failed to agree, and it was resolved to sever the family. Each of them was willing that the other should take everything else in the flat if they would give Dick to him. But that was not to be thought of for a moment, and the young men kept together for a month longer than they intended in order not to be separated from their pet.

Finally one of the young men deliberately carried Dick away and kept him in hiding for several months, and guarded him as carefully as a miser watches over his money. Then he rented the flat in Sixteenth street, and a few nights ago invited his former companions to see Dick. As he ushered his guests into the hall they were greeted with a burst of music. They recognized the voice of Dick. The moment they entered the room where the little songster was he flew as near them as he could and cooed softly and ruffled his feathers gently.

There may be persons in the world who would scout the suggestion of a bird remembering faces for so long a time, but there is not the slightest doubt that Dick remembered the young men and that he was welcoming them with all his heart. During all the time they were in the flat Dick sang all the old tunes. He stopped only when one of them spoke to him, and then he would be silent and cock his little head on one side and peep intelligently.
The young men readily accepted an invitation to remain all night, and the next morning before they were out of bed they heard the magic music of the little songster. At breakfast he hopped on the table and flopped in all their glasses of water in order to let them see that all were dear to him. Before the three visitors left the man who had stolen Dick from them made each one promise that he would not attempt to steal the bird.—*New York Sun.*

Not a Theory.
"Do you believe man sprang from the ape?"
"No; but I believe woman springs from the mouse—in fact, I've seen her do it."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Frankfort's System of Banks.

Of all the schemes designed for small savings and to encourage the poor to lay by small sums the penny savings stamp system, established in 1882 at Frankfort-on-the-Main, is the most unique. Frankfort is distinguished among European cities by the large average wealth of its citizens, and by its exceptional prominence in all that pertains to banking and finance. Many great banking families had their origin in Frankfort, from which branches have been established at Paris, London, Vienna and New York. There are today not less than 200 banks in the city, public and private, in the city. It might naturally be expected, then, in view of these facts, that some original features in the line of savings banks should be found there.

The Frankfort Savings bank is a private corporation established in 1823, nearly seventy years ago, when Frankfort was a free city and independent of all state allegiance and control. It began with 294 depositors, with 86,984 marks to their credit. In 1889 there were 56,697 depositors, with an aggregate capital of 38,315,697 marks, the receipts and withdrawals that year being 6,319,276 and 5,151,602 marks respectively.

There are three departments connected with this institution. The Savings Deposit bank, which comprises a central office and two branches in different parts of the city; the Weekly Savings bank, a separate bureau, under the same management, but differing from it in that it collects from each depositor a stated weekly deposit, and the Penny Savings institution, which is adapted to the methods of the humblest class of depositors, whose savings are limited to a few pennies per day or week.—*New York Recorder.*

The Tea Houses of Japan.

Monsieus, rickshaws and tea houses are the three institutions one associates with Japan. Kipling has made the rickshaws hardly more of a phantom than the three-horse car, while Sir Edwin Arnold and Pierre Loti have pictured the gentle monsieur with such exquisite finish that people ignorant of the meaning of the word a few months back are in love with her quaint beauty and ravishing smiles.
Tea houses are simply inns or restaurants where the principal refreshment (often the only one) is tea. In the cities they are the favorite evening resorts, for there you can hire the gaudy Geisha girls to dance and sing or play the samisen and koto between the intervals of low making. She is a mistress of this art. Nara, one of the most beautiful places in Japan, has no other accommodation, and notice must be sent the day before to tell the owner how many guests he is to accommodate.

Rickshaws laden with supplies start a few hours ahead, the coolies who drag them acting as cooks and house servants during your stay. Stowed in these useful vehicles is all you require—food and the utensils for cooking and eating it. The tea-house supplies nothing but chopsticks, fresh eggs and rice. The little tea-house at Nara was like a white parchment box with wooden corners, and stood in the shade of a cryptomeria grove. In the heat of the day the parchment walls disappear mysteriously into the wooden corners, then the entire house looks like a platform, with high wooden corner posts, raised a few feet from the ground, covered with dazzling white matting.—*Once a Week.*

Comfort for Corpses.
Among the inventions that commend themselves to public notice during the last fifty years are those relating to coffins, graves and burials. One of these is intended to furnish the tenant of a grave who has been buried prematurely with a means of escape or arousing the neighborhood. This invention is a simple affair, being merely an open tube provided with a rope ladder and a bell and cord. Should the occupant of the coffin awake from the trance he could climb the ladder and make his way back to the world, or pull the bell and alarm the township. For those whose only fear is that they may not be allowed to rest undisturbed a considerable inventor has provided a "torpedo grave," which, if disturbed, explodes at once and scatters the vandals to the winds.—*Chicago Times.*

A Modern Solomon.
A famous Chicago lawyer once had a singular case to settle. A physician came to him in great distress. Two sisters, living in the same house, had babies of equal age, who so resembled each other that their own mothers were unable to distinguish them when they were together. Now it happened that by the carelessness of the nurses the children had become mixed, and how were the mothers to make sure that they received back their own infants? "But, perhaps," said the lawyer, "the children weren't changed at all." "Oh, but there's no doubt they were changed," said the physician. "Are you sure of it?" "Perfectly." "Well, if that's the case why don't you change them back again? I don't see any difficulty in the case."—*Boston Saturday Gazette.*

Why Women Should Help Govern.
The eternal and ineradicable distinction of sex is one principal reason why women in a representative government should be directly represented. If lawyers alone cannot safely be trusted to make laws for mechanics, if merchants alone cannot legislate for farmers, if every well defined class in society is entitled to its own authoritative expression through the ballot, surely women, who are the wives and sisters and mothers of men, should give expression to the domestic interests from the feminine point of view. If a blacksmith cannot fairly represent a physician, how much less can a man represent a woman!—*Henry B. Blackwell.*

Quite Fatal.
Mrs. Spigitt—Do you think that smoking shortens life?
Mrs. Gazlay—I think it does. I'm sure some of the cigars my husband smokes would kill me if I staid in the room.—*New York Enoch.*