

**GASOLINE STOVES**  
Cleaned and Repaired at  
**W. HEMDE'S HARDWARE STORE.**  
C. V. Mathews (old stand.)  
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

**HENRY BOECK**  
The Leading  
**FURNITURE DEALER**  
—AND—  
Constantly keeps on hand everything you need to furnish your house.

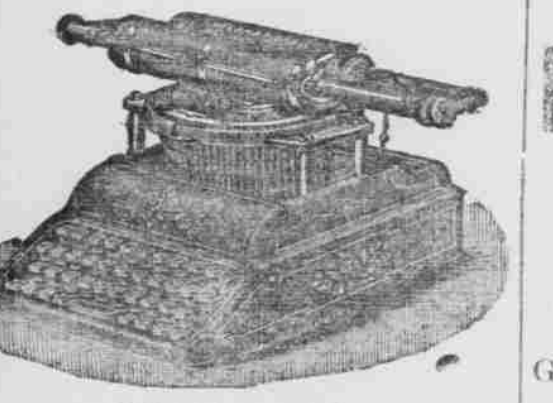
**UNDERTAKR.**  
Constantly keeps on hand everything you need to furnish your house.

**PHILIP THEIROLF**  
Has Opened up The  
Finest, Cleanest, Coolest  
**SALOON**  
IN THE CITY

Where may be found choice wines, liquors and cigars.  
**ANHEUSER BUSCH BEER**  
AND  
**BASS ALE WHITE LABEL**, always on hand.

**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 120 words per minute—of more—according to the ability of the operator.



**PRICE \$100.**  
If there is no agent in your town address the manufacturers.  
**THE PARISH MFG CO.** Parish N. Y.  
Agents wanted  
**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.,  
Plattsmouth, - 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**  
C. H. Parmele, President  
Fred Gorder, Vice President  
J. M. Patterson, Cashier  
T. M. Patterson, Asst. Cashier  
**DIRECTORS**  
C. H. Parmele, J. M. Patterson, Fred Gorder, A. B. Smith, E. B. Widdham, 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.

**PENNYROYAL PILLS**  
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only safe, sure, and reliable pill for sale. Laxative and purgative. Cleanses the bowels and restores the system. Sold by all local druggists.

**A Great Event**  
In one's life is the discovery of a remedy for some long-standing malady. The poison of Scrofula is in your blood. You inherited it from your ancestors. Will you transmit it to your offspring? In the great majority of cases, both Consumption and Catarrh originate in Scrofula. It is supposed to be the primary source of many other derangements of the body. Begin at once to cleanse your blood with the standard alternative.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**  
"For several months I was troubled with scrofulous eruptions over the whole body. My appetite was lost, and my system so prostrated that I was unable to work. After trying several remedies in vain, I resolved to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and did so with such good effect that less than one bottle restored my health and strength. The rapidity of the cure astonished me, as I expected the process to be long and tedious."—Frederic Mariz Farman, Villa Nova de Gays, Portugal.  
"For many years I was a sufferer from scrofula, until about three years ago, when I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, since which the disease has entirely disappeared. A little child of mine, who was troubled with the same complaint, has also been cured by this medicine."—H. Brandt, Avoca, Nehr.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**  
PREPARED BY  
**DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.**  
Sold by Druggists, \$1.00 per bottle.

**Lumber Yard**  
THE OLD RELIABLE.  
**L. 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**  
Storage the Public Solicited.  
**JOHNSON BUILDING SIXTH ST.**

**MEMORY**  
Mind wandering cured. Books learned in one reading. Testimonials from all parts of the globe. Prospectus free. Price, 50c per copy. Address to Prof. A. L. Lockett, 27 Fifth Ave., New York.

**HIRES ROOT BEER THE GREAT HEALTH DRINK**  
Parker's Hair Balm  
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes its luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases and itching. 25c and 50c at Druggists.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**  
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes its luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases and itching. 25c and 50c at Druggists.

**Dr. Grosvenor's Bell-cap-sic PLASTER.**  
Gives quick relief from pain. Rheumatism, neuralgia, pleurisy and lumbago cured at once. Genuine for sale by all Druggists.

**PENNYROYAL PILLS**  
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only safe, sure, and reliable pill for sale. Laxative and purgative. Cleanses the bowels and restores the system. Sold by all local druggists.

**SOLDIERING IN HAYTI.**  
HUNGRY PRIVATES SUPPORT THEMSELVES BY BEGGING.  
Queer Way the Haytian Authorities Have of Taking Care of Their Convicts and Warriors—They Travel in Pairs and Beg in the Streets Day by Day.

Philip McDowell is an old and well known New Yorker. He was a volunteer fireman once, and all old New Yorkers know what that means. Of late years Mr. McDowell has traveled extensively abroad. He visited Hayti. A day or two ago a reporter asked him what was the most striking thing he saw in the black republic.

"I saw many strange things in Hayti, but the strangest of all was the way the soldiers and prisoners are transformed into beggars and are forced to live on charity. When a prisoner is sentenced to do time there he doesn't have a uniform, he learns no trade and he doesn't get anything to eat from the government. He is allowed to beg, though, for money and grub, and if he won't beg—well, he can starve.

"This begging is a funny kind of business. Take the prison at Jacmel, for instance. Well, every morning they fire the prisoners out to pick up whatever they can get, and each fellow has a soldier along with him to see that he doesn't run away. The two beg together all day and whack up in the evening. Then the soldier brings back his prisoner to jail and goes up to the fort to show that he has his man all right, and hasn't sold it for drinks or a square meal during the day."

"No, they don't. Any money there is in the army goes to the generals, and of them there are enough to command the combined armies of Europe and America. Once in a long while the Haytian soldier gets a dollar, which is worth about seventy cents in our money, but he and the prisoners live by begging. They go in twos from house to house and from store to store. Sometimes they have a good day and make a dollar and sometimes they don't make fifty cents, but whatever it is they must live on it.

"The soldier himself is a scarecrow. He has never been drilled, has no uniform to speak of, and if he hadn't a musket to carry around with him you couldn't tell him from the prisoner he is taking care of. You recollect the old Long Toms we had in our army before the war? Well, that's the kind the Haytian soldiers carry. They are all old cap and ball concerns, as like as not to go off at the wrong end.

"Take a soldier, a sailor or a fireman with us, and they all have a pride in keeping all their tools neat and clean; but military pride isn't in the game that the Haytian soldier plays. When he gets home after a day's begging he pitches his old musket into a corner just as a laborer in the street cleaning department gets rid of his shovel. It may be rusty and honeycombed, but as long as he can show up with it at the fort and satisfies the government that it hasn't gone to the junk shop he's happy."

**DEATH OF NO ACCOUNT.**  
"The soldiers and the prisoners must be pretty good chums."  
"Well, that's very much as you take it. It's a common sight to see the guard and the prisoner reeling home together if they've made out well.  
"I suppose you'd imagine that prisoners would often get away with these kind of guardians, but they don't. Whenever the soldier takes it into his head that the prisoner is going to escape he just shoots him dead, and that's all there is to it. No coroner comes around and post mortems are unknown. Why, I was walking one day with a friend on one of the chief streets of Jacmel.  
"Right in front of us was a drunken soldier and a drunken prisoner. 'Now,' said my friend, 'you watch that fellow and see if he doesn't take it into his head that his prisoner is going to escape, and if he does he will shoot him.' Sure enough, a minute or two after the drunken prisoner staggered into the middle of the street, and the equally drunken soldier ups with his Long Tom and shoots him dead.  
"Things are not quite as bad at Port-au-Prince as they are at Jacmel and the smaller towns on the island, but the difference is not worth talking of. Hayti collects plenty of money in duties, but it is all grabbed by a few men, while the mass of the people are left to get on as best they can, and are forced to support out of their pockets as objects of charity soldiers and convicts."—New York Recorder.

**Saving a Sparrow.**  
An authentic incident in the career of General Robert E. Lee is told as an evidence of his sweetness of disposition and natural kindness. One day he was inspecting the batteries over the lines below the city of Richmond, and the soldiers had gathered in a group to welcome him. This action drew upon them the fire of the Union guns.  
The general faced about and advised the men to go under shelter. But he did not do this himself. Walking on, although in apparent danger, he picked up and replaced an unfolded sparrow which had fallen from its nest near by.  
The act was instinctive, but perhaps indicates a really higher endowment than ability to conduct notable campaigns.—Youth's Companion.

**A Great Walker.**  
Henrick Ibsen is a methodical walker. So fond is he of his daily walk that he takes it rain or shine, and the cotton umbrella which he always carries has become a part of his individuality. His favorite time for walking is an hour before twilight. He writes incessantly all day and adopts this method of resting his tired brain and body. His well knit, muscular frame attests his good health, and he can stand any amount of literary work. It is said of Ibsen that he writes one year and walks the next.—Washington Star.

**Mr. Miller's Farm Strangely Disappearing.**  
The farm of John H. Miller, who lives eighteen miles southeast of Sedalia, Mo., is slowly being swallowed up in what seems to be a huge river flowing beneath the surface of the earth. The phenomenon was observed first Saturday, when Mr. Miller's family heard a rumbling noise in the orchard. Investigation revealed a hole in the ground about six feet in diameter and several feet deep, with water at the bottom. The rumblings continued, and the hole has been constantly enlarging since that time.  
F. P. Clayton visited the spot and made a thorough investigation of what he terms the most wonderful thing he has ever seen. He reports that the cavity is nearly circular in form, sixteen feet in diameter at the top and tapering to ten feet at the water line, which is twenty-six feet from the surface. The water is twenty-five feet deep and seems to be a flowing river, as sticks thrown into it are carried rapidly away by the current. The opening is in prairie land, not near any spring or body of water. Several years ago a farmer in that immediate neighborhood was driving a well, when the tools became detached and lost, but it was thought to be merely a pocket, and no attention was paid to it.  
The cavity is gradually enlarging, and as Mr. Miller's residence is only sixty feet distant he is greatly alarmed for the safety of his home and family.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

**Brothers' Death Strangely Coincident.**  
One of the most remarkable coincidences that has ever been the province of a newspaper to record comes from the lower end of the county. Henry Trumbauer of Ross township, a few miles west of Shickelshinny, a farmer, forty-five years old, retired at an early hour on Sunday night in his usual good health, and to all outward appearances never felt better in his life. The next morning his wife was horrified by the discovery of his dead body in bed. He had passed quietly away in the night without a struggle.  
On the same night his brother William, living in Hancock township, about ten miles away, retired hale and hearty. He, too, showed no symptoms of illness. Nothing in his demeanor gave the slightest warning of impending dissolution. His daughter, not seeing her father come down as usual, called, but received no answer. She went up stairs, when she was horror stricken to find him dead on the bed.  
The occurrence has created not a little excitement in the neighborhood, as the men were well known in the community. No marks of violence could be found on their bodies, and the general belief is that death was due to natural causes. Both men were married and each leaves a wife and family.—Wilkes-Barre Record.

**Vicious Martyrdom.**  
The grip is depopulating the Indian wigwags of Alaska and Vancouver's Island. The malignity of the disease seems, indeed, proportioned to the innocence of its victims—a phenomenon which might be explained on the theory that epidemics prove specially fatal to individuals of an unprepared race. A native of the Allegheny highlands may be almost killed by a catarrh contracted by a night's lodging in a bedroom filled with an atmosphere which the habitues of the city slums could breathe with comparative impunity, and the chronicler of Captain Cook's voyages relates that a community of South Sea Islanders was affected with an alarming influenza, in consequence of a few minutes' conversation with sailors who had passed the nights of a long voyage in a stuffy cockpit.—Felix L. Oswald in Philadelphia Times.

**Whistling in Germany.**  
One has to be careful how and what he whistles in Germany. The other day a peasant at Diedenhofen, Lorraine, was arrested and brought before the magistrate on the charge of showing disrespect to the German authorities by whistling the "Marseillaise." The man contended that the march he had whistled was one he had learned when he was serving in the Brunswick Hussars. The court made the policeman who had arrested the prisoner whistle the "Marseillaise" to see if he knew the famous hymn. Then the prisoner was ordered to whistle the march he claimed to have heard in the Hussars. It proved to be suspiciously similar to the "Marseillaise," and the unlucky whistler was fined fifteen marks for his indiscretion. The policeman was not fined for whistling the air.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**A Well Full of Snakes.**  
Connecticut evidently is bent on giving Georgia a tussle for the position of chief center for the distribution of snake stories. This one comes from Norwich: A man here the other day took the stone cover off an old dry well in his pasture and saw at the bottom of it a ball of braided black snakes bigger than a larger beer keg. He ran to the house and got his revolver and a box of cartridges. He blew in all his cartridges, and the well was boiling over with escaping snakes when he got through with them. He got eighteen dead snakes in the well, and more than three times that number got away. The biggest snake bagged was over seven feet long and the smallest one more than four feet.

**Orange Culture in Southern California** is making wonderful progress. Fifteen years ago the first shipment of oranges was made from Riverside, San Bernardino county, while this season the shipments from the Riverside district will amount to 1,300 carloads, or 400,000 boxes. The total shipments from southern California will probably reach 3,400 or 3,500 carloads.

Both Mr. Irving's sons will become actors. The elder, Harry, who is very much like his father, will leave Oxford very soon, and Lawrence, who has been studying diplomacy in St. Petersburg, will give that up for the stage. Both have shown talent in private theatricals.

**WHERE WOMAN RULES.**  
SUMATRA ISLAND IS A PLACE WHERE WIVES RUN THINGS.  
Customs That Differ from Those of Any Other Christian or Mohammedan People—The Wife is the Property Holder, She Never Leaves Her Home.

A country where the women own the houses and lands, where gold and silver are common as flowers in the spring, where everybody is happy and nobody does wrong, is the burden of the story that W. J. Shaw brings from far off Sumatra.  
W. J. Shaw is one of the men who modeled things in this country when it was young and pliable. He came from New York in 1849, and was about the first man to hang out a lawyer's sign in San Francisco. He won the cases that settled the validity of settlers' titles and resulted in the Van Ness ordinance, and he served as a state senator in 1854, when it was more of an honor to be a legislator than it is now.

"In all my years of travel," he said, "I never found a happier people than those who live in Sumatra, in the middle part of the island. The people all over Sumatra are believers in the Mohammedan religion, but the peculiar customs which make this particular people unique and different from all others are confined to one community.  
"It would not be correct to term this branch of the Sumatra people a tribe, for they do not live in tribal relations at all, although there is a chief and under chiefs. These rulers, however, are not despots, and if the people do not like the way in which they manage things they dispose of them very shortly and put other men in their places.  
"Although men are the ostensible chiefs, the women are the real rulers. The customs of the country forbid the giving of a man's property to his children after his death. If a man dies the property he owns is given to his father and mother. The woman's property, on the contrary, is given to the children. Probably that is the custom that is responsible for the turning over of all the wealth of the country to the women.

**TREATMENT OF THE BOYS AND MEN.**  
"It is the constant aim of the men to enrich their wives. Each man has but one wife, and each wife one husband, and they live a perfectly moral life. The teachings of Mohammedanism are followed upon the question of divorce. The husband has the right to divorce his wife whenever he chooses, but must allow her to retain the property in her possession. Divorces are not frequent, though, and I believe that, in proportion to the population, divorces in this part of Sumatra are not one in sixteen compared to the number in California.  
"The people are happy there—happy as they can be. The children live at home with their mother—the boys until they are thirteen or fourteen, and the girls until they marry.  
"When the daughter gets married she does not leave her mother's house. An addition is built on—a new roof, as they call it—and the newly married girl makes her home there, and brings up her children. This custom, of course, results in forming quite large communities where there are many children.  
"I knew one of these communities where there were a mother and several daughters living with their children. The original house had grown with each marriage until it spread over a large piece of ground.  
"When the boys get old enough to leave home they are taken to a compartment house which is set aside as a home for them until they wish to marry. The girl has the right to choose whom she will wed, a privilege delegated to her in few Mohammedan countries.  
"Once married, the husband for the rest of his life is his wife's lover. He lives apart from her and visits his home only in the evening to chat with her and the children. All the money he gets—and there is plenty of money of Dutch coinage there—he turns over to his sweetheart. She dresses herself and the children and shoulders all the petty family cares.  
"He is bothered only to earn the money to pay for the things they eat and wear.  
"To get things for them to eat need not worry him much. The portion of Sumatra in which these strange people live is very fertile and productive. It is a fine country, with beautiful mountains and streams and magnificent scenery. All sorts of fruits are grown, and in the higher altitudes many of the grains.  
**DRESSES OF THE WOMEN.**  
"To find dresses for the family must be a different matter, for I never saw such elegantly attired women as in these communities. They are very beautiful, boasting the fairest and finest complexions and the brightest eyes.  
"Never in Christian countries do women dress as extravagantly.  
"I remember that once the chief told me he would have two pretty maidens dress as they would on their marriage. The two bright eyed girls were gone some time, and came back wearing, one a dress of gold and the other one of silver. They had bracelets one above another from the hands and above their elbows. At the elbows they wore peculiar bracelets, jointed to permit easily moving the joint. In brief, their arms were adorned with precious metal. They had necklaces of gems and other costly ornaments, and the cloth-of-gold and cloth-of-silver dresses were made loosely fitting above the waist, and the skirts in flounces.  
"They are not an ignorant people, for the children are taught in their homes, and many learn to read the Koran. They observe the proprieties too, as is apparent from the rule as to widows.  
"When a woman's husband dies she plants a post in front of her particular door in the family house and hangs a flag upon it. While the flag waves she may not marry again. But when the winds, blowing softly off the sea, have torn it into shreds and scattered the bits on the ground her term of mourning is over, and she may accept a second lover's proffer."—San Francisco Examiner.

**Brothers' Death Strangely Coincident.**  
One of the most remarkable coincidences that has ever been the province of a newspaper to record comes from the lower end of the county. Henry Trumbauer of Ross township, a few miles west of Shickelshinny, a farmer, forty-five years old, retired at an early hour on Sunday night in his usual good health, and to all outward appearances never felt better in his life. The next morning his wife was horrified by the discovery of his dead body in bed. He had passed quietly away in the night without a struggle.  
On the same night his brother William, living in Hancock township, about ten miles away, retired hale and hearty. He, too, showed no symptoms of illness. Nothing in his demeanor gave the slightest warning of impending dissolution. His daughter, not seeing her father come down as usual, called, but received no answer. She went up stairs, when she was horror stricken to find him dead on the bed.  
The occurrence has created not a little excitement in the neighborhood, as the men were well known in the community. No marks of violence could be found on their bodies, and the general belief is that death was due to natural causes. Both men were married and each leaves a wife and family.—Wilkes-Barre Record.

**Vicious Martyrdom.**  
The grip is depopulating the Indian wigwags of Alaska and Vancouver's Island. The malignity of the disease seems, indeed, proportioned to the innocence of its victims—a phenomenon which might be explained on the theory that epidemics prove specially fatal to individuals of an unprepared race. A native of the Allegheny highlands may be almost killed by a catarrh contracted by a night's lodging in a bedroom filled with an atmosphere which the habitues of the city slums could breathe with comparative impunity, and the chronicler of Captain Cook's voyages relates that a community of South Sea Islanders was affected with an alarming influenza, in consequence of a few minutes' conversation with sailors who had passed the nights of a long voyage in a stuffy cockpit.—Felix L. Oswald in Philadelphia Times.

**Whistling in Germany.**  
One has to be careful how and what he whistles in Germany. The other day a peasant at Diedenhofen, Lorraine, was arrested and brought before the magistrate on the charge of showing disrespect to the German authorities by whistling the "Marseillaise." The man contended that the march he had whistled was one he had learned when he was serving in the Brunswick Hussars. The court made the policeman who had arrested the prisoner whistle the "Marseillaise" to see if he knew the famous hymn. Then the prisoner was ordered to whistle the march he claimed to have heard in the Hussars. It proved to be suspiciously similar to the "Marseillaise," and the unlucky whistler was fined fifteen marks for his indiscretion. The policeman was not fined for whistling the air.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**A Well Full of Snakes.**  
Connecticut evidently is bent on giving Georgia a tussle for the position of chief center for the distribution of snake stories. This one comes from Norwich: A man here the other day took the stone cover off an old dry well in his pasture and saw at the bottom of it a ball of braided black snakes bigger than a larger beer keg. He ran to the house and got his revolver and a box of cartridges. He blew in all his cartridges, and the well was boiling over with escaping snakes when he got through with them. He got eighteen dead snakes in the well, and more than three times that number got away. The biggest snake bagged was over seven feet long and the smallest one more than four feet.

**Orange Culture in Southern California** is making wonderful progress. Fifteen years ago the first shipment of oranges was made from Riverside, San Bernardino county, while this season the shipments from the Riverside district will amount to 1,300 carloads, or 400,000 boxes. The total shipments from southern California will probably reach 3,400 or 3,500 carloads.

Both Mr. Irving's sons will become actors. The elder, Harry, who is very much like his father, will leave Oxford very soon, and Lawrence, who has been studying diplomacy in St. Petersburg, will give that up for the stage. Both have shown talent in private theatricals.