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PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.
DR. A. SALISBURY
DENTIST
GOLD AND PORCELAIN CROWNS.
Dr. Steinways anesthetic for the painless extraction of teeth.
Fine Gold Work a Specialty.
Rockwood Block Plattsmouth, Neb.

DAWSON & PEARCE
HAVE RECEIVED
Their Fall straws, fancy ribbons, tips and quilts also a lot of new fashions, cone shape hats in straw and felt. They have a full line of baby hood and in order to close old stock out have reduced their straw sailor hats to 40 and to 75 cents trimmed.
MISS SKYLES, TRIMMER.

I. H. DUNN
Always has on hand a full stock of
FLOUR AND FEED,
Corn, Bran, Shorts Oats and Baled Hay for sale as low as the lowest and delivered to any part of the city.
CORNER SIXTH AND VINE
Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

JULIUS PEPPERBERG.
MANUFACTURE OF AND
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DEALER IN THE
CHOICEST BRANDS OF CIGARS
FULL LINE OF
TOBACCO AND SMOKE'S ARTICLES
always in stock
Plattsmouth, Nebraska

Shorthand
AND TYPEWRITING COLLEGE
Plattsmouth, Nebraska.
There are thousands of young ladies, sewing girls, school teachers, clerks, etc who are eking out an existence on a salary barely sufficient to supply their every day wants.
By completing a course in shorthand and by finishing this can earn from \$40 to \$150 per month.
Situations guaranteed to competent students.
Individual instruction, new typewriters.
DAY AND EVENING SESSIONS
Rooms over Mayers Store.

MEAT MARKET
SIXTH STREET
F. H. ELLENBAUM, Prop.
The best of fresh meat always found in this market. Also fresh Eggs and Butter.
Wild game of all kinds kept in their season.

MEAT MARKET
SIXTH STREET
DENTISTRY
GOLD AND PORCELAIN CROWNS—
Bridge work and fine gold work a
SPECIALTY.
DR. STRINAUS LOCAL as well as other anesthesics for the painless extraction of teeth.
C. A. MARSHALL, - Fitzgerald Block

Lumber Yard
THE OLD RELIABLE.

H. 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.

The Old Log School-House.
The old log schoolhouse is memory's see. With its sweet, loving faces still beaming on me.
Of the bright days of yore, when naught of a care
Caused my soul for a moment to harbor a fear.
Rough-hewn were the benches, on long wooden legs;
Plain boards were the desks, on long oakened pegs.
In the sides of the wall, and tho' homely the scene,
Still dear to the heart will be living and green.
McGuffey's Fifth Reader, Ray's arithmetic, part third,
Webster's elementary spelling book - we could o'er each word;
Montiel's geography, with its great maps to draw,
And the rap of the ferrule to us was the law.
Here oft on Sundays met God's trusty few -
An old-fashioned meeting, yet with hearts firm and true.
No organ was there, but as one they all sang,
As the room and the woods with their melody rang.
Romantic the spot, picturesque was the scene,
When nature in her attire was gorgeous, serene;
Swaying saplings, forest trees like sentinels lone
Rose majestic and high their claim to make known.
Hopewell was the name on the brow of the hill
Of the humble log schoolhouse, while the brook and the rill
Murmured softly below o'er its smooth, rocky bed,
Repeating the same song as days vanished and sped.

ACT III.
"Well, sir," said the financier, "you have brought this thing to me. You want my advice. Well, my advice is don't fool away the only good thing that will ever happen to you. Luck such as this doesn't come more than once in a lifetime."
"I have been offered £10,000 for my estate."
"Oh, have you? Ten thousand! That was very liberal—very liberal, indeed. Ten thousand for a gold reef."
"But I thought, as an old friend of my father, you would, perhaps—"
"Young man, don't fool it away. He's waiting for you, I suppose, round the corner, with a bottle of fizz ready to close."
"He is."
"Well, go and drink his champagne. Always get whatever you can. And then tell him that you'll see him—"
"I certainly will, sir, if you advise it. And then?"
"And then—leave it to me. And—young man—I think I heard, a year or two ago, something about you and my girl Rosie."
"There was something, sir. Not enough to trouble you about it."
"She told me. Rosie tells me all her love affairs."
"Is she—is she unmarried?"
"Oh, yes, and for the moment I believe she is free. She has had one or two engagements, but somehow they came to nothing. There was the French count, but that was knocked in the head very early in consequence of things discovered. And there was the bloomin' Guano, but he fortunately smashed, much to Rosie's joy, because she never liked him. The last was Lord Evergreen. He was a nice old chap when you could understand what he said, and Rosie would have liked that title very much, though his grandchildren opposed the thing. Well, sir, I suppose you couldn't understand the trouble we took to keep that old man alive for his wedding. Science did it all, but 'twas of no use."
The financier sighed. "The ways of providence are inscrutable. He died, sir, the day before."
"That was very sad."
"A dash of the cup from the lip, sir. My daughter would be a countess. Well, young gentleman, about this estate of yours. I think I see a way—I think, I am not yet sure—I do see a way. Go now. See this liberal gentleman and drink his champagne, and come here in a week. Then, if I still see my way, you shall understand what it means to hold the position in the city which is mine."
"And—and—may I call upon Rosie?"
"Not till this day week; not till I have made my way plain."
ACT IV.
"And so it means this. Oh, Rosie, you look lovelier than ever, and I'm as happy as a king. It means this. Your father is the greatest genius in the world. He buys my property for £50,000—£60,000. That's over £2,000 a year for me, and he makes a company out of it with £150,000 capital. He says that, taking £10,000 out of it for expenses, there will be a profit of £80,000—that's £3,000 a year for you, and £60,000, that's £2,000 more, my dearest Rosie. You remember what you said, that when you married you should step out of one room like this into another just as good?"
"Oh, Reggie"—she sank upon his bosom—"you know I never could love anybody but you. It's true I was engaged to old Lord Evergreen, but that was only because he had one foot— you know—and when the other foot went in, too, just a day too soon, I actually laughed. So the pater is going to make a company of it, is he? Well, I hope he won't put any of his money into it, I'm sure, because of late all of the companies have turned out so badly."
"But, my child, the place is full of gold."
"Then why did he turn it into a company, my dear boy? And why didn't he make you stick to it? But you know nothing of the city. Now let us sit down and talk about what we shall do. Don't, you ridiculous boy!"
ACT V.
Another house just like the first. The bride stepped out of one palace into another. With their five or six thousand a year the young couple could just manage to make both ends meet. The husband was devoted; the wife had everything that she could wish. Who could be happier than this pair in a nest so luxurious, their life so padded, their days so full of sunshine?
It was a year after marriage. The wife, contrary to her usual custom, was the first at breakfast. A few letters were waiting for her—chiefly invitations. She opened and read them. Among them lay one addressed to her husband. Not looking at the address she opened and read that as well:
"DEAR REGINALD: I venture to address you as an old friend of your own and school-fellow of your mother's. I am a widow, with four children. My husband was the vicar of your old parish—you remember him and me? I was left with a little income of about two hundred a year. Twelve months ago I was persuaded, in order to double my income—a thing which seemed certain from the prospectus to invest everything in a new and rich gold mine. Everything, and the mine has never paid anything. The company—is located in the Ryland Gold Reef company—is in liquidation, because, though there is really gold there, it costs too much to get it. I have no relatives anywhere to help me. Unless I can get assistance my children and I must go at once—tomorrow—into the workhouse. Yes, we are in distress. I am ruined by the cruel loss of that prospectus and the wickedness which deluded me, and I know not how many others out of my money. I have been foolish, and am punished; but those people, who will punish them? Help me, if you can my dear Reginald. Oh, for God's sake, help my children and me. Help your mother's friend, your own old friend."
"This," said Rosie, meditatively, "is exactly the kind of thing to make Reggie uncomfortable. Why, it might make him unhappy all day. Better burn it." She dropped the letter into the fire. "He's of an impulsive, emotional nature, and he doesn't under-

stand the city. People are so foolish. What a lot of fibs the poor old pater does tell, to be sure. He's a regular novelist. Oh! here you are, you lazy boy!"
"Kiss me, Rosie." He looked as handsome as Apollo and as cheerful.
"I wish all the world were as happy as you and me. High! Some poor devils, I'm afraid!"
"Tea or coffee, Reg?"—Walter Besant.
BY TWELVE WISE MEN.
Curious Verdicts That Have Been Rendered by Coroners' Juries.
Some of the Coroners' verdicts in the country of fifty or sixty years ago are very curious. The following are some of the causes assigned for death.
"She came to her death by strangulation in testimony we have sit our hands and seal the day above written."
"Paul Burus came to his death by a mule running away with a wagon and being thrown therefrom."
"From causes unknown to the jury and having no medical attendance."
"Came to his death from national causes."
"An inquisition holden upon the body of John Brown there lying dead by the jurors whose names are hereto subscribed, who upon their oath do say that he came to his death in the following manner, by falling off the plank bridge accidental while trying to cross the stream and was drowned."
"The jurers on thare oathe do say that he came to his death by old age, as thia could not see enything else thia matter."
"Came to his death from the following causes, to-wit: from some sudden cause to the jurers unknown."
"The said deceased being an orphan, father and mother being both dead."
"From an overdose of gin administered by his own hand."
"Disability caused by lunacy."
"Being run over by two coal trucks, while detached from the engine."
"Came to his death by tender No. 7, jumping the track, on which he was riding, either jumping or falling off and engine running over him, which was an accident and no fault of the engineer of said engine."
"She came to her death by the lightning striking her."
"From hart disease."

Two Irishmen, recently landed from the old country, were walking along a lonely road, when they passed an orchard containing plum trees covered with fruit. "The plums in this country are good—oh, Mike?" said Pat. "Troth, an' that's thure," replied Mike. "If you shake the tree," said Pat, "So Mike got up to shake the tree, and Pat stood below. And the first shake that Mike gave he started a tree-toad from a sound nap and the tree-toad fell plump into Pat's open mouth. He spluttered, and gulped, and jumped about. At last he called out, in dismay: "Come on, Mike! I'll have no more of this country's plums. They have four legs to them!"—Harper's Young People.

Some miscreant, who had nothing else to do sounded the fire alarm last night at about eleven o'clock. The alarm proved to be a false one, but it caused a good many to turn out. The authorities should make an example of the two fellows, so it will prove a lesson to others who might be tempted to turn in a false alarm.
Another attempt was made to hold up the Missouri Pacific passenger train at West Side, in the suburbs of Omaha, at the same place where an express train was so successfully robbed some time ago. The engineer saw several masked men standing on the crossing, and, instead of stopping his train, he pulled by with all possible speed. The would-be robbers fired a score or more of shots at the train as it rushed by. Fortunately no one was injured and no material damage was done. The conductor telegraphed the news back from the next station and detectives were at once put on their track.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker mouth. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.
Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.
A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ocular Sore, Itch, Scabies, Scrofula, Eczema, Itch, Pruritus, Sore Nipples, and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.
A POPULAR FAMILY.
JENNIE: "How is it, Kate, that you always seem to catch on to the last new thing? Do what I may, you always seem to get ahead of me."
KATE: "I don't know. I certainly do not make any exertion in that direction."
JENNIE: "Well, during the last few months, for example, you have taken up painting,



without any teacher; you came to the rescue when Miss Lafargo deserted her Delsarte class so suddenly, and certainly we are all improving in grace under your instruction. I heard you telling Tommy James last evening how his club made mistakes in playing baseball; you seem to be up on all the latest facts, and you tell me to do under all circumstances; you entertain beautifully; and in the last month you have proved to us in health, owing, you told me, to your physical culture exercises. Where do you get all of your information from in this little out-of-the-way place?—for you never get to the city."
KATE: "Why, Jennie, you will make me vain. I have only one source of information, but it is surprising; how it meets all wants. I very seldom hear of anything new but what the next few days bring me full information on the subject. Magies? No! Magazines? And a great treasure it is to us all, for it really furnishes the reading for the whole household; father has given up his magazine that he has taken for years, as he says this one gives more and better information on the subjects of the day; and mother says that it is that that makes her such a famous housekeeper. In fact, we all agree that it is the only really FAMILY magazine published, as we save space for samples of all of them, and find that one is all for men, another all for women, and another for children only, while this one suits every one of us; so we only need to take one instead of several, and that is where the economy comes in, for it is only \$2.00 a year. Perhaps you think I am too lavish in my praise; but I will let you see ours, or, better still, send it to the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th Street, New York, for a sample copy, and I shall always consider that I have done you a great favor; and may be you will be cutting us out, as you say we have the reputation of being the best informed family in town. If that be so, it is Demorest's Family Magazine that does it."

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