### CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor,		2			F		RICHEY
Clerk, -			*		-	1	V K FOX
Treasurer.	*		JAME	112	PAT	TER	SON, JR.
attorney.			m 1	-	BY	RON	CLARK
Engineer,		-	70 90		1143	A	MADOLE
Police Judg	er		200	40	S	CI	TEFORD
Marshall,				-	W	11	MALICK
Councilmen	, Ist v	vard	· IA	8.	ALTS	BUI	ACH
	2nd	***			A S		MAN
- 4	3rd	**			DU		
	4th.	**			CCA		OR. N. PRES
		1.3	W.Jo	MN	SIN	,CH	AIRMAN
Board Pub.	Work	4 F	RED G	OF	DEF	4	
STATE OF THE PARTY.		10	HH	W	KAW	ORT	112

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

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Trobsurer, Deputy Freasurer Clerk, Deputy Clerk, Lecorder of Deed Deputy Recorder Clerk of District of Sheriff, Surveyor, Attornee, Suot, of Pub. Scip	ls - Court,	Rn E W	D. A. CAMPBELL THOS. POLLOCK RD CRITCHPIELD XA CRITCHPIELD W. H. POOL JOHN M. LEVDA J. C. SHOWALTER J. C. EIKENBARY A. MADOLE ALLEN BEESON MAYNARD SPINK
County Indge.		3	G. HUSSELL
BOARD	OF SU	PERV	ISORS.
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A. B. DICKSON,		.77	· Eimwood

### CIVIC SOCIETES.

CASS LODGE No. 146, I. O. O. F.-Meets transient brothers are respectfully lavited to

PLATIMOUTH ENCAMPMENT No. 3, I. O. O. F., meets every alternate Friday in each month in the Masonic Hall Visiting Brothers are invited to attend

TRIO LODGE NO. 81, A. O. U. W.-Meets every alternate Friday evening at K. of P. hall. Transient brothers are respectfully in-vited to attend. F. J. Morgan, Master Workman; E. S. Barstow, Foreman; Frank Brown, Over-Reer; I. Bowen, Guide; George Housworth, Recorder; H. J. Johnson, Financier; Wash, Smith, Receiver; M. Maybright, Past M. W.; Juck Daugherty, Inside Guard.

CASS CAMP NG, 3s2, MODERGS WOODMEN of America — Meets second and fourth Mon-day evening at K. of P. hali. All transient brothers are requested to meet with us. L. A. Newco-ner, Venerable Consul; G. F. Niles, Worthy Adviser; S. C. Wilde, Banker; W. A. Boeck, Clerk.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE NO. 8, A. O. U. W. Meets every alternate Friday evening at those wood hall at 8 o'clock, Ali transient brother; are respectfully invited to attend. L. S. Larson, M. W. E. Loyd, Foreman: S. C. Wilds, Recorder; Leonard Anderson, Overseer.

PLATISMOUTH LODGE NO. 6, A. F. & A. M.
Meets on the first and third Mondays of
each month at their hall. All transient brothers are cordially invited to meet with us.
J. G. KICHEY, W. M.

WM. HAYS, Secretary. MERASEA CHAPTER NO. 3, R. A. M. M. M. M. Gir se, and and fourth Tuesday of each mouth at Mason's Hair. Transcient brothers

mouth at Masoner trailings.

By E. WHITE, H. P. F. E. WHITE, H. P. WM. HAYS, Secretary. Mr. Zion Comma Dary, No. 5, K. T. Meets first and third Wednesday night of each month at Maso 's hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to meet with us.

Wr. Hays, Rec. F. E. WHITE, F. C.

CASSCOUNCIL NO logi, ROYAL ROANUM means the second and fourth Mondars of gach mouth at Arganum Hall. E. G. MINOR. Secretaly.

## MCCONINIE PUST 45 G. A. R.

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### A RUSSIAN WRITER

SIVES AN INTERESTING PICTURE OF LIFE AT HOME.

A Sami-Barbarous State of Society-Insensibility to Shame a National Characteristic-Collecting the Tithes-A Sad Spectacle of Social Degradation.

The father of Alexander Verestchagin, author of "At Home and In War," was one of the landed gentry, owning some 500 seris, sel lived in much the same patriarchal style as did the southern planter of our own country in auto-bellum days. Only the relation het ween the Russian gentleman and his serfs was closer, being more natural and long founded than that between the planter and the blacks. That he was a victim of injustice or that there was anything radically wrong in his condition of servitude never dawned upon the dull consciousness of the Russian orf. The master was from time immemorial his dear benefactor, his kind protector, to be ished by whom was a disagreeable discipline, but implied condescension and carried with it a positive herefit. In such a semibarlarous state of society, having all the crudeness and cruelty of fendalism without the poetry and chivalry of timt state of existence, the brutalization of the lower class s a necessary condition, as is a correspondat moral debasement of what by courtesy nay be called the aristocracy.

This author does not flatter himself and his countrymen. He speaks with appearent disensibility to shame. Truth be tells here, though truthtelling is not a characteristic of his nation. Cold bloodedly he relates bow dis father, a pious man, would lie to save a cailroad fare, and how be himself from childgood upward never besitated to draw a long now at the dictation of his interest or his vanity. Imagine a proud spirited boy of this country or England sullying his honor with a falsehood. It is a baseness of which to is incapable. Yet mendacity is as inborn in the Russian as duplicity in the Italian, and like it is the logical conclusion of the soclological premises. Where corporal punishment is universally inflicted lying is one of the means of escape; a people mean enough to be beaten is low enough to lie.

And what a vision of castigation does this book afford us! The father beats his sons on the slightest occasion and with conscientious severity; the aid of the elder brothers is secured, if required, to punish the younger; the seri is beaten for laziness, drunkenness, awindling, and the soldier for cowardies or disobedience. What incentive to fight can be feit by a regiment of men whose commander orders them to lie down and be flogged, is

Verestchagin.
The serfs, of course, are no longer serfs, but it was not many years ago when episodes like the following were of everyday occurrenee: A serf overseer comes to pay his tithes, and, retaining part of the money, swears that he has given up all.

"Dear sir, have mercy!" howls the peasant, and falls at the judge's feet. "There is no more money!"

"You lie! You lie! I know you have more. Seek and you will find." Hy heavens! my own father, I have none," cries the man, not rising, but showing his nose

into the judge's boot, "Hey, there, policeman!" shouts the judge, opening the door which leads upstairs, The policeman makes his appearance.

"Where's the porter? Drag him up stairs!" And he points to the overseeer, who is still wallowing about at his feet. "Pear sir, have mercy! A little can be

"A-a, what? Now you sing another song, you old rayou!"

The overseer draws from his breast a rag, knotted into a parcel, unties it, and hands him one bank bill. "Well, this is little indeed; why are you

trying to impose upon me? You can't sing beggar Lazarus to me. Take him off up "My own father, my benefactor, dear sir,

if you were to kill me I haven't a kopek

The porter makes his appearance to essist the policeman. "Haul him up stairs, children, and I'll be

there directly!" shouts the judge. They drag the overseer out and lead him up stairs, with their arms under his, as though he were an archbishop. On the stairs cries are long heard: "Dear sirs! benefactors) if you were to kill me I haven't another kopek!"

Having taken a bite and a drink, the judge sets out to extract the remainder. After a few blows from the switches the unhappy overseer again begins to shout: "Stay, orthodox believers, there is a trifle more."

"Well, stop, my brave fellows, Show us what more you have!" orders the judge. The serf takes off his bast shoe and extracts from it another trifle.

"What! That's nonsense! Throw him down again, children!" And they threw him down again. And this process is repeated five or six times.

And this mode of extracting the quit rent prevailed everywhere. All day long overseers were brought to the judge, and the chricks resounded: "Stop! my own fathers-stop! there is still

a triffa mores" One would be disgusted if one brought civilized standards by which to judge the Russian character, which in many respects has not yet passed the stage of pucrility. One particularly noticeable thing in this book is the frequency of ebullitions of anger among all classes of people. The father flies into a passion at his sons, the coaclest at his holars, the master at his seris, the general

his soldiers, and these spasms of rage are

thought to be demeaning or extraordin-

ry. The control of the temper is equally Scule to children and barbarians. The deceit practices by the serfs is on a sar with their mendacity and glutteny. In ending one of Mr. Augustus Hare's books not long ago one could hardly believe what re said of the Eussian pensants-that when bey prayed in church they would actually g of one saint to help them steal the gons on the statue of another, and propitiate he celestial accomplice by promising him a care in the spoils! One must believe such lings, however, after following Mr. Verestchagin's book, in which many such things are narrated with the goodness of one who is not surprised at them, but thinks that they and be interesting to the rest of the wo. kl.

in this spectacle of social degradation is there not a latent explanation of the melancholy that pervades the upper Russian class educated Russian of today is in the position of the educated German of Frederick the Great's time. He is versed in the polished European tongues, saturated with subtle modern philosophy, in sympathy, perhaps, with high and pure political ideals, and what a disheartening subject for contemplation greets him in a peasantry that should be the basis of the nation's glory groveling in superstition and gross ignorance! Thinking Russia is as sad today as fighting Russia is strong.-Chicago Tribune Book Review.

### A WARNING TO MOURNERS.

Why Death Notices Are Not Published-A

Class of Commercial Ghouls. "Dead and buried! And to think I knew nothing about it! It's strange, too, for I always read the death notices in the papers before I turn to anything else. I am afrafd

my poor old eyes are failing." This remark was overheard on a North river ferry boat the other morning. It came from an old lady who had just been informed of the death of an acquaintance who had lived for years within a stone's throw of the speaker's house. The woman's lament would have passed unnoticed by a reporter who sat next to her, had it not been for the reply made by the young man to whom the remark was made.

"I do not think your eyes are to blame, Mrs. ---, for on the advice of the undertaker we refrained from publishing any notice of grandma's death. There is a certain class of schemers for money who have no respect for affliction, and it was to save ourselves from annoyance at their hands that we kept the news of her death out of public print."

"That was quite right. Isn't it strange what a number of poor relations do spring up when a person dies and leaves a little money F

"I did not mean anything like that, I referred to a class of conscienceless solicitors who as soon as they see a death announced, call upon the family and try to arrange for some commission or trade in connection with the death or funeral. When they do not come in person they make use of the mails. There are some who want to furnish 'everlasting floral pieces," others who have the only known process of preserving natural flowers. Then there are photographers who seek an order to make pictures of the flowers used, or in event of the family having no portrait of the dead they suggest taking a picture of the corpse. Beside these there are the memorial flends. These men offer to furnish memorials of the dead ranging from an ugly black card containing incomprehensible; yet such a scene in the of the deceased to the granite the name, the date of death and age recent Russo-Turkish war is described by and marble sharts to put over their graves. ners in mair and hair workers have of late resorted to this questionable mode of drumming up business and send out agents to solicit orders for designs in hairwork. Jewelers also suggest 'mos: respectfully' the advisability of having the hair of the dead made up into chains, brooches, charms, etc., and our undertaker told me that he had known of cases where real estate men having burial plots for sale had approached bereaved families seeking to dispose of a plot or grave, even after he had told them that the matter of a burial spot had been left to him. I also know of a case where the interment was to be in a distant city, which was no sooner advertised than two railroad men wrote to the family and offered special rates to a certain number of mourners. These were our reasons for not advertising grandma's death."

—New York Mail and Express.

# The Lack of Striking Things.

There are people who deplore in a melancholy way the loss of the "golden age of literature" that, they tell us, has gone forever. Everything today is commonplace. There are no fine essays, no grand poems, no wonderful dramas that will live forever, no striking stories. The literature of today is only "the pouring of wine out of old bottles into new," and lots of wine spilled in the process. Gur writers and busy over what some other men thought of what some other men said. If this be so, and in a certain sense it is true, what is the matter? Why is it no "Hamlets" are written today?

It is said that there are in the United States about two thousand persons who fairly may be reckoned as writers. Why do we not find new Miltons and Shakespeares among them? We may be sure, if they were there, they would be found. Centuries have there individualities. There are tides in the lives of nations. May there not now be an ebb in the literary work of these times? There is certainly "a young flood" in the scientific thought of this half of our century. The character of this century's thought is technical, industrial, scientific. Literature is, after all, only a mode of expression. May it not be possible that the Miltons of these days are using another mode of expression? Certainly, if we look at a mind like Edison's, we see an original genius taking rank beside the great creative minds of the so called golden

age of literature. A linudred years ago Edison would have shown the thought that is in him by means of a great poem or drama. Today it seeks another and equally striking mode of expression. Besides this widest division of intellectual life into new fields of labor may be noted another point. The critical demand today is for originality. We are tired of books about books. The wine is no better for the new bottles-let us have new wine. This demand has made it very difficult to say anything new or striking. All the possible phases of human experience have been described, all the "situations" in which men and wemen may be placed have been repeated many times in our novels and drames. There is no new personal experience, otherwise such books as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. asde" and "She" would not have been writcen.-The Chautauquan.

## And Poor at That.

A sage who lived before our day remarked that "speech is silver." Could be overhear the small talk of society today his remark would have been modified and his immortal saying would bare been, "Speech is nickel, and a very poor quality of mickel at that."-Harper's Bazar.

marked that he was living "in one of the doubtful states."—New York Tribune.

## CONEY ISLAND ODDITIES.

and expresses itself in the profoundly de-jected tone of the country's fiction? For the THE GREAT POPULAR RESORT.

> Methods by Which the Dimes of the Multitude Are Gathered In - Numerous Novelties and the Patrons Thereof. Some of the Tricks Explained.

There is a curious ado in amusements on Coney Island. In previous seasons dime museums have been numerous and reasonably prosperous. This summer free shows have multiplied, and variety containing noted entertainers in their line.

There are thirteen beer gardens in which stage entertainments are given without cessation from noon to midnight. The wonder is that specialists like those named have hired themselves out for free shows, but they are receiving for the usually idle summer almost, if not quite, the salaries commonly given to them in winter. The competition is ruinous to the dime museums, and even to the two or three more pretentious establish-

ments down there. The ruin of the dime show men has exerts aspects. One concern is putting its female snake tamer, with a young boa constrictor writhing round her neck and waist, in front of the tent alongside an eloquent persuader, who declares she is only one of a hundred equally pleasurable sights within. A rival show across the way has almost turned itself inside out in order to outdo this method of attraction. Here the fat woman, the giant and the tattooed man are all arranged in public view, while the only thing left inside is a fake Circassian girl and a wild man. The proprietor of a beer garden has so thickly enclosed it with evergreens that not a peek of the interior can be gained without entrance. Not a placard is shown, nor a word spoken

at the doorway, where a mysteriously solemn fellow points pantomimically at presumably remarkable things within. Here a dime admission is charged, and the ruse is temporarily profitable, although reports of the swindle are bound to bring it to a speedy end. There is nothing at all inside except a traffic in beer, and the ticket purchased at the entrance is good for two drinks, Still another garden, which has not gone into the brisk competition of hiring well

known vocalists, uses the strange device of several cheap singers in bathing costume. These girls go back and forth from the surf to the stage, "doing their turns" of song and dance between spells of disporting in the waves. They are invariably followed to the garden by a curious throng, as they go dripping, and the oddity of the thing draws in many people, who buy beer.

The sights of Coney Island include, besides the familiar things of former years, a number of novelties. A portion of that resort is this summer laid out in small streets, facing which are all manner of booths and with traps for the anwary. The familiar ring tass, disk throwing and other means of paying a dime for about a cent's worth of chance to win something are mixed with photograph shops, chowder and sansage stands and a great variety of groggeries. Behind one counter stands a loud voiced and glib fellow, who combines ham sandwiches with a lottery. That is to say, he sells sandwiches at only three cents apiece, but whether 164 get | any ham in your purchase depends on your luck. He vociferously aunomices that every third pair of buttered slices of bread contains a generous quantity of the choicest meat. The reporter's observation leads him to believe that the proportion of meat is much smaller, for he saw one man industriously and hopefully eat eight sham sandwiches before he got a ham sandwich.

A new mode of taking chances and for ap-paratus a cone of wood, into which were driven spikes standing an inch or so apart. A cover of corresponding shape had a small hole at its apex. Into that aperture you could, on payment of twenty-five cents, drop a marble, which you could hear rattle its way down among the nails, and then you would see a marble, looking like the same one, roll out into one or another of the numbered pockets that encircle the lase of the cong. in a glass case are watches and a lot of a most worthless jewelry bearing corresponding figures. You would get the prize indicated by the lodgment of the ball. The persnasive operator of this machine tells you, and seems to show you clearly enough, that there can be no possible dishonesty about it. He lets you try a drop of the marble for fun. and invariably you strike the number for a watch. Several stool pigeons pretend to buy chances, and they are rich winners, the boss edeeming their prises liberally with money. But if you invest a quarter, and make a serious venture, you win a finger ring or something else not worth a cent.

If you watch the process for ten minutes you will see that the manipulator presses a spring under the rear edge of the table whenever he intends that good prizes shall seem to be won, and in that case a duplicate tall appears in place of the one that is dropped in. If he keeps his hands off this secret control of the machine the dropped ball winds its way with certainty into one of a few numbered compartments corresponding to worthless articles.

A less mechanical and more brainy swindle is a sort of auction traffic in the photographs of actresses. Several hundred pictures are stuck in a rack behind a platform on which stands the operator. He tells you that he will sell any one of the cards for a quarter of a dollar, and buy it back instantly at a premium. You pass in your coin, and with a long stick touch the portrait of your choice. On the back of each, as he further explains, is marked a sum between five cents and | sarthed a great scheme. This house salls the two dollars and a half.

"I will give you thirty cents for this picture," he shouts, as he gazes at the reverse side without letting you see it, You scorn to make so small a profit on

your investment and decline his offer. "I'll give you thirty-five cents," he continues, gabbling like an auctioneer. "No! You'd better take me. It says a nickel on the back of this, upon my word. I will give

you forty-forty-five-fifty "
Still you hold out against his proffers, and he says, "Very well-you see this picture calls for only a dime," and he turns it around to show you the figure 10 written on is in

Now, the operation of this trap is somewhat elastic. If the purchaser holds out for nice girl offering her his heart and hand, but twice permitted to clear a profit, but that it. That is takety, an apparatively no kely it who had not received a reply, pensively remarked that he was living "in one of the him and gains to the trickster. If he shows g disposition to accept five or ten cents ad-

## vance, he will get no further offers, and he can either keep the photograph or get five or ten cents apiece back for them. The vital point in the swindle, however, is that if by chance you pick out a card on which is

marked 150 or 250 (the dollar mark is never given), and you stand out for a large advance on the quarter, he will rub out the cipher by means of his thumb, which probably has some sort of prepared surface for the purpose of an erasure. Thus the amount is reduced to either fifteen or twenty-five cents, in case he has to pay it, while it is left at the original high figures if it happens to be his gain to display them. A crowd surrounds this stand, and a rushing business is done .-

Accidentally Overheard. Scene in a private boarding house. First Boarder-There's some one in Mrs. De Boots

room; I hear her talking. Second Boarder-It's a man. Listen! Mrs. De Boots in her room-Kiss me, Jack.

New York Sun.

Chorus of Boarders in an undertone-Oh Oh! Oh! and her husdand's name is Charlie! Mirs, De Boots within-Do you love me, Deep Masculine Voice in response-Well

shall lenve this very day. Let us confront her at once.

They knock and open the door simultaneously. Mrs. De Boots confronts them with her purret on her flager, "Oht" they exelaim "we heard your parrot talking and came in to see him.

"Speak to the ladies, Jack," says Mrs. De-Boots with a quiet wails. She had boarded before. Detroit Free

Teaching Election by Phonograph. An automatic teacher of elecution is being addenly employed by a number of actors and actresses. It is the phonograph. The example was set by Clara Morris. Sha obtained a phonograph a month ago, and used it to ascertain exactly how her speech sounded. She had become convinced that no speaker hears the tones of his own voice exactly as there do, and it occurred to her that if she spoke into a phonograph she could get a correct idea of her vocal expressions. She found that the plan worked well. She would recite portions of her roles, and then have it repeated again and again by the machine. Although the mechanical voice lacked in volume, its mimicry of emphasis, inflection and other qualities was precise. The news of Misa Morris' experiment got out, and now there can be counted up a dozen players who, in studying their parts in plays to be produced next season, are using phonographs. -New York Bun.

### "Wigwazzing" for Eels.

"Wigwazzing" for cels is the popular sport with sojourners on eastern Long Island. The placed summer evenings are just the time for room. Cor. 5th and Main Sts., where sticks on the stern of a shallow skiff after dark when the flood tide sets, and then, with a "hard bottom" eel spear in hand, you stand behind it while the boat is poked along the snowy sands of the multitudinous bays, Great cels, moonfish, crabs, young lobster, and what not blink as the dazzling light drifts over than. They are "wigwazzled" by it, and can be pinned with an artistic thrust of the spear, and dexterously transferred to the boat. This is the old Indian way of fishing, and it is great sport.-New York

succesy and Practice;

Mrs. A .- You should join our Hereditary society. We are endeavoring to arouse public centurient to the necessity of scientific marriages. It is our cardinal principle that nobody should enter wedlock unless he or she is absolutely sound in body and mind,

Mrs. B.-And a very proper principle it is. But speaking of matrimony, I hear that your daughter is to marry old Mr. Toodle, who, river. Note these prices: Business suits besides being a little off in his mind, has been from \$16 to \$35, dress suits, \$25 to \$45, an invalid from birth.

"Yes and a very good matchiwe call it. hir. Toodle, you know, has lots of money."-Boston Transcript,

## Thinks It Lucky.

Mr. Lazybones thinks it lucky we are not centipedes, because it would be such dreadful work to button on fifty pairs of boots every time we wished to take a walk .- Youth's Companion.

Books on the Installment Plau.

a vast center like New York, of which nobody suspects the existence. I had a fresh illustration of the fact the other day. A business appointment called me away over on the east side of the city, into the thick of the great tenement house center that lies below Tompkins square, and with which not one person in five bundred, living in other parts of the town, is at all familian. I was miling along a thoroughfare called Attorney street, tosk in amazement at the tremendous swarm of children in which the neighborhood abounds, when I was struck with the ppearance of an immense business block ight in among the tenements. It was a lofty ffair, and it covered several city lots. On its face was painted in large letters the name of a publisher. I bad not heard of the name, and it seemed to me to be peculiar that a man doing such an obviously extensive publishing susiness should be unknown to a professional

I investigated, and the investigation on ard books on the installment plan, and the stent of the business paralyzed me. There are no less than 2,000,000 of people on the books of the concern, who are now paying or have paid for standard works at the rate of n few conto a week. Recently I bearned by inquiry the conductor of this sessems will impressed with the idea of starting in weekly paper devoted to detion and current litera ture. He sent from the publication for a mouth to nearly all the people on his list Then he sent his agents around to see how many subscriptions they could get at twenty five cents a month, and he found himself is the course of a fortnight or so in possession of a paper with a solid circulation of about 200,000 copies. Just think of a project of these dimensions going on for years in the A young gentleman who had written to a a considerable advance, he may be once or maddle of a city, and pulgady knowing about

ous to show what a mighty cities is for usbed by the rush, remble and rung of the

busy throng. - Cor the I aud Proncer Press.

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North Robert Sherwood's Store. A. N. SULLIVAN, Attorney at Law. Will give prompt attention to all business intrusted to him. Office in Union Block, East

side, Plattsmouth, Neb. Fire Insurance written in the Ætna, Phœnix and Hartford by Windham & Davies.

B. & M. Time Table.

GOING WEST. GOING EAST. No. 2.—e:40 p. m. No. 5.—e:40 p. m. No. 7.—7:45 p. m. No. 9.—e:17 p. m.

No. 2 -4 25 p. fo. No. 4 -10 : 0 a. m. No. 6 -7 :13 p. m. No. 8. -9 :50 a. m. No. 10, -9 :45 a. m. All traits run daily by way of Omaha, except Nos. 7 and 8 which run to and from Schuyler daily except Sunday.

No. 37 is a stub to Pacific Junction at 8 30a.m., No. 19 is a stub from Pacific Junction at 11a.m.