arming woman was seated on a big anaconda was wound once er walst, the rest of its length lying her lap. In her right hand she held ugly head. She was a brunette

pay me compliments," she replied, her eyes could never take his eyes. The perfectly twinking mischievously, "for the giant over there is my husband. He's awfully jealous, strength, with promise of never becoming there is my husband. He's awfully jealous, strength, with promise of never becoming and when he gets mad he weighs ten times too wide under life's burdens, are flat in as much as he does now."

be facetious; "is that a-aw-a worm, doncher

"No, it's a-aw-a masher, doncher know, would you like to try how it can-aw-mash?" etto De La," etc., with excellent mimicry. The dude dropped his eyeglass and became

deeply interested in the Egyptian mummy. The snake began to stir its coils in the wo-

"Don't speak, please," she said earnestly. head until the heal was pointing straight at her face. She then fastened her lustrous black eyes on the two small, treacherous eyes of the snake. Her eyes seemed to expand and the snake's to get smaller. Superb, queenly, sne looked; her features and whole bearing seemingly expressing intense mental her care: then it ceased stirring and its head drooped, limp and listless in her hand.

"Now you may speak," she said. "That was very pretty."

NO BUMBUG ABOUT IT. loop be was forming and squeezed mo until While I was chatting my eyes went off him, and I suppose he felt there was an opportunity to exercise what he regarded as his legitimate business. You observe that I always hold the snake by the head, so that | tice in house cleaning season, telling the I can compel it to look me in the face. Then when I get my eyes on it I can subdue it."

"Ah, that's more than I can tell you. What causes the bird or the mouse that I feed to rest should be insisted on by every mother as the snake to become powerless when the snake fastens its eyes on it? What is it that I know is that I look at the snake's eyes and will it, with all my might, to yield to me. When I do that I seem to feel something going out from me-electricity-magnetism -I don't know what, I feel afterward as though I had engaged in a physical struggle and properly used will often prevent obesity. with something and conquered. There's where the pleasure comes in. You may not believe it, but when I concentrate my will to subdue that snake the excitement is intense—the enjoyment exquisite. I suppose it fighters as knights errant," said a well

"How do you acquire that power?" "It isn't acquired; it's born. Many pe possess that power, undoubtedly, who don't Fairchild, of the New York city police force, know of it. Quite accidentally I found that used to vouch for twenty-five years ago. A I had it. I never had that fear of snakes that friend of the captain-a very proper sort of

most people have. THE MYSTERIOUS POWER.

running from a garter snake. What pos- lar. Mr. Good, one day while traveling up sessed me to do it I don't know, but I picked it up, fastened my eyes on its eyes and found myself willing it to submit. Then it fell into a sort of stupor, and I found that I could do with it what I liked. This discovery that I | was seen to be in the complete possession of a could subdue the snake so that it became en- mob of roughs and stalwart lumbermen, who tirely passive in my hands pleased ma. I began to experiment with other and larger terrorized everybody in the place. Mr. Good snakes, always selecting, of course, snakes that are not venomous. Then when circumstances took a turn so that I had to early my own living I took to the business. It pays a good deal better than sewing or school teaching or selling dry goods."

How do you first go to work with an ana-

"I first give it a bath of warm milk. This it seems to enjoy hugely, and is soothed by it and gets languid. Then I try to get it in a position where I can fasten my eyes on its eyes. This often requires a great deal of pa- and tipped his stew upon the floor. tience, for the snake tries to avoid it, seeming to feel that it means a contest in which it will get worsted. But the opportunity comes at last, and when the snake droops its head listlessly I know that I have charmed it and can safely put my hand on it. The next operation is easier and the snake is more quickly rendered passive. With each operaform with it in public. But always one has to be careful, for the snake is liable at any time to try squeezing. You can tell by the way it moves its coils when it is going to do that, and can then charm it or mesmerize it ntil it is passive; but if you are frightened nd get bewildered you can't exercise any ontrol over the sunke, and the snake will nally try to charm you. I have had one two parrow escapes through carelessness. worst place to have a snake is around ck, because it takes very little squeezmake you feel exceedingly un-

ondas troublesome to keep?" than a baby. They are so liable cold when confined. You have to m blankets over them and exercise of care to keep them properly warm. bey are mighty particular what they he only things that seem to thoroughly th them are white mice and guinea lekens and squabs, and these have to n to them alive. The snake doesn't to enjoy eating unless it can first charm mal or bird. I have never found it de to keep one long, and they are ex-

h's Ark Wood Discovered.

radius of sixty miles of Nash-there is said to be found a tree the shittim wood of ark botanists from all over examined the trees and row nowhere else on the decided that it is the shit-Noah's ark was conwhich is made several The tree is medium sized, sooth bark, and the wood or. In early spring b long, white blosCome Up to the Standard.

The want of good models in training the figure is seriously to be deplored. The insensible education of a beautiful, spirited picture or statue in developing beauty has never been rigidly used in modern times. Madonnas and goddesses are too purely ideal to serve human readings. Better types for poise, air, and costume are the clay figures of Spanish and Provencal artists. The exquisite statuette of "The Reader," by an Italian sculptor in New York years ago, was so fine a modeling of a girl's dress and figure that it is a regret copies of it cannot he's ugly head. She was a brunette be in every gallery. A girl of 19 or 20, as that age ought to look, stands rapt in her eporter murmured something to that book, the lines of her beautifully simple dress defining a high bred figure, matchless "Yes, you had better speak low when you in its reserves, yet from which it seems one the back, as if they had grown against a 'Ah, there," said a little dude disposed to wall, falling in at the waist with the spring that betokens a good walker. The outlines of every limb, even through the garments, are lithe and elastic, with more spring to them than any round barreled gymnasium responded Mrs. Smith, alias "Madame Jean- girl owns. Such a figure never comes from

a gymnasium solely. It comes first of rest and the strength that comes of rest. A tired, weakly figure will sag, bend and be wanting in elasticity. Overworked figures settle down and lose two inches of height by the pressing together of She moved the hand which held the snake's the parts of the body. That is why women seem and are shorter in middle age and after. On rest depends the length and suppleness of limb, and women should know how to take advantage of everything in their favor to conserve strength and secure rest. Girls must be trained to take it at proper seasons, whether they feel tired or not, and the woman effort. The snake appeared, at first, to avoid must continue this exact and special care of herself as the foundation of her well being. A day or two of laying off at the right time, having her breakfast in bed, and spending the day in the luxury of a wrapper and a lounge will make the difference between a "Oh, ladeed, there was no 'fake' about blithe, active creature the rest of the time or that. If I hadn't mastered the snake he one who goes about with a constant ache and would have whipped his tail into that third fatigue. I know one woman who sends the family off to the seaside and shuts up herself my bones cracked unless somebody came to to the most luxurious and wholesome solimy assistance and cut him in two. A bear tude, orders things she likes best to eat, can't hug tighter than an anaconda can books from the library, and any little indulsqueeze. This is only the third time that I gence she happens to fancy, and rests glorihave performed with this snake, and he is ously from week's end to week's end, coming disposed to be ugly unless I look after him. out bright and able, as she would not be in the exactions of hotel life.

Dr. Hosmer, the father of Harriet Hosmer, the sculptress, one of the acutest of New England physicians, use to drive round his pracwomen to lie down and rest, not to sit down, when tired, as half an hour at length on a lounge would refresh the whole body more than three sitting in a chair. The periodical long as she lives to watch over her daughter. Without it shoulders grow broad and the enables one man to mesmerize another? All | gait dragging. - With rest the step is elastic, the form well upheld, the bust firm, and the limbs retain elegance of shape. Work while you work and not while you rest, should be the word for every girl and woman. The bath is a great aid to refinement of figure,

-Shirley Dare's Letter.

Anecdote of John Morrissey, "The account of the exploits of prize is something like what a soldier feels when known clergyman, who didn't want his the music plays as he marches to battle." of too great familiarity with such subjects, person, whom we will call Mr. Good-had conceived an intense horror of prize fighters "When quite a girl I noticed some children in general, and of John Morrissey in particuthe Erie road, dropped into a conversation with a gentlemanly stranger of herculean frame who occupied the seat next to him. When the train arrived at Turner's the depot had taken possession of the lunch room and was hungry, and he and his unknown companion left the train to get something to eat. Mr. Good pushed his way through the crowd, and ordered an oyster stew from the waiter. The proprietor demurred, on the ground that the roughs would not permit any one else to be served but their own party.

"'Oh, give my friend an oyster stew,' spoke up the unknown Hercules; 'I guess there'll be no trouble.'

"The stew was no sooner served than & horny hand reach over Mr. Good's shoulder

'Suppose you give me an oyster stew,' said the Hercules quietly, with a defiant glance at the burly six footer who had spoiled Mr. Good's lunch. Another stew was served, and it was as promptly tipped over by the same hand, while the mob of roughs laughed uproariously. But the Hercules, like an avenging thunderbolt, had leaped from his tion it becomes more docile until I can per- stool, and the laugh died away as he went right through that crowd, striking out right and left until he had cut a broad swath clear to the doorway. When the cyclone was over five roughs had to be picked up out of the remains of those milk stews on the floor, and ali the rest had escaped. Then the Hercules smoothed down his cuffs, resumed his stood, and remarked as quietly as ever, 'Just let me have another stew, please, and a fresh one for my friend.'

"Mr. Good looked at his companion in awe as he ejaculated: 'Excuse me, sir, but who are you, anyhow?' The Hercules reached into his vest pocket and produced a card bearing the name 'John Morrissey, New York.' The stews were eaten in peace, and Mr. Good afterward said to Capt. Fairchild, as he described the encounter: 'Well, they say a good many hard things about John Morrissey, but he's a mighty good man to travel with."—Philadelphia Press.

Origin of an Old Legend,

The ancient folk legend of the sun dancing on Easter morning seems to receive some indirect support from a letter in Nature. At least, if it can be well established that the moon dances upon oceasions, our difficulty in admitting that the sun does the same thing must be diminished. A lady at the antipodes, writing to her father in England, mentions that she, with a sister and a friend, being on a balcony the night before at haifpast 10, distinctly saw the waning moon dancing up and down. They gradually grew frightened as they watched the phenomenon, and made up their minds that it must por-tend an earthquake. The writer adds that the movement was apparent only when the moon was partly behind thin clouds, which were streaked across her face. This probably gives the key to the mystery. A waning moon would not be far above the horizon at half-past 10, and its image well within the pors, while the combined movement of moon and intervening clouds would easily produce a familiar optical delusion, and, aided by an alarmed imagination, give the moon the appearance of dancing.—Home Journal.

A CHINESE FLOOD.

WHAT A FOREIGNER SAW IN THE CITY OF KIU KIANG.

Entering Stores by Means of a Canoe-A Pathetic Incident-Refuge in the Mountains-Graves of Great Men-After the Flood's Subsidence.

The water of the Yangtse Kiang had been rising, and at last it had overflowed its banks and filled the plain. The city of Kiu Kinng, where I was living, was half submerged, and the only outlying lowlands were covered with water. As many as had boats, and had warning enough to take to them, had sought refuge on adjacent highlands. This brought many hungry refugees to Kiukiang, which added to an already overcrowded population, and half submerged streets made it a good place to get away from.

A native magistrate told me that there were no less than 40,000 of these hungry and impoverished wretches in the city. They had neither silver nor gold, and depended for subsistence solely upon the charitable, of whom China has a goodly number, and upon what they could steal or pick up. So great was the distress and so importunate the cries for bread (or rice) that many merchants closed their stores to get rid of the cries of the hungry for food. I had a forty pound "Rob Roy" canoe, which I kept in my parior for safety. The water stood some two feet deep at my front stoop. I launched the canoe at the door and made excursions through the streets of the city, and many were the novel sights. The stores and shops had water in many instances to the counter tops, and upon these sat merchants who kept guard over goods stored upon shelves and hanging from beams above the water line. I entered these stores in my canoe, and traded and chatted with the merchants, who amused themselves between customers by watching the fish which swarmed in vast schools in the stores and fed upon the falling crumbs of rice thrown them by the clerks. Occasionally I would find a resident street upon lower ground where the water covered the doors and where the only means of passage was through holes made in the tile roofs. I frequently found families living upon improvised lofts and the children were suspended in baskets or tubs hanging from the beams or rafters.

HOPELESS PLEADING FOR RESCUE. I passed one street built of reed and adobe shanties, where the frail houses of the poor were rapidly yielding to the encroaching waters. One house had just crumbled away, and the late occupants—a man and woman were standing in the water to their armpits, holding on to their little possessions, in the way of scanty wardrobe and crude bedding, and pleading in piteous but fruitless prayers for rescue. My boat was so light as to require careful manipulation to carry one in safety. To render aid was out of my power, so that all I could do was to do nothing in the way of relief. I shall never forget the look of helpless grief and stoical submission to fate that marked the faces of that hapless pair as I rowed past them, and as I could not help the suffering and my life and health were in danger, I betook myself to the mountains, where the air was clear and healthful. till the floods should subside. The journey to the high ground was long and tedious, but once on the heights we secured quarters with some Buddhist monks in an ancient temple.

After a day's rest and recuperation we whiled the time away in exploring the mountains. Hid away in the most inaccessible places were the graves of distinguished dead, which had for centuries been overgrown whose rich blossoms loaded the pure mountain air with a sweet perfume. The only remaining relics of these tombs were the carved and entablated stones, which told in crude hieroglyphics of the renown of the men whose bones had long since returned to dust, Around these graves, wild boars now found a hiding place, and huge serpents coiled their slimy bodies and alternately slapt and fed upon such birds and mice as chance brought within reach.

AFTER THE PLOOD. Now and then we came upon tall groves of bamboo, from whose branches our guns brought down wild pigeons, which found a warm welcome upon our table. In the gorges were crude mills fitted with wheels upon which the spring fed "babbling brooks" fell in ceaseless torrents in their rush to the sea. Upon the ends of antiquated levers were huge stone pestles which fell with measured stroke upon stone pots filled with dried sandalwood and camphor brush and reduced them to fine powder, which were worked into paste with oil and made into incense sticks, whose sweet smelling odors as they burned upon Buddhist altars appeased the wrath of

Two weeks were thus passed, when we returned to our yacht, and after a few hours sail again cast anchor off the crowded city. The waters had subsided and the populous city was again busy with the ceaseless chatter and clatter of oriental commerce. But the flood had left tears and desolation in its tracks. Where a few weeks before were crowded streets of humble homes of the poor was now only a clean washed sand plain. The adobe houses had been dissolved in mud and washed away. Many people had gone into the tide and become food for sharks and porpoises. Their place of sepulture will never be marked by carved stone, nor their graves visited by filial descendants. No last honors were performed over their biers. The places which had known them simply knew them no more. They were gone. Survivors quickly creeted like shanties upon the spots where the others had been, and awaited their turn to be drowned the next flood that came. The Chinese, like the traditional Arkansas farmer, never mend their dikes when there is no flood, because they do not need it then; and when the floods come they cannot mend

The loss of life and property by that flood will never be stated in figures; but to the end of my life I shall never forget the scenes of sorrow and desolation then witnessed .- Chi-

nese Letter.

Shrewdness of a Confederate. The hero of the following anecdote, a boy of 16, was not a Yankee, as might naturally be supposed, but a "Johnny Reb." He had been entrusted with dispatches for a certain Capt. Grandy at the battle of Fredericksburg, and found himself compelled to deseend a hill directly under the fire of Union sharpshooters. Suddenly his horse stopped and tumbled under him, as if warned of danger ahead. It seemed like certain death to ride down in fair view of the marksmen concealed in yonder tannery, but he must deliver the orders to Grandy.

An odd plan occurred to him; he would

dismount and roll down the hill! No sooner thought than done. He got off his horse, which had sense enough to lie down in a fence corner, and down our hero rolled right into the breastworks! What Grandy and his men thought of this mode of delivering his men thought of this mode of derivering dispatches, he did not stop to inquire. Returning, he found his horse waiting in the fence corner, and they soon showed their heels to the "Yanks," to their mutual comfort.—Youth's Companion. SKILL OF THE HANDS.

The Wonderful Degree of Accuracy to Which They Can Be Trained.

PLATASMOUTH, MEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19. 1888.

We hear a great deal about the wonderful precision and accuracy of machinery in these days, and of course it is wonderful; but the degree of accuracy to which the human hand can be trained is equally wonderful.

Playing cards are required to be cut with the sides quite parallel to each other, because if a pack be trimmed by the machine slightly wider at one end than the other, and they become turned "end to end" in dealing, the excess in width of some cards over others at the end of the pack will be double the variation in any one card, which would facilitate cheating, a very minute variation being perceptible. The men who test these cards for this make calipers of their finger and thumb and by passing them along from one end to the other detect a difference in width between the two ends which it is difficult to measure by any other means.

There are men employed in factories where dried yeast is made whose business it is to put the yeast into packages weighing a certain amount each. It is on a table in front of them in a large plastic mass, and there are the scales for weighing it. But the men do not use the scales. They simply separate from the mass with their hands a lump of it and put it up, and you may choose at random and put it on the scales, and it will weigh exactly the right amount, the scales beam just balancing.

Where large numbers of eggs are handled and shipped to market there is a process known as "candleing" eggs, which consists in taking them up in the hands (usually two eggs in each hand at a time), and holding them up before a lighted candle. The light shining through them reveals to the reticed eye the exact condition of the contents. But some of the men soon get so that they do not need to use the candle, the mere contact of their hands with the shells denoting the condition of the egg just as infallibly and much more quickly. And they distinguish in that way not merely eggs which are decidedly bad, but those which are just barely beginning to loss their freshness.

Here are three different ways in which extreme skill of the hands is shown by persistent training: First, in detecting slight differences in magnitude; second, in weight; and, lastly, in texture or character of surface handled. - American Machinist,

Why Good Swimmers Drown.

"Why do good swimmers drown in the sea?" was asked of life saver young Ed O'Brien, who has become somewhat famous along the coast here.

"I will tell you," he answered. "The men who are good swimmers, and who drown while in bathing here, are fresh water swimmers. They are good swimmers in smooth water, but when they tackle the sea they are no good. A good many, when in the water, go out too far to show off. Then when it comes to swimming back they give out and go down. These fresh water swimmers have an idea that they must get back on a straight line. They know nothing about tides or currents, and they strike out to get back to shore by the short route instead of finding out the current and swimming with it. The first thing they know they get into a wave that twists them all up. They don't know when to cut through it, and all of a sudden they loose their head, get out of wind, become scared, and then comes the ery for belp. A fresh water swimmer coming to any beach ought first to study the currents and tides before he ventures out. No one should venture out beyond the safety line unless he is thoroughly posted, no matter how good a swimmer he is in still water. If he knows the current and the tide thoroughly he will find it an easy matter to get back to shore in his own good time."

"What do you first say to a drowning man

when you reach him?" "I sing out to him as loud as I can that ? have him safe. If I am in a boat I first throw him a rope. When I go for a drowning man I always think of a life for a life It is always best to keep a drowning man off from you until you have him quieted down. If an excited man gets the best of you in the water the chances are both of you will be

"What is the first thing a saved man will

generally say to you?" "After he gets out and gets his wits back again the first thing a man generally does is to smile, shake his head and say 'That was a narrow escape, sure.' Then he'll thank me world he'd give three-fourths of it to me. A good many I have saved rewarded me liberally, but I have helped out some men who promised me much, but never kept their promises."-Atlantic City Cor. New York

Girl Athletes in England.

Ten or fifteen years ago no man would have believed it possible that girls—that race of whose aptitudes Tom Tulliver entertained so disparaging an estimate-could ever have became such brilliant performers in the lawn tennis court. Even among men less prejudiced than the young hero of "The Mill on the Floss," it had always been an article of faith that women "can neither throw nor leap," and that the day would never come when a tennis bat wielded by a female arm would really and truly "strike" a ball instead of "spooning" it. They knew not what could be done with the female tennis player by merely "catching her young." The girls who have learned their tennis in the school room, so to speak, who began this game at the age when they began their "scales" and "exercises," are very often nowadays a match for their brothers. And of power has been born grace, which, indeed, if it does not always spring from power, must always have power for one of its parents. No one who has ever seen a really skilled

competitor in a "ladies' tournament" but will at once retract and apologize for the impious word "awkward" and "unfeminine" if any such slanders have ever passed his lips. Lawn tennis has now fairly won its title to be considered a fitting game not merely for "young men and children," but for "old men (or at any rate middle aged men; and maidens" also. I have said my say on behalf of the latter, and as to the former they, if they are sensible men, are hardened against ridicule. Why may they not as legitimately breathe themselves, though unskilled, on the tennis court, as grasp the crab catching car, or mount the unaccustomed borse? Aquatic and equestrian facilities, moreover, are less easily come by than the opportunities in these days for a bout at lawn tennis. - English Illustrated The only Dentists in the West controling this New System of Extracting and Filling Teeth without Pain. Our anaesthetic is en-tirely free from

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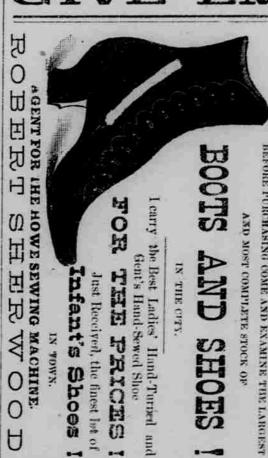
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