Nobody, only the eyes of brown, Tender and full of meaning, That smile on the fairest face in town. Over the baluster leaning.

Tired and sleepy, with drooping head. I wonster why she lingers, And when all the good nights are said, Why ronnehody holds her fingers-

Hohls her fingers and draws her down, suddenly growing bolder, Till ber locce hair drops its masses brown Like a mantie over his shoulder.

Over the balaster soft hands fair Borsh his cheeks like a feather; Bright brown tresses and dusky bair

Meet and mingle together. There's a question asked, there's a swift caress, the has flown like a bird from the hallway; But over the balester drops a Yes That shall brighten the world for him alway.

MLLE. ALBERTINE.

It was 8:30 o'clock, and in the hall below stairs the domestics were finishing their repast, brought from the master's table, for the service in the house of M. and Mme. d'Aloys was very easy and

Young, handsome, almost too rich, married for two years and more in love the one with the other than on the first day, these benevolent ones had the bad taste to wish to diffuse their happiness around them. But, stranger still, from housekeeper to scullery boy, the ser-vants were disposed to look upon their service as passing in Paradise—with a few more clothes, of course, and a ser-

They talked and laughed gayly, stopping only long enough to discuss a certhin aweetmeat frozen at the cafe, and which all united in declaring exquisite. "Dat you are not eating, Auguste; are you not hungry?" demanded the maile d'hotel, noticing that one of the valuade chambre, a handsome fellow, tall, well made, had left his friandise intheir upon his plate.

"Undoubtedly," responded the questioned, "and I have" A mocking cough and a voice interrupted him, the voice of a woman: "Dined badly," said she; "and shall I tell you why?" she continued, with a slightly malicious smile, turning to addressher neighbor.

"Certainly, Rose, why is it?" "Alle, Albertine is detained by made me to coif her for the concert. She is not down, you see-voila tout!" Ah, love's no crime. Auguste has taste," replied the maitre d'hotel. "We were in love with the little one ourselves,

"Well, only"—repeated Auguste, "She puts us in our place again with a little slap-not too hard, you know, but still a stap and a flash of her big eyes that made us comprehend we were los-

Then-she is honest."

"Honest, or ambitious, who knows? At any rate she finds us too low for her. But Augusto is such a handsome fellow he may be luckier than the others And the saucy chambermaid shut up her lips with an air that told you plainly enough everything she thought about it "A compliment to the others," cried

the conclinate, joining the discussion, that no matter, Rose, Auguste's a good soul if he is a new comer; we'll pardon you for his sake. Besides, if he does please Mile. Albertine she'll not come to him with empty hands. It's two years now since Mine, la Comtesse brought her from her home in Switzerland. She thinks the world of her and will be gengrous at the last, as she has been with all

"True, true!" chorused the table, though Auguste thook his head with a disdainful movement as if to say: "Bah! who cares for a dot?" and which clearly showed how seriously he was touched.

In the boudoir above stairs, a marvel of luxury and taste, Mile. Albertine put the last hand to a coiffure that would have rendered even an ugly woman charming, and the very pretty Comtesse d'Aloys, with her blonde hair which she did not tint, her complexion without a blemish, her eyes without penciling, her figure supple and sustained, but not imprisoned, in a light corset scarcely drawn, her lare robe sowed with jewels above gleaning satin, was one of the loveliest women in Paris. So Paris said, and Paris should know, and also that she justified-no, a hundred times justified-the love that the husband evinced for his

Think of it for yourselves -- a woman beautiful without being foolish, spirituelle without being wicked. Paris was

"Leave it alone, my good Albertine," said she presently; "the puff will do as it is: you will be late for your dinner." dame need not worry-I have finished," was the calm response.
She who occupied the heart of the

handsome Auguste was a very pleasing Twenty-five years of age, and perhap, a trifle too slender in her dark woolen dress, but with feat-mes clear cut and well shaped, beautiful teeth, and this kin and great black eyes, at times lively, at times soft, at times firm and resolute. The hair chestnut If concealed under the little naof or square that Albertine had never been willing to leave off, parted in the middle and combed back in black shining bands. A skill of hands truly maryelous, an extraordinary dexterity about all her duties, a step so discreet they seldom ever heard a sound in her aparament, a conduct so regular that in her two years' service she has never been known to take one hour's outing-such were the qualities that had already attached the comtesse to this incomparable

"Cood, very good indeed! Tell Jean to harries up immediately. My bonnet and gloves ill put on for myself; go to your cluner at once, my good girl," and the mistress, throwing off the light dressing wrap that protected her toilet, stepped forth like a gorgeous butterfly from its chrysalis.

"As you please, madame," and Alberline left the room. She had scarcely gone when M. d'Aloys put his head through the half opened door.

Of course, Henri; come in."
He obeled and pushing to the door behind him stepped to the side of his wife. "Have you found it?" he questioned half trasically. "No it a gone."

"Ar I what do you think of it, my have nothing to say to this marriage— with laughter and babble, and new wine."—Cassell's Magazine. dearest?" said be.

day—you remember it?"

"And also the thanks I received."

"Always a lover," she answered smiling, "but it chagrins me, Henri, to have it go like this from my own housetaken by whom?"

"Ah, I know not, and it is the second time in three months; your diamond bracelet first, and now the opals!" "And all my servants were with my mother, who changed but seldom,

heaven knows." "The new valet de chambre"—

"Was not in our service when the bracelet disappeared. I was at Etretat with Albertine and Depuis, who has since

"True, and this time it was a two days" absence at the house of your brother-in-

"With Auguste and Albertine"-"Auguste and the inevitable Albertine

"Henri!" cried the comtesse in a reproachful tone, "you have never been able to abide that poor girl." "Too strong a word, Suzanne; had it

been as you say, you'd have sacrificed your cameriste unhesitatingly." "Yes, at once; all the same, Henri, you do not like her. She is, however, perfection."

"It is the perfection, perhaps, I do not "She arranges hair so admirably."

"I know, madame, that your hair is the best coiffed in Paris, but then—with hair like yours"—and the young hus-band, proud and fond of his wife, breathed in the slight fragrance that came from the chevelure as if it were the aroma of a flower. Suzanne shook her head with an air of determination. "No," said she, "your flatteries cannot make me forget your exactions."

"Exactions, Suzanne?" "I repeat it, exactions that forbid my employing a femme de chambre for-oh. well, a thousand and one cares of the toilet. Neither Albertine nor Rose, through your caprice, can enter my apartments even when I am more clothed than for a ball. Do you realize, monsieur, what a crowd of things you force me to do for myself?"

"I do not wish that others should see you; I have particular ideas, very particular ideas, upon the subject; but see, dearest, are you not ready?

"Yes, but we must decide something regarding this ugly affair. To go on suspecting everything and everybody in this way is abominable.

"Then the only thing to do is this: Tomorrow I will go to the prefect of police, state the case to him, and have him send some one to watch our people."

"Our people? Here in our house? Impossible! They would perceive it!" No, my child, in a thousand ways it could be done—a footman more, say. He would send us an agent disguised."

"A la the Vaudeville, the Varieties and the comic feuilletons! Such things are done, Henri, only in romances." "And in life, too. dearest; but come, we are late; the carriage awaits us."

"Put the papers there, M. Megre, on the desk, and leave us. And now, monsieur," said the prefect of police, courte-ously addressing M. d'Aloys, who had followed his card closely, "what can I do for you?"

"This, M. le Prefect," and he went on to lay the facts before him. "Our hotel," he concluded, "is in the Rue Monceau, and somewhat large; our train of servants as well. It is three months, I think, during a two days' absence from home. since the first trinket disappeared from

my wife's casket." The prefect turned over the papers the employe had laid upon his desk." "Hum-m-yes; and those two days were passed at Etretat; the trinket a bracelet with brilliants and an emerald

clasp." The comte started. "Ah! you know that?"

The prefect smiled. "Anything else, monsieur? Was that

"Unhappily, no. Once again, and during an absence of forty-eight hours—a visit to a relative—we lost a cross valued by the comtesse very highly."
"A second theft!" and the official's

tone was less of surprise than satisfac-

"Describe it, monsieur." "A gold cross-the cross of Russia; twenty-four brilliants at the top; at the sides opals in clusters; in the center another opal as large again as the eight

"Was it part of a necklace?".
"Formerly, yes."
"And you suspect no one, M. d'Aloys?" "No one. Our domestics were all in the employ of the comtesse's mother"-"Nearly all, not all,"
"Eh! How!" cried the comte, con-

founded: "I said nearly all, not all." "True; but those who have entered our household at a more recent date accompanied us in these trips. Naturally, it

was neither of them.' M. d'Aloys' "naturally" obtained no response. The prefect was rummaging his papers. Presently he laid them aside. "And you suggest?" said he, question-

ingly, That an agent be introduced into my house.'

"The idea is excellent." "Ah, then"-"So excellent that we have one there already. Your thief has been under surveillance for two months past, mon-

Sict'r. "Iwo months past! In my house?" cried the comte, bewildered.

"Ask me no more," said the prefect, seriously; "the affair is graver than you suspect. Do not mention even to Mme. d'Aloys what you have learned here today; and another essential recommendation I would make to you, monsieur; let there be no change in your manner to those who serve you, neither with those who are pleasing to 'you nor with those who are less agreable. Remain"— and the prefect looked his visitor full in the face, why d'Aloys could not have told you, but as the piercing eyes met his own the chestnut bandeaux under their velvet coif and the big black eyes of Mile. Albertine seemed to focus before him-"remain, I say, as benevolent as ever to all your people, and also Mme.
l'Aloys, who, as you have said, exacts
lizie service from her femmes de chambre. I have the honor, monsieur, to

salute you." "Little service!" murmured d'Aloys aloud, in the street again, hat in hand and still dumfounded, "Little service! femmes de chambre; as I said! but I said nothing at all-nothing whatever-to

that devilish man!" . . . "Then I am to understand that you

comtesse, seated in the boudoir where we have seen her the night before, beside her the inevitable Albertine, putting in order the drawer of a chiffonier in which laces and ribbons were somewhat con-

"Madame is very kind," responded the young woman, "but marriage is not to my taste."

"You will, however, sooner or later, my good Albertine, be compelled to make a choice. Young girls like you are not intended for old maids.' A singular smile that Mme. d'Aloys,

who had turned aside, did not see crossed Albertine's thin lips.
"Auguste is not only a handsome boy, but has banked his savings, and I myself should do something for you," pursued

the comtesse. "Madame is benevolence itself." "Not at all, but content with your service—sure of your probity, that is a great deal," and Mme. d'Aloys recalled that among all her domestics Auguste and Albertine were the only ones she

and reflect well before you say no." "I have reflected, madame. "Droll girl! But tell me; you have a lover, perhaps, or a fiance, over there in your own country. Do you desire to

had been unable to suspect. "Reflect

The singular smile again crossed the

cameriste's lips. "Neither lover nor fiance. As for a return to my country, I am able to assure madame that nothing would be less agreeable." And Albertine closed the drawer with a brusqueness so different from her usual habit that her mistress

wheeled quickly. "We will speak of it no more," said she, a trifle coldly. "You are free; put the bracelets in place again, and—ah, it is you, Henri!" as the door opened and her husband entered the room.

"Yes-I-Suzanne-in a bad humor." "You, Henri?" "Yes, and with reason; that confounded Auguste and his notion for marrying'

A start of anger, quickly repressed but none the less violent, escaped the placid Albertine. "He's stubborn as a donkey, that fel-

low; he won't give up, and what do you think? persists in demanding to talk to Albertine in our presence. He says he can persuade her. "ilt's useless, Henri, Albertine will not hear of it, and, frankly, I myself have heard enough of it."

"I, too, dearest; but you see I've promised, and he's waiting outside there. Auguste, Auguste, I say!"

The door opened; two cries resounded simultaneously-one from the comtesse as her husband seized her by the waist and dragged her to the end of the room; the other from Albertine, grasped by the strong arms of two agents of the police, who had entered at the heels of the am-orous valet de chambre. Yells, curses, kicks and bites from Albertine, writhing forms, quick orders, and at last the flash of a broad, gleaming blade suddenly whisked from Albertine's corsage.

Eh bien! in three minutes' time it was over, the chestnut bandeaux and velvet coif lying in the corner, and mademoiselle the "maid," with the queerest looking poll shaven like a convict's and covway through the crowd of domestics clustered about the doorway to the carriage that waited for her at the porte-cochere—a ride taken at the city's expense.

Meanwhile Auguste, hat in hand, had returned to make his explanations as soon as Mme. d'Aloys had somewhat recovered from the shock.

no other way to avert suspicion and secure your jewels at the same time. Your real jewels," he added, smiling a little as his eye caught the sparkle of the gems in the jewel case that Albertine had not had time to close and put in place again. "They are false," he responded to the look of astonished inquiry thrown upon him by the comte and comptesse; 'the two years' work of the shrewdest rascal, counterfeiter, forger and murderer who ever for three years long escaped the hands of justice. But do not be alarmed, madame la comtesse," Auguste continued, "in the handle of the knife we took from his bosom, M. Albert's, or Albertine's, as you know him better, the jewels will be found intact. The delay in relieving you was occasioned by the necessity of locating the booty. The jewels and the commissaire are here if madame la com-tess is ready to identify them. Monsieur le comte, madame la comtesse, I beg to salute you."—Translated from the French of Georges Grand, by E. C. Waggoner, for the New York Mercury.

Around Edinburgh.

The surroundings and environs of Edinburgh are as full of interest and beauty as the town itself. Roslin Chapel is situated about seven miles from Edinburgh on the north bank of the Esk, and is one of the loveliest of spots. The Gothic chapel was founded in 1446 by William St. Clair, Earl of Arbury and Lord of Roslin. The pillars and arches display a profusion of ornament, executed in a most artistic manner.

Beneath the chapel lie the barons of

Roslin, all of whom, up to the time of James VII, were buried in complete suits of armor. It was believed that the night before the death of any of the barons of Roslin the chapel appeared as if in flames, and this is the legend to which Sir Walter Scott alludes in his beautiful ballad of "Rosabelle."

Hawthornden, once the habitation of the poet Drummond, is well worthy of a visit. He was the friend of Ben Jonson and Shakespeare. The former walked from London to visit Drummond, and from London to visit Drummond, and lived for many weeks as his guest at Hawthornden. Under the mansion are some caves, hewn out of the solid rock with great labor, and communicating with each other by means of long passages. Doubtless these were used as places of refuge in troublous times, when ordinary habitations were unsafe. ordinary habitations were unsafe. At a short distance from Hawthornden is a

cottage where Sir Waiter Scott spent some of the happiest days of his life.

Weeks may be pleasantly and profitably spent in exploring Edinburgh and its neighborhood. Few towns are so full of memories of the past.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle. Lord Tennyson's Wedded Bliss. It has been said that "of all the great literary figures who have loomed upon

the latter part of the Nineteenth century, Lord Tennyson has been the most for-tunate in his married life." In 1850 he married Miss Emily Sellwood, the daugh-ter of a solicitor. The young couple lived for the first two years at Twicken-ham. Their first baby died; but in 1853 there was another a year old, "crazy with laughter and babble, and earth's

If one loves a half hour of quiet meditation, a withdrawal from the pomps and vanities of life, an awakening of the higher thoughts, he should visit the great picture of Munkacsy, "Christ Before Pilate." Every face and figure is impressive; the rabble thirsting for a human life, the solitary, sympathetic woman, the scheming, vindictive high priests, the stern and pitiless Pontius Pilate, Jesus of Nazareth, friendless, forsaken, a supreme dignity in his attitude, a divine resignation upon his noble brow.

We see at the first glance that it is useless to hope for justice or mercy from that tribunal, and this feeling increases in intensity the longer we gaze into the hard, cruel faces surrounding the Christ. Away with him, condemned before he is heard by that voice of the people which is not the voice of God. Sublime sacrifice for an unworthy world! As we leave this wonderful picture, looking backward again and again, and find ourselves by the closing of a door trans-planted from the First to the Nineteenth century, we are haunted by a consciousness that the spirit of the crucifixion has come down with us through all these centuries.

There is not a year, there is scarcely a day, but that some innocent soul is hounded to the death by the voice of the people. Circumstances furnish the victim, public opinion usurps the place of judge, accuser and witnesses, the thoughtless people take up the cry, "Away with hira," the cross is laid upon his shoulders, it is finished, and the multitude goes its way. This is the fact to be remembered, that the spirit of persecution still lives; that by our careless words, our lack of sympathy, our blind adoption of current ideas, our failure to speak out bodly for the right, we encourage and support this spirit. "Christ Before Pilate" carries this lesson, that though he died for the remission of our sins, there are many for which we ourselves shall be held personally responsi-ble.—Ida Harper in Indianapolis Journal

The Hatless Lady.

A young woman made her way to her eat past all the people in the orchestra seats of the Lyceum theatre a night or two ago, attracting unusual attention, because she had left her hat in the ladies' room. She was young and plump, and had raven black hair that fell in a cluster of tight ringlets over her brow. She was not particularly good looking. Her face was too strongly marked and full of strong character to be femininely beautiful. One of the habitues of the theatre determined to find out what the other ladies had said of her in the buzz that greeted her appearance, so between the acts he asked every man he knew what the lady he had with him had said when she saw the bare headed leader of that fashion which all men dream of, but scarcely hope to see established. These are the comments he got:

"My wife says she must be fast." ", She looks like a baboon,' my girl said."

"My companion says, 'If she wants to attract attention so badly, who doesn't BUSINESS DIRECTORY. "She's got pretty hair; that's why she

"Well, she must want to make a show of berself. Deep in their hearts every woman in the house envies her her pluck for com-

the house envies her her pluck for coming in that way, for it's right, and if only some swells would do it we would all be glad to leave our hats off."

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Attorney-at-Law. Will give prompt attention to all business intrusted to him. Office in Union Block, East side, Plattsmouth, Neb. all be glad to leave our hats off." The utterer of this sentiment, so diametrically opposite to all the others, was a young married woman, the wife of a "I beg that Madame will pardon us," said he. "We have disturbed you greatly, but it was unavoidable—there was said, "I want to drink your health.
You've got the best woman in that
theatre."—New York Sun,

A New Light.

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For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and indigestion, it is an unequaled remedy. Sold by druggists. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00. come into extensive use for contractors and others who have night work on their hands. The principle is something like that of the famous Lucigen, in which a jet of crude petroleum, driven in spray by compressed air, is made to give a light rivaling in intensity an electric arc light, but steam is used instead of compressed air to drive the jet of oil spray. The apparatus, ready for use, consists of two cylinders, one containing oil and the other water. They are filled from the bottom, so that the air in the cylinders is compressed in the upper portion, or air may be forced in by a small condensing pump. When the lamp is to be used, the condensed air from the top of the cylinders is allowed to begin to escape through the jet, and the oil is then turned on. The spray of oil and air is lighted, and burns with a light equiva-lent to that of 2,500 candles. Just above the flame is a coil of pipe, communicating with the water cylinder. As soon as this coil is hot, the water is turned on, and passing through the hot coil is vaporized, and enters the jet in place of the compressed air, which is then turned off. The steam serves to maintain the blast begun with compressed air, while it greatly increases the light, through its combustion into oxygen and hydrogen, which assist the combustion of the oil. As there is no wick, no choking can take place with any kind of oil, and crude or refuse petroleum, or creosote from gas wastes, can be burned, while the apparatus is portable, and the lamp can be lighted in a moment.-American Architect.

Women's Figures in France. In any assemblage of French women, from a ball in the Faubourg St. Germain to a bal de l'opera, the number of admirable figures is very striking; the face may be positively common, but the figure is nearly sure to be superb. The wasp waist so much affected across the Channel is apparently confined to fashion plates designed for exportation. The unwisdom of tight lacing is evidently not more perfectly appreciated than its un-sightliness, though the relations of hy-giene to beauty are thoroughly understood. With this excellence of figuregenerally goes a corresponding excellence of carriage; in this respect the skill with which the Louis Quinze heel is circumvented is beyond praise. And with regard to the tact and taste displayed in the garb which decorates this figure and carriage, the world is, I suppose, as well agreed now as in the time when the empress set its fashions for it in a more inexorable way than the women of the present republic can pretend to. France is still, if not the only country in the world where dress is an art, at least the only one where the dressmaker and the milliner are artists. - W. C. Brownell in

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