

# DR. P. JANSSS,



## The Celebrated German Specialist,

"LATE OF BERLIN."

President of the Nebraska State Medical and Surgical Institute,

Will Be in Plattsmouth, at  
the Riddle House,  
Tuesday, Feb. 26, 1889.

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Horseshoe, which sharpens itself as it wears  
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anyone can put on sharp or flat corks  
as needed for wet and slippery roads, or  
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these Shoes and you will have no other.

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Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the  
fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden  
Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a  
fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health  
and vigor will be established.  
Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors,  
from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption,  
to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Es-  
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(which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its  
wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating,  
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For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Short-  
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promptly cures the severest Coughs.  
For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver  
Complaint," Dyspepsia, and indigestion, it is  
an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.  
Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

**HOME.**  
A man can build a mansion  
And furnish it throughout;  
A man can build a palace,  
With lofty walls and stout;  
A man can build a temple,  
With high and spacious dome;  
But no man in the world can build  
That precious thing called Home.  
It is the happy faculty  
Of woman, far and wide,  
To turn a cot or palace  
Into something else beside—  
Where brothers, sons and husbands, tired,  
With willing footsteps come;  
A place of rest, where love abounds,  
A perfect kingdom—Home.  
—London Spectator.

### LOVE'S MASQUERADE.

"Aunt Sarah, I have an idea and I  
want your help to carry it out," said  
Bob Russell earnestly to Mrs. Briscoe.  
"I want you to help me to win Gertrude  
Stone."

"Why, my dear boy," was the reply.  
"I did not know you had seen her," said  
the old lady wonderingly.

"Well, my acquaintance with her is  
rather short, I confess. I only saw her  
talking with you this morning. I heard  
her say that if she ever fell in love it  
would be with a farmer and that she  
was tired of everything connected with  
city life. I am unfortunately from the  
city, but I am going to transform myself  
into a countryman and hire out as a  
farm hand to Miss Stone."

And he unfolded his plans for winning  
the young lady, and had soon enlisted  
his good natured aunt on his side.

Miss Stone was very much pleased with  
her new hired hand, Eben, as he called  
himself. He did not eat with a knife,  
and his grammar was singularly good  
for a farm hand.

She did not wonder, when he drove  
her home one night, that he should talk  
a good deal, and he was certainly very  
respectful.

"You are fond of farm work and the  
country?" Miss Stone was saying.

"Very," Eben rejoined, with much en-  
thusiasm.

"You were brought up on a farm?"  
she asked.

"Well, no—not entirely," the hired  
man responded.

"But you chose farm work because  
you are fond of it," said Miss Stone  
warmly. "In that respect we are ex-  
actly alike; I love it! I suppose," she  
added gently, "that you were obliged to  
choose something?"

"—yes, I—support myself," Eben re-  
sponded, with his eyes on his compan-  
ion's fair face.

"It is nothing to regret—indeed it is  
not," Miss Stone declared comfortingly.  
"I admire anybody who is independent  
and ambitious; they're the only people I  
do admire."

"Oh, that is very good in you," the  
hired man murmured, tucking the robe  
more closely about her.

"And I suppose you haven't had many  
advantages?" Miss Stone pursued with  
sympathetic softness.

"Well, I've had—some schooling," the  
hired man admitted.

"It isn't so great a loss," said Miss  
Stone earnestly. "Many of our best and  
greatest men had very few educational  
opportunities." It sounded somewhat  
trite when she had said it; but the hired  
man was looking at her with warm gra-  
titude. "Nothing is to be regretted but  
indolence and lack of principle!"

"You are very kind," Eben said in  
softened tones.

The moon was just rising; the daisies  
in the fields shone white under it, and  
the scent of the fresh crops filled the air.

Certainly the hired man was not to be  
blamed for driving past Miss Stone's  
gate when they had reached it, with a  
glance at his companion which was the  
perfection of respectful deference. All  
that night she kept dreaming about this  
nature's nobleman whom she had met,  
and she thought of going over to Mrs.  
Briscoe's and telling her what a wonder-  
ful man he was.

The next day she asked Eben to drive  
her over to his aunt's place. Fate must  
have had something to do with the car-  
riage being upset and Gertrude falling  
plump into his arms, and then and there  
he told her how he loved her, and was  
promptly accepted. "We need only live  
on the farm in summer," said Eben mys-  
teriously.

"What shall we do winters?" said  
Miss Stone, wonderingly.

"Well, I've thought of going into the  
newspaper business," the hired man re-  
joined, lightly.

And she laughed, in fond enjoyment of  
the joke.

The remark occurred to her three days  
later. She went into the city to do a  
little shopping, and to break the news of  
her engagement to her guardian.

She told herself vehemently that she  
did not dread the process in the least;  
she was certain that it would not make  
the slightest difference what anybody  
said.

Still she felt a little odd as she walked  
up the street from the station. The Eg-  
berts drove past in their liveried car-  
riage. The newly married and exces-  
sively stylish Nicolls met her smilingly.  
Lottie Hall and her rich young fiancé  
bowed to her from a dog cart. Well,  
she didn't care what they said; she  
should marry Eben though the whole  
world should rise up to oppose it.

It was The Daily Reflector building  
which put her in mind of Eben's joke  
about the newspaper business.

The affluent publisher of it stood on  
the steps, talking to a gentleman. He  
was an old friend of Miss Stone's, and  
he hurried down to speak to her.

"In for some shopping?" he said. "By  
the way, we were just speaking of you.  
Mr. Russell tells me he has met you.  
Mr. Russell, here's Miss Stone."

Mr. Russell came down the steps, with  
his hat raised. He was immaculately  
arrayed in a pale summer suit, knotty,  
silver-mounted stick, a high hat and pol-  
ished shoes.

He was in no wise different from the  
dozens of young men passing at the mo-  
ment, but Miss Stone stared at him in  
speechless, motionless bewilderment, and  
Mr. Russell stared back at her.

It was not till the publisher had bowed  
himself away that they spoke.

"Eben!" Miss Stone gasped.  
"Gertrude!" Mr. Russell rejoined.  
He had recovered himself and was  
smiling down at her.  
"I didn't know you were coming to-  
day!"  
"Who—who are you?" Miss Stone mur-  
mured, faintly.  
"Well, I'm the young person you're  
going to marry, for one thing!" the young  
man responded emphatically, and led her  
into a neighboring restaurant before say-  
ing anything more.

"I couldn't help it!" he declared,  
breathlessly, over their untouched cream.  
"I couldn't think of any other way, and  
I was awfully gone on you from the first  
minute. It was in the porch that first  
afternoon. I heard what you said, you  
know—all about frivolous, flippant  
minded city men, and I didn't dare to  
appear in my proper character—I didn't,  
truly."

His voice shook with something besides  
feeling, and he put his handkerchief to  
his lips.

Miss Stone smiled too, helplessly.  
"And you—haven't been doing—farm  
work?" she said.

"Good gracious! I don't know a plow  
from a reaper," Bob responded. "I've  
been lying about in Aunt Sarah's front  
yard when I haven't been with you."

Miss Stone mused, pink and tremu-  
lous.

"Where did you get the clothes?" she  
said.

"Borrowed 'em. I've bought them  
now, though. I'm going to keep them  
forever! See here, dear; am I flippant  
minded? Do you want to bake and milk  
exclusively? Aren't you rather glad I  
am not a hired man?"

Miss Stone looked at him with a help-  
less fondness.

"Well, since it is you!" she confessed,  
sweetly.

**Mine Host and Mark Twain.**

Old Mr. A. was once the landlord of a  
cozy inn, after a certain attractive, old  
fashioned style, and upon the traveled  
road between Boston and Hartford. One  
summer afternoon he was sitting in front  
of his establishment, when two figures  
loomed up off the horizon, gradually  
materializing into human shape as they  
approached. Both men were  
well dressed, but one of them limped  
rather painfully and carried with him  
an air of being generally fagged out.  
They stopped at the inn and the  
limping man asked for a room where he  
might lie down quietly and refresh him-  
self. On the way up stairs he told the  
landlord that his companion and himself  
were walking from Hartford to Boston,  
and that he was suffering greatly from  
having walked so far in new shoes. The  
landlord left his guest and came down  
stairs, where, after a little conversation  
with the other pedestrian, he finally re-  
marked:

"Well, a man must be a d— fool to  
start on such a tramp in new shoes!"

"Do you know who that man is?" re-  
marked the other quietly.

"No," responded the host. "Who is  
he?"

"That man," replied the other, "is  
Mark Twain!"

"Mark Twain!" retorted the landlord  
in astonishment. "Then who the devil  
are you?"

"I?" said the guest modestly. "Oh, I  
am Rev. Mr. Twitchell!"—New Haven  
Palladium.

**Robert Collyer and the Old Bell.**

Robert Collyer has presented Cornell  
university with an old bell that has a  
romantic history, which is retold by the  
reverend gentleman as follows: "Some  
years ago the village in which I used to  
work as a blacksmith was swept away in  
order that the site might be used as a  
reservoir for the city of Leeds. In this  
general destruction the shop in which I  
worked as a boy perished. Against the  
old bell that used to wake me up very  
early in the morning I had a special  
grudge. At the same time I had so  
much interest in it that I asked a friend  
in the town council at Leeds to see that  
when the bell was broken up for old  
metal a piece of it should be sent to me  
as a paper weight. The result was that  
the town council voted to send me the  
whole bell. I have ever since been wait-  
ing for some appropriate place where it  
could be put."—Boston Transcript.

**A Moral Duly Pointed.**

Probably as badly broken up a trio of  
hunters never went out on a Sunday  
hunt as were Alva Stuck, George Had-  
den and Al Carpenter. Either Stuck or  
Hadden took Carpenter for a rabbit and  
put a few BB shot through his hat.  
Stuck lost a \$30 watch, then lost a half  
day Monday trying to find it. Hadden  
became hungry and ate a lot of frozen  
apples, which gave him gripes and nearly  
cost him his life. Another trio went out  
for a hunt the same day, and the next  
morning they were arrested for trespass-  
ing and fined \$6.43 each. One went  
down on the race to skate, broke through  
the ice and came near drowning. All  
this on Sunday.—Osago (Mich.) Cor.  
Chicago News.

**Punishing Quacks.**

I was told yesterday of an attempt to  
tar and feather a mind cure practitioner  
out west who had been unsuccessful  
with a patient. I have often thought  
that if this plan were carried out con-  
sistently it would make exciting times  
among the doctors. If the ghosts of all  
those people who have been mangled and  
tortured and finally killed outright by  
medical experimenters could rise up from  
their graves what a vast army it would  
make. It would make the medical stu-  
dents shake right out of their boots. Of  
course this is not saying anything against  
the profession, but only those who belong  
to it who do not know their business.—  
St. Paul Pioneer Press.

**A Home for German Invalids.**

It is proposed to establish a home for  
German invalids at San Remo, as a me-  
morial of the Emperor Frederick. During  
the last ten years San Remo has become  
quite a German colony every winter, and  
it is the regular resort of those natives of  
the Fatherland who are ordered to a mild  
climate, as they do not care to journey  
in a French town.—London Truth.

# A Word to The People.

The motto, "What is Home without a Mother," exists in many  
happy homes in this city, but the effect of what is home without the  
Local Newspaper is sadly realized in many of these "happy homes" in  
Plattsmouth.

# THE HERALD

Is steadily finding its way into these homes, and it always  
comes to stay. It makes the family circle more cheerful and keeps its  
readers "up to the times" in all matters of importance at home and  
abroad.

# During the Year

Every available means will be used to make the columns of  
THE HERALD a perfect storehouse from which you can obtain all in-  
formation, and will keep up its record as being the best Advertising  
Medium for all purposes.

# AT 15 CENTS PER WEEK

This paper is within the reach of all, and will be delivered to any ad-  
dress in the city or sent by mail.

# The Weekly Herald

Is the Best County Newspaper in old Cass, and this has been  
well proven to us by the many new names added to our list during  
1888. Special merits for the WEEKLY, are all the county news, six  
columns of good Republican Editorial, News Accounts of all import-  
ant political or business events, one-half page each week containing  
a choice piece of Vocal or Instrumental Music, choice selections of  
Miscellaneous Reading Matter. Advertising in it brings profitable  
returns.

# Our Job Department

Is equal to any, and does work to the satisfaction of patrons  
from all over the county, and receives orders by mail from a distance,  
which are promptly filled. We have facilities for doing all kinds of  
work, from the plain calling card to colored work, books and blanks.  
Work neatly and promptly executed. Large stock kept on hand.  
Legal blanks for sale.

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