

GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE

BOOTS, - SHOES - AND - RUBBERS !

My Entire stock of Boots, Shoes, Rubbers and Slippers Must Be Sold By April 1st. Whoever Wants to Buy Cheap, Come. Now is the Time.

I thank the Public for their past generous patronage, and will be pleased to see all my old customers and others to avail themselves of this rare opportunity of Cheap Goods.

All those knowing themselves indebted to me must come and settle by April 1st, as all my accounts will be placed in the collector's hands, and costs added.

PETER MERGES.

CIVIC SOCIETIES.

CLASS LODGE NO. 146, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Tuesday evening at K. of P. hall. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

PLATTSMOUTH 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. 84, A. O. U. W.—Meets every alternate Friday evening at K. of P. hall. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. F. P. Brown, Master; Workman; G. B. K. Miller, Foreman; F. H. Steinkamp, Overseer; W. H. Miller, Financier; G. F. Houseworth, Recorder; F. J. Morgan, Recorder; Wm. Crehan, Guide; Wm. Ludwig, Inside Watch; L. Olsen, Outside Watch.

CLASS CAMP NO. 332, MODERN WOODMEN of America—Meets second and fourth Monday evening at K. of P. hall. All transient brothers are requested to meet with us. L. A. Newcomer, Venerable Consul; G. F. Niles, Worthy Advisor; S. C. Wilde, Banker; W. A. Boeck, Clerk.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE NO. 8, A. O. U. W.—Meets every alternate Friday evening at Backwood hall at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. L. S. Larson, M. W.; F. Boyd, Foreman; S. C. Wilde, Recorder; Leonard Anderson, Overseer.

PLATTSMOUTH 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. Richey, W. M.

Wm. Hays, Secretary.

NEBRASKA CHAPTER NO. 3, R. A. M.—Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month at Mason's Hall. Transient brothers are invited to meet with us. F. E. White, H. P.

Wm. Hays, Secretary.

CLASS COUNCIL NO. 1023, ROYAL ARCANUM—Meets second and fourth Mondays of each month at Arcanum Hall.

H. N. Glenn, Regent.

P. O. Minor, Secretary.

MOCONIHIE POST 45 G. A. R.

ROSTER.

M. A. Dickson, Commander.
B. J. Hesple, Junior Vice.
S. Carrigan, Senior Vice.
G. F. Niles, Adjutant.
A. Shipman, Sergeant.
H. Henry Stright, Q. M.
A. Tarsch, Officer of the Day.
James Hickson, Guard.
Anderson C. Fry, Quarter Master Sgt.
L. O. Curtis, Post Chaplain.
Meeting Saturday evening.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low cost, short weight adulterated phosphates. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St. N. Y.

CITY OFFICERS.

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Treasurer	W. K. FOX
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Engineer	BYRON CLARK
Police Judge	A. MADOLE
Marshal	S. CLIFFORD
City Clerk	I. H. DUNN
Councilmen, 1st ward	J. V. WICKHACH
" 2nd "	A. SALIBURY
" 3rd "	D. M. JONES
" 4th "	DR. A. SHIPMAN
" 5th "	M. B. MURPHY
" 6th "	S. W. DUTTON
" 7th "	CON O'CONNOR
" 8th "	J. P. McCALLLEN, PRES.
Board Pub. Works	J. W. JOHNSON, CHAIRMAN
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	D. H. HAWKSWORTH

FROG FARMING.

How a Maine Man Thought He Had Them When He Didn't.

"I see by The Herald that a New York restaurateur is going to Manchester, N. H., with the intention of raising frogs for the Boston market," said a Maine man to a reporter yesterday. "Now, I'll bet the best pair of boots I've got," he continued, "that he will be disappointed. Why? Simply because he can't do it, that's all. Let me tell you of an experiment of this sort that was tried away down in Bangor some years ago. There was a prominent Bangorian, a bank president, wealthy, and holding a tip top position in the business world, but a trifle eccentric. He made lots of money in his regular business, but he was forever inventing something which he believed would make him a millionaire, and into these schemes he put a good deal of cash which never came out again. He didn't know discouragement, though, and would come up smiling with something new every time one of his pet projects was knocked into a cocked hat. Well, he got the idea which has seized the New York man, that there was an immense profit to be made by raising frogs for the Boston market. He had a charming bit of lawn adjoining his residence, and this he decided to make the hatching ground. He had a big, round shallow pit dug, and the bottom of it stoned and cemented, so it wouldn't leak. The dirt taken out was made into a circular embankment around the pool, and about the edges he set out rushes and other fresh water plants, to give the frogs a nice hiding place. He had water turned in through a special line of pipes, at a great cost, and the 'pond' thus formed was to all appearances just the place that a frog with luxurious tastes would delight to inhabit. Then he enlisted the services of all the small boys in the neighborhood to catch tadpoles and little frogs, paying them liberally, and in a short time his 'pond' was populous with the squirmers and jumpers. To be sure they would have plenty to eat, he supplied his pets with frequent and generous repasts of minced liver, white bread crumbs and other delicacies he thought they might like. All went well. The colony thrived wonderfully; the tadpoles developed into little frogs, and the little frogs fast grew to fat 'bull paddocks.' The air in the vicinity fairly thrummed with their shrill songs and 'dolorous grunts' of an evening, and people came from far and near to see the wonderful sight. One night a New York friend of the frog culturist came in on the late train and was taken to his house. The newcomer noticed the unusual sounds and asked their meaning, whereupon his host revealed to him the whole scheme, and received his congratulations on the promising look of the enterprise. Before the two separated for the night they agreed to go in the early morning and inspect the pool. They kept their agreement, and, not long after dawn, sallied out, each carrying a quota of food for the croakers. All was silent when they reached the 'pond.' 'Never mind,' said the frog farmer, 'just you wait until I throw in this chopped liver and you'll see plenty of them.' He cast his painful of the dainty far out, and it fell into the water with a tremendous splash. But there was no response; no angular head with goggle eyes appeared in the vicinity; no sprawling legs were seen kicking under the surface; there was not a single 'ker-chug' to denote the plunge of a croaker from the rushy banks. 'Throw yours in now,' said the host, and the guest complied. But when this splash had died away the placid pool was disturbed by no movement. 'Well, this is singular,' exclaimed the puzzled cultivator; 'there's enough of 'em about here, and I never knew 'em to hide like this before.' So the two walked around and around the 'pond,' intently watching. They saw nothing, however, and when at last the now nettled bank president seized a pole and threshed the weeds and rushes, he did not scare up anything. Panting and perspiring with his exertions—he was a portly man—the inventor of frog farming, mortified by his failure to astonish his friend, gave up his search temporarily, and they went into the house for breakfast. That disposed of the quest was resumed, but neither then nor ever since has a frog been seen in the vicinity.

"Every creeper of them all had migrated elsewhere during the night. 'And upon my word and honor this is a true story.'—Boston Herald.

A Man of Great Weight.

Sam Eldredge, of the land of trade, took a trip to Europe, and when he came back he naturally felt a little more important, as all men do after their first trip across the water. He was forever telling about what he saw abroad, and these stories became tiresome to his associates on 'change. One morning Andy Shaw came on the floor looking very rocky. Andy is a good deal of a wag when he feels in the mood, and, when some of his friends inquired as to his unhealthy appearance, he said: "You see, it's just like this. Yesterday afternoon when I left the office I had a dull, thumping headache, so I thought I would try to walk it off. Accordingly I started to walk home. Just after I had crossed the bridge I experienced a peculiar feeling. It was as though I was walking up hill. The farther I walked the steeper the hill seemed. When I reached home I was utterly exhausted. I was at a loss to explain this peculiar feeling until I came down this morning and learned what caused it. I couldn't sleep all night, as I was so exhausted, but I find that Sam Eldredge was on the south side as I was walking home and that 'he north side tipped up.'—Chicago Herald.

Caught by a Monkey.

A murder is reported to have been committed some way off Wynaad, in which a monkey detected the murderers. It appears that a juggler with his wife, a goat and two monkeys were attacked by two Moplahs, who killed all except the male monkey, which escaped, and buried the bodies in the jungle. The male monkey took its station upon a big tree, watched everything and when a constable passed by the animal made after him, laid hold on the man's leg and dragged him to the place where the bodies were buried. The bodies were exhumed, after which the monkey showed the way to a hut which the murderers had entered. Not finding them, the animal took the constable in another direction and suddenly ran at full speed and seized a Moplah, who was going to bathe, near a tank, by the neck and waited till the constable arrived. This led to the detection of the murderers, who have been brought to Calicut.—Singapore Free Press.

Stable Floors.

In reply to the query, "Of all the different kinds of stable floors, particularly for cattle, which kind do you say is best?" Country Gentleman replies:

You will have to decide partly according to circumstances, between earth floors, or paved with cobble stones, flag stones, cement, durable plank, or plank and iron grating. Earth will answer only where there is perfect natural drainage or careful artificial drainage, with enough litter or bedding at hand to absorb all the liquid manure; otherwise the stable will become muddy. Stones or flagging will answer only where there will always be plenty of straw litter to make the floor soft and warm. Cement has partly the same objection, and is liable, if in horse stables, to be more or less broken up by the sharp horsehoes; but with plenty of litter this objection is obviated. Plank has several advantages; it is less hard and cold than stone and cement; it is easily kept clean; and if well soaked, when made, with crude petroleum, and with a coat of gas tar between the two layers of plank, it will be quite durable. The manure gutter is easily made and managed.

Her Errand Boy.

The story comes from Washington that the other day a gentleman called upon Chief Justice Fuller and was shown into the parlor. Very soon one of his daughters, Pauline by name, a young lady in her early teens, came in to explain that there had been a mistake by the servant. "My papa," said she, "has gone on an errand for me, and I am expecting him back very soon. You might wait for him if you wish." Fancy the chief justice of the United States running errands for a parcel of girls!—Chicago Herald.

Five Baby Boys.

A story was told the other day of a prominent lawyer of St. Paul, whose handwriting is none the best, that amused me. It seems that he had just become the happy father of a bouncing baby boy, and in his joy he rushed to a telegraph office and sent the following message to his brother: "Fine baby boy. Mother and boy doing well." His brother immediately telegraphed back: "Your message reads: 'I've baby boys.' Is there any mistake in the count?"—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

JOE

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Has the best and most complete stock of samples, both foreign and domestic wools that ever came west of Missouri river. Note these prices: Business suits from \$16 to \$35, dress suits, \$25 to \$45, pants \$4, \$5, \$6, \$6.50 and upwards.

Will guaranteed a fit.

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Plenty of feed, flour, graham and meal at Heisel's mill. tf

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PINE LUMBER !

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Can supply every demand of the trade. Call and get terms. Fourth street in rear of Opera House.

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B. & M. Time Table.	
GOING WEST.	GOING EAST.
No. 1—4:30 a. m.	No. 2—4:20 p. m.
No. 2—6:01 p. m.	No. 4—10:20 a. m.
No. 3—7:47 a. m.	No. 5—7:13 p. m.
No. 4—6:50 p. m.	No. 6—9:44 a. m.
No. 5—6:17 p. m.	

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- Boys' Long Pant Suits to 18 years, \$2.95, \$3.45, \$5.45 to \$13.50.
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- Boys' Knee Pants 35 cts., 50 cts., 75 cts., \$1.
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