

PHOTOGRAPHED IN BITS.

DISMEMBERED PHOTOGRAPHY HAS BECOME QUITE A CRAZE.

Pretty Hands, Necks, Shoulders, Elbows and Feet Copied for Friends—A Detroit Artist Talks of the Fad—Proud of His Wife's Pretty Feet.

"She is a crank on dismembered photography, and has herself taken in pieces," one lady remarked to another.

"Taken in pieces?" "Yes, her hands, her arms—of course they are nice and plump—and her feet, too. Why, she has even had the back of her neck taken!"

All this, the speaker said, was done "in the east." But we also have our "cranks" and our "dismembered photography" in the west.

"Yes," said a Woodward avenue artist, "we have for some time taken hands or feet, and even backs of necks, right here in this gallery. It is a fad, popular with symmetrically shaped ladies. It pays us well and we have no fault to find."

Some negatives of dismembered photographs were brought out.

NEARLY ALWAYS SATISFIED.

The background in all cases was of dark plush, laid in heavy lustrous folds. Against this rich curtain a handsome hand, plump, slender, and with delicate nails, is really an object of admiration. No jewels are worn, as this detracts from the beauty of the member in itself. Some hands are laid carelessly against the plush, some show study in the seemingly idle way in which they are held up. A cute row of dimples add beauty to a few of the photographs. One or two belligerent ladies have had their fists taken, "to show how formidable they would be on the defensive racket. I suppose," said the photographer.

There were photos of hands, fists, feet, arms, shoulders and the backs of necks with bewitching little curls. Some amusing stories are told by the photographers in connection with dismembered photographs.

"A lady will come in and want a photograph of this sort. She has money, but not many classic lines that would bear reproducing by themselves. 'Will I have my hand and arm, or only the hand taken?' she asks. 'Well, we must manage to find out what she thinks of the member as a whole, and advise her accordingly. She is nearly always satisfied with the photo, and some of them are freaks of nature. I tell you, but 'So and So has one, and so must I,' is the principle on which society moves."

"What do ladies do with such pictures?" was asked.

"Well, now, when a young lady becomes engaged the first thing she does, if she has a good hand, is to give a photograph of it to her fiancé. Then wrists or shoulders are taken for the oddity of the affair. Some coquettish misses—sometimes not over young ones, either—will have the backs of their necks taken to give to an admirer. Ladies have their own and their children's feet taken as souvenirs for their husbands. Some of them are plump and handsome."

DETROIT'S "RATISMAS."

They make a pretty picture, too, when resting on a plush cushion. A lady from an interior town had a very pretty foot. She was in the city on a shopping tour, and was impressed with the dismembered photograph idea. She had one taken for her husband, who had often complimented her on the beauty of her feet. She sent it home, with strict orders to gaze on it as often as she was inclined, but to show it to no one else.

"A day or two after we received a note ordering a dozen of the photos. The order was filled, and when the lady got home and went visiting she was invited by her friends to inspect the family albums, in each of which that awful husband had inserted a photo of his wife's foot. She will have no more pictures taken for exclusive contemplation hereafter."

"Some ladies come in with another person whose hand or arm is taken and sent to the distant friends of the supposed owner. This is often the case with ladies who expect to inherit property from relatives they are never likely to meet, and whom they wish to impress with their good points."

Katisha had a left elbow that people "had come miles to see." There are evidently Katishas in Detroit who have elbows worthy of admiration. A few pieces of elbows—dimpled and pink tinted—have been taken in this city. It cannot be said that an elbow has any particular beauty when transferred to a photograph, but "everything goes" as long as the "fad" lasts.

A lady artist in the Whitney block has a "run" on plump hands and dainty feet. She transfers them to canvases, and very lifelike they look, with some rich shade of blush for a background. It is said that this artist has an abundance of work of this character from the best families of the city. These paintings are not intended for the parlor, more's the pity, but ornament midday's boudoir. Dismembered photographs cost the full price, \$3 to \$5 per dozen. Minuties at \$1.50 and \$1.25 make a convenient size for carrying one's hand or foot in one's pocket.—Detroit Free Press.

Rattlesnake and Cow.

Horses and cattle, it is frequently said, rarely, if ever, suffer death from the bite of a rattlesnake. But a hunter in the Potomac valley came upon the evidences of a double tragedy which goes to disprove this opinion.

While hunting the other day I found the body of a cow. She had not been long dead. I was speculating as to the cause of her death when I noticed a large rattlesnake dangling from one of her clumped horns.

The indications were that the cow had been the snake coiled and in the act of springing upon her, and had accordingly hooked the reptile, the horn penetrating the snake's body so that the rattler was unable to free himself. The cow's horn had pierced and killed the rattler, but the snake's fangs and killed the cow.—Youth's Companion.

THE NEWLY WED.

A Pullman Porter Tells How He Spots Them—Evils of the Blue Habit.

It is a Pullman porter, who is talking to an attentive scribe. "Hardly a week goes by," says the porter, "that I don't see a bridal couple just starting out on their honeymoon. I don't exactly know how I can tell them, but they are as plainly marked to my eyes as if they had the words 'bride' and 'groom' stamped in big letters on their foreheads. There is something about them that gives the whole situation away; a kind of a cling-right-next-to-me-darling air. Of course, I have made a mistake now and then, but it is very seldom I do, and I've often found out after changing my mind two or three times, that I was right after all, though certain appearances were against it. We generally have a test which never fails, and when a doubtful party comes along we spring it on them, just to be sure, you know."

"What's the test? Well, I'll tell you. Not many weeks ago a couple got into my car and sat down very quietly in their arm chairs as if they had been used to it all their lives. These didn't seem to have the bride and groom air about them at all, and from external appearances they might have been brother and sister or married for years, but still there was something there that made me suspicious, so when I saw them together I went to the news company's boy and I says: 'Bill, here's a doubtful party; get out the sample copies.'"

"So Bill got his tests and started through the car. He handed books to everybody, and when he came to the suspected party he took out of his pile two little books, and said, so nearly everybody could hear him: 'Very useful books, sir; hints on housekeeping and hints to newly married people. Only 25 cents.'"

"That did it. The girl got as red as a rose and the man blushed and said a weak sort of 'N-n-n-o.' Then they looked at each other and sort of snickered, and I caught him full in the eyes and smiled a sweet smile, giving him a respectful wink at the same time. It was all settled in a minute, and there was no doubt about it. Well, he took it very good naturedly, and asked me afterward how in the world he had given himself away—he couldn't imagine. I believe we could always tell, and talked so nicely he gave me a dollar when I got through with him."

"There are plenty of other giveaways by which I can spot a bride and a groom, and they are safe generally as the test. One day a couple came in the car—which, by the way was jam full—and the moment they entered it was plain as day that they were newly wedded. I passed by them once or twice, and then went in my closet and got the dust pan and brush. I walked right up to where the bride was sitting and dusted up a painful of rice that lay on the floor around her in a complete circle. Well, if the people in that car didn't laugh, I'm another."

"The custom of throwing rice after a bridal couple always makes it unpleasant for the party, as lots of rice is almost sure to stick to their clothes, hats and in their hair. About the funniest rice thing I ever saw was that which happened in my car just two or three weeks ago. A couple came in, and the test revealed to me that they were bride and groom. They didn't seem to take kindly to it, however, and we couldn't get any satisfaction out of them at all. By and by the man said to his wife: 'Seems to me this umbrella is not rolled up very nice.'"

"Then he carefully unrolled it, and, bezing! out came three or four pocketfuls of rice all over the seats and floor. Their friends had rolled up a lot inside the folds of the umbrella, and, next to the young man I heard tell about who, when he went to sign his name in a hotel register, dropped a lot of rice on the book when he took off his hat, it was the most binding thing I ever knew."—Philadelphia Record.

Correct Pronunciation.

I heard the other day that a prominent clergyman recently lost a call to a leading church because when preaching a sermon as a candidate he pronounced a single word incorrectly. "Oh, doctor, that was a lovely sermon you preached this morning," said a lady recently to her pastor in a large New England town, "but if you will pardon me for mentioning it, its effect was very much impaired by a little slip in pronunciation; you placed the accent on the second syllable of the word 'obligatory' instead of on the first." The lady in question was one of those dangerously intelligent women to be found everywhere in New England, and was a member of a ladies' orthoepy society which made life a burden to everybody in the town. Knowing this, the clergyman tried to keep up with all the recondite pronunciations in vogue, but once in a while he made a slip, as in the above instance, and at once heard from some of the good ladies. Correct pronunciation is of course desirable, but it is a little absurd to make a fetish of it.—New York Tribune.

Not Inquisitive.

There was dust on his back and grime of two weeks' standing behind his ears, and as he stood on a corner, yesterday, he was heard to remark that he was from Lansing.

"What is the fare from Lansing to Detroit?" queried a waddish looking bystander, looking waggishly an acquaintance.

"I dunno," was the reply.

"Don't know!" echoed his questioner, incredulously.

"Wrong man," returned the tramp, impressively, "when I want to go to a place by rail I get quietly on the train, and when it gets there I step off again, without asking any blooming fool questions."—Detroit Free Press.

Method in His Silence.

"Bolton told me he had borrowed some money from you. I was surprised, because I never heard you say anything about it."

"No; I still hope to get it back."

A Bald Headed Combler.

The young men of New York have a secret sorrow, which is growing in intensity and threatening to sap their budding lives. If this sorrow grew less, and their hair grew more, they would, indeed, soon be supremely happy; for it is the continued increase of baldness in their ranks which thus afflicts them. Time was when, in a theatre, a church or any public place where men uncover, the hairless heads, with few exceptions, were the property of men of middle or advanced age. Now, however, it is safe to say that at least half of them have encumbered the earth for less than forty years, and many for less than thirty; while a certain percentage between that age and 25 give evidence of rapidly approaching baldness.

So general, indeed, has baldness in young men become, that sensitiveness regarding it is fast disappearing, and it has ceased to excite comment in the drawing room. Men of years, too, who formerly devoted somewhat of their toilet hour to carefully combing cultivated locks over spots where locks were no longer possible, have ceased to burden their minds with this detail, and go out into the world strong in a consciousness that the shining space cannot affect their matrimonial value in the market.

The fact that at a recent dinner in the Brunswick five gentlemen, all under 45, were grouped together at one end of a table, presenting to view five shining heads, led to the discussion of a project for a "bald headed club." It was suggested that a social organization, based on this condition, be formed of gentlemen of congenial tastes and habits, and it is said the scheme will soon take definite shape. The serious business of the club will be to consider the possible restoration of hair, and each member will be pledged to test the virtue of some advertised medium, the result to be reported at a monthly dinner.

Barbers are looking forward to a boom in hair restorers in consequence.—New York Star.

Knowledge Without Books.

The personal friends of William R. Grace say that he never opens a book to read it, and only skims over the daily newspapers, and yet is one of the best informed men on general subjects in the city. Reading bores him. He despises the flowers of rhetoric, and has no patience with unimportant details. Life is too short for these. He wants his information as results from the mouths of those who have studied and know. Hence he keeps a few smart, well informed men around him, and has cultivated the friendship of specialists in every sort of learning and affairs. He is never ashamed to confess ignorance on any subject, and as soon as anything is presented which he does not understand, seeks at once some one who does. Then he gets immediately to the point of the subject, which he has a genius for striking on the head in half a dozen terse questions.

He always remembers what is told him, and puts his pieces of rapidly obtained knowledge together with a logic which makes a stranger think he is a finely read man. When the person is not at hand to enlighten Mr. Grace on some point he wishes to clear up, he does not forget it, but if a month afterward he meets the man who knows, he pops the question at him abruptly. Not only business, governmental and historical affairs and current happenings are thus handled by him, but questions of art, science and philosophy.—New York Sun.

Pensions for Postal Clerks.

The last and greatest need of the postal service is the total and complete elimination of partisan considerations as affecting appointment and removals in the working force. The spoils method invariably brings into the service a lot of do-nothings or a race of experimenters, whose performances never fail to breed disaster and to crush out substantial progress. It is due to President Cleveland to state that toward the close of his administration he recognized the importance of permanency in the railway mail service, and that he made a long step in advance by approving a series of rules submitted by the civil service commission having for its object the removal of the service from the influences of politicians.

It needs more than this, however; it needs the sanctity of the statute law declaring that the clerks should not only keep their offices during good behavior, but that after twenty years of faithful and efficient service, or before that time if injured in the discharge of their duty, they should retire on half pay. In case of death from accident while on duty proper provision should be made for the family of the official. Whenever justice is done by congress in these particulars the United States will have the best and most efficient railway mail service in the world.—Gen. Thomas L. James in Scribner's Magazine.

Long Tailed Sheep.

There are no species of sheep indigenous to Australia. The fat tailed sheep is found in Asia and Africa, in Syria, India and China, also in Barbary, and such large numbers are raised in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope that it is often known as the Hottentot sheep. This sheep is of small size, with soft and short wool. Its peculiar characteristic is the enormous development of the tail, by the growth of a large mass of fat on each side of the lower part of this appendage. This is sometimes so great that the tail alone has been known to weigh seventy pounds or more. This tail is esteemed a great delicacy for food, and to protect it from being injured by being dragged on the ground, the shepherd often places it upon a board or a small truck with wheels, which is attached by a light string harness to the body of the animal.—New York Telegram.

The Kind They Like.

"What kind of stories do bald headed men prefer?" asked McSwiggan.

"Don't know. I'm not bald," replied Squidly. "What kind?"

"Hair raising stories, of course."—Fittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

BANK ROMANCES.

Strange Stories Connected with the Establishment of London Banking Houses.

Banking is not generally regarded as a romantic pursuit, nor is it so in the ordinary course of business, but inasmuch as its whole concern is with money, for which man will venture most things, it often marks the center round which stories of love, ambition, robbery and intrigue are built.

It was a love affair that gave rise to the firm of Jones, Lloyd & Co., now amalgamated with the London and Westminster bank. Mr. Lloyd was a dissenting minister in Manchester, and among the worshippers at his chapel was Mr. Jones, the banker and merchant.

Mr. Jones' daughter Mary fell in love with the preacher, and fearing that her father's consent to their union could not be obtained, she agreed to a secret marriage.

After a time Mr. Jones became reconciled to the young people and sent his son-in-law to London to start a branch of the banking business there.

This proved to be a wise step. Mr. Lloyd made a most excellent banker and for many years was at the head of what developed into one of the wealthiest banks in the country.

In 1844 Lewis Lloyd purchased Overstone Park, near Northampton, where he resided until 1858. He bequeathed three millions of money, and his only son, Samuel Jones Lloyd, was created Lord Overstone.

In the early years of the banking house of Coutts many strange incidents occurred. Thomas Coutts, about 1700, married his brother's housemaid, a farmer's daughter, named Elizabeth Starkey, "in whom, with a handsome countenance and great good humor, were united many rustic virtues."

In course of time she acquired the manners and appearance of a gentleman, and brought up her three daughters so well that, with the help of their dowries, they were able to make most aristocratic alliances.

Sophia, the eldest, was married to Sir Francis Burdett; Susan, the second, became countess of Guildford, and Frances, the third, was made the wife of the first Marquis of Bute.

But Mrs. Coutts showed symptoms of brain derangement in her later years, and eventually died, 1815. Three months afterward Thomas Coutts, then 75 years of age, married as his second wife the famous actress, Harriet Mellon.

It was for her that Holly Lodge on Highgate Hill was bought and stocked with horses, carriages and luxurious furniture.

Thomas Coutts died in 1822, leaving his wife in unrestrained possession of all his personal and landed property, as well as a large share in the annual profits of the banking house.

When, some time afterward, Mrs. Coutts became Duchess of St. Albans, she took care to secure her vast fortune in her own hands, and at her death left it to Mr. Coutts' favorite granddaughter, the present Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

The romance connected with the once famous firm of Tillotson has been partly made use of by Charles Dickens in his "Tale of Two Cities."

This bank had a very close relationship with Paris, many of its customers being French.

Peter Tillotson had belonged to the Paris firm of Tillotson & Necker; this Necker, first clerk and then a partner, being the great financial minister whose wife was the first love of Gibbon. He migrated to London and established a bank, which grew to vast proportions, in connection with the Paris house.

Peter Tillotson's will was one of the most memorable documents ever drawn up. After leaving modest fortunes to his wife and sons and daughters, he directed his property to accumulate until their descendants should become, under certain conditions, the most opulent of private individuals. Failing such descendants, the money was to go to pay off the national debt.

It has been explained, though with what amount of truth is not known, that the accumulation was partly intended to provide against the possibility of claims being made by the representatives of such of the bank's customers as had perished by the guillotine in Paris.

Had the original bequest been upheld, the ultimate inheritor of it would have become the possessor of at least twenty millions. As it was, the lawyers wrangled over the accruing wealth for many years, and in the end an act of parliament was passed rendering such accumulations impossible in the future.—London Tid Bits.

A Pocket Locomotive.

In the year 1882 a mechanic by the name of Goldie, living at Jamestown, N. Y., constructed a miniature locomotive, perfect in all its parts, which weighed but one pound and a half. A circular track ten feet in diameter was also built by the inventor, whose time must have hung heavily on his hands, and hour after hour he amused himself by watching this pocket edition of the most useful piece of mechanism spin round and round in its endless flight. Goldie claims to have worked upon his model during all his spare time for over eight years. As it stood finished ready for the track it was comprised of 286 pieces, held together by 585 screws. One ounce of water filled the boiler and the pumps threw one drop each stroke.—John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

An Untimely Request.

They got a new man in the photographing department of the prison the other day. He had been accustomed to posing elegant ladies and stylish dudes and people like that, and he had learned that peculiar politeness that seems to develop in and disappear from professional photographers. They brought in a prisoner to be photographed and stood him up. The new operator was a little rattled, but the policeman posed the prisoner. The photographer took out his watch, and as he put his hand on the cap looked blankly at the subject and said:

"Now, sir, put on a pleasant smile, please."—San Francisco Chronicle.

TELEPHONE EXCHANGE.

- 84. Bruhl Jos.
- 85. Bank of Cass county.
- 86. Beeson, A. res.
- 20. " office.
- 2. Bennett, L. D. store.
- 45. " res.
- 4. Bonner stables.
- 71. Brown, W. L. office.
- 88. " res.
- 87. Ballou, O. H. res.
- 7. " office.
- 8. B. & M. tel. office.
- 30. B. & M. round house.
- 18. Blake, John saloon.
- 69. Bach, A. grocery.
- 51. Campbell, D. A. res.
- 61. Chapman, S. M. res.
- 22. City hotel.
- 13. Clark, T. coal office.
- 25. Clerk district court.
- 68. Connor, J. A. res.
- 5. County Clerks office.
- 20. Covell, Polk & Beeson, office.
- 74. Cox, J. R. res.
- 82. Craig, J. M. res.
- 70. Critchfield, Bird res.
- 31. Cummins & Son, lumber yard.
- 19. " J. C. farm.
- 37. Cook, Dr. office.
- 17. Clark, A. grocery store.
- 55. Clark, Byron office.
- 101. Cummins, Dr. Ed., office.
- 27. District court office.
- 66. Dovey & Son, store.
- 73. Dovey, Mrs. Georgeres.
- 80. Emmons, J. H. Dr. office and res.
- 24. First National bank.
- 91. Fricke, F. G. & Co., drug store.
- 78. Gleason, John res.
- 22. Goos hotel.
- 28. Gering, H. drug store.
- 81. " res.
- 35. Hadley, dray and express.
- 38. HERALD office.
- 44. Holmes, C. M., res.
- 99. Hatt & Co., meat market.
- 64. Hemple & Troop, store.
- 96. Hall, Dr. J. H., office.
- 97. " office.
- 44. Holmes, C. M., livery stable.
- 96. Hall & Craig, agricultural imp.
- 4. Jones, W. D., stable.
- 40. Journal office.
- 89. Johnson Bros., hardware store.
- 67. Johnson, Mrs. J. F., millinery.
- 67. Johnson, J. F., res.
- 69. Klein, Joseph, res.
- 14. Kraus, P., fruit and confectionery.
- 50. Livingston, Dr. T. P., office.
- 49. Livingston, res.
- 50. Livingston, Dr. R. R., office.
- 83. Manager Waterman Opera House.
- 33. McCourt, F., store.
- 73. McMaken, H. C., res.
- 3. Murphy, M. B., store.
- 26. Murphy, M. B., res.
- 72. McMaken, ice office.
- 60. Minor, J. L., res.
- 52. Meyer, saloon.
- 15. Moore, L. A., res. and floral garden.
- 76. Neville, Wm., res.
- 54. Olliver & Ranges, meat market.
- 100. Olliver & Range slaughter house.
- Pub. Tel. Station.
- 39. Palmer, H. E. res.
- 21. Petersen Bros., meat market.
- 56. Petersen, R., res.
- 27. Polk, M. D., res.
- 93. Patterson, J. M., res.
- 16. Riddle house.
- 16. Ritchie, Harry.
- 64. Schildknecht, Dr. office.
- 11. Shipman, Dr. A. office.
- 12. " res.
- 25. Showalter, W. C. office.
- 42. Siggins, Dr. E. L. res.
- 28. " office.
- 76. Streight, O. M. stable.
- 57. Smith, O. P. drug store.
- 16. Skinner & Ritchie, abstract and loan office.
- 40. Sherman, C. W. office.
- 10. Todd, Ammi res.
- 64. Troop & Hemple, store.
- 90. Thomas, J. W. Summit Garden.
- 32. Water Works, office.
- 37. Water works, pump house.
- 29. Waugh, S. res.
- 23. Weber, Wm. saloon.
- 36. Weckbach & Co., store.
- 83. Weckbach, J. V., res.
- Western Union Telegraph office.
- 47. White, F. E., res.
- 67. Windham, H. B., office.
- 67. Windham & Davies, law office.
- 43. Wise, Will, res.
- 34. Withers, Dr. A. T., res.
- 83. Young, J. P. store.
- S. BUZZELL, Manager.

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