

IN A MEADOW OF HAY.

You sing the delights of the city or town. Of theatre, ball or soiree; Sing of the joys of some game covered lawn. Soars sweet scented meadow of hay...

EXPLORATIONS IN MEXICO.

Some Facts About a Country Where the People Are Not Progressive. In the winter of 1887-88, Dr. Ed. Selser undertook a journey to Mexico to pursue archaeological researches. A preliminary report of his expedition is given in the "Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society..."

MEN WITH FORCE.

THEY ARE THE KIND THAT ALL SENSIBLE WOMEN ADMIRE.

A Dancing Man Resembles a Trained Bear. Negative and Positive Definitions of a Dude—The "Chummy" Who Props His Head Up, and the Hero at the Fire.

"What do women like most in men?" asked an old gentleman of me the other day. "Sir, they like force," answered I; "they despise mollycoddles and duds—that is, real women do. I know nothing about the tastes of featherbeds. A woman likes strength and a certain amount of manliness in a man, with lots of reserved power and both physical and mental muscle. Courtesy and polish without manliness is like a collar without starch—it won't wear. A man may smoke tobacco and drink whisky, measure six feet in his socks and have the girth of a water tank, but all that won't make a man of him if he has not the backbone of force. Women tire of dancing men, and musical men, and ultra refined men if they are lacking in the strength to face a disagreeable duty, or shoulder a musket, or even help to knock down a carpet if necessary."

"Don't you like to see a man dance?" queried my questioner. "Oh, yes, if that be his greatest accomplishment, but I would rather see him driving a strong lifted horse or shoveling snow. A dancing man always makes me think of a trained bear." "But you like to see him well dressed, do you not?" "Yes, if his clothes are paid for, and if he wears a suit that is not made of a man's popular with women, nor do small feet and white hands. Any fool can get measured for a suit of clothes, but it takes a man of force to do without them rather than run in debt to buy them. Men and bears were meant to be masters, not to be led around by a chain, and both should be treated as such. A man is a fatter to a man. When either men or bears fail of their destiny they become caricatures for women to laugh at."

"What is your definition of a dude?" asked my friend. "Well," said I, "a man who is scrupulously careful as to his linen, manures his nails, wears a silk hat, and avoids making a boner of himself in public places by that deplorable habit of expectoration which has marked the American citizen as a type set apart, is not necessarily a dude. On the same principle that a steam engine can do quite as good work if clean and polished as if neglected and shabby, a man can be manly in the best sense of the word if he is scrupulously careful of the toilet. Neither is a man who has poetic impulses which crop out in enthusiasms and finds delight in all charming sights and sounds a dude, although there is a certain class of Gradgrind leatherheads in the world who are ready to deny the existence of anything romantic and sentimental in a man's nature as incompatible with force. For my part I would prefer a man of this type, on the same principle that I would choose Geneva watch with a musical attachment rather than a Waterbury."

"But that," said my friend, "is a negative presentation of a dude. If I asked you for the definition of a peach I should never gain the knowledge I required by your telling me that a peach is not a cucumber, a buck-wheat cake, an old stove nor a fire alarm."

THE TWO KINDS.

"I will try and give you the dude's picture as it is photographed freshly on my mind," said I, "for I rode down town with the original of all the dudes this morning. He has more bangs than forelock. His head is propped up with a stiff collar as a clothes line is kept from dragging by a pole. Should you suddenly burst upon him with the announcement, 'Sir, your legs are on fire!' he could not look down to witness his own conflagration. He wears a shoulder cape and says little. That stiff collar interferes with his throat play. But even without the collar he would be unable to materialize a thought, on the principle that one can't make bricks without clay."

"When the impulse steals over you, like a sad, sad dream, to flatten a newspaper and bang him as one does a fly, you are prevented by the thought that perhaps God meant him for a man. It is the only time the suggestion occurs to you. Look at him through old Tit-bottom's magic glass and you will see his silhouette in a hollow tube, with nothing but air passing through it. Idle, useless, purposeless, useless as a handle without a trunk to attach it to or a key without a lock, his type is on the increase, and his specific is a secret with the immortal gods. Strolling through the streets not so long ago, I stopped for a moment at the still smoking ruins of a fire where a man lost his life in the discharge of his duty. What can I say under the circumstances, and my companion a dude? Simply the presence of force in the one and the lack of it in the other. It was something more than a mere animal disregard of creature discomforts or a stoical indifference to danger that made the one court death in discharge of a duty, the thought of which would have sent the other into hysterics."

"They wear a something within the brawny breast of the fireman that was left out in the make up of the dude, and made as much distinction in the resultant man as spice makes in both or temper in steel. Firemen are no doubt quite indifferent dancers, not ready with French or up in Browning, but I tell you when the wild alarm sounds, when the horses spring to their places and the thunder of the engine wheels crashes through the streets, when little children and helpless women are to be saved from death and borne to places of safety, does not that something in the heroic fireman's make up thrill us to a more splendid enthusiasm and awaken in our hearts a livelier admiration than an eternity of the talk and traces of the fabled and written exquisites of society?"—"Amber" in Chicago Tribune.

A Bachelor's Groat.

Why is it that a woman who writes a letter is not satisfied when she fills a sheet? says an exchange. If she wanted to write more she should take another sheet and finish what she had to say, but instead of that she persists in crowding all her thoughts on to that one sheet. Sometimes she writes across the lines already written, and invariably she uses the margins and always constructs a sort of a barbed wire fence postscript around her communication. Then she will pry a postscript in between the lines somewhere, and will proceed at once to think up another postscript and a place to stick it. The worst of it is that a woman never sends a key with a letter of this sort—her correspondent has to study it out as best she can.—New York Telegram.

He'll Get Along.

First Clubman—There's no doubt about Huster's getting on. Bill, I'm dead sure of that now. Second Clubman—What makes you think so? "I was up at his best girl's house last night when he asked her father's permission to marry her, and when the old gentleman said his daughter should never leave home for any six-dollar-a-week dude, Huster fell on his neck, and said 'I'd do just the same for you.' He'll get along, never fear."—True Flag.

WOMAN AND HOME.

SOME ACHIEVEMENTS OF A BRAVE AMERICAN GIRL IN ART.

Famous Women and Their Peculiarities. The Great "Man Milliner"—Useful Rules to the Care of the Sick and Children. Decorations—Hints About Housekeeping.

It is gratifying to know that in at least one branch of art we can successfully compete with foreign schools, and more than gratifying to be able to name a woman as one of the four pioneers to whom the honors of this achievement are due. Up to a very few years ago all stained glass windows worthy of being regarded among works of art were imported from abroad. Small country churches might indeed filter the sunlight for their sanctuaries through American conglomerates of color, but no cathedral or memorial chapel with wealth at its command would give room to the gaudy panes of our crude manufacture. Now this is all changed. Even Grace church in New York city, where nothing but the best, the very best, fit man can devise and money buy is admissible, Miss Mary E. Tillinghast, an American, has a window, "Jacob's Ladder," which even the most critical concedes to be equal to the finest foreign production in the edifice.

The placing of this particular window was intended by the Countess de Moltke and the Marchioness de Portes as a memorial to their parents. Miss Tillinghast was among those who sent in designs for it. The committee accepted her design after much reluctance to give so important an undertaking into the hands of a woman and an American, but the beauty of the design compelled them. They then stipulated that at least it should be made of English glass. This Miss Tillinghast has refused. She held that American glass, the manufacture of which had languished for years, was now equal to any produced abroad, and her patriotic determination carried the point. American glass is now conceded to be superior to the English.

Other instances of the kind are given by Mrs. D. P. Morgan gave her carte blanche for the decoration of her Washington home, now the Don Cameron house; Edward Field, son of Cyrus, did the same for his home in Gramercy park; Bell, of telephone fame, did the same, with her then partner, La Farge, she got the contract for decorating the Union League club and the Vanderbilt houses, and Cornelius Vanderbilt paid her \$20,000 for inventing and making the new kind of tapestries which hang in his home. The window in Grace church, therefore, was not her first laurel.

Her work for St. Mary's church in Orange is a memorial to Mrs. James T. Flax by her husband. It is a window which fills the church. The heavenly messenger appears to Mary as she is kneeling at prayer. The figure of the archangel is in strong relief against a background of sky and distant hill, showing beyond the porch the temple. The figure of the Virgin is singularly graceful, and the draperies are exquisitely managed. The colors are rich and effective, and the design is graded as to wholly eliminate the chromatic discords frequently seen in stained glass work. Above is a trefail, filled with cloud effects and thronged with cherub faces, and below is a seated angel holding the memorial scroll. The gradation of light is charmingly managed, bringing the Virgin and the messenger out as though sources themselves of light. The design is chosen in drawing, composition and color it is strikingly beautiful and effective.

For a young woman who began art as a dilettante, and only took it up as a profession when reverses in the family fortunes compelled, these are notable achievements. It cannot be said, indeed, that Miss Tillinghast's schooling was American, for she studied for six years under the great G. C. Fara in Paris, but the plain perseverance and tireless energy which have placed her fame and fortune where they are—these are American to a degree.—New York World.

Rosa Bonheur's Costumes.

Rosa Bonheur followed the most liberating of all callings—the artistic—and was born and bred out of society, into which she never came. In art one must follow one's own light and personal genius. A picture is a speculative investment, those speculating don't care whether the painter (if a woman) wears petticoats or trousers. All they look to is the quality of her work. Rosa Bonheur had to go to fairs to make studies for her cattle and to wander about unaccompanied. Hence her choice of the French laborer's life and of peasant and peasant life. Protected by keeping her sex out of the sight and mind of the rough men with whom she fell in, saved her from being dragged, and relieved her of the wearisome task of trundling up skirts when she had to carry painting implements. I never saw her in a male peasant's suit, but have seen her in a plain skirt, falling below the calf, and a woman's jacket over loose shirt, of the Garibaldi fashion, in gray casimere. The fashion of her woman's raiment seldom changes. Her hair is cropped, but not to the skull. This tidy, decent dress accords with the rustic, sunburnt face of Rosa—a face that tells of constant mental tension, keen, straightforward perception, hardness of head and straightforward simplicity.—Women's World (London).

Don'ts for the Sick Room.

A medical journal gives a list of don'ts for the sick room, among which the following are selected as containing points not to be overlooked in sickness: Don't have the temperature of a sick room taken over and over. Don't give a patient a full glass of water to drink from, unless he may drink it all if he desired. If he can drain the glass he will be satisfied, so regulate the quantity before presenting it. Don't jar the bed by leaning or sitting upon it. Don't throw the coal upon the fire. Place it in paper bags and lay them upon the fire, thus avoiding the noise, which is shocking to the sick. Don't allow offensive matters to remain in the room. When they cannot be at once removed, wrap a heavy cloth, like Turkish toweling, out of cold water, and use it as a cover, placing over that an ordinary paper. Don't appear anxious, however great your anxiety. Don't neglect to attend to the necessities for the night, that the patient may not be disturbed. Don't forget to have a few kernels of coffee handy to serve as a deodorizer when burned. Last, but not of the least importance, don't be unkind to yourself when in the responsible position of nurse. To do faithful work you must have proper food and stated hours of rest.

Women on the Battlefield.

Truth is stranger than fiction, and when next you hear or read an impossible story, instead of exclaiming, like a well known authority to the narrator at a London dinner party, "Go it, Ananias," you had better quietly observe, "I suppose it's true." Anyhow, we are apt to scout the stories of women who have performed their sex the better to perform doughty deeds of valor, and let her be French statistics, with their dry facts, coming to prove that what novelists and poets have written has not been evolved from their inner consciousness, but from the romance of history. Thirty-four French women were decorated with the Legion of Honor since the order was instituted, and of these seven distinguished themselves on the battlefield. Two women soldiers were decorated under the first empire, one having dressed as a man to replace her delicate brother, her sex only being discovered when she was wounded after attaining the rank of sergeant. The second heroine took to fighting because she liked it, and distinguished herself at Yemur, Austerlitz and Jena. Save for one brave vivandiere, there was a blank from 1815 to 1851, and then came more military women, whose exploits would read like an after-dinner story. Whether these women were or were not thus unsexed by abandoning their proper sphere is not the point at all; the fact remains that women have military qualities and a country where the ports of war, the lack of an army and the volunteer question are being debated it is just as well to recognize the fact that if national questions are at stake it becomes perfectly possible to double the volunteers or the army by including both sexes.—Sydney Times.

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To Keep a Trim Figure.

Women who wish to preserve the slimmest and contour of their figure must begin by learning to stand well. That is explained to mean the throwing forward and upward of the chest, the flattening of the back, with the shoulder blades held in their proper places, and the delicate curving in of the small of the back, thus throwing the whole weight of the body upon the hips. No other women hold themselves so well as the aristocratic English women. Much of their beauty lies in their proud carriage, the delicate erectness of their figures, and the fine poise of their heads. The same aristocratic girl who takes the question of her figure to heart, and a few years of eternal vigilance, never relaxing her watchfulness over herself and, sitting or standing, always preserving her erectness and poise, the result being that at the end of that time it has become second nature to her and she never afterwards loses it. This in a great measure preserves the figure, because it keeps the muscles firm and taut, and prevents the sinking down of the flesh around the waist and the hips, so common in women over 30, and which it is perfectly easy to escape. Another thing to avoid is a bad habit of going upstairs, which most women do, bent forward, with the chest contracted, which, as well as an indolent, slothful manner of walking, is injurious to the heart and lungs.—Dress.

The Attraction of a Soft Voice.

We agree with that old poet who said that a soft, sweet voice was an excellent thing in a woman. Indeed, it is so well inclined to go on further than he has on the subject and call it one of her crowning charms. No matter what other attractions she may have; she may be as fair as the Trojan Helen, and as learned as the famous Hyppatia of ancient times; she may have all the accomplishments considered requisite at the present day and every advantage that wealth may procure; and yet if she lack a low, sweet voice she can never be really fascinating. How often the spell of beauty is broken by loud, coarse talking. How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive. Besides, we fancy we can judge of the character by the voice; the bland, smooth, flattering tone seems to us to betoken deceit and hypocrisy; as invariably as the musical, subdued voice indicates a genuine refinement. In the social circle how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady. In the sanctuary of home how such a voice soothes the fretful temper and cheers the weary husband. How sweetly such cadences float through the sick chamber and around the dying bed; with what a solemn melody do they breathe a prayer for a departing soul.—New York Telegram.

The Chinese Screen.

Many of the uses made of the screen by the Chinese we have not yet learned. We employ a play screen, perhaps, behind which to conceal something. There are other uses worthy of mention. A reading screen consists of a handsome dark frame filled with lustrous silk. Placed on a table in front of a book or of writing paper, it reflects a large amount of light on the page, and so eases the eyes of the reader or writer. The large fire screen placed in front of a small fire on a chilly day or evening reflects the heat of the flame and enables the family to sit in comfort, where otherwise they would either shiver or toast their faces into an unhealthy red. The door screen is fitted to the jambs, and so arranged that when not in use it lies flat against the side of the portal, and when in use it completely fills the door space. In small houses and apartments it is invaluable, allowing servants to pass unseen, and at the same time enabling the occupants of a room to hear the slightest sound outside.—W. E. S. Falls in The Home Maker.

Baby's Sleeping Time.

I wonder if all mothers know that baby likes to be turned over after he has slept for an hour or two on one side? When he stretches and wriggles, and finally, perhaps, cries out, try turning him on his other side, or almost on his back, and see if he does not relapse into another sound nap without further effort on your part. Do not forget to turn the pillow over also sometimes. The 1 or 2-year-old who wakes in the night and sits up in bed, rubbing his little fists into his sleepy eyes, feels, perhaps, hot and uncomfortable. Try turning the pillow. If he is like some children the writer knows of, he will wait for the sound of the turning pillow, and then drop back on it into a renewed sleep. Remember also to keep a child's clothes smooth under him. Drawing down the rump over night clothes and smoothing the cover lies next to do with quieting the restless tossings of the little sleeper.—Babyhood.

A Bedspread in White and Gold.

Coarse linen sheeting makes an effective bedspread, with a bold design of large lilies and leaves applied on it in gold-colored sateen, worked with silk of two shades of gold deeper than the sateen. The design is traced on the sateen, backed on the sheeting and chain stitched around the outlines; then, when the edges are cut away, the design stands out on the surface and is finished off with long, "spiky" stitches. The veining of the leaves, etc., is done in long stitch. A broad band of gold-colored sateen is added as a border all around. A heavy cord may be of coarse blue blanketing, or of any other very large loops and leaves or sunflowers or some large design worked in worsted. The work is easy and pleasant.—New York Star.

Worth's Establishment.

Charles Frederick Worth, the famous "man-milliner" of Paris, relates the history of his establishment. He thus explains his success: "The rumor that my house was founded mainly through the influence of the Princess de Metternich is wholly incorrect. The lady was at the outset of my career one of the best and most appreciative of my customers, and she has since been continued to be, but that was not all. Two things at the beginning of the empire combined to give to fashioning dress an added importance. One was the invention of the crinoline and the other was the rage of fancy costume balls." Of Empress Eugenie he says: "I have dressed many a lovely woman, but never a lovelier one than the ex-empress of the French. The hoop skirt was invented by the empress. The amplitude given to the skirts of ladies' dresses by the new invention was something extraordinary. Ten breadths of satin or velvet became necessary to fashion the simplest skirt, and in lighter materials, where frouces, ruffles, etc., were used as trimmings, we insisted to procure a second dress of a pattern of sixty or sixty-seven yards till the first was finished. Once I made a dress in whose construction 100 yards of silk were employed. It was in light glass tulle of three shades of purple, from delicate lilac to deep violet; the whole skirt was covered with close full ruchings in three shades, and when completed the dress looked like a huge bouquet of violets."—Washington Post.

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Success in Cakes.

Every day there are new vocations for the gentler sex being opened up. Right here in Chicago there are two or three women making a good living by running a "mending bureau" where they rejuvenate clothing of all kinds for lachelons and families. There are others who operate purchasing agencies for people out of town who send in to have their shopping done. Some weeks ago a lady in reduced circumstances began to bake cakes and cookies for a retail grocer who is a friend of hers. He was anxious to assist her in some way and he sold her sweets. Then the demand for them increased. Lady purchasers gave big party orders and asked who did the superb cooking. Pretty soon the woman's name was known all over the city. She has a whole house and pays seven or eight girls to cook under her supervision, while she furnishes cakes, pies, bread, etc., for a great many south side families. She never will forget her mother's lessons, which she thought tasks at the time.—Chicago Herald.

Vanity the Spice of Life.

Many housewives of limited means insist on dainty table furnishings, preferring to deny themselves in almost any other department of household expenditure than in this. Delicate china, fresh, fine linen and dainty glasses indicate refined tastes and render the plainest fare more palatable. And these pretty possessions are not now, as formerly, too expensive for any but the long purse. The old fashioned dinner and tea sets of an indefinite number of pieces in each of the same coloring and decoration were faithfully reproduced as museum, without a hair's breadth of variation, now give place to a great variety of course sets, having no possible connection with each other in color, shape, design or decoration, and the result is most agreeable to the guest before whom the choice bits of china are placed in pleasing succession. For instance, there are the ray oyster sets of one sort, and the soup, fish, game and meat sets, each of another kind, while the entrees, salads, desserts, coffees and fruits are served in sets quite different from any of their predecessors.—Good Housekeeping.

A Kitchen Convenience.

Not every kitchen can be supplied with all modern improvements, and not every housekeeper has the means to possess them; but every one can procure this, and it will pay its cost in a short time. Almost all sinks are too small for comfort, and their proportions can be increased by placing at one end and a half feet in length, letting it rest upon the sink. Then have a rim of board, four inches in height, screwed upon three sides. Raise the end furthest from the sink slightly, and have one end fastened securely to the wall. Two or three not very deep grooves should be cut into the shelf, so that the water will drain off quickly. As the dishes are washed, place them on this shelf, and when all are done turn hot water over them to rinse and then wipe quickly. Dish washing is an important part of housekeeping, and a good supply of dish cloths and wiping towels are indispensable. There should be glass towels, silver towels, china towels and common dish and tin towels.—New York Mail and Express.

Instruction in Bread Making.

The interest in good bread is increasing. This is due to the instruction of one or two cooking school teachers who have made it a point to lay stress on the subject of bread. Perhaps they have done more real missionary work than many who go to Africa to civilize the negroes. Any one who supplies improved food to the people is in the highest sense a missionary. Who can exercise the virtues of civilization and Christianity with a stomach full of undigested food? If over a man feels like committing all the crimes in the dictionary it is when he has eaten unwholesome food. Our millers have done their part in making possible good bread, and now a goodly part of the housekeepers of the country are awakening to the fact that the bread of our grandmothers is not all that it might be, and that improvements in bread making are not only possible but desirable. When the desirability of such improvement is thoroughly appreciated the problem is solved. The methods are ever before us.—The Millstone.

Mrs. Gordon Mackay's Jewels.

The finest lot of gems possessed by a Boston lady are the property of Mrs. Gordon Mackay, the wife of the inventor of a sewing machine. Should she desire to appear with her dress adorned with all the contents of her jewel case she would probably stand up with not less than \$300,000 worth of precious stones radiating the light in every direction. From her. Next to Mrs. Mackay's collection comes a very beautiful one that has been selected with great care, owned by Mrs. John L. Shepard. Its value is certainly not less than \$100,000. A pair of handsome diamond necklaces that are owned by Miss Shepard, being a gift from her parents, are worth \$10,000. Mrs. John L. Gardner has \$75,000 worth of diamonds, rubies and other precious stones. These are mainly set up in very fanciful and unique ways, and their fair wearers' taste in the selection of her articles of jewelry is often commended.—Boston Cor. Philadelphia Press.

A Lumber Baroness.

Ashland, Mo., boasts of a woman who, besides managing a family of children and a refractory husband, carries on a large lumbering operation. She recently made a trip forty miles into the woods to her lumber camps, settled with her men, examined the landings of logs and timber with a critical eye, inspected an extensive saw mill, with all its purposes, and made arrangements for driving out the lumber. She can boast of having been farther into the Aroostock wilderness than any other white woman.

How to Rest.

Learn to rest. Perhaps you think no learning is necessary, but nevertheless many women seem not to understand what rest means. That which is generally considered rest—to lie down on a soft bed with a book—is not rest, only a change of occupation. To obtain genuine rest, that will make one feel almost like a new being, lie at full length on a mattress, no pillow beneath the head, the arms extended at the side, the eyes closed and all worldly cares laid aside. This is real rest.—Lawson Journal.

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