

Dr. A. Salisbury has the exclusive right to use Dr. Stearns' Local Anesthetic for the Painless Extraction of Teeth in this city. Office Rockwood Block.

Wanted—An active, reliable man—salary \$70 to \$80 monthly, with increase, to represent in his own section a responsible New York House. For particulars, call on J. M. S. F. at Rockwood Block 1585, New York.

CASS LODGE, No. 102, I. O. O. F., meets every Tuesday night at their hall in Fitzgerald block. All Odd Fellows are cordially invited to attend when visiting in the city.

KNIGHTS OF PYLLES, Grand Lodge, No. 42, meets every Wednesday evening at their hall, Rockwood Block. All visitors are cordially invited to attend when visiting in the city.

YOUNG MEN'S HEALTH AND SOCIATION, 1015 Rockwood Block, Main Street, Rooms open from 8:30 a. m. to 10:30 p. m. For more information call on every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

C. A. R.

McConnell Post, No. 42, meets every Saturday evening at 7:30, in their hall, Rockwood Block. All visiting comrades are invited to meet with us.

G. F. Niles, Post Adj. F. A. Bates, Post Com.

Our Clubbing List.

Table listing clubbing rates for various publications like Globe-Democrat and Herald, Harper's Magazine, Harper's Bazar, etc.



Time Table

Table showing train schedules with columns for GOING WEST and GOING EAST, listing times for various routes.

A National Event.

The holding of the World's Fair in a city scarcely fifty years old will be a remarkable event, but whether it will really benefit this nation as much as the discovery of the Restorative Nerve by Dr. Franklin Miles is doubtful.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael O'Connell, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which set on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse.

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm. Eamons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble."

The following advertisement, published by a prominent western patent medicine house, would indicate that they regard disease as a punishment for sin.

When atrabilarious Hamlet, in his choleric interview with his mother in the cabinet, impudently advised her to assume a virtue if you have it not, he unwittingly laid down a general conduct rule of high value to individuals and the community.

lashes gleamed across the flash of cold and cruel rancor.

Her husband had not given her the diadem.

But hearing him enter, she turned, and seeing that he held a casket in his hands she comprehended everything.

With a bound she was beside him, her arms twined around his neck.

"Oh, how good you are! How good you are! How I love you!" He trembled all over and was very pale.

Among puffs of red plush, under the burning light, the diadem sent forth sparks like a flame.

She had a new outburst of joy, took the husband's hand between her hands, drew it down and kissed his forehead.

Then without looking at his features, his wandering gaze she offered him the diadem and bent before him her blonde head.

"Come, sir, crown me!" And while he sought to unite with trembling hands the clasp of the gems among those marvelous blonde curls, waving and breaking into ripples of gold at every movement, she, still with her bent head, lifted her smiling eyes to meet his look.

And he answered with a resigned gentleness to the smile of those perilous blue eyes; he, the poor man who deceived for the sake of desire to be deceived, and who bought for himself a little mock love with mock diamonds.

Translated for "Short Stories" from the Italian of Haydee by E. Cavazza.

Bonaparte Turns Pale. A few nights before the 18th Brumaire a little scene was enacted at my house which would be void of interest but for the circumstances.

Gen. Bonaparte, then lodging at Rue Chantierne, had come to have a talk with me about the preparations for the eventful day.

I was then living in Rue Tailbont, in a house which has since become No. 24, I believe. It stood at the back of a courtyard, and running from the first floor there were galleries which led to wings looking on the street.

My drawing room was lighted with several candles. It was 1 o'clock in the morning, and we were in the middle of a very animated conversation when we heard a great noise in the street.

The rumbling of carriages was added the galloping of an escort of cavalry.

Suddenly the carriages stopped right before the door of my house. The general turned pale, and I quite believe I did the same.

The idea struck us both at the same time that they were coming to arrest us by order of the directory. I blew out the candles and crept stealthily along the gallery to one of the outside wings, from which I could see what was going on in the street.

For some time I was at a loss to make anything out of the tumult, but at last I discovered the somewhat grotesque cause.

At this epoch, the Paris streets being very unsafe at night, when the gambling houses closed at the Palais Royal all the money that had been used for the bank was collected and placed in cabs, and the banker had been allowed by the police to have his cabs escorted by gendarmes, at his expense, to his home in the Rue de Clichy, or thereabout.

That night one of the cabs had broken down just in front of my house, and that was the reason of the halt, which lasted for about a quarter of an hour.

We had a hearty laugh, the general and I, over our panic—very natural though it was when we knew, as we did, the tendencies of the directory and the extreme measures it was capable of taking.

Talleyrand's Memoirs in Century.

A Careless Teacher of Deportment. Politeness, to be worth anything, must be instinctive. It is a good scheme to instruct youth in the outward signs of this inward grace, even though it hath it not, but the teacher should also practice what he preaches, or discredit falls on him and his instruction.

A certain professor in a popular school has been very strenuous in enforcing certain "manners" on his classes, and very properly insists that the little boys should take off their hats whenever they meet any person they know, and also give up their seats in a crowded street car to ladies who are standing.

Some of the small boys questioned the latter necessity, but when informed that a gentleman, unless he was a cripple, would never sit while a woman stood, accepted the edict as final and have doubtless acted on it.

But some of these pupils have recently credited their professor with insincerity, for they have seen him retain his seat in a crowded public conveyance, and, furthermore, he barely returns with a touch of his hat rim the courteous recognition of the young girls in his classes.

Boston Herald.

A Plea for Hypocrisy. When atrabilarious Hamlet, in his choleric interview with his mother in the cabinet, impudently advised her to assume a virtue if you have it not, he unwittingly laid down a general conduct rule of high value to individuals and the community.

Simulation of virtue, though far inferior to the real article, is still the next best thing to it, just as whitewash, though much inferior to marble, is yet greatly superior to dirty nakedness.

John McElroy in Popular Science Monthly.

Seaside fare, which includes plenty of carbon in the form of white bread and potatoes, is an ideally wholesome diet for summer; especially in warm weather is carbon required in food, because by some chemical transformation it affords the system material for water, at least in quantity sufficient to control feverish conditions and excessive thirst.

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the heir to the throne of Austria, is a tall and very distinguished looking man. He has been very carefully educated, has considerable talent for art and music and is a fine soldier.

HONESTY AND MEMORY.

IT LOOKED AS THOUGH THE MAN WAS GUILTY OF A CRIME.

A Case Which Shows That Circumstantial Evidence is Not Always Conclusive Proof of Guilt—A Woman Makes Up in Forbearance Her Loss of Memory.

Two weeks ago a family of two persons—husband and wife—rented a small apartment up town and proceeded to furnish it. The carpets were supplied and laid by a reputable house.

Something about one of them was unsatisfactory, and a man was sent to investigate. The wife—Mrs. L.—was on her way out of the building to post a letter when she encountered him. Recognizing him, she said: "There is the boy; I will be back in five minutes. Go up and see what car he done."

No sooner had she got on the street when she thought suddenly of a roll of bills, nearly \$100, which she had carelessly left in a glove box on her dressing table. There was nobody in the apartment, as no servant had yet been engaged, and she was tempted to return at once to look after the money.

"But surely," she thought, "that man is honest; I need have no fear," and she hurried on.

In less than ten minutes she was back, and met the carpet man just outside her door. He stopped and spoke with her concerning the troublesome carpet, and promised a speedy remedy. They separated and she entered her apartment.

Almost mechanically she went to her dressing table and raised the lid of the glove box. The money was not there.

DAMAGING EVIDENCE. Without delaying an instant she hurried into the hall and down the stairs, overtaking the carpet man as he had reached the street.

"Will you come back a moment, please?" she said. He did so at once. When they were again in the apartment she faced him.

"A curious thing has happened. When I went out this morning I left a roll of bills—\$90—in that box over there. It is gone now."

The man did not seem to understand for a moment. "Well," he said unmeaningly.

"Well," repeated Mrs. L., "there was nobody in the apartment but"—

The man interrupted her. "God, madam," he said earnestly as the significance of her words dawned upon him, "you don't think I took your money?"

"I don't know what to think," replied Mrs. L.; "the money was there and now it isn't."

"But I'm an honest man," he went on. "I've got a little girl. Do you think I'd steal? Why, I've been eight years with So-and-so. They know my character. Look around for your money. Perhaps your husband took it."

"That is possible," said Mrs. L. "Will you come with me to his office and find out?"

He acquiesced and the journey down town was made. Mr. L. had not taken the money. The man was greatly disturbed.

"You can search me," he said. "There's my own money," producing a small wad, "left from my last week's wages. I haven't another cent about me." And he turned his pockets inside out.

Mr. L. was impressed with the man's appearance and earnestness. Mrs. L. was puzzled and her money was gone.

A CASE OF POOR MEMORY. However, nothing further was done at the time, and the man went back to his work asking only that he and not they report the occurrence at the carpet dealer's shop.

Mrs. L. went home and ransacked drawers and boxes, moved furniture, and opened trunks in a vain search for the money. Several days passed, when, on going to an upper shelf in a wardrobe, Mrs. L.'s attention was attracted to a towel pinned in a roll.

What was that? she wondered. She took it down and opened it. Inside was a discarded wallet, and in the wallet the missing bills.

And they had been put there by Mrs. L. herself. She recalled, on seeing them, that the night before the man came she had thought, just before going to bed, that it was careless, with so many persons coming and going in the course of the settling process, to leave money loose in a box on the table, and she had elaborately thought out this hiding place.

Then she had slept, and by morning had lost all recollection of what she had done.

It was late Saturday afternoon when she found the money, and storming, but it must be related to Mrs. L.'s credit that she did what she could. She sent a dispatch to the man in care of his firm stating that the money was found.

On Monday she went to the shop and explained the matter to the superintendent, asking that the man be asked to come to see her. He did so and received an apology for the imputation on his honesty.

Then Mrs. L. tried to reimburse him for his "loss of time"; this he would not permit. The money was found—that was all he wanted. So it all ended happily. But the story may be taken as forcibly illustrating the uncertain value of two things—a woman's memory and circumstantial evidence.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Miraculous. "Bro'er Johnsing, does yo' b'lieve in miracles?"

"Does I b'lieve in miracles? Suttently I does. Didn't I jest have one of 'em down at my house?"

"You? A miracle down at your house?"

"Yes, sah; dat's what I said. Dey was jes' foun' chickens in my coop when I went to bed las' night, an' when I woked up dis mornin'."

"Dey was eight?"

"Eight? No, yo' foolman! Dey wasn't none. Done stole."

"Humph! What's de miracle?"

"De coop was lef."—Judge.

A Clear Head. "I tell you, laugh as you will, Mr. Softy has a clear head."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, clear of all brains."—West Shore.

CLOSING OUT!

JOE'S

ENTIRE STOCK OF

Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Trunks, Etc.

MUST BE CLOSED OUT

REGARDLESS OF COST!

ON ACCOUNT OF

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

No Humbug, No Closing-Out Sale, No Advertising Scheme, But Closing Out to Quit Business.

Don't miss this great opportunity, you will never be able to buy cheaper in your life. Call and see what JOE will do for you.

Notice the Following Prices:

Table listing prices for mens suits, hats, overcoats, and childrens suits, showing former and new prices.

The best \$1.00 overalls at 60c, Shirts Socks Underwear, etc., at astonishing slaughtering prices. It will pay you to come a hundred miles and borrow the money to lay in your supply. It will pay you big interest.

We Have The Largest Stock in the County.

JOE KLEIN

Wm. FISHER

PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

Opera House Corner