

LIVINGSTON
Attorneys and
 102 No. 612, Main St.
 Residence Telephone 17, Livingstons
 Residence Telephone Dr. Cummins

Surveyors
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR
E. E. HILTON
 Estimates and plans of all work furnished and records kept.
 Office in Martin Block.

A. C. MAYES,
County Surveyor
 -AND-
CIVIL ENGINEER.

All orders left with County Clerk will receive prompt attention.
OFFICE IN COURT HOUSE.

LAW OFFICE
WM. L. BROWN.
 Personal attention to all business entrusted to my care.
NOTARY IN OFFICE
 Titles examined, Abstracts compiled, Insurance written, real estate sold.
 Better facilities for making Farm Loans than ANY OTHER AGENCY.
 PLATTSMOUTH NEBRASKA

ATTORNEY
A. N. SULLIVAN.
 Attorney at Law. Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him. Office in Union block, East Side, Plattsmouth, Neb.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.
WINDHAM & DAVIES.
R. B. WINDHAM, JOHN A. DAVIES,
 Notary Public Notary Public
 Office over Bank of Cass County.
 Plattsmouth Nebraska

Banks.
Bank of Cass County
 Cor Main and Fifth street.
 Paid up capital \$50,000
 Surplus 25,000

OFFICERS
O. H. Parmele, Fred Gorder,
J. M. Patterson, T. M. Patterson,
 President Vice President
 Cashier Asst Cashier

DIRECTORS
O. H. Parmele, J. M. Patterson, Fred Gorder,
A. B. Smith, R. B. Windham, B. S. Ramsey and
T. M. Patterson

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSATED
 Accounts solicited. Interest allowed on time deposits and prompt attention given to all business entrusted to its care.

The Citizens BANK
 PLATTSMOUTH NEBRASKA
 Capital stock paid in \$50,000
 Authorized Capital, \$100,000.
OFFICERS
FRANK CARRUTH, JOS. A. CONNOR,
 President Vice-President
W. H. CUSHING, Cashier.

DIRECTORS
Frank Carruth, J. A. Connor, F. R. Guthrie,
J. W. Johnson, Henry Brock, John O'Keeffe,
W. D. Merriman, Wm. Wettenkamp, W. H. Cushing.

TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
 Issues certificates of deposits bearing interest. Buys and sells exchange, country and city securities.

First National BANK
 OF PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA
 Paid up capital \$50,000.00
 Surplus 10,000.00
 Offers the very best facilities for the prompt transaction of legitimate

Banking Business
 Stocks, bonds, gold, government and local securities bought and sold. Deposits received and interest allowed on the certificates. Drafts drawn, available in any part of the United States and all the principal towns of Europe.
 COLLECTIONS MADE AND PROMPTLY REMITTED.
 Highest market price paid for County Warrants, State and County bonds.

DIRECTORS
John Fitzgerald, D. Hawksworth,
Sam Waugh, F. E. White,
George E. Dovey, S. Waugh,
John Fitzgerald, President, Cashier

PERKINS - HOUSE,
 217, 219, 221 and 223 Main St.,
 Plattsmouth, Nebraska.
H. M. BONS, Proprietor.
 The Perkins has been thoroughly renovated from top to bottom and is now one of the best hotels in the state. Boarders will be taken by the week at \$4.50 and up.

GOOD BAR CONNECTED
MEMORY
 Marvelous Discoveries
 Mind wandering cured. Books learned in one reading. Testimonials from all parts of the globe. Prospective buyers, send an application to Prof. A. L. Lockett, 22 Fifth Ave., New York.

A Great Event

In one's life is the discovery of a remedy for some long-standing malady. The poison of Scrofula is in your blood. You inherited it from your ancestors. Will you transmit it to your offspring? In the great majority of cases, both Consumption and Catarrh originate in Scrofula. It is supposed to be the primary source of many other derangements of the body. Begin at once to cleanse your blood with the standard alternative,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For several months I was troubled with scrofulous eruptions over the whole body. My appetite was bad, and my system so prostrated that I was unable to work. After trying several remedies in vain, I resolved to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and did so with such good effect that less than one bottle

Restored My Health

and strength. The rapidity of the cure astonished me, as I expected the process to be long and tedious."—Frederico Mariz Fernandes, Villa Nova de Gaya, Portugal.
 "For many years I was a sufferer from scrofula, until about three years ago, when I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, since which the disease has entirely disappeared. A little child of mine, who was troubled with the same complaint, has also been cured by this medicine."—H. Brandt, Avoca, Nebr.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
 PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
 Sold by Druggists. \$1.50 per bottle.

THE INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER

A strictly first class machine, fully warranted. Made from the very best material by skilled workmen, and with the best tools that have ever been devised for the purpose. Warranted to do all that can be reasonably expected of the very best typewriter extant. Capable of writing 150 words per minute—or more—according to the ability of the operator.



PRICE \$100.
 If there is no agent in your town address the manufacturer,
THE PARISH MFG CO.
 Agents wanted. Parish, N. Y.
F. B. SEELEMIER, Agent,
 Lincoln, Neb.

PURE MAPLE SUGAR
 and Syrup.

Low prices quoted on large or small lots.
Strictly Pure.
Adirondack Maple Sugar Co
 [1236 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.]
FULLER & DENISON
 Western Agents.

K. DRESSLER,
The 5th St. Merchant Tailor

Keeps a Full Line of
Foreign & Domestic Goods
 Consult Your Interest by Giving Him a Call
SHERWOOD BLOCK
 PLATTSMOUTH

DENTISTRY



GOLD AND PORCELAIN CROWNS
 Bridge work and fine gold work a
SPECIALTY.

DR. STEINHAUS LOCAL as well as other anesthetics given for the painless extraction of teeth.
C. A. MARSHALL - Fitzgerald Block

OZMANLIS ORIENTAL SEXUAL PILLS
 Sure, Prompt, Positive
 Cure for Impotence, Loss of Manhood, Seminal Emissions, Spermatorrhoea, Nervousness, Self-Deception, Loss of Memory, &c. Will make you a STRONG, Vigorous Man. Price \$1.00, 6 Boxes, \$5.00.
 Special Directions Mailed with each Box. Address
Dr. J. E. Leasley, 217 1/2 Locust Ave., ST. LOUIS, MO.

SUNRISE.

The sun sinks downward thro' the silver mist
 That looms across the valley, fold on fold,
 And sliding thro' the fields that dawn has kissed,
 Willamette trails, a serpent scaled with gold.
 Trails onward ever, curving as it goes,
 Past many a hill and many a flowered lea,
 Until it passes where Columbia flows,
 Deep-tongued, deep-cheated, to the waiting sea.
 Oh, lovely vales thro' which Willamette slips!
 O, vine-clad hills that hear its soft voice call!
 My heart turns ever to those sweet, cool lips
 That, passing, press each rock of grassy wall.
 Thro' pasture lands, where mild-eyed cattle feed,
 Three marshy flats, where velvet tales grow,
 Past many a rose tree, many a singing reed,
 The sun sinks downward thro' the trembling haze;
 The mist flings glistening needles high and higher,
 And thro' the clouds—O, fair beyond all praise!
 Mount Hood leaps, chastened from a sea of fire.
 —Ella Higgins in West Shore.

A PHANTOM PORTRAIT.

DEAR MIKE—Will you look in at my shop this evening? Quiller is in town, and is going to dine with me at the club. I can't stand an evening of him alone, but if you and Teddy O'Brien will support me, with pipes and potatoes, I think we shall be a match for him. Come early, and I'm your friend for life.
 DICK GRAVES.
 I had nothing particular to do, so I went word round to Dick that I should turn up, having first made sure that Teddy O'Brien, whose studio was in the same block, would go also. Quiller we knew of old, as all the world knew him—a man who had seen everything, done everything, been everywhere—and these occasional visits of his were a perpetual terror to Graves. Why he paid them we never knew. There was a kind of traditional friendship between the families certainly, but Quiller was a man who scoffed at tradition. He was in every way out of sympathy with a set of ardent and impetuous painters. As journalist, as traveler, as man of the world, he had outlived his enthusiasms. Life contained no new experiences, no surprises for him. It was only a monotonous round of the known and the expected.
 Dick Graves, who usually shone as a host, was not at his best that evening. He was nervous at first, and rather silent, leaving the burden of talk to Teddy and myself; and we had the ill luck as the punch circulated to light on a vein of humorous stories, at which we laughed comely ourselves without evoking even a smile from the guest of the evening.
 "Will you fellows look over my Cornish sketches," said Graves, suddenly jumping up in desperation. "I think there are some you have not seen"—and he began to rummage about among a pile of old canvases.
 Quiller resumed his seat, and sat, half absent, half contemptuously, watching us as we turned over the paintings—possibly he was amused by our jargon of "tone" and "quality," and the rest. At length I picked up from the heap a painting that caught my eye, and propped it on the easel near the lamp. It was quite unlike Graves' usual work, and I stood looking at it for a moment, not quite knowing why I did so. It was the head of a young woman, pale and slightly worn. She was leaning a little forward, looking out of the picture, her mouth parted by a slight, tremulous smile, and in her eyes a look that was a strange mingling of emotions, as if a new hope and happiness had come into a life of sorrow—a look half wistful, half exultant. I turned to speak to Graves and saw that Quiller had got up, and was standing gazing at the picture with a look of fascination or of fear. Here at last was something that interested him.
 "Where did you get that?" he asked, abruptly.
 "What do you think of it?" said Graves, slowly.
 "It's a good head," said Teddy O'Brien.
 "It's a wonderful model," said I.
 "A face to haunt one," said Quiller, in a tone quite unlike his ordinary cynical one.
 "Ah, that's it," said Graves. "It's more than human."
 "Who is it?" said Quiller, in his abrupt way, again.
 "Don't my soul I can't tell you, for I don't know. It's a queer story, and one I'm almost ashamed to ask you to believe. I shan't blame you if you think I'm humbugging."
 We settled ourselves by the fire, with our pipes, and Dick began his story in a manner, for him, so unusually grave and impressive that it seemed to leave no room for doubt as to his perfect good faith in the matter.
 "I went into Cornwall, as you know, at the end of the summer, and after loafing round Newlyn for a while I went to the south coast to try and find some place that had been less painted. I stayed a few days at Polperro, but it was all so much like the smaller exhibitions in town that I could not stand it, and I finally landed at—naming a small seaport town—where there were no painters and not many visitors. I stayed at the 'Ship Inn,' and looked around for some place to hang up my palette.
 "After some inquiries I found a small cottage which had been empty for some time, but which had evidently been used as a studio, for there was a wall knocked out at one side and a good sized room added, with a high north light. On the south, the kitchen and 'parlor,' which opened one into the other, had a view of the loveliest little harbor in the world. The place was just what I wanted, and the rent was absurd—only £10 a year; so I took it for six months on the understanding I was to keep it on if I chose. I bought a few things to make the place comfortable, and got an old woman to look after it for me; but I lived most of the time at the 'Ship Inn,' and just at first I spent very little time at the studio, only taking in my canvases at night. When October set in, cold and wet, I had to do some work indoors, and then it was I began to think there was something queer about the place. One day I had been painting a young girl from the vil-

lage, the granddaughter of my ancient dame, and I was putting a few touches to the background, when I heard a sound close behind me like a very gentle sigh. I looked around quickly, but there was no one in sight—no one in the room, in fact. I went on painting with an uncomfortable feeling of something uncanny, and in a few minutes the sound was repeated actually at my ear. I dropped my brush with the start I made, and then I went all through the house to see if any one was in it. I knew that Annie and her grandmother had gone home, and I thought—I hoped—that some poor soul had crept in to shelter from the rain by the kitchen fire. Well, there was not a soul near the place. I locked up carefully that night when I went back to the inn, and in the solitude of a glass of grog and a pipe before I went to bed I almost persuaded myself there was nothing in it.
 "In the morning I had really forgotten it, I fancy; but when I got back to the studio a curious thing had happened. Night across the face in my picture was a couple of brush marks, such as you might make if you were trying the tooth of a canvas, completely spoiling my work of the day before. I called up Annie and her grandmother, and accused them of playing tricks. They were indignant at the idea, and I finally had to apologize for my suspicions. We searched the house together, but could find no means by which any one could have entered, and at last I was obliged to conclude that I must have done the damage myself when I let my brushes fall. In a few days, however, it became impossible to explain the thing by this or any other natural means; constantly my canvases were tampered with, and I grew to have the feeling that after twilight I was never alone in the room; that faint sigh which had so startled me at first I came to listen for and expect, and I began at last to clothe it with a personality, and to wish I had some means of comforting the poor soul who had no other language to express her despair. I did not think it was she who had defaced my canvases, however, and I took to carrying my work back with me at night to the inn, where the canvases were secure from interference.
 "I suppose the thing would have ended there but for an accident. There was a race meeting in the town, and the 'ship' was invaded by a low set of fellows, who got drunk and made beasts of themselves generally. The place became unbearable, and I determined to camp in the studio until they cleared out. I made up a big fire, got my old woman to leave me some hot water in the kettle, and with the help of a rug and a pillow stuffed into the back of my chair I made myself tolerably comfortable for the night. How long I slept I don't know. I awoke suddenly, not as one does in bed, with a drowsy feeling of relief that it is too early to get up, but with every sense on the alert, and a curious impression that something unusual was happening. The fire was still bright, and made a glow on the opposite wall; but what made the room so light was the moon shining in through the square window in the roof. I could see everything in the room quite plainly, but I seemed oppressed by some weight that made me powerless to move. I sat there staring at what happened as helpless as if I had been bound. My painting things were just as I had left them; my canvases, on which I had sketched in a head, on the easel, and close by, on a stool, paints, brushes and palette. They had been there, that is to say, for now there stood in front of the easel, with his back to me, a tall man, with a stoop in his shoulders and dark gray hair; he had my palette in his hand, and he was painting with a sort of nervous intensity that it thrilled me to see. I looked to see what he was painting, for he kept glancing over toward the patch in the moonlight; but at first I could see nothing.
 "Then I heard that little, gentle sigh, but not, it seemed to me, so softly wistful and heartbroken as formerly; it was a sigh almost of content. And as I pondered on this my eyes seemed to become more and more fixed to the light, and there in the moonlight, on the very chair on which Annie had sat, was a woman, leaning slightly forward—young, beautiful and very pale. But you have seen the picture. I looked at her now more than at him, only glancing now and then to see how the work went on. As I watched her face changed, and the sorrowful, worn look gave place to a kind of wondering happiness—he has not quite got it in the picture; it was as if the feeling were so intense it made a kind of radiance round her. I don't know how long I watched. At last a sound made me turn and look at the painter. He had thrown down the palette and brushes and was standing looking at his work. Then he turned slowly, and held out his hand with a supplicating gesture. She had risen, too, and come a step forward, with a wonderful light in her eyes, and just as she put her hands in his a cloud crossed over the moon and blotted out the figures from my sight. When it passed the patch of moonlight was empty, and there was only the painted head and the palette lying on the floor to convince me I had been dreaming. After that I must have fallen asleep, for it was broad daylight when I next remember anything, and I heard the welcome and familiar sound of my old woman preparing my breakfast. The smell of frying pilchards was refreshingly mundane, and I got up stiff and sore from my uneasy couch, prepared to find that my phantoms of the night before had been nothing but a dream. No; there was the picture, just as you see it, and on the floor were the palette and brushes. I picked them up and looked anxiously at them. If you'll believe me I could never make up my mind to clean the paint off that palette, and it hangs there just as that fellow left it."
 We sat silent some minutes when Graves had done. I confess the story impressed me a good deal, and glancing up I could see that Quiller was strangely moved.
 "And did you never have any explanation of the thing?" said I at last.
 "No," said Graves. "I never had any explanation, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

(Continued on Page 4)

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.
 "Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
 Dr. G. C. Osmond,
 Lowell, Mass.
Castoria.
 "Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
 H. A. Arcene, M. D.,
 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 "Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
 UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
 Boston, Mass.
 ALLEN C. SMITH, Phys.,
 The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

NEW LUMBER YARD,
J. D. GRAVES & CO.

DEALERS IN PINE LUMBER,
 SHINGLES, LATH, SASH,
 DOORS, BLINDS, and all building material

Call and see us at the corner of
11th and Elm street, one block north of Heisel's mill.

Plattsmouth, Nebraska

PLATTSMOUTH NURSERY

Buy your trees of the Home Nursery where you can select your own trees that will be a great privilege and benefit to you. I have all the leading varieties and know better what varieties will do here than agents and you can buy as cheap again.

| | Each | Dozen | Per 100 |
|--|------|-------|---------|
| Apple trees, 3 years old | 25 | 250 | 1800 |
| Apple trees, 2 years old | 20 | 200 | 1500 |
| Cherry, early Richmond, late Richmond, wragg | 40 | 360 | 2500 |
| Plum, Pottawattamie, Wild Goose | 4 | 00 | 150 |
| Raspberries, Gregg Tyler | 25 | 150 | |
| Strawberries, Sharpless Cresen | | | 250 |
| Concord vines, 2 years old | 10 | 75 | 500 |
| Moors Early grapes, 2 years old | 30 | 3 00 | |
| Currants, Cherry Currants | 10 | 1 00 | 600 |
| Snyder blackberries | | | 300 |
| Industry Gooseberry | 25 | 3 00 | |
| Downing Gooseberries, 2 years old | 10 | 1 50 | |
| Houghton Gooseberries, 2 years old | 10 | 1 00 | |
| Asparagus | | | 125 |
| Rosess, red moss and white moss | 40 | | |
| Shrubs, Hydrangea | 40 | | |
| Honey Suckle | 30 | | |
| Snow Balls | 25 | | |
| Lilacs | 20 | | |
| Evergreens, Norway spruce B, Fir | 40 | | |

Nursery one-half mile north of town, end of 9th Street.

Address all Orders to
J. E. LEESLEY,
 PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.