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PILSENER,
WIENER,
ERLANGER,
CULMBACHER.
"SCHLITZ-BRAU,"



BOTTLED-BEER BRANDS:
PILSENER,
EXTRA-PALE,
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"SCHLITZ-PORTER."

ANNUAL CAPACITY: ONE MILLION BARRELS OF BEER.

Schlitz Beer is sold the World over and has a world-wide reputation for being the best; it is warranted to be pure, wholesome and palatable, and brewed from the choicest Hops and Barley-Malt.

HARDWARE CHEAP

AT J. FINLEY JOHNSON'S.

NOTE SOME OF MY CASH PRICES NEVER BEFORE EQUALED IN THIS CITY.

\$2.50 clothes wringer now.....	\$2.00	25 egg beaters now.....	20
75 grass scythe now.....	50	35 wash board now.....	45
100 grain scoop now.....	65	40 lard can now.....	45
1.15 grain scoop now.....	80	1.50 wash boiler now.....	40
1.25 grain scoop now.....	85	20 stove pipe now.....	12 1/2
1.15 spade now.....	85	gun powder by keg, 25 lbs.....	5.25
1.00 spade now.....	85	stove boards at cost	
.75 shovels now.....	65	1.25 screen doors now.....	1.15
.50 hay fork.....	40	window screens out of sight,	
.45 hay fork.....	35	Household sewing machine.....	26.00
1.00 hand saw.....	20	linenware at bottom prices.	
1.85 butcher saw now.....	1.40	Table cutlery less than cost.	
1.75 butcher saw now.....	1.25	Shears & razors never so low as now	
1.65 carpenter saw now.....	1.35	200 cut spikes \$2.50 per keg.	
		34 line cut nails \$3.50 per keg.	

AND THOUSANDS OF OTHER ARTICLES TO NUMEROUS MENTION AT PRICES NEVER BEFORE HEARD OF

For Cash Only At The Above Prices

NOW IS THE TIME TO GET BARGAINS.

J. FINLEY JOHNSON.

HAVELOCK

ARE YOU GOING TO BUILD THERE?

IF SO

Remember that R. O. Castle & Co have an immense stock of

LUMBER AND ALL BUILDING MATERIAL

AT HAVELOCK

And Guarantee Satisfaction in all Things

R. O. CASTLE & CO

HAVELOCK, NEBRASKA.

THE ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MFG. CO

No. 1, Farm Harrow, For 18 Years has dealt direct with consumers, No. 3, \$40

examining before buying. We pay freight and everything for two years. Any one who can write can order a Harrow or Harrow from us, as well as pay \$10 to get a same middle man to order for them. We give no credit, and have

ONE PRICE ONLY

Plow, \$90; same as others sell at \$65. Two Row Harrow, \$110; same as others sell at \$85. One at \$100 and all for \$115.

Phone, \$110; same as others sell at \$85. One at \$100 and all for \$115.

Light Double, \$110; same as others sell at \$85. One at \$100 and all for \$115.

OUR HARNESS

Light Double, \$110; same as others sell at \$85. One at \$100 and all for \$115.

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How to Succeed.

This is the great problem of life which few satisfactorily solve. Some fail because of ill health, others want of time, and the majority of them insufficient grit—want of nerve. They are nervous, irresolute, changeable, easily get the blues, and "make the spirits down" keep the spirits up," thus wasting money, time, opportunity and nerve force. There is nothing like the Restorative Nervine, discovered by the great specialist, Dr. Miles, to cure all nervous diseases, as neuritis, the blues, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, fits and hysteria. Trial bottles and fine book of testimonials free at F. G. Fricke & Co's.

A furnished room to rent. Enquire at 414 Vine street, or at THE HERALD office.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co. and O. H. Snyder.

"Frosted Cream," the latest and greatest drink of the age, at Gering & Co's.

A Fatal Mistake.

Physicians make no more fatal mistake than when they inform patients that nervous heart troubles come from the stomach and are of little consequence. Dr. Franklin Miles, the noted Indiana specialist, has proven the contrary in his new book on "Heart Disease" which may be had free of F. G. Fricke & Co., who guarantee and recommend Dr. Miles' unequalled new Heart Cure, which has the largest sale of any heart remedy in the world. It cures nervous and organic heart disease, short breath, fluttering, pain or tenderness in the side, arm or shoulder, irregular pulse, fainting, smothering, dropsy, etc. His Restorative Nervine cures headache, fits, etc.

Dr. A. Salsbery has the exclusive right to use Dr. Stearns' Local Anesthetic for the Painless Extraction of Teeth in this city. Office Lockwood block.

Wanted—An active, reliable man—salary \$75 to \$80 monthly, with increase, to represent his own section, a responsible New York house. References: MANUFACTURER, LOCKWOOD 1885, New York.

First National BANK

OF PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA
 Paid up capital.....\$50,000.00
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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 War rants, State and County bonds.

DIRECTORS
 John Fitzgerald, D. Hawkeworth
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MRS. ROSE CAPLE.

FINE PASTEL AND CRAYON PORTRAITS.
 Thorough instructions in Pastel, Crayon and Free hand drawing.

OIL PAINTINGS SKETCHES FROM NATURE

Landscape, Fruits and Flowers.
 No. 911, Elm St. Plattsmouth, Neb.

Wearing Linen.

"So you have given up wearing flannel. Why is this?" asked one lady of another.

"I gave it up because I found something so much more comfortable. I am going to turn the order of undergarments topsy turvy, and wear linen in winter for warmth and wool in summer for coolness, if I ever wear wool at all, which is somewhat doubtful. Why, my dear, do you know that I always take cold when I leave off my linen house dresses in the fall and put on wool ones? I had noticed this for several seasons, and finally made some experiments, by which I satisfied myself that linen or cotton was warmer than wool, and so I am going to fly in the face of tradition and custom and wear linen; and you will find that my health will improve. I entertain ideas about the healthfulness of garments that can only be washed in warm water.

"Of course we know that a moderate degree of heat not only does not destroy the germs of disease, but is favorable to their growth, and it appears to me that flannels worn from month to month, sometimes from season to season, with only warm baths between wearings, must, in the nature of things, accumulate impurities. Suppose there is an illness or exposure to disease, how could there be more favorable conditions for its continuance than the flannels as at present managed? Of course, I don't expect all the world to follow my example, nor do I think it will affect the traffic in wool goods. I only know I will have better health and will be much more comfortable in linen than in wool. This is only my notion of what is good for me."—New York Ledger.

Boiling Clothes with Kerosene.

For a boilerful of clothes use two-thirds of a cake of soap and four table-spoonfuls of kerosene. Lessen the quantity both of soap and kerosene for a small washing. Put cold rain water—kerosene cannot be used with any but rain water—in the boiler, to the depth of three or four inches; shave up all soap, measure the kerosene, and add both to the water while it is cold. Boil together thoroughly, watching that it does not foam over on the stove. Then add enough cold water to boil the clothes in and put them in—the best white ones—when the water is cold. Bring to a boil, and boil steadily for ten minutes. Take out into a tub of cold rain water and suds.

Rinse and blue in still other waters. There will be no rubbing, except to get the suds out, for the dirt has all disappeared. Add to the suds in the boiler a little more soap and kerosene if there are many towels, etc., for the next batch. After it boils well cool a little with cold water, and put in the dirtiest of the white clothes. These will boil during the sudsing and rinsing of the first lot. Wash the colored clothes in the sudsing water by hand, or with a machine if preferred. Flannels especially wash easier for the kerosene in the suds, and there is nothing about it to fade the most delicate fabric.—Agnes Rosenkrans in Good Housekeeping.

Bugs as Medicine.

Chinese drug stores, which may be numbered by the score in the Mongolian quarter, are in themselves complete and unabridged museums of insects. In the hundreds of neat drawers which line the walls and in the numerous jars of fantastic design and barbaric form which ornament these establishments are to be found preserved flies, beetles, bees and every other species of insect life, not to mention every variety of toad, snake and lizard. Every box is carefully labeled with Chinese signs, and the contents are carefully dried before being stored away for medicinal use.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Three Men Who

Message from General Terry to General Crook, and a Letter from General Terry to General Crook, Through a Spanish Country.

There was a certain man named Paul Revere, who took a famous ride in days gone by. He went slurring past Middlesex villages and farms, and faced the deadly dangers of barking dogs and crowing cocks. Longfellow has sung him in rhyme that school children are given to recite. Perhaps it was a brave and noteworthy thing. But out in the west men take heroism by a different standard.

Some day or other a western poet shall sing the song of Jim Bell, for he is a hero, a fine, grizzled hero. There was a western matter of fact sort of tinge to his daring act, but if one goes deep enough one shall find a touch of the old knightly heroism of other days.

In one of the anterooms of General Miles' office in the Pullman building sits a grim, young-old man with grizzled, close cut hair, a brown, luxuriant mustache, and hard faced military shoulders. Messenger James Bell, if you please. A little chap in a blue sailor suit, reefer and cap complete, is perched on his knee, said youth of seven being the son and heir of General Miles, and wearing worthily the patriotic name of Sherman Miles.

There the little chap sat securely and tugged at the old soldier's mustaches, while a reporter put questions and got answers.

"You want to hear the story of my ride?" continued the old scout. Then he told the story of his epic ride, bearing dispatches from General Terry to General Crook. This was in 1876. Custer had just been slain; it was absolutely necessary to get the two generals in touch. Terry was on the Big Horn; Crook was at the headwaters of the Great Goose creek. In the tangled interland the Indians swarmed. Bands of reds were lurking here and there curled about General Terry's camp. Scouts had been sent out. One after another drifted back to camp; they had met Indians; they had lost their horses in swimming the Yellowstone.

June 9 Colonel Gibbons, of the Seventh infantry, posted a call for volunteers to run the desperate race from the Big Horn to the camp on the Great Goose. There was a momentary holding back. Then three men stepped forward and answered the call. James Bell, private. Benjamin F. Stewart, private. Evans, private.

Evans is still in the service and has won his stripes. He is stationed in the west.

They expected to have Indian ponies, but they proved an impossibility. So at 5 o'clock in the afternoon they set off mounted on cavalry horses. Each was in full uniform; each of the three carried an infantry rifle; no other arms were worn. Captain Hamilton, of the Second cavalry, who is now in the recruiting service in New York, commanded an escort that led the adventurous three to the lines. By this time it had gone dark, so the three chaps turned their horses' heads up hill and journeyed on like Dumas' three guardsmen.

"It was the meanest country ever white man put foot on," explained Jim Bell; "a mountainous, gullied, hill country, with scrubby bushes and sinking bogs. We had a watch horse ahead all the time to try the ground, and far ahead of him we sent one of the gang to keep a weather eye out for Indians. The red dogs were cringing in the bushes to right and left, and lurking in the gulches and the broken ground. There was no chance for a fight. It was simply a case of dodge and hedge all night.

So this night wore away, a scout ahead piercing from the high peaks, the other two following with the blundering, jaded cavalry horses. The night drifted by, and the next day there was nothing of importance. No fire was lighted. In those days and in those places the raising of fire smoke might have meant the raising of a scalp.

So the second night darkened down. The three thought of camping for the night at the Rosebud. It was after midnight; the horses were "staked out"; the three men fell asleep under the equine feet. Of a sudden there was a stampede, and the horses were out in the brush, mad with terror.

Here the infantile General Sherman Miles broke in, as he tugged at the old soldier's mustaches:

"But didn't you sleep?"

"Not just then," Jim Bell laughed; "we chased the horses."

"Indians," suggested young General Miles.

"No, bear—a bear had stampeded our horses, and after we caught them we decided that sleep was a luxury. So we rode on again."

Little Master Miles was grievously disappointed that it was not Indians, but finally agreed to accept bear. Then the square shouldered scout went on:

"Three nights and two days, and the last night was the worst of all. We sighted a blue column of smoke spindling up into the air. This was shortly after midnight, when we caught the dawn glimmer from the hills.

"Friends or foes?"

"We lay there, with the horses thrown and blindfolded, crouched in the grass. The hours went by, but it seemed that every hour was a generation long. Shoot! We succeeded in our mission and put the two armies in connection, or die at the red and tortured stake?"

"The hours crept on until the dawn brightened and broadened. Five o'clock! Then of a sudden we heard the bugles blowing—the falling in—the roll call—and, thank God, the word from Terry to Crook was delivered."

Now that was a good bit of work. Jim Bell gave General Terry his first authentic news of the Custer massacre; Jim Bell put Terry in touch with Crook; Jim Bell ended the war.

You don't think much of it? The west is waiting for the poet who shall sing that ride.—Chicago Tribune.

When he got home somewhat excited with rosy face, and as reason for not having his book with him says, "Two big boys plinked my arms and marched me home on a double quickstep. I couldn't carry my book and so it was lost," his fond and judicious mamma suspends all criticism until after investigation. She knows there is a grain of truth somewhere, and expects to find it lodged at the bottom of a pretty big well.

A note to the teacher elicits the information that Charlie's reader is in his desk, and Charlie, with big, angelic eyes and serene innocence says, "Sure enough, I forgot to take it home; but you know if I had it must have been lost, because each boy held an arm."

The other day considerable pains were taken to send him to the circus. An older brother kindly gave up a Saturday afternoon on his bicycle to act as his chaperon. Seats were secured in the best part of the house. Now Charlie had never been to a circus. He had, however, seen considerable circus literature as displayed on posters, and was familiar with the beautiful fairy in ballet attire who rides three horses at once while she drives a tandem with her left hand and with her right fires off a gun on which are perched a happy family of cats, mice and birds. He knew just how gracefully the elephants could dance the german and horses play seesaw.

Great enthusiasm was felt by the whole family regarding Charlie's introduction to that delight of every boy's heart, the circus. Papa on the eventful morning was heard to wish that office cares and duties would permit him to live over again his youthful days by witnessing the impressions that would be made on the virgin mind of his little boy.

Our blase young American, however, afforded an instructive and beautiful illustration of the development of the genus "boy" in a single generation. The grand athletic tournament and the wonderful equestrian hoozon failed to elicit a single spark of enthusiasm. The performances of the clowns were beneath his contempt.

During some marvelous bareback riding act he asked when the horses would come out.

"They are out; don't you see them?" said his brother.

"Yes, but when are they going to come out of the ring? I don't care for this part."

The trapeze performances and the bicycle riding met with a limited amount of approval, although he would "just as lief see Hal ride his wheel," and "the fellows at the gymnasium were pretty good on the trapeze." While Rome was falling he wanted to go home and play hopscotch.

When mamma questioned him as to what kind of a time he had, he said:

"Oh, the circus isn't as good as it used to be."

"Why, Charlie," said mamma, "you never were at a circus before."

"Is that so?" said Master Charlie; "I thought I had been every year from four years up."—New York Herald.

Two Kinds of Tarantulas.

It is a fact not generally known that there are two varieties of tarantulas in Arizona and New Mexico. This probably accounts for the conflicting reports about the deadly nature of the tarantula poison. The so-called Texas tarantula is by no means an agreeable bedfellow, but his bite is by no means fatal. The venomous Texan tarantula, in spite of all discussions to the contrary, does build and live in the trapdoor spider nest. There seems to be a current idea that the trapdoor spider is harmless, which is certainly erroneous. It uses no web nest, easily capturing its prey by extraordinary means.

Those who have seen this arachnid by daylight can have little idea of its power and fleetness. During the day it moves slowly and clumsily in dazzling light, but when darkness comes it can move with ease and certainty. Credible accounts have appeared stating that the tarantula can leap sixteen feet. Repeated statements have credited it with leaps of three feet or more. In the year 1870, or near that date, three men disturbed several tarantula nests in San Diego. They were immediately attacked by the huge spiders and had to run for their lives, taking refuge in the waters of the bay.—Florence Companion.

Do Deer Ever Weep?

In most species of deer a hollow which is known to scientists as the lachrymal sinus, or tear pit, is found. It is a cavity beneath each eye, capable of being opened at pleasure, in which a waxy substance of a peculiar disagreeable odor is secreted. This pit is sometimes very small, but often of considerable size. Poets speak of the deer weeping, but it has not been shown this is not by poetic license solely. In the case of the wounded stag, which the contemplative Jacques watched and moralized upon, it is said:

The big round tears
 Coursed one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase.

But this is Shakespeare's poetical interpretation of the appearance presented by the motion of the glistening edges of the folds of skin which inclose the so called "tear pits." These cavities are very marked in species of deer found in Asia and the islands of the Indian ocean, and in the common deer of America and Europe. In some varieties in South America and northern Asia they are less developed.—St. Louis Republic.

Fly Tastes.

First Fly—They are painting the house outside. Let's go out and get stuck in the paint.

Second Fly—I'd rather stay here and get stuck in the butter.—Good News.