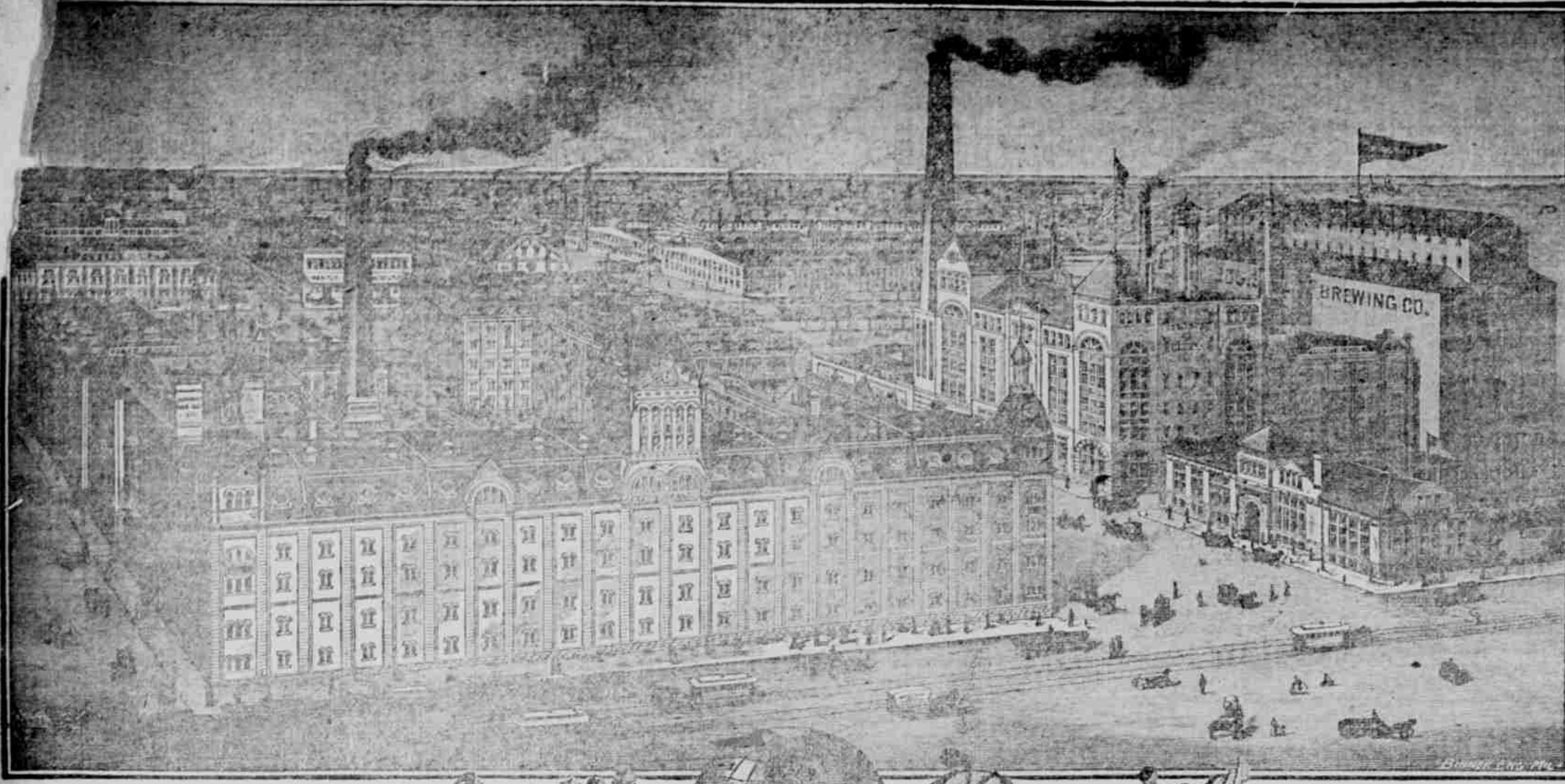


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Castoria. "Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Acheson, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other harmful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves." DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

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AMERICA'S BEAU BRUMMEL.

Reminiscences of Colonel Richard Hickman, a Famous Character, who was selected by popular vote, would be decided to be Colonel Hickman, known to the country over as Beau Hickman, the Prince of Brummers.

Colonel Hickman was born in Virginia, presumably, as he came from that city to this city, arriving here in the year 1834, about twenty-two years old. From this date for about three years may be included the beau's joyful period of existence, when the world was seen only through rose colored glasses, and life was but a merry game of love and lasses, amours and petty "affaires."

In a short while his name was as well known in Washington as that of Beau Brummel in London. He moved in exclusive circles, had all the polish and graces and spent his patrimony with a lavish hand. At the races he was a valued tipster and knew more about horses and their merits than a paddock full of jockeys. He was a frequent, too, of the theaters, and was as much at home behind as before the scenes.

For the short three years of affluence and high flying indulged in by the beau he was compelled to repay more than thirty years of what would have been to any other a most humiliating and wretched existence. From the society reveler he was reduced to a state of pitiable penury. He never learned the state of his finances until he had none, and then, it being too late to retrieve his squandered fortunes, it became necessary for him to adapt himself to his altered fortunes in the most expedient manner.

His fall from his high estate was not as sudden as his financial wreckage. He did not cease his swell existence when he found that all his resources had become exhausted, but kept on spending the money that he had not as recklessly as he had spent the money that he had formerly possessed. Where he had before liberally bestowed gold and greenbacks he now distributed notes and "I. O. U.'s," trusting to the recalcitrant Dame Fortune to visit him again at some time in the hazy future.

Beau Hickman's few years of prosperity left but faint impress on the public mind. It is as the prince of brummers that he is best remembered. For years the principal hotels knew him, but to fear him, afterward they looked upon him as a sideshow feature to be pointed out to visitors to the national capital as the famous Beau Hickman. Every new visitor was legitimate prey and liable to assessment. Beau's home seemed to be in the lobbies of the hotels. He was often seen at the capitol and other public hostleries.

There was always an opportunity to pick out his man, and as this meant often meals and bed to him he naturally devoted a considerable portion of his time to selecting his victims. The assessments levied were seldom more than a quarter or a half dollar, and these exacted with such a good grace that the victims felt truly it was more blessed to give than to receive. He also had a

regular list of patrons, many excellent men, on whom he levied assessments at regular periods.—Indianapolis Journal

Self Possession is a Strong Trait. There is nothing like self possession in all emergencies. Not long ago a clever woman was dining at a handsome board in an interior city. She had never, as it happened, seen lime juice offered in the course of a meal. When the bottle was handed around, some salad had just been served to her, and without giving the matter any thought she assumed the liquid to be a sauce piquante for the salad and dashed a few drops on her lettuce hearts.

In an instant she became aware, by that sort of intuition which is in the air at such times, that she had done something wrong, and when she saw her neighbor adding some of the contents of the bottle to his glass of water, she divined at once what her blunder had been.

The meal progressed and she finished her salad with apparent relish. Her hostess pressed more upon her, and she accepted a second serving. Then with a little air of not having everything quite to her liking, she looked up and down the table and signaled the waitress: "The lime juice, please," she said and, chafantly, as if salad without lime juice were an insupportable dish. The air ofadroitness at once set her in a new among the company as an expert of culture and unquestioned knowledge.—The Points of View in New York Times

Pretty Stingy. The Augusta Journal tells of a dead man there who is too stingy to buy an ear trumpet or much of anything else, and is notorious for his niggardly traits. The other day he went into a meat room and wanted to know how much he could purchase a certain soup bone for. The proprietor is a generous fellow and replied, "Oh, I'll give you this." Then the old man with his hand on his ear exclaimed, "Can't you take a little off from that?" Poor old fellow, he hadn't heard and the dealer taking pity on him said, "Yes, call it ten cents."

He Was a Specialist. Miss Mabel (to young M. D.)—And what particular branch of the profession do you practice chiefly, Dr. Shinyseam? Dr. Shinyseam (a little sadly)—At present, Miss Mabel, I am making a specialty of vaccination cases.—New York Times

Newspaper Enterprise Unappreciated. You may talk about the necessity of newspaper enterprise, but what good comes of trying to originate something grateful and pleasing to the public when such a protest as the following meets the effort of a well known journal to print a more convenient sheet as well as a handsomer one? "Please use those large sheets again," writes a subscriber, "because they were so handy to do up bundles in. Mother and I quite miss them when we go to put away our winter cloaks and other clothing. Of course, I know they were a little harder to read, because they had to be turned, but just think how handy they were when it came to doing up bundles."—Macon Telegraph

When Women Did the Grinding. While women were milling they usually relieved the monotony of their work by singing songs of a lively and cheerful character. Ordinarily they prepared as much meal in the morning as would be required for the day. On this account Hebrew members associated the noise of the morning mill with prosperity and happiness. If, on the contrary, this work was performed in the evening, they imagined there was the sound of adversity and sadness in the notes of the song.—Detroit Free Press

Spurgeon Says Hats Off. Mr. Spurgeon has always been perfectly appalling in his readiness to deal with insolence in the house of God. The finest case on record is, perhaps, one in which three young fellows came in and settled themselves conspicuously in the gallery with their hats on. In vain the officials requested them to uncover.

Male and Female Babies. "What is the use of rearing daughters?" asked an intelligent Chinaman not long ago of an inquiring Englishman. "When young they are only an expense, and when grown they marry and go away. Whereas, a son—"

What a world of difference there is between that sentiment and this of "A Cradle Song," a recent poem by the young poet, W. B. Yeats, where the mother addressed her baby thus: "I kiss you and kiss you, my arms round my own. Ah! how I shall miss you, my dear, when you're grown!"

To us, in these later times, and with all the sentiments of Christian civilization fostered in us, it is almost incomprehensible that any grown human being could have the heart to extinguish the first struggling life of babies; most of all does it seem incomprehensible that the mother, whose nature is wont to well up and flow out at the first helpless cry of her infant, and whose instinct is to hover over and protect and "feed for" both mother and child in their weakness, could ever surrender, or with their own hands destroy, the creature whom they have brought into the world. But, strong as are the natural instincts, stronger still is many a religious fanaticism, stronger is a national or tribal tradition.

And when we consider that it has taken ages of Christian culture and feeling to bring us to our present height of imaginative sympathy with all forms of life, till now we are agreed that no more beautiful, sacred or divine sight is to be seen under the sun than that of a mother with a child in her arms, then we can understand that, while it is an outrage, a sin and a crime to destroy a child among the taught of Christendom, it is but a hideous barbarism among the untraced of heathendom.—Strand Magazine

Reading the Human Face. Every one knows that men's passions, propensities and peculiarities as well as their callings are reflected in their faces, but it is only the few who have made the study of physiognomy an especial pursuit who are gifted with the power of reading those faces. Judges who have served long terms on the bench, lawyers in large practice and doctors of eminence possess the power of interpreting physiognomies more largely than other people, but any one can acquire the rudiments of the art by dint of hard study.

It is impossible to disguise a face (without putting on a mask) as it is to disguise one's handwriting. When the expert comes the disguise is torn off and the face tells the true story of the spirit inside the body. One only needs to visit the penitentiary to realize how undeniably vice writes its sign manual upon the features. It is not the drunkard only whose red nose, flabby cheeks and watery eyes betray him; it is the sensualist whose vice is read in his lips, the knave whose propensity is revealed by the shape of his mouth, and the man of violence who has been betrayed by his eyes.

An experienced detective or a trained jailer seldom asks the crime of which a prisoner is guilty; he can tell it off the criminal's face. In short, all the advantages which Fowler told us we were going to derive from the study of physiognomy we may possibly gain from the older and more mysterious science of face reading.—St. Louis Republic

Of course Mr. Spurgeon's eyes were fixed upon them, and leading his disciples around to the respect which all Christians are bound to show for the friends of others, "My friends," he said, "the other day I went into a Jewish synagogue, and I naturally uncovered my head; but on looking around I perceived that all the rest wore their hats, and so not wishing to offend against what I supposed to be their reverent practice, though contrary to my own, I conformed to Jewish use and put on my hat. I will now ask those three young fellows up in the gallery to show the same deference to our Christian practice in the house of God as I was prepared to show them when I visited their synagogue and take off their hats."

He would indeed be a pedant and a prig who could refuse a sympathetic smile of approval, even in the sanctuary, to a rebuke so good, so witty and so just!—Contemporary Review

Water in the Bible. The question of water goes back much further than we stop to think. For example, we are told in the book of Joshua that when Caleb's daughter Achisai was given to General Othnel in consideration of his capture of the city of Debir, and the matter of her dowry was being discussed, she said to her father: "Thou hast given me a south land, give me also springs of water." She understood that the tract sloping southward toward the deserts of Arabia was mountainous, swept by hot winds and deficient in rain supply. So she wanted besides a piece of land well watered and fertile that it might be profitably cultivated. Caleb was so well pleased with the victory won for him by Othnel that he could deny the bride nothing. "And he gave her," the record adds, "the upper springs and the nether springs"—more than she had asked, as fathers are apt to do with daughters whom they rear and love, only to lose when the inevitable bridegroom comes.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat

Calming the Waves by Prayer. An old traveler tells me that in a voyage from Messina to Malta he saw the captain, an experienced sailor, standing at the bow muttering and pointing with his finger. On being asked what he was doing he replied that he was breaking the force of a fatal wave by making the sign of the cross and saying prayers proper for such an occasion.—St. Louis Republic

A Very Hungry Frenchman. Fin de siecle in everything, Paris has discovered that she is the proud possessor of the very latest thing in cannibals—a man who eats his own flesh. A policeman on duty on the Boulevard a day or two ago was astonished to see an itinerant vender of some commodity or other deliberately and without apparent suffering cut off a long strip of the muscular part of his left arm with a pair of scissors. This eccentric individual, who is only twenty years of age and goes by the name of Leon, was taken to the police station, where it was discovered that he had in a similar manner removed large slices of flesh from his thighs and calves.

So far as could be gleaned from the poor fellow's incoherent talk he has for six months past been under the influence of a mad desire to eat the body of a girl. He related how on many occasions he had followed little children with an open knife concealed in his hand, ready to cut off and devour a portion of their flesh, and how he had just, and only just, control enough to prevent him from carrying out his desire. His mania, however, remained, and in order to satisfy it he had recourse to his own limbs, which are mutilated shockingly. This extraordinary case of mental aberration is being studied carefully by the medical authorities at the Sainte Anne hospital.—London Graphic