

INSECTS THAT EAT CURIOS.

Now the Officers of the Smithsonian Institution Combat Foes. Bugs are a source of much anxiety and annoyance to the curators of birds and mammals at the Smithsonian institution and in the National museum.

If a stuffed "specimen" is thoroughly poisoned with arsenic when it is prepared there is little or no danger that it will ever be attacked, but the collections in charge of Secretary Langley are gathered together from all parts of the world and very many of the contributions are not properly protected in this respect.

So they are for awhile, and then, the spices having lost their strength, the enemy begins to get in its work. Not only does this happen with stuffed birds and beasts, but the skeletons that reach the institution with the flesh roughly chopped off them and folded up in the smallest possible compass for transportation are frequently so poorly protected by poisoning that maggots get at them and eat the ligaments which join the bones so as to seriously injure their usefulness.

Three kinds of insects threaten the stuffed collections. One is the familiar moth, which eats the feathers or hair down to the skin and leaves unsightly bald patches.

Another is the "dermestion" "lard beetle," which gnaws holes in the fatty skins, and than either of these is the "beetle" and so small therefore that it renders itself evident and is not noticed until it has done its work.

is very fond of anything horny, and, getting a chance at a bird, it will begin by eating off the covering of the bill, denuding the legs afterward and chewing up the shafts of the bigger feathers. If it has an opportunity, it will regularly honeycomb the horns of animals frescoed for museum purposes.

Of course it is understood that these three bugs do all the damage in the larva stage of their being—that is, while they are yet worms. Another sort of insect gets into empty eggs and eats up the lining membranes, where careless collectors have left them inside, as they should not do, but it cannot injure the shells and does no harm, except to make a litter.

The best remedy, or preventive, known is bisulphide of carbon; but it has so horrible a smell that Curator Birdway will not use it for keeping the birds under his charge. He prefers to employ the next best thing, which is naphthaline, a product of coal tar. A handful of crystals of it will kill a case full of insects. It has the disadvantage of irritating the breathing passages, producing a chronic catarrh. Curator of Mammals True prefers the offensive bisulphide of carbon.

A great many things besides beasts and birds at the National museum have to be protected from insects; for example, the costumes of all nations and other dry goods of every kind, which afford an agreeable diet for devouring bugs. It is no small task to protect these perishable articles from the attacks of many legged scavengers with stomachs for anything short of metal and no respect for the most sacred of curios.—Washington Star.

Headache.

We are often asked for a cure for headache. A certain wise physician classifies headaches among the ailments which have baffled his profession. At a medical meeting a member said: "Did any of you ever cure a headache? I never did." Several doctors having mentioned their treatment, he replied: "Oh, you only relieved it. I can do that. But have you ever cured it?"

No one could answer yes. The shops contain nostrums enough, but did any one ever find himself more than temporarily relieved by them?

Nature, unaided, sometimes effects a permanent cure by the changes which the system undergoes in the process of time. Persons who have been subject to headache are often more or less fully relieved after about the age of fifty. This is perhaps a result of the shrinkage of the brain and the hardening of the tissues, which begins at about that period. Changes in one's condition or habits, or in climate, may sometimes effect a cure by removing the disturbing cause.—Youth's Companion.

Thumb Rings.

"And do they wear them on their thumbs?" "Yes, miss, and they are right pretty, too."

A jeweler's clerk was displaying his new stock of thumb rings. "May I try one on?"

"Certainly," he replied, and stooped low over the pink tipped fingers, slipping on a tiny circlet of pearls.

"It doesn't look so bad, after all," said she. "You see the band is so narrow and the pearls so small that the effect is not awkward, as I expected it would be. I'll take that one."

The advent of this unique little ornament is greeted with rather more favor than was at first expected by the jewelers.—New York Letter.

A Narrow Escape from the Gallows. James Johnston, who murdered his wife and four children at Ballarat, was sentenced to death, was respite by telegram ten minutes before the time of execution on the ground of insanity. Two doctors obtained access to him at midnight and gave a certificate of lunacy, which was telegraphed to the governor at 3 o'clock in the morning by the medical board examining.—London Tit-Bits.

Silly Gossip.

Maud—Is it true that you are in love with Mr. Bullion? Clara—Merely no. I'm only engaged to him.—New York Weekly.

FAITH AND SCIENCE.

They dwell apart, that radiant pair: In different garbs appear; And while the vows of men they share, Have separate altars here.

A golden lamp the one displays, Of light still clear and keen; The other walks 'neath starry rays, With sometimes clouds between.

The voice of one enjoins the wise, To mete, and weigh, and prove; The other lifts expectant eyes, And inly murmurs, Love!

Both teachers of celestial birth, To each be credence given, To Science that interprets Earth, To Faith the secret of Heaven.

—Spectator.

When He Served the Queen.

I served the queen for several years, and I look back on the experience with neither horror nor shame. During the twenty-five years that have passed since then the amelioration in the condition of the soldier has been incalculable. But I should be untrue to my memory if I did not lift up my testimony that the men of the old days endured their more arduous lot with a grand primitive resignation.

They knew that the quartermaster and the butcher were in collusion in regard to the meat ration, that the troop sergeant cooked their accounts, and that the pay corporal had glutinous fingers. Their captain habitually addressed them as brutes; the surgeon left his duties for days to go hunting. There was no quick escape for them from those abuses, for some of them were "lifers," and all were long service men.

But there were no professional agitators in those days, nor any barrack room lawyers "who knew their rights;" there was not a great deal of that commodity of a little of which the poet speaks as "a dangerous thing," and there were no halfpenny newspapers. The discipline was rigid, how rigid no younger of today can have any idea; but insubordination was undreamed of.—Archibald Forbes in Fortnightly Review.

A Patent Horseshoe.

A patent covers a horseshoe which possesses many advantages. On its under surface is stamped a pattern which gives a number of points for the securing of a better grip on the pavement, and this, where wooden pavements are used, is an important consideration. The shoe is about half the weight of an ordinary shoe, being two and a half pounds the set of four; it takes less time and less money to fix, has only four nails, as against the usual seven. Being a three-quarter shoe, it leaves the frogs and heels on the ground—which prevents concussion to the foot and leg, contraction and corns.

The only preparation the hoof requires after the old shoe is taken off is that the rasp must be used on the toe and quarters, making a reduction of about one-eighth of an inch on the lower side of the hoof. The frog and heels and back part of the foot should not be touched. This shoe is made in accordance with the well established principle that the more the hinder part of the foot—which is very tough—is used, the harder and healthier it becomes.—New York Telegram.

Policeman and Model.

There is a big, picturesque policeman on the Broadway squad who is noted among the habitués of the Rialto for his flowing blond mustache, who turns an occasional dollar as an artist's model. Having posed during his watch on deck for the benefit of the common people in the flesh, he is transferred to imperishable canvas to gladden the artistic eye of generations yet to come. He has the trunk and arms of a giant. In the opinion of a distinguished artist, this policeman is the best specimen of massive physical perfection he ever saw. Of course, the lady artists have all had a hack at him with pencil and brush, for which he invariably gets one dollar a sitting. No wonder he carries the air of a man thoroughly satisfied with himself.—New York Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

Decorations at a Ball.

At a recent English ball the floral decorations were beautiful and very original. In the middle of the two large ballrooms hung a large parasol formed by a wire frame and covered with pink La France roses with their leaves, the crook handle being tied with pink ribbons. There were also numbers of imitation chandeliers hung from the ceiling and staircase made entirely of flowers and leaves. Gilt rustic baskets were filled with Japanese honeysuckle of glowing colors. The pillars on the landings and the large mirrors were covered with long trails of stephanotis, the whole effect of the decorations being remarkably luxuriant and charming.—Exchange.

A Novel Fabric.

A foreign textile journal records the invention of a new kind of looped fabric which has a novel and beautiful effect, with a durability never before attained. The peculiarity about it is that worsted is used for the thread forming the figure of the design and alpaca or mohair for the threads forming the ground of the design. The contrast between the lustrous and beautiful threads of the mohair and of the worsted, it is said, forms an effect that is strikingly novel.

In a new bicycle tire the wheels, instead of being fitted with pneumatic or cushion tires, have the grooves fitted with complete cycles of balls, which revolve on pivots fixed in the groove of the wheels. These balls bite the ground, and the machine travels up and down hill with wonderful celerity.

The law does not allow the American born young man to vote, no matter how well educated he may be or how well prepared to exercise the privilege wisely, until he is twenty-one years of age. At that age he has probably been learning how to discharge the duties of a citizen for five or six years.

For a cold in the head, what is called a head bath is useful. Fill a wash basin with boiling water and add one ounce of flour of mustard. Then hold the head, covered with a cloth to prevent the escape of the steam, over the basin as long as any steam arises.

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That greatest western paper, The Weekly State Journal, is determined to double its circulation this fall. To do this the paper has been enlarged to twelve pages every week; new departments added, and every column freshened and brightened by crisp and original ideas. The Journal is the true and able exponent of western enterprise and thought. It has grown apace with the progress of our commonwealth and stands to-day at the head of western newspapers, equalled by few and excelled by none.

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Car Horses Brandied on the Hoof.

A young man who has just written a successful play was leaning on his cane in company with an actor—an English importation—watching the passing show on the Broadway side of the Morton House when, after a silence of several minutes, the playwright said: "Do you see anything peculiar about the Broadway car horses?" "Nay, nay! Wouldst try to gull me?" said the actor. "Look at their hoofs and tell me if they are not brandied." The actor sized the animals up, and a reporter, who was standing near enough to hear the conversation, did the same and discovered the number 369 on the forward left foot of one of the horses. The figures were about half an inch long and had evidently been just burned into the hoof.

Superintendent Newell of the Broadway line, who was seen at his office in the barns at Fifth street and Seventh avenue later in the day, said in relation to the reporter's question concerning the branding of the hoofs of the horses: "Yes, we have been doing this for some time now. The idea occurred to me several years ago, and we find it very satisfactory."

"What was your object in branding them?" "Simply to keep track of what each horse was doing. We keep the accounts of each horse now the same as we do of any man in our employ. It benefits us in a thousand ways. We know just how many days a horse works, how many days it has been sick and, in short, everything it does. It enables us to keep such a minute knowledge of their work that we know just what condition they are in, and if they are not all right we keep them in the barn."

"Couldn't you do that if you gave them names instead of numbers?" "We have 2,000 horses in our employ," was the reply, "and there is a limit to names, unless you go back into ancient history.—New York Advertiser.

The Dog on the Farm.

A farmer once told the Listener that there was nothing in the world that would keep crows out of a field of young corn except a living man or good sized boy with a gun. He had tried all manner of scarecrows that ever were invented, and hung strings about in all sorts of ways, and the wise birds came in and pulled up the corn just the same. There was once a time, when people first thought about it, when a white string around a field would keep out crows—they thought it was a trap. But it took the whole tribe only a year or two to see through this device.

A dead crow hung up by the feet will scare away some crows—no doubt females, of a superstitious turn of mind—but it won't keep off the canny old agnostics among them. A farmer whom the Listener knows once had a shepherd dog who, at the command "Go down and keep the crows out of the cornfield," would take charge of the field and keep away every bird of them effectually. Dogs, especially collies, might be trained easily to perform this duty, though occasionally, no doubt, the crows would divide their forces and give the dog more work than he could do. Few of our farmers, by the way, realize the amount of help in their work that they can get out of a good dog.—Boston Transcript.

An Orchestra of Five Hundred.

Five hundred was the strength of the orchestra on the occasion of the Handel festival at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham in 1888. The festival is held at the palace triennially. The first festival in commemoration of this composer was held in Westminster Abbey on the 26th of May, 1784, on which occasion 263 persons composed the chorus, while the orchestra numbered 245 performers. In 1888 the chorus consisted of 3,000 voices and the performers in the orchestra numbered 500.—London Tit-Bits.

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SECRET SOCIETIES.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS Gaudiniet Lodge, No. 47. Meets every Wednesday evening at their hall in Parmele & Craig block. All visiting knights are cordially invited to attend. C. C. Marshall, C. C.; Otis Dorey, K. R. S.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION. Waterman block, Main Street. Rooms open from 8:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. For men only. Gospel meeting every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

A. O. U. W., 8. Meets first and third Friday evenings of each month at G. A. R. Hall in Rockwood block. Frank Vermityea, M. W. D. B. Eueriole, Recorder.

A. O. U. W. No. 84—Meets second and fourth Friday evenings in the month at G. A. R. Hall in Rockwood block. E. J. Morgan, M. W. F. P. Brown, Recorder.

ROYAL ARCANUM—Cass Council No. 1021. Meets at the K. of P. hall in the Parmele & Craig block over Bennett & Tuttle, visiting brethren invited. Henry Herold, Regent; Thos. Walling, Secretary.

CASS LODGE, No. 146, 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. J. Cory, N. G. S. W. Bridge, Secretary.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

CATHOLIC—St. Paul's Church, Oak, between Fifth and Sixth. Father Curley, Pastor. Services: Mass at 8 and 10:30 a.m. Sunday School at 2:30, with benediction.

CHRISTIAN—Corner Locust and Eighth Sts. Services morning and evening. Elder J. K. Reed, pastor. Sunday School 10 a.m.

EPISCOPAL—St. Luke's Church, corner Third and Vine. Rev. H. B. Burgess, pastor. Services 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday School at 2:30 p.m.

GERMAN METHODIST—Corner Sixth St and Granite. Rev. H. L. Pastor. Services: 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday School 10:30 a.m.

PRESBYTERIAN—Services in new church, corner Sixth and Granite sts. Rev. J. T. Baird, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30; Preaching at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m.

The Y. R. N. C. E. of this church meets every Sabbath evening at 7:15 in the basement of the church. All are invited to attend these meetings.

FIRST METHODIST—Sixth St., between Main and Pearl. Rev. J. D. M. Buckner, pastor. Services: 11 a.m., 8 p.m. Sunday School 9:30 a.m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN—Corner Main and Ninth. Rev. Witte, pastor. Services: usual hours. Sunday school 9:30 a.m.

SWEDISH CONGREGATIONAL—Granite, between Fifth and Sixth.

COLORADO BAPTIST—Mt. Olive, Oak, between Tenth and Eleventh. Rev. A. Rowwell, pastor. Services: 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—Rooms in Waterman block, Main street. Gospel meeting, for men only, every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Rooms open week days from 8:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m.

SOUTH PARK TABERNACLE—Rev. J. M. Wood, Pastor. Services: Sunday School, 10 a.m.; Preaching, 11 a.m. and 8 p.m.; prayer meeting Tuesday night; choir practice Friday night. All are welcome.

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