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The very best facilities for the prompt transaction of legitimate

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Buys bonds, gold, government and local securities bought and sold. Deposits received. Interest allowed on the certificates. Drafts drawn, available in any part of the United States and all the principal towns of

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Buys and sells exchange, county and city

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Deposits solicited. Interest allowed on time deposits and prompt attention given to all business entrusted to its care.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

Certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Chapped Hands, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Sore Nipples of Nursing Women. It is cooling and soothing. In many thousands of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. Put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.

SALOON

PHILIP THEIROLF

Has Opened up The

—Finest. — Cleanest, — Coolest—

SALOON

—IN THE CITY—

Where may be found choice wines liquors and cigars.

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BASS' ALE WHITE LABEL, always on hand.

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THE LEADING

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HAS THE MOST COMPLETE STOCK IN THE CITY.

EVERYTHING FRESH AND IN SEASON

ATTENTION FARMERS

I want your Poultry, Eggs, Butter and your farm produce of all kinds, I will pay you the highest cash price as I am buying for a firm in Lincoln.

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Flour and Feed a Specialty

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NEW HARDWARE STORE

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Keep all kinds of builders hardware on hand and will supply contract on most favorable terms

TIN ROOFING

Spouting and all kinds of tin work promptly done. Orders from the country Solicited.

616 Pearl St. PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

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Use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Coughs, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Pain, Take in time. 50c.

HINDERCORNS. The only sure cure for Corns. 15c. at Druggists, or HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH. RED CROSS PENNYROYAL PILLS DIAMOND BRAND

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask druggists for Chichester's Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse Dangerous and Worthless substitutions and imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, plain wrappers are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Madison Square, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Sold by All Local Druggists.

PIANOS

Vogue showing pictures of [illegible] and telling about them SENT FREE. Our patent SOFT [illegible] saves wear, making the Piano more durable, and stopping the annoying noise of practising.

We take OLD PIANOS in EXCHANGE, sell on EASY PAYMENTS and send Pianos ON APPROVAL to be returned at our expense for railway freights if not perfectly satisfactory, even though you live 3000 miles away. Write us.

Ivers & Pond Piano Co., Masonic Temple, 163 Tremont St. Boston

Jocko's Sunday Recreation.

A few pedestrians who were out for a morning stroll witnessed a brief but bloody battle through the windows of the Market street bird store Sunday morning.

Among the denizens of the place is a monkey called Jocko, whose proclivity for mischief has led him into disgrace before. On the morning in question Jocko determined to go on a lark. He succeeded in picking the lock of his cage and once free turned his attention to his feathered companions. It took him a few minutes to unlock a dozen of the various cages in the room, and soon a funny procession of monkeys and parrots were strutting about. In a few minutes trouble began to brew. One of the parrots, in a spirit of mischief, probably bit Jocko, and a lively battle ensued. Polly soon found that she was getting the worst of it and made a rush for the cage, minus her tail feathers and part of a wing.

Jocko, who was then thoroughly aroused, sailed in for a general massacre and in a short time had the floor to himself, save for Minnie, a little nightingale, who was too dazed to escape. With one blow the bird was stretched lifeless on the floor. The monkey then offered battle to a big stuffed owl which had been gazing solemnly upon the scene, and receiving no answer to his challenge, threw the bird off its pedestal. Jocko's Waterloo was awaiting him however. A huge vampire bat, which had been watching the battle, jumped down from his perch, and Jocko started for him. The contest was brief. The sharp beak and talons of the bird buried themselves like a flash in the monkey's flesh, and Jocko was glad to make his escape with the blood flowing from a dozen wounds. At this juncture the proprietor appeared and hostilities ceased.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A True Hat Story.

Here is a new and absolutely true hat story. A New York gentleman, dining at a hotel in Boston, found on coming out that he was the last to leave the dining room, and his hat had been taken by somebody who had preceded him, leaving one very similar, but unmistakably not his, in its place. It was a sufficiently good substitute to allow of his wearing it for three weeks after his return home, when, after dinner one day, three weeks later, he said to a friend with whom he had just been dining:

"I must replace this hat; its not mine, and it doesn't fit. Come with me and I'll do it now."

Together they sought a neighboring shop and began to examine hats. One after another was tried on by the intending purchaser, none quite suiting him.

"It's too bad," said his friend. "Like you, I am hard to fit. Now, this one is the most comfortable hat I ever had."

"It looks so," remarked the hat seeker; "let me try that on." The hat was handed to him. It adjusted itself perfectly to his head. "Man alive!" he ejaculated, "this is my lost hat," and he took it off quickly, turned back the inside band, and, sure enough, there was his name and residence in indisputable proof. It turned out that the friend had been in Boston the same day, though they had not met, had dined at the hotel, but had not discovered that he had worn away another man's hat. And the shop lost a sale of a hat.—New York Times.

Not an Eleemosynary Institution.

"It's funny about some people one meets traveling," remarked a drummer at the Cadillac as he threw his feet upon the writing table.

"How?" inquired the man next to him.

"On a dining car, for instance, the other day," he went on jerkily.

"What?" asked the other man encouragingly.

"Coming over from New York. Odd sort of a genius across the car from me. After he left the car the waiter who had served him brushed the crumbs off of my table.

"'See dat man, boss?' he asked. 'Reckon he nevah was on a dinin car befo'.'

"'Why?' I inquired.

"'Caze, boss, he axed for a second helpin. Gemmen what eats on dese yer dinin cahs, boss, knows dey ain't no char'tible institutions fer givin victuals away in no sich mannah as dat.'

"I had been thinking I wanted a little more than had been allowed me, but I didn't ask for it after that," and the drummer sighed.—Detroit Free Press.

Bless Her!

There is a family of little folk not far away who are delightful from their love for each other. Vin has the greatest admiration for his sister Molly, and will do anything for her—"You's so pitty, Molly." He is five and she is three. One cold morning Molly's mamma set her in her high chair, while baby had her necessary care and papa ate his breakfast. It was rather chilly, and Molly was in her nightdress.

Vin wanted to make her warm, so he wrapped up her feet in a newspaper, but poor Molly slipped and fell solidly on the floor from her high chair. "Oh, Molly," said Vin, in tears, "did you hurt you?" "No," said Molly, winking back the tears which would come; "No, bruver, I fell on 'e paper."—Gardner (Mass.) Home Journal.

Fiels.

Cousin Jennie—Wholly cured of your love, did you say?

Cousin Tom—Wholly.

Cousin Laura—What killed it this time?

Cousin Tom—I asked her a simple question. And when her faultless lips formed the words "I disremember," my love became a corpse.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Handicapped.

"Poor little soul!" said Uncle George gazing at the baby.

"Why poor?" asked the proud father.

"Nature has given him a black eye to start with," replied George.—Harper's Bazar.

THE OLD PRINTER.

He Was Short of Type and When "Thirty" Came, His Spirit Had Flown.

And so, year after year, he wrought among the boys on a morning paper. He went to bed about the time the rest of the world got up, and he arose about the time the rest of the world sat down to dinner. He worked by every kind of light except sunlight. There were candles in the office when he came in, then they had lard oil lamps that smoked and spattered and smelled; then he saw two or three printers blinded by explosions of camphene and spirit gas, then kerosene came in and heated up the newsrooms on summer nights like a furnace; then the office put in gas, and now the electric light swung from the ceiling and dazzled his old eyes and glared into them from his copy.

If he sang on his way home a policeman bade him "cheese that," and reminded him that he was disturbing the peace and people wanted to sleep. But when he wanted to sleep, the rest of the world, for whom he has sat up all night to make a morning paper, roared and crashed by down the noisy streets under his window, with cart and truck and omnibus; blared out with brass bands, howled with hand organs, talked and shouted, and even the shrieking newsboys, with a ghastly sarcasm, murdered the sleep of the tired old printer by yelling the name of his own paper.

Year after year the foreman roared at him to remember that this was not an afternoon paper, editors shrieked down the tube to have a blind man put on that dead man's case, smart young proofreaders scribbled sarcastic comments on his work on the margin of his proof slips that they didn't know how to read, long winded correspondents learning to write and long haired poets who could never learn to spell wrathfully cast all their imperfections upon his head. But through it all he wrought patiently and found more sunshine than shadow in the world; he had more friends than enemies.

Printers and foremen and pressmen and reporters and editors came and went, but he staid, and he saw newspapers and sanctum filled and emptied and filled and emptied again, and filled with new strange faces. He believed in his craft, and to the end he had a silent pity, that came as near being contempt as his good, forgiving old heart could feel, for an editor who had not worked his way from a regular devilship up past the cases and the imposing stone.

He worked all that night, and when the hours that are so short in the ballroom and so long in the composing room drew wearily on, he was tired. He hadn't thrown in a very full case, he said, and he had to climb clear into the boxes and chase a type up into a corner before he could get hold of it. One of the boys, tired as himself—but a printer is never too tired to be good natured—offered to change places with him, but the old man said there was enough in the case to last him through this take, and he wouldn't work any more tonight. The type clicked in the silent room, and by and by the old man said:

"I'm out of sorts."

And sat down on the low window sill by his case, with his stick in his hand, his hands folded wearily in his lap. The types clicked on. A galley of telegraph waited.

"What gentleman is lingering with 13 D?" called the foreman, who was dangerously polished and polite when he was on the point of exploding with wrath and importance.

Slug nine, passing by the alley, stopped to speak to the old man sitting there so quietly.

The telegraph boy came running in with the last manifold sheet, shouting:

"Thirty!"

They carried the old man to the foreman's long table and laid him down reverently and covered his face. They took the stick out of his nerveless hand and read his last take:

"BOSTON, Nov. 23.—The American bark Pilgrim went to pieces off Marblehead in a light gale about midnight. She was old and unseaworthy, and this was to have been her last trip."—Bob Burdette.

Various Uses of One Tree.

One of the strangest of trees is the Ita palm, found abundantly on the banks of the Amazon and other South American rivers. In the swampy regions, which cover immense areas, the Ita palm furnishes food, drink, clothing and comfortable homes for the natives.

The Indians that inhabit these swampy districts make a tolerable wine from the sap of the palm, and they distill a stronger stimulant by crushing and fermenting the young fruits. The food is derived from the soft inner bark of the stems, and is a substance that in taste and appearance closely resembles sago. The soft and fibrous bark is used for garments and for making strings, ropes, hammocks and the like.

In times of high water, often lasting two or three months, the natives make floorings in the trees with the bark ropes and live there in comfort and contentment.—Philadelphia Times.

Hard Work Made Mackay Rich.

John W. Mackay was born in the humblest circumstances in Dublin, Ireland, some fifty-five years ago. Coming to this country very early in life, he worked for a time on board ship. During the years that followed in whatever occupation he engaged he labored industriously and faithfully. He saved his money and watched his opportunity, which so very few people do. He is now twenty times a millionaire.—Henry Clews in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Devil's Knell.

Among the famous bells of Dewsburg, Yorkshire, England, is one known as "Black Tom of Soothill," which was presented to the church in expiation of a murder. "Black Tom" is always rung on Christmas eve. Its solemn tolling as it strikes the first tap at exactly midnight is known all over Yorkshire as the "devil's knell," it being the notion that when Christ was born the devil died.—St. Louis Republic.

THE SWOOP OF A HAWK

EXPERIENCE OF A SUMMER VISITOR IN A NEW YORK SUBURB.

He Had Heard About a Hawk Chasing a Man, but Didn't Believe It Until He Encountered One of the Animals in a Lonely Evening Walk—How He Tells of It.

Mr. Rogers was late for tea. The red twilight of August had faded, and a sea breeze was rattling at the shutters before he came in, looking warm and agitated. Seeing him roused out of his usual calm excited our curiosity, but we asked no questions till he had eaten and refreshed himself. Then we gathered around him.

"I have had a most unpleasant adventure," he said in his solemn way. "I have been chased by a hawk." Now, if a child of six had made that remark it would have been touching, but for a broad shouldered person of any number of feet to announce that he was afraid of hawks was too much for our sense of humor—we laughed. "What did you do?" asked the inquisitive member of our house party. "I clapped my hands and shouted," said Mr. Rogers, "but the hawk didn't mind at all; it kept circling round my head and swooping down"——

We reasoned with him. We said it was physically impossible for a hawk to fly away with him. We told him the next time a hawk chased him to fall flat upon his face and call for help. We suggested that a plump mosquito had caused his alarm. All in vain. He listened without emotion, and fixing his eye on me as the most obtrusively merry person present, said, "Wait till a hawk is after you; you won't like it."

AN EVENING WALK.

The meaning in his words came to me a few days later. We had been bathing in Peconic bay. We staid there, splashing and swimming, till the blue water turned gray and the sun went down in a red smudge. Then suddenly we all felt an overpowering desire to get out of our clammy bathing suits and home to tea as fast as possible. I decided to walk. I was cold; besides I rather wanted to get away from the noisy crowd.

So the house party packed itself into the wagonette and quickly disappeared down the winding road, leaving me to cut across the hills alone. (Funny with what alacrity people who are really fond of you leave you behind.) I felt very much alone somehow, and I almost wished I had gone with them. Our house is only a mile from the Peconic beach on a level line, but as the Shinnecock hills are like so many green dumplings one's progress is very up and downy, and a mile may be twisted into astonishing lengths.

I struck across the fern scented hills at a rapid pace, one moment on top of a mountain range, with a view of the two bays, the next down in a hollow with only bay bushes for a horizon. I stopped in a sort of cup to watch the coming night. The earth sent up a warm, sweet smell; little stars began to twinkle as though pricked into the sky. Something dark started up under my feet—my shadow, for the moon had risen. "It is nice to be alone sometimes," I thought. "One can't be intimate with nature when crowds of people are about. I feel now that I am lying on her bosom"—— Whirr-r! from the sky. Then two short sounds like the flapping of a wet towel.

DISCRETION AND VALOR.

I looked up. Right over my head, poised as neatly as the sword of Damocles, was a hawk. It looked quite stationary, but I remembered Mr. Rogers' words, and I felt bold. "The thing doesn't seem inclined to swoop," I thought. Then I started up a hill, with my nose pointed at the hawk. Just as I reached the top it gave two flaps and swooped. I clapped my hands. Whereupon the bird circled and dropped a few feet.

"I won't encourage it by looking at it," and I walked into the next hollow in a dignified manner. Then I looked. That brute of a bird was hovering in an expectant attitude. As it caught my glance it began to circle; it circled till I grew dizzy; then it gave a cry of triumph and swooped. That action demoralized me; it turned the hawk into a roc and me into a pygmy.

With one "Shoo!" of despair, I threw manhood and self respect to the winds, I ran. I ran as hard as I could, up hill and down. Brambles caught at me; blackberry vines clasped my ankles; but once mounted on terror nothing could stop me. My white flanneled figure shone out in the moonlight, adding zest to the hawk's attacks. On we raced, swooping, running, dodging, but never stopping till the friendly lights from the house streamed out to meet us. Then the hawk, with a long cry of scorn, sailed away to the pine woods in the west.

The house party was on the piazza as I came up. "Glorious walk," I cried. "Ran half the way. Finest sport in the world after bathing!" Mr. Rogers followed me into the house. "It's awful when it swoops, isn't it?" he said, with a cruel look in his brown eyes.—New York Post.

A Mischievous Schoolgirl.

Commodore P. Vedder, while a young man, teaching school, had occasion to punish a mischievous girl, and, as was usual in that day and locality, was about to resort to the ferule. To the offending maid he said, "Miss ——, give me your hand." She dropped her head and blushed. Again he said, sternly, "Miss ——, I say, give me your hand." Slowly lifting her eyes, she remarked: "Mr. Vedder, this is embarrassing for me. You should not make such proposals in public. However, you must ask my papa first.—Buffalo Express.

A Choragus.

A choragus was the superintendent of the equipment and instruction of a chorus. The Athenians made him a state officer, and the position became one of importance and dignity. The term choragus was in the course of time used to signify a person who supplied the costs for any purpose.—New York Weekly.

Wonderful.

E. W. Sawyer, of Rochester, Wis., a prominent dealer in general merchandise, and who runs several peddling wagons, had one of his horses badly cut and burned with a lariat. The wound refused to heal. The horse became lame and stiff notwithstanding careful attention and the application of remedies. A friend handed Sawyer some of Haller's Barb Wire Liniment, the most wonderful thing ever saw to heal such wounds. He applied it only three times and the sore was completed healed. Equally good for all sore, cuts, bruises, and wounds. For sale by all druggist

A Cure for Paralysis.

Frank Cornelius, of Purcell, Ind. Ter., says: "I induced Mr. Pinson, whose wife had paralysis in the face to buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. To their great suprise before the bottle had all been used she was a great deal better. Her face had been drawn to one side; but the Pain Balm relieved all pain and soreness, and the mouth assumed its natural shape." It is also a certain cure for rheumatism lame back, sprains swellings and lameness. 50 cent bottles for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co., Druggists.

Strength and Health.

If your are not feeling strong and healthy, try Electric Bitters. If "La Grippe" has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on Liver, Stomach and Kindys' gently aiding those organs to preform their functions. If you are afflicted with Sick Headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Better. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles only 50c. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Some of the most startling, interesting discoveries of the life and customs of buried Egypt are now being made through extensive excavattions. These discoveries are exciting a great interest. Many discoveries are, however, being made in our country that are remarkable, among which we may mention that of Haller's Pain Paralyzer which effects entire relief, and in many cases a complete cure of that terrible disease rheumatism, and which also relieves pain of all kinds. For sale by all druggists

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

"Mystic Cure" for rheumatism and neuralgia radically cured in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately dissappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75c Sold by F. G. Fricke, Druggist. wt

That Hacking Cough can so quickly cured by Shiloh's cure. We guarantee it. For Sale by E. G. Fricke and O H Snyder 1

The Greatest Strike

Among the great strikes that of Dr. Miles in discovering his New Heart Cure has proven itself to be one of the most important. The demand for it has become astonishing. Already the treatment of heart disease is being revolutionized, and many unexpected cures effected. It soon relieves short breath, fluttering, pains in side, arm, shoulder, weak and hungry spells, oppression, swelling of ankles, smothering and heart dropsy. Dr. Miles' book on Heart and Nervine Diseases, free. The unequaled New Heart Cure is sold and guaranteed by F. G. Fricke & Co, also his Restorative Nervine for headache, fits, sprees, hot flashes, nervous chills, opium habit, etc. 4

Reduced Rates.

The B. & M. will sell tickets on the certificate plan at the rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip, as follows:

To Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 20-23, on account of the annual meeting of the American Public Health Association.

Mt. Pleasant, Ia., Oct. 23-25, annual meeting of the Y. M. C. A.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 22-25, annual meeting Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

Waverly, Ia., Nov. 10-12, annual convention Iowa Butter and Egg Association.

Des Moines, Ia., annual convention Iowa State Farmers' Alliance.

For many years Mr. B. F. Thompson, of Des Moines, Iowa, was severely afflicted with chronic diarrhoea. He says: "At times it was very severe; so much so, that I feared it would end my life. About seven years ago I chanced to procure a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It gave me prompt relief and I believe cured me permanently, as I now eat or drink without harm anything I please. I have also used it in my family with the best results. For sale by F. G. Frickie & Co.

Wonderful Success.

"Two years ago the Haller Prop. Co.' ordered their bottles by the box—now they buy by the carload. Among the popular and succeseful remedies they prepare is Haller's Sarsaparilla & Burdock which is the most wonderful blood purifier known. No druggist hesitates to recommend this remedy.

For sale by druggist.

Will be Given Away

Our enterprising druggists, F. G Fricke & Co, who carry the finest stock of drugs, perfumeries, toilet articles, brushes, sponges, etc., are giving away a large number of trial bottles of Dr. Miles' celebrated Restorative Nervine. They guarantee it to cure headache, dizziness, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, the ill effects of spirits, tobacco, coffee, etc. Druggists say it is the greatest seller they ever knew, and is universally satisfactory. They also guarantee Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure in all cases of nervous or organic heart disease, palpitation, pain in side, smothering, etc. Fine book on "Nervous and Heart Diseases" free. 4