

A WOMAN DOCTOR'S BROUGHAM.

It is Nothing More Nor Less Than a Private Traveling Dressing Room.

A busy woman doctor in Brooklyn, whose practice is so extensive that it keeps her driving over the city's ill paved streets for many hours every day, has had made for her a brougham which combines about as many comforts as is possible to pack into so confined a space.

To begin with, under the seat is a spacious drawer, divided into compartments, to hold those surgical instruments which a doctor must carry.

In the same drawer is found room for two or three small handbags containing an assortment of medicines. There is also space for a small portable electric battery in its finished wood case. These are all hidden away, however, when the doctor is out and so do not mar by their painful suggestiveness the snugly comfortable appearance of the rest of the interior.

There is nothing out of the way about this, of course. The novel features are all in the front of the brougham facing the occupant. The most "striking" is a pretty clock, by which the doctor times her visits and the speed of her coachman. It is screwed to the wall, so to speak, at a convenient height. Underneath it is a silver plated flower holder, for the doctor has lost none of her essentially feminine tastes because she has learned how to sew your leg off.

Then in a little pocket in the lining of the carriage is a manicure set, for a doctor's hands should always be a joy to look at, even when they belong to a man. In another pocket is a brush and comb and some hairpins. This doctor's hair is thick and long and a little unruly, being generally charged with electricity from an intensely energetic spirit. In her pocket is a whisk, for the roads are usually dusty in Brooklyn, and the doctor's costumes have inspired many a young woman to acquire a professional cut. Another fold hides a scent bottle. Bedrooms are often poorly ventilated.

There is a mirror, of course, that can be hung on a hook just below the clock and then returned to its pocket. A fan is tucked in there, a glove button here and a bigger pocket than all has generally one or two of the latest numbers of the magazine, medical ones for the doctor's own perusal as she bowls along, and more entertaining ones for her friends. For this doctor is seldom seen driving about alone.

She generally has some of her patients or her friends with her, and when conversation flags, or the guest is waiting in the brougham while the doctor is calling on a patient, the magazine keeps the time from dragging. Even her coachman gets the benefit of this feature, and he may often be seen, looking more comfortable than "correct," leaning back upon his box with a copy of a recent publication in his hand.—New York Tribune.

Strange Oversight.

It is dangerous as well as wicked to do wrong in the presence of children. An observant little boy was in a street car the other day, and followed every movement of the conductor with the greatest interest.

A very stout woman boarded the car and sat down next to the small boy. She took a ticket out of her purse, but when the conductor came along he somehow failed to notice her. He passed and repassed her several times, and finally, with a nervous glance around, she replaced the ticket in her purse.

This was too much for the small boy, who had all the while kept his eye on her, and the next time the conductor came along he exclaimed:

"You didn't get her money, mister. I don't see how you missed her. She's the fattest lady in the car. Anybody could see her."

This complimentary allusion to the woman's weight caused a blush to play over her broad face, and she quickly produced a ticket, while all the other passengers smiled.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

November in American History.

A most notable November in our history was that one in 1765, the first day of which was observed throughout the thirteen colonies as a period of mourning, on account of the going into effect of the hated stamp act. It increased the burden of taxation upon those who had no voice in their own government and aroused them to such a sense of injustice that ten years later they rebelled and the war of the Revolution was begun. On the first day of November, therefore, the church bells were solemnly tolled, flags floated at half mast and business was everywhere suspended. All over the land such men as Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry, James Otis and John Adams addressed patriotic speeches to throngs of their countrymen and fired their hearts with thoughts of a glorious independence.—Kirk Munroe in Harper's Young People.

A Suit Made of Ratskins.

A thrifty Welshman at one time exhibited himself publicly in England attired in a costume composed from top to toe of ratskins, which he had spent three years and a half in collecting. The dress was made entirely by himself. It consisted of hat, neckerchief, coat, waistcoat, trousers, tippet, gaiters and shoes. The number of rats required to complete the suit was 570. Most curious of the garments was the tippet, composed entirely of rats' tails. At one time a batch of several thousand ratskins was imported from France into England for manufacturing purposes, but they were found too small and too fine in texture to be useful.—Washington Star.

The Aromatic Clove Tree.

A peculiarity of the clove tree is that every part of it is aromatic, though the greatest strength is in the bud. Besides the buds, the stems are gathered and form an article of commerce commanding one-fifth the price of cloves, and having about the same percentage of strength. To this is due the fact that ground cloves can be purchased in the home market at a lower price than whole cloves.—Exchange.

BRAVE MAINE WOMEN.

THEY DO NOT HESITATE TO ATTACK A BEAR WITHOUT GUNS.

Armed with a Pitchfork and an Ax, Two Female Inhabitants of a Lumber District Slay an Enormous Creature Which Had Killed Two Steers.

"I read about Mrs. Lewis killing the two bucks in the Adirondacks, and about Mrs. Becky Latimer's deer hunting exploits in Pennsylvania," said a New Yorker who has been hunting up in Maine, "and now I would like to read about the way some women up in the pine forests have of showing their grit and skill when it comes to dealing with certain wild animals."

"A family named McDonald lives way back in the wilderness of the Molok river. It consists of the husband, Robert McDonald, his wife and his sister, both young women. They have a snug little farm in there, and keep a few cattle. Their most valuable possession in that line was a yoke of steers. One day McDonald was obliged to go to one of the settlements several miles away, and his business was to keep him over night. His wife and sister were left alone to look after things during his absence. Just before dark a great howling was heard among the cattle in the barnyard. The sounds were of such an unusual character that the two women became satisfied that they were cries of terror. Mrs. McDonald, armed with a pitchfork, and her sister, carrying an ax, hurried to the barnyard.

"There they found an enormous bear, standing defiantly between the prostrate bodies of the two steers, each of which he had fallen to the ground and killed. The other cattle were huddled in terror in a corner of the yard. The bear growled and snarled and showed his teeth as the women approached, but in spite of his terrible front and threatening attitude, the sight of the steers lying dead on the ground was more than the plucky young women could stand, and they rushed with desperate intent on the snarling bear.

THEY KILLED THE BEAR.

"Mrs. McDonald charged with her pitchfork and thrust its sharp, long tines deep into the bear's neck. The bear gave a howl of pain, and striking the handle of the pitchfork a powerful blow with one forepaw he wrenched it from Mrs. McDonald's hands and sent it flying across the barnyard. While the bear was doing that Miss McDonald pitched into him with the ax, and at the first blow disabled one of his terrible forelegs. The bear turned on her and she rained blows thick and fast upon him as she backed slowly away. Mrs. McDonald quickly regained possession of the pitchfork and renewed her attack on the bear.

"Between the attacks of the two determined and plucky women the bear was so badly harassed that he made an effort to escape from the field, but the women pressed him too closely. The battle was not of long duration, for the lusty blows of the axe in the girl's hands and the deep and painful stabs inflicted by Mrs. McDonald with her pitchfork soon had their effect on the bear, big and tough as he was, and in ten minutes after the fight began he was stretched dead by the side of his victims, the two steers. The two nifty women had their clothing nearly stripped from them by the claws of the bear, but beyond a few scratches they were not injured.

"They were not on the scene in time to save the valued steers, but their pluck in avenging the death of the cattle aroused so much enthusiasm and admiration at the settlement that a purse was raised among the lumbermen and hunters, with which another yoke of steers was bought and presented to Mrs. McDonald and her brave little sister.

ANOTHER WOMAN'S BEAR.

"In that same Molok river wilderness, but nearer the headwaters, lives during the summer and sometimes as late as the middle of November, if the weather is not too severe, a family named Baker. They are Boston people, but on account of the health of one of the family, who is benefited by the spruce and pine air of the region, they spend most of the year in their commodious cabin in the Molok woods.

"Baker's wife is a pretty woman of about thirty, and has learned to handle the rifle like an old woodsman. She insisted on making one of a party that had formed to rout out and kill a big bear that had been located in a swamp a mile or so from the cabin. She was stationed by the guide at a spot where in his judgment the bear would not be likely to come out when the dogs got after him, as he had no faith in a woman's ability to stand and shoot at a bear as it bounded into sight out of a thicket.

"His judgment was right, for when the dogs got on the track of the bear Mrs. Baker heard them taking a course that would fetch him out of the swamp at a place where she would be unable to see it or get a shot. But she wasn't there to be fooled, and she started on a run for the spot where the bear was evidently headed for, and she got there before any one else did. The bear, a tremendous big fellow, as black as ink, broke through the thick brush on the edge of the swamp, and was putting in his best ticks across the opening for cover on the other side. But he never reached cover. Mrs. Baker put one rifle ball close behind his left shoulder and another through his loins.

"When the guide, Mr. Baker and another member of the party came tearing to the spot, Mrs. Baker was sitting on the carcass of the bear as cool as a cucumber, and with mock disgust exclaimed: "You're a nice lot of hunters, I declare! If it hadn't been for me this bear would have been a mile away in the woods before you stupid things knew what had become of it!"—New York Sun.

Differed with the Speaker.

The Minister—I now come to that great rite, the Passover, and— Drowsy Railroad Official (awaking suddenly)—I tell you you have no right to a pass over this road. Sam, show this man to the door.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

JIM AND JOE.

Yes, there was Jim, and sure's you're born there never was a better fellow. When things went wrong he didn't crows. Nor crows his luck, nor crows, nor bellows. But—racking long the same old way— He'd light his pipe and go to smokin. Till things came round all right again. With Jim still laughin and a-jokin.

Then there was Joe with him, you see. N'thins was ever goin square. He'd swear the world was near its end. 'Cause some one hadn't traded fairly. Good men were just about played out. The devil's reign was drawin nearer. Somehow—just why he could not tell— The world was growin queer and queer.

Well, as it happened, Jim was poor. And, as it happened, Joe was wealthy. Jim, he was rather small and weak— Joe was a giant, strong and healthy. Yet when it came to sheer content. And light'nin some one else's trouble By smilin over his own, why Jim Could just beat Joseph more than double. —Brown's Partridge in Yankee Blade.

Painting Lace.

Has the lace trimming of the dressing table assumed a questionable tinge? It washed, it will still have the "done-over" look. Rip it off, thoroughly shape and brush, then press it a little to flatten. Now stretch it firmly upon a board or table, with several thicknesses of newspaper beneath it. Use a half inch wide bristle brush and put on pains made from dye freely. The paper will absorb the extra moisture. If dyed all one even that it is very quick work. When the lace is nearly dry, press it with a hot iron over a padded board, as though it were embroidery.

Any of the thin laces, especially Valenciennes, can be painted in several dainty tints, thus bringing out the pattern effectively and in a very novel manner, care being used in selecting harmonious colors. The small knotted fringe which comes in cotton for edging curtains and draperies can be treated in the same manner with the dyes. Any cotton or silk goods take and retain them easily, and they will not overrun the outlines of the design. But on linen they are a little apt to "spread."—Mrs. M. R. Ramsey in Good Housekeeping.

Family Joke.

"A pleasant smile and voice at the morning meal, a neat costume with a knot of becoming ribbon at the throat; a good dinner tastefully and promptly served, a song or an agreeable book in the evening after tea," and a lot of other stuff like the above appears quite regularly in the papers as advice to married women relative to retaining the love of their husbands. I call it "stuff" because I do not believe the results aimed at can be brought about in any such way. It is an attempt to teach a thing which cannot be taught. If the affliction exists it is not going to be wiped out by delayed dinners, wash day attire, sick headaches and no music or books, and that is all there is to it, barring an occasional row which sets the household blood moving vigorously and with good results.—Cor. Detroit Free Press.

Points of the Compass Among Pueblos.

Among the Pueblo Indians six points of the compass are recognized, and each has its color. North is yellow, west is blue, south is red, east is white; the upper regions are many colored and the lower regions are black. All the preys gods are represented by their images in these six colors.

For example, there is the yellow mountain lion of the north, the blue mountain lion of the west, the red mountain lion of the south and so on. Likewise it is with the other beasts, and thus a very considerable number of deities is formed. All of them must receive worshipful attention lest they get angry and revenge themselves for the neglect.—Washington Star.

An Apology.

Once, in the house of commons, Mr. Labouchere referred to the conduct of some political opponent as being "unworthy of a pettifogging attorney," and, being called upon by the speaker to withdraw this unparliamentary expression, did so, declaring that he was glad of having an opportunity of retracting it, "as it was a great injustice to the attorney."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Products of Mexico.

Although the soil of Mexico and its tropical location are both favorable to agriculture, the lack of energy of its working population, combined with the lack of a sufficient water supply, neutralizes its geographical location, and the production of corn, beans, coffee, sugar and other kinds of products are barely sufficient to supply the home demand.—New York Times.

Reading the Future.

Apples are in much favor in Halloween tests. A maiden may find out at least the first letter of the name of her future husband by peeling a pippin, taking the paring by one end in her fingers, swinging it three times over her head and then letting it drop. The paring will surely fall in the shape of the initial of his name.—New York Herald.

Professor Kohlbrann, who has been making some curious experiments with lightning, finds that the amount of electricity in an ordinary flash so small that it would require thirty-seven flashes to keep a common incandescent lamp burning one hour.

To our neighbors across the Rio Grande November is as dear a month as July is to us, for on its sixth day, in 1813, the Mexicans proclaimed their independence of the crown of Spain, and formed the second, greatest republic of the western hemisphere.

Among the Egyptians coffee was a favorite drink, but was allowed only twice a week, in campaigns especially assembled for the purpose, the greatest solemnity being observed on such occasions.

A mixture of powdered aluminum and chloride of potash will give a brilliant flash light. It gives no smoke, and is thus far better than magnesium for photographic purposes.

George Matson, of South Bend came in on the Schuyler this morning.

Mrs. J. N. Mason, of Burlington Iowa, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. G. F. Houseworth.

Prof. Halsey says that if the population continues to increase as it has the past twenty-four hours additional facilities for teaching will have to be provided. There is little doubt that the Professor is correct, though it is asserted that he is somewhat excited and spoke hastily regarding the matter.

At a recent meeting of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of this city, the following resolutions were passed:

WHEREAS, in view of the loss we have sustained by the sudden and accidental death of our brother, M. J. O'Reilly, and of the still heavier loss of those dearest to him, and

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to the memory of the departed to say that in regretting his removal we mourn for one who was in every way worthy of our regard;

Resolved, That the members of this division sincerely sympathize with the family of the deceased in the dispensation of Providence which has afflicted them;

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the period of thirty days and these resolutions spread upon the minutes of the division and a copy sent to the family of the deceased.

A. CLARK, M. WEAVER, F. HANRAHAN, Committee.

For some one with a few hundred dollars to get into a good business. Established 1886. For further particulars address Box 623, Plattsmouth, Nebraska. wad-a

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, anothering, drowsy, etc. His Restorative Nervine cures headache, fits, etc.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

CATHOLIC.—St. Paul's Church, 34, between Fifth and Sixth. Father J. A. Ney, Pastor. Services: Mass at 8 and 10:30 A. M. Sunday school at 12:30. St. L. Benediction.

CHRISTIAN.—Corner Locust and Eighth Sts. Services morning and evening. Elder J. R. 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. & 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 10:30 P. M.

GERMAN METHODIST.—Corner Sixth St. and Granite. Rev. H. H. Pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school 10:30 A. M.

PRESBYTERIAN.—offices in new church, corner Sixth and Granite sts. Rev. J. T. Baker, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30; preaching at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. The S. R. L. E. of his 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. F. Hill, D. D., pastor. Services: 11 A. M. & 8:00 P. M. Sunday school 9:30 A. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN.—Corner Main and Ninth. Rev. W. H. pastor. Services usual hours. Sunday school 9:30 A. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

SEVENTH CONGREGATIONAL.—Granite, between Fifth and Sixth.

COLORADO BAPTIST.—St. Olive, Oak, between Tenth and Eleventh. Rev. A. Russell, pastor. Services 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—Rooms in a western block, Main street. General 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, 9:30 A. M.; preaching, 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.; prayer meeting Tuesday night; choir practice Friday night. All are welcome.



When you go to a shoe store your object is not only to buy shoes but to procure for what you spend the best that your money will buy. Less than this will not content you; more than this you cannot, in reason, ask. Our methods are as simple as your desires. We do not lift your expectations to the clouds, but we realize them whatever they are. We will never sacrifice your interests to ours and nowhere else can you get a fuller and fairer equivalent for your money. An especially profitable purchase for you is our etc.

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DAWSON & PEARCE

HAVE RECEIVED Their Fall's straw, tinsel ribbons, tips and quilts also a lot of new fashions, come shape hats in straw and felt. They have a full line of baby food, and in order to clear old stock out have reduced their six-walt-hats to 40 and to 75 cts is returned. MISS SCHUYLER, TRIMMER.

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DAY AND EVENING SESSIONS.

Rooms over Mayers Store.

Wanted—An active, reliable man—salary \$75 to \$80 monthly, with increase, to represent in his own section a desirable New York House, Refractories, MANUFACTURER, Local Box 126, New York.

Many old soldiers, who contracted chronic diarrhoea while in the service, have since been permanently cured of it by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure Catarrh, Diphtheria and Canker mouth. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.