

EST. 1858  
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10 RAILWAY  
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SALSBURY  
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1000 N. M.  
 1325 N. M.

Fine Gold Work a Specialty.  
 Rockwood block Plattsmouth, Neb.

**DAWSON & PEARCE**  
 HATS RECEIVED  
 Their Fall straw, fancy ribbons, tips and quilts also a lot of new fashion cone shape hats in straw and felt. They have a full line of baby hood and in order to clear old stock out have reduced their straw caller hats to 50 and to 75 cents trimmed.  
**MISS SCHUYLER, TRIMMER.**

**I. H. DUNN**  
 Always has on hand a full stock of FLOUR AND FEED,  
 Corn, Bran, Shorts Oats and Baled Hay for sale as low as the lowest and delivered to any part of the city.  
 CORNER SIXTH AND VINE  
 Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

**JULIUS PEPPERBERG.**  
 MANUFACTURE OF AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
 DEALER IN THE  
 CHOICEST BRANDS OF CIGARS  
 FULL LINE OF  
 TOBACCO AND SMOKE'S ARTICLES  
 always in stock  
 Plattsmouth, Nebraska

**Shorthand.**  
 AND TYPEWRITING COLLEGE.  
 Plattsmouth, Nebraska.


There are thousands of young ladies, sewing girls, schoolteachers, clerks, etc. who are eking out an existence on a salary barely sufficient to supply their every day wants. By completing a course in shorthand and by finishing they can earn from \$20 to \$100 per month. All students guaranteed to competent students. Individual instruction. New typewriters.  
**DAY AND EVENING SESSIONS.**  
 Rooms over Mayers Store.

**MEAT MARKET**  
 SIXTH STREET  
 F. H. ELLENBAUM, Prop.

The best of fresh meat always found in this market. Also fresh Eggs and Butter.

Wild game of all kinds kept in their season.

**MEAT MARKET**  
 SIXTH STREET

**DENTISTRY**  
  
 GOLD AND PORCELAIN CROWNS—Bridges work and fine gold work a SPECIALTY.  
 DR. STRINAUS LOCAL, as well as other anesthetic for the painless extraction of teeth.  
 G. A. MARSHALL, - Fitzgerald Block

**Lumber Yard**  
 THE OLD RELIABLE.

**H. A. WATERMAN & SON**  
**PINE LUMBER!**  
 Shingles, Lath, Sash.

**Doors, Blinds**  
 Can supply every demand of the city. Call and get terms. Fourth street in rear of opera house.

man who sometimes sits at our house confessed it in a moment of confidence. All the girls know to their cost how easily a party fan is broken, and each girl will easily recall the fact that she herself did not break her fan. It was in the hands of her escort, or a youth on dancing duty, who was twirling it while uttering soft nothings, and snap—went a peck! Now I am told that this is always done on purpose. As soon as the fan is broken the young man is overcome with regret, and insists on having it mended or replacing it.

He may mangle either, but he carries it off and calls with it when it is repaired, or to say that he "lost it," or that it was stolen from his pocket that same evening; but there it is, a door opening to the future. It forms a flimsy society tie—but still a tie—between him and a girl he adores, and whom he could not reach without this little passport. It is worth a dozen letters of introduction, because it places the girl under an apparent obligation as the start. But who would have believed there was so much deception in—the other sex?—Detroit Free Press.

**The Poor Walter.**  
 "People are pretty hard on us," said a waiter in an up town cafe the other night, "considering what we have to go through with sometimes. I have been in this room, and on my feet, hurrying most of the time, for nearly fourteen hours. It's hard to keep one's temper for such a stretch as that, and to be as lively and quick witted as when one began his day's work. At that table over there where those three men are sitting they kept me standing for ten minutes before they gave me their orders. They were just talking, not discussing what they wanted to eat, but finishing up some argument. Now if I had gone away and waited until they had got through with their talk; they would have called me inefficient and negligent; so I stood there, and when I finally got their orders and started away a man at the next table was angry and stopped me to tell me that I was the worst waiter he had ever seen. So you see how it is."—New York Tribune.

**Saving on Rent.**  
 A young literary man of New York, like most of his craft very impetuous, has discovered a means by which he lives respectably and yet cheaply. As he is a hard worker, he values quiet above all things except money. Consequently he always seeks a secluded spot for his abode. In winter he lives in the country where board is cheap. At the beginning of the warm weather, when most people are leaving town, he takes up his residence there in a retired street, where he is permitted to occupy a room in a house deserted by its occupants for the summer at a nominal price. He finds the town in summer as quiet and delightful as he does the country in winter, and urges all his friends who are no better off financially than he is to imitate his way of living. Yet some people maintain that literary men do not know how to spend their money judiciously.—New York Epoch.

**The Intense Brilliance of Lightning.**  
 One consequence of the short duration of lightning is an apparent diminution of its brilliance. It has been proven that light cannot produce its full effect on the eye unless it remains at least as long as one-tenth of a second; but lightning lasts only the ten-thousandth part of a second, and it follows from this that what we see is 100,000 times less bright than it really is.  
 When we recollect that even thus diminished its brilliance is such as to cause temporary blindness if too closely watched, we may feel grateful that we cannot see it in its true vividness, for our human powers of vision would be too weak to bear such a sudden and overwhelming illumination.—Electricity.

**Tired Out.**  
 "I thought I was worn out with my tramp among the shops today," said she in a Twenty-third street ferryboat, "until I met a woman carrying a baby wrapped in a large shawl, with a second child not more than two years old dragging at her skirts. She was shopping, too, for in the bare hands clasped around her heavy burden was clutched a pocket-book, and on her arm hung a satchel, evidently to hold small purchases. And when I saw her tired eyes and noted the tension of her frame with the double drag upon her, I decided my fatigue was not to be considered."—New York Times.

**The Best Cornob Pipe.**  
 The cornob pipe is the sweetest in the world; but the only way to have it in perfection is to make it yourself. Get a large cornob that has not been used for any other purpose. Break it into in the middle. Hollow it out with your jackknife. Bore a small hole at the bottom of the hollow and then insert a little reed stem which you can buy for a penny.  
 There is your cornob pipe—the sweetest that was ever smoked.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Where Coffee Comes From.**  
 Coffee grows between the isothermal lines of 25 degs. north latitude and 30 degs. south latitude, and comes to us from all parts of the world within those lines—from Brazil, Java, Ceylon, Sumatra, India, Arabia, Abyssinia, the West Indies, Central America, Venezuela, Guiana, Peru and some of the Pacific islands. We get the most of it from Brazil, say an average of over 500,000,000 pounds a year for the last ten years.—New York Sun.

**No Smile for Him.**  
 He (ardently)—Sweet creature, why will you not smile upon my suit?  
 She (coldly)—My smile don't go with that suit. It's a ready made one, and couldn't have cost more than twelve dollars.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

**Victoria's Huge Palace in W. How the Dreary Waste of State Rooms After Room Impressed an American Woman Who Visited It.**

The Scotch moors, as I saw them in July, are already fading in my memory into a soft harmonious mingling of russet and green, for the heather was not yet purple; but the sun caught the spray of a mountain rivalet tumbling on its rocky way, or turred more vivid the intense green of those patches of verdure in the midst of the brown of the heather, which we think seem so unnatural when artists who paint in the highlands transfer them to canvas. These high lights stay by one when the hills and all the ordinary features of that charming Scotland melt into the dimmest of memories.  
 One of these summer's high lights was a visit to the queen's private apartments at Windsor. I don't know what red tape and long waiting and diplomatic reference it took to get the permit. I only know that the thoughtful American girl who remembered me and made me one of the four who were to invade the sacred precincts conferred much pleasure on me, and even though we were all so disappointed in what we saw, it was human, was it not, to be delighted to go where few enter?

We looked upon the herd of commoners who filed by us in the wake of the cicerone, who every hour takes throngs of sightseers through the main part of Windsor castle. Their hands were red with Baedekers, but we loftily ignored guidebooks for one day.  
 There were but three high lights there to remember. One was General Gordon's Bible, before which I could have knelt, for it was the well worn book of a soldier who took it into the tented field as his companion.  
 There is no mistaking a book that has been read, the very way it lies open, the invisible marks of reverential fingers, the color of the paper which the open air produces.

It disturbed me to see it in a hideous little glass casket all ornamentation and filigree. Very fine in its way, I suppose, and taking many pounds out of the hero's sister's pocket, who gave it to the queen, but so inappropriate to the simple life of that heroic soul, that martyr to the mistakes of his country.

**TWO MARBLE STATUES.**  
 The second high light in the queen's own domicile was the view from the state drawing room windows of the avenue stretching miles and miles away. It was sunny and bright, for some far back English sovereign or his wise gardener had, perhaps, evidently believed that with all his possessions there was nothing quite equal to the God given one of sunshine, and so there was a wide strip of the greenest turf in the world on either side of the drive. There were no parterres, no fountains or statues, simply this broad open space, where her majesty could walk or drive for miles, hidden by the forest trees on either side from the staring eyes of the public.  
 The third high light in those drearily magnificent palace corridors was the life size modeling of the queen and the prince consort, made since his death. The marble was scarcely pure enough to represent as perfect an ideal of wifely love as any sculptor is ever likely to give. The queen's face turned toward her husband reveals the utmost devotion, the most tender entreaty, as she leans against him imploring him not to leave her. Whoever has not understood widely adoration before must go away from the exquisite exemplification of it with a new knowledge of what its possibilities are. I do not even know if it is good modeling. I only know that it is adorable, cold and inexpressive as marble is supposed to be. It speaks in the face and attitude of the queen as no painting I remember to have seen.

I wish I could feel such genuine admiration of the prince, but he is so English, so handsome, so far away. His head is turned quite from his wife, and as she clings to him he coldly points to distant lands.  
**NO TRACE OF HOME.**  
 There was nothing else in these gorgeous rooms that stays by me. There seemed to me miles of corridors, drawing rooms, little and big; dining rooms and boudoirs, all glitter and glow. The usual gilt and ormolu, marble and onyx, glass of satin and rich stuffs, the dazle of luminous glass, pervaded the entire suites of apartments. We kept looking for some room where there might be a trace of homeliness.  
 We longed to see a workbasket, even if her majesty doesn't do needlework, and a sitting room where there might be an ordinary writing desk, a bookcase with some well thumbed volumes or a chair—an American rocking chair even, in which a loving woman had rocked her babies to sleep.  
 The doors were closed on the queen's and prince consort's bedroom, but ingenious inquiries caused the old house-keeper to give up their secrets. There was no difference. They lived in there in state, and I began to think my childish ideas that kings and queens slept in their crowns was not far wrong.—Elizabeth B. Custer in New York Sun.

**Change for a Rest.**  
**Mrs. De Fashion—Is Mrs. De Style at home?**  
 Servant—No, mum.  
 "Will she be back soon, do you think?"  
 "No, mum; she'll be away all day, I'm thinking. You see I've given her notice, so she's gone out to find a gurrel good enough to fill my place. You might come in an rest y'elf. There's none o' th' family home to talk ye to death."—New York Weekly.

**A Pliable Case.**  
 Judge—What is the charge against this man?  
 Policeman—He stole a street car horse.  
 Judge—I will decide tomorrow whether to send him to a lunatic asylum or the poorhouse.—Good News.

**Electricity in Arms Making.**  
 The electric current has been utilized since 1889 at the small arms factory at St. Etienne for annealing the steel wire of which the hammer springs of the rifle, 1886 pattern, are made. These springs are manufactured of steel wire, 7 millimeters thick, cut in lengths of 8.30 meters; the wire is rolled spirally, and a current of twenty-three amperes is passed through it. Heating is rapidly effected; when it is judged sufficient the circuit is closed, and the hammer spring is dropped into a water tank.

**THE OLD CHURCH TOWER.**

Only just across the way there's an ancient church tower gray,  
 Old and gloomy, high and lonely to behold,  
 There are vines about the door, and they trail across the floor,  
 While the shattered panes let in the winter's cold.  
 In the tower there hangs a bell, though it seems as if a spell  
 Had been laid upon its rusty, brazen tongue,  
 With its haunting notes, and with ivy overgrown,  
 Lone and silent it remains where first 'twas hung.  
 Many years have passed and gone since its sweet and silvery tone  
 Called the villagers to meet in praise and prayer,  
 Or gave warning in the night of the firebrand in his might,  
 As it rang the loud alarm on the air.  
 Often, too, has that old bell tolled the solemn funeral knell  
 O'er some plighted in the churchyard laid to rest;  
 Or the joyous wedding bell pealing forth that all is well  
 As the new made bride and groom the portals passed.  
 And that couple, where are they, who were once so high and gay?  
 Hand in hand along life's path they slowly strayed;  
 In old age they passed away, but their children's children play  
 Round the spot where they in childhood too had played.  
 High above the sleepy town, the church tower still looks down,  
 Grave and solemn, on the shifting scene below;  
 And the tide of human life, with its ceaseless toll and strife,  
 Watching as the generations come and go.  
 —F. M. Behjemen in Arkansas Traveler.

**And He Kept at Work.**  
 Dr. Batty Tuks, the eminent Edinburgh psychologist, had a laughable experience the other day. A Scotch laborer was engaged in the grounds of the doctor's asylum, near Edinburgh, and had received injunctions to pay no attention whatever to the remarks of the patients who noticed him. Some little time after Dr. Tuks, looking at the progress of the work, mildly suggested an alteration. The workman dug stolidly on and never lifted his head. The doctor raised his voice; the man dug energetically. The doctor threatened, stormed and finally thundered out, "Do you know who I am?"  
 The son of the soil straightened his back, looked at him for a minute, and shaking his head sorrowfully, exclaimed, "Fair delerious cratur, I'm sorry for ye!" and went on calmly with his work.—London Tit-Bits.

**Long Needed.**  
 Papa (reading)—A new kind of cash register has been invented which loops off the fingers of those who meddle with it.  
 Small Son—What's a cash register?  
 Mamma (quietly)—It's a contrivance for putting in sugar bowls.—Good News.

One man can anneal twenty springs in three minutes, equivalent to about 2,400 per day. Electric annealing being clean in operation and cheap will no doubt soon be applied in numerous cases analogous to the one indicated.—Boston Transcript.

**The Doctor Used a Chisel.**  
 A case like that in which the old Lincoln county doctor smashed a bean pot that had fallen down over a man's head like a hangman's cap and charged a fee of two dollars for it came up in Ellsworth the other day. A schoolgirl's finger became inextricably caught in a knot hole and everybody was excited. Instead of sending for a carpenter they got a physician, who coolly performed a neat job with a chisel and a bit, without shedding a drop of blood, while school-ma'ams and pupils wondered at the resources of modern medical science.—Lewiston Journal.

**A Hint on Economy.**  
 The lesson which the working people of our country need to learn is not so much how to get money as how to save it or spend it wisely. Most people can manage the first part of home finance, but it takes a clever person, indeed, to make a proper use of the money when it is earned. Dr. Johnson once said that "without economy none can be rich; and with it few can be poor." And, though his statement cannot be accepted as being absolutely correct, there is still a grain of truth in it.—Hall's Journal.

**Coras of carbon** are now being used in castings. They are made similar to electric arc carbons, but are softer and more porous. They are said to be very durable, do not lose strength or shape, and the work from them finishes up better than that from sand molds.

The government of Japan gets a large proportion of its revenue from the railroad and telegraph companies that it owns and operates. The question of public taxation is always under serious consideration by the statesmen and economists of Japan.  
 The reason that the postmarks on letters become more dim in winter, as noticed by many people, is that the cold weather hardens the ink used on the stamping pads, and the marking stamps being of iron, become chilled.  
 The creature having the greatest number of distinct eyes is the chiton, a species of mollusk, in the shell of which has been found as many as 11,000 separate and distinct eyes!

**HENRY BOE**  
 The Leading  
**FURNITURE DE**  
 —AND—

**UNDERTA**  
 Constantly keeps on hand  
 you need to furnish your  
 CORNER SIXTH AND MAIN  
 Plattsmouth

**MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY**

For Atchinson, St. Joseph, worth, Kansas City, 8 and all points north south or west. Tickets sold and baggage checked to any point in the United States or Canada. For INFORMATION AS TO AND ROUTES Call at Depot or address H. C. TOWNSEND, G. P. A. St. Joseph, J. C. PHILLIPS, A. G. P. A. H. D. APGAR, Agt., Plattsmouth, Telephone, 77.

Wanted—An active, reliable man to do monthly, with increase in his own section a representative. References. MATHEW BUS 156, New York.