

**BURLINGTON & MISSOURI PACIFIC R. CO.**  
**TIME TABLE.**  
**OF DAILY PASSENGER TRAINS**

GOING EAST		GOING WEST	
No. 2	5:05 p. m.	No. 1	8:45 a. m.
No. 4	10:30 a. m.	No. 3	5:25 p. m.
No. 8	7:44 p. m.	No. 5	9:05 a. m.
No. 10	9:45 a. m.	No. 7	7:45 p. m.
No. 12	10:14 a. m.	No. 9	6:25 p. m.
No. 20	8:20 a. m.	No. 11	5:05 p. m.
		No. 19	11:05 a. m.

**MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY**  
**TIME CARD.**

No. 384 Accommodation	Leaves	10:55 a. m.
No. 383	arrives	4:00 p. m.

Trains daily except Sunday

**DR. A. SALSBURY**  
**DENTIST**  
**GOLD AND PORCELAIN CROWNS.**  
 Dr. Salsbury's anesthetic for the painless extraction of teeth.  
**Fine Gold Work a Specialty.**  
 Rockwood Block      Plattsmouth, Neb.

**DAWSON & PEARCE**  
**HAVE RECEIVED**  
 Their Fall straws, 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 food, and in order to please old stock out here we reduced their straw sailor hats to 40 and to 75 cc. 18 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, school teachers, clerks, etc. who are seeking 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 \$40 to \$150 per month. Situations 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—**  
 Bridge work and fine gold work a  
**SPECIALTY.**  
 DR. STEINAUS LOCAL as well as other  
 esthetics, given for the painless extraction of  
 teeth.  
**C. A. MARSHALL, - Fitzgerald Block**

**Lumber Yard**  
**THE OLD RELIABLE.**  
**H. A. WATERMAN & SON**  
**PINE LUMBER!**  
 Shingles, Lath, Sash,  
**Doors, Blinds**  
 Can supply ever demand of the city.  
 Call and get terms. Fourth street  
 in rear of opera house.

**OF THOSE REMEMBERED.**  
 There is no moment when our dead lose power. Unassigned, unannounced they visit us. Who calls them I know not. Sorrowful, they haunt reproachfully some venal hour in days of joy, and when the world is near. And for a moment scourge with memories. The money changers of the temple soul. In the dim space between two gulfs of sleep, Or in the stillness of the lonely shore, They rise for balm or torment, sweet or sad, And most are mine where, in the kindly woods, Beside childlike joy of summer streams, The steady sweetness of the pine bath power To call their kindest comforting answer.

Use well thy dead. They come to ask of thee What thou hast done with all this buried love. The seed of purer life? Or has it fallen unused In stony ways and brought thy life no gain? Wilt thou with gladness in another world Say it has grown to forms of duty done And ruled thee with a conscience not thine own?  
 Another world! How shall we find our dead? What forceful law shall bring us face to face? Another world! What yearnings there shall guide?  
 Will love souls twinned of love bring near again?  
 And that one common bond of duty held This living and that dead, when life was theirs? Or shall some stronger soul, in life reversed, Bring both to touch, with nature's certainty. As the pure crystal atoms of its kinds Draws into fellowship of lovefulness?  
 —S. Weir Mitchell.

**The Greek Dress for Women.**  
 It is not to be wondered at that those women who care for their beauty rather than for style in their attire should again and again revert to the idea of introducing among English ladies the graceful fashions of ancient Greece. The flowing draperies and cunning folds in which the robe of the Athenian lady was arranged formed the very ideal of a suitable attire for women, if they studied only the art of making themselves appear charming.

That the Greek is really the only mode of attire suited to the form feminine is sufficiently attested by the fact that no woman of taste wishing a life size statue of herself to be made would think of arraying herself in any other fashion of clothing. How would the bodice, short or long in basque, according to the prevailing style, the full straight skirt or the flounced petticoat, the tight laced waist and the peaked shoulders, appear when chiseled in marble or rendered in bronze. So far, however, the demand for classic ideals has been made in vain. The attempts to revive the beautiful fashions of the Greek women have been desultory and infrequent, and the few ladies who have tried the experiment have either been soon tired by the extra trouble involved and annoyed by the notice they excited, or they have not possessed sufficient social importance for their example to be largely followed.  
 Lady.

**To Catch Those Shamming Deafness.**  
 "That no man is proof against the love of money is evidenced by the ease with which a physician can expose a man who is feigning deafness," says Dr. Wallace Smyth. "A man can pretend to be deficient in any one of the senses, and it is sometimes necessary to subject him to an electric shock to break down his self erected barrier. But if a man who is pretending to be deaf is approached from behind while standing on a stone floor or sidewalk and a coin is dropped so as to ring, he will invariably turn sharply around with a view to picking it up."  
 "This simple device is frequently resorted to in countries where conscription is the rule and where deafness or any other infirmity relieves a man from army service. I saw it tried in Paris on six alleged youths, and, much to the examining physician's amusement, it succeeded in exposing the sham every time."  
 —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**We Are Larger Than We Used to Be.**  
 "It is a great mistake," says an architect, "to suppose that men are becoming smaller physically. When I was in Europe, in Munich, we gave a grand ball and the city authorities decided to let the artists have the use of the medieval armor stored in the museum there. There were only two suits of armor which could be worn by us. These were the suits of giants of that time. The rest, which belonged to the ordinary sized, strong medieval soldiers, were too small for us. Would not this tend to show that we are larger than our ancestors were?"—Detroit Free Press.

**Willing to Do Anything.**  
 She—No, I'm afraid I can't marry you. Snooks is such a horribly common name.  
 He (eagerly)—I'll get it changed!  
 She—But your hair is so dreadfully red.  
 He (determined)—I'll get it dyed!  
 She—And your eyes are decidedly green.  
 He (frantically)—I'll go out and get 'em blacked!—Exchange.

**Electric Garden Pump.**  
 Many of the country residences in England are now supplied with electric lighting machinery, and consequently a great number of electrical adaptations are rendered possible. Among these is an electric garden pump, which is said to do its work in a most efficient manner. It is only necessary to fix it up by a pond or fountain and attach a suction and delivery pipe, and the water is projected as desired.—New York Telegram.

**The Irrepressible Office Boy.**  
 "Is th' boss in?"  
 "Whose boss?"  
 "Yourn."  
 "I ain't got no boss. Ef ye mean the man what pays me tree dollars a week to answer fool questions, he's out, and won't be in agin till you're gone!"—New York Truth.

It is estimated that not far from 30,000 persons sleep in rented rooms in Boston lodging houses. Most of these are young men and women from the country, a considerable proportion of whom are bravely struggling to live respectably on very small salaries.

The Imperial university, at Tokio, Japan, is probably the largest in the world, having an enrollment of 2,000 scholars and a faculty of forty members. It is under government control.

**A Woman's Statement.**  
 They got into an argument about the money made by people who earn their living on the stage. Of course they differed, people can't argue satisfactorily unless they differ. But here is the opinion of a woman who was once on the stage, who was clever enough in her work to get applause and praise, who presumably earned more than the average actress, and yet who is content with her present life:  
 "When I take out the money paid for gowns which were useless except on the stage, when I make allowance for traveling expenses, hotel bills, weeks in which few performers earn anything; when I take into account engagements which could not for many reasons be satisfactory to me; when I foot up the salaries which sometimes in my early work I never received, and when I estimate the thousand and one little expenses which were then necessary, I consider that for several years of my life I earned practically nothing but a living and I worked very hard, you must understand. When I got married I left the stage. Now it isn't necessary to tell you what my salary was or what my husband's salary now is, but his earnings are less than mine were. But we two live much better on his smaller salary than I alone could live on my bigger salary. We have a pretty home and all that we need to be happy. We save a little money too. So I suppose this is a fair answer as to what one makes on the stage. There are a great many circumstances to be considered."  
 —New York Tribune.

**Ten Anxious Minutes.**  
 Captain Anderson rescued the crew of a Dutch schooner from a wild part of the island of Formosa, after firing upon some of the natives. His return is thus described in "A Cruise in an Opium Clipper": "Our way took us in single file through a narrow pass, and as I entered it at the head of my men, for a second my heart almost ceased to beat at the startling sight that met my gaze. "The pass was lined on both sides with ferocious looking natives armed with pole axes, spears, huge knives and many other death dealing instruments. "Although I was taken flat aback by the sight, some instinct carried me forward sword in hand, looking to the right and left with a cool, staring eye, which seemed to curb the revengeful spirit of the natives. "On arriving at the other end of the defile I stopped, turned round, saw all the men safely through, and then told them in unmistakable English to make a clean pair of heels for the ship, while I brought up the rear at a sharp pace as soon as I had got a little way from the entrance of the pass, so that the natives might not see us in too great a hurry. "How they let us through without touching a hair of our heads or once making a motion toward us passes my comprehension."

**Letters That Never Came.**  
 They tell a funny story of a man who rented a box in the postoffice awhile ago. He appears to have been new to the business and failed to get the hang of the thing. After a month or so he called on one of the postoffice officials and began to kick about the box. "The blamed thing never had any mail in it," was his complaint. "I have looked in that box every day since I rented it and it hasn't had a thing in it the whole time. I even addressed a letter to myself and never heard from it." The two took a look at the box and the postoffice man inquired if the box renter had ever opened his box. Why, no; of course not. Couldn't he see that there wasn't anything in it. Of course it turned out that he had forgotten the number of his box though it was on his receipt, and had been watching and swearing over an unrented one. He found a stock of mail in his box at last and went away feeling small enough to crowd inside of it.—Buffalo Express.

**The Wooden Indian.**  
 I used to live in Spain, and afterward in the West Indies, before I came to the States. I met the wooden Indian long before I came to this country. I have been asked before where the wooden Indian got his start. I only know what I have heard about him in the Old World. There was an adventurer named Rutz who left his old city, Barcelona, and came to Virginia 300 years ago. When he returned he executed the wooden Indian in a rude way, as a type of the sort of animal he had met in the New World, and the figure was set up in front of a shop where wine was sold. Finally it became a sort of trademark. There were smokers in those days and they assembled around the Indian. And the wooden Indian is now seen in front of nearly every cigar store.—Interview in Chicago Tribune.

**Waited Until the Child Was Safe.**  
 An interesting little war story has Governor Jones, of Alabama, for its hero. At the time Gordon was resisting Sherman's advance, Jones, then a staff captain, was delivering a message from his chief when he saw a little child, clad only in night clothes, hiding in terror behind a frame house in the direct range of the bullets from each army. Jones rode forward, took the child on his horse and galloped back with her to the Confederate line. When the Union forces saw the act they ceased firing, and there was an impromptu cessation of hostilities until the child had been carried to a point of safety.—Charleston News and Courier.

**Thieves Trust in Fortunate Tellers.**  
 The thief has implicit reliance in the foreknowledge claimed by gypsies and other people, and he has been known to pay blackmail to professed exponents of the "black art" who threatened him with all manner of perils.—Exchange.

**His Error.**  
 Husband—Thank heaven I am not as other men.  
 Wife—You are mistaken there. It is they who should be thankful.—Detroit Free Press.

**CARRIED MESSAGES.**  
**MESSENGER BOYS WHO HAVE ACQUIRED FAME AND WEALTH.**  
 Messrs. Carnegie, Oliver, Pitcairn, McCargo and Moreland Were Youngsters in a Pittsburg Telegraph Office Together—How They Were Promoted.  
 The story of five messenger boys begins in the early days of telegraphy. In a dingy office in Pittsburg, about 1848, Andrew Carnegie, Henry W. Oliver, Robert Pitcairn, Major William C. Moreland and David McCargo were messengers. It is said that they took the opposite of other boys and spent their spare moments in learning useful lessons. Andrew Carnegie is the oldest of the lot, and he was the smartest, leading all in learning how to telegraph. He was one of the first operators in the country to learn to take the Morse system by sound, which in those days was considered a remarkable achievement. It did not take Thomas A. Scott long to snatch Mr. Carnegie from the telegraph office in Pittsburg into his office as private secretary when the great railroad genius took charge of the Pittsburg end of the road. The education the young Scotchman received from a greater mind lifted him from a secretary's seat into the place of division superintendent when Mr. Scott was made vice president of the railroad. The industry, the subtle cunning and watching faith of Scott taught him to lay his lines in other directions than watching the divisions of a railroad, and Scott helped him. His place gave him the opportunity to look into other lines of industry, and he drove a drift into an iron mill. His pickaxe was not large, but his cunning and thrift made up for the size of his ax. J. Edgar Thomson who was the president of the Pennsylvania railroad then gave a great name and money to the works now dominated by Mr. Carnegie. At that time Colonel Scott was a power in the nation as well as the railroad, and Carnegie began to gather wealth.

**MR. CARNEGIE'S EARLY AMBITION.**  
 "My ambition in those days," he said recently, "was to write for newspapers. I took in material in that direction whenever it was possible. I haunted the public library in Allegheny, and caught on to the fact that a distinction was made by the attendants between the poor boys and the sons of well to do parents. It made me indignant. I wrote my first public letter to the board of control, and a change was ordered. This result more than ever resolved me to follow journalism, but an accident drifted me elsewhere, and I became a manufacturer."

**Thrift and industry were the derricks which lifted Harry W. Oliver out of the telegraph chair next to Mr. Carnegie, and made him a clerk for a big iron firm. He is an Irishman, with a head full of cunning about the business economies of life. It did not take long for him to realize the possibilities of the iron trade, and one day a slick working block and tackle hoisted him out of his seat at the desk in the big firm's workshop and landed him in a business that has since grown to be one of the greatest concerns in the world. He has grown very rich, and one railroad and seven manufacturing concerns now feel the touch of his hand.**

**Another Scotchman of the famous five is Robert Pitcairn, who sits in the seat once occupied by Colonel Tom Scott and Mr. Carnegie. He went from a telegraph chair into the railroad business, and he has been a master in all the best conditions of railroad life. He is many times a millionaire, but he lives for his railroad, although interested, like Mr. Oliver, in many large manufacturing enterprises. He does the work of about three men every day, and takes recreation only when he wants to talk with a big friend or indulge with his countrymen in the melodies of Scotland. He has denied himself promotion many times, because he likes to cling to the location where he began as a messenger boy and has had so many triumphs.**

**A THURMIN IN TELEGRAPHY.**  
 The fourth member of the group is David McCargo, the general manager of the Allegheny railroad. His strong Scotch character lifted him into big railway concerns early. He left the telegraph office soon after the other boys and took a place on the railway. "Think of it," said Major William P. Moreland, the last, but not least, of the famous five. "I stood at the key with Carnegie, Oliver, Pitcairn, McCargo, and heard the first message pass over the wires that was sent between the north and south. James D. Reid, who was general superintendent; David Brooks, now living in Philadelphia, and Jackson Duncan, of Cincinnati, had charge of the experiment. We had to work on short circuits in those days, and we thought it was impossible to send a message to New York from New Orleans. Brooks and Reid walked over and inspected the line from the Crescent City to Pittsburg. After arriving here and assuring themselves that the line was perfect, the effort was ordered and every telegraph operator on the line, and in fact the whole country, was waiting in suspense to know the success or failure of the effort. Every magnet was adjusted, and every electrician on the line stood at his key listening for the result. At the signal New York called Philadelphia, the Quaker City signaled Harrisburg, and then in quick succession Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville and New Orleans were opened to the metropolis. No one drew a breath scarcely until the tick came, and in a minute an unbroken message was sent between the north and south. That may seem primitive in these days, when there is no measuring electric power; but then it was the talk of the nation. This is a bit of untold history; but I shall never forget that hour."—New York Sun.

**The Planchette.**  
 The planchette was the popular craze in the year 1887 in Japan. The instrument used there consists of three pieces of bamboo of a specified length tied in the middle to form a tripod, over which is inverted a shallow circular tray of lacquered ware about a foot in diameter. The legs are 1 foot 6 inches, Japanese, in length. All present put their hands gently on the tray, and the cokrui, as the object is called, or cokrui san, san being honorific, is politely asked to answer the proposed questions by raising one leg for "yes" and another for "no." Or for "yes" by turning around, many such devices being used. The operation will be seen to be more closely allied to "table turning" than what we know as the planchette.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**It Went Off.**  
 One of my fellow students once bought an old gun, which he intended to use in some private theatricals he was producing. Several of his fellow comrades were in his room one night and the gun came up for criticism. One of them picked it up and pointed it, pulling the trigger. The others followed suit, but after six or seven of them had tried it, the next one pulled the trigger, the gun going off and blinding one of the poor fellows for life, as well as disfiguring him.—London Tit-Bits.

The best conducting qualities of the metals range as follows: Silver, 100; copper, 73.80; gold, 52.30; annealed aluminium, 38.87; unannealed aluminium, 37.96; tin, 14.50; iron, 11.60; steel, 11.60; lead, 8.50; platinum, 8.40; bismuth, 180.

**Noble-Finley.**  
 The many friends of County Superintendent Noble and Miss Jessie Finley in this vicinity and Cass county will be pleased to know that these two young people were principals in an important "Noble Affair," that took place at the residence of the bride's parents in Atlantic, Iowa, on Tuesday, Dec. 29. Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Noble took the train at 5 p. m. for Oh'o where two weeks will be spent with the relatives of the groom, when they will return to Weeping Water for a visit before going to housekeeping in Plattsmouth, where they will reside for the next two years. Mr. and Mrs. Noble will please accept the hearty congratulations of hosts of well wishers here.—Weeping Water Republican.

Mrs. J. M. Leyda left this morning for Weeping Water spend Sunday. Miss Kittie Russell returned to Weeping Water this morning after a weeks visit with the family of A. B. Knotts.

**A Mistake.**  
 These curious personal resemblances, which are not uncommon, have given rise to the popular belief that every man has his double somewhere in the world. It appears that the double of a well known professor of the Rush Medical college is a hairdresser, whose shop is situated in the immediate neighborhood of that institution, and who, well aware of his likeness to the learned doctor, carefully copies the latter in dress, bearing and demeanor. A few days ago the professor was walking homeward from his lecture room, when a gentleman, entirely unknown to him, stopped him in the street, saying:  
 "Follow me to my house. I want you to cut my hair."

The amiable professor, one of whose principles of life it has always been never to withhold from a fellow creature any service that it might be within his power to render, meekly accompanied the stranger home and there addressed himself to the task thus imperatively prescribed to him. Lacking professional scissors, he picked up a pair of shears, used for cutting paper, from a writing table in the dressing room to which he had been conducted, and with this implement proceeded most conscientiously to cut his victim's hair down to the very roots.

When he had cleared about half the skull he accidentally struck the point of his shears into the scalp of his patient, who, springing to his feet in great pain and wrath, exclaimed:  
 "Can't you take care what you're about? Do you call yourself a hairdresser?"  
 "A hairdresser!" returned the astonished sage. "Certainly not. I am only Professor Blank, very much at your service, as you perceive."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**Too Much Lynch Law.**  
 First Citizen—Wall, we caught up with the feller wot stole your new overcoat, an lynched him.  
 Second Citizen—Ha, hat that's something like. Teach these coyotes they've gotten obey the laws of the land. Hung him, eh?  
 "No, we shot him full o' holes."  
 "Gee whittaker! He didn't have my overcoat on, did he?"  
 "Jerusalem, partner, come to think, I'm 'fraid he did."  
 "Ye oughter be arrested, every one of ye. This ere lynch law is a disgrace ter civilization."—New York Weekly.

**Streets of a Chinese City.**  
 Consul Gracey summarizes the condition of streets and highways of Foochow, China, in the following report to the department of state, Washington: "There are no roads in this part of China. The streets of Foochow are from six to twelve feet wide, many of them covered with stone slabs, which are filthy beyond description, and are perfectly execrable. We have no wheeled vehicles, and as a consequence merely footpaths all through the country."

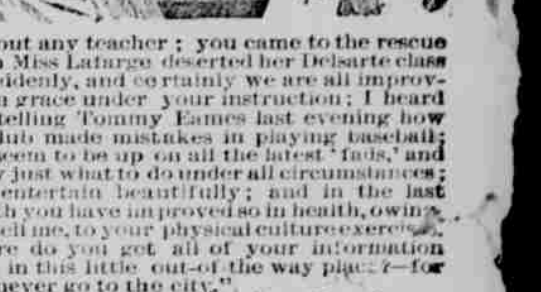
**Pets on Shipboard.**  
 Cats and dogs have been found on wrecks which apparently had been abandoned by their crew some time previous. In several instances when vessels have been abandoned the crews have, at great risk to themselves, rescued their marine pets. Pet monkeys make themselves very much at home on board ship, and are great favorites with Jack.—London Tit-Bits.

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**SEE THOSE FINE CHRISTMAS SLIPPERS AT SHERWOOD'S**

**A POPULAR FAMILY.**  
 JENNIE: "How is it, Kate, that you always seem to 'catch on' to the latest new thing? Do what I may, you always seem to get ahead of me."  
 KATE: "I don't know; I certainly do not make any exception in this direction."  
 JENNIE: "Well, during the last few months, for example, you have taken up painting,



without any teacher; you came to the rescue when Miss Lafarge deserted her Debarte class so suddenly, and so calmly; we are all improving in grace under your instructions; I heard you telling Tommy Eames last evening how his club made mistakes in playing baseball; you seem to be up on all the latest 'fads,' and know just what to do under all circumstances; you entertain beautifully; and in the last month you have improved in health, owing, you tell me, to your physical culture exercises. Where do you get all your information from in this little 'out-of-the-way' place—for you never go to the city."  
 KATE: "Why, Jennie, you will make me vain. I have only one source of information, but it is surprising how it meets all wants. I very seldom hear of anything new but what the next few days bring me full information on the subject. Maggie's 'Not a Magazine' and a great treasure it is to us all, for it really furnishes the reading for the whole household; father has given up his magazine that he has taken for years, as he says this one gives more and better information on the subjects of the day; and mother says that it is that that makes her such a famous housekeeper. In fact, we all agree that it is the only really family magazine published, as we have sent for samples of all of them, and find that one is all for men, another all for women, and another for children only. While this one suits every one of us; so we only need to take one instead of several, and that is where the economy comes in, for it is only \$2.00 a year. Perhaps you think I am too lavish in my praise; but I will let you see ours, or, better still, send 10 cents to the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th Street, New York, for a sample copy, and I shall always consider that I have done you a great favor; and may be you will be cut in on us, as you say we have a reputation for being the best informed families in town. That be so, it is Demorest's Family Magazine that does it."

A liberal offer—only \$3.50 for  
**THE WEETLY HERALD**  
 and Demorest Family Magazine.  
 Send your subscription to this office.

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

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