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**COAL AND WOOD**  
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**PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.**  
**D. A. SALISBURY**  
— DENTIST —  
GOLD AND PORCELAIN CROWNS.  
Dr. Stelwag's anaesthetic 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 full line of baby hood and in order to please soft stock out have reduced their straw sailor hats to 40 and to 75 cents trimmed.  
**MISS SKYL ES, 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.

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

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AND TYPEWRITING COLLEGE—  
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There are thousands of young ladies, sewing girls, school teachers, clerks, etc who are reeking out an existence on a salary barely sufficient to supply their every day wants.  
By completing a course in shorthand and by finishing it you 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.

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**DENTISTRY**  
GOLD AND PORCELAIN CROWNS—  
Bridge work and fine gold work a  
**SPECIALTY.**  
DR. STEINAUS LOCAL as well as other anaesthetics given for the painless extraction of teeth.  
**C. A. MARSHALL - Fitzgerald Block**

**Lumber Yard**  
THE OLD RELIABLE.

**L. 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.

**"Our Sal"**  
Our Sal  
Was such a queer girl! No one could find out her other name, or who she was at all. When she came first to the sal we must not ask her; so we called her just  
Our Sal.  
Our Sal  
Would never laugh. She sometimes sang to us  
Some wild, weird air, like winds wall in the fall,  
O, she could cook. Make cakes and light pie crust.  
And bread that no one else could bake, but just  
Our Sal.  
Our Sal  
Did all the work, and took care of us too. And sometimes when they danced in the great hall  
She come and watched, she was so queer, and fussed  
Around; but we said "never mind; it is just  
Our Sal."  
Our Sal  
Is now here now. One day our babe strayed down  
To the dark water's edge. We heard a call  
Our sickening hearts told us it must  
Be baby gone! But, no; 'twas only just  
Our Sal.

**THE ROMANCE OF "SOLITUDE."**  
It was a lovely bit of country, too far from the city to be called a suburb, and near enough to allow one to reach the business thoroughfare without too long a journey.  
The land was high and rolling, the hillsides covered with luxuriant growths of white oak, tulip and poplar trees, the hollows sheltering houses and farms in their leafy nooks.  
In one of these leafy valleys, in a vine-clad cottage lived two people, a man and a woman, who, although ignored by the world and ignorant of it, enjoyed in their little corner the happiness of the golden age. John and Jennie were quakers. They lived on this little farm because John's father had lived there, and he himself had been born there, and Jennie not very far from it.  
They were quite well off, and when I said that they lived ignorant of the world I erred, because besides their little farm, which they called "Solitude," and which, of course, was the dearest object of their affections, they had another interest in the world—the foundation of an orphanage, undertaken by a society of Friends—and although John had already given hundreds and thousands he was still ready and willing to open his purse and help to carry on the good work.  
The quiet and contented life of John and Jennie was somewhat disturbed by the building of an electric railway which was to pass through their lands and quite near their house.  
They were very much distressed at first, but John who was nearer 50 than 45, and who had never thought of fighting anybody in the world, made up his mind to let the railroad people have their way and let them take what they wanted of his land; but he took care to make them pay a good price for it.  
The road was built and the cars began to run. From John's cottage they could hear the hissing of the wheels as they glided on the rails along the garden. At first John and Jennie never looked at the cars with their glittering red paint. They were a little sore about it. They did not hate it, because they could not hate anything, but still "Solitude" was not "Solitude" any longer after all.  
But little by little they grew more accustomed to it, and one morning Jennie, who was at least ten years younger than John, and could not help having her share in the curiosity that ruined our Mother Eve, proposed to John to ride to the city in the cars.  
For the last fifteen years John had not turned his foot in the direction of the city. The hired man generally did all the errands. John was contented with the country, with the lowing of the herds on the hillsides, the twittering of the birds and the pleasures of the fields, but he had on hand some business connected with the orphanage, and since the cars were running by, it was just as well that he should go himself.  
They started, then, one fine morning, and I need not describe them. Every body can see that quaker couple, Jennie with her gray cap and long shawl, her hands in her mittens, and John with his wide-brimmed hat and his dragging, snuff colored coat. They looked very well, though, for John was quite a handsome man, and Jennie, with her lively black eyes and lovely smile, seemed quite young and pretty. They parted in the city with the understanding that they would not wait for each other to return home. John not knowing exactly how long his business would detain him. Having left Jennie, he went to the office of his friend, Judge Rangoon, who took care of his affairs for him. Rangoon was about John's age, but very different in physical appearance. He was a fat, red-faced, little man with a bald head and bright eyes full of mischief.  
"Upon my word I'm glad to see thee," exclaimed the judge when John entered the room, "but how didst thou happen to come this way?"  
"God bless thee, my friend," answered John, "Jennie and myself came on the cars this morning."  
"Ah, yes, the electric railway—that's great. Civilization! Civilization! Progress! Is it not wonderful? And what are thee going to do next?"  
"The fact is," said John, "who was always fair-minded and just, it goes much faster than the old nag, and the road seems more smooth."  
"Well, I should say! Ah, the power of civilization is something perfectly tremendous." Judge Rangoon's eyes were sparkling with mirth when he uttered these words, and the emphasis he laid on the word "tremendous" was equal to the word itself.  
"See here," he continued, walking toward the telephone. "I, here in my office, have just been talking with somebody in New York. What dost thou say to that?"  
"Sh!" exclaimed John, taking hold of the tube. "Is that the invention they have written so much about?"  
"It is!" And Rangoon amused by the simplicity and innocence of his friend, astonished him by the display of all the improvements and comforts which

were the results of the last few years' discoveries and which he could enjoy in this little space covered by his office. Besides the telephone, John looked wonderingly at all the electric apparatus, at the speaking tubes, typewriter, etc., and Rangoon's voice grew more and more emphatic as he commented upon everything. The judge probably was getting excited and growing still more inclined to have some fun out of his friend's ignorance. "Civilization! Progress! Progress! Civilization!" These two words were heard constantly as a kind of refrain, and John was beginning to feel that really "civilization" must be a pretty big thing, and "progress," too.  
"Thee must dine with me to-day," said the judge, "and I will show thee how a man can dine in the nineteenth century."  
John was very hungry and could not refuse such an invitation. Judge Rangoon laughed in his sleeve and made up his mind to give such a shaking up to John's idea of things that it would be the making of him.  
"Well, in we'll go to Jackson's. And to Jackson's they went. It was the best place in the city and Judge Rangoon was one of the pillars of the establishment. The dinner he gave John was indeed a masterpiece. We do not give the menu lest we should make our readers' mouths water.  
We must mention only that under the pretext of "civilization" and "progress" he made John drink a considerable amount of wine, and John who had never heard of champagne before, found this "civilized and progressive" beverage so good that by dessert time he was proclaiming almost as loudly as Rangoon that "civilization" was great and "progress," too.  
They walked out of the restaurant (John at least did) with that uncertain gut which is the corollary of some good dinners. Just opposite Jackson's people were crowding into the Bijou theatre for a matinee. An infernal idea passed through the judge's mind. John must see the ballet girls. And always "civilization" and "progress" going on. Tickets were purchased and they found themselves comfortably seated in the parquet.  
It was not a play—it was only a show. If John had been sober I have no doubt that he would have been greatly shocked, but he was beyond that now, and he shrieked himself really hoarse to show his appreciation of the scenery and of the actresses. These particularly impressed him, and he emphatically declared that they were so far the most wonderful products of "civilization" and "progress" he had yet beheld.  
Rangoon did not let his friend go immediately. After the theater they walked through the city and made several stations in different places to admire still better the wonderful results of "progress and civilization."  
As the evening came near, however, the thought of Jennie came into John's mind, and immediately he turned his steps homeward. Rangoon saw him safely in the cars, made him promise to come soon again, and waved his handkerchief to him while he was whirled away by electricity and shouted back: "Civilization and Progress."  
Jennie found that evening that John had a queer look on his face, and was quite alarmed when he refused to converse and said he was tired and wanted to go to bed. She asked him if he felt sick. He said he did not, and changing the subject, abruptly asked her if she knew anything about "progress" and "civilization."  
"I'm going crazy?" thought the poor woman, almost trembling with fear, and she put him to bed with the hot water bottle to his feet.  
John slept soundly, and when he woke up next morning it was quite hard to recollect what had occurred the day before. After some hard thinking, however, he remembered three things: First, he had not done in the city what he had gone to do; second, Rangoon had given him a highly civilized and progressive dinner; third, the figures of the ballet girls! And, above all, there was for him the clear consciousness that "civilization" was great, and "progress," too.  
That day was spent by him in a meditative and silent mood. Two or three times Jennie mentioned to him the changes. This subject generally was always interesting to him, but it did not seem to have any more effect upon him.  
Next day he took the cars to the city.  
\* \* \* Then the day after \* \* \*  
The next, and so on every day. Jennie never said a word. She felt that a great trial had come upon him and bowed her head under it. John went faster and faster on the broad highway of "progress" and "civilization."  
One morning Jennie, who had hardly seen John for a fortnight at least, asked him if he had answered the letter of the people from the orphanage. She looked very pale and worn. She had grown so thin she appeared only like a shadow of herself.  
"They seemed to need the money very much, John," she pleaded.  
"And if I have not got it?"  
"And why have you not got it?" Her piercing glance, with all the intensity of pain and of long, patient suffering, went deep into his heart. A tear, the first she had shed before him, trembled on her eyelids.  
"Jennie!"  
"John!"  
The next day John sent \$1,000 to the orphanage, and masons were at work building a stone wall between the railway and the garden.  
Up to this day, in spite of "progress" and "civilization," "Solitude" is still "Solitude."—Philadelphia Press.

**INCIDENTS OF HOTEL LIFE.**  
High-Priced Slaps, a Fit of Delirium Tremens, and an Earthquake.  
Some time ago a French waiter was attending upon a very roystering party of diners in a private room at a London restaurant, when an altercation arose and the waiter attempting to restore order received a couple of slaps in the face. He made no remark at the time, but when he brought in the bill there was on it this item: "Deux soufflets, 25." As the aggressor scanned this entry the waiter set his

lips and said in a significant tone: "If you find those slaps too dear, sir, I will return them!"  
I once spent a remarkable night in a hotel at Belgium, owing to the antics of a man with delirium tremens, says a writer in the London Graphic. The Servians have an abominable liquor distilled from fermented cabbage. The mere smell is enough to turn an English stomach, but the natives will drink it until sometimes it adds their heads. The killer of my night's rest was a member of the Servian skuptchina or parliament, who had come to Belgrade on some place-hunting expedition, and had found the excitement, combined with the cabbage liquor, too much for him. Awakening in the middle of the night with a fit of the horrors he began flinging boots, brushes, crockery and money at the door which separated our two rooms. I went out into the passage and found a throng of gentlemen in their night-shirts. Most of them were for allowing the fit to spend itself, until somebody suggested that the M. P. might set fire to the house. Then they altered their minds, vanished to put on their nether garments, and reappeared ready for action. A series of thumps on the delirious one's door caused him to open it, when a spring was made upon him by half a dozen men together. Such yells as the M. P. uttered I never heard from any other human being, and the bumps which he got as he was carried, kicking and foaming, down the staircase to the courtyard, were enough to make one shudder. The man's wooden head seemed to come into collision with every knob and angle on the way. At last his captors got him into the stone trough of a fountain and turned a wide-mouthed powerful watercock on him, till he was nearly drowned. When he could yell no longer, but only gasp, they tore his oily garment dripping from his back, cuffed him and snacked him unmercifully with their huge brown fists, bound him hand and foot with wisps of hay, and finally flung him quite extinct into the loose box of a cowshed. I thought the man must have been killed. Great was my relief, therefore, when on the very next evening I beheld him sitting in the cafe of the hotel with one of the men who had doctored him in the approved national fashion. He looked a little groggy about the eyes, but was having another "go" of his favorite cabbage stuff.  
As to the earthquake, I was staying on the Riviera when the famous convulsion of 1888 occurred. I was awakened by a shock which dashed two pictures off the wall of my room and upset the washstand. While I was striking a match another shock strewed me and some chairs among some fragments of broken crockery. I had presence of mind enough to remember that during an earthquake you are no safer in the streets than you are in a covered building, so I dressed without mad precipitancy, and after a desperate struggle to open my door—which had got jammed—walked down-stairs. The sight was one never to be forgotten. Men, women and children in deshabille were huddled in the front hall, crying, shrieking and praying. Some had bolted out of doors with hardly any clothes on, and had made for the sea, where they clamored to be rowed out in open boats—about the worst thing they could do. Among the panic-stricken folk was an old gentleman in pyjamas who had come down the stairs three steps at a time. But reaching the hall he exclaimed that he had forgotten something and must go back. His friends shouted to him that the upper stories were dangerous; but he turned a deaf ear, bounded up-stairs, and presently returned panting. The thing which he had forgotten was his set of false teeth!

**A TRIAL OF SKILL.**  
Rob Roy MacGregor and MacNeil of Barra in Mortal Combat.

The far-famed Rob Roy MacGregor was confessedly the best swordsman of his day, says the Scottish American. His celebrity for wielding the claymore excited MacNeil of Barra, to visit him for the express purpose of trying his prowess. Barra was a gentleman possessing the qualities that endear a chief to his clan, with the accomplishments which confer acceptability in polished circles. On arriving at Rob Roy's house the MacNeil chieftain found he was at Buchanan attending a market, and thither he repaired. He met several gentlemen on horseback on their way home, and, accosting the nearest, begged to know if Rob Roy was still at the fair.  
"Who inquires for Rob Roy?" inquired a voice more remote.  
"MacNeil of Barra," said the chief.  
Rob Roy approached, announcing himself; and, after exchanging salutes, Barra said:  
"I have heard Rob Roy extolled as the best swordsman of our times, and have come a long journey to prove whether he or I deserve that commendation."  
"Chieftain of Barra," said Rob Roy, "I never sought a quarrel with any man, and if it please you to think yourself the better swordsman, I have no objection to your opinion."  
"This is the language of fear," said Barra.  
"Who dares to speak of fear to Rob Roy MacGregor?" said MacGregor.  
"Dismount, sir, and try if I'm afraid."  
The chivalrous encounter immediately commenced, and Rob Roy found Barra nearly his match; but after much dexterous play he wounded the chieftain in the sword arm, so that he was several months confined at Buchanan.  
**Thousands in Her Trunk.**  
Over \$7,000 in greenbacks has been found hidden among a lot of rubbish in the trunk of an eccentric widow who spent her summer in a cottage near Stonington, Conn., and who died recently. Always on leaving Stonington at the end of the season she left the trunk with a friend, telling him that it contained nothing of account, but she didn't care to have burglars rummaging through it, which would be the case if she were to allow it to remain in her cottage.

Frank Carruth was in Omaha to-day.  
A. N. Sullivan returned last evening from Kansas.  
Lew Moore, the florist, was in the metropolis to-day.  
Hon. F. E. White was a passenger for Omaha this morning.  
A. B. Dickson, ex-county commissioner, is in the city to-day.  
Mrs. S. Waugh was a passenger on No. 5 for Omaha this morning.  
C. H. Jaquette and Roy McElwain were passengers for Omaha to-day.  
Prof. Halsey had the class in philosophy over at the shops yesterday.  
Louis Faltz ex-county commissioner of Weeping Water is in the city to-day.  
Orland Teft, of Avoca, chairman of the county central committee is in the city to-day.  
A lodge of Daughters of Rebecca was organized at Pacific Junction last Tuesday evening.  
Miss Bridie Houseworth, of Lincoln, who has been visiting in this city for the past two weeks returned home this morning.  
Read the continued story, on the third page of this paper, entitled Waverland, it is a story of the ways of Ireland and the coming landlord of America. The story commenced in yesterday's paper.  
The fourth annual convention of the Nebraska Turn Bezirk will be held in this city next Sunday at the Turner Hall. Delegates will be here from all the principal cities in that state. A grand ball will be held at the Turner Hall Saturday evening.  
Miss Elsie Moore has the largest stock of Millinery goods in the city, at her store in the Parmele block.

**Notice to Epworth Leaguers.**  
The regular monthly business and social meeting of the Epworth League will be held Friday evening Jan. 8, at the residence of Miss Anna Coleman instead of that of Miss Nettie Waybright as announced. Leaguers and friends will please remember the change. The Saturday evening prayer meeting and bible study will be deferred on account of the union observance of the week of prayer.  
A. O. U. W.  
Germanic Lodge No. 80, A. O. U. W., at their regular meeting last evening installed the following officers for the ensuing year:  
P. W. M.—G. H. Ottens.  
M. W.—Wm. Manternach.  
Foreman—J. Sattler.  
Overseer—Geo. Hoh.  
Recorder—P. J. Hansen.  
Receiver—M. Schirk.  
Financier—J. Lutz.  
Guide—Jas. Drucker.  
I. W.—Geo. Schanz.  
O. W.—H. Sievers.

Gentlemen would not use "Blush of Roses" if it was a paint or powder, of course not. It is clear as water, no sediment to fill the pores of the skin. Its mission is to heal, cleanse and purify the complexion of every imperfection, and insures every lady and gentleman a clean, smooth complexion. Sold by O. H. Snyder. Price 75 cents.

**Miles Nerve and Liver Pills.**  
Act on a new principle—regulating the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new discovery. Dr. Miles' Pills speedily cure biliousness bad taste, torpid liver, piles, constipation. Unequaled for men, women, children, smallest, mildest, surest! 50 doses, 25c. Samples free at F. G. Fricke & Co's.

**TO SHIPPERS.**  
Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Ild Game, Poultry, Meat, Apples, Potatoes Green and Dried Fruits, Vegetables Cider, Beans, ool, Hides, Tallow Sheep Pelts, Furs, Skins, Tobacco, Grain, Flour, Hay, Beeswax, Feathers, Ginseng, Broomcorn, and Hops.  
**M. E. BALLARD**  
Gen. Com. Merchant and Shipper,  
217 Market Street — St. Louis, Mo.  
WANTED—Agent, one acquainted with Farmers and Shippers.

**THOS POLLOCK** **R W HYERS**  
Notary Public & Abstractor Solicitor  
Real Estate, Loan and Insurance Agents  
If you have real estate to sell or exchange send us description, price and terms.  
Abstracts of title furnished at reasonable rates.  
\$100,000 to loan at 7 1/2 per cent and no commissions, on good farm security.  
**POLLOCK & HYERS**  
PLATTSMOUTH NEB.  
Office under Cass County Bank.

**WANTED—Local SALESMEN**  
To represent our well known house. You need no capital to represent a firm that warrants stock first-class and true to name. WORK ALL THE YEAR. \$100 per month to right man. Apply quick.  
**L L MAY & CO**  
Nursery, Florist and Seedsmen, St. Paul, Minn. (This house is responsible.)

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.  
Do you want to know what would make your father, mother, brother, sister and sweetheart happy? It is a nice pair of shoes or slippers for a Christmas present. W. A. Beck & Co. have just received an elegant line that they offer at VERY LOW prices for thirty days only. If  
Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure Catarrh, Diphtheria and Canker mouth. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.  
**Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.**  
A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ophthalmia, Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prurigo, Scabies, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.  
**A POPULAR FAMILY.**  
JENNIE: "How is it, Kate, that you always seem to 'catch on' to the latest thing? Do what I may, you always seem to get ahead of me."  
KATE: "I don't know; I certainly do not make any exertion in that 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 Lafargo deserted her Delaerle class so suddenly, and certainly you are all improving in grace under your instruction; I heard you telling Tommy James last evening how his club made mistakes in playing baseball; you seem to be up on all the latest 'facts,' and know just what to do under all circumstances; you certainly beautifully; and in the last month you have improved so 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. Magic? No! 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 makes her such a famous housekeeper. In fact, we all agree that it is the only really PRACTICAL 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, let me send you a great favor; and may be you will be offering us out, as you say we have the reputation of being the best informed family in town. If that be so, it is Demorest's Family Magazine that does it."  
A liberal offer—only \$3.00 for THE WEEKLY 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, A. G. P. A. Omaha. H. D. APGAR, Agt., Plattsmouth. Telephone, 77.

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