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Their Fall straws, fancy ribbons, tips and quilts also a lot of new fashions, some shape hats in straw and felt. They have a full line of baby hood and in order to please all stock out have reduced their w-saller hats to 40c and 75c as trimmed.
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A LEGEND OF SONORA.
Miss Hildegarde Hawthorn in Harper's Magazine.

Two persons, a man and a woman, faced each other under a clump of live oaks. Hard by were visible the walls of an adobe house crumbling with age. The sun was setting; a slight breeze stirred in the dark branches of the trees, which all through the hot Mexican day had been motionless. The woman was dark and small, with large eyes and a graceful body; the man, a swarthy vaquero, in serape and sombrero.
"And you heard him say—that?" said she.
"Yes, senorita. He said, 'I love you, I love you!' twice, like that. And then he kissed her."
"This!" He handed her a slip of folded paper. It contained a woman's name, a few words of passion and a signature. As the senorita's eyes perused it they contracted, and she drew in a long breath. The vaquero watched her keenly. "I found it in the arbor after they had gone," said he.
She looked away dreamily. "Thank you, thank you, Mazepapa," she murmured. "It is late. I must go in now. Adios, Mazepapa!" She turned, and moving slowly, vanished behind a corner of the adobe house.
The vaquero remained motionless until she was out of sight. Then he pressed his hands to his lips and flung them out towards her with a passionate gesture. The next moment he had mounted his horse and was gone.
An hour passed. Again the sound of hoofs. A handsome young senior, jauntily attired, galloped up to the door of the house and, springing from the saddle, hitched his rein over a large hook projecting from the wall. "Hola! Maria, little one!" he called out in a rich, joyous voice. "Where is my little Maria?"
The senorita appeared, smiling. She was in white, with a reboso drawn around her delicate face. She bore a two-handled silver cup, curiously chased. "See," she said, "I have brought you some wine. Such a long ride just to see me!" She was holding out the cup towards him, but as he was about to receive it she drew it back suddenly. She was pale; her eyes glittered. "I too am thirsty," she said. She lifted the cup to her lips and took a deep draught. "Now you shall finish it," she added, handing it to him.
He nodded to her laughingly. "To our love!" he said, and drained it. "But how strangely you look at me, little one!" he exclaimed as he set the cup down and caught his breath. "Is anything wrong?"
"All is well," she answered. "I am happy. Are you happy?"
"I am with you, am I not?"
She put her hand in his. "Let us never be parted any more," she said. "Come; we'll walk to the hill top and see the moon rise."
Hand in hand, they sauntered along the path up the bare hillside. On and on they walked, slowly. Maria gave a gasp and glanced with dilated eyes at her lover. He smiled faintly and tried to draw her towards him, but somehow did not; and still they moved slowly on their way. The hilltop seemed strangely far off. Maria pressed forward, grasping her lover's hand. What made the distance seem so long? Surely it was but a stroll of ten minutes; yet it was as though they had been walking an hour—a year—many years!
Down the hillside path came a horseman, riding quietly and humming a love song. He was close upon the two figures before he appeared to be aware of them. They half stopped, as if to speak to him. The horse shivered and plunged. The rider stared at the couple but an instant, then, driving home his spurs, sprang past them.
"Mother of God!" he faltered, crossing himself as he threw a backward glance up the path, on which nothing was now visible, "the ghosts! The little girl who, they say down below, poisoned herself and her lover fifty years ago!"

Heavy Mud Showers.
A curious phenomenon occurred in Simla recently on two successive nights. This was nothing less than a duststorm in the midst of a heavy downpour of rain, or, rather, to speak more correctly, a shower of mud. A column of dust seems to have been carried up into the higher atmosphere from the plains and to have been caught and forced down by the heavy rain. In the morning, as a result, all the plants and flowers in Simla were found to have received a thick coating of mud. There could be no doubt that the mud had been rained down, for it was freely sprinkled on plants away from the hillside and at a great height from the ground. Moreover, a deposit of mud was found in the rain gauges in various parts of the station. It is a common thing to see the atmosphere in the hills during the hot season thick with dust from the plains, carried aloft by a strong wind. But the conjunction of rain and dust is an incident of rare occurrence, of which, it is stated, there is no previous record.—*Times of India.*

Playing-Card Figures.
Few people know the significance of the figures in playing cards. In olden times hearts represented "choirmen" or ecclesiastics, and the early cards of that suit have a cape, which in form resembled a heart. The spade was originally a pikehead, typifying the nobility of the soldiery. The artisans were represented by a stone tile, now known as a diamond. Farmers were represented by a trefoil, or clover leaf, now called a club. The four kings were originally David, Alexander, Caesar and Charlemagne, representing the four great monarchies. The queens were Argine, Judith, Esther and Pallas, representing birth, fortitude, piety and wisdom. The knaves were either knights or servants to knights.

Helen Hunt Jackson's body has been removed from Cheyenne Mountain, where it has been buried for six years, and interred in Evergreen cemetery at Colorado Springs.

BOTH BILLS WERE BAD.
A Story of the War Which Shows That Soldiers Were Not All Gallant.

William W. Stillman of Virginia, who has northern interests in numerous localities, has been at the Russell house for several days, says the *Detroit Free Press*. The colonel is a man with the memory of a checkered career and his biography would cover American history through one of its most eventful epochs. Before he was 16 years old he enlisted in the Black Horse cavalry of Virginia, and was with that notable command to the finish. Yesterday the colonel and Maj. Norvell of this city were doing the war together, the blue and the gray, talking as amiably and good-naturedly as though they had never met in deadly conflict.
"Ever since I've been in Michigan," said the colonel, "I've been looking for a man. Just at the time when Gen. McClellan was relieved of the command of the Potomac and Gen. Burnside succeeded him I was captured. I was placed on parole and required to report every day at Gen. Burnside's headquarters. Gen. Fitzpatrick being the chief provost marshal, I had plenty of confederate money, but it was away below par as compared with gold and greenbacks, and I found trouble in dealing satisfactorily with the Yankee sutlers. I was young and disposed to be dressy. I wanted high top boots, a red necktie and such a hat as became a dashing cavalryman. One day a Michigan lieutenant approached me and said: 'Johnnie, I'm sorry for you; your money is considerably depreciated and you want to make some purchases. Of course our business is to kill each other, but you're our prisoner and I feel like helping you out. I won't offer you money as a gift, but here's a \$10 note on a Michigan bank and I'll give it to you for \$20 in confederate currency.' Why, I shook the fellow's hand and was tickled half to death. I took him to my house, which was not far away, had him for dinner, introduced him to my sister, and declared that I had found one generous, whole-souled Yankee. We had music and a good time generally. I was fairly in love with the Michigan lieutenant. Well, sir, as soon as we had parted I hastened to the sutler. I ordered the boots with patent-leather adornments, as became a cavalryman. I picked out a jewel of a hat and a ravishing necktie. When it came to settling I presented the \$10 bill on a Michigan bank, and I thought the sutler was going to fall in a faint. The bill was the rankest kind of a counterfeit. Day after day I laid for that lieutenant, and if ever we had met there would have been an able-bodied scrap. But I never set eyes on him from that day to this. I think I should know him yet, and if ever we meet there will be a settlement of some kind. I was only a boy, you know, and he confided me."

Tall Girls.
It is the fashion for girls to be tall. This is much more than saying that tall girls are the fashion. It means not only that the tall girl has come in, but that girls are tall, and are becoming tall, because it is the fashion, and because there is a demand for that sort of girl. There is no hint of stoutness, indeed the willowy pattern is preferred, but neither is leanness suggested, the women of the period have got hold of the poet's idea, "tall and most divinely fair," and are living up to it. Perhaps this change in fashion is more noticeable in England and on the Continent than in America, but that may be because there is less room for change in America, our girls being always of an aspiring turn. Very marked the phenomenon is in Europe this year; on the street, at any concert or reception, the number of tall girls is so large as to occasion remark, especially among the young girls just coming into the conspicuousness of womanhood. The tendency of the new generation is towards unusual height and gracious slimmness. The situation would be embarrassing to thousands of men who have been too busy to think about growing upward, were it not for the fact that the tall girl, who must be looked up to, is almost invariably benignant, and bears her height with a sweet timidity that disarms fear. Besides, the tall girl has now come on in such force that confidence is infused into the growing army, and there is a sense of support in this survival of the tallest that is very encouraging to the young.—*Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.*

A Story About Dore.
Gustave Dore's invention as appears by Mr. Jerrold's biography, was not confined to his wonderful book illustrations. One day in Verona his friend Daloz was taking a photographic view of the picturesque streets of that ancient city while Dore was endeavoring to keep off the crowd of idle spectators. It was a difficult task; the more the artist gesticulated and threatened the greater the throng became. Suddenly Dore was struck with an idea. "Wait a minute," he exclaimed, and I'll disperse them." Thereupon he took off his coat and threw it upon the ground, and then putting on a pitiful expression he went round, cap in hand to beg for a few soldi. As he advanced the crowd fell back and melted away, and Daloz obtained his negative.—*London News.*

Bedroom Carpets.
There is an excellent way of laying bedroom carpets, in houses where rugs are not the rule. Fasten small strong hooks in the baseboard, close to the floor, and on the edge of the carpet sew corresponding rings. Slip the rug over the hooks and the carpet is securely laid. Of course a few tacks must be put where the carpet crosses a doorway, but these are quickly removed. By this method, which is employed in the sleeping-rooms of many hotels, a carpet may frequently be taken up, thoroughly shaken and replaced, without much more labor than would be required to sweep it while on the floor.—*Good Housekeeping.*

It took forty men three months to make the drawings of the Eiffel tower.

PAT AND BRIDGET.
How an Irish Priest Did the Courting as Well as the Marrying.

"I've been thinking, Pat, that you ought to get married."
"Is it married your reverence says? Sure, where would I see a girl to speak while I am looking after the sheep all my time."
"If that's all the difficulty in your way I think I can find a wife for you. There's Biddy Flanagan, in service with Mrs. Dash, as nice and modest a girl as ever you laid eyes on; slip away down and see her and tell her I sent you."
"Wouldn't next wool season be time enough, your reverence?"
"Wool season, indeed! Do you know what you are talking about, Pat? Is it a girl like Biddy Flanagan that you will leave till next wool season? Why, man alive, she is just as likely to be snatched up from under your very nose while you're loitering down the street to see her."
"May be your reverence knows best," is the rejoinder, and away goes my brave Pat to make the acquaintance of Miss Biddy.
When he gets to Mrs. Dash's door his perplexities begin, and the hesitating knock with which he announces his arrival indicates pretty fairly the condition of his mind.
The door is opened by a girl whose looks and bearing fully justify the clerical encomium passed upon her, says the *Irish Times*. The bashful wooer gives an approving glance, but his words don't keep pace with his admiration, and it is some little time before he gets out what he has to say. Biddy does not hurry him, but waits his pleasure patiently. Most likely she has heard before of visits of the kind paid to other girls, and she is all attention. At last Pat finds his speech and uses it in this wise:
"Are you Biddy Flanagan?"
"Yes," is the reply.
"Then," says the enamored swain, going bravely to the heart of the matter at once. "I am Pat Mulligan from one side of Chiviloy, and Father Fahey sent me down to marry you."
"Get away with you! Aren't you ashamed of yourself, that I take from the look of you to be an honest boy, coming here to make a fool of a poor girl that has plenty to do without thinking of marrying?"
That is what Biddy says to him, but she does not shut the door in his face, nor does he go away, and, after a long chat, somehow or other they arrive at an understanding. The result is that Biddy, with considerable hesitation, seeks an interview with her mistress, whom she informs, with much hesitation and circumspection, that there's been a boy speaking to her. The mistress, however, not being Irish-born, is somewhat puzzled by the expression, and Biddy has to explain more fully her meaning, to the effect that she wants to be allowed to go and see the priest with the said boy. Her mistress' objections to the shortness of the notice are soon overcome by Biddy's tears and good looks, and off the bride-elect trips lightly, and soon afterward return to fetch away her things, for she is now Mrs. Pat Mulligan.

The Child Knew.
When Mrs. Palmer was Alice Freeman and was President of Wellesley, goes the story told in *Wide Awake*, she gave a children's party once a year. A little girl of 4 years, who had attended a fete at the college, overheard her mamma say that the President was going to be married. She burst into tears, threw herself upon the floor, and said, "O, mamma, I shall never go to a party there again." Her mamma said, "My dear, Miss Freeman is not going far away; you will see her again; don't cry." With a new outburst of grief the child signed, "O, it is not the nearness nor the farness—it is the never-again-the-same-ness."

Had Studied Race-Track Crowds.
"Greatest scheme in the world!" he exclaimed, as he suddenly roused himself from a few moments' deep thought, "and there's a whole government sub-treasury in it."
"In what?"
"I've just thought of it," continued the man without noticing the question. "I'll just get a couple of pieces of glass about a foot long and two or three inches wide; and then I'll fix them about an eighth of an inch apart, start half a dozen flies in from one end, and the one that gets out the other end first wins."
"Wins what?"
"The race, man—the race! I'll give them all a fair start and color them so you can tell one from the other, and say! there'll be a mint of money in it."
"But if they run off at the sides?"
"Disqualify them! That's the regular way. The whole thing won't cost anything, and Great Scott! we can buy a whole city a month after it's started."
"I don't see anything in it!"
"You don't! Ever been to a race track?"
"Yes."
"Seen the men there?"
"Yes."
"Well, my idea is to sell pools on the flies. There'll be just as much excitement, and the expenses will be less than at any other track in the city. O, I've studied the subject."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Remarkable River.
On the African shore, near the Gulf of Aden, and connecting the Lake of Assal with the main ocean, may be found one of the most wonderful rivers in the world. This curiosity does not flow to, but from the ocean towards inland. The surface of Lake Assal itself is nearly 700 feet below the tide and it is fed by this paradoxical river, which is about twenty-two miles in length. It is highly probable that the whole basin which the lagoon partly fills was once an arm of the sea which became separated therefrom by the duning of loose sand. The inflowing river has a limited volume, being fullest, of course, at high tide, and has filled the basin to such an extent that evaporation and supply exactly balance each other.

Bibles! Bibles!
J. P. Young having received a large invoice of bibles, in the English and German language, from the American Bible Society of New York, for the Cass County Bible Depository. Persons wanting good, cheap bibles will please call at J. P. Young's.

Memorial Day.
At the meeting of No. 48 A. O. U. W. last evening a committee of three was appointed to confer with the other A. O. U. W. lodges to make preparations for observing A. O. U. W. Memorial Day. January 18 has been set apart by the supreme lodge as the day; it is in commemoration of the death of John Upchurch, founder of the order. The ceremonies will be public.

Buried in a Mine.
A special dispatch to the *Lincoln Journal* from McAllister, I. T., says: Last night there was an explosion in a mine and as a result over 200 men now lie dead and about forty are fatally hurt and many badly burned. At 5:10 p. m. mine No. 11 exploded. At the time 350 men were in the shaft; most of them were waiting for the cage to take them out, and the foot of the shaft is one mass of dead bodies. The explosion was caused by the firing of a shot when search by the rescuing party still continued. One disheartening fact connected with the search is that so far not one live miner has been found. The bodies so far recovered were found burned, charred and marred almost beyond recognition.

Church Services.
First M. E. church, South Sixth street between Main and Pearl. Dr. L. F. Britt, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m., by the pastor. Subject, for the morning, "Christian Constancy," for the evening "The Power of Choosing." Epworth League will meet at 6:30 p. m. in the gallery of the church. All are invited to these services.
Otis Dovey, of the B. & M. agent's office, is on the sick list to-day.

Gentlemen would not "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, safest! 50 doses, 25c. Samples free at F. G. Fricke & Co's.

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A Sure Cure The awful effects of early vice which brings organic weakness, destroying both mind and body, with all its dreaded life, permanently cured.
Address those who have indulged in dissolute and solitary habits, which ruin both mind and body, uniting them for business, study or marriage.
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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? If it is a nice pair of shoes or slippers for a Christmas present. W. A. Boehl & 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, Oh Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, 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 be 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 Lefarge deserted her elaborate class so suddenly, and certainly we are all improving in grace under your instruction; I heard you telling Tommy Fahey 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 so in health, owing, you tell me, to your physical culture exercises. Where do you get all of 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. Magie? No! Magazine! And a great treasure it is, too. 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 only this one is for men, another 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, and will let you see our, 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 cutting 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."

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