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SPECIAL MARKET LETTER.

W. G. Press & Co., Bankers & Commission Merchants, Nos. 2 and 4 Sherman Street, Chicago, in their last special market letter say: The revival of speculative interest in Stocks, Bonds, Grain and Provisions which was so generally predicted before the advent of the New Year was manifest in securities as soon as the holiday festivities were over, and has since increased in intensity under the influence of advancing prices, but in grain and provisions the absence of outside interest during the first business days of the year disappointed waiting holders, who at once began disposing of their property, causing a general feeling of weakness and a reduction in values. As usual, the interest centered in wheat which declined until longs who, unable to protect their trades, and those who desired to limit their losses, sold out and it became evident that the offerings were being steadily absorbed, when a reaction began which inspired bulls with renewed courage and enabled them to steadily enhance values and broaden the market until the public evinced a disposition to again enter the speculative arena, but before an entire restoration of confidence was assured, the unexpected promulgation of the Official Report of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, stating the area and yield of the crops of 1901 in measured bushels, blasted the hopes of bulls who again hastened to sell out, and emboldened the bears who attacked the market with vigor, and a courage born of success, resulting in another decline which was rapid enough to bring out long wheat freely on top orders and exhausted margins. The report, which was responsible for the break, shows the area of wheat to have been 39,619,897 acres, and the yield 611,780,000 bushels; of corn 76,204,515 acres, and the yield 2,660,154,000 bushels; and of oats 25,581,961 acres, and the yield 738,394,000 bushels, and while showing a yield of wheat considerably under the estimate of chronic short sellers the figures were much larger than the trade generally expected. With such an exportable surplus as this report indicates, the requirements of Europe and the condition of the growing crop become factors of the greatest importance, for on the prospects of our next harvest will depend the freedom with which farmers market the remaining surplus, and on the necessities of Europe must its disposal depend. The past week has been rather unfavorable for the growing plant, but not sufficiently so as to cause increased damage. The Agricultural Department is authority for the statement, that it is in poor condition to withstand severe winter weather without being well protected by snow.

The corn market, which naturally responds to the fluctuations in wheat, was less affected than the latter by the Official Report, although the yield was somewhat larger than previous reports had indicated. The better service rendered by railroads in its transportation is apparent in the liberal eastern shipments to meet the steady domestic and export demands. The scarcity of breadstuffs in Europe which necessitates the substitution of something for unobtainable rye, is creating a better demand for our corn, which is proving to foreign consumers its value as a wholesome, nutritious and cheap bread grain.
The oat market has attracted more than its customary share of attention, and while affected in a general way by the influences apparent in wheat and corn, was not adversely influenced by the reported yield which was about thirteen million bushels less than the previous year's crop. The better transportation service resulted in liberal shipments, and the outward movement promises to be quite liberal for some time, the demand from the East, to replenish depleted stocks being excellent, while large quantities are needed to supply the winter's export requirements.
The promise of lighter receipts of hogs during the remainder of the winter, and the belief that the eastern shippers will be active competitors of the packers for the diminished supply, imparted a feeling of confidence in the future of provisions which was not destroyed by the weakness in grain after the issuing of the Government Report. About the only depressing feature noticeable, which through its influence on general business in the South may necessitate economy in a section where hog product is liberally consumed, was the panicky feeling in cotton, which has carried prices to an abnormally low point. Recent prices for provisions have been relatively lower than the hogs from which they were made, and packers are credited with having bought liberally before any material advance occurred.

SEC. BLAINE'S GRANDCHILDREN.

Jolly Little Fellow Wins Ace Dear to His Heart.
Happy little McCormack Blaine seems to have been born under a fortunate planet. He is a jolly, rollicking year-old baby who enjoys life to the utmost.
He passed a greater part of the summer in a pretty willow carriage among the resinous pines on the hills of Mount Desert. There he kicked up his fat legs, crowed, laughed and grew fatter and more healthy each day.
His mamma, who was pretty Anita McCormick, of Chicago, is a charming mamma—so pretty and bright and entertaining—and his father is handsome and agreeable, and the baby is the light of their home. He is a handsome child, large and well formed, with his father's big brown eyes and his mother's sweet, expressive mouth.
The secretary, his grandfather, is very fond of the little fellow, but he prefers to go where he is when he wants to see him, rather than to have him in the same house. For children's little troubles and naughtiness are annoying to Mr. Blaine.
The two little Coppinger boys, Blaine and Connor, live with Mr. and Mrs. Blaine, for their mother died two years ago and their father is away off in South America. They are fine-looking, bright lads, eight and ten years old, and they fill the Blaine mansion with more life and noise than the secretary really enjoys, though he is very lenient with them and often spends an hour or more with them.
Each lad has a nurse who exercises strict care over him, and who makes it a special point not to allow him to disturb his grandfather.

Outside the walls of Stanwood, Bar Harbor, where the Blaine family spend six months of the year, they are allowed almost perfect liberty. They roam through the woods, chase squirrels, hunt birds' nests and have jolly rides. They love dearly to snatch a ride with the drivers who bring callers to see Mr. Blaine. Occasionally a good-natured driver will give them a turn around the grounds, and they are delighted. At other times they will sit in the carriage and pretend they are

driving.
Sometimes their uncle Jimmy or one of their aunts will take them out in the old-fashioned phaeton which is the family turnout.

Like all other boys both are fond of stories, but young Blaine Coppinger has an inherited dislike to newspaper stories. When his nurse begins to relate a marvelous tale he inquires before he lets his attention become wholly engaged if she read it from a newspaper. If she did it has no further charm for him, no matter how thrilling it may be.

Mr. Coppinger, these boys' father, has a cousin who is a talented portrait artist. His home is in Ireland, but he has been traveling in this country and has made the acquaintance of his bright little cousins. When they return to Washington he will paint their portraits.

Another little grandson, and one who is just now an object of deep interest to every one, is little James G. Blaine, third. He is living with his mother in Sioux City, far out west.
He is a handsome little fellow with a merry disposition, golden hair and deep blue eyes, like his mother, but features and expression decidedly like his grandfather Blaine. For this reason and because he bears his grandfather's name, the Blaines want him, so that he can be brought up in that household, but it seems pathetic to think of taking a three-year-old baby away from his mother, who loves him probably more than any one else in the world.—N. Y. Herald.

Tallest Trees.
The three tallest trees in the world are believed to be a sequoia near Stockton, Cal., which is 325 feet high, and two eucalypti in Victoria, Australia, estimated to be 435 and 450, respectively.

ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY.

A Man Who Got More Doughnuts Than He Had Use For.

"I don't see how you can eat doughnuts," remarked a man in a Nassau street restaurant, watching a friend in the next chair devour a plateful of those edibles with pie accompaniment. "I used to like doughnuts myself," he added reflectively, "but I wouldn't eat them now for a dollar a doughnut."
"Why?" inquired the friend, pausing on the third doughnut.
"Well, I had an experience about three years ago that sickened me of the entire doughnut family. My wife and I were visiting relatives of hers up in Batavia. We were both fond of doughnuts, and when we prepared to come away my wife's sister fried up a panful of doughnuts for our especial benefit. So we started off loaded with them. We munched doughnuts all the way from Batavia to Utica, and by that time we were pretty well filled up, but there were enough cakes left to stock a picnic. I stepped off the car at Utica to see my own sister, who was living there and had come down to the train to greet us. She had a four-quart basket with her, and after the usual remarks she handed over the basket and said: 'Hiram, I happened to think how fond of doughnuts you are, so I went right out and fried up a panful from mother's old recipe, so you would have something to eat on the train.'
"I wondered what my wife would say when she saw me appearing with additional doughnuts, but I accepted the gift with a grateful air and went back into the car.
"What have you there, Hiram?" said my wife, lifting the basket suspiciously.
"Doughnuts."
"There is only a peck and a half left in the rack," she said sarcastically; "so you were wise to bring more."
"Mary gave them to me," I ventured feebly.
"Well, you better send them back to Mary or give them to the brakeman. As for me," she added with a dyspeptic sigh, "I shall not touch another doughnut for five years."
"There wasn't any room in the rack, so I sat down and held that basket of doughnuts for four hours on my lap. We were going to stop at Poughkeepsie and spend the night with ex-Senator Gibson. I didn't want to throw Mary's doughnuts away, so I forced down a cake every now and then, and when we came near Poughkeepsie we stuffed most of the doughnuts into my valise, fifteen or sixteen more into my wife's satchel, and at the last moment I crowded the last half-dozen into my coat-tail pockets.
"Gibson was waiting for us and grabbed the satchels. It's so late, Hiram," he began, "that we'll only give you a cold bite when you get up to the house. I happened to remember how fond of doughnuts you are, so my wife fried up—"
"Not doughnuts!" I interrupted, stopping short on the platform, while my doughnut-weighted coat tails hung down like lead plummetts. "Fact is, Gibson, I went on despairingly, 'we couldn't stand it if you said doughnuts again. We've lived on those blasted cakes all day. We're full of doughnuts and indigestion now. There are two pecks in our satchels and six cakes in my coat-tail pocket at this moment. If you say 'doughnut' we'll sit here in the station all night."
"He looked surprised, and said we must be tired. We were, inside and out. When we reached the house Gibson hurried in first, and we didn't see or hear doughnut, but that night I softly opened our bedroom window, and we sprinkled the next yard with cakes of all sizes and colors, and designs. The people that passed that lot in the morning must have thought a bakery had exploded.

THE HAYSEED TOOK IT.

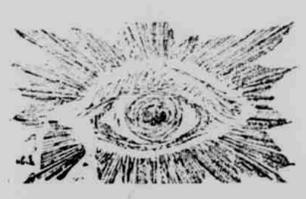
A Young Man from Boston Who Picked Up a Country Guy.

Among the passengers on a Philadelphia train coming north the other day were several New York drummers, says M. Quad. One of the latter was a coltish young man, who prided himself on being a student of human nature. Where a number of drummers are gathered together there you will hear boasting and bragging and each and every one will put forward his particular specialty as the best joke or trick of the season. The young man's specialty was, by and by, duly explained. Said he:
"Gentlemen, I have a little scheme which I have named the 'John Henry' scheme. It is worked entirely on the farmer and it furnishes one with a wonderful insight into the characteristics of the horny-handed sons of toil. Perhaps you didn't know that the farmer is naturally the most suspicious person in existence, albeit he is oftentimes the victim of sharpers?"
Two or three of the crowd doubted the truth of the assertion, which was just what the coltish young man desired, and he continued:
"I propose to prove what I have said, I have made a study of the farmer and I know him from head to heel. You all see this watch? It is a bang-up timepiece and cost \$150. If it had Waterbury works and a plated case, and was worth \$6. I could sell it to a farmer for \$15 as easy as rolling off a log. As it is straight goods it would secure a farmer to death to offer it to him for \$10."
"I think he'd snap it up," observed one of the boys.
"That shows you are not posted. There is probably at least one farmer in the coach ahead. I'll just bet you an even \$10 that I will offer him this watch for an X and he will take me for a fakir and refuse to invest."
After some hesitation the stakes were put up and, followed by two of the party, the young man entered a day coach. Almost the first passenger in sight was a middle-aged farmer. He had on an old straw hat, was without a collar and one of his cowhide boots rested on the other seat as he interested himself in a newspaper.
"My friend," began the young man as he smiled a bland and seductive smile, "I have met with misfortune and am obliged to—"
"I ain't got no money to give away," interrupted the farmer.
"I don't ask for charity," continued the young man. "I have a fine watch here which I propose to dispose of for cash to relieve my temporary embarrassment."
"Don't want no watch."
"But let me explain. Here is a watch worth \$150. I will sell it for \$10. Take it and look it over."
The farmer hesitated for awhile and then took it, held it to his ear, shook it once or twice and said:
"I don't claim to be the sharpest man in this world, but I do hate to be taken for a hayseed."
"No one takes you for a hayseed, my dear fellow. I simply offer to sell you my \$150 watch for \$10."
"Oh, that's it, eh? Well I guess I'll

- : **JOE** : -

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