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**THE METHODS OF GEORGE.**  
How the Country Simpleton Amused the Village and "Sponged" Drinks.  
Every country place has its queer character, usually several of them, and the amusement of the natives is largely confined to the eccentric sayings and actions of these same natural jesters. The humor is all the more droll because it is absolutely free from any attempt at drollery.  
Luckily it is for rural inhabitants that nature provides this form of entertainment, as otherwise they would run a very good chance of stagnating in the serious pool of life and never getting the benefit of a smile to soften their faces.  
And so George Stove in his humble way was quite a beneficent gleam of light in the sombre life of a little Vermont hamlet. George was of uncertain age and of uncertain mental capacity. He seemed simple, but in reality he was endowed with a full share of shrewd Yankee cunning. He eked out a precarious livelihood by driving a hack to the railway station and trading on his deafness.  
Nobody really knew whether George was deaf or not. When a man dunned him he was as deaf as a post, and at other times when he tried he could hear a whispered conversation carried on in the back of his coach. It was always unwise to put any confidence in George's infirmity.  
George also drank stale and bewildering draughts of beer such as is always served in Vermont whenever he could inveigle any one to buying it for him. The wicked railroad restaurant was about the only place in town where it could be had, and there George waited and planned traps for the unwary.  
"Want'll you have, George?" asked a stranger whom he had just brought down from the village, "a glass of beer or a piece of pie?"  
"Yes, sir, thank you," replied George, affecting to misunderstand the question. "I'll drink the beer and take the pie right in my hand."  
Another favorite coup of George's was whenever any one said "Good day" to him to promptly reply:—  
"Yes, thank you; don't care if I do," and steer straight away for the bar.  
And George worked this bit of diplomacy so often and so successfully that he was in danger of becoming a scandal in the Puritanical community through his tendency toward a condition of inebriation. One day while riding down to the station with a deacon of the church George was seized with a fit of repentance.  
"Deacon," said he, "I would like to brace up and do better—stop drinking and show all the folks that I am a good deal more of a man than they thought. I can do it if I try. I know, only, you see, I have said I was going to stop so many times and didn't do it that they won't none of them believe me now."  
"I am very glad to hear it; but how can you convince them?"  
"I've got an idea. Now when we get down to the station you ask me to have a drink, and then I'll have a chance to refuse right before them all and show them that I mean business this time."  
"All right, George; we'll do it, and I hope you'll stick to your good intentions."  
They reached the depot and went into the eating room. A large crowd was there waiting for the train. The deacon in his brisk and hearty way spoke up so that all could hear.  
"Come, George, have a drink?" he said.  
"Yes, thank you, don't care if I do," replied George, and he promptly walked up to the bar.  
He had the drink and the deacon paid for it, but the deacon lost a great deal of faith in mankind thereby. That night he made George the subject of prayer at the Tuesday evening meeting.—N. Y. Herald.

**HAD BEEN TO EUROPE.**  
An Anglo-American, Who Had Been Abroad but Couldn't Tell What He Had Seen.  
A light-haired young man with an incipient mustache, red necktie, tight-fitting kid gloves, carrying a big cane and a hat, and his arms akimbo walked into a Randolph street barber-shop last evening. He was evidently well known in the shop, for he was greeted by name and spoke familiarly to several of the barbers.  
"So tired, you know," he said, as he dropped languidly into a chair, without removing his gloves. "Just got back from Europe, and am really worn out with sight-seeing." The tone was one of invitation to open a conversation.  
"I suppose you took in everything on your trip," one of the barbers, who left it incumbent to reply, finally ventured.  
"Ya-as; saw all there was to be seen. Of course it's awfully nice, you know; but one gets tired of seeing so much."  
"Were you in Strasburg, Mr. —?" inquired the artist of the next chair.  
"Naw, didn't get there, was in a hurry, you know," drawled the European traveler.  
"You were in Metz, weren't you?"  
"Naw; really I couldn't stop."  
"Oh, you missed it by not going," and the barber rattled on about the big clock, the Napoleonic monument, the battle scene and other points of interest to be seen in that section. He mentioned a dozen other places in France and Germany.  
"Yaas, I was in Berlin," the shaved customer interrupted at mention of that place. The barber pronounced it with the accent on the last syllable; the customer called it "Berleem." A series of questions about that great city developed that Mr. — knew nothing of its points of interest.  
"I was in Lunnon, too," interrupted the sight-seeing customer. "Great town, Lunnon, you know."  
Another series of interrogations about "Lunnon" resulted in as little information in return. By this time every other customer in the shop was smiling, pleased at the situation. Something of the state of affairs must have dawned upon the traveler, for he said with a weak attempt at satire:  
"You must have traveled a good

deal, too. Barbers can get a chance to see everything, you know. Don't have to hurry. Work as they go along."  
"Yes, I expect to go again next year," replied the second-chair artist, unconscious of the intended thrust. "I propose to take my time, work enough to pay incidental expenses, and put in my extra time in seeing the countries."  
"Think I'll not go home to-night," the traveler said, desiring to change the subject and not having wit enough to do so in any other way. "Must go out on Ashland avenue. Got regular evenings, you know. He, he, he."  
And with a knowing look the fellow paid his check, tipped the barber who shaved him and the attendant who handed him his hat, grasped his big cane by its middle and left.  
"What asses my fellow-countrymen can be," said a cynical customer as he stepped from his chair.  
"He's not an American," said an old gentleman at the end of the line, with some asperity. "He's an Anglo-man. Just like hundreds of others who visit the continent—they never see a thing. But then they've been to Europe! Bah, they make me tired!"  
It was a little incident, but there is a whole chapter in many little incidents.—Chicago Journal.

**Bitten for a Bride.**  
On the lower Amazon dwell the cannibal Butocodos, who distort their features with the biggest ornaments of a certain kind known. In babyhood both men and women have their lower lips and the lobes of their ears pierced with holes in which they thrust pieces of wood. As they grow older these wooden adornments are made bigger and bigger until an adult ordinarily has ear-lobes that hang down to his shoulders and a lip that projects six inches or more beyond the nose.  
One must suffer to be beautiful, as the French say, and such is the inexorable fashion among those anthropophagi! In that country a young man who desires to take a wife must first submit himself to a frightful ordeal. He draws over each arm up to the shoulder a loose armet woven of palm leaves.  
Then under supervision by his elders he plunges both arms as far as he can into a nest of fierce devouring ants. The insects at once attack the intruder of course, and according to the terms of the trial he must stand without moving for an hour, submitting with an absolute stoicism to the bites of the enraged creatures. If he endures the test he is entitled to the bride, otherwise he must wait a year, and then undergo it again.  
There are still tribes descended from the ancient Incas who bandage the heads of their children so that they assume a conical form. Funnily enough the brain does not seem to suffer any injury from this treatment.—N. Y. Journal.

**MANAGER HILL'S MUSCLE.**  
When He Drinks It Is Likely to Get Him Into Trouble.  
The accident by which J. M. Hill broke his leg will probably have the effect of quelling the muscular ardor of Mr. Hill for some time to come, says the N. Y. World. He is rather a short man and nothing about him indicates unusual strength. His muscles are well developed, however, and he has extraordinary ideas of his own physical power. Whenever he drinks he immediately begins to exhibit his strength. He nearly choked a man to death in Cincinnati some time ago, attempted to break another man's arm in an up-town oyster saloon and was vigorously thrashed for his efforts. Then he got into a row with a man named Foster at the Imperial Hotel, which resulted in Foster being whipped by another man, and so on through a series of pugilistic adventures. Finally he struck a snag of large, robust and overwhelming proportions. This snag was the person of Muldoon, the wrestler. Mr. Hill was walking along Twenty-sixth street one night surprised and proudly feeling of his biceps, when he discovered Muldoon leaning nonchalantly against a railing. The manager and Muldoon were great friends and hence Mr. Hill thought it would be an admirable scheme to exhibit his muscle. He stepped forward and suddenly twining his hands in a handkerchief which was loosely knotted, around Muldoon's neck, began to squeeze violently. Muldoon started back and if he had not stooped down the two men would have gone over the railing together. The big athlete was red in the face and he gasped a remonstrance to Hill. Hill kept on squeezing and Muldoon told him again to let go, as he was choking him. Mr. Hill did not let go at that precise moment, but he did a very short period succeeding it. He released his hold exactly on time, as Mr. Muldoon swung his mighty right arm back and "landed" it on Mr. Hill's short ribs. There was a howl, and a moment later the spectacle of J. M. Hill flying back through the air was presented to the sightseers. When he got up and pulled himself together, he gasped:  
"Billy, I was only in fun. That wasn't a fair deal."  
"I know all about your fun," said Muldoon, shortly. "You're one of these men going about doing these sort of things, and when an accident happens you affect to be very much surprised."  
"I've been drinking a little," said Hill.  
"Yes, I know you have," said Muldoon, shortly, "but you understood what you were about. But I'll tell you, if ever you lay a finger on me again, in jest or in earnest, I'll maim you for life."  
The following day Hill sent a note of apology to Muldoon, and it was sent back with the curt message that it was accepted, but that after this, when he was practicing his muscular feats he was to let Mr. Muldoon alone. Probably he will.

**WIT AND HUMOR.**  
Love is like politics; there is a big difference between a nomination and an election.—N. Y. Herald.  
Two of the hardest things to keep in this life are a new diary and a sharp lead-pencil.—Norristown Herald.  
The oyster coming into the church generally has a good deal to do in keeping the Lord out.—Ram's Horn.  
When the devil wants a man he doesn't care how near he sits to the pulpit when he goes to church.—Ram's Horn.  
"What would you do if you were in my shoes, Jephson?" asked Hobbs. "Black 'em," replied Jephson.—Somerville Journal.  
Why is it said that the doctor pays visits, when every one knows that it is the visits which pay the doctor?—Baltimore American.  
Wife—"You must think all women are alike."—Husband—"O, no, I don't. I'd been a bachelor if they were."—Detroit Free Press.  
We have noticed that the smaller the town the more its papers have to say about a man's religion when he dies.—Atchison Globe.  
"Our baby is awfully nice," remarked Mabel. "I pulled my hair yesterday, and then cried because I did."—Harper's Young People.  
Mr. Rowndes—"I don't suppose you clergymen regard marriage as a failure?" Dr. Powndes—"Not at all, more like a raise of salary."—Puck.  
Teacher—"For what was George Washington noted?" Dick Hicks—"He told the truth when questioned about his family tree."—Brooklyn Life.  
"Strangest girl I ever met," muttered Chappie, almost to himself. "Why?" asked Cholly. "Accepted me," replied Chappie, absently.—N. Y. Herald.  
"Do you think those shoes are worth mending?" "Vell, yes, if I sole and heel tem and put new uppers on tem. The strings are still good."—Leather Dealer.  
Friend—"If you have so much trouble with your wife's relations, why do you live with them?" Hatework—"Because my relations won't have us."—N. Y. Weekly.  
It is true that women are not allowed on board of ships of war, but that is no reason why a bustle in the navy-yards should cause alarm.—Indianapolis Journal.  
"You said Sokker was quite active in your campaign?" "Yes," replied the defeated candidate. "In what capacity?" "About a gallon a day."—Washington Star.  
"Where did you find the lawyer after the defendant had struck him?" "He was lying in the ditch, your Honor." "How strong is habit?" murmured the court.—Baltimore American.  
Cora Bellows—"I believe you would be true to a wife." Jake Jimpson (deftly)—"Oh, do you think so?" Cora (yawning)—"Yes, you would never leave her."—N. Y. Herald.  
Mrs. Gotham—"The paper says that chewing wintergreen will keep people

awake in church." Mr. Gotham—"It might be—but, at the theater, I have found cloves very efficacious."—Good News.  
Young Mangler (to the fair but total stranger)—"I believe I have the pleasant memory of having met you once." Fair Stranger—"Then I advise you to make the most of it."—Boston Courier.  
He Couldn't Understand—Editor: "Well, sir, did you interview that woman as I directed?" Reporter: "I saw her, but she refused to talk." Editor (startled): "Was she dead?"—Detroit Free Press.  
Mrs. Morris: "So you have lost your new girl." Mrs. Benedict: "Yes; when she broke Charlie's pet coffee cup and gave him a new one with 'Love the Giver' on it, I thought it was time to let her go."—Puck.  
Maud (earnestly): "I want to ask you a question, George." George (also earnestly): "Was she dead?"—Detroit Free Press.  
Mr. Ward McAllister's latest contribution to current literature undertakes to tell what it costs to live in upper tennism. His figures are rather startling. He tells us, for example, that he knows of at least four men in this country who spend annually \$100,000 a year. This includes their charities and the interest on the capital invested in their town and country houses. Then there are about thirty men who spend from \$100,000 to \$150,000 a year, though Mr. McAllister tells us these men are really no happier than the man who lives on \$35,000, which McAllister thinks about the right figure to enable a man to maintain his establishment in style and dispense hospitality. As for the average fashionable woman, we are told she spends from \$4,000 to \$6,000 a year on her toilet and generally manages to look handsome.  
He Beat His Father.  
He was a young man. He had studied law in his father's office, and his father finally retired and gave the business to him, says the Lewiston Journal. One day, less than a week after the old gentleman had retired, the young man came home and proudly said:  
"Father, you know that old Gilpin estate that you have been trying for years and years to settle?"  
"Yes," answered the father, with a suggestion of a smile.  
"Well, it didn't take me two days to settle it after I got it."  
"What," shouted the old lawyer, "you have settled the Gilpin estate?"  
"Yes; and it was just as easy as rolling off a log."  
"Well, you infernal idiot, why? That estate has paid the living expenses of our family for four generations, and might have paid them for four more, if I hadn't left the business to a ninny."  
A New York woman of 45 years of age has been married to her fifteenth husband. All of her husbands but the last are dead.  
District Court.  
Victoria Blake vs. Chas. Blake. Defendant has leave to file answer instant.  
B. A. Gibson vs. W. M. Jameson et al; judgment for plaintiff in the sum of \$1,996.60, with costs and interest. Decree for foreclosure denied.  
John G. Hayes vs. P. P. Lee et al; have leave to file answer within ten days.  
Prentice, Brownstone and Co., vs. O. J. King and county commissioners, injunction vacated and set aside and plaintiff dismissed for want of equity.  
Prentice, Brownstone & Co., vs. Erath & Thyn et al; has leave to answer within thirty days.  
As we go to press the case of Dudley, Steele & Co., vs. Rasmus Peterson is being argued.  
Dr. John Black was in the metropolis to-day.

- : **JOE** : -

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