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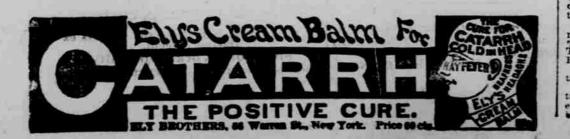
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TOMMY BYRNE AND THE INDIANS. How a War Was Averted by a Good Meart

Capt. Thomas Byrne, or "Old Tommy," as he was affectionately called by his associates, had at one time charge of the Hualpais, a tribe of Indians settled in northwestern Arizona. O'd Tommy, perhaps from his "deludherin" tongue," had an almost miraculous ascendancy over the chiefs and head men of this tribe, and, though his native eloquence was seconded only by the scantiest allowances of rations from the subsistence stores of the camp, he was allies. To hear aim coaxing back a sulky warrior to good humor was

something to be long remembered. "Come, now," he has been heard to say, "shure, phat is de matther wid ye? Have yes iver axed me for anythin' that Oi didn't promise it to yez?" Yet Tommy's promises were always

Suddenly one day the Hualpais, like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky, went on the warpath and fired on the agency buildings before leaving for their stronghold in the Canon of the Colorado. No one knew the cause of their sudden treachery, and Tommy Byrne was one of those who realized blood and treasure if the outbreak were not stopped at once.

Without waiting for his spirited little horse to be saddled he threw himself across its back and swept out into the hills after the fugitives. When the Hualpais saw the cloud of dust coming they blazed into it, but Tommy was untouched, and dashed gallantly up, his horse white with foam, to the knot of chiefs who stood await-

At first the Indians were sullen, but they soon melted enough to tell the story of their grievances. The new own kind. agent had been robbing them in the most barefaced manner, and in their ignorance they imagined it to be Capt. Byrne's duty to regulate all the affairs in his camp. They did not want to burt him and would let him go safely back, but for them there was nothing but the warpath.

"Come back with me," said Tommy, gently. "I will see that you are righted."

Back they went, following that one unarmed man. Straight to the beef scales proceeded the officer, and in a few minutes he had detected the manner in which false weight had been secured by tampering with the poise. A Texas steer, which would not weigh more than 800 pounds stood at 1,700, and of course other articles followed in the same ratio.

Tommy seized upon the agency and took charge; the Hualpais were perfectly satisfied, and the agent left that night for California. Thus was a bitter war averted by the prompt action of a plain, unlettered man, who had no ideas about managing savages beyond that of treating them with kindness and justice. - Chicago Tribune.

He Was Premature.

An old farmer from one of the back for a piece of land, and he had been making a strong fight for it. When the attorney for the other side began his speech he said:

"May it please the court, I take the ground-The old farmer jumped up and sang

"What's that? What's that?" The judge called him down.

"May it please the court," began the attorney again, not noticing the interruption, "I take the ground-

"No. I'll be d-d if you do, either." showed the old farmer; "anyhow pot until the court decides the case." The fine for contempt was remitted.

A DETERMINED CLIENT

-Detroit Free Press.

How She Raised Funds for Her Suit and Exhorted Her Lawyer.

"My first case," said a well-known Harlem lawyer to a N. Y. Commercial Advertiser man, "was a very unique one. An Irish family of the name of Murphy, living up on the rocks in one of the fast disappearing remnants of Shanty-town, were fraudulently evicted from their tumbledown cabin by a rascally landlord. The practical head of the household was the wife, and she determined to fight the matter out. For three weeks the Murphys, children, furniture and all, lived in the back yard of their former home with nothing between them and heaven but a flimsy tent made of old sheets, while Mrs. Murphy tramped around town looking for a lawyer who would take

"One day she charged into my office and told me her story with the stereotyped exactness that comes from frequent repetition. The case seemed to be a worthy one, and as I wasn't overburdened with work I agreed to take it free of charge and reinstate the Murphys in their dilapidated homestead. She wanted to get out a free summons against the landlord and waive several other small but necessary expenses, but I told her it would be mere politic to pay these, as the total would not amount to \$5.

"Foive dollars!" she eried: 'divil a cint have the Murphys seen since me usband losht his job wan mouth ago, and the lasht blissed thing thim pawnbrokers 'll take they've got already.' When I offered to loan her the money she went into such a rage that I apologized abjectly. 'Be the powers!' she exclaimed, after pacing the floor for about ten minutes, I forgot wan thing! Wait, misther, an' I'll be back

in an hour!" "She kept her word, and just as I was closing up shop for the day, she reappeared with her hands full of silver, which she poured upon my desk. 'Mrs. Murphy.' I queried, 'where did you get this? I thought your last valuable had been pawned? 'Yis,' she replied, with a gleam of triumph in the gray eye, vivirything excipt the goat. I tuk auld Nanny, whose milk me childer les lived upon, over to the Kenneys, and they lint me \$1.97 on her. There's the money, young man, and now, be the luv of hivin, ge in and bate Me-

"I take pleasure in stating that Mo-

HERE'S A WARNING TO MOTHERS Too Much Unselfishness Likely to Make Your Children Selfish.

STREET, STREET

There is too much of her in the home. She may be the patient, selfsacrificing mother who gets overtired that others may go free; she may be an elder sister who has sacrificed all the graces and gifts of individual life to a family of younger brothers and

Perhaps she is a maiden aunt who smooths the way with anxious eagerness for everybody's feet but her own or a grandmother whose burdens mulloved and trusted by these childlike | tiply with the coming of the second generation because the young mother has not learned the secret of living her life independently.

Whatever emergency of life may have called out her unselfishness, there it is, and, as I said before, there is altogether too much of it.

Why? Because there is such a thing as an unselfishness that passes beyond its proper bounds and becomes

mean-spirited. It lays aside that proper recognition of self which commands respect, and which is wholly necessary for individual well being. That the mother should be the head, the brains of her family, what is more fitting? That how much it would cost Uncle Sam in | she should be hands and feet, that she should serve before them like a hired ssistant, a thousand times no!

These unselfish women, in their anxiety to exemplify the golden rule, quite forget that self, after all, underlies its measure of values. If a great many women treated their neighbors no better than they treated themselves this would be a sad world for neighborliness.

And this unselfishness is sure to work mischief in a family, too. For unselfishness is unlike most other virtues, in that it breeds its opposites, not its

In a family where the wife, or the mother, or the elder daughter, is anxiously unselfish; where she watches every opportunity to do for the other members of the family what there is every good reason they should do for themselves, these others learn quickly enough first to accept it, then to assume it, and finally to demand it.

And so there comes out of the home of the unselfish woman a flock of careless, self-seeking children, intent on themselves, criminally heedless of everybody else, trampling on the rights of others, and having to unlearn, per-haps late in life, the selfish lessons they learned at their unselfih mother's knee

Rarely is it that the lesson is learned as it should be, and so is kept up the army of selfish men and women who make half the burden and unhappiness of living.

COT AHEAD OF THE BARBER. It Took Breath, but the Scheme Worked

Detroit has a barber who if talking never existed would have invented it, and still he is an excellent barber with a good patronage. Since last Tuesday evening, however, he has been wear-An old farmer from one of the back ing a countenance of gloom and disap-counties was the defendant in a suit pointment, and some of his friends think he is contemplating suicide.

At 7 o'clock of the evening mentioned a man evidently from Chicago came in, says the Free Press, and removing his external integuments took a chair.

"Shave, sir?" inquired the barber, getting his implements ready.

"Certainly." responded the customer, fixing himself comfortably. "I haven't been shaved for three days owing to the fact that several days ago, in response to an invitation from a man whom I know only slightly, having met him but once or twice during his trips to Chicago on business in which we were both interested, I went over here into a back county of Canada about fifty miles from any railroad station, in a section of country where there weren't any razors except those the hogs wore on their backs, and I haven't been able to slide my chin against anything sharper than a Canadian zephyr 20 degrees below the ice notch, and the consequence has been that I have had a growth of bristles that I think if my wife should run her face against on my return to my native village would give her such a shock that she wouldn't let me come near her again for the next six months, or at least until I had promised her faithfully that I would never let myself get into such a condition again, even if I went to the wilds of Africa, where I suppose a man's whiskers, in the luxuriant climate of that latitude, would grow to such a thicket of hirsute stubbiness that there wouldn't be any way of cutting them, unless he imported a double-strength reaper and mower with re-enforced knives in order that there might not be any mistakes in the accomplishment of the job for which it had never been designed, but for which, thanks to the excellence of American manufactures, it would readily adapt itself in an emergency of this kind, provided it were in the hands of a competent and efficient person who knew exactly its capabilities and was conversant with the proper methods of its application to-You ain't through, are you? I don't want any

And slapping on his coat and hat he

MISSING LINKS.

ber a chance to say a single word,

Mr. Gladstone's deafness is said to be increasing: It is stated that the King of Greece

speaks twelve languages.

Dr. Holmes has decided to undertake no more literary work for the present. Chauncey M. Depew is credited with having 2,000 American infants named

Count Herbert Bismarck's resemblance to his great father is said to grow more striking as years roll on.

The Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, the Duke of Cambridge. is stoop-shouldered and bandy-legged.

Mr. Herbert Campbell, a London, tragedian, has offered himself for election in the London County CounWestern Philosophy

It is better to let the heels of your shoes go unblacked than to miss a

It does not pay to invest in accident insurance policies. The accident al-

ways happens to some other train than the one in which you are traveling. Late to bed and early to rise will shorten the road to your home in the

Always try to eat at least one meal each week with your family. It keeps up the acquaintance and conduces to

Late trains are not unmixed evils. Sometimes you start to the station with a few moments to spare, intending to travel on the 9 o'clock train, and are just in time to catch the 8 o'clock train, which came along fifty-five minutes late.

Be not deceived by ecstatic visions of rapid transit. It will not come in your day.

When you give up your seat in a crowded car to a young woman, and she thanks you for it, control your surprise, it is impossible to stare in astonishment at a young woman who is unused to the ways of suburban travel,

If you have time to do so learn the name of your next-door neighbor. It may save the grocer's boy some trouble when he comes to your house with the wrong bundle, and is also handy in case of funerals. - Chicago

THREW THEM OUT.

But the Chickens Kept Right on Coming Buck.

Dr. S. C. Martin, Jr., of Argonaut Rowing Club fame, told an interesting incident of an experience of his, says the St. Louis Republic, while traveling in California some years ago.

"We were stranded in Trisco," said the doctor, "dead broke and ashamed to write home. Things became desperate with us, and at last I decided to shake' the other fellows and strike out for myself. I secured passage on one of the steamships running between 'Frisco and some of the small places along the coast, for the price of my watch, which I sold.

"Arriving at a small mining and timber town I secured a position as waiter at the Metropolitan hotel, the only hotel in the camp, an imposing frame structure. The landlord employed me at \$10 a week, and charged me \$15 a week for board. The night of my arrival myself and a German named Fritz, who was in the same boat with me, were stowed away in an old kitchen, or shed, which had not been used for some time. About midnight I was awakened by Fritz, who was swearing softly to himself.

"A moment later I discovered the cause of his annoyance. He had found the room to be the roosting place of the fowls, and was busily engaged throwing frightened chickens and ducks out of the window. After he had been engaged in this manner for some fifteen minutes, and the place seemingly as full of fowls as ever, I thought to examine into the cause.

"On looking out of the window where Fritz was throwing the fowls I saw there was an opening for them to enter just below the window, with a plank for them to walk up wide enough for two fowls. Up this plank in procession, two by two, came the fowls Fritz was throwing out. As fast as they were ejected they re-entered. We gave up trying to clear the room that night, you may be sure, and the next morning we decamped."

THE GERM OF THE GRIP. A Wonderful Discovery by the aid of # Micro-Flashlight.

Dr. Robert L. Watkins asserts that he has, by the aid of a micro-flashlight, obtained negatives of the grip germ after it has been assimilated with the blood through the mucous membrane of the nasal organs. He attaches great importance to this discovery, says the N. Y. Herald. According to Dr. Watkins, the "grip" germ was photo-graphed under the power of magnifying lenses of one thousand magnitude, the flashlight having the brilliancy of the ordinary incandescent light. The color of the germ, as seen through the lens, is white. The sides and fibrous surface were covered with fine hairs-so fine they could hardly be observed in the original micro-photograph. The germ body seemed to be undergoing constant changes, and in the meantime to rotate rapidly among the adjacent healthy blood corpuscles. The successful examination of the germ under the microscope, aided by the flashlight, proved conclusive, it is said, that the germ attacks rather the blood than the mucous membrane, as in influenza, and that the pain experienced in the various stages of the disease is caused by the wonderful activity of its minute body. I talked with a number of prominent physicians yesterday as to the importance of this discovery, and found that in their opinion it could not count for much. Dr. H. N. Heineman said: "In searching for new bacteria, simple microscopie investigation leads to the greatest self-deception. So well established is this that thampoo, haircut, or anything else, no worker in the new field of bacter-How much? Fifteen cents? Here's lology would dare quote a new germ unless he had followed the succeeding process, namely, to inoculate an animal and then to produce the diseases; bounced out without giving the barthat is to say, to produce culture by growing the germ in gelatine, and then, by inoculating animals, to produce the disease again."

Murdered in Song.

"Say, Danny, it's tough on youse te-a-ter blokies, an't it?" was the greeting which recently met a loudly ulstered member of the variety "profesh" as he supplemented his morning "draw one" and "stack of wheats" with a classic pose on the Bower house corner. "What's eaten' yer, my funny friend?" was the haughty response. "Come, now yer don't mean to say yer haven't heard de news? Why, the Grand army men all over the country have signed der pledge to give variety shows ther cold shake." "Say, is this on ther dead level?" gasped the ulstered one. "Yer bet it be." "But why?" "Oh on account of Comrades' bein' murdered every night see?" He saw. -N. Y. Herald.