

When the Indians Were Paid.

Farming presented a gala appearance Monday after the bank officials had cashed checks of the Indians to the amount of \$200,000. Every hitching post was surrounded by ponies. Those already possessing vehicles drove directly to the livery stables. Much curiosity was felt as to how the Indians would spend their gold. Their first purchases were made at the fruit and confectionery stores. One squaw quietly bought a generous allowance of candy, fruits, nuts, crackers and fifty cents' worth of chewing gum. Every Indian, large and small, was soon seen eating or carrying oranges. In a short time many of the men had bought and donned new suits of clothes. They exhibited a marked preference in these selections for navy blue. The squaws meanwhile were fast reducing the merchants' stocks of blankets, calicoes, etc.

By noon the agricultural implement houses had sold every style of vehicle in their possession, and one merchant had orders enough for a carload of spring wagons or "hacks." Harness men soon found their stocks nearly cleaned out by the Indians. Several of them paid high prices for horses in the morning, and during the afternoon many farmers brought horses to town, which they disposed of at terms far beyond their expectations. At noon the Indians eagerly sought the hotels for dinner. The squaws seemed to retain complete control of the purses. The black-eyed maiden purchased the highest priced hat in a millinery store.

An old squaw selected a new cart, and paid \$100 for a horse. She then purchased a new harness and stored away numerous packages under the seat, after which she tied the poor, little, fagged cayuse pony (on which she had come to town) behind, spread a new blanket over her lap and turned her high checked spirited horse toward the mission. By 4 o'clock a long line of new buggies, wagons and carts well laden with every conceivable article of merchandise wound its way over the mountain to the mission. The Indians were quiet, orderly and dignifiedly polite. Their confidence in the townspeople was evident, as when they emerged from the bank with their large sacks of money they sat on the street corners to count it. The happy father of several papooses retired with his abundant supply to an alley, where he sat composedly counting it out.—Cor. Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.

The "Finger" Prayer Book.

Thirty-five or forty years ago some one issued the famous "Thumb Bible," so called because it was scarcely larger than the first joint of the thumb; now Mr. Frowde, of Oxford, England, is out with a marvelous little book, which has been dubbed the "Finger Prayer Book." This tiny volume has 700 pages and is bound in morocco and velvet with brass clasps. It weighs less than three-quarters of an ounce, is only 1 inch in breadth, 3 1/2 inches in length and 1/2 of an inch in thickness. It is difficult for one to believe that a book of 700 pages could be made thin enough to conveniently go into a common pocket purse, but this is what Mr. Frowde has achieved in his "Finger Prayer Book." It is a marvel in paper making and one of which the author, the paper maker and the printer are justly proud. A copy of it bound in silver with gold clasps will be exhibited at the World's Fair.—Exchange.

Poisoned Snuff.

An old New Yorker, who takes snuff regularly, wrote to Sanitary Superintendent Elson a few days ago to complain that some snuff which he had been using had caused inflammatory symptoms which suggested poison. Dr. Elson examined the sample of snuff which was sent with the complaint and discovered that chromate of lead, known in the trade as chrome yellow, had been mixed with the snuff to brighten it. He next ascertained where the snuff was manufactured in the city, and called on the manufacturer for an explanation. Subsequently the manufacturer declared that he had used the poisonous color in the snuff by mistake, supposing that he was using a harmless means of improving the appearance of the article. He promised to stop using chrome yellow, and also consented to destroy some of his stock which had been colored with it.—New York Letter.

A Prehistoric Burial Ground.

An interesting archeological find has been reported from the neighborhood of Foster's Ferry, on the Warrior river, about nine miles south of Tuscaloosa, Ala. When the recent high waters receded from the river bottoms it was found that the current had unearthed a prehistoric burial ground. Great quantities of human bones, rough stonework and pottery were left exposed. It is surmised here from the nature of the relics found that it was a Choctaw burial ground, but a thorough examination will be made at once and the results reported.

The Season for Dog Distemper.

This spring season is very trying for horse bred doggies, and unless great care is taken of their exercise and diet they are pretty sure to have a touch of distemper. This will promptly announce itself by running at the eyes and nose, and the small quadruped should be at once taken to the doctor. No home treatment is safe, and a good doctor will cure him in two days and prevent a relapse. Keep vermin-free comfits always by you and give him one now and then as a preventive.—New York Press.

A Fault in the New Coins.

"There is a very serious defect in the new silver half dollar that few people appear to have discovered," said Milton Everett, of San Antonio, Tex. "The new coin is nearly as brittle as steel. A hard blow from a hammer breaks it completely in two. You can pound all day on the coin which this one is intended to succeed and not crack it, which seems to attest a superiority of coinage in favor of the old half dollar."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Housewife English Sparrows.

A loving student of the English sparrow as the bird is to be seen in Brooklyn finds that the little creature has in his domestic relations many human traits. When the sparrows are mating and building, the male sinks into insignificance beside the female. When a nesting place is to be selected the male looks jauntily about and is ready to accept anything that comes to hand, but the hen examines each proposed site with critical care, apparently studies the relations of the place to sun, wind and rain, and finally decides the question with small consideration for the opinions of her spouse.

When the nest is to be built the housewife character of the hen again asserts itself. She is busy all day long gathering sticks and straws to serve as building material. Nothing is taken haphazard, but every stick or straw fits to a nicety and is admirably adapted to the end for which it is selected. As to the male, he gives moral support and little else. While the hen is devoting all her energies to the task in hand he sits on a neighboring bough and encourages her with music. Nor does she expect or wish more at his hands.

Now and then, apparently pricked by conscience, he leaves his perch, picks up a clumsy stick or straw and carries it to the scene of the building operations. But his contribution is seldom received with favor. The hen usually examines it with the ill concealed scorn that wives sometimes accord to domestic performances of husbands, and in nine cases out of ten she tosses away the proffered material as soon as the back of her spouse is turned.—New York Sun.

A Cowboy's Sense of Humor.

A globe trotting Englishman told me this story: "To show you that the cowboys are not as bad as they have been painted—in fact, that they are opposed to anything like lawbreaking and violence—let me relate an incident. There was a poor clerk standing up over his books at a desk in a shop on the main street, and there was a cowboy riding up and down the street. Well, the cowboy saw the clerk and his sense of humor was aroused by the idea of shooting at him, d'you know. Those cowboys have a very remarkable sense of humor. So the cowboy ups with his pistol, d'you know, and he shoots the poor clerk right through the head, killing him instantly. "Well, now, that sort of thing is very distinctly frowned upon by cowboys, as a rule, and in this case the cowboys held a meeting and resolved that the fellow with the lively but dangerous sense of humor should be hanged at once. They put a rope around his neck, and there hung him to the side of a Pullman as the train came rolling in. I've seen a number of occurrences of that sort, which makes me quite positive in stating that though they are a very rum sort of beggars they are really not a bad lot."—Julian Ralph in Harper's Weekly.

A Lazy, Though Shrewd Fellow.

Tulkinson—a barrister and bachelor combined, by the way—is a very systematic man. The other day he had his house fitted with electrical appliances, and giving instructions to his servant Joseph, he said: "Now I want you to understand, Joseph, that when I ring once that means for you, and when I ring twice that means for Maggie, the housemaid." Joseph, who is the laziest wretch that ever accepted wages he did not earn, bowed respectfully and withdrew. A little later the bell rang. Joseph never moved. Presently it rang again, and according to instructions Maggie came hurrying to her master, who was very angry. "Why didn't that rascal, Joseph, come when I rang for him?" said the barrister bachelorette disgustedly. "Why, sir," answered Maggie, "Joseph is busy in the office reading your newspaper. When he heard the first ring he said to me, 'Now, Maggie, wait until he rings the second time, and then it will be you he wants.'"—London Tit-Bits.

Strange Cave Dwellers in Spain.

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical society, of Madrid, Dr. Bide gave an account of his exploration of a wild district in the province of Caceres, which he represented as still inhabited by a strange people who speak a curious patois and live in caves and inaccessible retreats. They have a hairy skin and have hitherto displayed a strong repugnance to mixing with their Spanish and Portuguese neighbors. Roads have lately been pushed into the district inhabited by the "Jurdes," and they are beginning to learn the Castilian language and attend the fairs and markets.—W. H. Larrabee in Popular Science Monthly.

The Growth of Railroad Mileage.

In 1830 there were twenty-three miles of railway in operation in the United States. By 1832 the mileage had increased to 239 miles, and in 1835 the country had 1,098 miles of railroad. The first through railroad from the eastward was completed in 1842 between Boston and Albany, connecting at the latter place with the Erie canal. In the same year the last link of the line from Albany to Buffalo was opened. At the end of 1848 the total mileage of all the railroads in the country was 5,996 miles, or about 500 miles more than there are now in the state of Nebraska.—Edward Rosewater's Omaha Address.

The Flute Is Very Old.

The flute is very old in its origin, but the flute of today is different from that of the ancients. It has been improved upon from time to time, and the old people would probably fail to recognize it now. The flageolet, which is somewhat similar, is credited to Juvigny about 1581.—Harper's Young People.

Tall Men in Asia and Africa.

The tallest men of South America are found in the western provinces of the Argentine Republic, of Asia in Afghanistan and Kaypootana, of Africa in the highlands of Abyssinia.—Yankee Blade.

The Astor Fortune.

It is believed that the estimate of \$50,000,000 which is made of the shares of his father's estate which John Jacob Astor received is under the mark. Upon the division of the property which William B. Astor left his two sons, William Astor's share was inventoried at about \$60,000,000, and while his family have lived expensively, yet they did not begin to spend his income, and although he did nothing to increase his wealth, the yearly accumulations are believed to have increased the property by some \$15,000,000. Deducting from this the \$6,000,000 given to his daughters, or \$2,000,000 apiece, and the charge on the estate of \$500,000 a year for the benefit of his widow, it would still leave for John Jacob Astor between \$65,000,000 and \$70,000,000.

It is not the amount, however, which the young man receives that causes special interest. The sum is so large that a million either way is of little account. The question which interests people here is what is John Jacob Astor going to do with his property? If he becomes, as his cousin William Waldorf has, a man of keen business instinct, he will have to change remarkably. He has one trait of the Astors perhaps more strongly developed than it was in any of the others, and it is a trait which in some men would be called parsimoniousness. He is an extremely close figurer, and is of such disposition that when he secures a dollar he feels like making it a prisoner for life. Whether he branches out as a daring and conspicuous builder of real estate properties or not his fortune is certain to increase steadily, because no rich man in New York, not even Russell Sage, will figure more carefully over his expenditures, both personal and business, than John Jacob Astor will do.—New York Cor. Philadelphia Press.

It Finds Precious Metals.

Mr. Andrew Thompson has made an instrument resembling in its appearance the oil well locator, which will locate gold or silver ore. This instrument will act on these metals whether in one deep in the earth or in the shape of coin or jewelry. Gold and silver money was placed on the floor and the instrument quickly located it. The coin was then placed high above the floor and its location was quickly and accurately determined. It was also tried on gold and silver ore with the same result. Many inducements have been offered Mr. Thompson to disclose the secret of the little machine, but he has refused all offers, some of them very liberal ones.

He has selected a well known resident of the south side, to whom he intends before he dies to impart the secret of the unattractive looking but most potent machine. The gentleman designated to receive this important trust as yet knows nothing about the instrument except its effects. He can handle it with as much dexterity as Mr. Thompson, but possesses no knowledge of the machine other than that imparted in this article.—Pittsburg Post.

The Latest Western Gold Story.

J. A. McConville, who lives on Montana street, killed one of his chickens for dinner, and on cleaning it was surprised to find a quantity of gold nuggets in the crop and gizzard. Having about thirty more chickens on hand, he began killing and examining them. In each of them he found a pro rata of nuggets, the total amount gathered from the thirty-one hens being \$887.50—an average of \$12.50 a head. The gold was sent to the State National bank and pronounced eighteen carat fine.

Mr. McConville immediately bought fifty more chickens and turned them out on the gold fields in the vicinity of the hen coop. As an experiment one of them was killed and \$2.80 in gold taken from its inside works, the result of a four days' run. Mr. McConville has a virtual bonanza, and expects to be a millionaire before fall if the chickens hold out.—Butte Mining Journal.

Lightning Kindled the Fireplace Fire.

Saturday night there was a pretty big thunderstorm. An old negro named Henry Wishum lives at 551 Jefferson street. There was no one in the house while the storm was in progress. The building was struck by lightning and the whole front of the house was torn to pieces. On the opposite side of the room was an open fireplace filled with trash, before which a screen had been placed. The lightning ignited this rubbish as nicely as a match could have done, and without setting fire to anything else in the room. When Wishum's wife returned shortly afterward she found the fire burning cheerfully.—Americus Times-Recorder.

May Be Soap Advertisements.

L. C. G. Harris, of Bertha, Lake county, Cal., writes that he has discovered upon some rocks in that section a large number of painted hieroglyphics of the most interesting character. There are many hundreds of characters, and Mr. Harris, who has studied them closely, believes that he has hit upon a clew to their meaning. In the same locality he has dug up a number of arrowheads, one of which is made of abalone shell, and the characters engraved upon it are similar to those painted on the rocks.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Curious Horse.

Mr. Yelkins had a fine bay horse that had a mania for catching chickens, and one day last week, when he went out to the stable, he found the horse lying dead. He cut the body open and found that the horse had actually eaten a whole chicken, and the bones had cut through the stomach, causing death.—Santa Maria (Cal.) Times.

An electric exhibit will be one of the features of the exposition to be held at Buffalo in August. A model of Niagara Falls tunnel, showing how it is to be utilized in the transmission of power, is one of the novelties suggested.

Costa Rica is about to have a law making the sale of Indian antiquities to foreigners a crime, punishable with severe penalties.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

CATHOLIC.—St. Paul's Church, 44, between Fifth and Sixth. Father Caney, Pastor. Services: Mass at 8 and 10:30 A. M. Sunday School at 2:30, with benediction.

CHRISTIAN.—Corner Leavenworth and Eighth Sts. Services morning and evening. Elder A. Galloway pastor. Sunday School 10 A. M.

EPISCOPAL.—St. Luke's Church, corner Third and Vine. Rev. H. B. Burgess, pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 2:30 P. M.

GERMAN METHODIST.—Corner Sixth St. and Granite. Rev. H. T. Pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 10:30 A. M.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Services in new church, corner Sixth and Granite sts. Rev. J. T. Baird, pastor. Sunday-school at 9:30; Preaching at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. The Y. R. S. C. E. of this church meets every Sabbath evening at 7:15 in the basement of the church. All are invited to attend these meetings.

FIRST METHODIST.—Sixth St., between Main and Pearl. Rev. L. F. Brit, D. D. pastor. Services: 11 A. M., 8:00 P. M. Sunday School 9:30 A. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN.—Corner Main and Ninth. Rev. Witte, pastor. Services usual hours. Sunday School 9:30 A. M.

SWEDISH CONGREGATIONAL.—Granite, between Fifth and Sixth.

COLORAD BAPTIST.—Mt. Olive, Oak, between Tenth and Eleventh. Rev. A. Roswell, pastor. Services 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—Rooms in Waterman block, Main street. Gospel meeting, for men only, every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Rooms open week days from 8:30 A. M. to 9:30 P. M.

SOUTH PARK TABERNACLE.—Rev. J. M. Wood, pastor. Services: Sunday School, 9:30 A. M.; Preaching, 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.; prayer meeting Tuesday night; choir practice Friday night. All are welcome.

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bring out some of that SANTA CLAUS SOAP we've all used it right smart, and the Wimmidjicks say just as long as I kin git it fur'em they wont bester me about ditting a washin' masheen. All of you fellers keep it I reckon. If you dont I kin send to

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