

Yes Sir, We Keep...



**Waltham Watches,
Hampden Watches,
Columbus Watches,
Good Watches,
Gold Watches,
Gold-filled Watches,
Silver Watches.**

In Fact all Kinds of Watches.

100 VARIETIES OF CLOCKS.

The largest stock of Jewelry ever seen in the county. All goods as represented and guaranteed where a guarantee is good.

Prices Gold filled Watches \$10 and upwards.

Silver and Nickel \$1.75 and upwards.

The largest variety of repairing of any firm in the county. Call and be convinced of the truth of these statements.

THE CARRUTH JEWELRY COMPANY
PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

GO TO ISAAC PEARLMAN'S

GREAT MODERN

HOUSE-FURNISHING: EMPORIUM.

Where you can get your house furnished from kitchen to parlor and at easy terms. I handle the world renowned Haywood Baby Carriages, also the latest

Improved "Reliable Process" Gasoline Stoves.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED. NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

I. PEARLMAN,

OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

WE MUST HAVE MORE ROOM

... AND IN ORDER TO GET IT ...

WE WILL FOR THE NEXT THIRTY DAYS

Make Prices That Will Move Hardware.

CLEAN NEW STOCK GOES AT VERY BOTTOM PRICES

BURNED HARDWARE AT ANY PRICE

J. W. HENDEE & CO.

MEISINGER & LOHMANN,

DEALERS IN

SOLID COMFORT PLOWS, FARM IMPLEMENTS, WAGONS
BUGGIES AND SMALL FARM SAFES.
PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

TUCKER SISTERS

MILLINERS.

Latest Spring Styles from Chicago, St. Louis and other eastern cities. All the latest from all the largest cities. Come and see our Silk Roses, Hat Ornaments, Fancy Straw Braid and Hats. Trimmings in velvet and laces of all description. In fact everything that makes a lady's hat complete.

"Trimming is an Art, and should be classed as a PROFESSION."

OUR TRIMMING DEPARTMENT

Is managed by Miss Kate Hempler, who only needs to be mentioned to be patronized.

Geo. Vass' Old Stand—Sherwood Block.

TUCKER SISTERS,

The British Embassy.

Of the many notable residences at the national capital, there is none of more individual and popular interest than the square structure of red brick occupying an ample corner at Connecticut Avenue and N Street, which is the home of the British embassy.

The neatly kept square, with its massive mansion, roomy stables, and trim plots of lawn and shrubbery, constitutes, as the exclusive property of the English government, a truly British possession in the very stronghold of our own United States. This establishment has served for nearly twenty years as the ministerial residence, and was the first erected for that purpose and owned by a foreign power.

As a matter of fact, it is the most important of all the foreign legations at Washington, the interests being legion which bind together the two great English-speaking nations of the world; and most momentous questions are continually before the two powers for consideration and settlement. England may sometimes scold her lusty offspring,—like the cross old lady she is reputed to be,—but aside from the vast material interests which she holds in every state in the Union, there exists an undercurrent of genuine good feeling between the English people and their American cousins. However reluctantly the independence of the colonies was acknowledged by England, she was quick to see the importance of placing her representative at the new seat of government; and, with few intervals, since the permanent establishment of the Republic there has been an English minister at Washington. Some of the most brilliant diplomats of Great Britain have served here.

The English Embassy, both in plan and appearance, preserves all the traditions of the mother country. Its solid, uncompromising front is topped by the inevitable mansard roof, is only saved from positive ugliness by a broad portico which bears the English coat-of-arms, and makes a picturesque break in its general severity. Like the staring inhospitable fronts of so many English town-houses, which, to the surprise of the American tourist, often enclose the cheeriest and brightest of interiors, the ungracious exterior of the English Embassy only serves to heighten the contrast of its sunny, spacious rooms, and the atmosphere of genial hospitality which pervades every nook and corner. Demorest Family Magazine.

WANTED—Agents to sell our choice and hardy nursery stock. We have many new and special varieties, both in fruits and ornamentals to offer, which are controlled only by us. We pay commission or salary. Write us at once for terms, and secure choice of territory.
MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen,
Rochester, N. Y.

A marriage license was issued to Tom Egan and Miss Doolin this week.

Robt. Brown and Maud Vivian were married this week.

W-R-D-S F-I—
(The above words when properly filled in compose the name of the great event of the year.)

Every person who properly fills them in and returns this card to us with an order for 150 of our 5 cent cigars @ \$5 per 1000 (making small C. O. D. bill of \$5.25) will receive a beautiful and reliable gold filled watch free (accompanied by twenty-year guarantee) full jeweled, stem wind and set.

The object of this extraordinary offer is of course to save the heavy expense of traveling salesmen, and to introduce the goods at once. All goods shipped C. O. D., and full examination allowed before you pay one cent.

AMERICAN CIGAR CO.,
Winston, N. C.

Blue grass seed at,
BENNETT & TUTT'S.

So as to Know What You Take.
The Berlin police have adopted a common sense method of dealing with persons who advertise harmful and poisonous preparations for sale which has the merit of not putting in motion the tardy and uncertain machinery of the law. Immediately beneath the objectionable advertisement they publish the announcement that the preparation above named has been analyzed and is found to consist of such and such a composition, its intrinsic value being so much. In this way lately was stopped the sale of a much advertised cosmetic, the chief compound of which was that deadly salt of Mercury known as corrosive sublimate. Chamber's Journal.

Renting Plumes.

It is said that a large proportion of the plumes worn by the ladies who attend the queen's drawing room are hired from a shop which makes a business of renting plumes. The feathers are worth 21 to 22 and the rent of them is 5 or 6 shillings for each occasion.—London Tit-Bits.

A HAPPY MAN.

The Last Day of His Mental Balance a Happy One, He Knows No Tomorrow.

I have seen at last a happy man, the happiest I ever knew. He is perhaps 45 years old, and his happiness has been unbroken for two years or more.

Hear his story. He is a gentleman in every sense of the word. He has means, social position and a large circle of devoted relatives and friends. He has a fine physique, a handsome face. But we did not call him a happy man, "such a happy man," until two years ago, when the great change came. He never married, and the Miss X, of whom I tell you was no more to him than his lifelong comrade, his best of friends—an old neighbor, related to him in many ways, but never by the tender tie.

Perhaps he had been more of an invalid than he knew or than his friends dreamed. One summer day he went to the little lake not far from his native village, a popular inland resort, and spent what he called upon his return that night "a perfect day." Skies were never bluer, he said, nor flowers fairer nor the lake so lovely to him as upon that day. Only he had expected to meet Miss X, there and to have had their usual sail together.

He would go again on the morrow, take her with him and so double and increase the joy. He went to her house that evening to play whist as usual. It was Saturday. She had gone to spend Sunday at the lake. He was very glad she had gone, he said; he would join her the next day. During the game he alluded many times to the happy day he had passed. And what is there in life after all like a tomorrow full of promise?

That night after reaching his room he had a paralytic stroke—not a severe one, only a slight shock, but it clouded his brain, if we can call that a cloud which fixed forever in his mind the happiness reigning there when it came.

Every day since then has been that happy Saturday to him. He has just returned from the lake. No matter if the snow is drifting or the rain is beating the windows, it has been a perfect day, everything in divine harmony. He will go over to X's for a game of whist. Even if Miss X meets him he asks if she is at home, as if he were addressing some one else; then he is so glad she is up at the lake; he is going back tomorrow; there is every sign of perfect weather, etc., all in his old time charming way. Then he takes up his cards and plays a capital game and goes home in the sweet expectation of a happy tomorrow.

All else in life seems a blank to him. In that one fair niche of memory he sees all of the past, the present and the future. He appears to be reading oftentimes when the book he holds is up side down. Death means nothing to him. When his friends die, he does not weep nor question nor miss them. He has had such a happy day, and he is going to repeat it tomorrow.

Naturally his case is of interest to specialists. He is never troublesome. He goes about the village and exchanges cordial greetings. Nor does he always speak of what is in possession of his mind, unless you hold him too long. That he has excuse for breaking away.

Question—If that last day of his mental balance had been an unhappy one, say a day black with anguish or remorse or embittered with rage and revenge, would he now be the opposite of what he is—a wild beast in toils—the remainder of his life the horrible evolution of an incidental, who knows but an accident, mood?—Atlantic Monthly.

From Riches to Abject Poverty.

An old man with a thin, bent form and a few locks of white hair peeping from beneath a rusty old fashioned silk hat hobbled painfully through Broad street one afternoon last week and took his stand near the Mills building. He leaned wearily on his stout stick and appeared to be in pain. His manner was absolutely passive. He paid no attention to surrounding objects and spoke to no person. He simply stood still. Within half an hour after the close of business in the exchanges at least half a dozen well known brokers in passing this old gentleman slyly slipped a coin or a crumpled note into his hand. "Who is that old man?" asked the phrase writer of a gentleman who is regarded as a landmark in Wall street.

"I won't mention his name," was the reply, "but he used to be one of the high rollers down here. He was probably worth a couple of millions once and was for years one of the best customers that the stockbrokers had. Some of those prosperous men who give him a quarter or a half dollar now and then have in times past made their thousands out of his skill as an operator."—New York Times.

To Tax Scented Advertisements.

The practice of defacing natural scenery with great advertisements is not so prevalent in the United States as it is a generation ago, and public sentiment is steadily growing stronger against it. This practice has recently developed in England to such an extent that lovers of nature recognize that some definite action must be taken. The Thames valley, the most picturesque mountain spots in Wales and the loveliest corners of Devonshire have been greatly injured by huge advertisements. The well known architect, Mr. Waterhouse, has proposed that if they cannot actually be prohibited they should at least be diminished by the imposition of a heavy license tax.—Chicago Herald.

English Hospitals.

As regards hospitals, the teeming millions of London can count upon only one bed per 1,000—a proportion which is unique among the large towns of Great Britain. Glasgow, Newcastle, Wolverhampton have 3½ beds per 1,000; Edinburgh, 3½; Dublin, 6½; Norwich, Belfast, Brighton, Liverpool, Manchester and Bristol have an average of 2½ beds per 1,000.—Exchange.

What Indeed!

Hunker—Do you propose to marry, Spatts?
Spatts—Well, what other object would I have in proposing?—Vogue.

A Terrible Threat.

A janitor in a blue shirt was cleaning the windows of a bank at Broadway and Park place the other day after office hours, when a tramp came along, who, after eyeing him a few moments with envy, yelled to him:

"Hello, there, you chap in the bank, can't you throw a fellow out a little money? I'm clean broke, and almost anything would be welcome."

The janitor went on cleaning the windows. He heard what the tramp said, but wouldn't admit it.

The tramp paused a few moments and then yelled: "Come, now, don't be a hog. There must be a million dollars in there, and all you've got to do is to chuck a bundle of it out. Are you going to do it or aren't you?"

Still no response.

The tramp began to chafe under the galling hauteur with which he was being treated.

"If you don't give me some of that money, I'll start a report that the bank's in trouble," he yelled. "If ever there was a first rate hog, it's you."

After 10 minutes had elapsed and no one had taken the least notice of the tramp he began to walk slowly away. As he reached the gutter he turned round, shook his fist at the window cleaner and muttered:

"When the commune is declared, any one who wants money will only have to walk into a bank and ask for it. I'll be there, my beauty, when the day comes, and I'll point you out to the fellow citizens as an insolent and bloated symbol of wealth. You just wait, my friend, till the call to arms is sounded, and you'll find me right on the spot ready to tell what I know about the enemies of the proletariat."—New York Herald.

A Theatrical Dresser.

There is one difference between American and European theaters as marked as their schedule of prices and their ushering system, and that is in the matter of "dressers." The European manager employs about half a dozen dressers who act as body servants of the leading actors in his company and a regular employee of the house, like gas men, cleaners and scene shifters. The American actor, however, dresses himself or else hires a man to assist him. When he does hire a man, it is usually a fellow player who is "doing" small parts and is glad of the chance to increase his \$10 wages by \$5 from the leading or heavy man or first comedian.

The dresser has not only to assist in changing his master's costume, a performance requiring great expedition, but makes repairs, folds and puts away the clothing, packs and unpacks the trunks and sees that the dressing table is supplied with paints, wigs, combs and other needful articles. In the European theaters the dresser seldom or never acts, though he is often an actor who has been forced off from the stage by illness, lameness or loss of voice. He is generally prompt, quiet, a little obsequious and hopeful of tips at the end of a run or of a season.—New York Sun.

They Did Not Go to Sleep.

"The itinerary of a Methodist minister may have its unpleasant features," remarked a well known divine to a newspaper man yesterday, "but it has its advantages too."

"There is one little dried up Scotchman who used to be on the southern Ohio conference list who never failed to get even with his congregation. At one station he fared badly, and on the last evening he addressed the church he began, as all settled back to listen with ease: "Now, brethren," he said, "it is not fair to go asleep as ye always ha' done until I get along w' my sermon. This is my last one—so wait a wee till I get along, and then if I'm nat worth hearing sleep awa' w' ye, and I will not care, but dinna go before I ha' commenced. Gi' me this one chance!"

"And they were all pretty well awake by that time, so he went on: "I shall take for my last text among ye the two strong words 'Know thyself,' but I will say before I begin the main discourse that I would nat advise this congregation to make many such profitless acquaintances!"

"You may believe that there was not a snore or a nod in the house that evening."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Prompt and Effective.

Detroit has a bachelor of the compulsory sort, but Detroit won't have him long. He has been disappointed so many times that lately he has been almost impetuous in his attentions. She is a widow and an improvement on all her predecessors in his heart. The matter was settled a week ago in a rather roundabout way. They had been talking on woman in general.

"So you think," he said, "that woman is prone to jump at a conclusion?"

"I certainly do," she responded earnestly.

"And you are like all the others?"

"I hope so."

A great thought came to him then. "Would I were a conclusion," he sighed, with such a sigh that within five minutes two hearts were consolidated.—Detroit Free Press.

Dancing and Early Art.

It may create some surprise that we regard the dance as the earliest form of art, or even that we allow it any place among the fine arts. To many it will seem a kind of sacrilege to combine in the same category, however broad, such extremes as a dancing savage and a painting of the last judgment, and if the connection must be made some would choose to make it along other lines than those of art. But, in truth, the dance supplies us with the key, so to speak, of the development of the fine arts.—David J. Hill in Popular Science Monthly.

The Value of Women According to Sages.

"He who builds a house and takes a wife heaps heavy afflictions on his head," declares some Hindoo sage. Their relative value is fixed by other proverbs, such as the Venetian's, "If woman were of gold, she wouldn't be worth a farthing."



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A cream of tatar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States food report.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,
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And all Nervous, Chronic and Private Diseases as these unrivaled Specialists have cured during the past 27 years. Send 4c for their illustrated book of 120 pages. Consultation free. Call upon, or address with stamp,
DRS. BETTS & BETTS,
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Manufacturer of and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in the

Choicest Brands of Cigars.
A FULL LINE OF
FINE TOBACCO AND SMOKERS' ARTICLES
ALWAYS IN STOCK.
PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA

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GOLD AND FORELAIN CROWNS.
Bridge and Fine Gold Work
A SPECIALTY.

DR. STEINHAUS LOCAL, as well as other anaesthetics given for the painless extraction of teeth.
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FURNITURE, AND UNDERTAKING.
House Furnishing Goods
STOVES AND RANGES.

Our stock in all lines is complete and we invite our friends to come in and look us through. We will endeavor to please you. When in the city call in and see us.

STREIGHT & SATTLER,
(Successors to Henry Boeck)
522 Main Street, Plattsmouth.

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