

Want Column

WANTED.

WANTED—To buy a good Jersey cow, not over 8 years old. Call on or address, A. F. Sturm, Nehawka, Neb.

WANTED—Man to travel in Nebraska. Start now. Experience unnecessary; good pay and tailor made suit free in 50 days. Write for particulars. J. E. McBrady & Co., Chicago.

CIGAR SALEMAN WANTED—In your locality to represent us. Experience unnecessary; \$110 per month and expenses. Write for particulars. Monarch Cigar Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

I have just moved into the Union block, and respectfully solicit a share of your patronage.

Jesse Perry, Barber

A. L. TIDD

LAWYER

References: Bank of Eagle, Eagle, Nehawka Bank, Nehawka, Bank of Murdock, Murdock, First Nat'l Bank, Greenwood, State Bank of Murray, Murray, First Nat'l Bank, Plattsmouth.

G. A. MARSHALL, D. D. S.

Graduate Dentist.

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All Work Guaranteed
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Legal Notice.
State of Nebraska, ss. In County Court, Cass County.
In the matter of the estate of Abbie B. Bradford, deceased.
To all persons interested:
You are hereby notified that there will be a hearing upon the report and petition for final settlement in said estate before this court at Plattsmouth, in said county, on the 10th day of May, 1909, at 2 o'clock a. m. All objections must be on file on or before said time.

Legal Notice.
State of Nebraska, ss. In County Court, Cass County.
In the matter of the estate of Peter Turn, deceased.
To all persons interested:
You are hereby notified that a petition together with an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said Peter Turn, deceased, have been filed in this court. The prayer of said petition is that said instrument be allowed and proclaimed as the last will and testament of said deceased.
You are notified that a hearing will be had on said petition before this court on the 10th day of May, 1909, at 2 o'clock p. m., and that all objections, if any, must be filed on or before said day and hour of hearing.
Witness my hand and the seal of the county court of said county this 17th day of April, 1909.

Notice to Creditors.
State of Nebraska, ss. In County Court, Cass County.
In the matter of the estate of James H. Cathey, deceased.
Notice is hereby given that the creditors of said deceased will meet the Administrator of said estate, before me, County Judge of Cass County, Nebraska, at the County Court room in Plattsmouth, in said county, on the 24th day of May, 1909, and on the 24th day of November, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m., each day for the purpose of presenting their claims for examination, adjustment and allowance.
Six months are allowed for the creditors of said deceased to present their claims, and one year for the Administrator to settle said estate, from the 24th day of May, 1909.
Witness my hand and seal of said County Court, at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, this 21 day of April, 1909.

THOSE DEAR GIRLS

AND THE RUDE CROWD AT THE TICKET OFFICE.

Age of Chivalry Surely Dead When Men Object to Missing Their Trains to Accommodate Fair Femininity.

It was one of the branch offices of a big railroad. As the man ahead of her threw down his money, grabbed his ticket and disappeared, she fluttered up to the counter.

"I want to get my trunk checked, please."

"Let me see your ticket, miss."

"O, Clare, we forgot to get my ticket," turning to the girl with her.

"So we did. Now we will have to go all the way back."

"You can get your ticket here, miss."

"O, Clare, I can get my ticket here. Isn't it lovely?"

"Just happened to have a few odd lots on hand," grinned some brute behind her. "It's bargain day, you know. All tickets reduced to 49 cents."

"What does that rude creature mean, Clare?"

"I don't know, dear. Don't pay any attention to him."

"Where to, miss?" inquired the ticket agent at this point.

"New York."

"Round trip?"

"O, I—wait a moment, Clare, I never thought about that. Would you get a round trip? You know the Howards may only be in New York a week, and I may go on with them to Pittsburg. They have been begging me to for weeks, but if Mabel's wedding should come off by the 30th, I'll want to go to that. I shouldn't be a bit surprised though if she postponed it again, but—"

"Round trip, miss?" asked the ticket agent again, while the waiting line of men and women stood on the other foot.

"O, Clare, what would you do? I am wild to go to Pittsburg with the Howards—"

"And we are wild to have you go," suddenly yelled a man at the extreme end of the line, whose train left in 20 minutes.

"Try Pittsburg," yelled another voice. "You have to change every thing there every hour or so, and you can include your mind without any extra inconvenience."

"Oh, no," shrieked another frantic individual, "go to Mabel's wedding. I am dying to have you go. What, Mabel?"

"Clare, did you ever see such dreadful people. I shall report you at the main office," and she glared at the ticket agent.

"Yes, miss," returned that individual in an expressionless voice.

"Round trip?"

"No, single," haughtily.

"What time? The next call is between 11 and 12."

"Oh, my trunk isn't packed yet. I could never get it ready in that time."

"Next call between 3 and 4."

"Very well, have the man call for my trunk at 3, then I can take the 2 o'clock train."

"You would not have your check, miss?"

"Why not? I can get the check when the man comes for my trunk."

"But you won't be there if you go on the 2 o'clock train and he doesn't come until 3."

"Oh, a long pause.

"Clare, I won't be there. What shall I do? Do you think I could get my trunk ready by 12? You know they never come when they say they will."

"I think you could, dear. I'll pack one tray for you and we'll phone for Helen to come and help us, and—"

"Say, look here," shouted an excited person in the rear, whose hair was standing wildly on end and whose eyes appeared to be endeavoring to sever their connecting links with his face. "I've got just 20 minutes to make my train in, and it's a matter of \$40,000 to me if I lose it. Now if Clara and her friend will retire for a few moments and decide these momentous questions the rest of us can get our tickets before she has time to change her mind again."

"Clare, I'll not stay here another moment and be insulted. I shall not get my ticket at this office, and I shall certainly report you, sir, at headquarters. I will never go on this road again and I shall tell all my friends how I have been treated, and see that they take their custom elsewhere," and then she and Clare swept haughtily from the office, while the crowd cheered.

As the two disappeared the ticket agent winked at the crowd, and then began throwing out tickets and making change, as each man yelled his destination, tossed him his money and snatching his ticket sprinted out of the door with his coat tails standing out straight and his suit case cutting long streaks out of the atmosphere.—Puck.

Things Undone.
Knowing Child—Mamma punished me for something I hadn't done yesterday.

Auntie—That's rather unjust. Are you sure?

Knowing Child—Yes, she punished me because I hadn't done my lessons.

A Soft Answer.
"Oh—What did you tell your father when he asked you if you indulged?"

"I2—Told him I took only ginger ale."

"39—Thought a soft answer would turn away wrath, eh?"

HIS BLUFF FAILED TO WORK.

"Kind Lady" Was Not the Easy Mark Weary Willie Had Fondly Hoped to Find.

Weary Willie left the dusty country roadside and entered the hospitable open gate at the end of a neat walk bordered with bright-hued and old-fashioned flowers. A tidy and motherly-looking woman, who looked as if she might be "easy fruit," sat on a vine-clad little porch hemming a sheet. She seemed to be the only person on the premises and Weary Willie fancied that she looked a bit scared. It was because of this that there was a certain note of authority in his voice when he said:

"I want to get something to eat, kind lady, and I—"

The "kind lady" gave her head a little toss and interrupted him by saying: "You do, eh? Well, I can tell you, my wandering friend, that you just have run afoul of the wrong kind lady" when you struck me, an' if you think that I am a bit scared of you or of any of your trampin' tribe you are most beautifully left, an' so I let you know, for the tramp never yet drew the breath o' life that I was scared of or who could bulldoze me into feedin' him, an' I can tell you straight that I ain't no use for you nor for none o' your clan, an' if I had my way there would be a workhouse in every county in the land where such gents as you would put in 12 good hours of work every day or be stood in the stocks that long, and I guess then you would keep off the country roads an' stop scarin' women that ain't got nerve enough to tell you what they think of you, which I have, an' so I let you know, an' if you don't light out o' here right forthwith an' faster, in less than one minute I will go into the house an' come out again with a hosswhip that I have used on more than one o' your stripe, an' sent him off howlin' like the whipped cur that he was, an' that you will be if you so much as open your mouth even to say 'kind lady' to me, which I ain't, nor don't want to be no 'kind lady' when it comes to wastin' sweetness on the desert air, as a body might say, by bein' kind to any such low-down, witless specimens o' seum o' the earth as you represent, an' if you don't vamoose this ranch in three shakes of a dead sheep's tail I'll unchain a dog I've got in the back yard that likes nothin' better than to make sausage meat of such—Goin', are you, my friend?"—Puck.

Paper and Canvas.
In a book entitled "Stories of the English Artists," R. Davies and C. Hunt tell an interesting anecdote of Turner, the great landscape painter. He disliked to part with his pictures, and when he sold one, invariably wore a look of dejection and oppression. If a friend asked him what was the matter, he would scornfully explain: "I've lost one of my children this week."

Once a rich Birmingham manufacturer, Gillett by name, introduced himself to the painter, and stated that he had come to buy.

"Don't want to sell," or some such laconic rebuff, with the answer.

The manufacturer then drew from his pocket a bundle of bank-notes, about £5,000 worth.

"Here paper," observed Turner, with a grim humor, a little softened, however, and evidently enjoying his joke.

"To be bartered for mere canvas," replied Gillett, waving his hand at the "Building of Carthage" and its companions.

This tone of cool depreciation seemed to have a happy effect, and finally Gillett departed with some £5,000 worth of Turner's pictures.

Cleanliness of Amsterdam.
Amsterdam enjoys an enviable reputation for its cleanliness. Owen Feltman, who visited Holland in the seventeenth century, was particularly impressed by the spotlessness of its streets and houses. "Whatsoever their estates be," he writes, "their houses must be fair. Therefore from Amsterdam they have banished seacole, lest it soyle their buildings. Every door ceus studded with diamonds. The nails and hinges hold a constant brightness, as if rust there was not a quality incident to iron. Their houses they keep cleaner than their bodies; their bodies than their souls. Go to one, you shall find the androns shut up in network. At a second, the warming pan muffled in Italian cutwork. At a third the scone clad in cambick."

Making Change in New York.
A thin little man with a long beard and a big bundle boarded a Second Avenue car at Fifth street the other day, and when the conductor came around handed up a \$1 bill and asked for a transfer to the Fourteenth street line.

The conductor handed the passenger a half dollar, a quarter and three dimes. The thin little man saw the three dimes and quickly thrust his change in his pocket. He didn't wait until the car got to Fourteenth street, but alighted at Eighth street. When he had gone a passenger said to the conductor:

"You gave that man three dimes in stead of two."

The conductor did not smile, but said:

"Did I? Well, he'll have a devil of a time getting rid of the half dollar."—New York Sun.

Turkish Women in Uphill Fight.
In Constantinople a few better-class women are "feeling their way" in regard to dress, but like all pioneers, they suffer for the cause. If the customary heavy black veil is thinner, if the hair has an appearance of being puffed out beneath its covering, if the rich silk mantle is cut to show the slender form or more mature curves of its wearer, she is immediately an object of much attention and remark from Turk and Christian.

His Definition of Echo.
A little boy was amusing himself by hallooing, then listening for the echo. "What is the echo, mamma?" he asked. His mother attempted to explain, feeling all the while how inadequate her explanation was. The little fellow trotted along at her side, silent for some minutes, then his eyes fell upon his shadow.

"Oh, I know what echo is," he exclaimed joyfully; "it's the shadow of our voices."

FORTRESS A MARVEL

GIBRALTAR IS RIGHTLY CONSIDERED IMPREGNABLE.

Hard to Imagine How Any Attacking Fleet Could Live in the Avalanche of Shot That Could Be Poured on It.

"An enemy's fleet could be sent to the bottom in ten minutes before getting within five miles of Gibraltar; not even a torpedo-boat could succeed in entering the bay unobserved on the blackest night!" That sums up the opinions of the most eminent naval experts as to the impregnability of the world's greatest fortress.

But disappointment awaits the sightseeing visitor. The rock, though barren, is covered with luxuriant vegetation; not a fort prominent; not a gun to be seen even with the most powerful glasses; no discernible ammunition magazines; no strongholds; only a peaceful, prosperous harbor and a sleepy, straggling town.

It is night and the maneuvers are on. Swift-playing searchlights transform the bay into a sheet of shimmering silver, upon which are seen majestic British warships and elongated flying shadows—the torpedoes. Guns answer guns out of every conceivable crevice and corner, blending in one deafening uproar, while scores of shells plow the water for miles around.

Sentries are everywhere; infantry parties crouch in the shadows; hundreds of gunners stand ready behind hundreds of guns in these mysterious labyrinths hewn out of the solid rock—"the galleries;" the vicious barking of the Maxim guns gives contrast to the deep-toned baying of these mammoth pieces of ordnance, the mere report of which cracks stone roofs and bursts doors and whole windows. Could any fleet live through the murderous hail of gigantic shells?

Gibraltar never sleeps. By day and night two perfectly equipped signal stations, proudly flaunting Britain's flag of ownership, unceasingly sweep the seas around to a distance of fifteen miles on a clear day, instantly reporting the coming and going of each vessel. Sentries guard all the prominent forts, magazines and gateways; gunners sleep beside their guns; engineers are ever ready beside the powerful searchlights.

Modern "needle" guns, the finest in Europe, are installed on all the most prominent points. They are unreachably from the sea, even as they are unobscurable, owing to the skill with which they are painted and draped to match the surrounding vegetation, while huge screens drop automatically before them as each shell is fired. They have a range of fifteen miles and could drop shells on Ceuta, in Africa, opposite, quite comfortably! One gun weighs 110 tons and is capable of throwing a shell weighing three-quarters of a ton! In that marvel of engineering under great difficulties, the galleries, are concealed guns for every day in the year!

These galleries are divided into three sections, entry to which is guarded, while one is closed even to high officers, containing preserved stores, munitions of war, rain water (for Gibraltar has no springs) and a complete condensing plant—all calculated to outlast a siege of seven years.

The firing is the most mathematically perfect imaginable. The surrounding waters are mapped out into squares, upon which certain guns are kept ready trained, so that it is almost impossible to miss. During practice targets are towed across the bay, the object being to hit the water a few yards in advance of them.

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