

For Every Effect There is a Cause



It is an established fact that we sell more young men's and boys' Suits and Odd Trousers than any other firm in Cass County. We cater to the young men and boys, because if we can satisfy them when the parents buy for them, after they become old enough to buy for themselves they invariably come to us with their needs.

We carry a strong line of this class of clothing and if you are in need of a suit for the boy bring him in and see if we can't please both him and yourself.

MORGAN THE LEADING CLOTHIER.

Andrew Kroehler
—DEALER IN—
HARDWARE
TINWARE
CUTLERY, ETC.

Cor. Sixth and Pearl Sts.
Hall's Old Stand.

If you are going to build give me a chance to furnish your hardware. If you want tin roofing or spouting come and see me. Work promptly done at reasonable prices.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.
Safe. Always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. Buy of your Druggist, or send 5c. in stamps for Particulars, Testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Sold by all Druggists.
CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO.
2100 Madison Square, PHILA., PA.
Mention this paper.

Rich's Patent
JULIA MARLOWE SHOES



\$2.25 and \$2.50

If You Want Tans We Have Them at \$2.00 Up.

LIGHT WEIGHT OXFORDS
in smooth, fine Don-gola, Military Heel, Blucher Cut, a well dresser's choice, for \$2.50.

SHERWOOD & SON

Visit the Old Folks.

One fare plus \$2 for the round trip to a great many points in Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky. Tickets on sale September 6, 13, 20, 27 and October 11. Good via St. Louis and stopover at the great exposition. Final limit thirty days. See me for particulars or write to L. W. Wakeley, General Passenger Agent, Omaha.

W. L. PICKETT, Agent.

Violent Attack of Diarrhoe Cured by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and Perhaps a Life Saved.

"A short time ago I was taken with violent attack of diarrhoea and believe I would have died if I had not gotten relief," says John H. Patton, a leading citizen of Patton, Ala. "A friend recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I bought a twenty-five cent bottle and after taking three doses of it was entirely cured. I consider it the best remedy in the world for bowel complaints. For sale by all druggists

Cheap Rates to St. Louis
VIA THE BURLINGTON.

The Burlington will run coach excursions to St. Louis every Tuesday and Thursday during August and September, \$8.50 round trip, limited to return in 7 days. Leave Plattsmouth at 4:32 p. m., arrive St. Louis 7:19 the following morning. W. L. PICKETT, Agent.

Missouri Pacific Rates.

Reduced rates to St. Louis every day on account of world's fair. Coach excursions, very low rates every Tuesday and Thursday of August and September—\$8.50 for round trip.

Auburn Chautauqua assembly, Aug. 13 to 21, fare and one-third for round trip.

Fall meetings K. C. transportation bureau, Aug. 20 to 27, Sept. 3 to 10, Sept. 17 to 24; fare and one-third for round trip.

Old Settlers' Reunion, Union, Neb., Aug. 19 and 20, fare and one-third for round trip.

Home Seekers' excursion, August 16, special low rates.

H. R. LESSEL, Agent.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE
Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

A Gasoline Cupid

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

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"Teuf! teuf! teuf! H-r-r-r! Wough!" The automobile ceased its monotonous chant, coughed once or twice and subsided into a state of silence and, alas! immobility. In a moment the chauffeur was off his seat and poking about in the machinery. Then he went to the door of the carriage and touched his hat.

"Beg pardon, miss," he said, "but she's broke down and I'll have to go to the shop. I'm sorry, but you'll have to get around the city some other way."

The girl on the back seat, a tall, handsome blond with the bluest of blue eyes, uttered an exclamation "If that isn't too bad! And I've got just two hours to see Washington before my train goes! Can't you call another auto for me?"

The chauffeur glanced around him. "Oh, yes'm," he said. "Of course. There ought to be some here on the stand now, only there ain't. But I'll go in and telephone for one right away."

"Do! Or, stay, there's one waiting at the postoffice door now. Maybe it's for hire."

The man looked doubtfully at the machine indicated. "Don't think so, miss," he answered. "That's a private machine or I miss my guess. Still, I'll ask." Leaving the girl he walked over to the curb and addressed the young man sitting on the box of a handsome automobile.

No one familiar with the new horseless vehicles would for one moment have supposed that the one in question was for hire. "Race?" appeared in every line of its build and costliness in the exquisite sleekness of its construction. But the girl was from the west and had never had an opportunity to study the makes of machines, while the chauffeur hoped that by apparent desire to serve he might yet gain the hire he had lost by the breaking down of his own machine.

That anything but an instant negative would be the answer to his query "whether that machine was for hire?" had never passed his brain, so his astonishment may be guessed when the young man on the box started, glanced at the girl still sitting in the injured vehicle a short distance away, flushed deeply and replied in the affirmative. Then, without waiting for further explanation, he promptly ran his machine to the side of the other and halted to



permit the girl to climb in. The next moment they were swinging down the avenue at a lively gait.

The girl leaned forward. "Ahem!" she said. "Did the other man tell you where I wanted to go?"

"Said you wanted to see the city, ma'am," returned the young man respectfully, but in a curiously muffled tone. He had kept his head averted, almost as if he wished to conceal his features, a wish—if it were a wish—in which he had been successful. The girl had looked at the machine, but not at its driver.

When the chauffeur spoke she started and glanced curiously at him, as though his voice struck some dormant chord in her memory. "Yes," she said. "I do want to see the city, but I want to get to the depot at 3 o'clock. My train goes out then."

"Yes'm. I'll get you there in time. Going east, ma'am?"

Again the girl looked at him curiously. "Yes," she answered slowly. "I'm on my way to college."

"Oh—er—you believe in the higher education of women then?"

The girl's eyes were dancing with fun now. "Under certain circumstances," she said. "Is that the capital?"

"Yes'm, that's the capital. Under certain circumstances? What circumstances, for instance?"

"Oh, a stepmother at home, for instance. How many senators are there?"

"Three hundred and eighty-six, I believe. A stepmother might be a terror to some girls, of course, but most of them can get away from one home to another without going to college."

"How? By the way, is that the library?"

"Yes. Why, of course, most girls have—have—can marry." The man was speaking eagerly now, but he still

kept his face turned away and threw the words over his shoulder.

"Married! Whew! That's a very radical remedy. It might be worse than the other trouble. How many books are there in the library?"

"Two or three million, I believe. Oh, no! You wouldn't find it so, I'm sure. Think of growing into a spectacled old maid! All college girls do, you know. Then think of that young fellow just longing to make a home for you!"

"What building is that?"

"That? Oh, the patent office or the pension office or something! Think of!"

"But suppose the girl has sent him away?"

"Then let her whistle him back and see whether he won't come."

The girl glanced at the broad back of the man before her, while her shoulders quivered with silent mirth. Then she puckered up her lips and deliberately emitted a clear, soft whistle.

The effect was magical. Instantly the chauffeur swung around in his seat and faced her. "Bessie!" he exclaimed, "do you mean it?"

The girl smiled at him, though her eyes were dewy. "Of course I do, Frank," she said. "I never thought you would go away as you did just for a word. No! No! Keep your seat. You can say all that's really necessary from where you are."

"And you know me all the time?"

"Of course! The minute I really looked at you. But you'll make me miss my train."

"Train? No train for you! I'll not take any chances now. Your interest in the city may have lapsed, but here's the city hall. Shall I go in and get a marriage license, or—will you go in with me?"

He had sprung from the seat and stood holding out his hands, the light of love pleading in his eyes. "Won't you go in with me, Bessie?" he asked again.

For an instant the girl hesitated; then she took the proffered hand. "Yes, Frank," she said softly. "I will go with you—now and always."

"Bless that old gasoline ratrietrap that broke down with you," he cried. "It must have been one of Cupid's up to date chariots in disguise."

Table Manners in Argentina.

"We encamped near a swamp," says a gentleman, describing a meal he had several years ago with some cart drivers in South America, "and supped on sliced pumpkins boiled with bits of meat and seasoned with salt. The meal was served in genuine pumpkin fashion. One iron spoon and two cow's horns split in halves were passed around the group, the members of which squatted upon their haunches and freely helped themselves from the kettle. Even in this most uncivilized form of satisfying hunger there is a peculiar etiquette which the most lowly person invariably observes. Each member of the company in turn dips his spoon or horn into the center of the stew and draws it in a direct line toward him, never allowing it to deviate to the right or left. By observing this rule each person eats without interfering with his neighbor. Being ignorant of this custom, I dipped my horn into the mess at random and fished about for some of the nice bits. My companions regarded this horrid breach of politeness with scowls of impatience. They declared with some warmth to the cook that foreigners did not know how to eat. I apologized as well as I could and endeavored thereafter to eat according to gaucho etiquette."

Those Queer Women.

"Women are mighty queer about some things," remarked a conductor the other day. "I've been watching them for ten years on this line, and every day I see some new peculiarity. You just watch the next one that gets in. There's one vacant seat left, and she'll walk up to it and turn clear around in her tracks before she sits down. Here comes one now."

Sure enough, the woman who stepped on the car just then spied the empty seat, made for it and, reaching it, returned clear around before she sat down.

"You see how it is," continued the conductor, returning after taking her fare. "They all do it. There isn't one woman in ten but what turns around before she takes her seat. Perhaps it's natural for 'em, just as it is for a dog to whirl around three times before he lies down. I've seen more than one woman lose her seat by having some one else slip into it while she was going through her preliminary turn. But a little lesson like that doesn't do them any good. They keep on turning around before taking a seat just the same."—Exchange.

East Indian Worship.

In the census report of India, a government publication, it is gravely related that native clerks actually worship the tools of administration. At the time of the vernal equinox there is a festival known as Sri Panchami, which the orielites celebrate on the flat roof of the buildings occupied by the secretaries of the government of India. The worshippers take one of the large packing cases which are used to convey office records from Simla to Calcutta and drape its rough woodwork with plantain leaves and branches of the sacred pipal. This structure, crowned with an official dispatch box, serves as an altar, and in the center thereof is placed the sacred symbol—a common glass inkpot with a screw top, flanked by paper, pens, sealing wax, ink erasers and such office paraphernalia, the whole festooned and adorned by coil upon coil of red tape. To this symbol of godhead offerings of food are made, while texts from the Vedas are recited by the Brahman officiating as priest.

Ayer's

You know the medicine that makes pure, rich blood—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Your mother, grandmother, all your folks, used it. They trusted

Sarsaparilla

it. Their doctors trusted it. Your doctor trusts it. Then trust it yourself. There is health and strength in it.

"I suffered terribly from indigestion and thin blood. I found relief until I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Four bottles permanently cured me."
—Miss F. B. BAUT, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

25¢ a bottle. All druggists.

for
Rich Blood

Ayer's Pills are gently laxative. They greatly aid the Sarsaparilla.

Origin of Knives.

The first knives, according to the conclusions of a scientist who has made a study of the subject, were fractured stones that happened to have a sharp cutting edge. But the vegetable kingdom also furnishes very keen cutting edges in the leaves and stalks of certain plants, which might have been availed of before artificial knives were made. The fractured stone knife easily suggested the shaping of flaked stones, like flint, into the form of blades. Among the Seri Indians on Tiburon island, in the gulf of California, the primitive custom of utilizing fractured and water worn stones for knives still exists.

England's Largest House.

The proud distinction of being the largest house in England is generally accorded to Lord Fitzwilliam's Yorkshire seat, Wentworth Woodhouse. Of this house it is said that the three principal entrances are so far distant from each other that visitors are advised to bring three hats with them, one to be kept at each point of egress. A house which is 900 feet long, has a hall in which two average suburban villas could be comfortably placed and boasts a room for every two days of the year is certainly large enough to satisfy any reasonable ambition.

He Told Her the Worst.

"Doctor," said the beautiful young woman who had become the wife of a rich old man, "tell me the worst. I will be brave and try to bear it."

Leading her gently from her suffering husband's bedside the doctor answered:

"Nerve yourself, then, for a terrible shock. He's going to get well."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Beginning Afresh.

Mr. Vexall (angrily)—I hate a woman who always contradicts everything a man says. If I don't I'm an idiot. Mrs. Vexall (sweetly)—Well, dear, I'll turn over a new leaf and commence right now by not contradicting you.

Coach Excursions

To the world's fair at St. Louis. Every Tuesday and Thursday during August and September. Seven days' limit, \$8.50 for the round trip, via the Missouri Pacific Railway.

World's Fair Rates to St. Louis

Via Burlington Route.

Tickets to St. Louis and return—

Good fifteen days, \$13.50.

Good sixty days, \$15.35.

Good all summer, \$18.40.

For full information about train service and other details see the ticket agent.

The St. Louis Exposition—the greatest show the world has ever seen—is now complete and in harmonious operation and it will be a lifetime's regret if you fail to see it.

In Praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

"Allow me to give you a few words in praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," says Mr. John Hamlett of Eagle Pass, Texas.

"I suffered one week with bowel trouble and took all kinds of medicine without getting any relief, when my friend, Mr. C. Johnson, a merchant here, advised me to take this remedy. After taking one dose I felt greatly relieved, and when I had taken the third dose was entirely cured. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for putting this great remedy in the hands of mankind." For sale by all druggists.

NOTICE

We have moved our stock of Books, Stationery, etc. to the Leonard Building, formerly occupied by Lehnhoff Bros., where we will be pleased to serve you in the future.

Respectfully,
Mauzy & Murphy

J. P. FALTER, President J. J. KUNZMANN, Vice President C. G. SHERLY, Sec. and Treas.

The Corona Live Stock and Investment Company

INCORPORATED 1904

CAPITAL STOCK \$50,000

J. P. FALTER, General Manager

—DEALERS IN—

Live Stock, Real Estate and Commercial Papers

NO. 365.—160 acres of land in Pierce County, Neb., six miles from town, one mile from school, about 80 acres under cultivation and 80 acres in hay and pasture land. It has fair improvements and a nice grove. It is a good neighborhood and a bargain at \$26 per acre.

NO. 367.—160 acres in Pierce County, Neb., three and one-half miles from town, one mile from school. This land lies gently rolling, has about 80 acres under cultivation, the balance in pasture. Has a small house, good barn, good well and wind mill, good hen house. Price, \$25 per acre.

Real Estate advanced fully 100 per cent in Eastern Nebraska the last three years, and it is still booming. Don't think for a minute that lands have reached their limit. We still have some snags where we can double your money in less than five years, and besides get good interest on your money invested. Watch our "ad" each week and we'll tell you what we've got.

Come and See Us

Office Up Stairs in Anheuser-Busch Building.