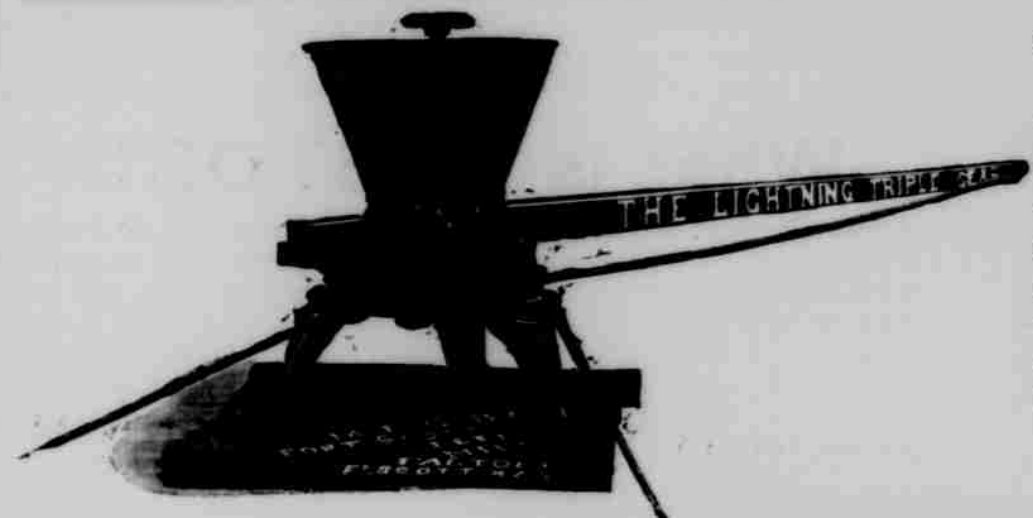


Farmers, Attention!!

DO NOT FAIL TO WITNESS THE FAMOUS

Lightning Feed Grinder Exhibition



at our place of business we serve a

FREE LUNCH

to all who call, using flour made by this Famous Grinder, of which we will make hot cakes and serve them with butter, syrup and coffee.

Ladies and All are Invited

This is A GRINDER NOT A CRUSHER

and while you are here we want to show you the merits of the best feed grinder ever invented. They have roller bearings, chilled steel burrs, friction plates to take up the wear and nine lugs to force grain into the burrs which make three revolutions to one of the sweep. Bearings run in oil.

The Famous Lightning Feed Grinder

grinds faster, runs easier and lasts longer than any other mill made, and you never have to grind your grain a second time to get it fine enough. You can grind

Wheat, Rye, Oats, Kaffir Corn and Corn, Shelled or in the Ear at the rate of twenty-five to fifty bushels an hour with one horse.

Remember the Dates,

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11th, 12th and 13th

Do not fail to witness this exhibition and secure a LIGHTNING GRINDER. Beware of imitations. The Original and Only Genuine LIGHTNING GRINDER, is manufactured by the Ft. Scott Manufacturing Co., Lincoln Implement and Transfer Co., distributors, Lincoln, Nebraska

Come In and We Will Show You.

Fred Gorder & Son, Louisville, Neb.

P. S.—While you are here we would be pleased to have you examine our immense of buggies, wagons and implements.

BURLINGTON FREIGHTWRECK

Six Freight Cars Leave the Track in the Local Yards, But No Great Damage is Done.

Sometime early this morning a through freight train on the Burlington was wrecked, or rather six cars were side tracked here without much notice to the train crew.

The cause of the accident as advanced by a number of men around the station is to the effect that the trucks of one of the cars left the rail on the curve near the bridge, and remained so until the train reached the first siding east when the six cars left the main track, landing on the siding partly on the rail and partly off. Three of the cars were pretty badly wrecked, one of which telescoped the east end of the Duff Grain Co., elevator, leaving these three cars and the elevator in a very much smashed up condition. The main line was blocked for a few hours, but traffic was not delayed in the least as the east siding remained clear and all trains passed around the wreck.

BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES.

Eczema, Skin-cancer, and all painful itching skin diseases treated by the most certain methods. Moles, Birthmarks and facial blemishes removed by electricity. Blood poisons in all stages. All private and genito-urinary diseases. Call or add DR. A. G. GLENN, Specialist Skin, Blood and Genito-Urinary Diseases, 1215 O Street, Lincoln, Nebraska. PRIVATE HOSPITAL.

Mr. and Mrs. Towle Entertain.

Last Wednesday night will be remembered for some time. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Towle and daughters entertained. The amusements of the evening consisted of games of all kinds, vocal and instrumental music and refreshments at the usual hour. The Misses Towle served at the punch bowl. Those present were Mr. J. Bullis and wife, of Weeping Water; Mr. A. Tool and wife, Mr. J. McDonald and wife, Mr. J. Gohery and sister, Miss Bertha, Mr. H. Tool and wife, of Murdock; Mr. J. Stark and wife, L. Langhorst and wife, J. Woodard and wife, Mr. Rosencrans and wife, J. Gonsales, Mrs. Mabel Dickson, Miss Lillian Gonsales, of Elmwood; T. Richards, wife and daughters, Fay and Blanch, O. Allen and wife, Dr. Powers and wife, Warren Richard and wife, Ralph Dorr, Miss Jessie McCroy, Mr. Benford, J. Hill, of South Bend; Miss C. Wurtz, of Nebraska City; Miss H. Fight, of Plattsmouth.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Miss Cagney Very Ill.

Miss Marista Cagney, who has been confined to her home on west Pearl street, with sickness of rather a serious nature, was in a very critical condition last evening, and although some better today, the friends and relatives have grave fears for her recovery. Dave McEntee, her brother, who is now located in the northern part of the state, was summoned last evening

and is expected here today. The father, Mr. A. F. McEntee has been at the bedside of the unfortunate lady for several days. The many friends will regret to learn of Miss Cagney's serious illness.

Suit Against Non-Residents.

Action has been filed in the district court in which D. W. DeLashmuth is plaintiff and Nettie J. and Clay Conner and Jacob Luft are defendants. The action is to recover the amount of \$727.03 on a promissory note given by Mrs. Conner and husband, bearing date of April, 1897, and that to secure payment a mortgage was executed by Mrs. Conner on her property in Pacific Junction.

Jacob Luft, one of the defendants in the matter, holds a junior mortgage on the same property. The plaintiff asks for a foreclosure of his mortgage and a decree making the mortgage of Luft inferior to plaintiff's mortgage, and that Luft's interests in said property be barred as to plaintiff's rights. Mr. and Mrs. Conner reside in Elmwood, near Plattsmouth; and Jacob Luft lives in Plattsmouth.

Jacob Luft's claim against Mr. and Mrs. Conner is also for borrowed money secured by note and mortgage on the same property.—Glenwood (Iowa) Tribune.

List your farm and city property with J. H. Thrasher Coates Block.

NEW FACES AT COURT HOUSE

County Offices, and Who Will Hold Them for Terms Beginning Jan. 4, 1906.

Today is the last day of service for several of the retiring county officials. The changes, however, are very few.

In the county treasurer's office there will be but one change in the employees of that department. Owing to outside business affairs which need his direct attention, Deputy Frank Schlater will soon retire, but we are not yet at liberty to give the name of his successor.

W. E. Rosencrans will assume the duties of county clerk, and will be assisted by D. C. Morgan as deputy. The Journal predicts that Mr. Rosencrans will perform the duties of the office to perfection, and that the affairs of the office will be conducted on business principles and that he will prove one of the most popular officials that has occupied quarters in the court house. His affable manners are just what will take with those who have business in his office.

There is no change in the office of county judge—Judge Travis simply enters upon the discharge of his duties for the second term. Neither will there be any new changes in the office of recorder, Mr. Schneider simply enters upon his duties for another four year term.

Sheriff McBride "steps down and out" of the position he has filled so faithfully for the past four years, and the affairs of that office pass into the hands of the new sheriff, C. D. Quinton. In retiring from the position of sheriff, Mr. McBride does so feeling that he has discharged the duties in a most business-like manner, and to the satisfaction of the people, generally speaking. John D. McBride is personally a very popular man, and there are many who believe that he has made the best sheriff the county has ever had. The Journal hopes the new sheriff will do as well.

When the hour arrives for Prof. Wortman to step out as county superintendent, he does so feeling that he has discharged the duties of the position with credit not only to himself but also to the school interests of the county. And also knowing that, in the minds of those most capable of judging, he has made the best head center of the schools that Cass county has ever experienced. The Journal trusts that the new occupant will so conduct the affairs of the office as to merit the approval of those interested in school matters.

W. B. Banning retires from the position of county commissioner from the Second district and in doing so he can truthfully say he has done his duty in every respect. No man has ever served in the capacity of county commissioner that has acquitted himself more honorably and one who has been more judicious in guarding the interests of the county. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," is the verdict of the people of Cass county.

E. E. Hilton, the county surveyor was re-elected, and the position is not at all a lucrative one, we suppose he can have a life-lease if he wants it. Henry Boeck retires from the office of corner, and Mr. Clement, the Elmwood undertaker, will serve in that capacity for the next two years. Uncle Henry has made a good corner, and it is hoped the new official will do as well.

New faces will now grace the offices of county clerk, county superintendent and sheriff in the persons of W. E. Rosencrans, J. W. Gamble and C. D. Quinton, together with new deputies in the offices of county clerk and sheriff.

The Journal wishes all the retiring officials success in the various capacities in which they may engage.

Card of Thanks.

Miss Helen Goss desires the Journal to return her most sincere thanks to those friends who interested themselves in her behalf in the recent piano contest. And she also desires to state that no underhand work was done on her part or on the part of her friends, who pursued an honorable course all through the contest. The instrument she has been successful in securing through these friends, will always be viewed with pride by her and as a token of esteem from those who voted for her.

Bents the Music Cure.

"To keep the body in tune," writes Mrs. Mary Brown, 20 Lafayette Place, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. "I take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are the most reliable and pleasant laxative I have found." Best for the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Guaranteed by F. G. Fricke & Co., druggist, 25c.

WINDHAM INVESTMENT COMPANY

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA
Lands, Ranches and City Real Estate in Nebraska and elsewhere bought, sold and exchanged.

Rentals, Insurance and Abstracting of Titles. Money to loan at a low rate of interest on improved farms. Business correspondents in all important cities and towns in the United States.

Telephones No. 20 and 98.

R. B. WINDHAM, President
W. W. WINDHAM, Secretary

MORE HUMAN GULLIBILITY

How an E. Z. Mark Brought Groceries From Traveling Salesman.

INCIDENT OCCURS AT WEEPING WATER

The quality of gullibility in the average human being was demonstrated over in our sister city of Weeping Water last week. The story should be borne in mind by all who contemplate buying from mail order agents or catalogue houses. The names used are fictitious with the exception of the grocer's name which is given simply to prove the genuineness of the story.

One of the well-known and well-to-do citizens of the Weeping Water neighborhood was approached by a smooth tongued stranger who professed to be able to sell him groceries at less than two-thirds what he would have to pay in his home town. After some discussion the suave stranger secured an order for a bill of goods amounting, at the stranger's prices, to \$107.00 but which he claimed would cost \$175.00 at any store in Weeping Water.

The goods were ordered delivered at the depot, subject to examination. Some days later, Mr. E. Z. Mark was notified that his goods were there. They were examined, found to be as ordered, and paid for. Now this sounds all right, don't it?

But wait! Messrs Johnson & Barnes, grocers, filled an order for a bill of goods which was to be delivered at depot in plain boxes. They were struck by the peculiarity of some items of the bill such as 50 pounds of dates, 10 pounds of mustard, and other incongruities, and out of curiosity kept tab on the consignment. Their vigilance was rewarded when they found that the goods were delivered to E. Z. Mark, whom they well knew, and being puzzled to understand the method of purchasing here adopted, they asked Mr. Mark what he paid for the goods. He told them frankly, ignorant of their connection with the matter. Then the grocers calmly informed the sucker that they put up the bill of goods for the stranger, delivered them in neat boxes, and only charged him \$65.00.

Dr. Jensen to Lecture.

Dr. H. Jensen left on Monday for Spencer, where he lectures at a farmer's institute. The doctor has ten dates to fill at different places, and will be gone a week. His talks will be of interest to the farmers for in his work as veterinarian he has the faculty of finding out the causes and effects, of diseases of animals, etc. and of presenting it to his hearers so they can understand. He is employed by the lecture department of the university. —Weeping Water Herald.

The Jail-Birds Flown.

Humphrey Bates was released Tuesday from a three days' sentence in jail, being incarcerated on a charge of drunkenness. The discharge of this guest from the city bastille leaves the grim, iron-barred hostelry without an occupant for the first time in many moons, and in fact the second time in all of Sheriff McBride's term of office. This is a good showing for the beginning of a new year, but it is very probable that the quiet chambers will not be allowed to mellow for want of use. The millennium is not near enough to permit the locks and bars of our houses of detention to rust from disuse.

But whether the jail be empty or occupied, one thing may truly be said of that particular domicile at the close of John McBride's four years as sheriff and longer as jailor—never was the jail kept more scrupulously clean and sanitary, and now, at the close of John's second efficient term, as he steps out of the office, he leaves the jail and jailor's residence as tidy and neat as the best of housewives could ask, and Sheriff-elect Quinton will find the entire machinery of the sheriff's office in the same shipshape as the jail.

AN ELMWOOD BOY SHOT

Albert Fleishman Gets Charge While Out Hunting Rabbits.

A special from Elmwood to the Lincoln Journal, says: "Yesterday Albert Fleishman of this place was accidentally shot by his brother Otto. The two boys were hunting in a bushy slough two miles from town. Otto shot a rabbit, not seeing his brother, who was about thirty yards distant, the whole charge entering his limbs and left arm. He was taken to the farm home of Ludwig Lender, close by, and a physician summoned, who soon arrived and took care of the injured boy so that he was removed to his home a few hours after the accident occurred. Sixty No. 6 shot entered the boy's legs and arms, most of them being in his left limb and too deep to be taken out. He is resting easy at present and unless something more serious sets in, will recover."

The Missing Necklace

(Original.)

A young girl and her mother are returning from a ball. The girl is but eighteen, and she has appeared in society for the first time. She leans back in her carriage, the gay scenes whirling delightfully through her brain and thinking especially of the first man who has ever been attentive to her. A warmth comes to her cheek on recalling the compliment he whispered in her ear as they were sailing in a waltz. Suddenly she puts her hand to her throat and gasps:

"Oh, mamma!"

"For heaven's sake, Bessie, what is it?"

"My necklace! It's gone!"
She had gone to the ball with a circle of pearls of great value clasped about her neck and returned without them. In vain she sought to recall where she might have dropped them. Could any thief possibly have stolen up behind her and unclasped them? All efforts to account for the loss were failures. Detectives were put on the case, but not the slightest clue did they ever find. After months of hunting, without success, the jewels were given up as lost.

Twenty-five years have passed. Bessie Kingman, now a woman past middle age, but unmarried, is sitting in her boudoir after breakfast scanning the morning paper. There is a whistle without, a ring at the doorbell and the postman leaves the mail. A maid hands her mistress a small package which, the wrapper being removed, proves to be a pasteboard box. Lifting the lid from the box, Miss Kingman meets the astonishment of her life. There, nestling in a bed of pink cotton, is the necklace lost a quarter of a century before.

Curiosity, one of the strongest of our instincts, prompts her first act. Taking up the wrapper, she studies the handwriting of the address. She can see no resemblance to any penmanship she has ever seen before. One thing, and one thing only, arrests her attention. Frank Burrill, the young man who had been devoted to her the night of the ball at which she had lost her necklace, had written her several notes, which she had kept carefully locked in her writing desk. He had a peculiar way of making the letter F. This letter in the address resembled those in her notes, but there was not enough in this to serve as a clue.

Another five years have passed. Elizabeth Kingman is a woman with more gray than black in her hair and when she reads uses glasses. She still has the letters of Frank Burrill locked in her desk, and perhaps once a year takes them out and reads them over. He has been married for nearly thirty years, and she has never seen him since his marriage.

One morning on taking up a paper and glancing at the death notices she saw an announcement of the death of his wife. It was a few months after this that she received a visit from her first and only lover. He was just passing the prime of life for a man. Miss Kingman saw in him traces of that manly beauty—his engaging smile was all there—which had so moved her heart when it was young. Burrill came often, and the two became fast friends. Once Miss Kingman mentioned the loss and return of her necklace. Mr. Burrill strove to maintain a serene countenance under her searching gaze, but could not. Miss Kingman assumed that he had been tempted in those dangerous days of youth and had repented. She forgave him without telling him of her forgiveness.

In another year wedding bells rang for the pair whose hearts had been united years before. Each possessed a secret that was kept well guarded from the other. Except this they were as one. The wife hid her knowledge, or, rather, a belief of which she had no doubt, that her husband had fallen before temptation, had repented and been forgiven. The husband guarded his own secret which he of living beings alone knew. Their days were serene except for an occasional cloud that passed momentarily over their sun in this one matter of withheld confidence.

Again the scene changes. An old woman of seventy, who has just buried her husband, is breaking up her home. The desk that had long held his papers must be gone over and all that is no longer of use destroyed. The old woman spends a morning at this work. One paper she reads before knowing of its confidential nature. It is this:

My Dear Husband—I have lost your love under this suspicion ever since you discovered the necklace. I am ill and worn out with anxiety and remorse. After many years keeping this horrid secret, I am at last resolved, now that my days are numbered, to make a confession of a sin committed in my youth. On the night of the ball, when you were so attentive to Miss Kingman as you took her to dance, her necklace became unclasped and fell at my feet. Mad with jealousy, I placed the skirt of my dress over it and when unobserved picked it up. My wish to return it to her came too late. I dared not admit that I had kept it so long. When you return I wish you to take it and contrive to send it to her without betraying me.
YOUR UNHAPPY WIFE.

Long the old woman sat with the note in her hand. Again she was back in the gay scene of half a century before. Thirty of these years instead of having been passed with the mail of her choice had been spent in loneliness. And who had stepped in between them? A thief. A temptation flashed before her to give the letter to her friends. Then she remembered that this secret was sacred to her dead husband. She tossed it into the flames on the hearth.

MARIE G. TREVOR.

Do Not Wait Longer

But go right now to I. Pearlman and secure a great bargain at the Big Reduction Sale of

FURNITURE AND STOVES

The goods must go, the prices are low, so now is the time to buy if you are looking for great

Bargains in Furniture

Come and see the goods and prices. If I can't please you no harm is done.

I can save you money

I. PEARLMAN Plattsmouth Nebraska