

**A. H. WECKBACH,**  
—DEALER IN—  
**TANCY and STAPLE**  
**GROCERIES**  
**QUEENSWARE,**  
**FLOUR and FEED**

ALL KINDS OF  
—VEGETABLES—  
IN SEASON.

FISH OF EVERY DESCRIPTION  
ALWAYS IN STOCK.

We are agents for the celebrated  
DIAMOND MILLS COFFEE

PROPRIETOR **CITY BAKERY**  
—WHERE YOU CAN GET—  
**GOOD, FRESH BREAD**

Agent for Seven of the Best  
**STEAMSHIP LINES.**

GIVE ME A CALL.

Telephone 35. Main Street.

**SAM GUTMANN & CO.**

WHOLESALE and RETAIL  
—DEALERS IN—  
Pure Wines, Liquors  
AND THE BEST CIGARS.

Sole Agents for the Celebrated

**MILWAUKEE**

**Pabst Beer.**

Delivered made to any part of the  
city or shipped to any place.

**WM. NEVILLE,**  
RESIDENT MANAGER.

**WATCH  
OUT**

Whom you trust to clean or repair  
your watch?

IT WON'T PAY YOU  
To employ an inexperienced amateur,  
who may ruin your time-piece.

**E. C. JOHNSON**

Is a watch-maker of 32 YEARS' EXPERIENCE  
IN EUROPE AND AMERICA. He thoroughly understands every branch  
of his business and WARRANTS EVERY  
PIECE OF WORK HE TURNS OUT. Don't  
charge any more than amateurs, either.  
Better see him about that watch or clock,  
doesn't you?

**E. C. JOHNSON,**  
(Smith & Parmele's Drug Store.)  
510 Main Street, - - Plattsmouth, Neb.

**Dr. Agnes V. Swetland,**  
HOMEOPATHIST.

Special attention to Obstetrics, Diseases of  
Women and Woman's Surgery.  
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**H. D. TRAVIS,**  
Attorney and Counselor at  
Law.

WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS.  
OFFICE - Rooms 1 and 2, Union Bldg.  
Plattsmouth, - - - Neb.

**Dr. Alfred Shipman,**  
Office in Riley Hotel,  
Main Street entrance.  
Telephone No. 45. Residence one block south  
of M. P. depot.

**The Plattsmouth Mills,**  
**C. HEISEL, Prop.**

This Mill has been rebuilt, and furnished with  
Machinery of the best manufacture  
in the world. Their

**"Plansifter" Flour,**

Has no Superior in America. Give it  
trial and be convinced.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became a Girl, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

**RAILROAD TIME TABLE.**

H. & N. R. R.	
EAST BOUND.	
No. 2, daily	5:16 p. m.
No. 4, daily	10:34 a. m.
No. 10, from Schuyler except Sunday	11:55 a. m.
No. 12, daily except Sunday	8:25 p. m.
No. 22, daily except Sunday	12:23 p. m.
No. 30, freight from Louisville	2:50 p. m.
WEST BOUND.	
No. 3, daily	3:43 p. m.
No. 5, daily	9:15 a. m.
No. 7, fast mail, daily	9:12 p. m.
No. 9, to Schuyler, except Sunday	2:30 p. m.
No. 11, daily	4:50 p. m.
No. 21, daily except Sunday	7:15 a. m.
No. 29, freight to Louisville	8:00 a. m.

M. P. R. R.	
GOING NORTH:	
	Leaves.
Passenger, No. 1	4:50 a. m.
No. 193	5:03 p. m.
Freight, No. 127 (daily except Sunday)	3:35 p. m.
GOING SOUTH:	
Passenger, No. 2	10:43 p. m.
No. 194	11:52 a. m.
Freight, No. 126 (daily except Sunday)	10:05 a. m.

**ONE THING AND ANOTHER.**

Remember the soldiers, children.  
Remember them all with flowers!  
There's the battle and there's the pain.  
Ours is the peace and ours the gain.  
There's was the sowing, the harvest is ours—  
And all we can give them to-day is flowers.

An exchange tells a story of a tramp  
who rang a doctor's door bell and  
asked the pretty woman who opened  
the door if she would ask the doctor if  
he had a pair of pants to give away.  
"I am the doctor," replied the woman,  
and the tramp fainted.

The Lincoln News says: "It is re-  
ported that Joseph Opelt, the well-  
known landlord and caterer, has  
turned his Indian blood to good ac-  
count, and has succeeded in having  
the government, in allotting the Otoe  
Indian lands near Guthrie, Oklahoma,  
give a quarter section to each of his  
brothers and the rest of the family  
progeny. The Opelt family history  
and traditions run back to the aborig-  
ines, Joe Opelt's grandmother having  
been an Otoe half-breed. The land is  
said to be worth \$10 an acre and 2,400  
acres of it fall to the Opelt family."

In the new school apportionment  
Cass county remains in the fourth  
place as to enumeration and apportion-  
ment, the school population showing  
8,164 and the apportionment being  
\$5,777.17. Douglas, Lancaster and  
Gage are the only counties exceeding  
Cass in population and apportionment.  
Custer, Saunders, Buffalo,  
Otoe and Saline follow next in order  
after Cass.

The B. & M. has lately issued a neat  
booklet bearing the title "Custer's  
Battlefield." It is printed on fine  
paper and is elegantly illustrated with  
views of the famous battle and battle-  
field and also a fine portrait of General  
Custer.

"I don't ever read them lyin' news-  
papers," said Farmer Baiday to the  
gentlemen in the next seat. "That's  
right," replied his fellow-passenger;  
"you can't believe a word they say."  
And on the strength of the slight ac-  
quaintance thus formed the polished  
rangersold the self-sufficient country-  
man two brass bricks for \$1,500 each.

One of our young men went into Wm.  
Dennis' bath rooms the other day to  
get a spray bath. The hose or rubber  
ring was secured around his neck and  
he was instructed how to use the faucet  
and the attendant left him. In about a  
minute the air was rent by screams  
that would put an Indian to sleep  
and as the roof was slowly raising  
the door was burst in, and there  
he was, jumping and agonizing. He  
had turned on the boiling hot water,  
and didn't know how to turn it off. He  
was extricated before he was thor-  
oughly cooked. He intends to reform  
now, as he don't want to go to a more  
torrid county than that dodgasted  
bath tub. —Neb. City Ind.

A. W. Forbes, ex-treasurer of the city  
of Fremont, is missing from his home  
in that city. Some time ago Forbes  
was found short in his accounts to the  
amount of \$4,300, which his  
bondsmen were compelled to make  
good. It is supposed that he left home  
to avoid prosecution criminally.

The Pickaniny Minstrel company,  
which showed in Plattsmouth two  
weeks ago, came to grief at Nebraska  
City and put up their band instruments  
for expenses. Later they redeemed  
their goods, only to "go on the rocks"  
at Auburn, the next town they struck.  
The Auburn Herald says: "The Pick-  
aniny Minstrels, composed of colored  
men and boys, came to grief in this  
city Tuesday morning. They gave an  
exhibition at Daugherty's opera house  
Monday night and Tuesday morning  
their baggage and band instruments  
were attached for payment of a board  
bill at the Union house, amounting to  
\$13.80. The property is in the hands  
of the sheriff. The company left town  
Tuesday over the Mo. Pac. tracks  
headed for Omaha where most of them  
reside."

The meanest man on record is said  
to live in Center county, Pennsylv-  
ania. He sold his son-in-law one  
half interest in a cow and then refused  
to divide the milk, maintaining that

he sold only the front half. The buyer  
was also required to provide the feed  
the cow consumed and was compelled  
to carry water to her three times a  
day. Recently the cow hooked the old  
man and he is now suing his son-in-  
law for damages.

Jed Vance, who works for Rheece  
Walker on the Walker farm, turned  
up a silver watch while plowing in a  
field the other day. It proved to be a  
watch which Rheece had lost when a  
boy, some fourteen years ago. The  
watch keeps as good time as ever.

Your mouth is the front door of  
your face. It is the aperture to the  
cold storage of your anatomy. Some  
mouths look like peaches and cream  
and some like a hole in a brick wall to  
admit a new door or window. The  
mouth is a hot-bed of tooth-aches, the  
hunger of oratory. It is the crims-  
on aisle to your liver. It is patriot-  
ism's fountain head and the tooth-  
chest for pie. Without it a politician  
would be a wanderer upon the face of  
the earth and go down to an un-  
hallowed grave. It is the grocer's friend,  
the orator's pride and the dentist's  
hope. It puts some men on the ros-  
trum, and some in jail. It is tempta-  
tion's lunch-counter when attached to  
a maiden and a tobaccoist's friend  
when attached to a man. Without it  
married life would be a summer dream  
and a dude would lose half of his at-  
traction. —Ex.

**SURVIVORS OF BALAKLAVA.**

Twenty-seven of the Veterans Gathered  
at a Banquet in London.

The survivors of the immortal charge  
"in the valley of death" thirty-eight  
years ago sat down together the other  
afternoon, a small company of grizzled,  
bemedaled veterans, to a banquet in  
the banquet room of St. James' hall,  
says a London paper of recent date. In  
the chair was Sergt. Herbert of the  
Fourth Light dragoons, while Lieut.  
Wightman of the Seventeenth lancers  
occupied the vice chair. The commit-  
tee by whom the banquet was organ-  
ized searched the United Kingdom for  
survivors, and the result was the ap-  
pearance of twenty-seven men only. As  
they met hearty grasps were given,  
and the old familiar names called out—  
"Jimmy," "Pete," "Harry," "Bill,"—  
answered to the old call, and as hands  
were wrung one gray-haired veteran  
would say to another: "Good old chap,  
we managed to wriggle together for  
many a year." The medals which were  
worn spoke of service in India during  
the mutiny as well as in the Crimea, and  
though the veterans, with one excep-  
tion, wore plain clothes, on every breast  
the medals were conspicuously dis-  
played. There were over thirty guests  
present, noncommissioned officers in  
the old regiments, so that the old and  
the new life mingled together and com-  
radeship was cemented in good nut-  
brown ale.

Of those present in the charge there  
were nine of the Eleventh hussars, nine  
of the Seventeenth lancers, eight of the  
Fourth light dragoons, one of the  
Scots Greys and two of the Eighth  
Royal Irish hussars. The single sur-  
vivor who wore his uniform, and prob-  
ably the finest man in the company,  
was Sergt. Pawke, who stood six feet  
in height and measured forty-four  
inches around the chest. He was twenty-  
two years of age when he rode with  
the Scots Greys in the famous charge  
immortalized by the dead laureate.  
There is not a white hair to be seen in  
his closely cut black crop; his cheeks  
are clean shaven, and his black mus-  
tache is pointed a la militaire. This  
man of sixty not only stands erect and  
firm upon his legs, but rejoices in his  
strength, and in proof thereof he cut  
bers of lead through with one sweep  
of his sword, and played with a forty-  
pound club in a way to astonish every  
one. The gallant sergeant wears upon  
his breast the Crimean medal, with  
three clasps for Balaklava, Inkerman  
and Sevastopol, and also the Turkish  
medal, and his forehead and cheeks  
show now the marks of sword cut and  
bullet wounds. There were seven  
wounds in all received by Pawke on the  
eventful day, three of which were on  
his legs. Sergt. Pawke rode in the  
lord mayor's show last year and earns a  
livelihood as a teacher of physical ex-  
ercises in colleges and schools.

**Best Things.**  
The best law is the golden rule; the  
best philosophy, a contented mind; the  
best statesmanship, self-government;  
the best war, that against one's own  
weakness; the best medicine, cheer-  
fulness and temperance in all things;  
the best music, the laughter of an in-  
nocent soul; the best science, the extract-  
ing of sunshine from gloom; the best  
art, painting a smile upon the brow of  
childhood; the best biography, the life  
which writes charity in the largest let-  
ters; the best telegraphing, flashing a  
ray of light into a gloomy heart; the  
best engineering, building a bridge of  
faith over the river of death; the best  
diplomacy, effecting a treaty of peace  
with one's own conscience; the best  
journalism, printing only the good and  
the true; the best navigation, steering  
clear of the rocks of personal contention;  
the best mathematics, that which  
doubles the most joys, subtracts the  
most sorrows, divides the grief of misery,  
adds to the sum of human pleasure and  
cancels all selfishness.—Detroit Free  
Press

**The Bitter Bitten.**  
A Jewish junk dealer in Winnipeg  
imposed an old muzzle-loading musket  
on a green English immigrant a few  
days ago, along with thrilling anec-  
dotes about Injun incidents. The  
greenhorn found the barrel plugged up  
with what seemed to be wads. He  
took it to a gunsmith to be cleaned,  
and the smith poked out of the barrel  
seven hundred and five dollars in good  
Canadian bank notes. At latest ac-  
counts the junkman was being closely  
watched by his friends.

**IT DID NOT WORK.**

The Sad Experience of a Votary of the  
Piano.

She was of uncertain age and thin,  
and she could not get her piano up the  
boarding-house stairs. So the cartman  
rigged up a tackle from the roof, put  
"Danger" cards on the sidewalk and  
hoisted the dangling rosewood and ivory  
through the window. The hall bed-  
room boarder next door watched her ar-  
rival with mingled horror and curiosity.  
"I'm afraid she means business," he  
remarked sentimentally to the hall bed-  
room boarder at the other end of the hall.  
"Some people have pianos for ornament,  
but nobody lifts up a piano with a  
pulley unless they mean business."  
That afternoon the piano-tuner ar-  
rived, and when he went away the  
owner started in, ravished the ears of  
the hall bedroom boarder with a steady  
stream of melody from four o'clock till  
dinner-time, and after that she hung to  
the keys until quarter past eleven.  
And every time she trod on the loud  
pedal the hall bedroom boarder fairly  
shook in his bed.

The next day the musical arrival de-  
voted herself to vocal exercises.  
"She has a new system," exclaimed  
the hall-bedroom boarder, who had taken  
it in through the keyhole. "She  
stands off in the middle of the floor and  
takes flyers at the music."  
"How do you mean," asked the old  
gentleman from the second floor, who  
had come up in his dressing-gown and  
carpet slippers to discuss the situation.  
"I mean she loads up with a page of  
music, and then stands off and peppers  
the piano with big and little notes."  
"It's worse than cats," added the hall-  
bedroom boarder sadly, as he turned  
in.

The next morning was Sunday, and  
at eight o'clock the new boarder was at  
the piano. She kindly omitted scales  
and exercises, and worked off "Consider  
the Lillies." The hall-bedroom boarder  
next door dressed with feverish haste.  
A moment later he knocked at his neigh-  
bor's door.

"I beg pardon for disturbing you," he  
said, when she appeared, "but I have a  
trifling favor to ask. I notice you have  
been singing 'Consider the Lillies.' I  
want to ask if you won't sing the com-  
panion song, 'Consider the Hall-Bed-  
room Boarder.' It's asking a good deal,  
but the whole household is interested  
in your music."  
"You're impertinent, sir," she said,  
angrily, slamming the door in the ap-  
plicant's face, and again the flow of  
melody began.

After dinner, just as the boarders  
were beginning to stroll upstairs, a pale,  
determined-looking woman hurried  
down to the landlady.

"I wish my bill immediately," she said,  
in an excited way.  
"You are not going to leave on Sun-  
day," remarked the astonished mistress  
of the household.  
"I am. I will send for my piano to-  
morrow, if you will have the dynamite  
taken out."  
"The dynamite!" gasped the land-  
lady.

"Exactly. There's a notice on my  
piano which says that enough dynamite  
has been placed under the keys at C major  
to blow me a mile and three-quarters.  
I tiptoed around and packed up the  
few things I had out, and now I'm  
going. You have a miserable house and  
a horrid, hateful crowd of people," and  
the musician snapped her pocketbook  
on the change and flounced out, leav-  
ing the landlady bewildered and speech-  
less.

**MANNERS, NOT DRESS.**

A Shabbily Dressed Woman Wrapped in  
the Mantle of Charity for All.

It was in a Chicago street car. The  
woman wasn't dressed particularly  
well. Her gloves were worn and her  
black dress rusty.  
Perhaps she couldn't help it. Perhaps  
there were those at home who needed  
the money, or what it would buy, that  
would have purchased more fashionable  
attire. But this thought never occurred  
to the two men, or rather males, who in  
a half insolent and wholly sneering way  
made side remarks about their fellow  
passenger's appearance, and said it was  
plain to be seen that "she was no lady."  
Presently an old man with a heavy  
basket boarded the car. The big, ro-  
bust fellows whose unkind language  
had brought a blush to the shabbily  
dressed woman's cheek never stirred.  
But she did, and giving the old man her  
seat stood until the car reached Fifth  
avenue.

When the Italian woman, who held  
one child in her arms and had three  
other little ones clinging to her in fear,  
was trying to cross the crowded street,  
she took the hands of two of the chil-  
dren in hers and piloted them safely to  
the other side.

When passing out of a down-town  
business house, where the heavy doors  
are swung recklessly back and forth,  
she held the door ajar until the woman  
with the mite of a baby had gone in.

When the veil that a little toddler  
wore became displaced she rearranged  
it, that the bitter wind might not strike  
the little face so cruelly. And when the  
timid, bashful man, who was a stranger  
in the city, asked the policeman the  
way to his desired destination, and that  
official, pointing to all the cardinal and  
semi-cardinal points, granted "Down  
there," leaving the man more bewil-  
dered than he had been before, she told  
him in a clear, comprehensive manner  
what he wanted to know.

But those were all trivial things and  
did not signify, and, after all, she  
was a "—Chicago Tribune.

**That Would He Avenge.**

Mrs. Keedick (indignantly)—Bridges,  
you must leave this instant! I won't  
put up another hour with your im-  
pudence.  
Miss Rafferty—Aisy, now! If yez  
talks that way sure an' I won't give yez  
a recommendation to show to the next  
gurrul.—Judge.

**A Sure Sign.**

Bings—How much do you owe your  
livery stable keeper?  
Slacks—Nothing. Why?  
Bings—Oh! I saw you shaking hands  
with him and heard you asking after  
all his family this morning.—Town

**Carpets and Rugs.**

For the Spring Trade we  
have replenished our Stock  
of Carpets and Rugs at prices  
to tempt anyone needing  
goods in this line.

**We Have the Stock**

To select from in Cotton  
Chain 2-plys, all Wool 2-  
plys, all Wool 3-plys, Body  
Brussels and Moquettes.  
Our Rugs are well select-  
ed and lower than ever in  
prices.

LACE CURTAINS,  
POLES and FIXTURES  
and WINDOW SHADES.

Newest Goods at  
Hard-Times Prices.

**E. G. DOVEY & SON.**

**Gorder & Son,**

THE OLD RELIABLE . . .  
. . . IMPLEMENT DEALERS,

Offer Special MONEY-SAVING BARGAINS for the Spring  
Trade which the opposition cannot touch. Particular  
attention is directed to

Our New . . .  
Moline Drill-Drop Planter, . . .  
"New Departure" Tongueless Cultivators  
And Janesville DISC Cultivators  
THESE IMPLEMENTS CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

**In the Harness Line . . .**

We are, as ever, in the lead. We are still making the same  
line of hand-made Work Harness which gave such excellent  
satisfaction last year. Our Light Harness is vastly superior  
in quality to the factory-made stuff and the price is lower  
than ever. Kindly remember that we use nothing but the  
Genuine, old-fashioned, OAK-TANNED LEATHER.

WE GUARANTEE to save you money on good quality Wagons,  
Buggies and Spring Wagons. Call and be convinced.

**GORDER & SON,**  
509 MAIN STREET, : : : PLATTSMOUTH.

**What More Could You Ask?**

**PEARLMAN,**  
**The House Furnisher,**

Offers to buyers the chance to secure the VERY  
BEST in his line which the market affords, and  
AT PRICES WHICH ABSOLUTELY DEFY  
COMPETITION.

THE fact that my stock is the Biggest and Best in all  
Cass county, deserves the attention of people desiring  
something in the FURNITURE line. The three floors of  
my store building are full to overflowing with new goods,  
and everything goes at "depression" prices. Call and see  
for yourself.

**I. PEARLMAN, The House Furnisher,**  
Opposite Court House, Plattsmouth.