

Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

FIFTH YEAR.

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20 1892.

NUMBER 136



A cream of tartar baking powder
Highest of all in leavening strength
Latest U. S. Government food report.

BURLINGTON & MISSOURI RIVER R. R.

TIME TABLE.

OF DAILY PASSENGER TRAINS

GOING EAST		GOING WEST	
No. 2	5:05 P. M.	No. 1	3:45 A. M.
No. 4	10:30 A. M.	No. 3	5:25 P. M.
No. 8	7:44 P. M.	No. 5	9:35 A. M.
No. 10	9:45 A. M.	No. 7	7:15 A. M.
No. 12	10:14 A. M.	No. 9	8:25 P. M.
No. 20	8:30 A. M.	No. 11	9:05 P. M.
		No. 19	11:05 A. M.

Rushnell's extra leaves for Omaha about two o'clock for Omaha and will accommodate passengers.

MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY

TIME CARD.

No. 384 Accommodation Leaves.....10:55 a. m.
No. 383.....arrives.....4:00 p. m.
Trains daily except Sunday

A. N. SULLIVAN.

Attorney at-Law. Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him. Office in Walton block, East Side, Plattsmouth, Neb.

SECRET SOCIETIES

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS—Gaudin Lodge No. 47. Meets every Wednesday evening at their hall in Farme & Craig block. All visiting knights are cordially invited to attend. M. N. Griffith, C. C.; T. S. Dovey, K. R. S.

A. O. U. W. No. 84—Meets second and fourth Friday evenings in the month at G. A. R. Hall in Rockwood block. M. Vondran, M. W. F. P. Brown, Recorder.

CLASS LODGE No. 146. I. O. O. F. meets every Tuesday night at their hall in Fitzgerald block. All Odd Fellows are cordially invited to attend when visiting in the city. Chris Petersen, N. G.; S. F. Osborn, Secretary.

ROYAL ARCANUM—Class Council No. 1021. Meet at the K. of P. hall in the Farme & Craig block over Bennett & Tuttle, visiting brethren invited. Henry Gerling, Regent; Thos Walling, Secretary.

A. O. U. W. No. 8. Meets first and third Friday evenings of each month at G. A. R. Hall in Rockwood block. Frank Vermilyea, M. W. D. E. Euerole, Recorder.

DEGREE OF HONOR meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month in I. O. O. F. hall in Fitzgerald block. Mrs. F. Boyd, Lady of Honor; Belle Vermilyea, recorder.

G. A. R. McConville Post No. 45 meets every Saturday evening at 7:30 in their hall in Rockwood block. All visiting comrades are cordially invited to meet with us. Fred Bates, Post Adjutant; G. E. Niles, Post Commander.

ORDER OF THE WORLD Meets at 7:30 every Monday evening at the Grand Army hall. A. F. Groom, president, Thos Walling, secretary.

CASS CAMP No. 332 M. W. A. meets every second and fourth Monday evenings in Fitzgerald hall. Visiting neighbors welcome. P. C. Hansen, V. C.; P. Wertenberger, W. A.; S. C. Wilde, Clerk.

CAPTAIN H. E. PALMER CAMP No. 20—Sons of Veterans, division of Nebraska. U. S. A. meet every Tuesday night at 7:30 o'clock in their hall in Fitzgerald block. All sons and visiting comrades are cordially invited to meet with us. J. J. Kurtz, Commander; B. A. McSwain, 1st Sergeant.

DAUGHTERS OF PEREGRINE—Lod of Prom-tem Lodge No. 40 meets the second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month in the I. O. O. F. hall. Mrs. T. E. Williams, N. S.; Mrs. John Cory, Secretary.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—Waterman block Main Street. Rooms open from 8:30 a. m. to 9:30 p. m. For men only. Gospel meeting every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

CATHOLIC—St. Paul's Church, ak. between Fifth and Sixth. Father Carney, Pastor. Services: Mass at 8 and 10:30 A. M. Sunday School at 2:30, with benediction.

CHRISTIAN—Corner Locust and Eighth Sts. Services morning and evening. Elder A. Galloway pastor. Sunday School 10 A. M.

EPISCOPAL—St. Luke's Church, corner Third and Vine. Rev. H. B. Burgess, pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 2:30 P. M.

GERMAN METHODIST—Corner Sixth St. and Granite. Rev. Hirt, Pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 10:30 A. M.

PRESBYTERIAN—Services in new church, corner Sixth and Granite sts. Rev. J. T. Baird, pastor. Sunday-school at 9:30; Preaching at 11 a. m., 2:30 and 8 p. m.

THE Y. R. S. C. E. of this church meets every Sabbath evening at 7:15 in the basement of the church. All are invited to attend these meetings.

FIRST METHODIST—Sixth St. between Main and Pearl. Rev. J. F. Bell, D. D. pastor. Services: 11 A. M., 8:00 P. M. Sunday School 9:30 A. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN—Corner Main and Ninth. Rev. White, pastor. Services usual hours. Sunday school 9:30 A. M.

SWEDISH CONGREGATIONAL—Granite, between Fifth and Sixth.

COLORADO BAPTIST—Mt. Olive, Oak, between Tenth and Eleventh, Rev. A. Rowell, pastor. Services 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—Rooms in Waterman block, Main street. Gospel meeting for men only, every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Rooms open week days from 8:30 a. m. to 9:30 p. m.

SOUTH PARK TABERNACLE—Rev. J. M. Wood, Pastor. Services: Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Preaching, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.; prayer meeting, Wednesday night; choir practice Friday night. All are welcome.

The Plattsmouth Herald

KNOTTS BROS., Publishers

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TERMS FOR DAILY.

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THE treasury balance has been reduced to \$27,500,000, but Secretary Foster gives notice that it is still large enough for all practical purposes, and so the democrats have nothing to gain by predicting evil in the case.

THE big Minneapolis miller, Charles A. Pillsbury, presents a strong argument against free coinage of silver when he says that under such a policy the farmers would receive more nominal dollars for their products, but the dollars would not buy so much. This feature of the matter is one that the inflationists never mention.

THE Minneapolis convention will have but little else to do than to nominate Mr. Harrison as the candidate of the republican party for president. The declination of Mr. Blaine simplifies conditions and assures Harrison's nomination by acclamation. Next to Blaine he is the most popular of republican leaders and his administration has been one of the best for the people in the history of the nation. It is to be regretted that a man loved as Mr. Blaine should be so situated as to prevent the people placing him at the head of affairs in this country. The presidency would bring no honors to him but it would be a gratification to his friends to have the privilege of once more shouting his name. Blaine is to the American people what Napoleon was to the French.—Indianola, Iowa Herald.

WHY EDISON IS A REPUBLICAN.

The father and brother of the great electrical inventor, Thos. A. Edison, were both democrats. Some one recently asked him to explain how he happened to be a republican when his environment was republican.

"I will tell you all about it in a very few words," he said. "I became a republican in New Orleans. I was on a street corner where a poor devil in a blue uniform was grinding an organ. He was blind in one eye. He had a big scar above the other eye. One of his ears was slashed off. One of his legs was cut off below the knee. The other leg was severed above the knee. His left arm was cut off above the elbow. His right arm was so mutilated that only the little finger remained. With that finger he turned the organ handle and brought forth doleful tunes. A big brute of a southerner came along and stopped in front of the organ, looking the crippled soldier all over. Then he drew a ten dollar bill from his pocket and tossed it on the organ. As he started away the old soldier called after him to know if he had not made a mistake, saying no man had ever given him a bill before. The southerner turned about with a fierce look and responded that he was willing to give \$10 any time to see a Yankee sliced up like up like the organ grinder, because he would like to see every blankety blanked Yankee carved up. Well, that incident made a republican out of me."—Ex.

PLANS TO MAKE THE SENATE "POPULAR."

Apparently the proposition that United States Senators be chosen by the popular vote is gaining strength among the people. It is not a partisan matter, and it finds friends and enemies in each of the great organizations. The friends, however, of the scheme seem to largely outnumber the enemies. At least this conclusion is inevitable if the public men who have been giving their opinion of the matter, for or against, fairly represent the sentiment of the people. The notion is a taking one. Change

is the order of the day among a certain set of political positions and social thinkers, and institutions and beliefs which have been accepted by generations of wise and conservative men are compelled in a measure, to justify themselves anew and to show cause why they should not be overthrown.

Several bills are now before congress providing for a change in the mode of electing senators. All of them seek to put the choice of these officials directly in the hands of the people of the states, the selection to be by the majority of the aggregate vote, as is the case with governors. There are important differences of detail between the measures. One of them provides for a single senator from each state, and one additional for each million of inhabitants. It is safe to say that this bill cannot pass either branch of congress. It makes a wider departure from the present arrangement than the people are ready for at present. The equality of the states in the senate in the matter of membership will not be disturbed, even if the manner of choosing the senators be altered.

This is a big question, and much is to be said on both sides. The leading argument of the advocates of popular elections is that corrupt and incompetent men reach the senate under the existing system who would be buried under the proposed plan. This reasoning is not conclusive. A state convention can be bribed as readily as a legislature, and can be made to do the bidding of the bootleggers. Indeed, the convention offers less difficulty than does the other body to this sort of work, for the members of the convention are in the public eye for a day or two only, and consequently are under less restraint than are the individual legislators whose service lasts a year or two. At all events, the proposed change should not be made lightly, and it will not be. Any scheme which involves an amendment of the constitution, as this does, will be sure to call out full, free and intelligent discussion.—Globe Democrat.

THE MAN WITH A PLAN.

He Was Little, But His Scheme Was a Great One.

There were five of us in the stage, and a sixth man had a seat with the driver. There was a second lieutenant of cavalry, a civil engineer, and the rest of us were only common folks who had been out in the hills prospecting and were returning broken in hopes and "busted" in pocket. The engineer was a little man of feminine appearance, and we hadn't been together an hour when he confessed that the bare thoughts of the stage being held up made him tremble all over. The officer was a quiet sort of chap, who seemed to have plenty of nerve, and though none of us had much to lose, we by and by agreed that in case the stage was stopped we would make a fight for it. All were new to a hold-up, but we decided that if we had any show at all we could make it hot for the road agents.

The little man at first agreed with our plan as formed, but later on he broached one of his own. The driver told us that the point most likely to be selected by the highwaymen would be at a rough spot in the road, just before it reached a certain hill, and we were about five miles from the spot, and darkness had fully descended when the little man unfolded his plan. When within a mile of the spot he was to get out and follow the stage on foot. In case it was stopped he would be in position to sight the robbers and open fire at once.

We jumped on him at once for a flunk. It was simply a scheme on his part to bolt and save his dollars in case the agents appeared, and each one gave him his opinion of such conduct in very vigorous English. In his soft, gentle way he replied:

"Gentlemen, you do me injustice. Please suspend judgment until you see how my plan works. I do assure you I firmly expect to kill a robber and save the stage."

We were too disgusted to argue with him, and when he finally got out in accordance with his plan the army officer was fain to make a kick at him. We couldn't tell whether he had bolted back down the road or was following on, but we all got ready for a hold-up. Every one of us had a revolver in hand, and every one was on the watch, and yet it came about before we knew it. The horses were still at a walk when a man appeared at either door of the stage and covered the driver and the passenger with a shotgun. It was simply a dead cinch on us, and we were not over ten seconds realizing it. We had just got the order to hand up our guns and step out when there was a pop! pop! pop! from the outside. The brigand at the right-hand window cried out and fell; the one at the left-hand window disappeared without a sound. There were three shots more from the front of the stage, and half a minute later, and before any of us had moved, we heard the little man say:

"Gentlemen, it's over and you can come out!"

What had happened? There was a dead man on one side of the coach, and a seriously wounded man on the other, and the third brigand had been driven away, probably hit by at least one bullet. All this had been done by the little man and his little gun, according to his plan, and what made it the worse for us he didn't appear to have done anything to feel proud over. We tried to square ourselves with him, but it couldn't be done. While he seemed to forgive us, we realized what his real private opinion of live such chumps must be, and we got away from him at the first stop.—N. Y. World.

Arabia and the Horse.

By a great many people Arabia is supposed to be the home of the horse. From ancient Roman, Grecian, and Jewish history it is readily learned that the horse was unknown in Arabia long after he was a common factor in the life of southern Europe.

IT PAID TO BE A FOOL.

Why He Was Down on His Brother Sam.

There weren't but three of us on the depot platform—the man who checked my trunk, a well-dressed man walking up and down and myself. After a bit I noticed that the two men looked almost as much alike as twin-brothers. I also noticed that the well-dressed one evidently wanted to speak to the other, but was given the cold shoulder. It was none of my business, of course, but there was a mystery about it to excite curiosity, and by and by I followed the depot man into the freight-shed and carelessly inquired if he knew the other man.

"Know him? Of course, I do!" he indignantly replied.

"He looks very much like you."

"He ought to, as he is my brother Sam. Consarn his picture, but the sight of him makes me bile over!"

"Family trouble, I suppose?"

"No. It's just because Sam is the biggest fool in these United States! We didn't use to calculate in our family that he knew enough to chew gum. I've actually had to go out and bring him in when it rained!"

"Well, he seems to be all right now. How did he get dressed up so fine?"

"How? How?" he repeated, as he upset a barrel of dried apples and kicked it around. "He got dressed up by being a fool!"

Seeing that I did not understand, he sat down on a box and continued:

"Sam owned five acres of land next to me up the road. One day about two years ago a feller comes along here, and he says to me that he thinks there is a pot of gold buried on my land. He'd dreamed about it, leastwise, and he offered to point out the spot for \$50."

"That's a very odd game."

"Of course. I let him go on for a while, and then I took him by the ear and dropped him off the platform. I read of that swindle before I was knee-high to a toad."

"Well!"

"Well, what did he do but go and hunt up Sam and tell him the same thing. Somebody probably told him Sam was a born fool and didn't know enough to climb a fence. Sam gulped it all down, of course. I warned him and wrestled with him, but it didn't do no good. He just scrubbed around and got the money and handed it over."

"And the swindler slid?"

"He didn't hurry very much. He walked Sam around, told him where to dig and was around for a couple of days before he sauntered off. Drot that fool of a Sam, but I want to go out and knock his head off."

"He lost the \$50, of course?"

"Did he? Not much! He dug where the man told him to, and may I be hung by the neck if he didn't find an old crock with over \$12,000 in it!"

"You don't say!"

"That's what he did, and that's what built him a new house, got him elected alderman and put them fine duds on his back! Blast him! I'll go out and knock his blamed tom-fool head!"

But I seized him and held him up against a barrel of cider vinegar until the fit of frenzy passed away, and left him weak and trembling and just able to mutter:

"The idea of it! Why, he don't know enough to-day to turn a grindstone the right way!"—N. Y. World.

No Respect for Musty Traditions.

"A reminiscence comes to me of a volume of 'Recollections of Parliament,' about American visitors to the House of Commons. 'The American girl has no respect for musty traditions. Some years ago we used to be permitted to take ladies into the library, but the rule was strict that they must not be allowed to sit down there. I was once escorting a young American married woman through the various rooms of the library, and I mentioned to her, as a matter of more or less interesting fact, that it was against the rules for a woman to sit down there.

"Is that really a law of the place?" she asked with wide opened and innocent eyes.

"The very law," I answered.

"Then," said she calmly, "just see me break it!" and she drew a chair and resolutely sat down at the table."

"Witches" Burned in Scotland.

Between the years 1590 and 1680 no less than 3,400 women were burned in Scotland for witchcraft.

CLEARING OUT FOR SPRING STOCK.

NEXT WEEK DAWSON & PEARCE WILL SELL A JOB LOT OF TRIMMED HATS AT \$1.00 EACH, WELL WORTH \$3.00. ALSO A JOB LOT OF SAILORS AT 75 CENTS, WELL TRIMMED, WORTH \$1.50. CHILDRENS HOODS, AT 25 CENTS EACH, AND A FEW BOYS SPRING CAPS AT 25 CENTS.

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