

# Are You Going To Clean House?

Spring! Gentle Spring usually brings house cleaning and a general overhauling. In the course of this interesting period of cleaning up you may be reminded of

## New Carpets, New Curtains, & Other Things.

If you are, remember we are showing a handsomer line than ever before in

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For Curtain Purposes, if in need of anything of this kind.

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### The Hawaiian Language.

"Hawaii! The very name itself is but a softly breathed vocalization—it does not contain a single real consonant; and the entire language is made up on a principle just directly opposite from the Welsh; whereas the latter is nearly all consonants, the former is nothing but vowels. A traveler graphically describes the language of the islands as having 'no backbone.' Say some of the words over in your softest tones—for, be your voice never so soft, it cannot equal the dulcet notes of these barbarians—and I think you will agree with me that the stories told us are true," writes Mary Gray Umsted, in the April New Peterson. "Kamama, the word for an old resident; here is only the consonant at the beginning, and the nasalization at intervals to hold the vowel sounds together in some sort of consistency. This is even true of the name of that mighty terrible monster, the burning volcano, wetherr you take its ordinary appellation Kilanea, or its mythological designation Hale-man-mau, which in our harsher tongue means 'the house of everlasting fire.' That relic of savagery and heathendom, the forbidden dance 'huli-huli,' suggest nothing unpleasant by the vowels and liquids of its appellation. Say over to yourself the name of King Kalakaua's predecessor, Lunalilo, 'above all,' and of the great hero of the islands, Kamehameha, 'the lonely one,' and then contrast them with our own words! Even the comparatively harsh 'k' is softened by their flexible organs into pleasant sound, while the music of their voices—such music as poetry and tradition associate with Italian

voices, but which, alas actual experience does not verify—must be something like the sounds which lulled the Lotus-eaters into forgetfulness of their fatherland. Curiously enough—or rather not curiously, if one remembers the eternal spring-time in which the islanders dwell—the Hawaiian language contains no word for weather; they have no need of weather-bureaus and weather-prophets, and therefore can keep their faith in their kind a little longer than we unfortunates who have so much of that objectionable article. Surely here are all the physical and outward conditions for the promised celestial city!"

A sad tragedy occurred at Bloomfield, Ky., Tuesday in which Allen Murphy, a young man well known in that precinct, lost his life at the hands of Jodie Houston, another well-known business man. Mr. Houston has been confined to bed for some time with pneumonia. Last night while delirious he made an attempt on the life of his wife. Her screams attracted the attention of the neighbors, who ran to her assistance. Mr. Murphy was first to reach Houston's room, and as he started toward the sick man, Houston drew a revolver and shot him dead, the bullet entering a few inches above the heart. The circumstances attending the tragedy are particularly sad. Murphy leaving a young wife and child. The men have always been devoted friends.

Mrs. A. F. Hunger took the train for Crete Monday morning. Mr. Hunger is employed there in the post-office.

Photograph studio for sale. Address, HERALD, Plattsmouth, Neb.

### Spring Roads.

A snow bank here; a puddle there; With mud between—a lion's share; And then a strip of slanting ice; Washed glassy by the sun's device. Here one may sail along—then slip Into some pond—a foundered ship With broken ribs and tattered sails. A victim for some jester's rails. And tho' 'twere joy to "run aground," There's not a solid bit around. There's tufted grass upon the sides, But then, alas! the gutter's tides Of slush and slop—a warning moat— Will not our longing footsteps float. The rutted track holds fast the pace We exercise with doubtful grace. And tho' we sigh for earth or snow In one unbroken stretch, we know That spring affords in measure rife Variety—the spice of life. —George E. Bowen.

### A Terrific Explosion.

The most frightful calamity in the history of Litchfield, Ill., occurred at an early hour Wednesday morning, resulting in the destruction of a million dollars worth of property and the loss of a number of lives, practically wrecking half of the town and damaging property for miles around.

Shortly after 3 o'clock in the morning fire was discovered in Kohler's Planet steam flouring mills, the largest of the kind in the world, located in the south west part of the city. The fire department had scarcely arrived on the scene when an explosion of terrific violence shook the earth for miles around. The shock was felt as far as Decatur, fifty-five miles distant. It broke the plate glass windows in a majority of the stores in the city, prostrated almost every one on the street, shook houses loose from their foundations, and jarred the machinery in the Litchfield car and machine shops to such an extent that work will have to be abandoned till the necessary repairs can be made. It is supposed the fire originated from a spark from a passing locomotive, and the subsequent explosion was caused by the flames coming in contact with an accumulation of mill dust. It looked at one time as if the whole south end of town would be consumed, but the fire department, after a hard fight of three hours, managed to prevent the flames from spreading.

The head millwright, John Carver of Waterloo, N. Y., attempted to get his tools from the burning building. He was stunned by the explosion, thrown against a smoke-stack, pinned there and burned to death, his limbs being burned off. It is not yet known whether there were any other fatalities, though a number of people were seriously injured.

A grain elevator adjoining the mill, containing a quarter of a million bushels of wheat, was burned to the ground, with its contents, together with a dozen Wash freight cars which were standing near by on a sidetrack.

The injured are as follows: Thomas Donahue, head cut; Henry Steyle crushed; Y. Greenwalt, badly cut; Andrew Duncan, head cut; Mrs. V. Hoffman, had a leg broken; Mrs. E. Eichelson's head was cut. The mill was owned by Kohler Bro's of St. Louis. It had a capacity of two thousand barrels of flour daily and employed a hundred and fifty men. The insurance of the mill and elevator is three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

L. A. Smith, general manager of the mills, places his loss at \$500,000 while the insurance will be about \$200,000. The other losses are: Adolph Newberg, store and residence and barns partially demolished, \$4,000 insured in part. Mrs. V. Hogman, three tenement houses, Charles Baker, Peter Oller and Mrs. O'Neill are left practically homeless. John Grass' store, immediately east of the mills, was almost entirely demolished and yet, singular to say none of the inmates of these residences were injured.

Upon State, Riders and Nisham street, the principal business thoroughfares of the city, nearly every plate glass front was destroyed by the concussion. Litchfield's new hotel was damaged not far from \$10,000, while the New York store sustained heavy loss. More than a hundred residences were damaged to a greater or less extent, and it is impossible to arrive at anything like an estimate of the sum total of the damage. Residences several miles away in the country suffered slightly.

Confined in the cells at the four courts in St. Louis are four men and women, the principals in a most daring and complete train robbery conspiracy. They are: J. F. Gosney, alias Lowe, alias Huntington, alias "Kindergarten." Clark Goodwin, alias Charley, John Reed and Minnie Meyers, alias Lowe, Robert Wetherford, alias Leach, the fifth man escaped from the city. Chief Desmond received the first information of the plot Friday morning, in the shape of a message which conveyed word that a scheme was on foot to loot one of the outgoing trains Saturday night on the Missouri Pacific. Seventy

patrolmen in plain clothes arrested the gang before they had an opportunity to put their plans into execution. In the rooms of Minnie Meyers, in a disorderly house, were found the masks the men were to have worn, together with three sticks of dynamite and fuses and percussion caps. Gosney, Lutz and Goodwin said the scheme was to rob the Saturday night run on the Missouri Pacific which takes out \$70,000 every Saturday night. If successful their operations were to be continued on a large scale.

\$25 00.

buys a good heavy hand made farm harness at, KEEFER & SCHNIDTMANE.

The arrest of Mrs. Delliah Thomson of Highmore, South Dakota, has brought to light one of the most fiendish criminals on record. During the last year that town has been visited by three or four disastrous fires, resulting in the burning of the court house and fully one-half of the business portion of the town. The fires were known to have been of incendiary origin. For a year or more, covering the time of the fires, anonymous letters have been received by a number of the prominent citizens of the town. The character of the letters was of the lowest order of vulgarity, sometimes accompanied by threats of the use of the knife, revolver, vitriol or the fire brand, and in many of the letters the statement was made that "we" were the cause of the recent fires. One of the anonymous letters was addressed to a lumberman of the town, and was to the effect that he would make money by going into a deal by which to burn the town or the portion which would be liable to be rebuilt, provided he would divide up on the profits made out of the sale of lumber. Close watch was kept and finally the woman was seen to drop one of the letters in a box. She admitted that she had written all the letters. She, however, claimed that she was prompted not only to write the letters, but to burn the buildings of the three most prominent men of the town. The only motive now suggested for her crimes is that she owed money to certain persons on notes and a mortgage and she thought that by burning up the records she would get out of paying them. She first burned up the court house, but the records were saved, and she afterwards burned up the building where the records had been transferred. She was arrested on the charge of arson and was bound over to the grand jury. She was released on bail and was then arrested by the United States authorities on the charge of violating the postal laws and is now in jail.

WANTED—Agents to sell our choice and hardy nursery stock. We have many new and special varieties, both in fruits and ornamentals to offer, which are controlled only by us. Wepay commission or salary. Write us at once for terms, and secure choice of territory. MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

### In a Bad Fix.

"I once made a mistake myself by trying to be very thorough," said the governor. "When was it?" was asked. "Not so long ago," said the governor of Tennessee to a Memphis reporter. "Do any of you think I look like a felon?" he asked. "Well, I was arrested as one within the last two years," he said. "When I came into the governorship I thought I would be very thorough, and one of the first things I investigated was the convict system. So one day I slipped off by myself and went up to the mines to see how the thing was worked when no one was expecting me. I intended to go down into the mines, and put on an old suit of clothes in which I used to hunt occasionally. They were torn and muddy and I congratulated myself that no one would know me. "In the pockets were all sorts of odds and ends, such as strings, wire, a knife, nippers, etc. I got the conductor to let me off the train at a crossing and walked a mile or two to the mines. As I got near them, thinking I would look over the ground before going out into the cleared space, I turned out of the path and stuck up the hill through the brush. I took a survey and saw a small group of men around a fire; one or two of them convicts, one or two perhaps, visitors and one a guard with a double-barreled shotgun across his arm. I was thinking of going down, and took a step or two, when some one behind, said 'Hold on; come back here, I turned, and there thirty steps from me was a guard, an ugly old fellow, long and bony, standing with his shotgun across his arm. 'What do you want?' I asked. "I want you," he said, "and wants you quick. Come here."

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Suffered, Scratched, and Bled. Doctors No Relief. Cured by Two Sets Cuticura Remedies.

I wish to express my thanks for the benefit I have derived from using Cuticura Remedies. Nothing like them was ever manufactured. For three years I suffered with a sore head. I would break out all over my head with pimples which would form a watery matter, and I would have to scratch until I would bleed. After using two sets of Cuticura Remedies, I am entirely cured. I have recommended your remedies to several persons, and they all tell me they are cured. Cuticura Remedies, since my cure. I have given him the privilege of using my name as proof of their efficiency. I enclose my portrait.

A. F. GRAMM, Photographer, Mt. Horeb, Wis.

My wife has been troubled with the salt rheum for four years. During this time doctors of Wisconsin, Illinois, and the most eminent doctors of Chicago, failed to give relief. I bought the Cuticura Remedies, and she used only one box of Cuticura, Cuticura Soap, and half a bottle of the Cuticura Resolvent, and these have cured my wife completely.

C. M. STONE, 141 State St., Chicago, Ill.

### LOOK OUT For JOE'S, THE POPULAR CLOTHIER, NEW "AD."

"I am going to take you to the warden," he said. "But I won't go," I said. "I don't want to go to the warden and I won't go." "You won't? Well, we'll see if you won't. If you don't you'll get a load of buckshot in you," he said, dropping the gun and pulling back the hammer slowly. "I saw that he had me and I determined to explain. I am a visitor up here," I said. "Yes, no doubt; that's why I want you. I want you to finish out your visit. We can't bar to part with you. Walk along thar?" "But—I began. "But nothing," said he; "you don't want to but this," and he gave me a crack with the butt of his gun which nearly knocked me over. March on! "Look here! I am governor of the state," said I, trying to look imposing. "He looked at me quizzically. 'You are a pretty looking guy' nor, ain't you?' said he. 'Well, gov'nor, I'm glad to see you. I'm gwine to help you finish out yo' term. Walk along thar and shet yer jaw. I'm gittin kinder tired on it, and I've got a good mind to let you have a load of buckshot anyways, just to teach you manners.' "Well, that old fellow marched me down and made a convict go through my clothes. The things in my pockets were proof positive of my guilt, of course, and you never heard such a lambasting as he gave me in your life, all the time keeping a running fire at me, asking me what I was 'in for,' etc. The circumstantial evidence was that I was a burglar, but they all agreed I looked like a pickpocket, and one man even suggested that I had picked a burglar's pocket. That was the worst of all. Then he marched me off to the warden."

"What became of the guard?" asked one. "He's manager on my farm," said the governor, "and he still makes me walk straight."

Ira Dodge, a hunter and trapper, walking on crutches and with one arm in a sling and a bandage over one eye, is in Cheyenne from his mountain home in Western Wyoming, for treatment by an oculist. Dodge had an engagement with three grizzly bears on the 2d of November last. He and his wife have been isolated ever since. The woman has nursed him, but finds the eye injury beyond her skill. Dodge had more than 100 wounds on his body when he reached home after mixing with the bears. From a hill top he saw them at the edge of Green River and, tying his horse, started after them. They took to the timber, Dodge followed and knocked over one and then another. The third he could not find. The two down bawled like calves being branded. Approaching the first he planted a bullet between its shoulders. He was within 10 feet of the animal when it rose and rushed upon him. He threw his hat in its face and jumped back for a shot. The shell in his rifle stuck. As the bear closed in he drew his knife and sent it home a dozen times. Then this weapon was knocked from him. He was struck and squeezed, and the bear was biting and chawing him all over when he became unconscious. When he recovered his senses the bear was gone. He crawled to his horse and mounted, covered with blood and almost naked. It was twelve miles to his home. He left the ranch for the first time five weeks ago. The woman counted the wounds and declared there were 100 distinct marks. The worst hurts were laceration of the right arm and an opening on the face, which almost destroyed the eye. Dodge is a man of means and has a herd of cattle, but loves to hunt. As soon as he can ride he is going to get his gun and see what has become of the bears.

Jones—There seems to be a slight difference of opinion between you and your mother-in-law. Smith—No; her opinion of me is just my opinion of her.—New York Herald.

## FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED MEATS OF ALL KINDS.

I MAKE the best of all kinds of sausages and keep a good supply constantly on hand. Call and see.

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