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CHAPTER XXIII.

"I shall help you to run away."

"Listen to me," said McCann. "The spring thaw is here, and the crust is coming in the snow. It's the time to travel. I would run with no less a man than you."

"But you can't run," Smoke contradicted. "Your backbone is as limber as thawed marrow. If I run, I run alone. The world fades, and perhaps I shall never run."

Said Snass: "Your partner is dead. My hunters did not kill him. They found the body, frozen in the first of the spring storms in the mountains. No man can escape. When shall we celebrate your marriage?"

And Labiskwee: "I watch you. There is trouble in your eyes, in your face. Oh, I do know all your face. When you are happy the corners of your mouth turn up. When you think sad thoughts they turn down. When you smile there are three and four wrinkles at the corners of your eyes. When you laugh there are six. But I can not count them now."

"I have never read books. I do not know how to read. But Four Eyes thought me much. And in his own eyes I have seen the trouble of the hunger for the world. He was often hungry for the world. Is the world so good that you, too, are hungry for it? Four Eyes had nothing. But you have me?"

She sighed and shook her head. "Four Eyes died still hungry for the world. And if you lived here always would you, too, die hungry for the world? I am afraid I do not know the world. Do you want to run away to the world?"

Smoke could not speak, but by his mouth corner lines was she convinced. Minutes of silence passed in which she visibly struggled, while Smoke cursed himself for the unguessed weakness that enabled him to speak the truth about his hunger for the world while it kept his lips tight on the truth of the existence of the other woman.

Again Labiskwee sighed.

"Very well. I love you more than I fear my father's anger, and he is more terrible in anger than a mountain storm. You told me what love is. This is the test of love. I shall help you to run away back to the world."

Smoke awakened softly and without movement. Warm, small fingers touched his cheek and slid gently to a pressure on his lips. The one word "Come" was breathed in his ear. He sat up carefully and listened. Close at hand he could distinguish the light regular breathing of Snass.

Labiskwee tugged gently at Smoke's sleeve and he knew she wished him to follow. He took his moccasins and German socks in his hand and crept out into the snow in his sleeping moccasins. Beyond the glow from the dying embers of the fire she indicated to him to put on his outer footgear, and while he obeyed she went back under the fly where Snass slept.

Feeling the hands of his watch, Smoke found it was 1 in the morning. Labiskwee rejoined him and led him on through the sleeping camp.

"Now we can talk," she said when the last fire had been left half a mile behind.

In the starlight, facing him, Smoke noted for the first time that her arms were burdened, and, on feeling, discovered she carried his snowshoes, a rifle, two belts of ammunition and his sleeping robes.

"I have everything fixed," she said, with a happy little laugh. "I have been two days making the cache. There is meat, even flour, matches and skis, which go best on the hard crust, and, when they break through, the webs will hold up longer. Oh, I do know snow travel, and we shall go fast, my lover."

Smoke checked his speech. That she had been arranging his escape was surprise enough, but that she had planned to go with him was more than he was prepared for. Unable to plan immediate action, he gently, one by one, took her burdens from her. He put his arms around her and pressed her close, and still he could not think what to do.

"God is good," she whispered. "He sent me a lover."

Yet Smoke was brave enough not to suggest his going alone. And ere he spoke he saw all his memory of the bright world reel and fade.

"We will go back, Labiskwee," he said. "You will be my wife, and we shall live always with the Caribou people."

"No, no." And her body, in the circle of his arm, resisted his proposal. "I know. I have thought much. The hunger for the world would come upon you, and in the long nights it would devour your heart. Four Eyes died of hunger for the world; so would you die. And I will not have you die. We will go on across the snow mountains

longer way around.

Glancing back at McCann, in the rear, Labiskwee spoke in an undertone to Smoke. "He is eating," she said. "It is not good."

Smoke looked. The man was secretly munching caribou meat from the pocketful he carried.

"No eating between meals," he commanded. "There's no game in the country ahead, and the grub will have to be whacked in equal rations from the start. The only way you can travel with us is by playing fair."

By 1 o'clock the crust had thawed so that the skis broke through, and before 2 o'clock the web shoes were breaking through. Camp was made and the first meal eaten. Smoke took stock of the food. McCann's supply was a disappointment. So many silver fox skins had he stuffed into the bottom of the meat bag that there was little space left for meat.

Enough food for a month, with careful husbanding and appetites that never blunted their edge, was Smoke's and Labiskwee's judgment. Smoke apportioned the weight and bulk of the packs, yielding in the end to Labiskwee's insistence that she, too, should carry a pack.

Next day the stream spilled out in a wide mountain valley, and they were already breaking through the crust on the flats when they gained the harder surface of the slope of the divide.

"Ten minutes later, and we wouldn't have got across the flats," Smoke said when they paused for breath on the bald crest of the summit. "We must be a thousand feet higher here."

But Labiskwee, without speaking, pointed down to an open flat among the trees. In the midst of it, scattered about, were five dark specks that scarcely moved.

"The young men," said Labiskwee. "They are wallowing to their hips," Smoke said. "They will never gain the hard footing this day. We have hours the start of them. Come on, McCann. Back up. We don't eat till we can't travel."

In the higher valley in which they now found themselves the crust did not break till 3 in the afternoon, at which time they managed to gain the shadow of a mountain where the crust was already freezing again.

Black darkness came on, after a long twilight, at 9 o'clock, when they made camp in a clump of dwarf spruce. McCann was helpless. The day's march had been exhausting, but in addition, despite his nine years' experience in the arctic, he had been eating snow and was in agony with his parched and burning mouth. He crouched by the fire and groaned while they made the camp.

In the night came wind and snow, and through the day of blizzard they fought their way blindly, missing the turn of the way that led up a small stream and crossed a divide to the west. For two more days they wandered, crossing other and wrong divides, and in those two days they dropped spring behind and climbed up into the abode of winter.

"The young men have lost our trail, and what's to stop us resting a day?" McCann begged.

But no rest was accorded. Smoke and Labiskwee knew their danger. They were lost in the high mountains, and they had seen no game nor signs of game. Day after day they struggled on through an iron configuration of landscape that compelled them to labyrinthine canyons and valleys that led rarely to the west. The terrible toil and the cold ate up energy, yet they cut down the size of the ration they permitted themselves.

One night Smoke was awakened by a sound of struggling. Distinctly he heard a gasping and strangling from where McCann slept. Kicking the fire into flame, by its light he saw Labiskwee, her hands at the man's throat and forcing from his mouth a chunk of partly chewed meat. Even as Smoke saw this her hand went to her hip and flashed with the sheath knife in it.

"Labiskwee!" Smoke cried, and his voice was peremptory.

The hand hesitated.

"Don't!" he said, coming to her side. She was shaking with anger, but the hand, after hesitating a moment longer, descended reluctantly to the sheath.

McCann sat up, whimpering and snarling.

"Where did you get it?" Smoke demanded.

"Feel around his body," Labiskwee said.



"We will go back, Labiskwee. You will be my wife."

still holding his hand, her body began to incline away from him and toward the direction of the cache. Nor would he resist. It was as if he were drawn by her heart itself that so nearly lay in the hollow of his hand.

So firm was the crust that they slid along rapidly on their skis.

"Just here, in the trees, is the cache," Labiskwee told Smoke.

The next moment she caught his arm with a startle of surprise. The flames of a small fire were dancing merrily, and crouched by the fire was McCann.

"I was minded you'd run without me," McCann explained when they came up, his small peering eyes glimmering with cunning. "So I kept an eye on the girl, and when I seen her cacin' skis an' grub I was on. I've brought my own skis an' webs an' grub. Will we be startin' now?"

Labiskwee looked swift consternation at Smoke, as swiftly achieved a judgment on the matter and spoke.

"McCann, you are a dog!" she hissed, and her eyes were savage with anger. "I know it is in your heart to raise the camp if we don't take you. Very well. We must take you. But you know my father. I am like my father. You will do your share of the work. You will obey. And if you play one dirty trick it will be better for you if you had never run."

Daylight found them in the belt of foothills that lay between the rolling country and the mountains. McCann suggested breakfast, but they held on.

Labiskwee explained to Smoke her knowledge of the country and the way she planned to baffle pursuit. There were but two ways out, one west, the other south. Snass would immediately dispatch parties of young men to guard the two trails. But there was another way south. True, it did no more than penetrate halfway into the high mountains; then, twisting to the west and crossing three divides, it joined the regular trail. When the young men found no traces on the regular trail they would turn back in the belief that the escape had been made by the west traverse, after dreaming that the run always had ventured the harder and

TO HOLD SOLONS UNTIL FINISH

Speaker and Lieutenant Governor Evolve Plan.

WILL KEEP BACK WARRANTS.

Decide to Refuse Their Signatures on All Vouchers Until Session Is Ended. Appropriation Bills Up in Senate This Week.

Lincoln—Members of the present legislative session will not have an opportunity to skip away before the end of the game. Speaker Jackson and Lieutenant Governor Pearson have agreed that they will not sign the last \$200 voucher of the members until the last day of the session. That means that in order for the members to obtain that priceless little piece of paper called a warrant they must be on hand when the last stroke is heard through the chamber.

In years ago this has been a bad trouble. Member after member would desert the ranks, until upon the last day it has sometimes appeared that there were no more than a handful of the members here. It is a dangerous thing to experiment with, according to Speaker Jackson, and if it so happened that a designing few laid out until the last they could do enough mischief in the dying moments of the session to make a deal of trouble during the two years following.

Thus far there have been heard no rebellious utterances over the matter. The members quite agree with the presiding officers of the two houses and they are ready to acquiesce in the new orders.

The big appropriation bills which passed the house last week are before the senate this week and it appears that there will be some raising there. This, however, is in line with the suggestions of a number of the house members, so that the latter body will not take any credit to itself for keeping the totals at a point below those finally approved by the senate. The common cry has been in the house, "Oh, well, let the senate raise it."

That attitude has been taken very frequently—so often in fact that it has become more or less a legislative joke. Numerous members of the house have insisted that the body as a whole should not be afraid to do something of a startling nature on its own hook. "If we're afraid to do it, why what are we sent here for?" they ask.

Railroads of the state asked Tuesday for what will probably be the only roll call vote on a measure which they were interested in and which they desired to see killed. This was the Ostrerman uniform right-of-way bill. This measure provided that right-of-way for the roads of the state had to be uniform throughout the county. Penalty for non-observance under its provisions was to be followed by forfeiture of its right of eminent domain.

That would have meant an impossible barrier against the construction of further lines in the state, in the opinion of a number of attorneys and outside business men, who came here to help in the fight against it.

The statements of both President Wilson and Secretary of State Bryan relative to the railroad situation in this state were read to the assembled members in the debate on the matter. In both of these there was reflected the belief that railroads should be undisturbed and that their securities should be allowed to become as stable as government bonds. Those lawmakers who presented the railroads' side of the case then insisted that this would never be if such legislation as this were aimed at them.

The question of the ability of the legislature to keep the appropriations of the session, including all the special and regular bills, down to a point below those of the 1913 session appears to be uppermost at the present time. It is an acute question, according to some of the members, and while it is impossible to tell anything definite so far in advance, some of the members freely predict that a good record will be made. Others think that the sum total will be in excess of \$7,500,000, or only half a million dollars below the session of 1913.

If that is done, however, the members generally say they will be well pleased. They believe that that will be going fairly well in view of the fact that the population of the various institutions has increased considerably during the two years and that much money will be put into permanent investments, in the shape of lands.

A half million dollar saving would lower the taxes on \$5,000 worth of property about \$1 a year. This apparently inconsequential sum illustrates the meagerness of the state levies in the opinion of a number of the house leaders who show that state taxes after all are the least of any property owners have to pay.

The state levy has never been over \$1.5 mills—or about one-fourth the school levy in any number of districts of the state. The state levy for the year 1914 was 7.15 mills, or about one-seventh of the total average levy in all the counties of the state.

Omaha affairs are to the fore during the week. The annexation bill has

just been acted upon and the committee of the whole is still to hear the merits and demerits of the Omaha lighting bill. The latter measure is one of those in which R. B. Howell, Republican candidate for governor, was interested. The fight on this bill has been particularly fierce during the past several weeks, and it is believed that it will yet bring about a battle of some dimensions before it is settled. The bill has been amended in the process of making, so that the people of the city of Omaha may vote on the question of issuance of bonds for the embarkation of the water district into the lighting business. It is believed that this amply safeguards it.

There is no disposition on the part of the present session of the legislature to pass any kind of liquor or temperance legislation. By quiet consent of the members of both houses all such bills are being sidetracked. Not a one has any change of getting through. The wet bills are being subjected to the same treatment at the hands of wet members—under the agreement—as the dry bills are at the hands of the dry members. This action is taken in the hope that there will be nothing to do with this session which will impair the free settlement of the liquor question two years hence under the provisions of the Initiative.

Interest in the anti-discrimination fire insurance bill, now pending in the house, is at a fever heat since people of the state began to understand its provisions. The house leaders who are interested in the passage of the measure say that it will stand a good show of getting through. The bill grossly discriminates that has existed for years in this state and compels the citizens of the various towns to pay upon the same basis, and the citizens of the same town to pay the same rates on the same kind of risks. Members who are advocating the passage of the bill say that fire insurance is virtually a tax upon property and that there is no more reason for a lack of uniformity than there is in tax affairs. Omaha people are now paying two to three times as much for the same kind of insurance that Lincoln business men and dwelling house owners are purchasing. Lincoln has no right to this discrimination, say the Omaha senators and representatives. Neither has any other of half a dozen towns where the rates are exceedingly low. The towns entitled to the rates are those several hundred localities where the rates are still high.

Under the proposal, the rates would be raised where necessary and lowered where necessary, but the state rate would be no higher than the average state rate at present. The entire matter would be under the charge of the state insurance commission, composed of the governor, the state auditor and the attorney general. It is believed that that body would preserve an equality between the rates and that utter fairness would be recorded in rate making hereafter in this state under the terms of the bill. The most insistent enemies of the bill have been those who have questioned the advisability of giving Mr. Howell so much power.

Messages sent from Governor Morehead to the legislature show the intense interest which the executive has in road making over the state. The governor wants something done in the way of providing for the establishment of road paving districts in the rural sections of the state. He believes that only through such a plan can there ultimately come a time when farmers of the state can get to town in all kinds of weather. He wants the present legislature to arm the farmers with some kind of a weapon like this, and he believes they will then work out their own salvation. The experiment, he says, would be an expensive one when regarded from the angle of first cost. But in the end, he believes that it would pay and pay well, and he thinks that no farmers of the state, once they have given it a trial would be willing to go backwards.

Another message sent to the lawmakers by the chief executive asks that something be set aside for the payment of indemnities to the owners of animals which have to be slaughtered by reason of their affliction with the foot and mouth disease. That disease has not yet come into the state, but the live stock sanitary board feels that it would be well to have the money available and then in the event that it is needed have it on hand to recompense the owners for their loss.

Dodge of Douglas went on the war-path in the senate, making charges against the Omaha Gas company, the Omaha city commissioners and former Lieutenant Governor McKelvie.

Dodge said that McKelvie in 1913 had fixed the conference committee so that all amendments hostile to the gas company were stricken out.

Concerning the gas company and the city commissioners of Omaha, he said that the former was attempting to put something over in the shape of a ten-year contract extending the company's franchise, which expires in 1917. If they couldn't do it with the present commissioners, he said, they would with commissioners which they were now fighting to elect this spring.

The remarks were made in support of Quinby's successful fight to save senate file 251 from the report of Senator Howell's standing committee, recommending it for indefinite postponement. The bill repeals certain powers given the city council in connection with the gas franchise, including the power to enter into a ten-year contract.

IN PLATTSMOUTH FORTY YEARS AGO.

Phil Harrison was married yesterday.

Daniel Wheeler, jr., has been acting express agent during Captain Bennett's absence, and a very good fist he makes of it, too.

Both avenues, Second street and Vine street, are or have been receiving the attention of the street commissioner lately.

Mr. Wells' hunting dog, having been poisoned by some one, came into the house, and while in a spasm, got under the stove and tipped it over. Rush Fellows and several others reached there just in time to quench the fire and prevent more serious results. The dog died.

Our fire marshal is respectfully requested to examine and report the defective flues on Main street. Half those shanties there have chimneys only a foot high, and others run the pipe through the roof. Below there are little sheet-iron stoves with no dampers and always in a blaze this cold weather.

Gen. Cunningham returned home from Washington on Saturday last after a nearly all winter's stay. The general reports the Nebraska snaps in Washington as all O. K., fat and flourishing, ready for investigation, or any other music. He himself looks well and shows his feed while down among the big guns. Think's Blaine is the man who will be next president—time will tell how good a guesser he is.

The Pioneer association met last Saturday with a largely increased attendance. Further steps were taken for the success of the picnic of the 16th inst. By the way, everybody wants to keep the entertainment in mind and be on hand, as it will prove one of the best, as well as the last of the season. In 1855 a brass band discoursed sweet music where Platts-mouth now stands. That band is to be reorganized for the 16th.

We omitted last week to speak of Judge Sprague's removal to Ashland. Mr. Sprague has been the law partner of Hon. Sam Chapman for two years and removes to his old home in Ashland on account of owning property there and other business relations. We are sorry to lose the judge. He is a good citizen and lawyer, and Platts-mouth can ill afford to lose such, but we suppose he must look after his own interests, just as the Herald or anyone else does. Success to him, anyway, wherever he goes.

Christmas was a gala day at Glendale—all day the school house presented a busy appearance, as a beautiful Christmas tree was being fitted up. At 6 o'clock everything was in order and the crowd began to assemble. Ere an hour had elapsed the house was filled to its utmost, and the tree gave unmistakable evidence that Glendale could do the handsome thing when she felt so disposed. Elegant and costly presents, as well as some of more utility than style, graced the tree from top to bottom. The exercises of the evening were formally opened by a song from the choir, entitled "Christmas Eve." It may not be out of place to mention that the music was very fine. The choir was composed of Messrs. Ward, Sayles, Cooley, Livingston and others. Miss Mamie Cooley and Miss Hase-meire in turn presided at the organ; after other music, prayer was offered by our worthy superintendent, Benjamin Ward, esp., after which J. H. Polis, in his usual style, delivered the opening address—then followed the distribution of presents, and our real merriment began. We learn that more than 250 presents of real worth were distributed, and everybody went home telling that it was good to have been there.

C. S.

Dr. John Black has been quite sick again with his old complaint. It has been very serious this time.

John Englehart has gone and left us, and Henry Bons has bought him out. He and Lenhoff will run the machine for the future.

Vivian has been down to Syracuse. Did it all alone with the mules, overland route. Says the town is growing and everybody happy.

John Heffner's horse committed suicide last week, and broke his neck to do it. John says there ought to be a law against horseshoeing.

Mr. Byers, U. S. counsel to Switzerland, in company with W. Gilmore, called on the Herald last week. He is a very pleasant and intelligent gentleman.

Uncle Stephen Hobson came in to see us Friday and left the madame the handsomest apple—a great big Bellflower. Uncle Stephen is the only man that can raise Bellflowers in this part of the country.

The work of refitting the Methodist church is going on favorably. It was intended to have it opened for service on next Sabbath, but delays will prevent. It is intended to have it ready for occupancy on Sunday after next, of which notice will be given next week.

We dropped into Hatt's butcher shop the other day and saw a fine array of beef hanging up against the walls; 1,300 pounds and over of dressed beef, in luscious steaks of red and white that would make an anchorite's mouth water. At also had some 'eavy 'ogs for sale.

As Thomas Ellington was engaged in moving the goods of Alonzo Cunningham, the horses started to run as they were crossing Vine on Sixth, towards Main street, Ellington threw the lines and jumped from the load; team crossed the bridge and collided with the telegraph pole just in the rear of the bank, at which Judge Gass, forgetful of his dignified title, condescended to allow himself to be thrown across the sidewalk and down among the boxes and barrels in the rear of the brick block (we are glad to learn he escaped without serious injury); the shock threw the tongue down, and the crosswalk between the bank and Stadelmann's offering an impediment to its progress, the wagon was raised, the tongue broken, and the horses relieving themselves of all incumbrances, passed on at a lively pace to the brick stable without any further damage.

District court is in full blast, with all the attendant lawyers.

Cholera is again destroying a large number of chickens in this vicinity.

Master George Donovan is now playing the "devil" for the Herald.

Preston Conner, who had a fit last fall and fell in the fire and burned himself, was buried last Thursday.

"Dick" O'Neil, F. Carruth's man, Friday, saved a little boy from being run over by a car last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. N. Shera, Rock Bluffs, had a son born to them on the 13th inst. Mr. Shera is a brother to Jos. Shera, the well known merchant and miller there.

Judge Haines has been sick. They say a trough had something to do with it. "Hic! sic preachin'" would make a dog sick." Eh, how is this?

A sweet collection of personalia, collected on the pavement in front of Ben Hemple's the other day. Morgan, Hagood, Mickelwaite, Capt. Paine, the Herald, Hemple, and well, we settled the fate of the nation. Fred Dorrington wants to look out for that crowd.

Fighting inside the limits of the town is forbid. Charley Holmes, D. Jones and a host of fellows want to "look a liddle out." Horses free from any lively in town to see the fight. Cutler has his own team.

Something strange, but nevertheless true is the fact that on the wagon road between Heisel's mill and Platte bottom, within the distance of less than half a mile, there are 14 telegraph poles that have been more or less shattered by lightning; 12 in a row, then missing one, two more are stripped from top to bottom. All of which seems to have been done during our last storms.

It almost astonishes us to see what nice improvements Mr. King, proprietor of the Nebraska House at Eight Mile Grove, has made within a year past. Mr. K. has put up a comfortable building, wherein he has a store, tends postoffice and receives and entertains travelers, and all that comes and goes. In short, making a small village himself. This supplies a want long felt and needed in this county. The road to Weeping Water is a long one on a hot day, and travelers will gladly welcome Brother King's Nebraska resting place.

FOR SALE.

Best Garage site in Plattsmouth; 132x144 feet, corner Sixth and Pearl Streets.

T. H. POLLOCK.

Tel. No. 1.

Letter files at the Journal office.

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The Pioneer association met last Saturday with a largely increased attendance. Further steps were taken for the success of the picnic of the 16th inst. By the way, everybody wants to keep the entertainment in mind and be on hand, as it will prove one of the best, as well as the last of the season. In 1855 a brass band discoursed sweet music where Platts-mouth now stands. That band is to be reorganized for the 16th.

We omitted last week to speak of Judge Sprague's removal to Ashland. Mr. Sprague has been the law partner of Hon. Sam Chapman for two years and removes to his old home in Ashland on account of owning property there and other business relations. We are sorry to lose the judge. He is a good citizen and lawyer, and Platts-mouth can ill afford to lose such, but we suppose he must look after his own interests, just as the Herald or anyone else does. Success to him, anyway, wherever he goes.

Christmas was a gala day at Glendale—all day the school house presented a busy appearance, as a beautiful Christmas tree was being fitted up. At 6 o'clock everything was in order and the crowd began to assemble. Ere an hour had elapsed the house was filled to its utmost, and the tree gave unmistakable evidence that Glendale could do the handsome thing when she felt so disposed. Elegant and costly presents, as well as some of more utility than style, graced the tree from top to bottom. The exercises of the evening were formally opened by a song from the choir, entitled "Christmas Eve." It may not be out of place to mention that the music was very fine. The choir was composed of Messrs. Ward, Sayles, Cooley, Livingston and others. Miss Mamie Cooley and Miss Hase-meire in turn presided at the organ; after other music, prayer was offered by our worthy superintendent, Benjamin Ward, esp., after which J. H. Polis, in his usual style, delivered the opening address—then followed the distribution of presents, and our real merriment began. We learn that more than 250 presents of real worth were distributed, and everybody went home telling that it was good to have been there.

C. S.

Dr. John Black has been quite sick again with his old complaint. It has been very serious this time.

John Englehart has gone and left us, and Henry Bons has bought him out. He and Lenhoff will run the machine for the future.

Vivian has been down to Syracuse. Did it all alone with the mules, overland route. Says the town is growing and everybody happy.

John Heffner's horse committed suicide last week, and broke his neck to do it. John says there ought to be a law against horseshoeing.

Mr. Byers, U. S. counsel to Switzerland, in company with W. Gilmore, called on the Herald last week. He is a very pleasant and intelligent gentleman.

Uncle Stephen Hobson came in to see us Friday and left the madame the handsomest apple—a great big Bellflower. Uncle Stephen is the only man that can raise Bellflowers in this part of the country.

The work of refitting the Methodist church is going on favorably. It was intended to have it opened for service on next Sabbath, but delays will prevent. It is intended to have it ready for occupancy on Sunday after next, of which notice will be given next week.

We dropped into Hatt's butcher shop the other day and saw a fine array of beef hanging up against the walls; 1,300 pounds and over of dressed beef, in luscious steaks of red and white that would make an anchorite's mouth water. At also had some 'eavy 'ogs for sale.

As Thomas Ellington was engaged in moving the goods of Alonzo Cunningham, the horses started to run as they were crossing Vine on Sixth, towards Main street, Ellington threw the lines and jumped from the load; team crossed the bridge and collided with the telegraph pole just in the rear of the bank, at which Judge Gass, forgetful of his dignified title, condescended to allow himself to be thrown across the sidewalk and down among the boxes and barrels in the rear of the brick block (we are glad to learn he escaped without serious injury); the shock threw the tongue down, and the crosswalk between the bank and Stadelmann's offering an impediment to its progress, the wagon was raised, the tongue broken, and the horses relieving themselves of all incumbrances, passed on at a lively pace to the brick stable without any further damage.

District court is in full blast, with all the attendant lawyers.

Cholera is again destroying a large number of chickens in this vicinity.

Master George Donovan is now playing the "devil" for the Herald.

Preston Conner, who had a fit last fall and fell in the fire and burned himself, was buried last Thursday.

"Dick" O'Neil, F. Carruth's man, Friday, saved a little boy from being run over by a car last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. N. Shera, Rock Bluffs, had a son born to them on the 13th inst. Mr. Shera is a brother to Jos. Shera, the well known merchant and miller there.

Judge Haines has been sick. They say a trough had something to do with it. "Hic! sic preachin'" would make a dog sick." Eh, how is this?

A sweet collection of personalia, collected on the pavement in front of Ben Hemple's the other day. Morgan, Hagood, Mickelwaite, Capt. Paine, the Herald, Hemple, and well, we settled the fate of the nation. Fred Dorrington wants to look out for that crowd.

Fighting inside the limits of the town is forbid. Charley Holmes, D. Jones and a host of fellows want to "look a liddle out." Horses free from any lively in town to see the fight. Cutler has his own team.

Something strange, but nevertheless true is the fact that on the wagon road between Heisel's mill and Platte bottom, within the distance of less than half a mile, there are 14 telegraph poles that have been more or less shattered by lightning; 12 in a row, then missing one, two more are stripped from top to bottom. All of which seems to have been done during our last storms.

It almost astonishes us to see what nice improvements Mr. King, proprietor of the Nebraska House at Eight Mile Grove, has made within a year past. Mr. K. has put up a comfortable building, wherein he has a store, tends postoffice and receives and entertains travelers, and all that comes and goes. In short, making a small village himself. This supplies a want long felt and needed in this county. The road to Weeping Water is a long one on a hot day, and travelers will gladly welcome Brother King's Nebraska resting place.

FOR SALE.

Best Garage site in Plattsmouth; 132x144 feet, corner Sixth and Pearl Streets.

T. H. POLLOCK.

Tel. No. 1.

Letter files at the Journal office.

WANTED—A good, steady gentlemanly salesman to handle a Ward's wagon in Cass county. No experience needed. For full particulars write promptly to Dr. Ward's Medical Company, Winona, Minn. Established 1856. 3-8-57ckly

The Gist series of the Plattsmouth Loan and Building Association is now open. Take out some stock. There is no better way to save money. See T. M. Patterson, Secretary. 3-2-tfd

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