

**The Plattsmouth Weekly Herald.**

**KNOTTS BROS.,**  
Publishers & Proprietors.

**A ROUND UP**

As Soon By A Nebraska Lady.

Tabor, Cheyenne Co, Neb., June 18th 1887. Editor HERALD:—Last month the cow-boys, with their ponies and cattle, reached Tabor on their way up to the head of Winter's canon, about eight miles west of Tabor; going there for a "round up." The following morning a party of ladies and gentlemen in buggies, started after them, to witness, most of us, something new—"a round up."

The cow-boys having been engaged for several weeks riding through hills, valleys and canons in search of stock, taking off all they find. They exercise a great deal of care in regard to taking off settlers stock, but if by chance there are any gets into the herd, they can get them by going to the round up; there were several there that day who recovered their stock. If a settler has any stock stray off, if he has it marked or branded, they are easy about the matter, knowing where (if it is alive) it can be found; as the cow-boys advertise in our several papers what days they will be at different points with the round up.

As we drove on over one of the finest valleys in Nebraska, ever and anon, we encountered the sod house surrounded with breaking, and the pioneer there with a willing heart and a strong arm to make for himself and family a home of their own, and to help redeem this great American desert. As we rode on I could not refrain from thinking what a great mistake the geographer of our school days made, when they taught us to repeat, in our recitations in the school-room, the boundaries of the Great American Desert. Could they but today pass over this lovely valley with its carpet of green, dotted over with its beautiful flowers of every hue, it looks like one vast flower garden, they too would exclaim "Oh! what a blunder we have made." In the midst of all this beautiful scenery, we have finally reached the goal at about 9:30. We found the work already begun. There were about two hundred cow-boys all mounted on their ponies, (and a large herd of ponies on the ground as they each own their own ponies, from three to eight a piece) and about 30,000 head of cattle in the herd. It was a living, moving, mass; it represented a fraction of the Wyoming, Montana, Dakota, Colorado and Nebraska cattle companies with perhaps other territories. They divided the cattle into ten bunches, each company has a foreman with his assistants on the ground. The foreman rides up to a bunch and identifies his brand, cuts the animal out of the herd, one or more of his assistants starts it off to their own bunch, stationed a short distance off and held there by their own men. Each foreman looks after their own interests and it surprises the uninitiated how readily and with what dispatch they accomplish this part of their work, sometimes, indeed most of the time, when the animal is cut out, they don't want to go, especially if her calf is left behind, but it has to go, and it goes, and it stays where they put it; when it refuses to go, then the riding begins, the animal starts off like a deer, making a circle at times of a mile, hotly pursued by one or more cow-boys on their ponies, they find there no leveled sawdust track to show their training, but a vast expanse of prairie with rises and falls, very often a hole under their feet, which instinct teaches them to leap; no matter how hot the pursuit they are true to the instinct "Self preservation is the first law of human nature," they pass over it without a breath's hesitation, even as they stand and gaze upon them they are over it and gone and you don't realize there was an obstacle in the way.

When old sol rolled up midway in the heavens, we were reminded there was a dinner waiting to be served, we had quite soon in the day accepted an invitation to dine, part of our crowd with the P. F. Co. Mr. Connelly as foreman, the rest with the Ogalalla Co. Mr. Hall foreman. We had a splendid dinner on the regular frontier style—tin cups and plates; everything was scrupulously clean and neat, we all had excellent appetites to add to the seasoning of our repast. We went each one to the cook, with our plate and cup, he filled our plates with "grub," our cups with good coffee and we sat on the grass and ate our dinner; the beef they had was nice, tender and juicy; when they go into camp they butcher a beef as often as they need it right out of the herd.

After dinner they invited us to occupy a large tent which we found very comfortable. As the cow-boys rode into camp they dismounted, removed the trappings from their ponies and turned them loose to "grub it" from the repast nature had so bountifully spread out before them. Slaughtering their thirst from a pretty little stream, Winter's Creek (named for a woman, Rebecca Winters a Mormon lady that died in 1851, while en route to Utah; a wagon tire marks her resting place) meandering its way across the valley. As to grain, it is a question if they know what it is, or would know what to do with it if it were offered them. As to brush or curry-comb, woe to the groom that would dare to introduce them to the cow-boys ponies, but they are sleek and fat. With dinner over they lariat a fresh pony, place their trappings on their backs, these consist of a bridle, saddle, quilt, slicker, and a huge lariat on the pommel of the saddle, he is then ready for business. The ponies are as a general thing small, weighing from 700 to 800 pounds, but if you imagine the cow-boy to be a small, delicate piece of humanity, you are much mistaken, while there are some small men among them, they are as a general rule, large fine looking fellows. There was one horse that I cannot refrain from mentioning. It was a Clay-Bank, rode by its owner, Mr. Snyder the foreman of the L. Z. company, of Wyoming. The best rider and the finest trained horse that sports in the sawdust ring, never in his palmest days performed a finer specimen of equestrianism than that rider and horse did there that day. When the animal they were in pursuit of made a sudden turn the horse would turn without lifting his hind feet from the ground, it seemed as if they twined in a socket; yet with so much splendid riding as we witnessed, it is hardly fair to make especial mention of any particular ones.

One of the most amusing little episodes of the day occurred just after dinner, as we were standing in front of our tent watching the men mount their ponies, there rode up some twenty of them formed a semi-circle in front of us saluted us, and enquired if Dr. Arbuckle was in our party, she responded by a bow, they responded "we came to pay our respects to a lady physician, tipping their hats they rode off to their work, leaving our friend the Doctor far more embarrassed than she was the following day when called upon by one of their number to set a fracture.

As about 5 p. m. we wended our way homeward all feeling that we had spent a very pleasant day, and were more than amply repaid for our time. We were in the immediate vicinity all the day of about 200 cow-boys, and during the whole time I never heard an oath uttered, nor saw or heard a disrespectful word or act, not a coarse, harsh, ungentlemanly act, not the slightest deviation from the demarcation of the perfect gentleman. Could we spend the day, nay even an hour on the pavement of our best regulated cities (thronged with policemen) and be able to truthfully chronicle such a fact! especially in such a throng and excitement. Many of them had spent most of their lives as cow-boys, this and nothing more.

There was one little babe in our party; at noon the word was passed around, "there's a baby in the camp, boys." "Where, Oh! where?" I never witnessed so much fuss over a baby. One of them remarked, "that is the first time for over ten years, that I've had a baby in my fist." No need to hunt an attendant, to care for the "little maverick" while its mother eat her dinner. They were anxious to hold it "just one minute." I will close by saying to our eastern friends, discard from your mind the idea that the cow-boy is a distinct specimen of creation, a terror to the civilized world. While you will doubtless find a rough, hard case among them, it is the exception, not the general rule.

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft, or Calloused Lumps and bluishness from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Sweney, Stiffes, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted by Fricke & Co. druggists, Plattsmouth.

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**RARE SPORT.**

**Hunting the Kangaroo, Vicious Wild Dogs and Snakes.**

"Hunting kangaroos and wild dogs in Queensland is great sport," said Arthur E. Hogue, a wealthy owner of gold mines at Charter's Towers, Queensland, to a reporter of the San Francisco *Examiner* yesterday at the Russ. Mr. Hogue had arrived on the steamer Alameda for the purpose of spending two months in the United States to look up the treatment of pyrites ores.

"We have a great many of both," resumed he, "but the kangaroos are getting a little thinned off of late. They are hunted for their skins, which are worth \$2.50 apiece in the London market. It is rare sport hunting them.

"A number of men on horseback, sometimes forty or fifty, with a band of natives and a lot of kangaroo dogs, form a great semicircle for miles across, or such a matter. After moving across the country for quite a distance they gradually work the kangaroos in the 'drives' prepared beforehand.

"The drive is a great A-shaped fence that narrows up as the hunters advance, and ends in a great corral, in which the kangaroos are finally cooped. Then you close your gate and have your kangaroos all in as snug as can be.

"The biggest drive I ever knew of in Queensland consisted of 600 kangaroos, but they had one in New South Wales once when 10,000 were driven in at one time.

"Imagine what a tremendous lot of wild animals you would have all grouped thus together, and varying in size from six inches to six feet in height.

"The hounds used on the kangaroo drives are long-legged, little fellows, something like your greyhounds, and they are great stayers in the chase. They are called kangaroo dogs, because they are so effective in rounding them in. They are of a light dun color, and for a long race are regular clippers.

"The kangaroos spring with tremendous force at first, and for the first mile or so distance the hounds like the wind, but they gradually weaken as the time goes on, and have to give in to the hounds.

"It is rare and interesting sport hunting these kangaroos. "But we have another kind of sport there that is fully equal to it—hunting the native wild dogs. We have these in lieu of the wolves, and they are a bad lot. They are about the size of the domestic dog, are of a light brown color and very ferocious.

"A peculiarity about them is that they have no bark. They only howl. They will fly through a band of sheep biting right and left, and kill thousands in an exceedingly short time. I have known a couple of dogs to go through a band this way, when there were notwithstanding many watchers on the outskirts, and kill 500 or 600 in a single night. They just kill them thus from pure cussedness, not because they want them to eat. The wild dogs, however, vicious as they are, do not often attack men, but they have been known to do it in winter down in Victoria, when food was scarce. In many instances there they made men climb trees to get out of their reach.

"I have been out on the great plains of Queensland and have seen kangaroos approaching panting and frothing at the mouth. I always knew then that wild dogs were on their trail. It would only be a few minutes till they would come up. These wild dogs have a fashion of speeding each other. First the dog will run as far as he can after a kangaroo, and then another will drop in and continue the pursuing while the first rests, and so on until ten or a dozen wild dogs have been on the trail. The last will bring him to bay or kill him, while the others leisurely come up and then they all join in and finish him.

"In Queensland we also have a great many poisonous snakes, at least in certain districts. The worst is called the whip snake, but the tiger and black snakes are very bad, too. In some places they literally swarm.

"The scrub turkey of Queensland is a good deal like the sage-hen of your frontier. But the wild pigeons are real curiosities. There are several different varieties, but there is one quite noted, called the flock pigeon, that move in flocks of tens and hundreds of thousands, so that they darken the very air. Nine months ago I was out on the downs in the interior, and a flock went by that lasted for at least an hour and a half. The flock was not less than three miles long and a quarter of a mile wide. This flock, like all of the wild pigeons, never stopped. Even when flying to the waterholes for water, they scooped up the water as they went. They are not a pest, are good to eat, and are about the size of the common house pigeon."

—Faults of digestion cause disorders of the liver, and the whole system becomes deranged. Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier perfects the process of digestion and assimilation, and thus makes pure blood.

The great want of the age is a night-key with an electric light on the end of it.

**In a Blanket Fish's Grip.**

From the Carson (Nev.) Appeal.

A few evenings since Mr. Jellerson, who keeps the saloon at Glenbrook, was out bathing in the lake, when something suddenly wrapped about him like a wet blanket. He was close to shore, and got there pretty lively. When he climbed up the wharf, the blanket, as it appeared to be, was all wrapped about him in a queer shape. He rushed into the rear of the saloon, where there was a light, and was horrified to discover that the thing which was wrapped around him was alive. It held on with a terrible suction, and required several men to get it off.

A scientist who was stopping at the hotel pronounced it an *electrocyclophus*, or what is vulgarly known as the blanket fish. It frequents the waters of the Polar Sea, and is only occasionally found in fresh water, except deep, cold lakes, and generally stays near the bottom. It is sometimes found in the Pacific Ocean as low as the thirty-fifth parallel. It wraps around its victim, and by impeding the motions of its limbs causes it to drown.

It is dark brown in color, with black specks, and weighs about twenty-five pounds. When stretched out on the wharf it was about six feet long by five broad, and not over an inch thick. It was an object of curiosity all day, and is now on exhibition in the saloon.

Mr. Emery, the stage-driver, says he saw Jellerson when he came out of the water, and thought he was wrapped up in a blanket. This is the first ever caught in this section of the world.

**CARVER, THE CHAMPION SHOT**  
**He Is Blinded by the Discharge of a Cartridge.**

Dr. Carver, the famous crack shot, met with a serious and painful accident to his eyes last night, says the *Philadelphia Press*, by a bursting cartridge while giving an exhibition of his fancy shooting at Ridgway Park. The exact outcome of the injury cannot now be determined, but it is feared that the marksman will lose the sight of one, if not both of his optics. The injury was the result of an accident for which no one can be directly blamed. The injured man was immediately taken to the Wills Eye hospital, on Race above Eighteenth, where he received treatment from Dr. Conrad Barnes of 1925 Vine-st., who has temporarily taken the place of the regular physician.

The accident occurred about 9:30 o'clock and was witnessed by a large crowd. Dr. Carver himself had over-loaded a cartridge. He prepares all his own ammunition. During the afternoon he was engaged in loading the cartridges which was known as "No. 12." To shoot under the electric light is very difficult and requires particular calculations as to the amount of powder used. Dr. Carver himself prepared the cartridges, and says that the one which exploded must have been overcharged.

**Give Them A Chance!**

That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air-passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them.

When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there your lungs cannot do half their work. And what they do they cannot do well.

Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. And all ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them. That is to take Bosclee's German Syrup, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for certain.

**Mr. Cleveland's Choice.**

The more President Cleveland explains the more he has need to. Having explained that he had not thoroughly investigated the law when he gave the order for the return of the rebel flags, the question now asked him is, Did you not have at the time a written opinion by Attorney General Garland that no relics of the war could be returned without the authority of Congress? Such appears to be the fact, the opinion in question having been based upon an application for the return to the heirs of Robert E. Lee of certain personal property captured at Appomattox. Mr. Cleveland must either plead a very defective memory, admit that he did know he had not authority to return the flags, or refuse to say anything more on the subject. He will probably accept the latter horn of the dilemma.—*Omaha Republican.*

—If you suffer prickling pains on moving the eyes, or cannot bear bright light, and find your sight weak and failing, you should promptly use Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Eye Salve. 25 cents a box.

A Parisian recently sent a bath tub to a gentleman in Naples as a present and received a note a day or two after asking when the ears were coming.

—Atlantic Yacht Club members believe that either the Shamrock or Atlantic can beat the Thistle, and declare themselves ready to back up their opinion with cash.

**FURNITURE!**



**THE - BOOM**

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After Diligent Search has at last been Located, and the Public will not be greatly surprised to know that it was found at the Large

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Where courteous treatment, square dealing and a Magnificent Stock of Goods to select from are responsible for my

**Rapidly Increasing Trade.**

**IT WILL BE MONEY IN YOUR POCKET**

To Consult me before Buying.

**UNDERTAKING AND EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.**

**HENRY BOECK,**

CORNER MAIN AND SIXTH, PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA

**HAVING HAPPILY GOT RID OF OUR**

**Old, Shop Worn Goods,**

WE CAN NOW OFFER SOME FRESH AND SUPERIOR GOODS IN

**BOOTS AND SHOES**

At Greatly Reduced Prices.

Ladies' Kid Button Shoes, formerly \$3.00, now \$2.00.  
Ladies' Kid Button Shoes, formerly \$2.25, now \$1.25.  
Ladies' Peb. Gait Shoes, formerly \$2.75, now \$1.75.  
Ladies' A Calf Shoes, formerly \$2.25, now \$2.00.  
Ladies' Kid Opera Slippers, formerly \$1.60, now 75c.  
Men's Working Shoes, formerly \$1.75, now \$1.10.

**Choice Box of few old Goods left at less than half Cost.**

**Manufacturing and Repairing Neatly and Promptly done.**

**CALL AT THE OLD STAND OF PETER MERCES.**

AN INSUR BULL.—A Boston servant, like many of her class, does not know her age. She has lived with one family eleven years, and has always been twenty eight. But not long ago she read in the newspaper of an old woman who had died at the age of a hundred and six.

"Maybe I'm as old as that myself," she said. "Indeed, I can't remember the time when I wasn't alive."—*Emerson's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for July.*

**PRICKLY ASH BITTERS**

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health. It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold every where at \$1.00 a bottle.

**Bucklen's Arnica Salvo**

The Best Salvo in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chillsblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price, 25 cents per box. For sale by

[301y] F. G. FRICKE & Co.

**\$25,000.00 IN GOLD!**

WILL BE PAID FOR ARBUCKLES' COFFEE WRAPPERS.

1 Premium, - \$1,000.00  
2 Premiums, - \$500.00 each  
6 Premiums, - \$250.00 "  
25 Premiums, - \$100.00 "  
100 Premiums, - \$50.00 "  
200 Premiums, - \$20.00 "  
1,000 Premiums, - \$10.00 "

For full particulars and directions see Circular in every pound of ARBUCKLES' COFFEE.

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PURE: BRED Plymouth Rocks, Silver Penciled Hamburgs, B. B. Red Game Bantam, S. C. Brown Leghorns, Houdans, Langshaws, and— Pekin Ducks.

EGGS FOR HATCHING. Write for Prices.

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GREENWOOD, NEBRASKA.