

The Plattsmouth Weekly Herald.

JAS. E. KNOTTS, Reporter.

CITY BRIEFS.

—Judge Chapman was in Nebraska City the Fourth.
—L. C. Hill of Plattsmouth is visiting Omaha friends.—Herald.
—The streets were crowded with teams Saturday before the Fourth.
—Miss Hattie Chapman returned from a visit to Noblesville Friday evening.
—Misses laced serge shoes 35 and foxed 50 cents only, at Merges. 141f
—Lawrence Dutton lost two fingers at the machine shops last Thursday. They were caught in a lathe.
—Neighbor Outright of the Journal went down to Nebraska City to celebrate Sunday and the Fourth.
—The family of Mr. J. P. Taylor are preparing to remove to Central City. They will probably go next week.
—The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Marthis died about noon of Tuesday. The funeral was yesterday afternoon.
—The Plattsmouth ladies who are tenting out at Crete report they are having a splendid time. They will not return for some days yet.
—The private displays of fire works in Plattsmouth the evening of the Fourth were very fine, surpassing those of any previous year.
—The Plattsmouth people who were at the Murray celebration say they had the best of good times and were most hospitably entertained.
—Miss Nellie Stockton, daughter of Judge Stockton of Clarinda, Iowa, is visiting Plattsmouth friends. She is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Wescott.
—The crops have never promised better at this season of the year than they now do. The recent rains have been just what was needed, and came just when they were needed.
—Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. White gave a pleasant reception at their home on Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Ethel Marsland, of Lincoln, who was visiting their daughter. Miss Marsland returned to Lincoln yesterday.
—The work of repairing and altering the high school building began Tuesday under the supervision of Mr. Barr. They are at present calculating the rooms. It will probably take fifteen days to finish this work. The alterations and improvements will take much longer. The inside of the entire building will be renovated.
—A man carrying a large amount of anti-prohibition created a good deal of amusement on Main street near the post-office Tuesday evening. It was just after the shower while the crossings were slippery and he gave a practical demonstration of the number of times it is possible to fall down while crossing the street once.
—On the first inst. the pound ordinance went into effect. The first day it was the talk of the town as the well known cows of still more well known owners were driven to the pound in droves of a half dozen or more at a time. Since then the citizens have taken better care to keep their cows off the streets and matters have quieted down. The people generally endorse the ordinance but a few croakers manage to make themselves heard. Cows are allowed to run at large in villages but no city of Plattsmouth's pretensions can afford to permit it.
—Thursday afternoon Sheriff Eikenbary was called on to arrest two colored men for drawing a revolver on a brakeman who went to put them off a train coming over from Pacific Junction. He soon found them and arrested them without trouble. On each of them was found a revolver. Friday morning they were brought for trial before Judge Russell's court on the charge of carrying concealed weapons, to which each plead guilty and the Judge sentenced them to a fine of \$10 each and costs, in default of payment of which they were committed to jail. One of the darkies proved himself quite a lawyer and elicited considerable laughter during the trial.
—A Plattsmouth youth who drives the delivery wagon of one of the most popular retail houses, went over to Weeping Water to celebrate the Fourth. He was unused to the ways of Weeping Water celebrations, and got back late at night pretty well broke up, or at least it would seem so from the developments Tuesday morning, for on going to the barn to feed his team he found one of the mules missing. He hunted the town over, examined the pound and every other place he could think of, but all without success. Finally at ten o'clock he reported to his employers that one of the mules was gone and could not be found. They thought the animal was stolen, but sent a man to examine the barn and see if any clue or trace of it could be found. On arriving there the much hunted mule was discovered quietly standing in one of the stalls. There are several stalls in the barn and he had gotten into one, not his accustomed one, but one where the boy to get feed for the other one had to almost climb over him. This he had done and yet not found the mule, simply because the brute was not in its accustomed stall. It is not exactly safe to ask him if he found his mule or about the Weeping Water celebration.
—Judge Russell went to Weeping Water to spend the fourth. A young couple came over from Weeping Water to celebrate the fourth by getting married. Finding the Judge gone and no license obtainable till his return they determined to patiently await his coming. This they did and on the arrival of the train bringing home the Judge a license was quickly secured and Henry B. Jones and Katie Hester were speedily made one. They took the return train to Weeping Water, leaving Plattsmouth within ten minutes after the Judge arrived. THE HERALD wishes them well and ventures to hope they will always think their Fourth in Plattsmouth the happiest of their lives.

A Pleasant Reunion.
Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Davis and family of this city went to Syracuse, Neb. the Fourth to celebrate the day with a brother, Mr. O. J. Davis, and his family. It was the 29th anniversary (china wedding) of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Davis, and was made the occasion of quite a family reunion. Grandmother Davis was there, her sons and daughters, and twenty-four grand-children. It was a very happy gathering. O. J. is four years younger than S. A. but he has three or four boys almost as large as himself.
Death of Mrs. Duke.
Mrs. John S. Duke's long illness terminated in her death Monday, the fourth inst. Mrs. Duke was one of the best known and highly esteemed ladies of Plattsmouth and her death has brought sadness to a large circle of friends, whose expressions of sympathy and condolence cannot but show to the members of the family the regard and respect in which they held her.
The funeral took place from the family residence on Vine street yesterday, Wednesday, morning at 10:30 o'clock. The services were conducted by Chaplain Wright and Rev. Alexander. A large number of friends were present. The floral tributes were elegant.
A Fourth in the Country.
By virtue of a writ of invitation duly served upon us, we used our credit to hire a rig the morning of the Fourth and took our way a few miles westward to the rural home of Mr. E. R. Todd. We cannot omit mention of the beautiful fields of grain we passed and their excellent condition. The corn was weedless and looked most promising, showing the thrifty and industrious spirit of the farmers.
We arrived at our destination and found ourselves to be among the first. While waiting for more arrivals Mr. Todd took us out and showed us through his orchard, vineyard and blackberry patch, all well supplied with growing berries and fruits.
In due time the yard was filled with relatives and friends of Mr. E. R. Todd. The whole company then proceeded to the oak grove where Mr. Todd had prepared things for the occasion. Here, after getting acquainted with the grounds and selecting a favorable spot, a bountiful dinner was spread on nature's tables and a grand feast was indulged in by all. All the substantial and delicacies obtainable were abundantly represented, and although everyone ate heartily there was plenty left for another dinner.
Mr. Todd had intended having speakers and music for the occasion, but being disappointed by these, the company had a general good time in the many ways possible. The older menfolk naturally indulged in reliving incidents of the early days, and Mr. E. R. Todd noted the fact that just thirty years ago the first celebration in Cass Co. was held at Plattsmouth, there being only about thirty celebrators present.
As evening drew near the company disbanded, all apparently having had a pleasant time.
Normal Institute.
The institute opened Tuesday in the high school building. The first day was spent in organizing and preparing for the work.
County superintendent Spink was chosen president and Miss Ursula Wiles Sec. A short address was made by Prof. Drummond, "Manuels of Institute Work" were distributed by the Supt., after which a few appropriate remarks were made by Prof. Rakestraw and Sutton. The regular work was then assigned and the meeting adjourned till Wednesday morning at 8:30 o'clock, at which time the regular work began.
The attendance as yet is small, largely owing to the institute opening so immediately after the Fourth. New members are coming hourly, however, and it is likely in a day or two there will be a full attendance. The following instructors and teachers are now enrolled:
INSTRUCTORS:—Prof. W. W. Drummond, Plattsmouth; C. D. Rakestraw, Nebraska City; J. A. Sutton, Louisville; County Supt. Spink, Weeping Water.
TEACHERS:—J. Q. Burnell, Plattsmouth; Millie Bell, Ashland; Ettie Shepherd, Plattsmouth; Effie Snell, Ashland; Olive Gass, Plattsmouth; Mate Safford, Plattsmouth; Jessie Jardine, Ashland; Agatha Tucker, Plattsmouth; Flora Donovan, Plattsmouth; Hattie Latham, Plattsmouth; Grace Wiles, Plattsmouth; May Wortman, Ashland; Marcia Harris, Ashland; Etta Schildknecht, Greenwood; Ida Wortman, Ashland; J. W. Crabtree, Peru; Lizzie Adams, Plattsmouth; Maud Faxson, Plattsmouth; Vina M. Ellis, Nebraska City; Eva Worrel, Greenwood; Annie Murphy, Plattsmouth; Amelia Valery, Plattsmouth; Carrie Jenks, Ashland; Della Wood, La Platte; Rosa Harris, Ashland; Fannie Lewis, Ashland; Clara Sargent, Ashland.
—Will J. Warrick's improved poultry powder gives satisfaction every time. Try it. Only 20c a lb. 16-4t

Will J. Warrick has just received 1,500 rolls of the latest designs in wall paper. Don't buy until you see his stock. 16-4t
For Sale.
750 cords of wood and 7,000 posts. A bargain. Apply to R. B. Windham, over Bank Cass Co., Plattsmouth, Neb. 16-4
Wanted.
A sound, trusty buggy animal. Any one having such for sale call on R. B. Windham, over Bank of Cass Co. 16-2
Wanted—Rooms.
Wanted by two single gentlemen, two rooms communicating. One furnished as bedroom and the other as sitting room. Rooms must be pleasant and well furnished. Enquire at this office. 16-4t
W. J. Warrick makes bottom prices on lead, oil, varnishes, etc. Now is the time to buy lead and oil as we will be compelled to advance our prices about August first. 16-4t
List of Letters
Remaining unclaimed, in the Postoffice at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, July 6, 1887 for the week ending June 25th.
Alexander, Mrs. Emma, Ardery, E. E.
Barnum, E. B. Bennett, & Bennett,
Green, Charles Glover, Edward (2)
Kendall, E. P. McLaughlin, Will
McCracken E. H. (4) Ridge, Edward.
Seothorn, C. T. Smith, C. W. or C. N.
Sullivan, E. E. Williams, E. B.
Persons calling for any of the above letters will please say "advertised."
J. N. WISE, P. M.
Among the people of to-day, there are few indeed, who have not heard of the merits of Prickly Ash Bark and Berries, as a household remedy. Teas and drinks have been made of them for centuries' and in hundreds of families have formed the sole reliance in rheumatic and kidney diseases. Prickly Ash Bitters now take the place of the old system and is more beneficial in all troubles of this nature. (16m1)
—W. J. Warrick guarantees his mixed paints to do more work, look better and last longer than white lead and oil, and if you are not satisfied after using his paint he will repaid the building with any material you may select, free of charge to you. 16-4t
Plattsmouth Markets.
FURNISHED BY W. H. NEWELL & CO.
Wednesday, July 6, 1887.
Wheat, 40 @ 45.
Corn, 22 @ 23.
Oats, 18 @ 20.
Cattle, 3.50 @ 3.80.
Hogs, 4.30 @ 4.50.
CHICAGO LIVE STOCK.
Cattle—Shipping steers, 1,350 to 1,500 lbs, \$3.80 @ 4.50; 1,200 to 1,350 lbs, \$3.60 @ 4.00; 950 to 1,200 lbs, \$3.35 @ 3.75; stockers and feeders, \$2.00 @ 3.40; cows, bulls and mixed, \$1.70 @ 3.00; steers, \$2.55 @ 3.25; Indians, \$3.05 @ 3.60; cows, \$2.20 @ 2.50.
Hogs—Trade opened brisk, with the "plungers" in the front, paying an advance of 5c over Friday's closing prices. The great bulk sold at \$5.20 @ 5.30, a few fancy butcher weights at \$5.35, and a few scalawags at \$5.10 @ 5.20. Light sows were worth \$5.20 @ 5.30 and sold largely at \$5.25.
—Will J. Warrick keeps all the popular patent medicines and sells them 10 to 20 per cent below marked prices. 16-4t
Weather Report.
JUNE 1887.
Mean temperature, 74, higher than July 1886.
Lowest temperature on the 23d, 42.
Highest temperature on the 18th, 94.
Precipitation, 7 1/2.
No. times over 85, 13.
" thunder storms, 4.
" days precipitation, 12.
" frosts, 1 and the last of the season so far.
Cloudy days, 9.
Clear days, 14.
Direction wind S. E.
JUNE 1886.
Mean temperature, 67.6.
Highest temperature, 95.
Precipitation, 5 1/2. One frost.
Temperature of our spring water, 49.
Temperature of creeks hot days, 80.
Number of degrees higher, the thermometer hanging in the sunshine than that of the shade, about 20.
The Ounce of Prevention.
The satisfaction of feeling safe from catching any disease from drinking water, from impure air, from a sick person, from contact with foul clothing, infection or contagion from any source, is complete and all anxiety allayed by the use of Darby's Prophylactic Fluid. A bottle will give more safety, comfort and confidence than all the doctoring in the world.
Probate Notice.
In the matter of the last will and testament of Noah R. Hobbs, Deceased.
In the County Court of Cass Co., Nebraska.
Notice is hereby given that on the 22nd day of July A. D. 1887, at the County Judge's office in Plattsmouth, Cass county, Nebraska, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, the following matter will be heard and considered:
The application of Arby C. Hobbs to admit to probate the last will and testament of Noah R. Hobbs, late of Elwood, in said county, deceased, and for letters testamentary to Arby C. Hobbs, Dated this July 6th, 1887.
By order of the Court,
C. RUSSELL, County Judge, 16-3

INFORMATION ABOUT ARKANSAW.
A Fine Collection of Native Grasses—A Curious Library.
When a stranger with credentials drops into Little Rock and expresses a desire to obtain some information about Arkansas he is at once presented to Professor Thomas, and the latter says "come with me," and introduces him to his museum. This museum gives the student a good idea of the production without trying very hard. It contains, for one thing, a collection of 155 different kinds of grasses. "Not had for grass," Professor Thomas will say in an unconcerned manner, but watching the visitor closely to see that the size and character of the collection has had its proper effect. Against the walls hang stalks of corn, and other cereals. In shining glass jars are preserved, in alcohol, specimens of fruit such as a northern market seldom sees in a state of nature; plums as big as peaches, and peaches twice as large as they ought to be in northern eyes, strawberries five inches in circumference, oranges as fine as Florida ever grew, and apples of a size and quality such as New York farmers never dreamed of producing. "We grow everything that can be produced in four degrees of latitude," says the professor, "for there is just that difference in the 240 miles of territory between the northern and southern boundaries of the state."
But what a curious library! The covers of the books are of wood, each a different specimen. The visitor picks up a book. He finds that it is a solid bit of wood in the shape of a handy volume. Jay Gould, while on a visit not long ago, spent more time examining the library than he gave to the rest of the museum. The library was worth the time, for to imagine one consisting of tomes made from white oak, red oak, black oak, chestnut, American beech, birch, red cedar, yellow pine, pitch pine, willow, poplar, cypress, "old field" or long leaved pine, bois d'arc, black walnut, hickory (several varieties), white and red maple, box, elder, black locust, black sumac, water locust, coffee bean, wild plum, holly, basswood, papaw, bay, umbella, wild cherry, sweet gum, and several varieties, sycamore, witchhazel, butternut, pecan, hickory, and twenty or more other woods. A majority of the woods are handsome enough to be used for decorative purposes, and all of them have their purpose.—New York Times.
Swallowed a Menagerie.
M. D'Oribigny, a traveler who was passing through Guiana, in South Africa, was, when encamped one night in the edge of a wood, awakened by what he took to be the cries of a man in distress. He listened, and heard, following each other in great rapidity, what seemed to be a scream of terror and despair, then a supplication, and then a cry as of one dying. The traveler leaped from his couch, seized his gun, and hastily woke his Indian guide.
"Come, this instant!" he cried. "There is some one being murdered in the thicket. Let us go to his assistance."
Thereupon the cries were repeated, and the Indian listened. He burst into a laugh.
"What do you mean?" asked the traveler.
"That, sir," said the guide, "is the song of a bird, perched on a limb somewhere in the neighborhood. It is only a piece of mockery. Presently you will hear him laugh."
And then, in fact, a wild shout as of laughter rang out on the night air.
The thicket is a sort of South American meadow bird, which sings an extraordinarily gift of imitation. It is also a bird of great beauty of plumage. It is sometimes called the "yellow neck." Its feathers are of lively colors and its tail is brilliant and spreading. The natives use its feathers to decorate their hats with on feast days, and turn their heads into golden crowns in appearance.
The bird mimics almost every sound he hears, as the parrot does. The inhabitants of Guiana assert that he can imitate faithfully the accent of the English, French and Spanish. Natural sounds and the cries of animals of every sort he reproduces very cleverly. The story is told of a negro who saw and heard the bird for the first time, and who exclaimed, after the bird had gone through his long list of imitations of animals, "What him eat a whole menagerie!"—Youth's Companion.
A Hospital in Teheran.
The Shah of Persia has authorized the American missionaries to establish at Teheran a hospital in which, without regard to nationality or religion, all applicants for relief may be received for treatment. Dr. Torrence, physician to the mission, has been appointed director of the hospital, and an appeal is made for means to place it upon a working basis. For immediate use \$5,000 is needed, and \$10,000 will be necessary to complete the establishment. As a mark of appreciation of Dr. Torrence's zeal and devotion, applied gratuitously for many years in the relief of distress, the shah has named him Grand Officer of the Order of the Lion and Sun of Persia.—New York Tribune.
An Industrious Hen.
A hen, half black Spanish and half game, has been doing a land office business in Rolla, Mo. She laid her first egg on the 10th day of May, 1886, and has continued to lay an egg every day since. She went to setting as soon as she laid her first egg, and is still on her nest. She comes off every morning to get water and food, and then goes back. She has hatched one egg a day except the first three weeks of her career. She has now been laying one year, and is the mother and hatcher of 344 chickens, one half pullets and the other half roosters, and she still looks well.—New York Sun.
Incivility to a Dude.
A Pullman conductor on the Delaware and Lackawanna road had an experience some time ago that he will not soon forget. Coming out of the depot at Elmira he was confronted by a dude with an eyeglass and a big cane, who said: "Aw, going to Buffalo tonight?" "Bet your life we are," answered the conductor rather brusquely, as he headed to his car. When he got to New York he was suspended for ten days for incivility to passengers. The dude was a spotter.
The Chinese Version.
The Chinese version of Solomon's Judgment is that when the case of two mothers and one child came before a wise mandarin he handed the matter over to his wife for decision. She ordered that the child's clothes should be put on a duck, which, disguised, should be thrown into the river. This was done, and the woman who ran shrieking into the water to save the child was declared to be the mother.—Brooklyn Eagle.
Faith Cure of Seasickness.
I heard such a droll thing about a clever litterateur the other day. This "literary critter" purposed sailing over the sea, and as the billowy deep always resented his riding over it he endeavored to provide against its usual remonstrances. Science had hitherto failed him in this emergency, so he hid him to a faith cure man and gave him \$7 good and lawful money of these United States to pray the demon of seasickness out of the way. The traveler is half seas over now—literally, I mean. I wonder if he finds his \$7 well invested.—New York Graphic.
Something Better Than Silver or Gold, Lead, Diamonds or Copper.
The great need in this country is water. "If I had water," some one is heard frequently to say, "I could make a million." The Artesian well craze is on, and in many localities parties are boring thousands of feet in the hope of striking something that will pay better than gold.
Bob Ben is a settler here who does not say much, but who keeps his eyes open the greater part of the time. He is not unduly ambitious, and yet he aspires to wealth, and it looks now as though he had reached the highway leading thereto. Up in the Socorro mountains is an old mine shaft, abandoned long ago. Bob Ben knew about it, as every other old timer did. He has been in the habit of visiting it occasionally, as most of his acquaintances have also. "You can't help snooping around an old mine," a veteran prospector said the other day, "You may know that somebody has cleaned up the last ounce of ore, or that there never was any there, but you're bound to feel as though there might be some that had been overlooked." This was the spirit that actuated Bob Ben when he paid his visits to the old Robinson shaft in the Socorro range.
A few days ago the people in this region were surprised to hear that Bob had "located" the shaft and 100 acres of land lying all around it. When he was asked concerning the rumor he admitted the truth, but would give no explanation of his intentions.
"Wha' have you struck?" he was asked.
"O'h, nothing much," he would say.
"Silver?"
"Better nor that."
"Gold?"
"Better yet."
"Lead, by a blunder?"
"Nor, not lead."
"Whell, then, diamonds and copper?"
"Nor; you can't guess." Bob would say as he walked off. The next day the old fellow had a cabin up, and announced his intention of living on his claim and going into the fruit and vegetable line. Every body said he was a crank, and one friend sent a doctor out to see him, thinking he might be touched. To this professional gentleman Bob told his story:
"You see, mister, this here shaft has had water in it for years. Everybody knew that as well as I did. At first I used to cross the water like the other fellows did, because I wanted to go down the shaft and see if any metal had sprouted there since the crowd left. After a while it occurred to me that the water might come from somewhere, and that, as the country would be rich if it could get water, perhaps I'd better look into the thing a little. I found at one time that the shaft had 150 feet of water in it, and that at another it had only 100 feet. Then again it had 150 feet. The very bottom of the shaft is higher than the country around about. So, thinks I, if I can tunnel through to the bottom of that shaft I'll strike a water bonanza, and I'll do it. I've got it planned here. I've let the water out once or twice and it has filled up again. All that this here land needs is plenty of water, and it will be as good as any in the country. I'm going to farm for a living, and some day, if the water don't give out on me, I'll sell this place for more than a mine on the Comstock would bring."
The doctor and others who have visited the place since agree that Bob Ben has a bonanza, and it is now a matter of wonder that nobody ever thought of this scheme before.—Socorro (N. M.) Cor. New York Sun.
Tracks in the Rocks.
In Carson City the papers and people are agitating the matter of the resumption of excavation at the state prison quarry, where are found so many tracks of elephants, tiger, deer, and other well known animals and creatures that lived when the world was young. It is proposed to follow on the line pursued by the majority of the tracks, which seem to tend to a special point of attraction. This point may have been a mineral and medicinal spring, the water of which possessed peculiar qualities or medicinal value, has been observed at the Bartlett springs in California, and at mineral springs in many countries, that doves and many other birds flock in from great distances to drink of the waters. Also, it is said, that in the early days deer and other wild animals came from all the surrounding country to drink at the Bartlett springs and at other springs of the Golden state that were strongly flavored with minerals. Thus if the Carsonites find nothing else, a very valuable medicinal spring may be discovered. Though the mineral water to be removed aggregate no great thickness, the first experimental work might be cheapened by running a broad and low tunnel or gallery following the line of tracks made by one of the elephants, or those of the creature supposed to have been a human being of the prehistoric period.—Pacific coast pioneer, who was scouting about the country. There is no danger of going astray in this work. The tracks are so close together and in such a straight line that they cannot be lost. Every track shows that the creature who made it was abroad on important business.—Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.
A Mathematical Wonder.
Higginsville, Mo., has a mathematical wonder who doesn't know a letter of the alphabet or one printed figure from another, but who is wonderfully strong on mental calculations, making them off his head. His name is Renben Fields, and he is 36 years of age. He claims that his gift was given from heaven, and says it came to him suddenly when 8 years old. He says the Lord made but one Samson, one Solomon, and one Ben Fields. To the one he gave strength, the other wisdom, and to himself mathematical instinct. He guards this instinct with the utmost care, and will not answer questions unless he is paid, fearing that it will be taken from him should he use it to satisfy idle curiosity.—New York Sun.
A Novel Toy Turtle.
One of the most recent and novel toys displayed for sale on the streets is a turtle that walks by machinery. It is self winding, and a tug of the string starts it going. The turtles have green backs and yellow red eyes, but that makes no difference to a Sixth ward boy who never saw a real one. They are sold, self winding attachment, internal mechanism, yellow red eyes and green back, for the small sum of one dime.—New York Sun.
The Tay Bridge Restored.
The other day the last big girder of the Tay bridge was raised in its permanent position, thereby restoring once more the railway communication between the counties of Forfar and Fife. So far as its external appearance is concerned the bridge is now complete, but a good deal remains to be done in laying the permanent way and in ballasting the large girders.

Western lands to trade for desirable Plattsmouth property. CLARK & HOWARD. 13-4 Weeping Water.