The Plattsmouth Weekln Berald.

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THE PUMP SNAKE.

Dakota Farmers Discover a' Reptile They Can Train and Use to Creat Advantage.

Mt. Vernon, D. T., correspondence, 9: In central Dakota, on the "Missouri bottoms," there exists one of nature's strangest freaks. The settlers term it the "pumpsnake." How it came there and "where it came from is yet unknown. It first made its appearance in Emmons county in the spring of 1886. A full grown pump-snake measures about sixteen feet in length and about three inches in diameter. They are of gregarious habits, roaming the prairies in large heards, as many as 300 having been counted in a single flock. In dissecting one of these reptiles there is found a tube which extends from the roof of the jaw to the extremity of the tail and terminating in an opening. This tube is about two inches in diameter and lined with a tough, yielding substance similar to rubber. The pump-snake is easily trained to answer to the call of man. The inhabitants in this section trap them in large numbers.

A farmer on Cat Tail creek has a flock of twenty pump-snakes trained to a remarkable degree of proficiency. At the blast of a whistle the snakes assemble on the banks of the creek. The leader (there is always a leader to a herd of these snakes who is elected by two-thirds majority), dashes into the water of 'the creek, leaving only the extremity of its tail on the bank. Another snake immediately grasps the end of the leader's tail in his jaws, a third snake takes hold of the second snake's tail in a similar manner, and so on until there is a continuous ! line of snakes joiend end-on, extending to the water troughs in the cattle yards, 300 feet away. The leading snake commences to swallow or pump the waters of the creek, which passes through the whole line of snakes as it would through a hose, and falls in a heavy stream into the trough.

This agriculturist told of an extraordinary circumstance which occurred a short time ago. While working in the field near his home he observed flames issuing from the roof of his barn. Wild with as to render it non-susceptible to sudden excitement he hurried to the burning changes of temperature or atmospheric building only to see that it was a hopeless task for himself alone to extinguish the flames. In dispair he gazed at the work of destruction; suddenly he heard a loud rustling in the tall grass, whence issued his herd of pump-snakes on the run. The leader hurled himself into the creek, the rest instantly adjusting themselves, heads and tails, from the creek to the burning building. The last snake, standing on its head, waved its long and flexible body, from the tail end of which issued a stream of water that was thrown with terrific force on the burning building. Back and forth dashed the tail-end of that life hose, squirting the water where it would do the most good, while the loud pumping of the leader could be heard above the roar of the 'conflagration. Within fifteen minutes the last spark was out. Then, and not until then, did the pump-snakes quit work. They were completely exhausted, the leader having fainted away. The main part of the building and its contents were saved, thanks to the presence of mind of these wonderful snakes.

awakened to the extreme usefulness of these interesting creatures, and laws are to be enacted to protect the pump-snake. -Sioux City Journal.

Kenton the Home of Kings. From All the Year Round.

Kenton was no longer a royal seat at the time of the conquest. It belonged to the king's thane, Ulward Witt, who perhaps kept a stud farm there and watched the mares and foals as they cantered over the soft herbage. Presently there was an end of Ulward, perhaps at Hasting's fight, perhaps as an exile and in some foreign broil. Anyhow, a Norman Earl ruled in his stead, no other than Robert of Mortain, of whom and of his son William, readers of Mr. Freeman's histories will have heard enough. That son rebelled against the conqueror's son Henry, and in that rebellion lost all his English lordships, and among them the Manor of Kenton.

The site was pleasing then, as it is now. On one side flowed a gentle stream, bordered by willows and oslers, where often a heron might be flushed and a hawk little tubes and cavities leading from might find its quarry. To the south the them. demesne was bounded by that famous river, the Thamesis, full of all manner of fish and furrowed by barges with their huge sails, that brought the wines of And what they do they cannot do well. Gascony or the rich stuffs of Cyprus to the very gateway of this noble dwelling. To the north stretched the great forest of Middlesex, abounding in wild game. There is just a morsel of the old forest to be got rid of. There is just one sure at Littleton, between Kenton and Ashford, way to get rid of them. That is to take where everything looks wild and savage Boschee,s German Syrup, which any as if the land had been untouched since druggist will sell you at 75 cents a box

about in droves. Here was a dwelling fit for a king, and tain.

the king himself being of that opinion, he took it into his own hands and made a royal palace of it. And here the court came at intervals-such a train as may be imagined, with its gleam of gold and steel among the wild woodland glades, with the blare of horns and the cry of dogs, and the clatter of all the strange, outlandish tongues of these who followed the royal train. And yet it was hardly a stranger sight, and perhaps not more brilliant spectacle, than Kenton after long ages of a tranquil repose may witness on any racing day. What crowds; what strange tongues; what unintelligible cries; what noble horses; beautiful women; splendid equipages; what soothsayers, mountebanks, jugglers; what crowds of loyal subjects of King Sport.

A Story of Bishop Simpson.

An incident showing his gifts is related by his uncle. Late on Saturday night he arrived at a town in the mountainous regions of Pennsylvania, where he was a total stranger. The next morning he made his way to the Methodist church, and accosted the pastor, telling him he was a brother in the ministry. Simpson being extremely awkward and plain in appearance, the pastor was half inclined to omit the courtesy due to a brother preacher, of asking him to deliver a ser mon. If he inquired of the bishop as to his name he must have failed to catch it. for he certainly had no idea to whom he was speaking. His request for the stranger to preach was therefore expressed in the most formal and constrained manner. The stranger readfly agreed to fill the pulpit, and the pastor's chagrin was evident, as he resigned himself to his fate. The bishop preached one of his powerful sermons, and everybody in the audience whispered to his neighbor, "Who is he?" Before he had taken his seat, the pastor had him by the hand. "What did you say your name was?" "Simpson." "What! Not the bishop?" "That is what they call me." The minister instantly sprang to his feet and shouted, "You have just had the privilege of listening to Bishop Simpson. Let us sing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow." - From the American Magazine for September.

No Need of Catching Colds.

Speaking of colds, I have a theory that no one need ever have one unless he chooss; in other words, that it is quite possible so to train the skin, that wonderful organ which is generally looked upon as the paper wrapper of our human bundle, moisture, whence colds come.

And as this is exactly the season to commence such a system of pellar education, as it is proved effective in many instances within my own knowledge, and as it is within easy reach of every one to try, I write it here. The theory is that no skin that has been exposed freely for half an hour at the beginning of a day to a temperature lower than it will encounter through the day, will note small changes or be affected thereby.

A cold is simply a nervous shock, received by the myriads of minute nerve terminals that bristle over the surface of the human body, transmitted to the centers and so back again to mucous membrane, the peculiar seat of this special irritation. Let us then so train these sensitive fibres that they will pass by, unnoticed, changes of atmospheric condition, and the matter is accomplished. -- From the American Magazine for September.

Lincoln Abhors the White House.

When he was in Washington a few days ago Frenk Hatton related some facts in regard to ex-Secretary Robert Lincoln's remarkable aversion to the idea of being a candidate for the presidency. He says no one can doubt the absolute sincerity of the ex-secretary in protesting against The territorial government is becoming any movement being made in his behalf. He implores his friends, if they have any regard for him, not to think of or mention the matter. He has no desire to enter the white house again in any capacity. Indeed, he seems to have a horror of the place. His presence there at the assassination of his father, and again after the shooting of President Garfield, has caused him to associate thoughts of vio lence and death with the presidential office of which he cannot rid himself. It is belived that he has a superstitious feeling that if he were elected president he would himself be in danger fo assassination. To a well known army officer not long ago, who inquired of him about his presidential chances, Mr. Lincoln replied:

"If you ever hear of my wanting the office, or being a candidate for it, you may declare that I am an idiot and I will

Cive 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

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

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 the conquest and where the conies frisk the. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for cer- morning, and to change it again at night if he is going where good clothes are worn.

LIFE AT WEST POINT.

AN EX-CADET GIVES A FEW BITS OF HIS EXPERIENCE.

His Reception at the Barracks-Undergoing an Ordeal of Impertinent Questioning-The "Plebes" and Their Masters-One of the Nulsances.

My own experience on reporting at West Point may be taken as a fair example of the way in which newcomers are treated. My appointment required me to report to the adjutant of the United States military academy on June 11, and at 9 o'clock on that day I presented myself. The adjutant examined my appointment papers, and sent me over to the hospital to stand my physical ex-

At the hospital I was told to strip off all my clothing, and a board of surgeons proceeded to examine me with a view to ascertaining whether or not I possessed the physical qualifications necessary to enter the United States army. They made me hop across the floor on one foot and back on the other, weighed and measured me, tested my eyes and lungs, and finally sent me back to the adjutant with a sealed envelope containing their verdict. The adjutant opened the envelope and informed me that I had been accepted. He then sent me over to the barracks in charge of an orderly. Right there my trouble commenced. Thus far I had come in contact with regular army offlcers only, and nothing had happened to impair my dignity or lessen my self esteem, but now I was to be placed under a cadet corporal, and learn for the first time that between plebes and yearlings there is a great gulf fixed. On my arrival at the barracks I was met by two cadet officers, a sergeant and a corporal, and the following conversation

"Take off your hat, sir," said the corporal, "and hang it on the floor."

I obeyed, wondering if that was the only hatrack Uncle Sam allowed his boys. "What is your name, sir?" asked the ser-

"John Smith," I answered.

"Sir," said the sergeant, "sir, what do we care whether your name is John or George or Eachariah? Now, sir, what is your name? "Smith," said I.

"No, sir," said the corporal, "your name is not Smith, but Mr. Smith, and remember to put a sir on when you peak to your superiors. Now, sir, what is your name?" "Mr. Smith, sir," I replied.

I thought all this was funny, and couldn't repress a smile. I was at once ordered to "stop that smiling," but, of course, smiled only the harder.

The corporal, a stout fellow nearly six feet high, stepped up near to and directly in front of me, and stooping down nearly to my shoes, jumped up sticking his nose in my face. This maneuver surprised me so com pletely that I did not know what to do or

say.
"Sir," he yelled at the top of his voice, "do you intend to obey me?" I felt tempted to knock the fellow down, but not knowing whether or not he really had any authority over me, I concluded that prudence was the better part of valor, and remained quiet, but was now so thoroughly angry that I no longer felt any inclination to hearts' content, these two cadet non-commissioned officers conducted me to the office of Cadet Lieut. D-, who had been detailed to take charge of the new men.

"What is your name, sir?" asked the lieu

"Mr. Smith, sir," I answered. "Well, Mr. Smith, hold up your head, get your heels together, drag in your chin, get your shoulders back, and assume the position of a soldier when you speak to me, sir."

"Now, sir," continued Lieut. D—, when I had assumed the position of a soldier, "do you

see that book up there?" "Yes, sir," I replied. "Well, then, keep your eyes fastened on the letter M on the back of that book while I ask

you a few questions, and don't you dare to lay your slimy eyes on me, sir. Who is your predecessor, sirp "His name is Jones," I answered.

"No, sir," he yelled, "how dare you put yourself on an equality with an officer of the

United States army and graduate of this institution? Mr. Jones is your predecessor,

I made haste to disclaim all intentions of putting myself on an equality with Mr.

"What was your previous condition of servitude, sir?" was the next question. I understood by this that my questioner wished to know what had been my condition of life previous to arriving at West Point, and so answered that I had been a farmer's son. Lieut, D- then asked me if I had any

pistols, bowie knives, confectionery or blacking. I confessed having a box of the latter article in my trunk, and was ordered to turn it in to him immediately. Cadets, I after-ward learned, are not allowed to keep blacking in their rooms, but have their shoes blacked in the shoeblack's shop under the barracks. When Lieut D—— had finished questioning me, he assigned me to the room which I was to occupy until I had passed my entrance examination. Every boy before being admitted into the academy must pass two examinations, the physical, which I have already described, and the academic. The academic examination generally lasts about a week. During that time the applicants for admission, known officially as "candidates," but called "beasts" by the cadets, are subjected to every sort of indignity by the cadet

officers, whose duty it is to protect them.

The candidates that succeed in passing their examinations become at once cadets of the fourth class, and are no longer called "beasts," but for a whole year are known to their fellow cadets as "plebes." Soon after their admittance the plebes are transferred to camp, where the first and the third classes (the second always being absent on furlough) have preceded them, and where they are destined to spend two months of torment. While in camp the plebes are slaves to the other class men, and spend a great part of their spare time in doing "menial service" for their masters. "Menial service" in cadet slang means cleaning guns, polishing waist plates, sewing torn gloves, bringing water or doing any odd job that a yearling (third class man) or first

class man thay want done. "Standing attention" to the other cadets is considered by the plebes one of the worst nulsances that they have to endure. Whenever a yearling or first class man enters a plebe's tent or speaks to him, the latter is expected to strike a brace and keep it until his superior (*) gives him permission to stand at

Cadets of the first, second and third classe call each other by name without the prefix "Mr.," but "Mr," the plebes and make the plebes "Mr." them. This is done to show the fourth class that it is not the equal of the others.—Ex-Cadet in N. O. Times Democrat.

Coal Dust Versus the Vest. Bituminous coal prevents the wearing of lowcut vests in many western cities, unless a man is willing to put on a clean shirt every

A Case of Deafness Cured

Office of Shaw & Baldwin's Wholesale) Notion House, Toledo, A., Dec.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. -Dear Sirs: About three monts ago, noticing a letter addressed to you in the Bee from Gen. Slevin, in reference to the cure of his son by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure, we were induced to commence the use of it for our daughter Nellie now fourteen years old, who has been suffering from catarrh about eight years, during which time she has been treated by one of the best physicians in the city. We have also tried the use of almost all the known remedies for catarrh, with no more success than temporary relief. Many nights have we laid awake to hold her mouth open to keep her from strangling. Her hearing had also become affected. We were afraid that she would never recover. We have now used six bottles of Hall's Ca-TARRH CURE, and we believe Nellie to be entirely cured. In a few days after commencing the use of it we noticed a decided change for the better, and from that right along she has improved, until now she breathes as easily as any one. She sleeps well and her hearing is perfectly good. We feel that the disease is entirely removed. We write this unsolicited letter, feeling that it is due you, and with the hope that others may be benefited in like manner. We can hardly realize that such a change could be effected in so short a time after battling with the disease so long. We are still using the remedy at intervals, as it seems to build up her system, You are at liberty to use this in any manner you see proper.

We are yours, truly, MR. and MRS. S. BELDWIN, 220 Franklin Avenue. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

"Early to Bed."

Growing children should have all the sleep nature demands. To make sure of this, the bedtime should be no later than 7 o'clock for children under 10. This habit of early bedtime will take care of itself, if it be persevered in by parents at first. Some men and women would be not only stronger, but cleverer, if they had had all the sleep they needed when

The difference between children whose parents enforce obedience in this respect and those little old people who sit up late at night is very marked. The clear eyes, rosy cheeks and round strong limbs of the former should rebuke parents who allow children to sit up because they wish to. Nothing can be more pernicious than to allow children up late at watering places. They taste then of the highly spiced society life, none too healthy for the strongest, and in the hot house air and stimulating influences, their natures are forced to results that may break down their own health, and the hearts of their parents also .- Demorest's Monthly.

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F. G. FRICKE & Co. Learning to Cook.

The New York Cooking school has had remarkable success. It was started a ew years ago by several charitable ladies, who went into the undertaking with the idea of elevating the standard of domestic labor of giving young girls who are compelled to earn their own living the practical means of learning how to do it. It has taught thousands of pupils and has established branches in many cities in the eastern states. Its managers are thoroughly interested in their work and nobly help it along. Mrs. Theodore Bronson, its president, among others, has given much aid, not only financially but personally in its management.

At the annual meeting, some time ago, it was reported that 10,604 lessons in cooking had been given by the school. Teachers graduated from the school had been sent to many missions, girls' schools and clubs in New York and elsewhere. A large number of girls from public Circulars, schools of New York form vacation classes-that is, during the summer vacation they give up much of their time to the study of the art of cooking .-Good Hous keeping.

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