

The Plattsmouth Weekly Herald.

KNOTTS BROS, Publishers & Proprietors.

REVENGE IS SWEET.

So Thought the Wife of a San Francisco Millionaire.

Carson (Nev.) Appeal. A few days ago a lady from San Francisco, who had a very solid bank account, went to Lake Tahoe on a pleasure trip with her daughter. She concluded that she would have a good time, and accordingly took along some plain serviceable clothes and no jewelry. When she struck one of the fashionable resorts she found herself in the midst of a lot of people making a vulgar display of jewelry and diamonds, and every time she turned around she was the subject of the most unmerciful snubbing. She was put off in an obscure corner to eat, and not one of the fashionable guests condescended to show her the slightest civility. The lady bit her lips for a few days, took in the situation, and with true feminine instinct decided on revenge. She dropped a line below, and presently there were deposited at the hotel twelve Saratoga trunks, way billed to her address. She and her daughter retired to their rooms, and that evening came down to the dining room in a blaze of lace and diamonds that took everybody's breath away. No such gorgeous or tasty toilets had ever bewildered the guests of that hotel before. It blinded the eye to look at the pair as they quietly entered the room. The steward, after recovering his poise, rushed forward and pulled out two chairs from the most fashionable table in the hotel. She shook her head and replied: "The old table will do," and went to the obscure corner, where she had eaten all the time.

The utmost consternation spread through the dining room, and the low hum of voices rose to a fashionable buzz as they warmly discussed the situation. Wasn't it awful? They had been snubbing a woman and her daughter all the week who could outdress them all. In the evening they attempted to hedge, but couldn't to any considerable extent. The dudes tried to shine up to the girl, but she wouldn't have it, and those who tried to scrape an acquaintance with the mother found it like trying to run a funeral into an iceberg. For a while she flashed like a comet through that hotel into a constant change of ravishing toilets, each more costly and bewildering than the others, until, like the kings who pedestrianized in Macbeth, they threatened to stretch out until the crack of doom.

At the end of the week it was learned from the chambermaid that she had only gone through half of her immense Saratogas. There were several women who had displayed at least a dozen different toilets, and they felt that they would just die if she beat their record. But she kept right on, and when she was three ahead of their score they packed up and left. One by one she vanquished the leaders, and the rank and file capitulated, displaying the rarest generalship imaginable. If Mrs. — appeared in any special color to make a spread in the morning, she adopted that color at once, only in a dress that eclipsed the other as the sun outshines the stars.

She was the absolute John Sullivan of the toilet ring, and knocked out all who had the temerity to stand before her. The last of her opponents was a red faced, vulgarly dressed woman from San Francisco, whose flashy toilets had attracted general attention and admiration from persons ignorant of harmony and color. Whatever dress this woman donned in the morning the fashionable Nemesis was on her trail with a color that literally killed the other. The heretofore cock of the walk was unable to stand her defeat, and, packing her trunks, started home.

The army of snobs was routed, and one by one dropped out of sight. They just settled up and quit. Then the quiet little lady resumed her plain clothes, put on an old straw hat with her daughter and went fishing. As the last gang left she absolutely had the coolness to be down at the wharf fishing in an old calico dress, cotton gloves and straw hat. The landlord considered that she literally cleaned his place out, and she thinks she had an awful lot of fun.

The Place Where the "Men" of Oxford Take a Plunge.

from the Detroit Free Press. There is one place in the vain world where you can never "go out with the boys." That place is Oxford. When a beardless youth joins the University as a student he is from that moment a "man." A "man" in Oxford means an undergraduate. If you told an Oxford resident that you met a man or that you were going out to see a man, he would not understand from the latter phrase that you were about to take a drink, as an American would interpret it, but would think you were about to interview a student.

Two respectable creeks join at Oxford. They call them rivers there, but that is just their fun. The one is the Thames, which Oxford calls the "Isis" at that

point; the other is the Charwell. I believe they call the latter creek the Charwell. They never pronounce anything more than half-way right at Oxford. I have often wondered why this is, and have come to the conclusion that it is through lack of educational instructions in that town. Something really ought to be done to bring up the standard of education in Oxford, and I for one am willing to contribute liberally for that purpose, for many a jolly day I have spent in that town. Still it saddens me to hear the men pronounce Thames "Isis" and call Magdalen College "Maudlin." "Maudlin is too suggestive of the condition of the "men" after a night out.

The casual visitor to Oxford sees the colleges and other stock sights of the city, but you have to know a "man" or two to really get at the life of the place. What tourist, for instance, has ever had a plunge at "Parson's Pleasure"? Not one in 10,000, I venture to say. The morning is the time to visit "Parson's Pleasure." A "man" asked me to go with him. I afterward learned that he thought no American could swim, and expected to have the pleasure of seeing me drown. I hate to disappoint any one, but I had to on this occasion.

We went along by a pretty park which belongs to the town or some college, and then entered a long narrow lane that leads to Mesopotamia. Mesopotamia, the "man" told me was a scriptural term signifying the "land between two waters," and the Oxford Mesopotamia is a path that is bordered on each side by a rushing stream. A very pleasant walk it is, a green arcade with views between the trees of the noble domes and towers of the classic city in the distance.

Before arriving at this path between the waters we turned in at the gate in the thick hedge and were at "Parson's Pleasure." As we went there we met hosts of earlier men, mostly in their boating flannels and each with a damp towel over his shoulders, for it is Oxford etiquette to bring your own towel.

At the "Pleasure" were a number of small boxes on the "standing room only" principle, and these rooms were the divisions of a shed that formed a sort of a wall on two sides of the grounds. I think there is a small fee paid to the person in charge—I didn't pay it so I can't say for certain—but any how he opened the door of one of the upright boxes and placed at my disposal a pair of abbreviated cotton pantaloons.

There is a green lawn in the V-like enclosure, and flowing past the lawn is the clear Cherwell. There is a dam some distance below and the water here is broad and deep. The Oxford man does not go gingerly into the water. He takes a run from the door of his box and plunges head first with a terrific splash right into the depths, or he goes to the spring board and flies into the air, turning a somersault and coming down kerplunk into the river. A rope is stretched across, and by hanging on that a timid non-swimmer may save his life, for the old Cherwell is pretty deep at this point.

There is a sort of a rookery up in a tree that hangs over the water, and the "men" climb up to this platform and drop down unexpectedly here and there. In fact, "Parson's Pleasure" is the most exciting place I ever swam in, for you have to be continually on the lookout for men of high educational attainments who come plunging in around you in all directions.

Why is this place called "Parson's Pleasure?" You will have to ask me an easier one than that. I don't suppose any one knows. There is a legend in Oxford that the French used to take headers there and called it "Parisian Plaisir," and that "Parson's Pleasure" is a corruption of this term. However that may be it is one of the finest places in the world in which to take a plunge on a hot day.

THE DARK-RED INDIAN.

Graphic and Re-assuring Observations on the "Ute Outbreak."

Bill Nye in the New York World: The regular form of annual hydrophobia known as the Ute outbreak has followed the sea serpent, the paragraph about the watermelon and other current items. As a matter of fact the Utes have done more to make newspaper life desirable than "Constant Reader," "Veritas," and "Taxpayer" all put together. You can always bet on a Ute outbreak and write it up when you feel like it, as long beforehand as you wish, and the Ute will not ask you to retract.

Old man Colorow is like the regular army. He is brave, but he hasn't got help enough. He is a man of great nerve and enjoys carnage, provided it is furnished by some one else. He is said by those who have met him to be a very "low-sot" man, with a powder-burned face and a desire to outlive as many white men as possible.

But the Utes are not strong enough to do any special damage, and it is very likely they have no special notion of it. They are a measly set, and still they are not likely to break out.

It has been customary to have an Indian scare in the Rocky mountains every

year until it is almost indispensable. For several years, also, the circus was kept out of Wyoming territory by a high license which amounted to prohibition, and if the people of Wyoming hadn't had an Indian scare that they could turn to they would have suffered.

The Indian is the Nation's ward—kind of a doubtful ward, as it were—but he is a great boon to the newspaper man, who naturally gets tired of pool and picnics at this season, and pines for almost anything that will give him a change. It is safe to say that the Ute outbreak will turn out, upon close investigation, to be nothing more than prickly heat.

It is not presuming too much to say that human life will be perfectly safe as far west as St. Louis, and even those who dwell as far west as Omaha and Denver will run no risk of being killed by Indians if they will come home by 9 o'clock p. m.

Indians are not so ferocious as many suppose them to be, any way. We have seen the Indians of Buffalo Bill, and they were very pleasant to meet. They are not intellectual, of course, and they want to ride in a hotel elevator all the time when they are not drunk, but they behaved well here and won the English heart. It is claimed that by another year the common frontier American blue eye flea will be as common in England as it is now in the territories. And yet it is claimed that the Indian is cold and backward in society and desirous of inaugurating an outbreak.

The Ute has been almost always friendly to the whites, and has repeatedly assisted the white man in fighting the warlike Sioux. The price of good available lots facing south ought not to be reduced either at Kansas City or Omaha on account of a pending Ute outbreak, and the St. Paul man who refuses to bring in the washing from the clothes line after 9 o'clock because he is afraid of Indians is just trifling with the tender feelings of his wife.

In A Bad Way.

The American running turf appears to be getting in a very bad way, which is natural enough when one considers that as now conducted its sole object appears to be the furnishing of an excuse for people to bet vast sums of money. Of course where there is opportunity to win fortunes by winning with a horse there are also chances to secure a modest competency by having him pulled when he is a favorite in the betting by reason of previous good performances. The running tracks of this country as at present conducted are simply huge gambling machines, and the jobs and crookedness in connection with them have become so marked that the men who have the best interests of the thoroughbred horse at heart are beginning to protest, well knowing that a continuance of the state of affairs now in vogue means that in five years nearly every running track in the country will be plowed over. One of these men is Mr. B. G. Bruce, editor of the Kentucky Live-Stock Record, and as he is also an officer of nearly all the prominent tracks in the west and attends the meetings regularly he knows what he is talking about. Mr. Bruce is not an alarmist. On the contrary he is a very conservative man, but what he has seen already this season is too much for his honest nature, and in his paper he handles the subject without gloves. "There has been more complaint this season of crooked running," he says, "than we ever heard before in all our life, and there is no question but what there are grounds for the complaints. There are three or four parties undoubtedly who have been running in and out with their horses, and it is not possible for the judges to get at the facts. Most of the horses are not pulled by the jockeys, but are fixed in the stable before being brought out to run. When they have a horse fixed they generally put up a first-class jockey who is above suspicion, and by this means throw dust in the eyes of the judges and the public."

Having shown that the evil exists Mr. Bruce suggests a remedy. The offending parties, he says, are well known to the managers of race tracks, and he advises that the last-named persons refuse the entries of the known scoundrels. This, of course, is a manifest absurdity. No track could refuse an entry without giving some reason for such extraordinary action, and having told a man that he was a disreputable character the track managers would doubtless be called upon to prove it, which they might not be able to do, since, as Mr. Bruce freely admits, they are at the present time in a perfectly helpless position on account of the fact when horses are "doped" and otherwise fixed so that they cannot win a race the work is done in the stable before the race is called. Therefore Mr. Bruce's plan of reform would hardly work. Another thing, and one which he apparently forgets, is that a good deal of jobbery is done at the starting post. It is not necessary to mention names, except to say that no one ever said a word against Sheridan. Mr. Bruce knows, as does every man of the world who attends running meetings, that the flag is frequently held by men whose records ought to bar them from officiating in any capacity

where honesty is required. The trouble with the running turf is that its opportunities for jobbery are countless, and as men are not saints the thieving will doubtless continue as long as the opportunity exists.—Breeder's Gazette.

A Novel Bet.

While I am not a betting man, said F. J. Cheney, of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., I considered it my religious duty to make that fellow a bet, you see he was about dead' and I guess he would of died before Spring, if I had not of got him on a bet. You know some men had rather lose their life than lose a hundred, well he was one of that kind, and we both came near being out, but I saved my hundred and it only cost him ten dollars. How's that? He sent for me one day and said the doctors had all given him up to die, with the catarrh. I told him that I would bet him \$100 that Hall's Catarrh Cure would cure him or I would give him \$100 if it failed. He took the latter proposition. This was three months ago; you see how he looks now, don't you, as well as any one, and a dandy.—American, Toledo, O. 24ml

Putting Himself in Training.

Pittsburg Dispatch. Anxious Stranger—Say, I want a job of unspiring the rest of the season.

Base Ball Magnate—Now, don't try to be funny, young fellow.

"But I'm not trying to be funny."

"It's a good thing for you, because there isn't anything humorous about chestnuts any more."

"I'm in earnest about this thing, I am."

"Oh, don't bother me."

"But see here; I mean business."

"Why, young fellow, you don't know what you're asking for. You don't know when you're well out."

"Oh, yes, I do."

"What's your racket, anyhow?"

"Why, I want to get broke in a little while. I'm going to get married this fall, and my girl's mother will probably live with us."

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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 Boschee'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. (1)

—Dr. Lewis A. Sayre says that the reason why the cigarette is so deadly is because the nicotine cannot peccolate the paper cylinder and is therefore drawn into the smoker's mouth.—Item.

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—It is said that two electricians at Munich have invented an improvement for the telephone by which words and sentences can be transferred directly to chemically prepared paper.



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