

The Plattsmouth Weekly Herald

KNOTT'S BROS., Publishers & Proprietors.

How the Colonel Died.

Wallace P. Reed in the Southern Bivouac. The siege opened and was progressing in good earnest before the colonel realized it. Too old for active service, the colonel remained at home with his daughter and his grand children leaving his sons and his son in law to represent him in the field. When the first shell exploded in the city the colonel was at the dinner table. "That is a shell," he remarked quietly, "and it fell within half a mile of this house." The children screamed, and their mother turned pale. "Are we in much danger?" she asked. "That is a hard question to answer," replied the colonel, "but I do not mind saying that we should prepare for the worst. I have often told you about the shelling of Vera Cruz. We poured a hot fire into the city, but when we entered it I was surprised to find how few we had killed. "But grandpa," said little Tommie, "you did kill some, didn't you?" "Oh, yes," answered the old man, "quite a number of citizens were killed. After the surrender I saw blood stains on the walls of my room. It seems that a whole family had been killed there." At this Tommie set up a doleful howl which was swelled by a chorus from the other children. "But this is nothing," said the colonel, rising from his chair and going to the window. "We must expect a few shells. Possibly there will be a siege, but it can not last very long. You know our policy is to draw the enemy this way. We want to get the invaders as far as we possibly can from their base of supplies." "Yes, I see," replied his daughter thoughtfully, "but don't you think we have drawn the enemy far enough in this direction?" "Ah," said the veteran with a smile, "you do not understand the Fabian policy. Now, I—"

It was a sight to see this white haired soldier with his gold headed cane, walking out to get his paper, followed by the admiring but anxious glances of the entire household. Generally he walked with a slow and dignified step, but little Tommie declared he saw his grandpa dodge a shell, and return to the house at a rapid pace. "The noise made me a little nervous," explained the colonel. "I was not expecting it, but of course I was not frightened. Not one in a hundred of these shells ever kills a man." He was always talking hopefully and confidently to the members of his family. "I see that the Yankees are demoralized and ready to give up the siege," he said one morning at breakfast. "How do you see it?" asked his daughter. "Why, it is so stated right here in our paper," replied the old man. The lady looked for a moment at the narrow strip on which the journal was printed. "A half sheet was bad enough," she commented, "but that little thing with only a short column of reading matter looks suspicious. What is the matter?" "Economy," answered the colonel. "Economy is absolutely necessary in a besieged city. And I believe I prefer a paper like this. A good deal of news can be crowded into a column." There was one thing that the colonel could not resist, even when the shelling was fast and furious. When ever the confederates marched in a lot of prisoners it was his custom to stand on the piazza and watch them as long as they were in sight. "It is strangely quiet," remarked the colonel, one sultry September morning. "I have not heard a gun, and I have not seen anyone passing." He walked on the piazza and looked at the only visible street. In the distance he saw a large body of men approaching. He could see the blue and grey uniforms. "More prisoners!" he shouted. "We captured several hundred yesterday, and it seems that we have got as many more to-day." In the back of the house the little family could hear every word. "More prisoners!" continued the old man, "and more to come." Tramp, tramp, tramp! The soldiers were passing by the house. Suddenly the colonel stopped his promenade. Shading his eyes with one hand he gazed intently up the street. There could be no doubt about it—the prisoners were dressed in grey, while their guard wore blue! The solitary spectator in front of the big mansion stood as still as a stone statue. Surprise, indignation and horror flashed from his eyes. "It cannot be!" he gasped. But the long procession continued to march on. Back of it came more men in blue, companies, regiments, brigades and divisions. It was the triumphant entry of the victorious enemy. Without a word the colonel sank into an arm chair, and allowed his grand head, so proudly poised a moment before, to fall forward on his breast. And it was thus they found him. Attracted by the stirring notes of the "Star Spangled Banner," the children and their mother came to the door. They gave a little scream of surprise and terror when they saw their enemies, and it flashed upon them that the confederates had abandoned the place in the night. Then they rushed to their friend and protector. He neither moved or spoke. His daughter gently raised his head and uttered a cry of agonized grief. The colonel was dead!

was a surprise to experts. This was that it would only take pressure of 4 or 5 pounds of steam from the locomotive to keep up uniform heat through a train of eight coaches. The tests already made have been complete enough to demonstrate that a locomotive can generate enough steam to draw a train and supply the coaches. A TOUCH WORM One That is Accused With the Crime of Eating Steel Rails. Cologne Gazette. The existence has just been discovered of a detestable microbe which feeds upon iron with as much gluttony as the phyloxera upon the vine. Some time ago the greatest consternation existed among the engineers employed on the railway at Hagen by the accidents occurring at the same place, proving that some terrible defect must exist either in the material or the construction of the rails. The German government directed an inquiry to be made and a commission of surveillance to be formed for the purpose of maintaining constant watch at the spot where the accidents—one of them attended with loss of life—had occurred. It was not, however, until after six months had elapsed that the surface of the rails appeared to be corroded, as if by acid, to the extent of 100 yards. The rail was taken up and broken, and it was perceived that it was literally hollowed out by a thin gray worm, to which the qualifications of "rail-eater" was assigned, and by which name it is to be classed in natural history. The worm is said to be two centimeters in length and of the size of a prong of a silver fork in circumference. It is of a light gray color, and on the head carries two little glands filled with a corrosive secretion, which is ejected every ten minutes upon the iron. This liquid renders the iron soft and spongy; and of the color of rust, and it is then greedily devoured by the insect. "There is no exaggeration," says the official report of the commission, "in the assertion that this creature, for its size, is one of the most voracious kind, for it has devoured thirty-six kilograms of rail in a fortnight." A Southern Yarn. The Douglasville, Ga., Star has a snake editor in training who bids fair to become valuable, judging from the following effort: "A short time back Mr. Aderhold witnessed a large snake swallowing a nest of partridge eggs on which the partridge had been sitting and was nearly ready to hatch. A few days later Mr. Butler came across the snake surrounded by a covey of young partridges (the eggs having been hatched) to which her snakeship seemed very much attached. And a few days later, as Mr. Elreath was walking through an oat patch near by and was attracted by a snake passing through the oats, with its head elevated even with the top of the oats, which were headed out, and on examination he found the snake was picking out the kernels from the heads and dropping them on the ground to feed the young partridges, which were following along by her, picking them up." In Brief And To The Point. Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature. The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order. Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics. But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy. Remember:—No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cents. (2)

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 —Joseph Francis, the inventor of life-saving apparatus, who has long been a resident of New Jersey, has gone to San Diego, Cal., to live permanently. Mr. Francis is 80 years old. Bucklen's Arnica Salve The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, 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] P. G. FRICKE & Co. IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF CASS COUNTY, NEBRASKA. IN THE MATTER OF THE APPLICATION OF ANDREW STULL, GUARDIAN OF THE ESTATE OF HERBERT L. STOLL, MINOR HEIR OF HANS J. STOLL, DECEASED, FOR A LICENSE TO SELL LAND. And how on this day comes the above named Andrew Stull, guardian of the estate of Hans J. Stoll, deceased, and presents his petition duly verified praying for a license to sell and convey certain strip of land north of the line of the Nebraska City branch of the Missouri Pacific Railway Co. in the south half of the south east quarter of section number ten of township number ten north of range number twelve east of the 6th P. M. in Cass County Nebraska. It appearing to the undersigned, one of the Judges of the District Court of the Second Judicial District in and for Cass County Nebraska that said land is not such as to command a rental to exceed \$125.00 and that it could be sold for \$125.00 and that the interest thereon would be more valuable to said minors than the rental of said premises and that the interests of said minors would be promoted by a sale of the same. It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in said matter appear before me at my chambers in the office of the Clerk of the District Court in Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska at 10 o'clock A. M. on the 25th day of October A. D. 1887, and that notice thereof be given by publication in the Plattsmouth Herald, a weekly newspaper printed and published in said county and of general circulation therein, at which time and place all persons interested may show cause, if any there be, why license should not be granted to said guardian as prayed for in said petition. Done at my chambers in the city of Plattsmouth, Cass County Nebraska this 27th day of September A. D. 1887. SAM'L M. CHAPMAN Judge. J. H. BELLOWSON Atty for Petitioner.

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Heating Cars. From the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. The heating of passenger cars is a subject treated at some length by the railroad commissioners of Massachusetts in a circular addressed to all the railroad corporations in that state. Under the law which took effect last spring the common car stove is excluded altogether, and no furnace or heater of any kind can be introduced without first obtaining the approval of the commissioners. In selecting heating apparatus the board recommended the adoption of the system of heating by steam from the locomotive, or, at least, of such approved apparatus as can be readily converted into such system. They do not consider it practicable to dispense wholly with the separate heater, or to make so radical a change as that contemplated before the coming of the frosty season. In this state, although there is no legislative enactment on the subject, the Pennsylvania railroad company will heat all its cars by steam from the locomotive the coming winter. There will be some disadvantages to be encountered, but only in case of accident to the locomotive or the heating apparatus. In order to meet such emergencies, it is likely that the stoves at present in use will not be removed. The steam process of heating, however, will have decided advantages over the old method in railroad economies. It will require less labor and will not be as expensive as coal. A discovery was made during these tests which

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