

argument about Jesus Christ and the apostles not receiving pay for preaching the gospel falls flat in regard to modern ideas.

When any person of the present day visits a church, especially the young, they expect to see the interior have an inviting aspect, the minister dressed neatly and even look handsome, healthy and cheerful.

Ministers have a very poor salary in small cities, sometimes about twelve dollars a week, out of which they are supposed to ornament the church, pay for hack hire to visit, and comfort the sick or dying, miles in the country, purchase bookcases and many expensive books on Christian theology and every other ology connected with logic, give entertainments to his congregation, head every subscription list and help every deserving and undeserving person that comes to town. These remarks do not apply to the larger cities. It takes money to run a church the same as any other institution, and a man or woman who is too miserly to put a nickel or dime into a collection plate or basket on the Sabbath is acting contrary to all scriptural teachings. Such a person is worthy the scorn of the widow who gave her mite and the condemnation of every righteous or unrighteous citizen.

ANOTHER AD BLOW.

"I Cry Thee Mercy With all My Heart."

If ever an opportunity presented itself for the softening of an obdurate heart and the belief of Christian grace, it has been during the past two or three weeks, during which time it has been out painful duty to record in these columns the anguish of mind of those in this city who have lost their loved ones.

We pray God be merciful and pour out Divine utterances to aid these parents, wives and mothers to bear up under their sad affliction.

We may be excused for talking in this vein for a newspaper is not a pulpit, but we feel what we write having personally witnessed the grief of those distressed.

A newspaper reporter in the course of his career witnesses vice in all its forms, also grief, remorse and poverty enough to make him indifferent to human feelings and Christian belief, but when a heart-broken father or mother relates with insuppressible emotion, and tears that fall like rain their sad thoughts, the well-springs of sympathy overflow with compassion for those troubled in mind, body or estate. Tom Moore says: "Earth has no sorrow that Heaven can not heal."

We sincerely trust that is true especially in regard to W. H. Pickens of this city, who only lately buried his darling child, and then read the following telegram today concerning the death of his brother John Pickens:

"SACRAMENTO, Cal., March 19.—A collision occurred near Crisco this afternoon between two freight trains. Two engines were attached to each train and all four engines and a number of cars were badly wrecked. Engineer John Pickens was killed instantly and several others injured. Four other persons employed on the trains were missing and it is feared are buried in the debris."

Royal Arcanum.

Temporary officers of Plattsmouth Council Royal Arcanum: Regent, John Glent; Vice Regent, Dan Smith; Past Regent, John Minor; Orator, M. Maguire; Chaplain, R. A. Taite; Secretary, Pete Minor; Colonel, Tom Patterson; Treasurer, Charles Rankin; Guide, Mr. Kinkade; Warden, Walt. Holmes.

Capt. H. E. Palmer who was lately at Kearney, speaks highly of the water works at that place. A ditch of sixteen miles in length is cut from the River Platte to the city and the water runs into a natural gulch or basin covering an area of fifty acres and seventy feet deep in the center. This enables that city to have a wonderful water-power for driving machinery. It would be an easy matter to cut a ditch from the Platte at Cedar Creek, distant about twelve miles, and run the water into the gulch that runs down Washington avenue of this city. Then we would have enough water power in Plattsmouth to run all the mills in Nebraska. This matter is worthy the consideration of our board of trade.

"Something yet of doubt remains."

A Memorial

minute and the pressure is sufficient to raise it 100 feet high.

The Storm at Loup City.

LOUP CITY, Neb., March 19.—A very bad storm set in here about 1 o'clock this morning and continued until noon today. The thermometer is 20° above zero. About eight inches of snow has fallen and it is badly drifted. Union Pacific trains got through all right, but the B. & M. passenger train has been ten hours between here and Zeven, eight miles east.

Abandoned the Caisson.

STOUC CITY, Ia., March 19.—The caisson of the unfinished third pier of the Chicago & Northwestern bridge here had to be abandoned today on account of the threatening aspect of the ice. It would have taken three days to fill the interior of the caisson with concrete. This is now filled with ice and water, and it will take a week to repair the damage.

Arlington Items.

ARLINGTON, Neb., March 19.—Yesterday, while Levi Lushbaugh was working at the bottom of a thirty-five foot well, a mud-tub accidentally fell from the top, striking him on the back part of the head, but democrat-like, has come to life and will recover. It was a narrow escape.

The Elkhorn river has been the highest since 1881, during the last few days, but is receding as the ice gorges disappear. The Union Pacific passengers are today running via Arlington on account of a washout on their line.

The Eagle Pass Affair.

AUSTIN, Tex., March 18.—Gov. Ross has received a letter from Secretary Bayard, as follows:

"The department has received your letter of the 5th instant, with which is inclosed a report from the County Attorney of Maverick County, on the recent attempt to kidnap a Mexican deserter at Eagle Pass. Our Consul at Piedras Negras was instructed by telegraph on the 4th instant to send an account of this unfortunate occurrence, supported as far as possible by legal evidence, and when his report is received proper measures will be taken to vindicate the honor of the United States."

Young Counterfeiters.

LEBANON, Mo., March 18.—Constable Henry, of Liberty Township, Pulaski county, started out today in search for John Hensley, whom Tom Hendricks implicates as an accomplice in making and circulating counterfeit money imitation of silver dollars. Hendricks, a lad of 19 years, was arrested some time ago and placed in jail at Springfield to await the action of the United States Court, and an accomplice named Crawford, residing near Richland, was also arrested. Hendricks, it seems, has weakened and given the officers the names of others as far as he knew. The boys got a large number of the counterfeits in circulation before being detected.

From Saturday's Daily.

—Will Warrick is one of our enterprising, energetic, go-ahead business men. Read his half page advertisement and then patronize his drug store where you will be fairly and squarely dealt with.

—Mr. Burgen, a farmer residing on a farm near Murray, which is rented from John R. Clark, of Lincoln, is grieving over the loss of his only child, a boy of fourteen years of age, who died yesterday. He had been sick with typhoid fever for about six days. The lad will be buried today in Eikenbary's cemetery.

—Everybody on the streets today was celebrating the anniversary of St. Patrick's birthday by wearing green bouquets. There was nothing but laughter and jollity from morning till night. A stranger would think that Plattsmouth was, indeed, an elysium, to witness the exuberance of spirits on this historical day.

From Thursday's Daily.

—We should be much obliged to our county correspondents if they would send in their communications every Monday.

—A ton of coal in the hand is worth two in the coal yard,—during the strike, anyway. There are only three carloads of coal in town, so you had better look sharp and get your share of it.

—A number of intimate friends and acquaintances of the Rev. M. A. Hampton assembled at that gentleman's residence last night, and spent a very pleasant evening in social intercourse.

it involves the rapid fluctuations of like wool, like silk, like cotton, heat, while linen and silk, like cotton, allow it to be more quickly lost.

The color of the outer clothing makes some difference, for black and dark shades like dark blue absorb the sun's rays, while light bright colors and white reflect them. The former are, therefore, suitable for winter, and the latter are preferred in summer for their coolness, care being taken that the thickness, nature and arrangement of the garments yield the desired effect. So far as fit is concerned, loosely fitting articles, other things being equal, are warmer than tightly fitting ones, because the latter interfere with the circulation, as cold hands and feet in tight gloves and boots amply testify.—C. F. Pollock in The Chautauquan.

Value of the "B. & M."

"The fact is," remarked Mr. Richard Cogan, one of the dealers, "that there is not, and probably never was an original 1894 dollar. By original we mean, of course, one struck in that year. It is pretty well established now that at that time it was the custom to use a set of dies at the mint till they were worn out, irrespective of the year they were dated. It is more than probable that all the specimens that were struck from the die of 1894 were made subsequent to that date.

"Of the thirteen or fourteen that are now known to exist," said Mr. Cogan, "two are in this city, four in Boston, one in San Francisco, one in Denver, and the others are scattered all over the intervening country. I could give you the name of every person who owns one. Maj. Wetmore, of 15 Waverly place, has one which he believes to be the 'only original' one. It is somewhat worn and has evidently been in circulation. This does not usually add to the value of a coin, but in this case, if this could be made to prove that it was struck in the year it was dated, it might make a big difference."

"How much is a specimen worth today?" asked the reporter.

"That would be pretty hard to say," replied Mr. Cogan. "They have sold all the way from \$600 to \$1,500, and that, too, for the same specimens. There are so few of them that they have no regular market value and the price paid for them depends entirely upon how badly the purchaser wants one. Probably if one was offered for sale today it could not be bought for less than \$1,000.—New York World.

A Romantic Maiden's Mistake.

She was very romantic. Her father was a millionaire, whose life had been devoted to sausage raising. He was very practical naturally, but all the poetry of her family was right in her. She was beloved by another millionaire's son, but she had been reading romances and stuff, and when he proposed to her she declared he must do something poetical for her.

"Dearest, what can I do?"

"Become a poor artist."

"I couldn't be any other kind of an artist."

"I mean you must pretend to be a poor artist. Pa does not know you. You must come and make love to me and I will fall in love with you. Pa will object and make a row. We will elope and get married, and when it's all over we'll tell him, and it will be delightful."

And so he became a poor artist and took a poor studio and dabbed on canvases and pretended to paint pictures. And there was another millionaire's daughter got to coming to his studio and sitting for her picture. In those delightful little tête-à-têtes he forgot all about the romantic maiden, and when the romantic maiden came one night in peasant costume as a sweet surprise to run away with him she found he was married to the other girl and had gone off on his honeymoon. She thinks that romances are all lies now, and that nothing happens in real life as it happens in books. She's about right.—San Francisco Chronicle—"Undertones."

Two Classes of Russian Priests.

The priesthood of the Russian church is composed of two classes, the white and black clergy. The latter are monks belonging to the several orders of religious seclusion, and from their numbers all the bishops and higher ecclesiastical officials are chosen. They are teachers in the schools, also tutors in the families of the nobles, and many of them have been celebrated for their scholarship, their artistic genius and literary gifts. Asceticism is not practiced as it is in the Roman church, except by certain orders in monastic life and in the fulfillment of vows. During the last century the church estates were secularized and confiscated by the crown; then the emancipation of the serfs deprived the religious orders of a great part of their wealth, some of the monasteries owning 20,000, 30,000 and even 50,000 serfs. This was a severe blow to them, and only a few, such as were possessed of other wealth, survived it. At present there are about 500 monastic establishments throughout the empire, and most of them are wealthy.

There is a feeling of bitter hostility existing between the white and black clergy. The former are the city and village priests, or popes, as they are called. They accuse the black clergy of laziness and indifference to their vows.—William Elery Curtis.

A Famous Old Ship.

It is an interesting fact that the old British war ship, in which Mr. Darwin circumnavigated the world, and began those speculations which revolutionized science, is now a Japanese training ship. Despite its transformation of name and change of ownership, the famous old vessel still floats. Instead of the Beagle, the name is some unspellable word with the usual ship title of Maru after it. The Japs are proud of their treasure.—Home Journal.

Words Were Unnecessary.

Robert (who was at the office very late last night)—My dear, have you seen anything of my boots?

She (sweetly)—Yes, love, they are down here on the hat rack.—Life.

While the reporter sat watching him and waiting to hear about his observations upon human nature, the dull brown tatter-festooned chain of misery that moved its human links along the front of his desk was suddenly broken by a very charming variation upon its monotony. An exceedingly pretty young woman, with pouting red lips, sparkling eyes and rose leaf complexion; a young woman prettily gloved, wearing rich furs and costly jewelry, and a marvelously handsome hat—altogether quite a patrician-like young woman—stopped before Mr. Blake and said:

"We have a tenant; a widow with a child, who cannot pay her rent. We have with a notice of dispossession, but we can't put her out because her child is very sick. So I want you to send an ambulance and take the child away to some hospital."

"You want us to take the sick and perhaps dying child away from its mother, so that you can throw the mother into the street and let your room to a better paying tenant?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young woman, stiffly, but with a little flush on her cheeks, as if she was just beginning to realize that her attitude might not be admired by people weak enough to be humane.

Mr. Blake's eyes projected themselves, and he seemed making an effort to swallow some words that would not have sounded prettily. After a brief but impressive silence he answered sternly:

"No, I shall do nothing of the sort. If the poor mother brings her sick child and asks us to care for it, we will do the best we can, but we have no right to do what you ask. We never interfere between landlord and tenant."

The handsome young woman reddened angrily, and exclaimed argumentatively: "But she can't pay her rent!"

"I have told you that I can do nothing for you," replied Mr. Blake, in a tone of disgust; "we do not interfere between landlord and tenant."

The pretty female Shylock gave her head an indignant toss, flashed a look of scorn upon the poor wretches surrounding her—who were listening and viewing her with expressions of loathing and surprise—and quickly went out.

A pale, thin, weary looking young woman, still bearing traces of beauty, came up to the desk, and said, with evident effort:

"My little boy is deaf and dumb, and paralyzed. I can no longer keep him. I have come to see if you will put him in some institution where he will be warm and taken care of."

"Are you a widow?"

"No, sir. I have a husband, but he can get little work to do. We are very poor, and have another child, which is all we can take care of."

"I will send your child to Randall's island, where he will be very well cared for, if you desire it. When will you be ready to have the ambulance take him away?"

She seemed to hesitate, but nerving herself, replied:

"Any time, sir."

"Very well, the ambulance will call for him to-morrow morning."

She turned very pale, her lips quivered, and her eyes filled with tears as she exclaimed impulsively:

"Oh! sir, make it Friday. Let me have him one more day."

Mr. Blake kindly told her how well her little afflicted boy would be cared for, which was the best consolation she could have had, and when she went away remarked to the reporter: "There's more human nature for you. I wonder if that young Shylock who was in here a while ago will ever have in her breast a mother's heart as tender as that of the woman who just went out."

The clanking of the human chain that drags itself before Superintendent Blake's desk is almost wholly in a minor key. Now and then, however, there is a little relief to its monotony.

A young German stood confidently up, and in response to the question, asked in German, "How long have you been in this country?" replied placidly: "I arrived yesterday."

"My God!" ejaculated Blake. "And you've found this place already! Well, I've known of their being pretty soon before, but he is the freshest thing I've seen yet."

The recent arrival was sent back to Castle Garden. The state board of charities and our municipal commissioners of charities and correction have plenty of business in shipping off paupers, the burden of whose support properly belongs upon other communities and even in other countries.

"The Swiss cantons," said Dr. Hoyt, "openly and boldly ship us their paupers, even claiming a right to do so, and complacently invite us to reciprocate by sending our paupers to them, if we can. But we cannot. Catch our paupers going to Switzerland! Not much. They know when they are well off. We also get great numbers of the most undesirable class of immigrants from the Austro-Polish, Italian and German lowest classes; the greater numbers and the worst the Austro-Polish. They come here to live by begging and crime, and if we do not succeed in catching them and turning them back they are a burden practically from the day they land."

A tall, thin man, erect, bronzed by exposure to the elements, and wearing a sailor's hat, wanted to be sent to Boston. "I have been discharged from the Trenton," he said, "and it seems pretty bad, for I've been in the service since 1861; but it was my own fault. I want now to go back to where I have friends and take a fresh start."

Whatever his fault had been, the poor fellow looked as if he had repented of it, and his manly way of accepting the situation disarmed criticism and moralizing. He got his transportation.

"There," said Mr. Blake, "I think you've got some samples of human nature as I see it every day, and if they are not enough for you come again."—New York Sun.

FRANK CARRUTH, President.
W. H. CURTIS, Secretary, and his hands signing papers, making memos, handing out bottles of cough mixture, putting his name on vouchers, opening letters and various other occupations. By dint of doing three or four things at once when he is most rushed, he manages to get the average down to about nine things per minute that he gets through with all day long.

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