

LOTS OF EXCITEMENT.

A Pinkerton Policeman Shot and Slightly Wounded Two Men.

CHAS. ELLIS CUT IN THE FACE

Twelve More Pinkerton Policemen Brought Down From Omaha This Morning and Put On Duty Here.

All is Quiet Today.

From Thursday's Daily. Last night was one of great excitement to the people of Plattsmouth. About 9 o'clock a row occurred on the street between a cigar maker and Charlie Ellis which ended in Ellis being badly cut on face. The cigar maker escaped through John Blake's saloon into the dark alley back of the saloon with the night police after him, while marshal Malick went down to the Riddle house to get a lantern. On his return with the lantern and two Pinkerton men they learned that the police had caught the cigar maker at the corner of 4th and Main streets. The crowd had gathered around the prisoner and police to learn the cause of the trouble, and some one feeling the importance of his position, hauled away and struck one of the Pinkerton men, knocking him down, who as he arose, pulled his revolver and began shooting to defend himself. One ball struck Pete Rogers in the jaw, coming out near the chin making only a flesh wound, another striking Frank Dills in the leg, inflicting quite a serious wound.

Two other shots were fired down near the Riddle house, but by whom is not known. The Pinkerton man at first showed signs of surrender, but it is supposed that he concluded it might not be safe and he struck down Main Street to the Riddle house with the crowd after him. He ran through the Riddle house out at the back door and was lost from the crowd, who gathered around and made great threats of violence to the inmates of the house supposing that the Pinkerton man was being sheltered there, but after the officers and a number of men had searched every room in the house and found no one, the crowd dispersed and no more disturbance was made during the night. A telegram was sent to Omaha and about forty Pinkerton men were sent down to preserve order, but only twelve of them remained.

Whether the shooting was justifiable or not, we are unable to say. But so many threats have been made against these Pinkerton men that they are not likely to take chances on any one, and the more threats that are made the worse it makes things. For all threats in the world would not scare the Pinkertons away and the more disturbance made brings the more here.

We are sorry that such things have occurred and that our city is disgraced by them, but it will do no one any good to be continually making disturbances, and if things keep on the city authorities will have to disperse the crowds that gather on the streets from day to day. These are disgraceful occurrences and we believe that if those who are engaged in them would stop to reason with themselves and think of the danger they are subjecting themselves and the city to they would refrain from all such disturbances. We sincerely hope that no more will occur.

Words of Praise

Every day new subscribers are coming in all speaking words of praise for THE HERALD for its fair and impartial way of dealing with all questions and business interests of the city. Although we are aware that we have incurred the enmity of some of our citizens, it makes our heart glad to know that these words of praise are coming from good, fair minded, honorable men and while we do not expect to run a paper to suit every one, we are glad to have the approval of these, among the best citizens of our city. We are making a special effort to greatly increase our circulation and are offering good, substantial premiums for subscriptions both to the Daily and Weekly, as follows:

For thirty cash subscribers to the DAILY HERALD we will give a first-class sewing machine and for thirty cash subscribers to the WEEKLY HERALD we will give a good watch. All of these goods to be bought of our dealers here in the city and warranted by them to be genuine. This is a good opportunity for those in need of these articles to make an effort to obtain them. It is a very easy matter to get the subscribers and you cannot get a watch or a sewing machine easier than this. And we will further agree that THE HERALD shall be kept up to its present standard of excellence. Standing always on the side of right and justice, allotting to all the free right to their opinions, even though it may conflict with ours, and aiming to serve all in a fair and business like manner.

Following is the programme for first grade, ward schools: Monday 21st, arithmetic; Tuesday 22nd, reading, spelling and writing; Wednesday 23rd, drawing, object lessons and hygiene; Thursday 24th, Oral work and review of papers.

THE GREAT FLOODS.

Scenes of Desolation and Ruin in the Overflowed Districts.

QUINCY, Ill., May 19.—The flood in this district gives no sign of abatement. The decline of an inch and a half here this morning, up to 6 o'clock, was due solely to the relief afforded by numerous breaks in the two levees which permitted vast lakes of water to overflow the basins. Since that, however, the river has been at a standstill, and a further rise is certain. It is possible, in the judgment of experienced river men, that the high water mark of 1851 will be passed before the climax is reached. Relief crews from this city have been sent in all directions, and the people on the bluffs will be cared for. Their immediate necessities will be supplied by boat loads of provisions. Citizens are subscribing liberal sums of money and boxes of clothing to be forwarded as soon as the location of the distressed refugees is determined. They are in special need for food for stock, hundreds of heads of which are huddled together on embankments. If the distress proves as widespread as reported, there will be an appeal to the citizens of the state at large for contributions of money. The first loss of life was reported this morning.

Colored College Commencement.

RALEIGH, N. C., May 18.—The friends of colored education are greatly interested in Livingstone College, at Salisbury, where there are 400 students, and whose commencement exercises are now in progress. Last evening Dr. Charles F. Deems, of New York City, pastor of the Church of the Strangers, and one of the most eminent North Carolina preachers, delivered the annual address before a great assemblage. There are twenty two graduates, of whom six are females. Two graduates from the theological, ten from the normal, and ten from the classical department. Dr. Deems, after hearing the essays and orations, said that in all his life in his visits to Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and in his connection with the North Carolina State University as professor, he has never heard so few mistakes in English and classics among students, and that the thoroughness of scholarship in English and Latin was unsurpassed by any of these institutions.

Through the Cascade Mountains.

SEATTLE, Wyo., May 18.—The Seattle Lake Shore and Eastern Railway Company last evening entered into a contract with the millionaire contracting firm of Ryan & McDonald, of New York, through their representatives, Messrs. Burns & Smith, of Baltimore, for the construction of 225 miles of standard gauge railroad through the C. scale mountains toward Spokane Falls. This new place the whole distance between the two cities under contract, and there is great rejoicing all over the territory. This new contract specifies that the work must be completed within two years from date, which will compel the contractors to employ an army of men, and to build from both ends of the line. The cost of this new section is placed at \$5,600,000. The country to be traversed is extremely rich in timber, coal and iron, and on the eastern slope in grain and in general produce.

The printing press, says the Whitesboro News, has made kings and presidents, killed poets, furnished bustles for beauties and polished genius with criticism. It made worlds get up at roll-call every morning, given the pulpit lungs of iron and a voice of steel. It has set the price on a bushel of wheat, and made the county postoffice the glimmering goal of the country scribe. It has curtailed the power of kings, grazed the pantry shelves and busted; it has converted bankers into paupers and made lawyers of college presidents; it has educated the homeless and robbed the philosopher of his reason. It smiles and kicks and cries and dies, but it can't be run to suit everybody, and the editor is a fool who tries.

Gov. Thayer has written a letter to the Nebraska delegation in congress informing them that the ranchmen and irrigators of Colorado are, during the dry season of the year, using all the water of the Platte river, thus depriving the citizens of Nebraska, who have as much right as they, from any benefit therefrom. The Governor asks that proper steps be taken the rights of the citizens of Nebraska respected and laws passed to enforce their rights.

The Nebraska delegates to the national convention, true to their state, are now trying to hit upon some means of advertising it when they go to the convention, and it is proposed to have some symbolic design made out of field produce which will at once create a sensation and call the attention of that body to the Nebraska delegation. The idea is not a bad one and ingenious minds can now set about to fix up a design which will be at once attractive, original and unique. Advertise Nebraska even on the floor of the convention.—Omaha Republican.

\$10,000 private funds to loan on farms at straight eight per cent. W. S. WISE.

PRETENDING TO BE CRIMINAL.

A Class of Malingers Who Seek to Recover Damages from Railroads.

Of late years a new class of malingers has arisen. This is composed of the people who, when any accident happens to a railway train, steamboat or other conveyance owned by a corporation or rich person at which they are present as passengers, pretend that they have been seriously injured and forthwith bring suit against the proprietors in immense sums for damages. A smattering of medical knowledge is very soon acquired by these people during their examinations by their physicians, and they are thus often enabled to cut a pretty good figure before a jury. I do not think it is at all difficult to detect these impostors.

It is rarely the case that they are so consistent in their detail of alleged symptoms and in their conduct as to deceive a medical man thoroughly well skilled in his profession. Besides this, they generally overact their part in their efforts to deceive, and, if subjected to close scrutiny for some considerable time, or at periods when they do not suspect that they are watched, scarcely ever fail to show themselves in their true colors.

Not long since I was applied to by a young man, who informed me that, about a month previously, in getting off a street railway car, he had been violently thrown to the ground, so that he had wrenched his back, had become partially paralyzed in both legs, and had, besides, sustained serious internal injuries. In addition to wanting my professional advice he desired an examination, with a special view of having me to testify before a court in a suit for \$20,000 damages, which he intended to institute against the railway company. I caused him to take off his clothes, and I found at once that there was no emaciation. On the contrary, his body was remarkably well nourished. He complained of pain in the upper region of the spine, and screamed in apparent agony when I slightly touched that part of his body. It seemed to me then that there was an unusual degree of sensitiveness, and not at all such as would have been developed had he been really injured in the way he described. The grasp of his hand was very weak, but at the same time his muscles were large and well formed.

I was satisfied even at the time that he was making the most of his condition, if not actually deceiving me. I next asked him to walk around the room until I told him to stop. At first he tottered over the floor as if about to fall at every step and complained of great pains in his legs. As he continued walking, however, I kept him in conversation, so as to divert his mind from himself. As a consequence he was thrown off his guard, as I expected he would be, so that after a half a dozen turns his gait was measurably improved, and at times was as good as it ever had been. Of course, if there had been any real paralysis, every step he took would have added to his lameness. Some other methods of examination with instruments of precision placed the fact of his fraudulent pretensions beyond a doubt. I then accused him of deception, and recapitulated to him the points which by his insufficient knowledge of the subject had led to his detection. After numerous protestations he confessed that he had been drilled by an attorney to simulate spinal injury with a view to defrauding the railway company.—Dr. William A. Hammond in Boston Globe.

Fires on a Steamboat.

I don't think there is a boat on the Mississippi river that is without all the best modern appliances for extinguishing fires, but when a fire breaks out on the boat there is nobody who knows how to handle the apparatus. Fighting fires is a science that it takes years of experience to acquire. Steamboat managers never seem to have thought of this, so their boats, when once on fire, are certain to be destroyed. One experienced fireman employed on each boat could drill the boat men and manage the fighting of a fire, so that it would be impossible for a steamboat to burn. A few years ago, when the city's harbor boat caught fire, we had to go down to the levee and put out the fire, although the harbor boat has on her lower deck the finest kind of apparatus for fighting fire.—Assistant Fire Chief in Globe Democrat.

The Pervasiveness of Lightning.

A correspondent of The Springfield Republican, describing the effects of a recent lightning stroke, says that "the ceiling of the room had been replastered the preceding spring, and the sand of this locality, which is used in mortar, is for ruginous. Every metallic particle in the latter the fluid seemed to have found and detached, so as to give the plastered surface an appearance better described as pock marked than by any other words at my command."—Scientific American.

A farmer near Chebanse, Ill., having an ox that did not obey orders, concluded that the animal was deaf and bought an ear trumpet, which worked with great success. The animal had lost its appetite, but with its return of hearing ate heartily. The ear trumpet is fastened in place by wires around one of the horns. The story is from a western paper, and no chronicle goes with it.

We know a wealthy merchant who keeps half a dozen horses, who recently stated that his store was closed on account of a "holiday," and we also know a proof reader who can spell every word in the English language correctly, and the only time he experiences any horse is when he eats horse radish.—New York Mail and Express.

The doctor tells Morrill that if he doesn't stop work and take a rest he'll go into a decline, and then tells Bokenary that if he does not abandon his sedentary position and go off somewhere and work on a farm he will die of torpidity of the liver.

One man is spending all the money he can earn in taking a girl to the theatre and sending her flowers, in the hope that he may eventually make her his wife, and his neighbor is spending all the gold he has saved to get a divorce.

CHARITY HOSPITAL.

SAD SCENES AMONG AN UNFORTUNATE CLASS OF PEOPLE.

Mission Work on Blackwell's Island. Nine Hundred Sufferers Under One Roof—A Dying Girl—Noble Deeds of Charity—Outside Work.

The ladies of the mission gathered up their packages and tables and divided in two parties—one to visit the penitentiary and do there the beautiful work which Elizabeth Fry initiated, the other to the Charity hospital; and with the latter I went. A small room is set apart there for the use of the mission. The tables in it were already covered with baskets of fruit, glasses of jolly, bottles of leaf tea, cans of oysters, and various other delicacies. By each basket lay a number of papers and religious tracts. After brief religious services the ladies separated, each taking her own basket and reading matter to the ward she was assigned to. Here, under this one roof, are 200 human beings, in every conceivable stage of suffering. The pangs of poverty are increased a hundred fold when disease seizes in its cruel clutches the unhappy victim. Few people are fortunate enough to escape the knowledge of bodily pain. Most, indeed, can recollect at least one season of physical wretchedness. To be sure, there was a soft bed and shaded windows, skilled care and loving attention, doctors who said pleasant things and disguised their doses, delicious trifles that appeared by magic, and a thousand ingenious surprises to create an appetite or win a smile. With all that, something like a shudder comes over one at the thought of a repetition of the experience.

To go through a ward in the Charity hospital convinces you that the primer of misery has yet to be mastered by the rest of us. Imagine yourself on a narrow and lumpy bed, the light from a row of big windows beating in your eyeballs, the feet of the convalescents shuffling and scuffling over the bare floor, the whitewashed walls, devoid of even a wall paper pattern to be deciphered, the callous young doctor to whom you are but a bit of experience, and the food such that if will your stomach and senses would revolt at it. As to flowers, books, music and bright colors, they come only in dreams.

After all no amount of moralizing brings the truth home like a single individual case, and there was one patient in particular that made a profound impression upon me—a girl in the last stages of consumption. Illness had robbed her face of the comeliness it may have had in health. Through the veil that death is drawing over it shone splendid black eyes and a skin painfully brilliant in coloring. A heavy mass of short black hair fell over her forehead, nearly meeting the large dark brows that seem to have been painted rather than grown on the marble skin. There is something curious and shocking in this dread "mask" of disease that reminds one of the stage, but there is no counterfeit presentation of health in the long, enaciated hands that lie so nervously on the bedquilt. By the side of the bed is a little stand, upon it a Bible and a mug of water—that is all.

Mary was breathing in low gasps. Her lips were parched, her eyes despairing. Suddenly they fell upon the visitor. In a moment she was transformed. When that visitor laid on the little table a slice of ordinary white bread and butter and a big orange the girl half raised herself on her elbow to look her gratitude. The luxury expressed in that slice of bread and butter no one can imagine until they look at the dark, sticky stuff greased over that is called by that name in the hospital. Then the gentle missionary read and talked to the girl, who listened eagerly. "No one else comes to see me but you," she said, simply, "and the days and nights are so long."

"Is there anything you would like?" asked the lady. "Yes, ma'am, if you please, I should like a little mixed candy," said the dying girl. "You see, the medicine tastes so bad, and we don't have nothing to take after it." The candy was promised, and with her heart in her voice the lady uttered a little prayer and left the sufferer composed and comforted. It is a dark day in a patient's life when the doctor says she may have anything she likes—that is, that visitors choose to give her—and many and singular are the petitions showing the sufferer's idea of luxury. One sinking from the effects of an operation begs for a taste of mixed pickles, another wants "just one bologny, ma'am," a third asks for a glass of ginger ale, and an old woman begs for "a cup of real tea."

Going from one ward to another it is the same story told over and over again of suffering, for the most part dumb, of moral blindness and mental misery. It is curious, though, to note the difference of reception given to the mission visitors by the new and old ones.

A few of the branch charities are the loan relief, which lends rubber cushions, invalid chairs, hot water bags and bed rests to the poor convalescent; the mothers' meeting, where good advice and Bible reading go hand in hand with sewing the Thanksgiving fund, which supplies fifty-five poor families with a good dinner on that day; the bucket trade, which, when the mother is working out by the day, supplies her little ones with a pair of good hot food; the kitchen garden, where little girls are carefully taught, and the protective work, which aims to care for the female stranger from the country or abroad until she finds work.—Mrs. Robert P. Porter in New York Press.

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