

A STEAMER SUNK.

The General Terry Hits a Pier and Goes Down.

OMAHA, June 11.—Twelve years ago the Fifth infantry, regular troops, were stationed at Fort Leavenworth. That was during the Custer campaign in the Black Hills against "Sitting Bull" and his warriors, and the regiment, by orders, was forced to the front. They went by the same steamers in which they landed yesterday for a few hours in Omaha to "stock up" with provisions.

About six o'clock the usual screeching of whistles were heard, and soon after the stern wheelers Helena and General Terry tied up at the foot of Douglas St 417 sun-burned frontier soldiers, including officers and musicians, were on board of the two steamers accompanied by the wives and daughters of the officers. When the two boats landed it was evident that the men desired to land, but it was out of the question at that time, but later providence interfered, and their wishes were gratified. Officers from the headquarters who were on hand to meet the new comers were informed of the arrival by Lieutenant J. M. T. Partello, who was the first to come ashore. He stated that the party had, through the means of a field glass, sighted a flag at half mast and it occurred to them that General Sheridan had died. When the lieutenant was informed that the emblem of death was in respect to the memory of a departed Union Pacific railroad official, and was displayed from the quarters of the road instead of the government, Partello by voice communicated to the commander Colonel George Gibson, who in turn notified his command, who immediately sent up a cheer of thanks which was re-echoed by the throng ashore who had gathered. The band struck up a lively, inspiring air, and as the sun set in the west the hawyers were cut and the boats floated towards Kansas City.

They were not destined to reach that village on time, however, and it will be many days before the General Terry again floats.

The Helena ran under the Union Pacific bridge all right, but when the General Terry was passing under the second span the strong current swung her sidewise against one of the old piers standing in the river, tearing a hole in her side some eight feet long and six feet high, which filled her with water so that she sank in about seven minutes from the time she struck. As soon as the accident occurred Pilot Mackey signalled his engineer to "go ahead" and ran her within a few feet of the shore, so that she grounded, as it were, in about eight feet of water.

At the time of the accident all was in confusion, the ladies and children screaming while the men was for the time panic stricken and it was with difficulty that a few of the officers who retained their wonted coolness could control them. As soon as the boat grounded the gang plank was thrown out and the Helena notified by whistle that the General Terry was in distress. She steamed back and in the meantime the latter boat had been tied to the shore and all hands at once set to unload her. The ladies were taken to the hotels and made comfortable.

The loss is estimated at \$25,000, of which a great portion consists of property belonging to the officers and families. Trunks containing elegant dresses and jewel boxes of silverware, etc., were lost while all the furniture was greatly damaged. On board the sunken steamer were companies D, F, G and A. The four companies and the band number about 475 men, and are destined to points in Texas.

The Rat-ification Meeting.

Saturday the democrats distributed hand bills over the city for a grand ratification meeting of the nomination of Cleveland and Thurman, to be held in Rockwood hall, Saturday evening. Promptly at eight o'clock the B. & M. band marched down the street and then marched up again, and arrived at the hall with four men in the procession. The meeting was called to order by selecting Mr. F. E. White as chairman.

Mr. Wright, of Glenwood, Ia., was introduced and made a set speech of an hour, after which Mr. Mat. Gering followed, using almost the same time.

The meeting was not a howling success as a ratification. There were probably 125 men in the hall, a large sprinkling of prominent republicans and about a dozen ladies, the latter leaving when the meeting was about half through. C. W. Sherman, J. G. Gilmore with the chairman occupied the platform. The first speaker stated most emphatically that the democratic party was a party of free trade, and the second speaker said that the platform did not mean absolute free trade but a gentle reduction. As usual the democrats had to straddle.

The hall was handsomely decorated with bandanas everywhere and with two pictures of Cleveland almost hid with bandanas constituted the decorations. The speakers as usual in their theme of discourse, both dwelt on the fact that the tail would win regardless of the head.

—Send your job work to the HERALD office.

Board of Trade Resolutions.

The following resolutions were passed by the Board of Trade at a meeting held by them a short time ago condemning the *Journal*, which shows how high that celebrated organ of journalism is held in the estimation of the Board of Trade and citizens generally:

WHEREAS, Observation since the existence of the *Plattsmouth Journal* has convinced us of its bearing a strong communistic tint, and

WHEREAS, Said *Journal* has grossly misrepresented the members of the Plattsmouth Board of Trade and the citizens in general, by assuming in its columns to speak the sentiments of the people of the city in regard to the late unpleasantness with the B. & M. R. R. Co. and a portion of their employes, and

WHEREAS, We were not called upon by either of the two parties in this conflict, therefore be it

Resolved, that we condemn the course pursued by said *Journal* in its various kinds of uncalculated abuses against the B. & M. R. R. Co. And be it further

Resolved, That said *Journal* is hereby requested to discontinue the misrepresentations of the people of this community.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be ordered published in the PLATTSMOUTH DAILY HERALD.

The above resolutions were introduced at the regular meeting of the Plattsmouth Board of Trade, May 8, 1888, and passed unanimously at the regular meeting, June 5, 1888.

—We clip the following from the Lincoln *Journal* which will no doubt prove of valuable interest to some of our readers: "The discussion concerning the tariff question is becoming quite romantic, and some of the arguments are as interesting as detective stories. The following, from a democratic paper, describing the return to his cottage of a down trodden laboring man, is a sample: "He carries in his hand a tin dinner pail taxed 45 per cent, and greets his wife with a cherry smile as she looks at him through the window pane taxed 60 per cent, from which she has drawn aside the curtains taxed 40 per cent." The story might be continued indefinitely. He strokes the head of the family dog which is taxed 100 per cent, and sees that the chain which holds it, and which is taxed 40 per cent, is securely fastened. Then he says to his wife in a voice which is taxed 67 1/2 per cent: "Is the supper which is taxed 30 per cent ready?" She answers with a smile taxed 80 per cent and flashes out some cod fish balls taxed 76 per cent. "How," he asks, "are the children who are taxed 98 per cent?" The wife answers in a low, husky whisper, taxed 48 per cent: "Mr Doolittle, who is taxed 3 per cent, will propose marriage this evening to our daughter Jennie, who is taxed 7 per cent." The night wears on. Mr. Doolittle arrives. He takes Jennie's beautiful white hand in his, and as the moon, which is taxed 50 per cent, sheds its silvery beams upon her golden hair, taxed 63 per cent, he murmurs: "My darling, my darling, although you are taxed 43 per cent, will you marry me?" A blush, taxed 80 per cent, suffuses her cheeks. "George," she says, "my heart, which is taxed 38 per cent, is yours." Then follows a delicious silence, taxed 17 per cent. The nightingale, taxed 71 per cent, sends up his thrilling song; the southern breeze, taxed 88 per cent, wafts the perfume of delicious flowers to them. But George, rising from his knees, which were taxed 97 per cent, and brushing the dust from his trousers, taxed 39 per cent, exclaims: "Now I am happy my darling!" When they were married they were taxed 200 per cent."

Taber College Commencement.

Sunday, June 24.—Baccalaureate sermon, 10:30 a. m.; missionary address, 7:30 p. m.

Monday, June 25.—Senior preparatory class exercises, 7:45 p. m.

Tuesday, June 26.—Annual meeting of trustees, 9 a. m.; conservatory of music, 2:30 p. m.; address of Prof. L. F. Parker, of Iowa City, 7:45 p. m.

Wednesday, June 27.—Graduating exercises, 10 a. m.; faculty reception, 2 p. m.; alumni reunion, 5 p. m.; annual concert, 8 p. m.

All are invited.

WM. M. BROOKS, President.

Taber, Iowa, June 12, 1888.

STRAWBERRY CREAM CAKE.—Make a very light cake from six eggs, and bake it in three jelly cake tins. While it is baking and cooling, cover a quarter box of gelatine with a half cup of cold water and soak a half hour. Whip one pint of cream, and put it in a tin or granite pan; stand this pan in another containing cracked ice. Add to the cream a half cup of powdered sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla sugar. Stir the gelatine over boiling water until it dissolves, add it to the cream and stir at once, and continue stirring until the cream begins to thicken. When the cakes are cold put over one a thick layer of this cream; then stand strawberries evenly all over it; put on another layer of the cake; cover it with cream and berries, and so continue, having the top layer cream berries. Serve very cold.—Mrs. Rorer, in June Table Talk

To whom it may concern: The Democratic national committee hereby gives notice that any organ of the Democracy which is caught printing the ticket in this manner:

The Red Bandana and Cleveland, will be disciplined within an inch of his life.

WOMAN AND HOME.

PATHEPIC STORY OF A WHITENED HEAD AND BROKEN HEART.

Good Women Who Preach Too Much. Immortal Youth—Mothers as Wage Earners—One of Baby's Missions—A Girl and Her Training—Stang—Notes.

One of the most pathetic stories I have ever heard was told to me by my friend, the Judge, in connection with the beautifully carved oak furniture of his library. Long years ago there was a beautiful and wealthy and refined woman living in a stately home on a street, in this city. Every room in her handsome house was beautifully furnished; but the library, with its carved oaken wonders, was her favorite of all. In that room she sat as a young wife under the shadow of the tall bookcase and read, or dreamed the long winter evenings away with her husband, who was a brilliant young lawyer. Into that room as a proud young mother she brought her first baby and rocked him in the stately, carved, high backed rocking chair, and when the little fellow was old enough to play at riding she sat him on the backs of the carved oaken griffins that held up the legs of the big round table. A large family of babies were rocked in that stately, high backed rocking chair, rode astride or sideways on the oaken griffins and grew up among the carved wooden wonders of that room to be lovely women and honorable men.

Oh, those were happy times for the happy wife and mother! Long, bright, happy, long, prosperous years, all full of joy and comforts as the wooden life of the room was full of carved flowers, leaves and ferns. Ah, if only the happy years would stay with us! If we could only keep our husbands, our children and our homes! Would there be any need of another heaven?

Alas! for the happy wife and mother. She had spent the best and brightest years of her life in that library, and old age came and found her there, with bowed head and broken heart, childless and a widow, poor and blind. Death had taken all he could from her and debt claimed all that was left. Ah, that last desolate night in the old library, with its carved oaken wonders! The sorrowful good-by to all the dear, old furniture things and things were said, and strength sobbed out, with her poor old gray head buried in the cushions of the stately high backed rocking chair in which she had rocked so many babies!

Ah, God! to be childless and a widow, poor and old and blind!

The poor old mistress was led out of the back door the next day, and the auctioneer came in at the front. There was a big sale, and friend the Judge bought the library furniture. A year afterward there was a ring at his door bell, and a feeble old lady led by a servant was ushered into the hall. To his gentle greeting she replied: "I am Mrs. —. I used to own the carved oaken furniture you have in your library. My husband bought it for me in Paris. I don't like it and I cannot see it, but will you please lead me around the room and let me feel it."

And my friend, the Judge, you may be sure, led her tenderly and gently, as he might have led his own mother, into the library, with its carved oaken wonders that had once been her very own.

Ah, how plainly I can see that picture of my gentle, courteous friend, leading his old, blind guest around the room, not to see, but only to feel the wooden treasures of her past life. He led her first to the quaintly carved bookcase, and she put up her hands and felt every leaf and bud and flower within her reach, patiently and tenderly and with a smile of happy recollection upon her face. Then she asked to be led to the round table, and stooping down she tenderly patted each of the oaken griffins on which her little girls and boys had rode, and sobbed out: "Be good to them, Judge, be good to them for my children's sake." And then she put out her trembling, empty old hands in search of the stately high backed rocking chair in which she had rocked so many babies, so many little warm, rosy babies. Finding it, she seated herself once more within the embrace of its familiar arms, and lifting her sightless eyes, streaming with tears, to heaven, she cried out: "Oh, my lost darling, come back to your mother, your poor, blind, helpless old mother." But I cannot tell you any more; I cannot bear it.

Ah, God! to be childless and a widow, old and poor and blind!

But, thank God, she was not so many days longer. She had come to say good-by to the last tie she had on earth, her furniture friends, the beautiful, carved oaken wonders of her happy past life, and having felt them, she folded her empty hands and closed her sightless eyes, to open them in that beautiful world where her husband and children waited for her, and whose wonders are not carved in wood.—Pearl Rivers in New Orleans Pica-yune.

Learn Not To Preach.

There is a lesson lying in wait for the good woman in the conduct of the bad woman. Good women preach too much. Bad women do not. And it is sad to note how often the bad woman gets devotion and love that the good woman is dying for.

As a natural result of this observation it may be said in conclusion: Women must learn not to preach. They must learn that while men have hearts as soft as their own, they carry them between shells as an oyster does his whole incorporation, and that shells close as surely upon a sermon as the other kind does on a stick. We all know how women are bound to marry men that they do not really approve of. Some women do this out of an evangelical, missionary spirit; others do so for lack of anything more angelic. The ones who marry the last man, the only man, are apt to get along best in reformatory work than the missionaries. Why? Because they preach less.

A worthy example of this reformatory principle of non-preachment now adorns New York society. A very pretty, clever woman was asked by a man about to wed to marry him. She was a girl who had never had a scant supply of those aids to matrimony which surround a rich man, and she had never had an offer that was eligible from a worldly point of view. She summed up the situation up and accepted him. When asked her reasons by a man who was a closer confidant than any woman could have been to her curious nature, she put her summing up in words: "That man has run his race. I believe he is a close minded man, and that he has seen enough of bad women and gay life to appreciate a decent wife and a tempting home. He drinks more or less, I know; but it is custom more than habit. I know he is the soul of honor in business, and I do not believe that any man who lives up to his contracts in a business way is going to break a contract with the woman he loves. He loves me; I am fond of him, and I am going to be a wife to be envied by every mother's girl who is trotting off done up in rose color with beardless boys who have all their 'fun' yet to come."

She married him three years ago, and she laid out a time table that was worthy of an

artist. She promised herself five things: To be non-dramatic at breakfast; to be bright and jolly at dinner; to be loving and babyish after dinner; not to have the first squabble, and never to preach at him, but at the things he did.

Experience has taught every clever woman the value of these first four resolves, but her interpretation of the preaching clause was unique. Her treatment of the drinking question was this: She didn't say "wine, whiskey, or horrid, or brutal. She simply laughed at men who liked to have their mouths taste nasty in the morning, and who didn't know it was as pleasant for a woman to kiss a nice clean man as it was for a man to kiss a sweet-mouthed woman. To this she would now and again add a wide eyed wonder that a man could find it a pleasure to make himself sick dizzy and ill just for the sake of saying idiotic things at night, and feeling ill and disagreeable in the morning.

What was the result? She was so clever and amiable about it that the man never once gave her the credit of thinking him anything but perfect. He loved her and was proud of her, and he knew enough of the ways of this wicked world to be anxious to be the man in it to her. The result, friends, is that this man is the most temperate man I have ever stopped this side of being a Prohibitionist; that he swears by the goodness of that clever wife of his, and that she is one of the happiest women who ever had the sense to appreciate happiness when she found it.—Frank Leslie.

Immortal Youth, Not Middle Age.

There is not much fun in being a middle aged woman, look at it in any way you like. The morning of one's days is fresh and dewy and there is an insufferable sweetness and mystery in the shades of twilight; but how mercilessly the midday sun lights up the rugged road that is traveled by the middle aged woman. The rose tints of morning and evening are not for her. She looks at life in a gray, common sense way, and she sees some things by their wrong names. That is, she calls sentimentality, and enthusiasm gush, and love foolishness, and tenderness weakness, and she doesn't seem to be interested in much outside of her home and neighborhood and favorite philanthropic hobby. Her opinion of this mundane existence is summed up in the cheerless words, "Life is a constant chore."

The reason why it is a great mistake ever to be middle aged is shown in the anecdote told of a so-called elderly gentleman and a thoughtful youth. "You are old, Father William," the young man said. "No," replied the other, meditatively; "no, I am not old." "Why," said the boy in astonishment, "your face is wrinkled, your back is bent, you are bald, and, in fact, I know you to be nearly 80." The other glanced at his trembling hands and feeble knees. "My body is old," said he, "but that is only the house that I live in; I am not old."

"The house he lived in! That was all his body was to him, and within its poor decaying walls dwelt a divine occupant, dowered with immortal youth. The selfish affections of some middle aged men, and women, are sure to wake pity or contempt in the observer. Instead of affecting the appearance of youth why not retain the spirit of youth, which is full of unselfishness, and gladness, and hope, and lofty endeavor? Crows feel near the eyes are not to be dreaded so much as a hard, middle aged look in the eyes themselves. Wrinkles about the mouth cannot begin to be as disagreeable as a discontented middle aged droop in the corners of it, and a faded complexion is a blessing compared with the expressions of a face which conveys no higher intelligence to your mind than that life is a constant chore.—Cor. Toronto Globe.

Mothers as Wage Earners.

For years the world has been on a moral crusade against the employment of children in mines and factories, while the far greater evils that result from the mothers going out as wage earners have attracted comparatively little attention. Labor, within certain limits, is good for the child, giving it a wholesome moral discipline and training for the leisure by which it is to earn its livelihood; but when a married woman has to neglect her natural duties for the responsibilities that properly belong to the other sex, it is time for humanity to protest in the name of her offspring.

No one individual can fulfill satisfactorily the double, or, I should say, the triple function of bearing and rearing children and providing for their material needs. I am a laboring woman myself, and have met with some success as a bread winner, and I know that the conditions of performing this function satisfactorily are quite incompatible with those arduous and important duties which make such heavy demands upon every conscientious mother, especially among the poor.

The mother of the very poor class, who are hired servants to keep the household machinery running smoothly while the mistress is away. The wife of the laboring man is frequently cook, nurse, housemaid, laundress, all in one, and if she must go out as a bread winner besides, what is to prevent the domestic engine from running off the track and getting itself hopelessly derailed?

Of the two evils if both are evils, I am persuaded that it is better that the child should go out to labor than the mother. Liberty, uncurbed by the check rein of parental restraint, is a more than doubtful blessing, for the loss of which the child that takes its mother's place in the shop or mill is more than compensated by the advantages of having her care at home.—Eliza F. Andrews in Popular Science Monthly.

A Girl and Her Training.

Whether a girl will have the gifts of comeliness, whether she will have a firm, snooty complexion, straight limbs, shapely figure and good carriage, depends on her mother's care from infancy. Whether she is to be plump and short or tall, whether she is to be a gypser or a creamy brunette, a rickled, thin faced chit or a well touched blonde is also measurably under control. Her "features" must be taken into consideration in training. If her family are stocky, not over tall, and she follows the type, train her for height and longer contours by sending her to a dry, mountain region, if possible, and accustom her early to exercises for suppleness, letting her live out of doors, but not setting her to close work or hard tramps. She should dance, ride horseback or tricycle, or drive; eat venison, kid, game and dry meats, with watery vegetables like radishes, turnips, cabbage salad, cucumbers and melons, hard grain crackers and water or grape juice.

She should sleep alone, in a very airy room, keeping the limbs straight, not going to sleep curled up with the knees half way to her chin. Pulley exercises, swinging by the hands, long, smooth strokings and gentle, firm pulling of the limbs distal tend to length of limb and increase of stature, if kept up year after year. The stroking with long smooth sweeps and gentle pressure from neck down the length of the spine and from hip to heel, nightly, by the hand of mother or trusty nurse, is one of the greatest encouragements to growth and symmetry a young thing can know. A sheet or shawl thrown round the body, open behind, with a clasp pin or two, allows the stroking with ease and entire modesty. Always rub downward,

never up, to lengthen a limb. When a girl grows plump, exerting her lungs, it is best not to mobilize with nature rashly, as a reduction of fat in such a case has left epileptic seizures instead. The girl should leave school, and take to music and quiet, steady work.—Shirley Lane's Letter.

One of baby's missions.

One of the blessed missions of these baby visitors to our homes is to keep us from being too tidy, for there is such a thing as being too tidy by half in the keeping of one's house. My wife was a slave to the broom and dish rag for the four long years preceding the birth of our first baby. Now we have two boys, four and two years of age, and she will, she "lets things go" in a manner that gives the boys and my great satisfaction. Things are no longer "just so." The curtains do not hang "exactly so," the rugs are sometimes curled up or "flopped clean over," chairs lie lazily on their backs for an hour at a time in the sitting room; there are streaks made by moist little fingers on panes of glass once spotted and unblissed as crystal; the books and ornaments on the table are all "rambled up," the papers in the rack are not folded evenly and squarely, but seem to have been tossed in "most any way," there are blocks and railroad engines and stiff legged horses and stiffer men and women from Noah's ark scattered around everywhere; the table cover is a wry; the ottoman bottoms side up, and things in a toy survey condition generally.

My own cotton says that the room "looks awful," and she spends a good deal of time "cleaning up" at night when the two little enemies of law and order are in their little beds. But they "miss it all up" in fifteen minutes the next day. Children of their years are not usually to be blamed and princess in housekeeping. I have read a great many theories on the subject of teaching children to be orderly, "like little ladies and gentlemen," but I have always found such children rather stiff and prim, and not the rolicking, childish, frolic happy youngsters I want my little boys to be while they are still my little boys.—Zenas Dams in Good House-keeping.

A Hint to Little Girls.

Girls seldom fall into habits of profanity; but from lack of proper restraint at home, too often indulge in speech and actions which are far from ladylike or refined, and not many years ago would not have been tolerated in good society. But, of late, at home, in school, and in the street, the use of profanity in the ears, this loud, boisterous, free and easy behavior is painfully noticeable. If seen in little girls, who should be as sweet and gentle as the birds or flowers, one cannot avoid thinking that their mothers have not guarded their jewels as they are in duty bound to do when such priceless treasures are committed to their charge. If our little girls greet their brothers and sisters, and perhaps even their parents, boisterously; if, instead of "Good morning," they cry "Halloo, papa" or "Halloo, mamma," and call to playmates in the street in the same rough manner, who will be surprised if this style follows them as they grow up and appear as young ladies?—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher's Letter.

Health Hints Concerning Heat.

Warm applications possess a high degree of utility in various painful and inflammatory affections of the abdominal organs. Dry heat is a very important remedy in sudden and alarming depressions of the system, with feebleness of the heart's action, and coldness of the surface; also in toothache, earache, neuralgia and chronic rheumatism. Dry heat may be applied to any part by means of woolen cloths, bags of salt or bran, sand or bricks, etc., heated to the proper temperature; bottles of hot water (see that the corks fit tightly); have them well wrapped so as not to burn the patient. Apply moist heat by poultices, flannels wrung from hot water and well covered, or a bag of hops dipped in hot water.—Elizabeth Snyder, M. D., in Good House-keeping.

To be a good nurse when her children are sick, to understand how to deal with convulsions, diarrhoea, infantile cholera, or the many disturbances which often make infancy a miserable experience, is not the greatest triumph for the mother, but to be so truly mistress of herself and children, and so thoroughly conversant with the laws of health that she can prevent disease.

Wives cling longer than husbands to all the petty, gracious little courtesies that were never forgotten in the halcyon days of their courtship, but they, too, forget at times some of the little things that made them so charming in the eyes of Tom or John or Will. Why shouldn't we say "I beg your pardon," or "Excuse me," and "Thank you" to each other as well as to other men and women?

A medical writer recommends the eating of raw, red onions by children three or four times a week, and of boiled and roasted onions when they get too strong to be eaten raw. Another writer says that "during unhealthy seasons, when diphtheria and like contagious diseases prevail, onions ought to be eaten in the spring of the year at least once a week."

Mothers who do their own housework need to be very careful of over doing, of getting over heated, of exposing the arms in winter when hanging out clothes. Never nurse your child when angry or especially nervous, wait until you are more quiet. The crying for food will not do it as much harm as improper food.

Don't be led into the belief that true cholera infantum is simply produced by unclean heat. Disturbing food, such as urine or overripe fruits, decayed food of any description, or milk which is impure or slightly turned, are the principal causes. Exercise care in regard to these and prevent the disease.

A little self-denial on the part of the nursing mother, the exercise of watchful care on the part of one who is forced to bring her child up by bottle, will do more to carry it safely through the possible dangers of dentition, than the attendance of the doctor.

When molasses is used in cooking it is a great improvement to boil and skim it before using. The raw, rather unpleasant taste of the poor qualities of molasses is much improved by this process.

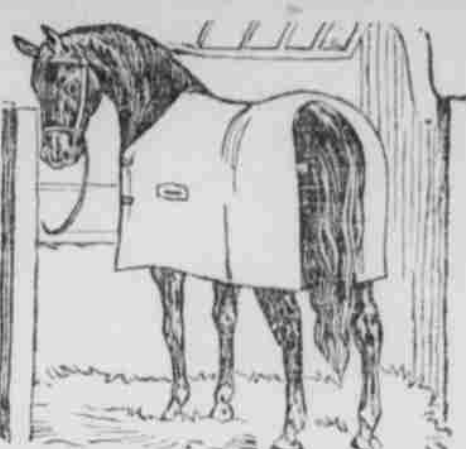
Desire the water is at boiling point before putting into it the vegetables to be cooked. If it is cold or lukewarm, the freshness and flavor will soak out into the water.

Make starch with soapy water and you will find it a pleasure to do up your starched goods. It prevents the iron from sticking and makes a glossy surface.

For infant health the requirements are absolute regularity of life, the utmost simplicity in nutrition, fresh air, cleanliness.

A polished floor can be kept looking nice by wiping it over with a cloth saturated with milk.

Cast iron stoves and ironware should be heated gradually the first time they are used.



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Appointed to the Prison Congress.

LANSING, Neb., June 11.—Governor Thayer today appointed C. E. Root, of the daily *Star Journal*, as a delegate to represent Nebraska at the national prison association and prison congress which meets at Boston, Mass., July 14. Mr. Root from active work in journalism, will possess excellent qualities for work in the congress and will represent Nebraska in an able manner.

Slipped Through the Bars.

ANAMOUS, Ia., June 12.—Anna L. Hoover, a female convict, made her escape from the penitentiary here last night by sawing off an iron bar over her window in the top tier of cells and letting herself down by means of bed clothes, then climbing up a rope and sealing the wall. She was sent from Cedar Rapids for eighteen years for murder in the second degree, she having assisted a man in killing her husband, with whom she afterwards ran away. She had served five years. She is the first female that has ever escaped.

Daily Hurt at Base Ball.

OAKLAND, Neb., June 12.—While the Oakland and Logan clubs were playing base ball yesterday afternoon nine miles southwest, Dr. Wells, of Hooper, ran against Charles Hempstead striking him with his knee in the diaphragm and knocked him senseless for some time. Dr. Moore was called and pronounced him seriously hurt. He was removed to the town and his family physician, formerly of Omaha, was telegraphed for this evening, also Dr. McLaughlin, of Tekamah, who arrived last evening. It is believed the diaphragm is ruptured. He is suffering untold agony when not under opiates and cannot live many hours. He has a wife and one child and has been employed as engine wiper here for the past six weeks, coming here from Omaha.

Chautauqua Talk at Beatrice.

BEATRICE, Neb., June 11.—At a meeting of the board of trade tonight \$1,500 was donated to a syndicate owning thirty-five acres of land skirting the river south of town, to aid them in starting an in-estate Chautauqua assembly, the syndicate promising to erect buildings at once equal to those at Crete, and to hold an assembly next August. The money voted comes from the \$10,000 advertising fund, and is the syndicate do not guarantee to maintain a permanent assembly, it is as profitable as to whether the money will be forthcoming. Some think the ground too small, others that we are too near Crete, which already has a well-established Chautauqua. But few were at the meeting and nearly half of those present refrained from voting, claiming that the matter should be canvassed more thoroughly.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.