

THE BOARD OF TRADE.

The Annual Meeting and Election of Officers.

THE OLD OFFICERS RE-ELECTED.

A Session Last Night That was Exclusively a Business One—President Windham's Address.

The annual meeting of the board of trade held last evening at the county judge's office was not as largely attended as was anticipated, but nevertheless an enthusiastic crowd was present.

The calling of the roll was dispensed with, and the minutes of the last meeting were read and approved, after which a communication from the railway postal clerks was read and placed on file.

President Windham then read his address, which was as follows:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE BOARD OF TRADE—This being our annual meeting and the close of my term of office as your presiding officer, it may be expected that I should say something regarding the city's interests. Were I to put myself in harmony with the professional calamity monger, I would have nothing good to say. The species of animal referred to, we regret to say, is more numerous in our city at the present time than ever before. He is the out-growth of various conditions. There is a dyspeptic; he longs for relief, so he berates the town as the best means of securing it. Then we have a man who is making a failure for want of business capacity and thinks his neighbors are to blame, so he joins the dyspeptics. Then we have an individual who came among us a few years ago with only a few almighty dollars, but is now independent; he is constantly growling because occasionally he sees someone get off the train from Omaha with a package under his arm, on which he failed to make a profit, and if you step into his place of business to do some trading he regales you with his refrain that we are too close to Omaha, it not occurring to him that there are other towns a safer distance from our giant competitor to which the objection can be raised.

We also have the chronic howler about the removal of the B. & M. shops, he has been here twenty years or more, only he is more numerous just now; it weighs not a penny-weight with him that this plant cost \$1,500,000 and that its buildings are permanently constructed, that it has water facilities absolutely necessary for its business that cannot be acquired anywhere else on its line west of the Missouri river; that these shops are constantly being supplied with new and expensive machinery; that the general manager Mr. Holdrege, has more than once said in interview and over signature, that it was not the intention to deplete the working force at this point; but the howler must howl just the same, he wants to show you how wise he is in predicting and be one of the "I told you so's" in the advent anything adversely should occur.

Then we have a companion piece in the wailer about the damage done the city through the building of the Missouri Pacific railroad, although he supported the project as-most everybody did, it has just dawned on his benighted mind that it will afford another opportunity of getting out of town, and he stands dazed if you mildly suggest to him that the ingress is as good as the egress and that it being to our interest to attract instead of repel, the conditions are largely in our favor. To this man Murray is more to be feared than Omaha. If angels ever weep it is when the man who is afraid of Omaha and the one who fears Murray come together.

Another interesting character is the man who blooms and blossoms only behind his counter and whose fragrance never extended beyond the front door; he is after the almighty dollar, but is careful to avoid doing something to help his associates advance the city's interests; he is perfectly satisfied to have the more enterprising citizen expend time and money to scare up the dollars so long as they are chased his way. He is always to busy to attend a board of trade or business men's meeting or other meeting to advance the public welfare, nevertheless he is constantly howling how awful dull business is, says he is paying clerk hire for nothing, just as well close up store doors, etc.

It is gratifying to know that this class of individuals I have described are very largely in the minority, and the time is rapidly approaching when they will be given a vacation or a lay off.

The foundation for the future

commercial growth of our city was never as firm and solid as it is at this time. The completion of the new court house removes another cause of uncertainty from the public mind. The illusion that existed with many that the shops might be moved has been dispelled, and the Plattsmouth payroll is much larger than ever before.

The completion of the Missouri Pacific bridge across the Platte river in the near future, assures our people a new source of income as regular trains will then be put on the road, securing us business from territory not heretofore accessible.

In the second great railroad we have a leverage for the securing of manufacturing enterprises, if we are disposed to try for them; it is as well an additional source of advertisement. The values of Plattsmouth realty are not fictitious, hence there is no danger of a reaction which has proved disastrous in so many instances.

Comparisons with our sister towns lend nothing but encouragement and should create confidence in our financial condition. Report from the comptroller of the currency for October 2, 1890 and September 25, 1891, as regards individual deposits in national banks is as follows: Beatrice, decrease \$80,363; Hastings, decrease \$153,915; Nebraska City, \$34,254; Kearney, \$117,374; Grand Island, \$63,563; York, \$113,237; Omaha, \$1,000,000; Plattsmouth, increase \$32,295.28. These facts are doubtless discouraging to our friends who are only willing to look on the dark side.

I might mention more facts that prove conclusively that the conditions are right for a general advance along the line of prosperity. The question for the business men of Plattsmouth to answer is, will they accept them and go to work with faith and confidence and help turn the wheels of commerce? I will offer a few suggestions which I think if acted upon would help start the wheels. If your perceptive faculties hinder you from having anything good to say about your city do not say anything bad, when you meet a business man or a neighbor speak encouragingly if you can, if you cannot, then say nothing to the contrary but smile pleasantly and pass on, you will feel better and it will be more dollars in your pockets in the end. If you object to bonded indebtedness and the obligation is already incurred, do not growl, for it will not pay the debt. Do not speak ill about your city in the presence of an enemy, he will repeat and exaggerate what you say.

Do not become so absorbed in your private affairs that you can not give some time to informing yourself how the business of your city government is run. Your mayor and city councilmen are expected to direct the affairs which effect three or four million dollars' worth of property, and the business welfare of 10,000 people. It is no small responsibility, and they should have your co-operation and moral support. If the citizens of our beautiful little city will all join together for the year now entered upon and work the bright side of things as industriously as some have worked the dark side for the year just passed, we will be in smooth waters with clear sailing.

After the reading of the president's address the board proceeded to elect officers for the ensuing year.

Henry Boeck moved that the old officers be re-elected. A. N. Sullivan made an amendment to the effect that the secretary cast the vote of the board for the old officers, carried.

Following are the officers elected: President—R. B. Windham. First Vice-President—Julius Pepperberg. Second Vice-President—A. N. Sullivan.

Treasurer—F. R. Guthman. Secretary—G. F. S. Burton. Board of Directors—Sam Waugh, Ed Oliver, Julius Pepperberg, A. B. Todd, Henry Boeck, A. N. Sullivan, and M. B. Murphy.

A general discussion was then indulged in on the manufacturing industries Plattsmouth needed. Wm. Neville moved that the president appoint a committee of three to see what could be done toward resurrecting the canning factory. Sullivan offered an amendment that president be chairman of the committee. The committee stands, R. B. Windham, Ed Oliver and G. F. S. Burton.

On motion, the board was authorized to advertise Plattsmouth's advantages in some manufacturing journal, and also have folders printed and distributed throughout the east.

SALESMEN—Energetic men wanted. Free perpetuid outfit. One of our agents has earned over \$20,000 in five years.

P. O. Box 1371, New York.

WAVERLAND. A TALE OF OUR COMING LANDLORDS.

BY SARAH MARIE BRIGHAM. Copyrighted, 1886.

"Colorado ranks high among the art galleries of the world for charming pictures," said Melvorne. "What are your plans for to-morrow, Lady Irving?" "I believe Mr. Lollard has been studying the guide book for points we want to see. Of course we will all travel together. It will be so much pleasanter," she answered.

"Indeed it will," I said. "You would have to evaporate into thin air to get rid of me now, or else make me a prisoner behind iron bars." "Me, too," laughed Melvorne. "I just now begin to appreciate American scenery." "Good nights were said with glad refrain."

CHAPTER XVI.—A HAPPY PARTY. The next morning we were up bright and early. There is no drowsy fog here to keep one in bed until ten o'clock. Everything in nature has a charm for the early riser. We all met at the breakfast table Melvorne and myself were the first, then Mr. and Mrs. Lollard, and last of all came Stella and her friend, Lady Irving. I had always thought Stella bright and beautiful, but this morning, with her simple gray gown, dainty neck trimming and soft wavy hair, I thought her more beautiful than ever, and as the face is an index to the mind, she must have been at peace with herself and all the world. A look of glad content lit up in all her expressive features and sparkled in her eyes.

"Well, what is the programme for today?" asked Mr. Lollard, after the first general greetings had been given. "Are you to travel together?" "Yes," came in a chorus from the entire party.

"I had thought we would visit Colorado Springs first, and take our bearings from there," said Mr. Lollard. "Agreed," said Melvorne. "We will pass some interesting places there, but we cannot see everything."

We were soon on our way southward. "Oh, there," cried Stella, "see the little steeples with hats on." "That is Monument Park," said Melvorne as we rushed along. "What queer mountains," said Lady Irving; "it seems as though there had been a mighty river here once that washed away all the earth except these little pillars that are left standing, like Lot's wife. Is that the theory of their creation?"

"No," said Mr. Lollard, consulting his guide book. "They are said to be formed by the currents of air which descend from the mountains in funnel-shaped currents and tornadoes." "Colorado Springs!" cried the porter. "We gathered up the bundles, counting them to see that none had been lost. We had bundles now, for we had lady companions. Ladies and bundles, roses and thorns."

"This is a beautifully located city," I said, offering Stella my arm as we walked up the slight ascent to the hotel. "Where are we going, Lollard?" asked the duke. "To the Antlers."

It was an elegant building, occupying a prominent position on the rising ground. After securing our rooms, depositing our bundles and arranging our toilet, we met on the balcony to enjoy a view of the surrounding country.

"What is that massive outline that we see to the west?" asked Lady Irving. "That is the range of mountains, and that prominent peak is the famous Pike's Peak of history."

"What is that red tower which looks like a brick fortification, there to the northwest?" asked Stella. "That's the gateway to the Garden of the Gods," answered Mr. Lollard, who stood with his guide book open in his hand ready to answer questions.

"Those mountains to the southwest are the Cheyenne. In them are some famous canyons," said the duke. "Why, where has the sun gone to?" asked Mrs. Lollard. "It has disappeared." "It has hid behind Pike's Peak," said Melvorne. "We have a long twilight here, for Colorado Springs lies under the afternoon shadow of ten thousand feet of eternal granite."

After an hour or two of quiet conversation we strolled out upon the streets. Here, as in Denver, they are lined on either side by tall, graceful trees. Some of the broad avenues are laid out with double roadways, separated by two rows of shade trees and a walk, while on either side is another row of shade trees and a walk. The city is under a thorough system of irrigation. Besides, the water brought in open ditches, there is an iron pipe to Ruxton's creek six miles away on the mountain side, which brings pure cold water from the melting snows on the mountain top.

"This must be a very wealthy city," said Stella, "judging from the beautiful houses and expensive public buildings which we see." "It hardly seems possible that within ten or fifteen years a wild barren place could be changed to such a charming city," I said. "I cannot comprehend it," said Stella. "In the old world some of the cities we visited were some of them thousands of years old and yet we did not see such evidence of wealth and culture as we find in the west."

"dusting and arranging things." "Sir," I asked, "will there be any kind of an entertainment here this evening?" "Yes, sir," said the old man, "our own people give the 'Spy of the Rebellion' here to-night." "When I made my report it was agreed that we should see what home talent could do in this wild western town. We returned to our hotel and had a most substantial supper. The pure mountain air gave us keen appetites."

The opera house was a perfect jewel inside. Everything was in perfect accord with the most cultivated taste. The music was given by a full orchestra and was of a high grade. The play of thrilling interest, from the opening to the closing scene. The home of wealth and comfort, where some of the best of the world were to be seen, was the call "To Arms!" The maiden crushed the throbbing love within her heart, rather than give her hand in marriage to a rebel to his country.

The training of the Dutchman was the only thrilling scene in the whole play. His awkwardness brought forth peals of laughter. The prison scene must have been magnified to produce effect. No people on earth, in this enlightened age, would put such tortures on their fellow men. The scene of revenge was fiendish. Stella said as though filled with horror. As soon as we were on the street she said: "Can that be true? Were there ever such scenes of horror during the American war?"

"It is hard to tell," I said. "I have heard of their terrible prison life, but never could form any idea of what it was." "When we met in the parlor the play was the topic of discussion. Not the merits of the actors, but the historical scenes which were represented."

"I do not believe they are true to life," said Melvorne. "The South is full of warm-hearted, hospitable people. It is the people of the north that are cold and heartless." "But the North was very generous with them, certainly, in the times of reconstruction. They would do well to remember that!" I said.

"So they were. But what an amount of suffering might have been saved if the government had bought the slaves and set them free. Let England take the warning. Here is a case of something like the English landlords in Ireland. If England would pursue a wiser course, she would buy the lands and sell them to the tenant farmers; thereby no one will lose. But if Ireland wins in this struggle, they will confiscate the Irish estates and the landlords will have to submit. I think there would be some resentment harbored for generations to come," said Mr. Lollard with warmth.

"But the slave holders were in the wrong. They were holding men and women as property to be bought and sold, whipped or petted, according to the masters' will," I said. "And so the landlords are holding thousands on the rack of eviction," he argued. "That is no reason why we should lose our property without pay for it," I answered.

"That is just the case with the southern people," said Lollard. "Thousands and thousands were thrown into bankruptcy by the loss of their slaves. The slaves were their wealth. A great many masters were against slavery as you are against evictions. The slaves were their property as your estate is your property. The masters were not to blame that the slaves were theirs. Generations had passed away since the wrong began. Neither are you to blame that your property is in Ireland. Many generations have passed away since that land was taken by force, it may be, from the natural owners. But the wrong exists. Some one must suffer. The South had fostered the slave trade until it became unbearable. Then agitation commenced, and when a people begin to think, to agitate, then defeat to the wrong door is not far distant."

"Then you believe landlords in Ireland are in about the same condition that the slaveholders were before the war?" I asked. "Yes," said Lollard, "and I think it wiser in about the same way unless England recognizes the rights of the Irish people. Ireland to-day has the sympathy of nearly the whole civilized world, and public opinion is a mighty lever towards removing an evil. My advice to you, my friend, is to sell your property while you can make reasonable terms with your tenants. For if England refuses to listen to Ireland in the coming campaign, she will hear again the terrific shock of last January. And it may mean destruction the next time!"

"There, Waverland, you see some one else thinks as I do, that you had better sell your property and invest in American lands." "No, I will never add my influence to help make this beautiful land subject to the degrading influence that Ireland is laboring under; and which is the final result of absent landlords and great land monopolies."

"Now, let's close this lecture with some music," said Lollard changing the subject. A call was made for music, and Lady Irving favored us with some instrumental solos, then Stella joined her in some duets, and at last we all joined in our voices singing some old war songs that were lying on the grand piano in the hotel parlor.

This the first day of our sojourn together, closed as it began, in an ecstasy of joy, too perfect for words to describe.

CHAPTER XVII.—FURTHER RAMBLINGS. We had nominally agreed that Mr. Lollard should be business manager for the "Troupe" as we called ourselves. "Where are we to go to-day?" Melvorne asked the next morning at breakfast. "That was our place and time of business each day."

"Glen Eyrie," said Mr. Lollard, "is first on my list. It is a drive of three miles by the Mesa road," he said, referring to his guide book which he kept in his pocket ready to refer to at any time. We found the Mesa road as level as a table and rivaling in smoothness the most perfect boulevard. The view from this road is grand and comprehensive. Glen Eyrie is situated at the entrance of Queen's Canyon, and is a wild and romantic retreat in which is built the summer residence of a wealthy gentleman, whose present home is in the East. Within the glen which is made sylvan by the thickly growing native shrubbery covered by the wild clematis, is a great confusion of enormous pillars of exquisitely tinted pink sandstone.

"O, how beautiful!" exclaimed Lady Irving, as we passed into this magnificent garden of nature. "It reminds me of the scene described in Shakespeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'" "This is romantic enough for love in a cottage," said Melvorne, as we came to a view of a house built in the Queen Anna

style, with balconies, gables and trellised porches, and an avalanche of roofs. "Yes," I said, "I think it would be delightful to choose a mate and live in this secluded bird's nest." "And hear the soft murmur of the little stream that comes babbling down the valley," said Stella.

"These little rustic bridges have a charm for me," said Lady Irving. "Ruskin's idea of harmonious thought of art with nature, seems to have been developed in this little paradise, where the cool, clear water gurgling at our feet makes a musical accompaniment to the attractive scene."

"But to me the picturesque grandeur of the rugged cliffs is most fascinating," said Mrs. Lollard. "Well, this is the summer home of General Palmer, the originator of the Denver & Rio Grande railway," said Lollard in his practical, business way. "The cascade that forms this little stream comes tumbling down the mountain side into the Devil's punch bowl, at the head of Queen's Canyon," he continued, reading his guide book.

"How nice to have a living guide book," laughed Melvorne, as we walked up the gentle rise of ground until we could look into the round well called the Devil's Punch Bowl. Here we could go no farther without severe climbing, and as it was getting near lunch time, we preferred to use our time for refreshments rather than spend it climbing the mountain.

"While we were at lunch Melvorne asked where we were to go next. 'To the Garden of the Gods,' answered Lollard. Our journey led through a smooth plain, with perpendicular walls of red and yellow sandstone, which marked the entrance to the garden."

"What a pleasant ride we have had over these, smooth, hard roads; it reminds me of home," said Mrs. Lollard. "It seems like the picturesque parts of England and Wales," said Melvorne. "This, then, is the famous Garden of the Gods," said Stella, as we came into the gateway of the garden. "I think the name must have been given from its resemblance to the heathen temples. This we may imagine the broken archway to the Egyptian temple Karnak," referring to the perpendicular walls, three hundred feet high, of red and yellow sandstone.

"Then these are the speaking statues of Memnon, whose lips gave forth musical sounds when touched by the rays of the rising sun," said Lady Irving, following out Stella's thought of the heathen temple, as she passed to some forms that seemed weird enough to represent heathen gods. "And what are these grotesque forms?" asked Melvorne as we came to a group of wind cut monuments.

"O, they are the priests, and these strange forms are bearing incense before the god Apis, who stands there in all the dignity of his sacred godship, even to the color," said Stella, pointing to a huge dark image in the center of a group. "Pray, what was Apis? This looks much like an animal," said Lollard. "O, I know," exclaimed Mrs. Lollard. "It was the sacred bull that the Egyptians worshipped."

"To what religion does your immense cube belong? It is large enough for a dwelling house, and so nicely balanced on a point that the weight of a child's finger could seemingly upset it!" I asked. "That is the sacred seal of Mahomet's faith, only the temple has been removed," said Stella.

"Then those high battlements with broken windows are a part of the Mosque of St. Omar," suggested Lollard. "This is Buddha, and that the sacred cow," said Lady Irving, going from one statue to another.

"There they go up the canyon." "How appropriate it is that the dominant color here should be red, which means passion, as the heathen gods appeal only to the baser sentiments of mankind," said Stella thoughtfully.

"But leave out the thoughts of the heathen gods and view the wonders of the landscape filled with strange colossal images. Here and there a snow-white limestone tower or crag to bring out more vividly the deep rich tints of red and brown, surmounted by the sapphire blue of the heavens above. Under foot the smooth level surface of the valley is carpeted with equally rich tints, made brilliant by mingled green and gray of brass and mosses. And, towering over all, not far away, see the snow clad summit of Pike's Peak. It rears its lofty form, a fitting background for this pantomime in nature!" said Melvorne, moved to eloquence by the grandeur of the scene.

Then for a time we all felt the influence of the awful mystery that surrounds this weird and sacred place. With bowed heads and devout hearts we each acknowledged that we were in the presence of the God of Nature!

From the Garden of the Gods we went southward over a beautiful level road between huge bluffs and crags on either side. We drove into the mouth or opening in the mountain called Cheyenne Canyon. This gash in the giant mountain walls seems like a roadway cut into a deep snow-drift, which has become a solid mountain and defies the power of man to move it; while down its farther side comes a dashing, rushing, foaming and roaring waterfall. From the nearly level valley down which the stream flows with gentle movement we can see but three of the seven falls that drop the water from the melted snow into the granite well at the head of so narrow gorge. Going up the gorge to the well is not very difficult.

"The water falls five hundred feet in seven leaps," said Lollard, as we still stood at the mouth of the deep gash in the mountain side. "Where are the trio?" asked Melvorne as he turned to look for the ladies. "There they go up the canyon," I said, as we started to overtake them. But they were more shy than we and could skid

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