

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

FIRST YEAR

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 14, 1887.

NUMBER 3.

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor, J. D. SIMPSON
Clerk, C. H. SMITH
Treasurer, J. H. WATKINS
Attorney, J. H. WATKINS
Engineer, A. MADOLE
Police Judge, J. H. WATKINS
Marshal, W. H. MALLON
Councilmen, 1st ward, J. V. WICKBACH
2nd, D. M. JONES
3rd, W. H. WATKINS
4th, J. H. WATKINS
Board Pub. Works, J. H. WATKINS
J. H. WATKINS

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Treasurer, D. A. CAMPBELL
Deputy Treasurer, J. H. WATKINS
Clerk, C. H. SMITH
Deputy Clerk, J. H. WATKINS
Sheriff, J. H. WATKINS
Deputy Sheriff, J. H. WATKINS
Surveyor, J. H. WATKINS
Atty. Gen., J. H. WATKINS
Supt. of Pub. Schools, J. H. WATKINS
County Judge, J. H. WATKINS
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS,
Louis Foltz, Chm., Plattsmouth
A. B. DICKSON, Edmwood

CIVIC SOCIETIES.

YOUTH LODGE NO. 81, A. O. U. W. Meets every alternate Friday evening at K. of P. hall. Transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. F. E. White, Master Workman; R. A. White, Foreman; F. J. Morgan, Overseer; J. E. Morris, Recorder.

CLASS CAMP NO. 32, MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA. Meets second and fourth Monday evening at K. of P. hall. All transient brothers are requested to meet with them. Newcomer, Venerable Consul; W. C. Willets, Worthy Adviser; F. J. Morgan, Ex. Banker; J. E. Morris, Clerk.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE NO. 8, A. O. U. W. Meets every alternate Friday evening at Rockwood hall at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. J. A. Gutschke, M. W.; S. C. Green, Exalted S. C. Wale, Recorder; S. A. Newcomer, Overseer.

McCONIHIE POST 45 G. A. R.

ROSTER.
SAM. M. CHAPMAN, Commander.
C. S. PETERSON, Senior Vice.
F. A. BATES, Junior Vice.
JOHN W. WOODS, Adjutant.
AUGUST TARTAGLIA, Officer of the Day.
EDM. HENRIKSEN, Officer of the Day.
JOHN CORRIGAN, Guard.
S. P. HOLLOWAY, Sergeant Major.
R. E. LIVINGSTON, Post Surgeon.
ALPHA WRIGHT, Post Chaplain.
Regular meetings, 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month at Post Headquarters in Rockwood block.

B. A. McElwain,
—DEALER IN—
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry
—AND—
SILVERWARE.
Special Attention given Watch Repairing.

WE WILL HAVE A
Fine Line
—OF—
HOLIDAY GOODS,
—ALSO—
Library - Lamps
—OF—
Unique Designs and Patterns
AT THE USUAL
Cheap Prices
—AT—
SMITH & BLACK'S.

WHEN YOU WANT
WORK DONE
—OF—
Any Kind
—CALL ON—
L. G. Larson,
Cor. 12th and Granite Streets.
Contractor and Builder
Sept. 12-6m.

JULIUS PEPPERBERG,
MANUFACTURER OF AND
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
DEALER IN THE
Choicest Brands of Cigars,
including our
Flor de Pepperberg's and 'Buds'
FULL LINE OF
TOBACCO AND SMOKERS' ARTICLES
always in stock. Nov. 26, 1885.

Latest by Telegraph.

BORROWED AND STOLEN.

Military for Manitoba.

Ottawa, Ont., Sept. 13.—It is reported here that affairs in Manitoba over the interference of the Dominion government with the provincial rights in disallowing the charter of the Red River Valley railroad granted by the local government are daily assuming a more serious aspect and the Dominion government has ordered militia stationed at Winnipeg to hold themselves in readiness to suppress any trouble.

MAKING SUGAR.

Commissioner Colman Enthusiastic Over the Ft. Scott Experiment.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 12.—Commissioner Colman has just returned from an official visit to Ft. Scott, Kas., where the department of agriculture is conducting experiments in making sugar from sorghum by the diffusion process, and expresses himself as being delighted with the results obtained already.

He says the experiment consists of the trial of a new process in making sugar in this country, which dispenses entirely with the costly and ponderous mills, steam engines, etc., and uses a far simpler and less expensive method for extracting the juice by which all the saccharine matter is obtained instead of about 10 per cent. as heretofore. The new process is called the diffusion or saturation process. The cane is cut into chips and passed into a battery of twelve cells, each holding a ton of chips. Hot water is then applied, which rapidly exhausts the saccharine matter and so thoroughly that there is scarcely a trace of it left. The cells are entirely practical, being speedily filled, manipulated and emptied, one man attending to the operation.

The mill at Ft. Scott is capable of working up every twenty-four hours 150 tons of cane, making therefrom 18,000 pounds of sugar or more. The yield of from ten to 100 tons of cane per acre was being secured, which would produce by this new process from 1200 to 1500 pounds of sugar. This sugar is worth, by the carload, 53 cents per pound. Nor is this all. To every ton of cane aside from the sugar in it, there are some ten or twelve gallons of molasses and also the seed raised upon the cane, amounting to about five bushels per acre and just as good for feeding all kinds of stock as Indian corn.

Indeed the seed, it is estimated, will pay for the raising of the cane, which is a merit possessed by no other sugar plant. The department is also conducting satisfactory experiments in New Jersey. The result of these experiments upon the country will, it is believed, be most beneficial. The nation is paying \$100,000,000 annually to sugar producers of other countries, and if it can be demonstrated that it can profitably produce sugar on its own farms it is a matter of the highest importance to the country. It will not only keep this money at home, but will save \$50,000,000 annually in customs and duties.

"I cannot see why our people should not go to making sugar. A complete sugar factory will cost about as much as a flouring mill and can be run at a great profit according to the present experiments. Farmers are glad to raise cane at two dollars a ton and at that it pays better than other farm products.

"I look upon these experiments as important to this country as the invention of the cotton gin. They have demonstrated that we have a sugar plant that can be grown and converted profitably into sugar south of the thirty ninth parallel (out of reach of the early frosts) to the Gulf of Mexico, and the country can and will be independent of every other nation for sugar." This new process will be tried on the Southern cane.

—We have this day reduced the price of lead (best brand) 50c. per hundred lbs. lined oil 5c. per gallon, mixed paint 10c. per gallon. On account of our large purchases at reduced rates we are able to make these changes. Allow us to make you prices when in need of any kind of paint.
W. J. WARRICK,
Plattsmouth, Neb.
Sept. 12-87. detwt.

—Lead, Oil, Varnishes, Brushes &c. at Warrick's good goods and low prices. det-wyt
—Warrick asks you to compare his prices and stock of school books with others. Second hand school books at very low prices. detwt.

way to it, however, although I felt the cold perspiration stand out upon my forehead.

In the distance I heard a hippopotamus splash faintly, then the owl hooted again in a kind of unnatural screaming note, and the wind began to moan plaintively through the trees, making a heart-chilling music. Above was the black bosom of the cloud, and beneath me swept the black flood of the water, and I felt as though I and death were utterly alone between them. It was very desolate.

Suddenly my blood seemed to freeze in my veins and my heart to stand still. Was it fancy, or were we moving? I turned my eyes to look for the other canoe, which should be alongside of us. I could not see it, but instead I saw a lean and clutching black hand lifting itself above the gnarled of the little boat. Surely it was a nightmare! At the same time a dim but devilish looking face appeared to rise out of the water, and then came a lurch of the canoe, a quick flash of a knife and an awful yell from the Wakpaga who was sleeping by my side (the same poor fellow whose odor had been annoying me), and something warm spurted into my face. An instant the spell was broken; I knew that it was no nightmare, but that we were attacked by swimming Masai. Snatching at the first weapon which came to hand, which happened to be Umslopogaga's battle-axe, I struck with all my force in the direction in which I had seen the flash of the knife. The blow fell upon a man's arm, and catching it against the thick wooden gunwale of the canoe, completely severed it from the body just above the wrist. As for its owner, he uttered no sound or cry. Like a ghost he came, and like a ghost he went, leaving behind him a bloody hand still gripping a great knife, or rather a short sword, that was buried in the heart of our poor servant.

Instantly there was a hubbub and confusion, and I fancied, rightly or wrongly, that I made out several dark heads gliding away toward the right hand bank, whither we were rapidly drifting, for the rope by which we had been moored had been severed with a single stroke. As soon as I had realized this fact, I also realized that the scheme had been to cut us about loose, so that it should drift on to the right bank (as it would have done with the natural swing of the current), where no doubt a party of Masai were waiting to dig their shovel headed spears into us. Seizing one paddle myself, I told Umslopogaga to take another (for the remaining Askari was too frightened and bewildered to be of any use), and together we rowed vigorously out toward the middle of the stream; and not an instant too soon, for in another minute we should have been aground, and then there would have been an end of us.

As soon as we were well out, we set to work to paddle the canoe up stream again to where the other was moored; and very hard and dangerous work it was in the dark, and with nothing but the notes of God's stentorian shouts, which he kept firing off at intervals like a fog horn, to guide us. But at last we fetched up, and were thankful to find that they had not been molested at all. No doubt the owner of the same hand that severed our rope, had severed theirs also, but we were led away from his purpose by an irresistible inclination to murder when he got the chance, which, while it cost us a man and his hand, undoubtedly saved all the rest of us from massacre. Had it not been for that ghastly apparition over the side of the boat—an apparition that I shall never forget all my dying days—the canoe would undoubtedly have drifted ashore before I realized what had happened, and this history would never have been written by me.

CHAPTER III.

THE MISSION STATION.

We made the remains of our rope fast to the other canoe, and sat waiting for the dawn and congratulating ourselves upon our merciful escape, which really seemed to result more from the special favor of Providence than from our own care or prowess. At last it came, and I have not often been more grateful to see the light, though so far as my canoe was concerned, it revealed a ghastly sight. There, in the bottom of the little boat lay the unfortunate Askari, the same, or sword, in his bosom, and the severed hand gripping the handle. I could not bear the sight, so handing up the stone which had served as an anchor to the other canoe, we made it fast to the murdered man and dropped him overboard, and down he went to the bottom, leaving nothing but a train of bubbles behind him. Alas! when our time comes, most of us, like him, leave nothing but bubbles behind, to show that we have been, and the bubbles soon burst. The hand of his murderer we threw into the stream, where it sank. The sword, of which the handle was ivory, inlaid with gold (evidently Arab work), I kept and used as a hunting knife, and very useful it proved.

Objected to Too Many of Them.

Within the borders of Lincoln county and not over twenty miles from old Lincoln there lives a respected citizen who numbers in his family some as pretty daughters as can be found in Dixie. As usual, his house was the rendezvous of the neighborhood gallants, and one favored young man wooed, won and wedded one of the fair ones. Not long since a brother of the proud bridegroom approached and astonished our hero by asking the hand of another one of his daughters. "Good Lord! do you think that I raise my girls to give away to one family? How many more of you want me to give up my girls—any more?" "Yes, sir, I think brother Ed wants one."—Lincolnian (Oct. 6).

Lincoln as a Dry Goods Clerk.

When Abraham Lincoln was a clerk in a dry goods store he sold a woman a little bill of goods amounting in value by the reckoning to \$2.06 1/2. He received the money and the woman went away. On adding the items of the bill again to make himself sure of correctness, he found that he had taken 6 1/2 cents too much. It was night, but closing and locking the store, he started out on foot, a distance of two or three miles for the purpose of his defrauded customer, and, delivering over to her the sum whose possession had so much troubled him, went home satisfied. This is a very humble incident, but it illustrates the man's perfect conscientiousness, his sensitive honesty, better perhaps than if it had been of greater moment.—Toledo Blade.

It has lately been discovered that an Italian nobleman, who frequented the most exclusive London society and clubs at night, sells tinware from a handcart in the suburbs during the day.

LOVE'S SEASON.

The time of lovers is brief:
From the fair first joy to the grief
That tells when love is grown old,
From the warm, wild kiss to the cold,
From the red to the white rose leaf,
They have but a season to see
As rose leaves lost on a stream,
That part not and pass not apart,
As a spirit from dream to dream,
As a sorrow from heart to heart.
—Swinnburne.

HORACE GREELEY'S FARM.

The Famous Philosopher Not Noted for Manual Dexterity—Fond of Forests.

Everybody who has been at Chappaqua remembers the picturesqueness of the Greeley farm and the beauty of the woods, the deep ravine, the stream flowing through it and the broad meadows, rescued from a swamp by drainage, below. It has a number of springs at accessible points, where Mr. Greeley used to stop and drink, rarely skipping one as he went along. A tin cup adjacent to each might be found always, when no ill intentioned wayfarer had spirited it away. Once I amused him exceedingly when a cup was missing at one of the springs by folding up a spacious leaf and improvising a cup from it, from which we both drank. He had no idea so simple a trick could be done.

I am sure manual dexterity is something to which I can lay but the feeblest claim, but now I think of it I do not remember that Mr. Greeley ever exhibited it even in a primitive form. No utensil on the farm was ever constructed or repaired by him. I imagine, nor had he any faculty, you would observe, in a mechanical direction. He could chop down a tree, but more often his work was trimming the trees up and cutting away the underbrush on the hillside. He often pointed with pride to the tall branchless poles in his woods, from which the ship builders might select their masts if occasion demanded.

I once asked him, when he was vigorously at work there in May, cutting down the alders full of sap and leaf, if spring was not the wrong season for that kind of work. And I mildly suggested that if they were cut in the fall his toil would be much more effective. But he said: "Now is always my time for anything. Pretexts for putting off work are the lazy man's argument." He had a fondness for forests, as if the spirit of the Dryads had somehow infected him.

He was proud of his meadow, converted from a swamp, but the woods he worshipped. He bought eighty acres of timber land, I think, at one time, and sowed the portion that had been deforested with locusts and chestnuts. He thought that every barren knoll or rocky summit that the plow could not ameliorate should be sown or planted with trees.—Joel Benton in The Cosmopolitan.

Civil Service in England.

A large portion of the real work of the departments in England is done by what are known as "writers," who are paid thirty shillings, or about \$7.50, per week. These men are employed by the hour, and a "temporary tenpenny," as he is called, is handed about like a shuttlecock from one department to another. No matter how much ability these men have they never rise, and some of them have been known to remain thirty years in the service at this rate. Marvin, the author of "Our Public Offices," declares that merit is a term not recognized in the civil service of Great Britain. Advancement above the line proceeds by means of seniority, incessant reorganization, or influence. The system, he says, "puts a premium on incapacity; and if it makes a mistake now and again in getting rid of a man of merit, it always sticks fast to its noodles."

The underlying vice of the British system is utter lack of ambition and idleness. The efforts to limit the various forms in the departments. In some, newspaper reading, in others, political discussions, and in others, tipping. Many of the government clerks, I am reliably informed, keep liquor of all kinds in their desks, and refresh themselves behind the lid. A man has to be a confirmed drunkard, indeed, before you can dismiss him from the British service, if he happens to be a clerk. The work required of him being practically nothing, his habits do not interfere with that, and his associates, as a rule, make no complaints. The heads of departments have no authority over the clerks, for they come and go, but the baronies go on forever. No supervisory visits are ever made to any branch of the service, and the clerks who cannot be removed are masters of the situation, and, as a rule, laws unto themselves. Whenever a spurt of work comes on, enough "tenpenny writers" are put on to do it.—Robert F. Porter in Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Strange Mixture of Blood.

Probably the strangest mixture of blood that can be found anywhere in this country among what are known as the upper classes occurs in our northwestern cities, notably in St. Paul. In the early days the French voyageurs and the Scotch employees of the Hudson Bay company frequently intermarried with the Indians and brought up large families of half breeds. These intermarried with the Americans who settled in this section of the country, and in the course of a few years became the social leaders in the cities that grew up as if by magic. Indian blood, therefore, is, in the northwest, never considered as a disgrace, and the most stylish young ladies thought nothing of entertaining their grandmothers, who were Indian squaws. The Indian men seldom appeared, but the women were very fond of visiting the cities for short periods and then returning to their tribes.

In one case the ancestress of one of the most prominent families in St. Paul used to visit her descendants twice a year, but never could be induced to sleep in a house, and the entrance to the handsome manor was guarded by the steps of the old grandmother whenever she paid a visit to her grandchildren. This was not an isolated instance, but one of a number, and thirty years ago the spectacle of a lady dressed in the height of fashion, accompanied by a withered squaw clad in skins and a blanket, was so common on the streets of St. Paul as to attract little attention.—George L. Bostwick in Globe Democrat.

Quick Work.

Upon a bet a Kansas man killed, cleaned, cooked and ate a chicken in less than fifteen minutes. Lots of women take longer time than that every morning pounding the dish rag to make the next door neighbors believe they are cooking beefsteak for breakfast.—Philadelphia Herald.

This space belongs to Joseph V. Weckbach. He is receiving so many goods and is so busy he cannot write an ad. for a few days.

We Announce Without Further Notice a
MONSTER REDUCTION SALE
—ON ALL—

Summer Goods,
Commencing TO-DAY, JULY 12th, and continuing until
September 1st.

Great Values Will be Offered.
—AS THIS IS A POSITIVE—

CLEARANCE SALE,
without reserve, it will be to the individual interests of all citizens
of Cass County to take advantage of the

Unparalleled Bargains Offered

Having in view the interests of our customers, and to enable the multitude to share the benefits of this great sale, we will under no consideration sell to other dealers wholesale lots of goods embraced under this clearance sale.

DO NOT DELAY!

We go to New York soon to make our Fall Purchases, and we kindly request all of our friends indebted to us to call as early as possible and adjust their accounts.

Yours Respectfully,

SOLOMON & NATHAN.

White Front Dry Goods House.
Main Street, Plattsmouth, Neb.