

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

FIRST YEAR

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 28, 1887.

NUMBER 15.

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Clerk, C. H. SMITH
Treasurer, J. H. WATKINSON
Attorney, BYRON CLARK
Engineer, A. MADOLE
Police Judge, J. S. MATHEWS
Marshal, W. H. MALLER
Councilmen, 1st ward, J. V. W. KOTKOWSKI
" 2nd, " J. M. JONES
" 3rd, " W. WEISS
" 4th, " M. B. MURPHY
" 5th, " S. W. DUTTON
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CIVIC SOCIETIES.

TRIO 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. Tate, Foreman; F. J. Morgan, Overseer; J. E. Morris, Recorder.
CLASS CAMP NO. 322, MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA—Meets second and fourth Monday evening at K. of P. hall. All transient brothers are requested to meet with us. L. A. Newberry, Venerable Consul; W. C. White, Worthy Advisor; F. Merges, 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. Gutsche, M. W.; S. C. Green, Foreman; S. C. White, Recorder; S. A. Newberry, Overseer.

McCONNIE POST 45 C. A. R.

POSTMASTER, SAM. M. CHAPMAN, Commander
C. S. TWISS, Senior Vice
F. A. RAYBURN, Junior Vice
JOHN W. WOODS, Adjutant
AUGUST TARTSCH, Quartermaster
JOHN COCHRAN, Officer of the Day
S. P. HOLLOWAY, Sergeant Major
E. R. LIVINGSTON, Post Surgeon
ALEX. 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
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SMITH & BLACK'S
WHEN YOU WANT
WORK DONE
—OF—
Any Kind
—CALL ON—
L. G. Larsen,
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.

WRECK ON THE MOBILE & OHIO

A Miraculous Escape From Death

By the Passengers.

JACKSON, Tenn., Sept. 27.—One of the worst wrecks that ever occurred on the Mobile & Ohio railroad happened about two miles south of this place this morning. An entire passenger train, carrying the engine, was hurled from a trestle while running forty-five miles an hour. Over thirty persons were injured, though by what seems almost a miracle none were killed. The coaches were thrown forty feet from the track and some turned completely over. The scene was almost indescribable, women and children screaming for help and release from the closed cars. All were, however, rescued and medical attention given. Of the injured four or five may die. Ten others are in a serious condition and the remainder only slightly wounded.

The New League.

CHICAGO, Sept. 27.—The western association of professional base ball clubs was organized here to-day with Chicago, Milwaukee, Des Moines, Minneapolis, Omaha, Lincoln and Kansas City on the list of members. A committee was appointed to draw up the constitution and by laws. The first regular meeting will be held October 26 in Chicago. Minneapolis, Milwaukee and Des Moines will comprise the first division of the western league and then resign from that organization.

No Further Trouble is Expected.

GALVESTON, Sept. 27.—A *News* special from Columbia says the latest reports from the scene of the Matagorda country trouble say that in Sunday night's fight four negroes were killed. It is not known how many were injured. The militia are now on hand to assist the sheriff, and no further trouble is anticipated.

Proceedings of Cigarmakers.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Sept. 27.—The Cigarmakers International union in convention here to-day adopted a resolution protesting against any interference with the internal revenue on cigars.

This Year's Corn Crop.

CHICAGO, Sept. 27.—The *Farmers Review* will publish in this week's issue an estimate of the corn crop of 1887 which it places at about thirteen hundred million bushels.

Use of the Paragraph.

It is easily possible to overdo paragraphing. The more experienced writers are especially liable to this sin, mainly because they imagine that it adds to the effectiveness of their compositions. Certainly it does attract attention for a time. The trick of the typesetters is to believe that in the multitude of paragraphs a multitude of subjects, or new views of subjects, will be brought out. We turn to this kind of writing against space—with the space coming out a good deal ahead—with lively interest; but it turns to speedy disgust when we find the lines even more empty of ideas than of letters. Paragraphing every sentence gives the thought, where there is any, much such a jerky motion as a rider would get on a horse afflicted with springhalt, or straightait, as it is often called.

The proper use of a paragraph is to make thought go forward. The springhalt style simply makes it bob up and down and go forward very slowly. No reasonable being can long write rationally in this manner without danger of losing what reasoning faculties he had. This jerky style of making paragraphs of every sentence we have borrowed from the French. Perhaps it may be in that people one of the fearful results of a too exclusive diet on frogs' hind legs. It has certainly increased in this country much in the same proportion that eating frogs has become fashionable.—William J. Fowler in *The Writer*.

The world could not go on if people gave up labor whenever it became irksome.—Christian Reid.

Three Fatuous Elms.

To a young singer in London patronage is as necessary as learning the scales. There are but two ways of getting within the charmed circle. The singer must pay a large price to some person who will become her manager or she must get the patronage of a great lady who will make her her protegee, and push her forward at her own and her friends' parties and concerts.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Death of Gen. Phil Kearny.

The death of Gen. Phil Kearny at Chantilly has always been shrouded in mystery. He was killed instantly, but the circumstances which led to his death have hitherto been kept very quiet. Gen. Pierce Young, of Georgia, has just returned from St. Petersburg, where he was United States consul general. He was a Confederate officer during the war, and says that at Chantilly he and his command unexpectedly surrounded Kearny and his staff. Young, who had been a classmate and friend of Kearny, motioned to the Union general to escape. Kearny saw the signal, but before he could take advantage of it was shot dead by the rebel troops.—New York World.

There are over 100 asylums and homes for lunatics, friendless men and women and incurables in New York.

NOTES FROM NATURE.

I love these gentle tenants of the wood,
The timid hare, the flustering jay,
Wise, fitting here and there throughout the day,
Fill with discordant notes the solitude.

The chattering squirrel, with plumes of red and gray;
The woodpecker, beating off his rivelle;
The partridge, whirring rapidly away
To denser coverts where no eye can see.

And often, when beneath the silver moon,
Flaunt and still the basking river lies,
The far off wall of some belated moon
Flaunts faintly up to purple evening skies,
While swaying pines, with soft Eolian tunc,
Forever join in nature's symphony.

INDIANS OF COSTA RICA.

A Primitive Far-dance Among the Talamanca-Belles and Beaux.

It was a clear, beautiful night, when the strains of music with which the entertainment began summoned the belles and beaux to the dance. Beyond stood the mountains, dark and immutable. Torches lit up the scene with their wavering glow, and the stranger's finger involuntarily sought his eyes to shut out sounds which his unaccustomed sense prevented his considering musical.

The native drum was a primitive instrument of torture, consisting of the skin of a snake stretched across sticks and beaten with a vigor rather unwelcome to the unfortunate pilgrim, considering it was his first experience. At a given signal the participants in the dance formed a circle of men and women alternately, the women clapping hands over the shoulders of the men. Then to the lifeless discords the dancers went through figure after figure, first in a rather slow style, altogether unsuggestive of the grace supposed to be inherent with the little and shrewy dwellers in the forest; but as their spirit rose, assuming a rapid motion almost impossible to follow with the eye.

Little by little the excitement deepened until the circle was broken and each individual became a fantastic figure, leaping and shouting in a manner quite worthy of pantomimian. The light of many torches flamed upon the dusky faces, upon the shaggy manes of the women, without the circle, upon the forlorn traveler, who felt that he was in very deed a poor, wretched castaway. The costumes, as became a ball honored by the presence of the elite of society, were in the highest style of art, many of the young men wearing feathers in their heads and the most approved Roman togas; the girls, as well as with delicate tresses, being attired simply and elegantly, some in robes made by a simple incision in a canvas bag, others in toilets to which fully two yards of "fruit of the loom" cotton had been devoted, the brand forming a unique species of embroidery across the front drape.

One maiden wore exquisite family jewels, consisting of the teeth of the mountain tiger strung together; it is almost unnecessary to add that she was the envy of her young companions and the recipient of much attention from the men; another had heightened the already extreme beauty of her rounded cheeks by laying on a thick coating of suspiciously red paint—the real rouge of her valiant ancestors.

The belles of the ball comported themselves with a conscious dignity, not by any means a bad imitation of their cultured sisters in civilized ball rooms; and the attendance of some promising young cadette aroused the old feelings of envy known all the world over from time immemorial.—Costa Rica Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Ladies of San Francisco.

I think I have spoken about the good looks of the San Francisco ladies, but I must once more refer to the subject. They have the healthiest, happiest faces, finest figures and best fitting dresses I have ever seen. English women have good figures—of the hour glass shape—and their tailor made gowns fit exquisitely. Yet the San Francisco ladies have better figures, for they are not laced quite so tightly, thus giving the fifth ribs a better chance, albeit their dresses fit well, too, but the San Francisco ladies carry off the palm; they have far and away better figures, and their dresses are better fitting than those of London or New York ladies. Dressmakers here are artists in one way at least, if nature has not given to their customers the required amount of adipose tissue to make them fine figures, they—the dressmakers—know how to upholster artistically in the right places, and only a careful and experienced eye can discern where nature ends and art begins.

The dressmakers spend all their energies on the fit of the garment, and, incidentally, leaving nothing for originality of design or for draping. A second class New York modiste will discount the best of them here when it comes to draping, and the average New York woman has ideas of her own which she insists upon having her dressmaker carry out, even though she stand over her, club in hand.

You remember the witty Parisian who said "It isn't so much what your clothes are as it is the way you swing 'em." The San Francisco ladies have a way of swinging them right stylishly. How handsome they are, too, if only they wouldn't use so much paint and powder. When will women learn that these are not necessary adjuncts to the toilet, and that they but prove a blotch on the fair work of nature?—San Francisco Cor. Cleveland Leader.

A Lively Imagination.

Some years ago a newspaper man with a lively imagination went upon a trip. I think he paid his way, wildly improbable as that may seem to be, because either the newspaper business must have fallen off in its emoluments lately, or he must be lying like all who go there. There were not so many people about the place as it was not so easy a trip. In the party was a bright young married lady, who had also a great deal of fun in her. The two put up a job that what either of them saw in the shapes of the crags and peaks in the clouds, or anything else, the other was to indorse it and say "How lovely!" or "Isn't it wonderful?" or something like that. The charm worked.

"Do you see that rock? Isn't it the exact picture of an immense chariot? And just look if that doesn't look like a horse of gigantic proportions drawing it?"
"It is. How grand it is."
"Where is it?" from all the passengers.
"Where? why, don't you see it? You see it, Mrs. Smith, don't you?"
"Very plainly. It's exactly like it."
Then one by one the others would begin to recognize it, or swear they did. The number of those singular resemblances kept growing until the two began really to see things that could not by any possibility be distorted out of the landscape, and finally the joke got thin.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A STENOGRAPHER'S STORY.

How a Young Shorthand Reporter Got Ahead of the Judge Advocate.

"All this talk about speed," said a shorthand writer, "reminds me of a little experience that I had away back in 1860. I was then located in New York, and was a more had and comparatively new in the business. I had never been in a court room and knew absolutely nothing about the form of trials. I could write shorthand, however. There was a big murder trial going on in North Carolina, and they sent to New York in hot haste for a stenographer. I happened to be the only one at the time available, and Graham sent me down.

"I shall never forget that experience. About the first man I came in contact with was the judge advocate. He was as gruff and sarcastic as a cross cut saw half a mile from an oil can. He looked me over in a sneering way that I shall never forget, and seemed to be sadly disappointed over the fact that there was not more of me.

"The man whose shoes you have been sent to fill could write 200 words a minute," he said gruffly. "How many can you write?"

"I don't know exactly, sir," I stammered.

"Well, I'll drop into your room in the morning before court opens and put you through your paces," he said sarcastically.

"When I got to my room I was about the worst frightened boy you ever saw. This was a nice sort of man for one who knew nothing whatever about courts to encounter. About the first thing I saw when I entered my room was an old volume of Webster's speeches. An idea at once struck me. I picked out one of these and practiced on it most all night. The consequence was that I had committed it to memory and had it right at my finger ends. All that remained was to devise some scheme to get the judge advocate to select that particular speech for the text. Bright and early the next morning he came into my room.

"Have you got anything here that I can read to you from?" he asked.

"I don't know," I replied, as carelessly as possible. "Let's see. Ah, here's a book which seems to belong to the room. It's Webster's speeches. Maybe this might do."

"I opened it carelessly at the particular speech which I had practiced upon and handed it to him. He examined it carefully, and all the time my heart was in my mouth. I was afraid he would turn the pages and pick out some other speech. But he didn't.

"I should think this would do," he said, and proceeded to count off 200 words.

"Well, at it we went, and when the 200 were written I still had fifteen seconds of the minute to spare. He timed me with one of those old stop watches, and I can see it yet.

"Huh!" he said, "I guess you do," and after that he seemed to think I was more of a man than I looked."—Chicago Times.

Cads and Cowboys in London.

The cowboys in Buffalo Bill's camp object to the manner in which the visiting crowd beguile an hour or two by forming groups around the doors of the tents and studying the inner lives of the occupants. Many of the cowboys are married and have their wives and children living with them in camp, and they do not much enjoy having the path outside their homes besieged by a staring mob, who, perhaps, under the impression that the English language is not spoken in Texas, make the loudest and freest comments on the fittings and the inhabitants of the tent. The cowboys in general are very good tempered and civil. Lately one of them offered mild remonstrance to a thoroughly typical cad, who was making his female companion very merry with his comments as they stood in the middle of a little mob of starrs.

"Why do you stand there all the time and stare and peer like that?" the cowboy asked.

"Surely you ought to have more sense."

"Dare say you Yankees have come over to teach us sense," was the cad's smart reply.

The cowboy looked at him calmly and said: "If you were a foot or so nearer to my size I guess I would try to knock some sense into you."

He stalked back into the recesses of his tent, murmuring to some friends who were there: "If I stayed any longer where I could see these folks I might lose my temper."—London News.

Cure of the Opium Habit.

Various factors affect the cure. Much depends upon individual constitution and environment. Recurrence of the original disease must be carefully watched lest it be made the pretext for an occasional taking, which will incur large risk of confirmed reuse. Alcoholic taking greatly lessens the prospect of permanent recovery. The opium habit must, if he values his future good, entirely abstain from alcohol.

The heroic plan of abrupt, complete disuse deserves the severest condemnation. No physician is warranted, save under circumstances peculiar and beyond control, in subjecting his patient to the torturing ordeal of such withdrawal. This plan has the sanction of medical authorities eminent in the profession, but I venture to suggest, with no lack of respect to them, that like a somewhat famous nautical individual, "they mean well, but they don't know."

Theory is one thing, practice another, and I am quite certain were they compelled to undergo the trial there would be a rapid and radical change of opinion. I regard the plan as cruel and barbarous—utterly unworthy a healing art.—J. B. Mattison, M. D., in *The Epoch*.

Newport's Glided Bachelors.

The single man at Newport, unblesed with an invitation from some cottage resident, goes into quarters quite as does his ideal in London, in his chambers in Piccadilly or Half Moon street. The Berkeley, the White Hall and the Casino, with others of lesser fame, have their rooms all engaged months before the season fairly opens, and here the society man puts up with valet and boxes and buckhorn handled sticks and umbrellas and has his polo pony near by, gets his cafe au lait and chop at Gunther's and trusts to his desirable presence being needed to fill up a dinner table to oke out the vulgar fact that he must not be here. He has shown up a new garment in his collection of necessities for Newport wear. This is an opera cloak, needed after the warmth of the ballroom, but is a contradiction to the white mantle of a lady. As he steps out of the glare and heat he has his man ready with a long black cashmere cloak, most voluminous in material and rolls, quite like that in which Mephistopheles shines on the first time he appears in "Faust." It is of the finest cloth, patterned much as the old woman's garment of the peasantry in Ireland.—Newport Cor. Providence Journal.

WECKBACH.

100 Dozen Fine Merino Underwear,

50 CENTS EACH.

Joseph V. Weckbach.
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.