

# The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

FIRST YEAR

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 3, 1887.

NUMBER 19.

## CITY OFFICERS.

**Mayor,** J. D. SIMPSON  
**Clerk,** C. H. SAFFER  
**Treasurer,** J. H. WATKINS  
**Attorney,** BIRN CLARK  
**Engineer,** A. MADOLE  
**Police Judge,** J. S. MATHEWS  
**Marshal,** W. H. MILLER  
**Councilmen, 1st ward,** J. V. WECKBACH  
" 2nd " J. W. WILSON  
" 3rd " W. M. WEBER  
" 4th " J. B. MURPHY  
" " J. S. WATSON  
" " J. N. GREENE  
" " J. P. McGALEEN, PRES.  
**Board Pub. Works,** J. W. JOHNS, CHAIRMAN  
FRED GORDEN  
D. H. HAWKSWORTH

## COUNTY OFFICERS.

**Treasurer,** D. A. CAMPBELL  
**Deputy Treasurer,** THOS. POLLOCK  
**Clerk,** J. M. ROBINSON  
**Deputy Clerk,** C. C. McPHERSON  
**Judge of Dist. Ct.,** W. C. SHAWALTER  
**Sheriff,** J. C. BIRNBAUM  
**Deputy Sheriff,** B. A. MADOLE  
**Surgeon,** A. MADOLE  
**Sup. of Pub. Schools,** ALLEN BROWN  
**County Judge,** MARY SARTON, DEK.  
C. RUSSELL

## BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

**Logis Poltz, Chm.,** Weeping Water  
**A. B. TODD,** Plattsmouth  
**A. D. IRSON,** Emerson

## CIVIC SOCIETIES.

**PIRO LODGE NO. 81, A. O. U. W.**—Meets every alternate Friday evening at K. of P. hall. Transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. P. E. White, Master; Workman: R. A. Valle, 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 respectfully invited to meet with us. J. A. Newcomer, Venerable Consul; W. C. Whitely, Worthy Adviser; P. Morgan, Ex-Chief; 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. A. A. Gutschick, M. W.; S. C. Green, Foreman; S. C. Wilkie, Recorder; S. A. Newcomer, Overseer.  
**McONIHIE POST 45, C. A. R.**  
**ROSEBUD.**  
**SAM. M. CHAPMAN,** Commander.  
**C. M. TRISS,** Senior Vice.  
**F. A. BATES,** Junior Vice.  
**JOHN W. WOODS,** Adjutant.  
**ADRIUS TAKES,** Chaplain.  
**BENJ. HEMPLE,** Officer of the Day.  
**JOHN CORRIAN,** Sergeant.  
**S. P. BULLOWAY,** Sergeant Major.  
**R. R. LIVINGSTON,** Post Surgeon.  
**ALPHA WILGHT,** 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. 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.**  
**Canadian Forest Fires.**  
QUEBEC, Oct. 1.—Reports from Shigamoke state that immense forest fires have been raging the past week in the vicinity of Gospe which proved very destructive. The long continued drought is the cause of these and other large fires.

## A Journalist's Attempt to Shoot Gov. Martin.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 2.—Information reached here tonight that an attempt made last night to shoot Gov. Martin at Atchison. The governor was walking home with a friend when he was accosted by J. M. Reynolds, a journalist, who used vile language. Martin remonstrated when the fellow drew a large pistol. Before he could use it, however, a policeman disarmed and took him to the station.

## Foreign Troops Arriving.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 2.—The Norwegian, Swedish and Danish troops, which will participate in the international military encampment, arrived here today and were given a hearty welcome. All the local societies of their respective nationalities turned out to escort them to their quarters. During the day many companies of militia from the various states arrived and took up their quarters at the camp, which has now assumed a decidedly martial air with all kinds of soldiers' artillery, etc. in view. A heavy rain this evening will probably make the day a bright, clear day tomorrow, when the camp will be formally opened under the name of Camp Sheridan. Nearly all the troops will be here by tomorrow noon. The grand review and formal opening will take place at 2 p. m.

## Grand Army Officers.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 1.—Thirty-eight comrades were elected as a national council of administration by the Grand Army encampment, among whom are the following: R. F. Wilson, Chicago; T. D. Clark, Omaha; George C. Gintz, Chipewa Falls, Wis.; James H. Drake, St. Paul, Minn.; B. A. Campbell, Sioux Falls, Dak.; and George W. Newman, of Cedar Rapids, Ia. The Woman's Relief corps elected Mrs. Hampton, of Michigan, president for the ensuing year, and Mrs. Cora Day Young, of Toledo, O., senior vice president.  
ST. LOUIS, Oct. 2.—The following additional officers were elected by the Woman's Relief corps last evening: Treasurer, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Turner, Boston; chaplain, Mrs. Mary Garrara, Clinton, Ia.; counselor, Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood, Toledo; constituting and installing officer, Mrs. C. S. Nichols, Auburn, N. Y.  
Executive board of the national council: Mrs. Sarah E. Fuller, Boston; Mrs. Elizabeth D. Kinne, San Francisco; Mrs. Charing H. Craig, Viroqua, Wis.; Mrs. Clara E. Nichols, Des Moines, Ia.; Mrs. Julia D. Sine, Rockford, Ill.; Mrs. Margaret Wickens, Sabetha, Kan.

From the following in the Lincoln Journal it is difficult to tell what kind of "likker" the topics man has been indulging in, though from our knowledge of the man we would guess it was soda water with a wink in it. "Item from the Journal of a thousand years hence: 'Great excitement was caused in the city this morning by the arrival of Gabriel, who blew on his trumpet and announced that time should be no more after 5 a. m. As we go to gress the heavens are being rolled together as a scroll and other preparations for the end are in progress. This is particularly unfortunate just at the present time, as we have been assured that it was fully intended to resume work on the Ninth street paving to-morrow and push it through without delay. However, the Journal hopes to meet its subscribers in a city where the paving is perfect and not attended by a smell of tar.'"

## Ninth St. Theater.

"Peck's Bad Boy" may not have turned people away from the doors last night, but there was not a vacant seat in the house after 8 o'clock and about that time the audience commenced to laugh and kept it up without intermission during the three acts. The sketch is familiar to the public and it is rather a pleasing sketch. Atkins has a clever company and they introduce into the olio of the last act some very fine specialties. There is lots of fun in "Peck's Bad Boy" and it is evidently in for a big week.—Kansas City Times, Sept. 27. You should not fail to see them at the Opera House next Monday night. Reserved seat tickets now on sale at J. P. Young's.

## Caused by Shaking Hands.

In speaking with an old army officer on the subject of the frequent Indian outbreaks within the past few years, he advanced a singular theory which, to his mind, at least, accounted satisfactorily for much that has heretofore seemed inexplicable. Said my friend: "In old times, when it was necessary to prove the assent to a written contract of persons who could neither read nor write, this was done by affixing their seals. When the Indian makes a contract he does so by word of mouth, sealing the contract with that solemnity which, to a redskin, means all things—he shakes hands upon it. This is a custom with the Indian which is reserved exclusively to ratify his contract, and never, as with us, in saluting one another. "When an occasion of importance demands that the chiefs shall come to Washington, before starting they represent to their tribes the business in hand, and state that they will go and see the Great Father, with whom they will enter into treaty. Arrived in Washington, an interpreter presents their case to the president, who, in good will to show that he is not above giving a kind reception to the humblest man in the country, advances and proffers his hand. The chiefs are delighted, and return to their tribes, setting forth that the Great Father has acceded to their terms, and, after hearing the case, he shook hands with them. If, after the execution of a contract in the presence of witnesses subsequently sworn to and recorded, he should then break it so that a suit in court would be the only remedy to the party injured thereby, the situation would be a most serious one, while the president shakes hands with an Indian who afterward does not get or enjoy what he understood would be given by that act of handshaking. All of which goes to prove, in conclusion, that the president should never shake hands with an Indian."—Washington Letter.

## In a Steamship's Engine Room.

My reverie is broken by a touch on the shoulder, and looking round I find the good-natured captain, who says: "Would you like to go down with me? I inspect the engines every day." We descend to the main deck, and by an iron door enter the engine compartment. A bundle of cotton waste is placed in each hand as a protection against the omnipresent oil. Carefully we descend the iron stairs, keeping a firm hold of the balustrade, lest a sudden lurch of the ship should precipitate us among the great levers and cranks that weave with relentless speed. Like the huge monsters of a nightmare, they would grind their teeth and tear their victim limb from limb. At every stroke of the piston a cold shower bath thrown upon the bearings prevents the masses of metal from becoming heated. Through a dim alley in the hold runs the steel shaft, extending from engine to screw, each of whose sixty revolutions a minute drives the enormous iron ship nearly thirty feet ahead in these. Here in a side room are the dynamos for electric lights of the incandescent arc pattern distributed throughout the ship. "Be careful," says the captain as we enter a dark passage between the hot furnaces and a moment later emerge into the glare of open fire doors. Stokers stripped to the waist, smeared with coal dust and streaked with sweat, are working furiously. Out they drag the burning coals that sizzle as they drop on the floor and in they thrust the fiery glowing food and with a crash of closing doors it is suddenly dark. Back by the hot passage and staircase we regain the deck. It seems weird to suddenly lose the tumult of the engine and find ourselves in the cold night air, with misty stars overhead and wind moaning in the cordage.—Albert H. Munsell in Outing.

## Chasing the Swordfish.

"The pursuit of the swordfish," Professor Goode says, "is much more exciting than ordinary fishing, for it resembles the hunting of large animals upon the land and partakes more of the nature of the chase. There is no slow or careful baiting and patient waiting, and no disappointment caused by the accidental capture of worthless bait stealers. The game is seen and followed, and outwitted by wily tactics and killed by strength of arm and skill. The swordfish is a powerful antagonist, sometimes, and sends his pursuer occasionally injured by the infuriated fish. One of Capt. Ashby's crew was severely wounded by a swordfish, which thrust his beak through the oak floor of a boat on which he was standing, and penetrated about two inches in his naked back. The strange fascination draws men to this pursuit when they have once learned its charms. An old swordfisherman, who had followed the pursuit for twenty years, told me that when he was on the cruising ground he fished all night in his dreams, and that many a time he has bruised his hands and rubbed the skin off his knuckles by striking them against the ceiling of his bunk when he raised his arms to thrust the harpoons into visionary monster swordfishes."—New York Mail and Express.

## On a British Man-of-War.

And with regard to this going to quarters and clearing for action, it may not have been out of place to note that while in the old ships the partitions and wooden screens were all hooked up and got out of the way in preparation for battle, so that the decks were clear, in these days when "quarters for action" is sounded the iron doors are closed, the ship cut up into as many compartments as possible, and the crew included in compartments into which the captain's commands come by voice tube. The crew is, as it were, a regiment, with the lieutenants in charge of the companies, each with his own division of men and his own subordinate officers responsible for a certain part of the ship. To the lieutenant go the commanding officer's orders, and he communicates to his subalterns and petty officers, as the soldier captain does to his subalterns and non-commissioned officers.—New York Graphic.

## SUMMER MOONLIGHT.

I love midsummer sunsets, rolled  
Down the rich west in waves of gold,  
With blazing crests of billowy fire;  
But when these crimson floods retire  
In noiseless ebb, low surging, grand,  
By positive twilight's flickering strand,  
In gentle mood I love to stand,  
The slow gradations of the dark;  
Till lo! from Orient's roset withdrawn,  
Hail! to the moon's resplendent dawn,  
On dusky sails and hoisted plain,  
Her effulgence falls like oily rain;  
Giant gulfs of shadow own her might,  
She bathes the rescued world in light,  
So that, at morn's summer's day  
Erewhile did breathe its life away,  
Methinks, what'er its hours had won  
Of beauty born from shade and sun,  
Hath not perchance so wildly died,  
But o'er the moonlight's silvery tide  
Comes back, sublimed and purified.  
—Paul Hamilton Hayne.

## TASTEFULLY ARRANGED OFFICES.

**How Art and Business Are Combined with Advantage to Both.**  
An artistic coal office is in Northampton, Mass., where a young lady is the proprietor and manager. The office is a picturesque little sitting room and the odd moments of time are devoted to drawing and designing for the coal dealer is an artist and carries forward the business left by her father. The articles which are needed for handling coal are, thanks to enterprising manufacturers, made in an artistic and practical manner. Wood boxes of antique oak are bound with handsome bands of hand wrought iron or polished brass, which prove very effective when developed in proper form. All these graceful and practical articles are found in the model coal office.  
The business office of The Decorator and Furnisher in New York is extremely picturesque, practical and suggestive. To those who love beauty of form and color, novel design and exquisite workmanship, the office is one large room, with broad windows which admit a flood of sunshine and plenty of fresh air. Entering from the hall, you see a group of light effect, and soft, rich color, which fairly pervades the atmosphere. The room is divided into several nooks, called private offices, the partitions being made of fancy Japanese lattice work set in frames of bamboo; the open lattice, made in squares, shows a variety of design and the tiny bits of wool, most of which are less than an inch in length, are put together with wonderful exactness; the delicacy of the structure strikes one as not exactly suited to every day use, but strength is secured by perfect construction, and the delicate outlines gain added beauty from the background of color secured by the addition of soft, bright silken draperies put up very simply on tiny rods. These cozy offices are filled with soft, bright rugs, easy chairs, couches and artistic trilles, which add to the cozy effect and serve many times for practical business purposes.  
Mr. Low, the man of tiles, has a picturesque office in Chelsea. The exterior is made of brick, not polished red brick or painted brick, but refuse brick, odds and ends thrown out from the kiln as useless for building purposes. The bricks, with their irregular shapes and dashes of black, brown, yellow and red, have been built into one of the most picturesque of English cottages, beneath whose portal the visitor enters into a breezy atmosphere, where desks of rich dark wood hold any amount of work; the quiet, artistic surroundings are not disturbing ones, for it is a place to rest in. The fittings are of dark wood, the railings are of deep, rich tone, twisted in long, graceful coils, clasped at intervals by bands of polished brass; chairs, tables, book racks, the holders, all have frames or supports of this irregular shape, which is highly polished and reflects light and shade in a very charming fashion. A deep English window with diamond panes opens toward the street, and from the roof a deep shadow is cast along the outer wall from projecting eaves, while the corners of the building are strongly defined by clustered bricks which have been very hot in the kiln and in cooling run out of shape, presenting irregular, elongated forms, which are quaint and attractive when defined against a brilliant sky.—Boston Art Magazine.

## Emancipation in Brazil.

A large number of planters in Brazil have just been very neatly hoist with their own petard. Two years ago a law was passed providing for the gradual emancipation of the slaves, of whom the empire still contains a large number. One of the provisions of this law was that every slaveholder should register the number and individual value of his slaves, and the period allowed for this registration expired at the end of March last. On the registers being overhauled it appeared that only a relatively small proportion of the slaves in the country had been "declared." The bulk of them had been omitted in order that their owners might escape the small registration fee to be paid on each slave. As many of the planters own large numbers of slaves the saving to them was considerable. Every slave not registered, however, becomes ex post facto free, and now there is gashing of teeth in Brazil over the 200,000 bondsmen who will, it is feared, be manumitted by reason of this evasion of the law. The planters had counted upon the ignorance of the slaves not to claim their freedom, but the Brazilian Samba has many friends. It appears, however, that most of the slaves who have so far become entitled to their liberty are voluntarily remaining with their old masters as hired laborers.—St. James' Gazette.

## She Was Above Shop Girls.

Coming down in a Sixth avenue elevated train lately, the writer sat opposite a young lady, neatly dressed in black. She was talking to a young man, and was struggling to get a pair of undressed kids on her hands. "Oh, dear!" said she, "how I do detest gloves. It takes me a good half hour to get my gloves on." "Why do you wear them, then?" he asked. "Oh, my! I wouldn't go barehanded for the world. I'm afraid somebody will take me for a shop girl." Upon inquiry the writer learned that the young woman was the engineer of a typewriter in a wholesale house at a salary of \$5 a week.—New York Evening Sun.

# 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.