

The Plattsburgh Daily Herald.

FIRST YEAR

PLATTSBURGH, NEBRASKA, TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 18, 1887.

NUMBER 32.

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Mayor,	J. D. SIMPSON
City Clerk,	C. H. SMITH
Treasurer,	J. H. WATERMAN
Attorney,	BYRON CLARK
Engineer,	G. C. VADEOLE
Post Judge,	J. S. MAGEE
Marshal,	W. H. MALCOLM
Councilmen, 1st ward,	J. V. WECKBACH
" 2nd "	J. W. WHITE
" 3rd "	J. M. WEBER
" 4th "	J. M. MURPHY
" 5th "	J. W. DEETER
Board Pub. Works,	J. P. MCCALLEN, Pres
	FRED GORDON
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Deputy Treasurer,	THOS. COLEOCK
Clerk,	J. M. MCNAUL
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Chancery Clerk,	W. C. SNOWALTER
Sheriff,	J. C. ELLIS
Deputy Sheriff,	B. G. YOUNGMAN
Surveyor,	J. C. COOPER
Attorney,	ALLEN GEIGER
Superintendent of Pub. Schools,	MAYNARD STUCK
County Judge,	C. RUSSELL
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.	

GIVIC SOCIETIES.

THE LODGE NO. 8, A. O. U. W.—Meets every afternoon Friday evening at K. of P. hall. Transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend; F. E. White, Master Workman; H. A. Cutts, Foreman; F. J. Morgan, Overseer; J. E. Morris, Recorder.

CASS CAMP NO. 22, MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA—Meets every afternoon Friday evening at Cass Camp hall. Transient brothers are respectfully invited to meet with us; J. A. Newcomer, Venerable Counselor; W. C. Worthy, Worthy Advisor; P. Meigs, Ex-Banker; J. E. Miller, Clerk.

PLATTSBURGH LODGE NO. 8, A. O. U. W.—Meets every afternoon Friday evening at Cass Camp hall. Transient brothers are respectfully invited to meet with us; J. A. Gundersen, M. W.; S. C. Green, Foreman; S. C. Wilder, Recorder; S. A. Newcomer, Vice-Pres.

RECOGNITIVE POST 45 G. A. R.—POSTMASTER, Commander; C. S. TAFT, Adjutant; J. A. PATRICK, Junior Adjutant; AUGUST CAESAR, Adjutant; O. M. MALDONADO, Member of the Day; CHARLES FORD, Member of the Day; DANIEL GOLD, Member of the Day; JAMES COOPER, Member of the Day; ALFRED WHITFIELD, Post Chaplain.

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BORROWED AND STOLEN.

CARLAND'S ABILITY QUESTIONED.

Bayard Says That Either He or the Attorney General Must Go.

Truth in the Official Household.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17.—Either Mr. Bayard or Mr. Garland will have to leave the cabinet. So Mr. Bayard himself says most emphatically. This is because the new district attorney for Alaska is in the suit against the English seal fishing vessels takes up a line of argument which controverts almost if not every point brought out and relied upon by Bayard in the fisheries dispute with Canada and England. Secretary Bayard's friends (and perhaps it would be just as proper to say the secretary himself), think that Garland is no good. They say he is not a good lawyer, and they even intimate that he is "on the make" and always has been. They say he was "on the make" in the Pan-Electric business and intimate that he is now working into the hands of the Alaska Fur company and declare there is no other explanation for the conduct of his new attorney for Alaska. They also say that if Garland had any sense and the feeling and deficiency of a gentleman he would have resigned long ago. When the Pan-Electric matter was up and Garland made his report to the president the latter said it was satisfactory to him although the press friendly to him, as well as the opposition press, took an entirely different view of it. But Bayard's friends say Garland rested contentedly under the president's endorsement and did not resign. Later on the president offered him the position of member of the inter-state railway commission for two years. They say that Garland bragged of this as an influence, but if he had any feeling of delicacy he would have understood it rightly, namely, as an invitation to resign the attorney generalship, but as he didn't and has kept up his connection with parties pursuing private objects, Secretary Bayard's friends say that the president must choose between Garland and Bayard as soon as he returns from his swing around the circle. Garland has not many friends, but those he has say that Bayard is puffed up with his imagined self-importance to a degree where he listened to no sense and argument, that Bayard knows a great deal less than a secretary of state ought to know and that while his appointment was down to Delaware's credit he is no credit to Delaware at all. It seems to disinterested parties that both Garland and Bayard are right and that Cleveland might get along without both of them.

Coon, to the home of the Ryan family, where they were identified. Coon was lynched and Duff shot and his throat cut from ear to ear. William Drake, one of the robbers, was caught, and confessed that Dan Cunningham, a member of the Eureka detectives of this city was instigator of the affair and the balance of the gang carried out the scheme. The vigilantes started to Spencer, the county seat of Roane, with Drake. There were over three thousand persons present at the funeral of the murdered minister yesterday.

Pensions Granted.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17.—The following Nebraska pensions have been issued: Original: Truman E. Hart, Red Cloud; Charles H. Bligh, Royal; Daniel Desmond, Norfolk; William Wilton, Beaver City; Charles N. Lockwood, Stockville; Geo. W. Marsh, Clay Centre; William H. Webster, Central City; Patrick Clancy (navy); Verdon; Madison Brown, Merna. Re-issue: Thomas J. Vandusen, (navy), Ansley.

A Thousand Lives Lost at Hankow.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 17.—Additional details of the disastrous fire at Hankow, received by advices per steamship Rio De Janeiro this morning, give the number of lives lost at 1,000 and the value of property destroyed at 2,000,000 taels.

Deaths From Yellow Fever.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17.—A telegram from the deputy collector at Tampa, Fla., this afternoon says: Four deaths since last report and five new cases. Several cases of fever in Ybor City.

The Crows Are Quiet.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17.—The commissioner of Indian affairs to-day received a telegram from Crow agency, Montana, saying that quiet prevailed there, but no arrests had been made.

A Brazilian Cruiser Lost.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17.—The navy department learns that the Brazilian cruiser "Imperial Maiauibeiro," was lost Sept. 8, by running upon a bar at Rio Doce. One officer and fourteen seamen were lost.

A Modest Millionaire.

In his former days of prosperity the personal habits of Mr. Henry Villard and his family were of the most modest character. A friend who saw the family at the opera describes the scene as follows: "In looking about me at the new opera house the other evening—it is the thing to look about you up there; the boxes would be awfully cut up if you did not take them all over—I noticed across the aisle from where I sat (mine was only a poor \$5 orchestra chair) a family of three—father, mother and daughter. I was particularly struck by the plainness of their appearance, contrasted with the glib and glitter of the rest of the house. They were well enough dressed, the father in evening suit, the mother in a white crepe shawl and bonnet; the daughter, a fresh looking girl in her teens, wore a brown silk dress and a black felt hat, trimmed with feathers, set square upon her head. She evidently felt the cold winds that rushed through the lower part of the house, and had pulled over her shoulders a white worsted breakfast shawl. I don't think that there is anything in the way of a wrap much uglier than one of these crocheted breakfast shawls; but I liked the girl's independence in wearing it. I will wager a \$10 bill that there was not another in the house, and, what is more, not another young lady in the house who would have dared to wear one."

"In chatting with a friend before the acts I said, for want of something better to say, 'I wonder if that girl wears a breakfast shawl to the opera because she likes it, or because she can't afford a cloak.' He looked and laughed. 'That girl could afford to wear twenty open cloaks if she wanted to. Don't you know who she is?' 'No,' said I. 'Is she a widow?' 'With her father is; that big, fat, looking man sitting by her side is her father, and his name is Henry Villard, and his business the Northern Pacific railroad, as you are probably aware!' For once I saw a millionaire who did not flaunt his millions, who sat in an orchestra seat rather than in a box, whose wife was not sown with diamonds and whose daughter could wear a woisted breakfast shawl to the opera." A millionaire who, together with his family, could be as modest as this in the days of his prosperity will find few who will not wish him the very best success in these days of his returning good fortune.—New York Tribune.

In a Hotel Lobby.

A man who spent three hours the other day in the lobby of the Palmer house, Chicago, gives the following statistics about the people who came in during that time: One-legged men who came in, 47; one armed men, 18; men who wore glasses, 40; men who wore mustaches, 106; men who wore full beards, 78; men who had no hair on their faces, 78; men who wore Prince Alberts, 130; men who didn't, 100; men who went into the bar, 110; men who came in and sat down and said nothing, and then got up and went out, 150.—New York Tribune.

The Salmon Held in Aversion.

The fishermen in Scotland declare that the salmon's tail is painted "since Loki became a salmon, and was caught by that appendage while slipping through a net set for him by the gods." Curious to say, in some parts of Scotland the salmon is held in great aversion, its name not even being mentioned. Thus in certain districts it is known as the "go-and-fish," and in others as "the beast."—Chicago News.

THE NATIVE AMERICAN.

THE CROW RESERVATION AND THE INHABITANTS THEREOF.

CIVILIZATION of the Noble Red Man of the West—"Blanket" Indians and Dog-Plucking Out the Beard. Children and Song.

Nothing so molds a savage into a civilized as the necessity of making a living in civilized ways. There are no other ways for him now. The buffalo are gone from the plains, the elk from the mountains. There is no wild grass for his pony save the grass upon the reservation. Before the advance of railroads and civilization he has yielded year by year, till there is now no more for him to yield to civilization but himself. He yields stubbornly; he does not like the white man's ways. Among 2,500 Absaracans who have fought and associated with the whites for a generation not 100 speak English, and when they are taught it in the schools they disdain to speak it once they are in the camp again.

The blanket is inseparable from the idea of the wild Indian. It is the emblem of savagery. Induce him to lay aside the blanket and replace it with coat and ponchos and he is civilized. This is so true that they are classed as civilized Indians and blanket Indians. The blanket is wrapped about the body, brought up over the head and all the face enveloped except the eyes. If he is induced to work, he holds the folds of the blanket in the left hand and uses the ax or hoe with the right. With the squaw the blanket serves a double purpose; it is dress for herself and cradle for the purpose. A deader tooling on it forms a pouch upon the back and in this the prairie rides, peering beside it's mother's head as she trots along.

"The earth is our mother; to plow the ground is to scratch her skin, to dig ditches is to wound her bosom, to open mines is to break her bones, and she will receive no Indians when they die if they so abuse her." This is the explanation the Indian gives of his disinclination to work. That is the poetry of it; the fact is that the Indian, like his white brother, is lazy and only works when he cannot help it. But the Indian is learning to labor. His native food, the wild game of the forest and plain, is gone; the government issue of beef and bacon is scanty, and like the improvident negro, he often eats the rations for the week in two or three days. The Indians of his tribe do not allow him to work. Every family of Indians has a master or Crow, who when the winter comes, during the past year has lived at its own home and cultivated its own crop. The Indians are not being alighted, but the system of operation and family ownership is largely in operation under the efficient management of the agent, a distinguished Mississippian. Each family possesses a cabin, a roothouse, for winter provisions, a corral for horses, and a wire enclosure for cultivation, and in this they have raised corn, potatoes, grain, melons and vegetables, the government furnishing all seed and tools.

It was unlikely to call them Crows. There is little enough poetry in the real Indian, how noble soever his red brother of romance may be, and surely it is unlikely to take from him that little he has. The Absaraca, their own name for themselves, is quite different from the ill-famed bird we call a crow. It is a small blue hawk, of graceful poise and swift flight, common upon the prairie.

The Crow reservation is perhaps the largest and most valuable possessed by any tribe. Lying 200 miles along the Northern Pacific railroad in Montana and extending southward to the Wyoming line, it is traversed by many clear mountain streams, with fertile bottoms, and bordered on the south and west by mountains rich in minerals. The Crows have ever been friends of the whites, abetting them in their long wars with the Sioux, the Nez Perces and other northwestern tribes. They are rich in land, ponies and cattle.

The pony and dog are part of the Indian family. The pony is the property of the buck; he never walks. The dog is the sequitur of the squaw. I have seen as many as eleven at the heels of one Indian woman.

They are mongrels of every breed, domestic and wild, and are poor and worthless, but eat at the same table and sleep in the same bed with their erect kinsmen. Both men and women are expert riders. I have seen children 3 and 4 years old furiously racing the half broken ponies.

Though there are many aged people in the Absaraca tribe, I have never seen one whose hair was perfectly white. It is often streaked with gray and sometimes quite grizzly in the very old. When it becomes gray it is often a fancy with them to paint it red. The hair grows long upon the heads of the men as well as the women, and is never cut save as an evidence of mourning. They wear no beard, plucking out each hair as it comes upon the face. They carry suspended from the neck by a string a pair of broad tweezers of their own construction for this purpose, and the young bucks in arranging his toilet examines his chin carefully in the mirror to be sure no offending capilla is there. Probably from generations of such rough usage the beard grows sparsely when undisturbed. This is an imbecile in the tribe who has lacked either vanity or brains to pluck his, and after a growth of forty years it is but a sparse stubble of stiff black hair.

But here is a marvel to me and troubles our theory of heredity. The children of this tribe, among whose ancestors no song was ever sung, are easily taught to sing. The little girls in the agency or mission schools sing the Gospel hymns as sweetly and correctly as the Sunday school children of the south. As their clear, sweet voices ring out on the twilight air in the familiar melodies of "Sweet By and By," or "What Must It Be There?" the writer easily imagines himself 2,000 miles away, listening to children among whom are blue eyed and golden haired fairies, instead of these little Absaraca maidens, with coal black eyes and hair of jet.—Crow Agency (Mo.) Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Value of Fast Walking Horses.

At the fair many thousand dollars in premiums will be given for fine blood