A Reporter's Experience on the Seat with Drivers of Heavy Wagons-People on Foot Seem to Be to Blame for Most

A reporter was sent out to spend a day or two on the drivers' sents. The heaviest trucks were selected. After negotiations with several drivers he finally struck a bargain with a young man named Jimmy, and secured a seat beside him for a ride up Broadway from Rector to Canal street on a load of canned tomatoes. Broadway was not unusually crowded, as it was early in the day, but the ride developed several startling incidents. Asked if he had met with many mishaps, Jimmy replied: "Not very many. It is pretty tough to keep from doing it sometimes, though, and I make close calls for people crossin' streets, but I never run over nobody. Women are the worst. They'll stand still and look up an' down the street as long as it is all clear, and then, just when

try to give their husbands another chance by dodging right in among the hosses." "I hoa-up!" yelled Jimmy, as he nearly fell backward in his efforts to stop the tenn, and there was an exemplification of his remark. At Cortlandt street an old lady had taken too many chances for her feeble limbs and was nearly under the horses' feet, but an athletic, quick witted young man seized her as she fell and assisted her out of danger. At Fulton street there was, as usual, a great jam, and Jimmy, as he expressed it, "had to keep his eye peeled." A number of people apparently had not another second to lose, and rushed pell mell across Broadway. All of them escaped, however, although an old gentleman of robust build moved off with the conviction stamped upon his countenance that he would have been seriously damaged,

if not entirely ruined, but for his foresight

half a score wagons come in a bunch, they'll

in raising his umbrella for protection from a threatening milk wagon, O site the postoffice a lady who looked

like a stage schoolmarm, and who escaped danger by at least fifty feet, halted on the curb to threateningly shake her sunshade at the drivers collectively, while two men with law books under their arms calmly pursued their way, notwithstanding their shoulders were grazed by the noses of an Adams express team, while a furniture yan left axle grease on their coat tails. It was not a rare thing during the trip to see people rush right under the noses of horses, when a misstep or the slightest contact with another equally rash pedestrian must have thrown them under the animals' feet. Near Duane street, owing to a collusion of truck hubs, a crated sewing machine was dumped from the top of a load on to an empty truck, while on ; the opposite cide, about where it would have fallen had it gone that way, stood a lady and two children. The accident caused a general stoppage, and the pole of another wagon smooth I one of the boxes and opened up two gans of Jimmy's tomatoes, which were greedily captured by two small boys at the immeinent risk of their limbs. A little way to the year a been wagon caught the preceding waron on the hook with which the ferward end of the poles of such wagons are provided, and backing became necessary, which caused the horse of a following cab to shy. Thereupon the two young ladies who occupied the cab precipitately fled, sought the sidewalk that was furthest from them and narrowly escaped being run over. The profuse vocabulary of the truck driver is painfully circumscribed as to the number of phrases in vogue, but unlimited as to vehemore. It is a fact, however, that there is

" The seturn trip was made with a grizzly bearded shaggy eyebrowed old man whose slouch hat seemed determined to outslouch all of its competitors. He said he "had been twent; years teamin'. Used to be more aristocrate and drive two spankin' horses in a red wagon for a big dry goods house, but th: swells had no use for him now, and he had to head lime and horse hair for a plasterer." every convict raine in Siberia and Near Pranklin street a truck coming up every convict prison except one, and I street struck a drunken tramp, who was strangering across West street, and but for than most officers of the exile adminithe first that the stagger he was at that moment indulging was from instead of toward the truck he would have been crushed under the wheels, but the impetus added by the contain degree of complacency. The stable contain degree of complacency. The stable contain degree of complacency. contact with the truck deposited him safety in the gutter, where a policeman captured

very little profamity recklessly cast addift. The drivers, as a rule, rarely give it expres-

sion, but allow it to accumulate for particu-larly trying emergencies. A driver who was interrogated on the subject explained that "a good solid oath lightens a heavy load wonder-

fully cometimes," and some of them seem to

have faith in its accomplishing many other

it was now nearly 4 o'clock, and from the altitude of the lime wagon sent West street in both directions appeared to be solidly packed with teams, and it seemed impossible that all could reach the warehouses and rail-road by 5 o'clock. Yet the army assembled was not all, for every side street was contributing enough to fill any gap that would admit another team, and away up the side streets, as far as the eye could reach, the procession was moving steadily toward West street. In addition to the thousands of trucks and wagons there were scores of street cars crowding their way along West street, that his pay for the season was down to about the several drivers seeming to be engaged in the several drivers seeming to be engaged in a championship whistling and yelling match.

It looked as if certain death must result from an attempt to pass through that mass of animals and vehicles, and yet, presto! all is changed. A laue across the street, wide is changed. A laue across the street, wide to admit the admit t enough to admit two teams abreast, appears enough to admit two teams abreast, appears as if by magic, the horses standing neck and neck in straight lines on either side and not a peck in straight lines on either side and not a bridge again without permission I will kill bridge again without permission I will kill driver swearing. Why this transformation! A young lady on crutches is crossing the street and she is unanime asly accorded the right of way, without ever a policeman's in-terference. The lady reached the sidewalk and every team was again in motion

But few people attempted to cross the street until the Cortlandt street ferry was reached, when the first incident was furnished by half a dozen emigrants, evidently returning from the West. They plunged boldly into the vortex and did not appear to realize their danger until they reached the middle of the street, when one of them was pinioned between the sides of two horses going In opposite directions, and he gave a grunt that startled his companions, who fled in all directions. One of them lost a bundle, which was quickly recovered, as its fate seemed to be of more consequence than that of their imprisoned companion, who was allowed to

extricate himself. The last and one of the most serious ae-eidents noted occurred half-way between Cortlandt and Liberty streets, where there were comparatively few teams. A laborer, who seemed to be taking proper precautions, was crossing and stopped momentarily to allow a wagon to pass, when the hubs of two trucks collided and the pole of one was swang around in such a manner as to strike him in the side, knocking nim down, and one of the horses struck him with its foot. He rate exact by two drivers and assisted into the allow, where it was discovered that no Lones were broken.—New York World. THE ALDEBARAN SPIRIT.

"All ye who seek the golden clime, Go, mount with Death his caravan!" Be mag of old the rhythmic clan, The bards whose numbers rang sublime-Ah, now, methinks, some truer chime Must charm usthrough life's little span; Once more we'll read thy lofty rhyme, O wise, O true, Aldebaran!

Full well we learn'd, and long ago, Thy truth that from eternity What both endured that still shall be, And that alone "theeven sot Eterual forces deathless reign; We work with them, or work in vain.

-Samuel Waddington in The Academy.

FERRETS FOR NEW ZEALAND.

The Little Animals Needed on Account of the Rubbit Pest-Another Order. Mr. Cross, the well known naturalist of which he is undispated lord.

"The last new thing," said Mr. Cross, "is mailing of the ferrets; 120 of them have d gene off, and with them 750 pigeons, 10 | were quite forgotten, and I thought to my-dis of biscuits and 875 tins of Nestle's self; ilk. I bought the milk for them myself."

"But what are the pigeons for?" "That I will explain to you. The ferrets re for the rabbits and the pigeons are for forrets. They will eat up the 750 pigeons their voyage to New Zealand. They will o consume the biscuits and the milk. Then ave sent ar his upon sacks of hay to make edding for the ferrets, and plenty of Indian orn to feed up the pircons. It was quite a glit; four hig carts and two whole railway rucks were taken up with this consignment. to man accompanied the ferrets, and very ed work they have looking after both them I the pigeons. But then, as I told them, further they get from England the fewer cons there will be from day to day."

And what are the ferrets sailing for?" "They are a consignment to a large wool emer in New Zealand. The rabbit pest, as su know, has now broken out very bad ave a rabbit pest conference; but this New aland wool merchant thought he had betrecord to Mr. Cross, and Mr. Cross is going send him 120 ferrets. They won't make auch headway, you say, against the rabbits. at then they breed so fast, and if none of em are lost on the voyage, in a few months' no my client ought to have six or seven undred of them at least. 'Don't spare the peace,' he said to me. The rabbits are eatup all the pasture on which his sheep gat to be feeding, and unless be can get bem under he will be a ruined man. By the next mail I am going to send the same cusomer a consignment of stoats and weasels. bey are wonderfully tough customers, are eats; they will bleed the rabbits to death in

"Curiously enough," added Mr. Cross, "at o very same time that I received these orers for means of destroying the rabbits in ding 2.000 of them-1,500 does and 500 self with simply regarding me.
This is a pretty large business also. For a good hany minutes, I cannot say w and enwdust."-Pall Mall Gazette

A Siberian Traveler's Investigations. Mr. George Keanan, the Siberian traveler ad writer, has been black listed by the Rusin government, and will not be permitted. re-enter the ezar's deminions. "I excoted, of course," says Mr. Kennan, "to be at cathe Russian tinck list. I am only makful that I ancecded in crossing the entire with all of my material and papers ming this way. The outside of the Russia freather is a good crough side for me at each, I became satisfied before I got half trough Siberia that I should never be peritted to go there again, and that after the lightion of my papers no other foreigner ald be allowed to make investigations ere, and I lent to possible opportunity to the accuracy and thoroughness. I brought ack more tiam fifty pounds of notes, papers and original documents, many of the latter from secret government archives, besides 500 or too I obern pages of manuscript prepared for me by political exiles in all parts of Sileda, and covering the most noteworthy extendes in their lives. I visited tion, and far letter than any outsider. I can regard the black listing, therefore, with a and I've got him."- Eoston Transcript

A Wild West Chieftain.

Red Shirt, Cody says, is the best Indian he ever had anything to do with. He is high hadel, henorable, and particularly tract le and affer tionate. He is always cool and ay quiet, yet he is a very rigid disciplina rian. He has killed at six different times mer of his tribe in the west who refused to obe that side for the purpose of talking with some of the bazar girls. Repeated fine on requested by Cel. Cody and myself to you." With this Red Shirt stalked away. From that day forward this bad Indian never even went near the end of the bridge.

The Mysterious New Gun. Mrs. Crawford writes: "I may mention that some days ago I was shown the bullet of the new Lebel gun. There can be no harm in describing its appearance, since in the event of a war these missiles would be the first thing to fall, or rather to fly, into the enemy's hands. Besides, the Germans are known to have stolen a few at Beifort. In shape it is conical, but the tip is slightly flat-tened. It is a trifle under-one-third of an ich in diameter and somewhat over one ich in length. The bullet is made of a shell of German silver, about one-twenth of an inch in thickness, filled in with an loy of lead hardened with antimony."-Paris Cor. London News.

The Congressional Library.

The congressional library at Washington will cover 111,000 square feet—more than two
and one-half acres. Mr. Smithmeyer, te
whom the library has been intrusted, has
carried on plabanass sects of the resisting
power of the soil on which it will stand. The erman parliament house covers 110,006 square-feet, the Royal library at Munich 10,-97,000.—Chicago Herald.

#### A BULL BUFFALO.

NATURALIST HORNADAY'S PEN PICT-URE OF A GIANT BISON.

Majestic Presence of a Magnificent Specimen-The Opportunity of a Lifetime-A Sketch from Life with a Vengeauce. The Last Moments.

As the bull saw us coming he staggered to bis feet, in spite of his broken leg, and galloped off over the hill. But the moment he started, my brown horse-who had more sense than some men I have seen-immediately gave chase. After a short run we again overhauled our prize, on the side of a hill, near the crest of which he was once more halted and stood at bay. Thirty yards erpoot, who is up in London looking after | away from him I pulled up, and gazed upon the gorida that he has just sold to the "Zoo," him with genuine astonishment. Not until her day to report on the animal kingdom, prize had fallen to me. He was a perfect monster in size, and just as superbly handsome as he was big. In his majestic prosence the finest of all our other buffalo buils

"Until this moment I have never had an adequate conception of the great American

He seemed to me then, aye, and he does even now, the grandest quadruped I ever beheld, lions, tigers and elephants not excepted. His huge bulk loomed up like a colossus, and the height of his great shaggy hump, and the steepness of its slope down to his loins, seemed positively incredible. Like Bartholdi's statue of liberty, he was built on a grand scale. His massive head was crowned by a thick mass of blackish brown hair lying in a tumble of great curly tufts, sixteen inches long, piled up on each other, crowding back upon his horns, almost hiding them, and quite onto his shoulders. Back of that, his hump and shoulders were covered with a luxuriant growth of coarse, straw colored hair that stood out in tufts six inches long and opened in great dark furrows up ere. The Australians, I see, are going to and down whenever the bull moved his head from me. The upper half of each fore leg was lost in a huge bunch of long, coarse black hair, in which scores of cockle burrs had caught and hopelessly tangled. The body itself and the loin quarters were covered with a surprisingly thick coat of long, fine mouse colored hair, without the slightest flaw or blemish From boad to neel the animal seemed to possess everything the finest buffalo in the world should have, and although by that time no stranger to his kind I sat gazing upon him so completely absorbed by wonder and admiration that had he made a sudden

charge he might easily have bowled me over. It was an opportunity of a lifetime, such as falls to the lot of few men whose business it is to reproduce animal forms. I studied his lines with absorbing interest, and took one mental photograph of him after another as he stood there with lowered head and angry eyes, watching me intently. Several ow Zeeland I received also a large order times his head sank very low, and he virabbits, and I am now hard at work geting together 2,000 of them as quickly as I

They are going to British Columbia,
They are going to British Columbia,
They have not got any rabbits. I am some of their fire, and he would content him-

ey will want a hundred sacks of oats at | how many, I sat there studying my prize, for the voyage, lesides plenty of hay, and as he did not seem seriously inclined to outline sketches of him just as he stood. Accordingly I slid off my faithful old comrade-horse, I should have said-got out a field note book and pencil, and with my Winchester lying in the bollow of my left arm ready for use proceeded to make my sketch. It was a sketch from life with a vengeance, at a distance of thirty paces. I got what I wanted, after a fashion, and although the result was wholly inartistic it

has since served me well. has since served me well.

I suppose I spent a quarter of an hour in studying my prize, and then I felt it was high time to end his troubles. It was cruci to keep him standing at all, but it was not done for my personal gratification. When the time came for the death shot, I felt as a man feels when he is compelled to kill a favorite dog of noble breed. I had the great baset completely in my power and I was beast completely in my power, and I was obliged to be his executioner. He seemed .o me like the very last one of his race, that he knew it as well as I, and he also was loomed. People will say this is all put on for effect, but I swear I felt as if I was about or effect, but I swear I felt as if I was about to commit murder. With the greatest relucance I ever felt about taking the life of an inimal, I shot the noble beast through the angs, and he fell down and died.

I could write out that death scene down to he smallest details, if I wished; for I wrote tall down in my journal, the part night

tall down in my journal the next night. But it is not pleasant reading; and it makes ny crime seem all the greater. I believe I un getting tender hearted in my old days. It seemed to me I never saw an animal die arder, and his last breath led me to exclaim

"Thank heaven! it's over at last!" He was five feet eight inches in vertical eight at the shoulder, full two inches taller han the largest of our other bulls, and the ength of his head and body, in a straight ine from the end of the nose to the rear of he thigh, was nine feet two inches. His irth was eight feet four inches, and his rith was eight feet four inches, and his ceight about 1,600 pounds. Like all the other buffaloes we secured, he was muscular rom excessive running, but not at all fat. There was not a pound of fat on him, but he arried four old bullets that hed been fired not him without effect. He was what old meaning he with hear and he suffalo hunters call a "stub horn," and by he nine rings on each horn we know that he vas either eleven or twelve years old.

Perhaps by this time I have drawn so eavily upon my reader's stock of patience hat he will feel inclined to take this buffeld um grano selis. Let me assure you, I have not exaggerated his size one bit. He is adnitted to be "one of 5,000," and he who loubts it is respectfully referred to the old oull himself, as he now stands, mounted according to an elaborate series of measurements, in the National museum. I could safely challenge the world to produce his equal; but modesty forbids my doing so.— William T. Hornaday in The Cosmopolitan.

New System of Paving.

A newly patented pavement is said to have been suggested by the surface of an elephant's tooth, which consists of intermingled layers of hard and soft material, so that the process of wearing always produces a series of ridges upon the surface. The new system of paving is the idea of Mr. Ranyard, the English astronomer, and comprises the use of blocks having elternate hard and soft layers, such as Portland cement and a mixture of sand and cement, which are set upon edge so that the edges of these laminæ form a wear-ing surface. The blocks are mede four incher high, and may be worn to less than an inch without becoming smooth, like granite blocks.—New York Mail and Express.

Got Shaved Every Time. Earber (to countryman in chair)-You don't get shaved very often, I guess, sir! Countryman-Don't git shaved often! ! cum to town oncet a month, mister, 6.0, and the library of the British museum b' gosh I git shaved every time I cum? - Th-

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