

The Evening Herald.

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CITY CORDIALS.

The Latest Special.

This afternoon at 4 p. m. the following was received from the grand master of the B. of L. F., Chicago, by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers of this city:

"All is well here, and stand firm."

F. P. SAROUNT.

—Miss Williams won the doll at Saturday's matinee.

—The strike in this city of engineers and firemen affects about 200 men.

—We suppress the name of the man that handled the throttle of No. 4 this morning on account of the honorable and manly action of this afternoon.

—The signs of the city swung and cracked last night like those of a well author, who says, "we go from the Mother's Arms, and stop at the Dust Shovel."

—The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church will meet Thursday afternoon at three o'clock at the home of Mrs. Houseworth, on Main St., between 10th and 11th.

—The stove at the M. E. Church "took a tumble" about half an hour before service yesterday morning. The fire alarm was rung. One bucket of water put it out. No damage.

—Who wrote Hamlet? —Richardson! — answered a member of the Stuart Co. to a newspaper man in this state. The editor published that statement as an actual fact, so now Bacon can take a back seat.

—Mr. H. W. Packard, the courteous and obliging advance agent for the Stuart theatre company, has left the service of that company and accepted the same position with the "Laschaller, Wertz Bros." circus, which starts out from Lincoln, Neb., this spring.

—The telegraph operator who has been on duty at Ashland, F. P. Perry, arrived in the city this morning, and takes the position of night operator at the depot, in relief of Mr. Karns, who will hereafter do the day work. Mr. Karns has been faithful at his post each night for three years, and the change to day service will likely be highly appreciated by him.

—Mr. B. Jones employed at the gas works in this city, went into a building connected with the works yesterday noon. In the shed is a coil of pipe through which runs water to supply the boiler. His object was to thaw out the water in the pipe, by employing heat produced by gas. Just as he entered the pipe exploded, blowing off a portion of the roof. Mr. Jones went up "like a rocket and came down like the stick," and "slightly disfigured, but still in the ring."

—This lovely sentiment was the last utterance from "After dark" that we remember of the Stuart Theatre Co., that have been in this city for the past week, and are now in Fremont, Neb. This company is composed of ladies and gentlemen with kind hearts and noble names, seldom met with those on "the road." They beautify a city in many ways. Their intelligent and witty anecdotes add to the intellect of their listeners, and their generosity benefits commerce. This company took in lots of money while here but returned to our store-keepers for purchases made, at least fifty dollars a day. One member of the company expended twenty-three dollars in one purchase at a clothing store in this city Saturday. We mention this to illustrate our argument, and refute the idea that the theatrical troupe take away money from a city without making a proportionate return. Will Atkinson, that plays "Skinny Smith" in "Uncle Dan'l," is the original impersonator of the character when the play was first produced. Monti Hernandez (Shorty) traveled through this state in '54 with "Hernandez's Juveniles." G. N. Richardson, ("Pop") who plays the "villain still pursues her" is an actor of acquired reputation. While, the company were here he visited Omaha and met an old friend "Where's Tim?" he asked of his companion. "Tim's dead!" was the reply. Tim was "Pop's" brother, whom he had not seen or heard from for nine years. Harry Freeman ("My dear boy") is a young actor, who, with his accomplished wife, Helen Freeman, have an established and brilliant record with the New York Clipper and other theatrical authorities, is a relative of the school teacher of that name who was lately lost in a blizzard in this state and comes from a noble English family. Mr. Stuart (Colonel) and wife, Lilah, have a reputation of histrionic ability, probity and generosity, that will bear repeating "when the light has come." We wish the company success and promise them a hearty welcome when they return to this city.

I shall purchase a new stock of goods of the latest patterns and at reduced prices. Respectfully,
J. SCHLATER, Jeweler.

"GONE! LOST! TOO LATE!"

Plattsmouth's Future Prosperity Predicted.

The above remark is uttered by a man in "Alvin Joslyn," who comes on in the commencement of each act to catch a train, but the train is "Gone! Lost!" This anecdote illustrates Plattsmouth's inactivity in a good many respects. She has had plenty of opportunities in the past of becoming as big as any city in Nebraska, and all those chances have been missed still it is not "Too Late" now to make Plattsmouth prominent. Business men are here every day making inquiries about establishing manufactories in this city, and if they are not mighty quick about making up their mind, real estate will have assumed such a valuation that they will have to locate somewhere out on Fifteenth street. This statement is not a "blow," but the actual truth, ascertained after weeks of careful investigation.

A simple illustration of the prosperity of our city is the week's stay of the Stuart Co., the coming of Kate Castleton, and Janaušek. If our city was not progressive and possessed of money and brains, the wide-awake managers of these persons would not bring their companies here. Another incontrovertible fact is the stylish, fashionable, and expensive manner in which the audience were dressed, that attended last Saturday's matinee; also that the same company a year ago took in, for a matinee performance, \$34. Last Saturday their receipts for matinee were \$85.75.

Mr. McHugh, son-in-law of Mr. Morris O'Rourke, of this city, who has a factory at Malvern, Iowa, has been in the city for the past week exhibiting his patents, consisting of a bit for unmanageable horses, a listing harrow, and other farming implements, which seem to be highly appreciated by the farmers, as he has received numerous orders. He is an honest, clever, "square" man, and intends to "grasp the golden opportunity" and establish a manufacture in this city, if he is encouraged by the board of trade. Now, gentlemen, get this man to come here, or else we will revive an incident that occurred some years ago, in which Judge Douglass, of this city, remarked to a prisoner, "Are you guilty?" "No sir!" "You'd better plead guilty, and I'll let you off easy. If not, I'll fire ye out of town!"

We have citizens that represent every portion of the known globe, whose conversation and intellect is capable of entering into any subject of interest, whose sociability, politeness and deportment is not surpassed by the residents of any city in this or any other country. We have schools and churches to suit any shade of belief, and minds cosmopolitan as Tom Moore's poetry. "Shall I disagree — with the maid that knells not at the same altar as me?" We have canning factories, gas factory, waterworks, street cars, union shops employing six hundred men, theatres, reading rooms, and assemblies of every known secret society in the world, as well as these for the betterment of the dumb creation, prevention of cruelty and vice, and the advancement of Christian acts and scientific progress in mankind. All that has ever been written by persuasive pens about the beauties of the Rhine, the Alps, the chateaus on lofty peaks and perspective views of Switzerland, is equaled "right here" in Plattsmouth. Further comment is needless. "Stranger, if you want to make money, communicate with our board of trade. There is a dead certainty for anyone that will come to Plattsmouth and open up a first-class two-dollar a day hotel. Address this office and we will give you positive proof of this statement. Come while the price of real estate is low, or else you will exemplify "Gone! Lost! Too Late!"

LINES OF LOVE.

(Lines composed by a father on the death of his little daughter.)

Dear Mamie, thy pealing voice and busy feet No more on earth we ever can greet, And though to us the one most dear, God called thee home to a mansion clear, To reign with him, a sweet little guest.

Oh! sad trial was it, Mamie, for us to obey

Thy Lord, who has taken thee away

And left us helpless, to mourn thy loss

To linger and sigh for Mamie's care.

Pop and mam'ma, brothers and sisters dear

Will oft in memory of her see still

And weep.

Oh! pang of death, shall we ever forget

The time of thy call for us to obey

With our heart full of grief and regret

Then the saddest parting, when thy spirit

Left presents for all little ones to wear,

So cheerful with hope she could not be still.

Frankie and Carl, with their sons and daughters

Were coming to be with us, Pepe, Mamie

And brothers ah, ha.

All signs pretended to make happy hearts,

Ah! little did we think how soon we must part

For God's ways are often hard and mysterious,

And for our good He oft makes them serious.

The last tribute we could possibly bestow

Was to dress her cold form in a shroud white

As snow.

In her lily white hand we placed a bouquet,

And on her silent breast a garland did lay,

When in her white coffin, the center of a drama

We mournfully bade the last sad look.

Mamie.

In the month of December we sadly did take

To New Haven cemetery, near Florence Town, Lake.

Where all nature is elastic and beauty composed

And in the cold soil its populous repose,

There, deep in the ground we did lay Lulu May,

Till Gabriel shall blow at the last great day.

Ten years and a half and nineteen days

Were the span of her life, and impressive ways,

She has now passed away from pleasures so

transient.

Exchanged all below for a crown that is bright,

Sweeping up to glory, and safe within the vale;

Let me pass on the way as we follow in her trail.

C. W. GREENE, Omaha, Neb.

I wish to inform my customers that I

have concluded to remain in business at

Plattsmouth. Respectfully,

J. SCHLATER, Jeweler.

THE STRIKE.

"To Be, or Not to Be, That is the Question." --- The Day's Doings.

At 4 a. m. today the engineers and firemen of this city quit work. The reason appears just and right. It was a "distinction without a difference," or in other words, one man received a dollar for the same amount of work that another got seventy-five cents for. The strikers said we want to be all paid alike. The company replied in about the same language as used by "Old Rock" when asked for a chew, "No, I'll be d——d if I do," said the gentleman with the old tobacco box.

The passenger dom from Lincoln at 10:30 this morning was about an hour late. A large crowd had assembled at the depot, consisting of members of the brotherhood, as well as business men of the city, whose sympathies appear to be with the strikers. There was no engineer or fireman on the engine, train no. 4. — was at the throttle, and a wiper from Lincoln was trying to shovel coal. The engine was supposed to have from 130 to 140 pounds of steam. She had only ninety pounds. The arrival and departure of that train was just as farcical as a stage performance. "All aboard!" shouted the conductor. "All aboard!" but the train didn't move. Around the engine stood a crowd of men who jeered and gaped — who remarks of "scab" as he ironically and idiotically pushed on the lever. Finally, the conductor came to the car and said "Back her!" He managed to back her about two hundred yards in the direction of Omaha, and then by some mysterious means headed for Pacific Junction. If those passengers who were on the train never offered up a prayer, they had better do so at once for the less fortunate over the Missouri bridge.

None of the members of the brotherhood uttered the slight remark to the — in charge of the engine. That offensive and disgraceful epithet was used by lookers on, and not mentioned in the news.

The men on strike stood silently holding stock of what was going on, and no one might as well interview one of the individuals of "Sleepy Hollow" in H. Van Winkle as to ask them a question concerning the strike. The men on strike have issued orders from their leaders to allow their numbers to run mail trains, but no others.

Gen. Sept. Calvert, B. & M., sent a telegram to a prominent railroad official of this city, at 10:15 this morning, telling him to order the marshals of this city to swear in a dozen men as special constables.

The marshal did not see any necessity for such a course, as the men on strike are orderly and conduct themselves like gentlemen, but after consultation with the mayor it was decided to swear in that number of men if the railroad was prepared to pay them for their services.

As for the officials of business men, interviewed by one reporter, goes, there is no need of a dozen additional police in Plattsmouth.

The "flyer," engine 167, from Chicago, due here at 3:20 a. m., did not arrive till noon today. She was brought over from Pacific Junction by freight Conductor Miller who has no more idea of running an engine than a mule driver.

At 10:45 this morning white yard master, E. E. Young, was running engine 110 at Pacific Junction, he collided with the K. C. south-bound passenger train, doing considerable damage to engine 110. Neither engine sounded the whistle or stopped for the crossing. Warnings were at once sworn out for the act of Young and the K. C. engine crew.

Six cars are in the yards from Illinois two for Grand Island, Neb., and four for Yuma, Cal. They will have to stop there unless this very serious matter is speedily settled. Our business men should have more say in this matter, and demand a speedy settlement. These men are right in their demands and belong to two of the most powerful organizations in the world, and it is of not the slightest use of the railway company trying to fight them, and their delay in trying to devise some scheme to do so, is only inflicting injury on this city and wherever the line runs.

— Bond of Trade.

A special meeting of the Board of Trade is hereby called for Tuesday evening, at the G. A. R. hall at 8 o'clock.

Important business to be considered.

H. D. WINGHAM, Pres.

FRED HERRMANN, Sec'y.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Frank Hebert, an old Cass county settler, but who went from here to Cedar City, Utah, and made his fortune there, died recently.

He was a man of great energy and

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