

# The Plattsburgh Daily Herald.

FIRST YEAR

PLATTSBURGH, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 18, 1888.

NUMBER 179

## CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor,	F. M. REEDY
Clerk,	W. R. FOX
Treasurer,	JAMES PATTERSON, JR.
Attorney,	BENJAMIN J. BYRNE
Physician	A. MADOLE
Police Justice,	S. CLIFFORD
Marshall,	W. H. MALL
Councilmen, 1st ward,	J. V. WECKBACH
" 2nd "	W. A. SALISBURY
" 3rd "	D. J. COOK
" 4th "	W. A. SHEPHERD
Board Pub. Works	J. W. JOHNSTON, CHAIRMAN
	FRED GODDER
	D. H. HAWKSWORTH

## COUNTY OFFICERS.

Treasurer,	D. A. CAMPBELL
Deputy Treasurer,	THEO. POLLACK
County Auditor,	EDWARD CRITCHFIELD
Recorder of Deeds	W. H. POOL
Deputy Recorder	JOHN L. LEWIS
Chairman of District Court,	W. C. SHOWALTER
Sheriff,	J. C. EIKENSBERG
Surveyor,	A. MADOLE
Attorney,	ALLEN BEERS
Superintendent of Pub. Schools,	MARYANN'S INK
County Judge,	C. RUSSELL

## CIVIC SOCIETIES.

CASS LODGE NO. 146, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Tuesday evening of each week. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

PLATTSBURGH ENCAMPMENT No. 3, I. O. O. F.—Meets every alternate Friday in the Masonic Hall. Visiting Brothers are invited to attend.

PIERLODGE NO. 84, A. O. U. W.—Meets every alternate Friday evening at the hall. Transient members are respectfully invited. F. J. Wagner, Master Workman; E. S. Barlow, Foreman; Frank Brown, Overseer; L. Bowen, Guide; George Housworth, Recorder; H. J. Johnson, Financier; Wash Smith, Receiver; M. Maybright, Past M. W.; Jack Daugherty, Lodge Clerk.

CASA CASH 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. Newcomer, Venerable Counselor; G. T. Niles, Worthy Advisor; D. B. Smith, Exalted Leader; Leonard Anderson, Overseer; C. Willett, Clerk.

PLATTSBURGH LODGE NO. 8, A. O. U. W.—Meets every alternate Friday evening at Rockwood Hall. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. L. S. Larson, M. W.; F. Boyd, Foreman; S. C. Willett, Recorder; Leonard Anderson, Overseer.

## McCONNIE POST 45 G. A. R.

ROSTER  
J. W. JOHNSON, Commander  
C. S. TAYLOR, Senior Vice  
E. A. BATES, Junior  
GEO. NILES, Adjutant  
HENRY BREWSTER, Quartermaster  
MELVIN DIXON, Color-Bearer  
CHARLES FOUD, Quartermaster  
ANDERSON FRY, Sergeant Major  
JACOB GOODEMAN, Quartermaster  
L. C. CURTIS, Post Chaplain  
Meeting Saturday evening

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Home-New York, " 7,859,599  
Ira. Co. of North America, Phila, " 8,474,382  
Liverpool & London & Globe-Eng " 6,229,781  
North British & Mercantile-Eng " 3,578,754  
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## ROSCOE CONKLING DEAD.

### He Sinks Into Unconsciousness and Passes Away Without Struggle.

### The Death Scene--The Last Hours --Peace After the Strong Man's Struggle.

NEW YORK, April 18.—Conkling died at 1:50 a. m. At the bedside of the dying man were Mrs. Conkling, Judge Cox, Dr. Anderson and Mrs. Oakman. Mr. Conkling passed away without moving a limb. He looked as though peacefully sleeping. There were a number of persons outside on the street waiting to catch the last report. Within doors there were between forty and fifty persons, also waiting to hear the worst. They were composed chiefly of representatives of the press and friends of the dead senator. Mr. Conkling died in the rear chamber on the second floor of the residence. "It was a dreadful struggle that the patient fought against death," said Judge Cox, "but the end was peaceful and unaccompanied by pain." His sorrowing wife and daughter were weeping at his side, but once the keen eyes were glazed and set in the struggle. Mrs. Conkling and daughter both bore up bravely, but the wife was most prostrated. Mrs. Oakman supported her mother. The ashen pallor deepened upon the emaciated face. Mr. Conkling gasped three or four times and passed away. In death the lines about the mouth and on the face were slightly drawn. He was much emaciated, but still in death the face seemed natural. Immediately after the death Judge Cox and Dr. Anderson left the house. No arrangements can be made tonight for the funeral. The arrangements will be definitely settled when Mr. Conkling becomes more composed. Judge Cox said that in death Conkling's mouth was slightly open, as though he had died with a gasp. Mrs. Conkling is alone with her daughter and is completely prostrated with grief.

LATER.—The interment will be at Utica.

### Before the Death.

NEW YORK, April 17.—Dr. Fordyce Barker seemed quite overcome as he stood on the steps of Conkling's house this afternoon and told the reports of the impending dissolution of his patient. He made no effort to conceal the fact that death was ready at any moment to set its seal on the brow of the noble victim who had struggled so long when a weaker nature would have succumbed.

There was a hush in the corridors of the hotels near by, and a prevailing, oppressive quiet and solemnity all the afternoon, while sick statesman lay motionless in his bed.

Large crowds of people congregated in the streets through the evening, owing to the bulletins announcing that the end was near. Prominent politicians and members of the bar were seen in the corridors of the Hoffman house discussing the abilities of the dying senator, and inquiring the latest news.

A sorrowful group surrounded the sick man's bed. Mrs. Conkling, whose vigils have been beyond the endurance of many strong women, and who had watched her husband since early morning, was at his side looking worn and despondent. His nephews, Judge A. C. Coe and Alderman Conkling, and his brother, Colonel F. A. Conkling, and Mrs. Oakman were sorrowful observers of the passing away of the great senator.

Dr. Barker called at 10:50 and remained until 11 o'clock. He said Mr. Conkling was failing rapidly. His extremities were becoming cold. His legs were quite cold all the way up. He was pulseless, and his respiration very quick. He didn't think Mr. Conkling could live much longer. He was suffering from a general failure of the nervous system.

### A Noted Horse Thief Captured.

MUSKOGEE, I. T., April 17.—Geo. Myers, a noted horse-thief, who has been operating in the territory for a long time, was captured, after being seriously shot, yesterday. A posse of officers overtook

Myers and companion near Patrick's Ferry, some six miles east of here, and a pitched battle ensued. Myers did not give up till he was shot in the forehead. His companion escaped. He was brought to this city, and after having his wounds dressed was turned over to the proper officers.

### A Strike of Stonemasons.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., April 17.—Thirty stonemasons, members of the union, employed in the yards in this city, struck today. The local branch of the union made a demand on employers for a reduction of working hours with the same pay, \$3 per day. They wanted to work nine hours instead of ten. The demand was not granted and so they stopped work.

## A Texas Republican Convention.

TEXARKANA, Ark., April 17.—The Republican Convention of the Fourth Texas Congressional District met at Ghio's Opera House in the city to-day, to select delegates to the National Republican Convention and to elect two members of the State Executive Committee. A full delegation from the counties comprising the district were present. The Chairman of the Central Committee, W. E. Singleton, called the convention together, addressing it at length on the opinions of the day. The Convention was organized by the selection of F. W. Mauer, of Paris, as chairman; F. W. Tramps and W. H. Simons as solicitors. Hon. J. S. Coffey, of Hopkins County, and Col. D. J. Wright, of Paris, were elected delegates to the National Convention, with W. H. Graham of Lamar, and W. M. Johnson, of Fannin County, as alternates. T. C. Gibbons, of Lamar, was elected as Chairman of the Congressional Committee. W. E. Singleton, of Jefferson, was chosen as elector at large.

### A SIGNMAKER'S LAMENT.

#### Decay of Branch of the Painting Business—Works of Art.

Any person anxious to know what has become of the majority of the emblematic signs which ten or fifteen years ago hung half a dozen in every block should visit any large signmaker's workshop. The once familiar wheelwright's bunch of grapes, the glover's hand, the locksmith's key, the carpenter's saw, the blacksmith's mighty arm, the butcher's boar's head, the hundred and one figures that formerly stood in front of tobacconists' shops inviting customers to enter, are all on dusty shelves in the storerooms.

"They are all gone out," said signmaker, finally looking over his collection. "True, the idea of painting tobacconists' signs white and making them look weird and ghost like revived that particular sign for a time and brought back some of its old time effectiveness, but emblematic signs in general belong to the past. About all we sell nowadays are mortars, boots and clocks. Singularly enough the demand for them is not from country houses, but from the city. One would think that city people in the hunt for originality that business competition compels would reject sooner than countrymen the oldest merchant's sign known to man. Emblematic signs need pushing. They ought to be still a good advertisement. Why, some of them, particularly the life figures, are works of art. There are wooden and metallic Indians and beasts in stock that pretentious sculptors would not be ashamed of. Look at that bull's head and at that bust of Gambrius! Look at the care and time it took to carve even so simple a thing as a gun and get it true to life. Emblematic signs are carved no more. Those that are built are made of iron, either cast or spun. A use for which some of them yet command a good price is as weather vanes and as the tops of flagstaffs. There are numerous men in town who have expensive emblematic vanes on their stables. I heard of one man who took his indoors at night. It was so costly he was afraid it would tempt thieves."

"But business in other kinds of signs is brisk enough," he continued. "We make them of wood, iron, glass, mirrors, porcelain, copper, wire, silk, velvet and plush. The signs in this city, as a whole, are second in artisanship only to those in New York, and that city's signs are second to none. The tendency is all toward display, with as much gold and glitter as possible. I wouldn't dare guess how many hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of gold leaf the signmakers of the country use up in a year. Carved signs are the most expensive. It's so uncommon for a merchant to plaster \$1,500 to \$2,000 worth of signs on the front of his store."—Chicago Times.

He Drew the Line.

Minister (discussing religious matters)—Of course, Mr. Hendricks, one can be too narrow in his ideas regarding the observance of the Sabbath, but there is fishing, for instance. Do you think it is right to fish on Sunday?

Mr. Hendricks (evidently)—Well, er—I think I would draw the line at fishing on Sunday.—Texas Siftings.

### After the Storm.

Jinks (who has just slipped and tumbled down the front steps)—Never mind, old fellow. Guess I'm not hurt much. How do I look?

Blinks—Never looked more natural in my life.

Jinks—Impossible!

Blinks—I tell you it is so. You look just like your rolled self.

### Explained by Science.

Science has at last furnished an unanswerable reason why very young men know so much more than old ones. The brain decreases in weight with age. It is heaviest between the ages of 14 and 20. The old gentlemen should now get off the bad wagon as gracefully as their age will permit.—Denver Republican.

### Didn't Quite Understand.

Tobacconist Customer—The figure of the Indian is all right and true to nature, but I don't understand why you put that bottle of rum in his hand.

Sign Sculptor—Reckon you've never seen a live Injin, boss.—Tid Bits.

### A Serious Dilemma.

Since a Russian law forbids the use of exclamation points in a newspaper article, one is at a loss to see how can be properly interpreted therein a Muscovite's outburst when he steps on a tack.—Boston Budget.

Zalediscoffokemonisch is the name of a man who is working in the Schuykill coal mines. He has a thoroughly antrachite name.

People are constantly asking: "Is life worth living?" and taking medicine at the same time.

## A Great Piece of Luck.

"Ah! how d'y ye do, Jones? I had the greatest piece of luck last night."

"How so?"

"Why, you see, one of my tenement houses burned down!"

"You don't mean it! Did the families get out in safety?"

"No, I believe a few of them were burned to death. But that's neither here nor there. I was going to tell you about my good luck. I had intended to put in a fire escape this very week—the papers are making such a fuss, you know—and it would have cost me \$100. I've saved that now. How's that for luck?"—Boston Transcript.

### Pushing Trade Too Far.

"You must push matters a little, James," said the druggist to the new boy.

"By calling a customer's attention to this article and that article you can often effect sales."

"Yes, sir," responded the new boy, and then he hastened to wait on an elderly female who wanted a stamp.

"Anythin' else, mam?" inquired the ambitious boy, politely; "hair dye, cosmetic, face powder, ruminative drugs, laudanum, mols desiccates."

The elderly female licked the stamp viciously and left the door open as she went out.—Texas Siftings.

### The Graduate's Negligence.

School Girl—Mamma, my head aches so I can't see the figures any more. Won't you do sum?"

Mamma (looking over the problem)—I don't know how, dear.