The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

FIRST YEAR | PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 21, 1888. | NUMBER 182

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor, - - - F. M. RICHEY
Clerk, - - - - W K FOX
Treasurer, - - JAMES PATTERSON, JR.
Attorney, - - - BYRON CLARK
Engineer, - - - - A MADOLE
Police Judge, - - - S CLIFFORD
Marshall, - - - W H MALLORY
Councilmen, 1st ward, { J V WECKBACH, A SALISBURY
" 2nd " { D M JONES, DR. A SHIPMAN
" 3rd " { M B MURPHY, S W DUTTON
4th " { CON O'CONNOR, P McCALLEN, PRES
Board Pub. Works { J W JOHNSON, CHAIRMAN, FRED GORDER, D H HAWKSWORTH

COUNTY OFFICERS.

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Deputy Treasurer, - - THOS. POLLOCK
Clerk, - - BIRD CRITCHFIELD
Deputy Clerk, - - EXA CRITCHFIELD
Recorder of Deeds - - W. H. POOL
Deputy Recorder - JOHN M LEYDA
Clerk of District Court, W. C. SHOWALTER
Sheriff, - - - J. C. EIKENBARY
Surveyor, - - - - A. MADOLE
Attorney, - - - ALLEN BERSON
Supt. of Pub. Schools, - MAYNARD SPINK
County Judge, - - - C. RUSSELL

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

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A. B. DICKSON, - - - Elmwood

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.

PLATTSMOUTH ENCAMPMENT No. 3, I. O. O. F., meets every alternate Friday in each month in the Masonic Hall. Visiting Brothers are invited to attend.

TRIO LODGE NO. 84, A. O. U. W.—Meets every alternat Friday evening at K. of P. hall. Transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. F. J Morgan, Master Workman; E. S. Barstow, Foreman; Frank Brown, Overseer; I. Bowen, Guide; George Housworth, Recorder; H. J. Johnson, Financier; Wash Smith, Receiver; M Maybright, Past M. W.; Jack Daugherty, Inside Guard.

CASS CAMP NO. 232, 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. Nowecier, Venerable Consul; G. . Niles, Worthy Adviser; D. B. Smith, Ex Banker; W. C. Willetts, Clerk.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE NO. 8, A. O. U. W. Meets every alternate Friday evening at Rockwood's hall at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. L. S. Larson, M. W.; F. Boyd, Foreman; S. C. White, Recorder; Leonard Anderson, Overseer.

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HENRY STREIGHT ..... Q. M.
MALON DIXON ..... Officer of the Day
CHARLES FORD, ... " " Guard
ANDERSON FRY, ... Sergt Major.
JACOB GOOSMAN ..... Quarter Master Sergt.
L. C. CURTIS, ... Post Chaplain

Meeting Saturday evening

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Fire Association-Philadelphia,	"	4,415,576
Franklin-Philadelphia,	"	2,117,166
Home-New York,	"	7,855,589
Ins. Co. of North America, Phil.	"	8,474,382
Liverpool & London & Globe-Eng	"	6,839,781
North British & Mercantile-Eng	"	3,378,754
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HOPE FOR THE EMPEROR YET.

A Slight Decrease in Temperature and Easier Respiration.

BERLIN, April 21.—This has been a hopeful day around the imperial sick chamber, succeeding a distrustful day. The royal invalid has never lost his appetite. He relishes all his semi-liquid food. Today his appetite was good and his spirits strong. More rest from state thoughts and from official routine has been enjoined, so that Bismarck conferred today with the crown prince instead of the emperor. The new canula is of aluminum having weight and pressure. It was inserted, without co-operation, by Mackenzie alone. The people seem to recognize that whether the event is good or bad, it is a question of time and endurance of the patient. My information is that the doctors regard the situation as precarious while the pus still continues and the fever remains intermittent. The evening Bulletin contains cautious words which compel readers to modify hope. The phrase "breathing somewhat heavier" is much commented upon. At the bourse today the bears used the most pessimistic reports, but without success on the market.

Queen Victoria will arrive Monday. Her suit of rooms are under those of the empress, who, to please her mother, has ordered some of them done up in Scotch style.

As I close I here that the severity of Minister Pendleton's attack has been exagerated. He had full consciousness after a few moments of coma. He had the presence of mind to fortell what was going to happen and keep his strong will working. Correct details, owing to the absolute quietude imposed, are impossible to obtain at this late hour.

LONDON April 21.—A dispatch from Charlottenburg, midnight, says: "The emperor's condition is again critical. He is able to sleep, but is feverish and breathes heavily."

A Serious Practical Joke.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., April 20.—Last night a practical joke, which may result seriously, was played on a negro named Tom Jackson at Wood's saloon, on south Twentieth street. A few days ago a negro who lived in an alley near that saloon died and was buried in a small lot just back of the saloon. Jackson is very superstitious, especially about ghosts. Since the other negro died he has expressed his fear of seeing the man's ghost several times. Last night two negro boys covered their faces, hands and heads with flour and hid near the grave. When Jackson came along they rushed out, and, after yelling a time or two, ran at him. The poor negro was completely paralyzed with fright. He screamed and fell to the ground. The other two negroes rushed up, and Jackson sprang to his feet with his eyes fairly starting from their sockets, and dashed off like a wild antelope. He ran into a drug store and fell to the floor unconscious and frothing at the mouth. Physicians were summoned and the man removed to his home, but he has not recovered from the fright. Today he is a raving maniac and the physicians think there is no hope of his recovery. The boys have been arrested.

Died of Hydrophobia.

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 20.—A dreadful case of death from hydrophobia is reported from the St. Mathews section of Orangeburg county. A young white man named Shoemaker was bitten last December by a hound pup. The wound was on the back of the hand, and appeared to be a very slight one. A few days ago Shoemaker began to feel pains running up his arm, which soon stiffened one side of his neck and then the other. From that time until his death he suffered from violent convulsions. He foamed at the mouth and suffered terribly from thirst, but when water would be handed him he went into convulsions. During the intervals between his ravings he begged his physician to give him strychnine, to have him shot, to cut his throat, or put an end to his sufferings in any way. It required four men to keep him indoors.

Refused to be Photographed.

OZARK, Mo., April 20.—Two photographers of Springfield arrived here this morning for the purpose of securing pictures of the condemned Bald Knobbers, the jail, court house, the old smelter on Bull Creek, the gulch where the last meeting of Walker's company was held, and the Edens-Greer cabin, the scene of the massacre. Chief Walker was first approached, but he positively refused to give the artists a sitting, as did also his son, Bill, the young vice chief. Wiley Mathews was then approached, but he also declined. John Mathews, however, consented to take a position before the camera.

TRANSFORMED.

He was a swineherd, so the story runs,
Uncouth and foul, but with a throbbing heart
Who, when the new-lost princess along the way
Whom, the king's child, devout and fair,
Could not but fall upon her path and cry,
"Lady! lady! may I look upon your face?"

And so his rudeness vanished, and he rose,
Hastened to live, as by the hand of Love,
Transformed in thought; but all his life, ever
There, in a trance, before her beauty kept
Its silence. Poet!—'Tis a legend old,
Writ in the chronicle of Redemption.
—Gilbert P. Knapp.

Lawyers Looking for Libels.

There is another and not a small class of lawyers who industriously peruse the columns of the press in quest of opportunities to advise the bringing of suits for libel against a paper that may have mentioned somebody's name in an uncomplimentary way. I know of a recent case where a paragraph spoke somewhat disparagingly of a friend of mine. The next morning when he got to his office he found a dozen notes from as many attorneys lying upon his desk. He opened them, and each contained a clip of the paragraph in question and all urging him to institute suit and offering their services. He had not read the article, and knew nothing of it until he opened the bids, each and every one of which pronounced the paragraph an outrage. Before he had read half of them he was boiling over with indignation against the publisher. Visions of sweet revenge and heavy damages fairly danced before his aggravated eyes. He immediately determined upon bringing suit and came to me for advice as to which of the bidders he should select to heal his wounded feelings and fill his not overly plethoric purse. I explained to him the glorious uncertainties of the law and dissuaded him from his contemplated course.—Philadelphia News.

The Littleness of Man.

There are 1,400,000,000 people living on the planet which we inhabit. And yet there is now and then a man who wonders what the rest of us will do when he dies. There are people in "society" who honestly think that all the world closes its eyes when they lie down to sleep. There are men who fear to act according to their own convictions, because perhaps ten persons in a crowd of 1,400,000,000 will laugh at them. Why, if a man could only realize every moment what a bustling, busy, fussy, important little atom he is in all this great ant hill of important, fussy little atoms, every day he would regard himself less, and think still less of the other molecules in the corral. —Robert J. Burdette in New York Star.

A Curious Class of Men.

Speaking of barrooms, I have often noticed a certain curious class of men who appear to spend their entire lives within easy reach of the counter where bottled inspiration is dispensed. I do not mean the wretched class of hangers on who spend their lives waiting to be asked what they will have, but men of means, to whom the barroom seems to possess the attraction that other men of means find in a club. They are always elderly or old men. They always spend money liberally, and they always make their appearance on the alcoholic scene early in the morning, quite sober, and get so drunk by noon that the rest of the day is one of stupid, imbecilic idleness with him. There is one man I know, who is very wealthy, a bachelor and a traveled and educated man, whose entire life is, I think, spent in getting drunk and being sobered up at a certain saloon that he frequents. He must represent a small fortune to the house, where he is cherished as tenderly, in his cups, as a sick baby, fed, put to bed and watched over as a goose that lays golden eggs always should be. Now and then he disappears for a few days or a week or two, when you may know that he is straightening up at his own house, which is one of the handsomest old mansions in New York. But he no sooner gets on his feet than they carry him to the barroom, where he draws a check for the expenses of the last spree, and the old game begins again.

At a certain old fashioned and popular chop house not a million miles from Madison square there are several of these topers to be encountered daily. One of them I remember for years. He turns up every morning, Sunday's included, at 9 o'clock. By 11 he has had a dozen cocktails and is ready for breakfast. By 3 he is drunk enough to be taken upstairs to bed, whence he emerges at 8 o'clock in the evening to eat his dinner. His after dinner drunk carries him along well toward midnight, when, if he is not too hopelessly helpless, he is bundled into a coach and sent home. For a long time I was a daily visitor at the chop house which enjoys his profitable favor and I never once missed him. Lately, having visited the place again, I found him there as usual, neither more nor less drunk than usual and looking none the worse for the sea of alcohol in which he has been floating himself these many years. He is, I believe, a man of large means, inherited from his father, and has never been known to lead any other than the degraded, selfish and useless life which first attracted my attention to him.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

Eben de truff dat cums frum er liar is sorter tainted.

Lunching in London Theatres.

The amount of eating and drinking done in a first class London theatre would astonish an American manager. People come straight to the theatres from their dinners and immediately begin ordering ices, cakes, coffee and sweets. The privilege of furnishing refreshments to a theatre is paid for in large sums by restaurant proprietors. The refreshment room is one of the largest sources of revenue of a theatre management.

Waiting maids during the evening go about throughout the theatre knocking at the box doors hawking refreshments. Between the acts people eat and drink constantly to fill in the time. Programmes also are charged for in nearly all the theatres. The average price of a programme is a sixpence. If an American audience in any theatre in the United States should be called on to pay twelve cents for the programme there would be a riot. American managers say that it would be impossible to introduce the feature of asking even one cent for programmes.—London Letter.

De man whut has de mos' pleasan' 'quaintances mighty offen has de fewer real frien's. —Arkansaw Traveler.

THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS.

A Good Look Into the Depths of the Great Abyss of Fire and Brimstone.

We stood at the great gulf in the mountain top—at the crater of the most active volcano in the world. From the great abyss before us came clouds of thick, sulphurous vapor, with a sound sometimes as if thunder storms were being manufactured within, and again as if the hosts of hades were down there, battling furiously with each other. We could readily believe—what we are told by scientists—that a volcano is a constant war between the ocean of water that is always not far away and the ocean of fire that rages inside the earth. Now and then great flocks of stones went flying hundreds of feet into the air, and at the end of their return journey alighted as near us as we cared to have them.

Wishing to get another view of the crater, I engaged two extra guides, who, for the modest sum of $1 extra, contracted to show me everything additional that one could witness, and yet hope to descend the mountain on the outside, and take dinner in the evening with his friends. After exhibiting several points upon their anatomy where bones had been broken by falling rocks (all of which seemed to have healed remarkably) they led me straight into the thick sulphury steam, which was about as stifling as anything I ever undertook to breathe, and made the physical interior feel as if it were being treated to a sudden attack of spontaneous combustion. We descended into a crater valley, which was full of vapor breathing crevices, and weird enough to form one of the most interesting districts of Dante's "Inferno." Suddenly my guides made a break for fresh air and the outer edge of the crater, and I, supposing that some tremendous new historical convulsion of nature was at hand, used about a second and a half in following them—so as to get a good look at it from a safe point.

"Great dangero!" shouted the swarthy villain who had my five francs. "It blows, this the wind! a wrong way! Half the hour ago, all it was different! If you then had only been here! But we must now go it back!"

The average Yankee, however cowardly, had rather lose his life fairly than be swindled out of a dollar; and, besides, I had been told of this trick by a friend who had ascended the volcano the day before. So, hiding all my trembling fears, I insisted on the whole trip to the edge of "the new crater."

"It is death with only two guides," said the swarthy villain. "Two more guides you must haf, that they shall warn and keep the falling stones from killing you."

At this point new guides began to spring up around me, as if they had been ejected from among the contents of the volcano. Not wishing to take too many of them into certain destruction, I ignored all except the smallest one, and, shaking my cane at him with an assumed courage which I did not exactly feel, threatened him with instant destruction entirely disconnected with volcanoes if he did not follow out the terms of the contract.

We were soon at the best point from which to view the great drama of fire that was going on beneath. Flames sent their ruddy glow upon the swelling clouds of vapor that constantly pushed their way into the air. Now and then came a sob from the breast of the cruel mountain, as if it were mourning for the thousands it had murdered. The sulphur fumes made me feel as if the volcano were reaching out its long white fingers and clutching me by the throat. A half grating and half hissing sound was followed by an explosion like the voice of a cannon, and a long stone wall went stretching up into the air in fragmental sections, between me and that invisible locality where the sky was supposed to be. I soon began to persuade myself that it was unjust to expose the guide to peril any longer, and, to set a good example, scampered out of the way ahead of him with as much agility as 185 pounds avoirdupois would allow.—Will Carlton in New York Star.

Prophecy of the Future.

In speaking of the exhaustion of the coal fields, our source of power, the author gives a striking picture of the fair green England of 300 years ago as compared with its present smoky skies and soot blackened surface, where the whole island throbs with the coal driven engine, and the waters are churned by the swift steamer; and then, in the robust prophet, he unfolds the future of a few hundred years, when almost certainly the "cold beholding sun" will send his beams "through rents in the ivy grown walls of deserted factories, upon silent engines brown with rust, while the mill hand has gone to other lands, the rivers are clean again, the harbors show only white sails, and England's 'black country' is green once more! To America, too, such a time may come, though at a greatly longer distance." And one chapter closes with the following striking paragraph:

"Future ages may see the seat of empire transferred to regions of the earth now barren and desolated under intense solar heat—countries which, for that very cause, will not improbably become the seat of mechanical and thence of political power. Whoever finds the way to make industrially useful the vast sun power now wasted on the deserts of North Africa or the shores of the Red sea will effect a greater change in men's affairs than any conqueror in history has done; for he will once more people those waste places with the life that swarmed there in the best days of Carthage and of old Egypt, but under another civilization, where man no longer shall worship the sun as a god, but shall have learned to make it his servant."—Review of "The New Astronomy."

Practical Civil Service.

Mistress (to new girl)—When will you come?

New Girl—To-morrow evenin', sure.

Mistress—Then I may consider you engaged?

New Girl—Yes, mum—to the butcher boy. But O'ill see that ye get his custom, too.—Detroit Free Press.

The Dominion has no gold coins, and its silver and copper currency is made in England.

One of the bright spots in existence is spot cash.—New Haven News.

The lawyer is the only man of sense who does not prefer arbitration to a lawsuit.

The lord mayor of London gets $50,000 for his one year of official service.

The Daylight Store.

Just after our inventory, we reduce prices to sell the goods rather than to carry over. We are willing to sell our entire Winter Goods at cost. Staples we have a large quantity and offer them very low. Calicos 3 to 5 cents per yard, making the best standard of them at 20 yards for $1.00. Gingham best dress styles 10 cents per yard. Dress goods all kinds at the very lowest prices, from 5 cents per yard upward. Woolen hose we offer at cost, extra fne. Ladies cashmere hose, worth $1.00, now 75 cents, fine heavy wool 40 cents, now 25; children's fine ribbed worth 50, now 30. Under wear must go at low prices, as we will not keep them over.

Our Gents Silver Grey Merino Shirts and drawers, former prices 50 now 35.

Our Gents Silver grey marino shirts and drawers, extra quality 75 now 50.

Our Scarlet all wool shirts and drawers fine quality $1.00 now 75 cents.

Our scarlet all-wool shirts and drawers, fine quality $1.25 now 1.00.

Our scarlet all-wool shirts and drawers, fine quality $1.75 now 1.25.

Our scarlet all-wool shirts and drawers, fine quality $2.00 now 1.40.

Ladies' - Underwear,

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A Man with a History.

Come walk with me down the avenue.

Note the characters you meet. Every one of them has a history. See that little old man, with his shoes cut in many places to ease his corns. Note his rusty clothes, his rusty hat, the little clay pipe with a bowl no bigger than a thimble which he smokes, and note also the kind smile which rests upon his gray whiskered face. He shuffles along, bowing courteously to such as remember him. There are few who do. But in the days of Buchanan this man was one of the leading beaux of Washington. He has been second in many a duel, and he believes today in the code duello. He was one of the pall bearers at the funeral of Barton Key, after he was shot by Gen. Sickles on that corner over there, not two blocks away. His father was one of the most eminent lawyers that Washington has ever known, and the son was well educated. Washington, however, and Washington life, ruined him. Its innocuous desuetude sapped his energy, and the fortune which his father left him has passed away. I will not mention his name, but he is well known in Washington, and he has, I think, no sin but that of poverty.

And so the world goes on. The ups of today are the downs of to-morrow. The senator becomes an office seeker, and the clerk takes the place of the cabinet officer.—Washington Letter.

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