

The Evening Herald.

KNOTT'S BROTHERS
Publishers and Proprietors.

A. Salisbury, Dentist, Rockwood Building,
Telephone No. 33.
Dr. Siggins, Office and Residence Sherwood
Block, Telephone No. 42.

CITY CORDIALS.

—Council meeting tonight.
—Advertise in THE HERALD.
—THE HERALD is the best advertising medium in the city.
—First class job work done on short notice at THE HERALD office.
—It was so warm yesterday that a blizzard would have been appreciated by a good many.
—Harry Hunt, of Burlington, Iowa, was in the city over Sunday, the guest of the family of Dr. John Black.
—Married at the Catholic church, this forenoon, Mr. John Boedeker to Miss Anna Scenner, both of this city.
—Drs. Cave & Smith, the painless dentists, will be ready for business April 27th. Office in Union Block over Citizens Bank.
—Judge Russell issued a marriage license today to Mr. Oliver B. Appleton and Miss Lizzie Fanning, both of Douglas county, Neb.
—The Kurtz & Weckbach brick yards have been running two sets of hands this nice weather and now have a kiln of brick ready to be burned.
—Having seen the following item in 721 papers, there may be some truth in it: "The earth is now donning its garments of green."—Lincoln Journal
—Judge Applegate, of Johnson county, will open court tomorrow morning, and will hold till Judge Chapman returns from Tecumseh, about next Thursday.
—We understand that Mr. Covardale has leased a hotel in Missouri Valley, Iowa. We do not know whether he intends to run his boarding house here or not.
—A society of Young Peoples' Christian Endeavors was formed last Saturday, and will hold a meeting this evening in the Presbyterian church, to which all young people are invited.
—The appointment and confirmation of a city marshal is likely to be before the city council tonight. It is hoped that the mayor will exercise his judgment and select a competent man to fill this position.
—Miss Kittie Hartigan was the lucky one at the matinee last Saturday, she got the gold watch and Dr. A. Salisbury drew the other gold watch in the evening. The entertainment of the Eunice Goodrich company was all first class and well attended.
—Maud Emery was arrested today, for keeping a house of ill fame and prostitution. She was taken before Judge Stiles and waived examination, and was bound over to the district court in the sum of \$100. As yet she has not procured bail and will be committed to jail.
—The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. Church will meet Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock at the home of Mrs. Rebecca Kennedy, corner of Locust and 9th streets. All the ladies of the church are requested to be present and bring their thimble and needles with them.
—The Gov. and Mrs. Thayer came down from Lincoln on Saturday and are visiting their old friends, Dr. and Mrs. Livingston. Mrs. Thayer leaves on Tuesday for her old home in Massachusetts, where she will remain for the summer, the Gov. accompanying her as far as Chicago.
—Call and see what Drs. Cave & Smith can do for your old aching teeth. Aching teeth can be successfully treated and filled, and be made last for years. Old roots crowned up and made look beautiful. Teeth extracted, and artificial teeth inserted at once, and made look as natural as life. Office in Union Block over Citizen's Bank.
—District court is in session, Judge Chapman presiding. The judge seems to please our folks by his affability and promptness in the dispatch of business. The celebrated case of Wilson against Ellsworth, involving some three hundred dollars of disagreement on settlement, was tried this week for the third time, resulting in a judgment for Ellsworth. The case will be taken up to the supreme court.—From the Tecumseh correspondent of the Daily State Journal.
—No more pain: Drs. Cave & Smith of Grand Island, Neb., formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio, are opening up elegant dental rooms, in Union Block over Citizens Bank, where they will be prepared to fill, or extract teeth, without the least pain. Their new process of extracting and filling teeth is patented and controlled by them only. They come highly recommended from Grand Island where they have been for nearly two years, this being the third dental office in Nebraska they have opened and are now controlling.

ARBORDAY.

Nebraska's Day Celebrated with Appropriate Exercises

This day was set aside by the legislature as a holiday to be devoted to the planting of trees, and in honor of its inventor, the birthday of J. Sterling Morton has been fixed for its observance. This is truly a Nebraska institution, but one which has been borrowed extensively by other states, which is made of good judgment on their part. Arbor day has been observed in Nebraska for many years, and each year grows more in favor with the people of the state. The spirit with which the school children have become imbued under the guidance of parents and teachers is an evidence that it is not a short-lived institution. The schools throughout the state have generally observed the day, but Plattsmouth schools have heretofore done very little. Today, however, they did themselves proud with the zeal with which teachers and children alike entered into the work. At the central building the work is under the direct supervision of Prof. Drummond, and presents a very tasty appearance. About 200 shrubs and 150 trees are artistically arranged on the campus which has been graded and put in good condition for the work. The class of '88 assisted by Prof. Drummond and Mr. Chaburn set out a group of trees in the form of a star which gracefully adorns the southwestern corner of the campus. The various ward schools spent the forenoon in planting trees, from ten to fifty being planted at each school house. The citizens generally observed the day, but from appearances no one was worked for a prize.

The Evangelistic Meetings.

Sabbath Morning, Rev. Mr. Claggett addressed a congregation filling the Methodist church, on the words: "Terah died in Haran" (Gen. 11—32). Terah was on the way to Canaan from Ur of the Chaldees, but halted at Haran and died there. He had left the land of idolatry and outbreathed wickedness and was bound for Canaan, the land of promise. The attractions of Haran were such that he staid there till he died. Haran was not in Canaan. It was only half-way to Canaan. It was the city of professed morality. The street by which you enter the city is Morality street. On this street live honorable business men, good neighbors, worthy people. They plead their morality, their good works, what they do for they have nothing else to plead. They cannot plead for Christ's sake. Profession street is the business street of the city on which live the members of the church, who are not true Christians. Half-conversion street is the abode of those who one day are packing up to go to Canaan and on the next day are unpacking resolved to stay awhile longer. They linger in Haran till they die and never reach Canaan. The same sad result characterizes those who live on Time Enough street and Good Resolution street. In the afternoon service appropriate exhortations to practical duties were given to the young converts. In the evening a solemn sermon on the text, "The Time is Short," was heard with deep attention by an audience that filled the opera house. During the exercises of the day about forty expressed deep concern for the salvation of their souls.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

M. D. Polk is in Omaha today.
Tom Murphy went to Lincoln today.
Chas. Coleman spent the Sabbath in Omaha.
Father Carney and Wm. Neville went up to Omaha this morning.
Fred Murphy and his mother, Mrs. M. B. Murphy, are in Omaha today.
Mrs. Oliver and daughter Kate, were passengers to Omaha this morning.
Miss Blanche Feight, of Omaha, is at present visiting her friends, Misses Maude and Mammie McCoy, of this city.
Conductor John Z. Ballenger returned Saturday evening from Hot Springs, where he has been for the past month for his health.
Rev. Claggett and Bilhorn, the evangelists, left this afternoon. Rev. Claggett goes to St. Louis, Mo., and Mr. Bilhorn to Chicago.
Miss May Cranmer, who has been paying an extended visit to friends at Ashland, Lincoln, Beatrice and other western cities, returned Saturday evening, looking much recruited in health for the trip.
Took the Bounty.
Mr. R. Kirkpatrick and Mr. James Pittman, of Mt. Pleasant, brought in fourteen wolves today, six dead and eight alive for which they received three dollars a scalp. A few more such braves as that would help rid the county of this nuisance. It seems the coyote is getting more out of the clerk's office this year than the democratic wolf, gaunt and hungry.
For Siberia refrigerators, ice-cream freezers, Quick-meal gasoline stoves and hose and hose-reels for your lawn you should go and see the fine assortment J. R. Cox has for you.

A BRICK INDEED.

And One that has a Most Glittering Record.

Thousands of people stop daily in front of the window of the Diamond Palace Opera House block, to view the gold brick that caused the death of several people of Arizona. The story is briefly related on a sheet of paper which hangs suspended above the brick, and is told in these words. "His Royal Lowness, Federico Gonzales, alias Ynocenti Valzuela, shot and killed while resisting arrest, March 26, 1888. Record—Shot and killed a deputy sheriff in California, in 1880. Robbed a stage in 1885 and carried off a bar of gold bullion valued at \$5,000, belonging to the Vulture mine in Arizona. Massacred Barney Martin, wife and two children, and burned their bodies, in 1886. With two companions, March 19 1888, murdered Cyrus Gribble, superintendent of Vulture mine, his driver and escort, and carried off this bar of gold bullion worth \$7,500, from the Vulture mine owned by Senator Tabor. A reward of \$5,000 was offered for Gonzales, who is gone where the woodbine twineth not. The brick is a beauty, weighing 471 ounces, or a little more than 29 1/2 pounds; in it is inscribed "V. M. & M. P., H. W. Tabor." In the centre are traces of a saw, which the robbers used in an attempt to divide the booty. The first paragraph in the foregoing, concerning "His Royal Lowness," is a little "crossed." The name of the black-hearted robber and murderer was Innocenti Valzuela, not "Ynocenti Valzuela."—Denver Times.

A Large amount of remnants in Dress Goods and Gingham. Prices very low at Weckbach's.

Y. M. C. A.

There will be a special business meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, Thursday evening instead of Tuesday evening as was heretofore announced, at 7:30 o'clock, in the Methodist church. All members are earnestly requested to be present, as some important matters are to be brought before the meeting. E. J. WITTE, Gen. Sec'y.

Call and examine our ladies Short Jackets, the latest shades at J. V. Weckbach's.

Just received a new line of Brussell carpets and rugs, at the Daylight store.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

He Remembered Happy Childhood Days on the Dear Old Homestead.
He was a stout gentleman, with a silk hat and a blue beaver overcoat, and when he stopped to look at a squad of laborers at work in the digging of the new city hall cellar the other morning, a place was at once made for him on the heap of granite blocks that had once been a fence base. Surveying the crowd, his eye fell upon two men who were engaged in reducing the recently felled trees to suitable lengths for hauling away. He at once gave vent to a sigh and sadly remarked:
"Ah, gentlemen, this reminds me of my happy childhood on the old farm!"
The crowd looked at him sympathizingly, and one of the number ventured the question: "Does it?"
"Many a time I have shouldered my ax at daybreak, and gone out into the woods over near Muskrat creek, and chopped until sundown. Yes, and I never felt it as much as I do a walk down to the office."
"No times like the old times," observed a little man in a faded overcoat: "old age makes us indifferent men."
"I don't know my friends; I think I could swing an ax with the best of 'em, durned if I don't!" announced the stout gentleman, as he began removing his gloves. "I'm going to try if I can't get a chance."
By producing a silver quarter, he was allowed to take the place of one of the choppers, and, removing his overcoat, spat upon his hands. Swinging the ax around his head, he knocked his silk hat into a wash rag and brought the edge down on a limb that ended it with enough elasticity to cause it to violently rebound, the helve striking him on the chin. "Gosh!" he gasped, while the crowd fell back to a distance of fifteen feet, "I forgot that hat." Settling himself, he brought the ax down again, with enough violence to break a steel ball. But he underestimated the distance from the tree, and he missed it by a foot at least, striking the ax out of sight. Some one snickered at this point, and the stout gentleman got three shades redder.
"I can do it!" he gasped: "I forgot the old time swing." Then he blazed away again, this time overreaching his work. The handle struck the trunk, and with a howl of pain, he dropped the ax.
"What's the matter?" demanded a boy with a fur cap.
"Ouch! Gosh, all serpents! That stung like blazes!"
Here the owner of the ax suggested that perhaps he was tired. This insinuation had an irritating effect on the old time woodman, and he indignantly seized the ax.
"No, sir! I can do this for two hours!" he replied as he again went to the onslaught. Amid the applause of the spectators he buried the blade in the wood and then prepared to cut on the other side. Bringing down the ax, he sent a pound chip into his face like a rifle shot. Dropping the ax he stepped on a bowlder and fell like a felled giant of the forest into a heap of brush, from which he was dragged bleeding.
A policeman and the little man in the faded overcoat took him around the corner, where they sat him on a barrel, instructing the little boy with the fur cap to tell him when the next Central avenue car came along.
"Much obliged, friends; much obliged," whispered the woodman as he mopped his bleeding nose. "But that ax wasn't a bit like the one I used to have. Must have been awful dull. Much obliged."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

GATHERING A CITY CROWD.

Experience of a Waggish Club Man at a New York Drinking Fountain.

I have a friend of the club—his name I will not give, as he is a private member of his before dinner abstemious upon him. We were crossing a public square, one balmy evening last spring; 6 o'clock had just been screeched at us by every factory whistle withing hearing, and the sidewalks were a swarm.
"I'll lay you the dinners," said my friend, "that I can create a riot here inside of five minutes."
He stopped at the public drinking fountain and took up the tin cup that was chained to it. The passers-by stared a little to see so elegant a gentleman stop to drink at a common fount of cheap refreshment. Several halted, after going on a few paces, to look back. He filled the cup deliberately. The waiting several had become a score. He raised the cup slowly toward his lips. The score grew to fifty. Suddenly he dashed the water into the basin and filled the cup again, only to again empty it untouched. By this time we were encircled by so many people that they could not be counted, and I could hear such observations and inquiries all around us, as:
"He'll drink it this time."
"Must be dirty."
"What is it?"
"May be the cup leaks."
"He must be some crank."
"What ails him, anyhow?"
"May be common water isn't good enough for him."
There was also addressed to him, through this running fire of comment, many more or less friendly and disinterested suggestions and instructions, like: "Wrench the cup out!" from a motherly fat woman, poking her umbrella at him. "Have a stick in it," by a man with a shiny black hat and a shiny red nose. "Tell the waiter to open another bottle."
This rally, which proceeded from a young man in crossed barred trousers, with a very large and massive cane, which he carried like a yard stick, was hailed with such applause that a park policeman found himself called upon to interfere; whereupon my friend hurled the cup into the basin with an expression of the face indicative of great disgust and loathing, and showed his way out of the crowd as quickly as he could. We could hear the roar of voices and the sharp rapping of the policeman's club when we turned into the restaurant, a block and more away; and I learned by the papers, next day, that the shiny red nose and the shiny black hat slept in a station house cell on a general charge of disorderly conduct, and that at least one murderous threat against some person or persons unknown.
It is the same crowd that inspects the sewer hole into which a shiny man descends, the cellar excavation where the men are not working because it is wet weather, the horse Mrs. Langtry lives in, or the man at the fountain. This same crowd will fixate a shop window where a pasteboard cobbler is stitching at a paper shoe under the propulsion of the heat from a gas jet, or rather under a three ton safe that is being hoisted up to a tenth story window by a rope that may be rotten and machinery that may be on the point of giving way, for all the thought they give to it, or pack a street where some roofer have left a fat pot boiling while they have sat down on a doorstep to eat their dinner. The quality and quantity of amusement an average New York street idler can extract from an hour's stare at an intended far pot will, no doubt, ever remain a mystery to you and me. But as it is, he extracts it, and he, to all appearances, quite satisfied with his bargain.—Alfred Trumble in The Argonaut.

Hair Spring of a Watch.

The making of the hair spring is really the most delicate operation about the manufacture of the watch. The wire is received in spools, and is nothing more than a round thread. This is run between hardened steel rollers and flattened, and being wound on the roll, is then drawn between diamond dies, which give the required thickness and width. The spring must be of exactly the same width and thickness, and before being used is tested on a register which marks down to one two hundred and fifty thousandths of an inch.

To show to what fineness this measure, a hair placed between the jaws marked 400, and moved forward half an inch registered 365.

Of course, every one knows that a hair varies in thickness, but that it should be so exactly measured is a surprise; and when it is remembered that the hair spring of a watch cannot vary even so much as the variance in a hair from the human head, the delicacy of the operation will be emphasized in the imagination. The wire is received in lengths of 1,500 yards, and in this entire length must not vary 2, or one-thirtieth of what a hair varies in half an inch. The spring is then cut into lengths of twelve inches, and these are wound, four at a time, and very quickly, the tool resembling a large pen-holder, and turning from the end, into the shape of a spring and of seventeen coils. The wire is hardened, but winds very easily, and is removed from the winder in copper boxes.—Globe-Democrat.

BARGAINS IN OUR

Linen Department.

Towels - Towels

A good Linen Huck Towel only 10 cents each.
" Fancy Bordered Damask Towel, size 17x33, only 15c or \$1.75 dz.
" " " " " " 19x37, only 20c or \$2.25 dz.
" " " " " " 20x43, only 25c or \$2.60 dz.
Extra value " " " " 20x44, only 35c or \$3.75 dz.
" " " " " " Knotted Fringed " 20x44, only 40c or \$4.40 dz.
" " " " " " Open work border 50c or \$5.35 dz.
" " " " " " Plain white Damask Towel size 24x52, only 75c or \$8.25 dz.
Good Values in Bath Towels at 18, 20, 25, 30 Cts.

Table Linens.

Turkey Red Table Linens at 25, 40, 50, 65, 75 and 85 cents per yard.
White and Cream Damasks from 25 cents to \$1.50 per yard.
Extra Values at 45, 50 and 60 cents in Cream with Red Borders.
Fine Table Linens in Sets—Napkins to match,—from \$5.00 to \$10.00 a Set.
Table Spreads all Sizes and Qualities at Low Prices.

Napkins - Napkins

White Doyles at \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50 a dozen.
White Napkins from 75 cents to \$4.00 a dozen.
Cream Napkins from \$1.25 to \$3.25 a dozen.

WHITE TOILET QUILTS.

Full Line at Popular Prices.

F. HERRMANN & CO.,

One Door East First Nat'l Bank.

Bargains! Bargains!

The firm W. A. Boeck & Co., have succeeded Boeck & Bird.

A FAR SUPERIOR LINE

OF SPRING AND SUMMER

ROOTS AND SHOES!

—AND EXPECT TO DO A BED ROCK—

CASH BUSINESS

MOTHERHOOD.

See softly sings, and paces to and fro, Patient, unweary, bearing in her arms The fretful, sickly child, with all its harms, Deformed and imbecile, her love and woe, Crows, with caressing intonation, low. Some sweet, old minor melody, that charms The ear that listens, and the sufferer's arms, And her own sorrow soothes with silver flow. O holy tenderness of motherhood! Most patient and patient to the child, Foolish, unlovely, seemingly defiled By powers of death and darkness. The All Good Alone so loveth and remembereth. And, like a leader parent, plumb. —Abby B. Hinckley in The Century. Taking Out Wrinkles. We had our carpet made into rugs, and supposed our troubles were over so far as floors were concerned. But the rugs were not very satisfactory; they would wrinkle and not lie smoothly, till one day when I was in a carpet store I inquired how the Brussels rugs could be made to lie so smoothly on the floor. "Oh, they have to be shrunken," was the reply. "After they are made we tack them firmly face downward to the floor upstairs and then wet them on the wrong side. In one night they will dry, and when dry they will be smooth like these." Of course, like Columbus's egg, it was plain enough now, and we soon had our rugs as smooth as any one's.—Morion Thomas in Good Housekeeping.

Shade Trees.

If you want any kind of trees, call on M. Archer at Poisel & Spencer's store, on lower Main street, Plattsmouth, Neb. At Southeast quarter section 14, township 10, range 12; price \$1,800. Northwest quarter section 8, township 12, range 10; price \$2,000. WINDHAM & DAVIES. Begg's Cherry Cough Syrup. Is the only medicine that acts directly on the Lungs, Blood and Bowels, it relieves a cough instantly and in time effects a permanent cure. Sold by O. P. Smith & Co., druggists. j25,3mo,d w. If it is real estate you want, see Windham & Davies' column on second page. Just received two cases 5c Calico at Weckbach's. Largest List, Best Terms and Lowest prices on lots, houses and lots, half acres, acres, five and ten acres. Property shown free of charge. Call and see me. Ride out and see if I cannot show you some BARGAINS. a20tf W. S. Wise. Fire Insurance written in the Aetna, Phoenix and Hartford by Windham & Davies. Our stock of Millinery very complete and prices low, at the Daylight store.

From the Mouths of Babies.

Rob asked me some "puzzler" when I was worrying about the baking of my cake, and, rather impatiently, I replied, I answered, "Not not not!" "Not, 2 years old, instructed him, and I heard her saying, "Mamma, when mamma says 'No, baby,' 'No, don't' mean 'No,' she only means 'Don't bother me now!'" —Babyland.

Those Gloves.

Griggs—What on earth is the matter with the lady over there? Has she the St. Vitus dance?
Briggs—Oh, no; she's just trying to put on a pair of new gloves.—Judge.