

# The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

FIRST YEAR

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 24, 1888.

NUMBER 210

## CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor, F. M. KILHELY  
Clerk, W. K. FOX  
Treasurer, JAMES PATTERSON, JR.  
Auditor, BYRON CLARK  
Engineer, A. MADOLE  
Police Judge, S. CLIFFORD  
Marshal, W. H. MALLICK  
Commissioner, 1st ward, J. V. WICKLIFF  
" 2nd, J. A. SALISBURY  
" 3rd, D. M. JONES  
" 4th, DE. A. SHIMMAN  
Board Pub. Works, J. W. JOHNSON, CHAIRMAN  
FRED GORDER  
D. H. HAWKSWORTH

## COUNTY OFFICERS.

Treasurer, D. A. CAMPBELL  
Deputy Treasurer, THOMAS POLLOCK  
Clerk, BIRD CRITCHFIELD  
Deputy Clerk, ENA CRITCHFIELD  
Recorder of Deeds, W. H. PAUL  
Deputy Recorder, JOHN M. LEVDA  
Clerk of District Court, W. C. SHAWALTER  
Sheriff, J. C. BIRKENBARY  
Surveyor, A. MADOLE  
Alldredge, ALLEN BESSON  
Supt. of Pub. Schools, MAYNARD STECK  
County Judge, C. RUSSELL  
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.  
A. B. TODD, Plattsmouth  
LOUIS FOLTZ, Chm., Weeping Water  
A. B. DICKSON, Edwood

## CIVIC SOCIETIES.

**CLASS LODGE No. 16, 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 alternate Friday evening at K. of P. hall. Transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. P. J. Morgan, Master Workman; E. S. BARTON, Foreman; Frank Brown, Overseer; L. Bowen, Guide; George Housworth, Recorder; H. J. Johnson, Financier; Wash Smith, Receiver; M. Maybright, Past M. W.; Jack Daugherty, Inside Guard.  
**CLASS CAMP No. 32, 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 Consul; G. F. Niles, Worthy Adviser; D. B. Smith, Ex-Banker; W. C. Willets, Clerk.  
**PLATTSMOUTH LODGE No. 8, A. O. U. W.**—Meets every alternate Friday evening at Rockwood hall at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. L. S. Larson, M. W.; F. Boyd, Foreman; S. C. Wilde, Recorder; Leonard Anderson, Overseer.  
**McCONIHIE POST 45 C. A. R.**  
ROSEBUSH  
J. W. JOHNSON, Commander.  
C. S. TRESS, Senior Vice.  
F. A. BARTON, Junior Vice.  
GEO. NILES, Adjutant.  
HENRY STRIGHT, Clerk.  
M. MALON DIXON, Officer of the Day.  
CHARLES FOARD, Quartermaster.  
ANDERSON FRY, Sergeant Major.  
JAMES HORTON, Quartermaster Sergeant.  
L. C. CURTIS, Post Chaplain.  
Meeting Saturday evening.

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GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS

Represent the following time-tried and fire-tested companies:

American Central-St. Louis, Assets	\$1,258,100
Commercial Union-England, "	2,593,514
Fire Association-Philadelphia, "	4,415,576
Franklin-Philadelphia, "	3,117,106
Home-New York, "	7,855,949
Ins. Co. of North America, Phil., "	8,471,262
Liverpool & London & Globe-Eng, "	6,629,781
North British & Mercantile-Eng, "	3,378,754
Scottish Union-England, "	1,215,499
Springfield F. & M., Springfield, "	3,041,915
Total Assets, \$12,115,774	

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Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

H. B. WINDHAM, JOHN A. DAVIES, Notary Public, Notary Public.

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## A Disastrous Runaway.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., May 24.—Last evening a team driven by Richard Vetty became frightened and ran away, throwing Mr. Vetty and his little daughter from the wagon. The child sustained internal injuries which may prove fatal, and Mr. Vetty was badly cut and bruised about the head.

## A School Master's Bride.

FREMONT, Neb., May 24.—Professor J. A. Hornberger, principal of the Fremont city schools, is just now receiving the congratulations of scores of friends. He was married at Nevada, Ia., on Monday, May 21, to Miss Emily Purkisher of that place. The professor and bride have arrived in Fremont.

## A Texas Cyclone.

BONHAM, Tex., May 23.—Information from Brookston, a small town twenty-five miles east of here, is to the effect that a cyclone passed over that place at 4:30 this evening demolishing three or four houses and seriously injuring five or six persons. One house was blown across the track. The wires are down and details are very meager. It is thought that a great deal of damage was done in the vicinity of Brookston.

## A Pow Wow of Braves.

CHADRON, Neb., May 24.—The Indians at Cheyenne agency are holding a conference in regard to surrendering the land recently opened. The conference commences on the 21st inst., and consists of all the chiefs and under chiefs of the agency. The five principals are Red Cloud, Spotted Elk, Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse, Tall Bear and Little Chief. Red Cloud is the grand mogul. The sentiment expressed so far is against surrendering the land and a general disapprobation of the manner of remuneration to be received from the government. The general opinion of a number of squaw men who are interested in inducing the Indians not to surrender the land is that it will be almost impossible to get the requisite number of Indians to sign. There are a large number of squaw men who own large herds of stock, and they are allowed to range their cattle and horses at will on the reservation. They are doing their utmost to induce the Indians not to give up the land.

## An Imposing Funeral.

YORK, Neb., May 23.—The funeral of Sheriff Hamilton occurred from the M. E. church in this city this afternoon. All business houses were closed in accordance with the proclamation of the mayor and suspended in mourning and a deep gloom pervaded the entire community. The funeral was in charge of the masonic fraternity and was the largest ever known in this part of the state. The procession was composed of the Masons, Odd Fellows, Grand Army, fire department, county and city officers, members of the bar, United Workmen and a company of National Guards headed by a band, about one hundred carriages completing the grandest funeral cortege ever seen in the west. The sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Dudley of Stronburg, a life long friend of the deceased. The Masonic ceremonies at the grave were conducted by Major A. G. Hastings of Lincoln, past grand master, and were very impressive. The loss of Sheriff Hamilton to the county and state can never be replaced. His position as grand marshal of the state fair is also made vacant.

## A Fatal Wreck.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 24.—At four o'clock this morning a Rock Island freight train ran into a washout one and a half miles east of Randolph, six miles from here. The engineer and fireman jumped. The former, P. McCrennan, was cut over the head and fatally hurt. His fireman, name unknown, was badly injured. The engine went to the bottom, fifty-three feet from the track, with eighteen cars of merchandise on top. The head brakeman, whose name cannot be learned, was caught and crushed to death. Two tramps, stealing a ride, were also killed. The falling train struck a trestle on the Wabash road and knocked it over. A Wabash switch engine came along at the same moment with sixteen cars and crashed upon the wreck below. Forty cars and two engines are now in the ditch. John McCune, fireman, was cut and his legs crushed. The engineer and brakeman jumped, and were both fatally injured.

The Milwaukee & St. Paul had a wreck across the ditch at the same point this morning. None were hurt, but the wreck was complete.

A later dispatch says it now appears that seven lives were lost in the wreck.

Ben Norris, a negro, who was fatally injured, says that an old man and his son were in a box car with him and they have not yet been accounted for. There is also said to be another tramp buried in the ruins.

## Trouble Over an Election.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., May 23.—Advices from Augusta report great excitement there, growing out of the recent school election. As near as can be ascertained the particulars are as follows: The Knights of Labor had two candidates—G. K. Whitcomb, a white man, and a colored man named Wilson, the latter being a school teacher. The democrats had for their candidates James H. Campbell and Walter Sayle. The polls were surrounded all day by a large crowd of colored people, and at night it was announced that the democratic ticket was elected by two votes. This the negroes denounced as fraudulent and must be righted or trouble would be the result. In a very short time knives, guns and pistols could be seen on all sides. The negroes refused to be arrested, and their ringleaders escaped from the town, but were pursued by officers and brought back. It is but just to say that the judges of the election were of the two parties, two being democrats and two Knights of Labor. It is generally believed that serious trouble will ensue.

## Philosophy of Writing "Heads."

The general rule that a newspaper head should tell in brief the story that follows in detail is one that is never disputed. But how hard is it to conform to this rule! A complicated account of some business matter is not easily indexed in half a dozen lines, especially when, as is nearly always demanded, the lines must each contain a certain number of letters. Even commonplace items, such as those pertaining to fires, accidents or crimes, are not easily headed, mainly because every line that would suit has been used so many times before as to provoke ridicule when even suggested. Who is not acquainted to the point of familiarity that breeds contempt, with such headlines as "A Small Fire," "A Midnight Blaze," "A Sad Accident," "A Heinous Crime," "Is it a Murder?" "Fell from a Scaffold," and so on? And yet when such occurrences as they indicate have been described in the article, the pencil naturally traces such phrases for the heads. Schools for the teaching of all kinds of useful and ornamental accomplishments are continually springing into existence. Why should not the Press club establish a college where the philosophy of writing "heads" may be taught—that is, if anybody competent to impart such instruction can be found? Such a man's annual salary should be in four figures, and the public would doubtless be willing to pay it.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

## Premotion of Coming Disaster.

Did you ever notice how an accident is always preceded by a premonitory thought? Well, in nearly every case it is so. I have been in a good many railway smashups, and can honestly say that just before every one of those accidents occurred I felt a premonition of danger to come. One night last week, while riding here from Chicago, I was lying on a reclining chair, and my thoughts wandered onto the many accidents I had been unfortunate enough to be in, when suddenly the thought came to my mind, "Suppose this car was filled with a load of ties, that those ties through the jolting should become misplaced, and that in rattling along through space, should strike that car and offered resistance, what a terrible accident would result." I had hardly completed the thought when crash came a shower of broken glass down on my face and body, the car was filled with smoke, and the cries of terror from women and children were frightful in the extreme. The lights in the car were extinguished by the great shock, and when they were relighted and an examination made of the damage done, it was found that one side of the car had almost been torn away, and the cause of the accident was a tie projecting from a car on a freight train which was passing us at the time.—Dr. Lewis in Globe-Democrat.

## New Anecdotes of Gen. Grant.

When Gen. Grant was about to retire from the command of the army, said Capt. John S. Loud in conversation a few days ago, he made a farewell tour among the posts and outlying military stations of the west. I was assistant acting adjutant general in the district of New Mexico at the time, and it was with Gen. Hatch and myself that he and Mrs. Grant made a flying trip with one car and an engine from Santa Fe to Trinidad. We were fairly flying along the road when the glasses began to fall off the ice cooler. Then Mrs. Grant began to get nervous. "Keep calm, Julia," said the general in his usual collected manner, "there is no danger so long as the car stays on the track." "It's all very well to talk, general," said Mrs. Grant, "perhaps if I could smoke as you do I might have some nerve, too." The only thing Gen. Grant dreaded was the appearance of delegations and committees at the stopping places on the route. "Anything at the next station?" he would inquire. "Yes, general, there's a crowd waiting to see you." Then he would look grave for a moment before asking: "Could you forget to stop there?"—Detroit Free Press.

## Colors for Metal Surfaces.

A German company has patented a process for producing surface colorations upon articles made of copper, zinc or brass. Upon the first named metal it is possible to develop all the colors of the rainbow, and upon zinc the coating is formed of such thickness as to permit of chasing the surface. The most important application of this invention seems to be in the imitation of antique bronzes, the results in this direction being very satisfactory, both in the matter of durability and resemblance.—Public Opinion.

## DARKNESS HAS UNKNOWN TERRORS

### An Incident with a Moral That Happened in a Minneapolis Hospital.

"For heaven's sake turn up the light! Do it quick or I shall go mad!" A woman's voice almost screamed forth this command. She lay tossing upon an iron cot in a room in one of the Minneapolis hospitals. She was young in years, but the deep lines on her still handsome face and her general appearance were only too suggestive of a life of wild dissipation. She was a woman of the town. A fever had been the means of her removal from a house of sin to the pleasant quarters in the hospital. She had awakened from a two weeks' unconscious sleep when she opened her eyes to find herself in a semi-darkened room yesterday afternoon.

She appeared to be greatly frightened. The pleasant faced young woman officiating as nurse rushed to the window and pulled up the curtain at her wild cry. The hospital physician, who was in the room at the time and who stood at the sick woman's bedside, spoke kindly to her and said: "There is nothing to be frightened at; but I'll see that your room is never darkened again while you are here."

"Thanks," said the trembling girl, and in a moment she was far off again in dreamland. "That little episode may seem a trifle queer to you," said the doctor to a visitor who was accompanying him on his rounds, "but it won't when I explain a little. I've had many years' experience in a professional way with these women. There is nothing under heaven that they fear, well or ill, so much as darkness—not even death. They simply have a horror of darkness. And they are all the same way. A year's experience in the life they follow brings about this result. The cause? That would be hard to explain. Perhaps they have visions that are unpleasant, even horrible. Perhaps they think I've noticed one peculiarity about this class of women, they are happiest when they are not given time to think. Natural, too. All alike indeed, yes. Find me one that will remain in a dark room either in company or alone for a moment without screaming and I will show you something I never saw in all my professional career and something I doubt that any one ever saw."—Indianapolis Journal.

## Japanese Funeral Customs.

During my visit to the park I passed a Japanese funeral procession that was quite novel. Before reaching the procession my attention was attracted to what seemed to be the spasmodic shouting of quite a number of men, and as they passed, noticed that about every two minutes they all united in shouting some words in unison. Between these times they would chat and laugh together and stop to talk with any friends they met, and often, after what would seem to be an explanation of whose funeral it was, many would join and swell the procession. Noticing the absence of all females, I was informed that the women did not usually attend, especially as this was a divorced woman.

Borne on a litter formed of two poles was a plain pine box, probably about two feet square and about three feet high, into which the body was jammed with its head between its knees. Surrounding this was a peculiar kind of canopy made of some brownish material and ornamented with rice stalks, rice straw, fern and a liberal supply of Japanese prayers, fastened together by a string and tacked to the box, as circulars are in your street cars. I was told that the age and sex are designated by a lantern placed in front of the body, the absence of which indicated the one referred to as being a divorced woman, they being the only exception. I did not have time to discuss the burial ceremonies, but understand that they are placed in the cemeteries just as they come, and if you wish to find the grave of some particular departed friend you have to climb around until you find it.—Cor. San Francisco Examiner.

## For a Gentle Corpse.

In Boston nothing is held to be too good for a gentle corpse. Two coffins, just now in process of construction by a local manufacturer—to be used some day by a granddaughter of the Baron von Wurtemberg and her husband—will cost not less than \$5,000 apiece. They are made of mahogany, seven inches thick, and in bold relief with the most elaborate designs. All of these are in some manner emblematic of death. On the panel a spider—itsself symbolic of the grim destroyer—has caught the fly at last in a web so delicately executed that you fear to breathe upon it lest it blow away. In another place a griffin's claw supports a human skull from a fracture in which a lizard is crawling. Still another panel shows an owl in the act of capturing a mouse, and so on, the intention being to express the idea that death comes soon or late to every living thing.

## Advice to the Anglomaniac.

The average Anglomaniac may survey himself in the glass with satisfaction as he contemplates his Poole made suit, his Norfolk jacket, his covert coat, his Kaiserbockers, his yarn stockings, his dog skin gloves, his blacktop walking stick, his rimless eye glass, his white "spats" and his light-colored rings, and may listen with delight to the sound of his own voice in conversation with a similarly anglicized countryman as he draws forth his "London accent"—both may revel in the fool's paradise of their imaginary and only too willing expatriation, to their hearts' content, and fondly believe they are exactly "the Englishmen, you know." But never an Englishman will you find who mistakes them for other than they are. English made clothes, a thousand voyages across the Atlantic in the mutual admiration, mutual deceiving atmosphere of a fashionably crowded Cunard steamer, European in spring and homeward in autumn, or the fact that each one has "a sister married to an English earl" that some of the Anglomaniac's ambitions cannot, does not, make them in any sense English to an Englishman.—"Cockaigne" in The Argonaut.

## NOTICE

We earnestly request all of our friends indebted to us to call at once and settle accounts due. We have sustained heavy loss by the destruction of our Branch House at Fairmont, Neb., by fire and now that we need money to meet our obligations, we hope there will not be one among our friends who would refuse to call promptly at this particular time and adjust accounts.

Trusting this will receive your kind consideration and prompt attention, we remain,

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