

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor, P. M. RICHY; Clerk, W. K. FOX; Treasurer, JAMES PATTERSON, JR.; Attorney, BYRON CLARK; Engineer, A. M. MOLE; Police Judge, S. G. LITTELL; Marshal, W. H. MALLER; Councilmen, 1st ward, J. V. WECKBACH; 2nd, M. JONES; 3rd, R. A. SHEPMAN; 4th, W. MURPHY; 5th, W. DUTTON; 6th, J. O'CONNOR; 7th, J. McCALLEN, PRES; 8th, J. W. BROWN, CHAIRMAN; Board Pub. Works, FRANK RIDDER; D. H. HAWKSWORTH.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Treasurer, A. A. CAMPBELL; Deputy Treasurer, EDWIN POLLOCK; Deputy Clerk, RICH CRITCHFIELD; Recorder of Deeds, W. H. POUL; Deputy Recorder, JOHN M. LEVDA; Clerk of District Court, J. O. EIKENBARY; Sheriff, A. MADOLE; Surveyor, ALLEN BERTSON; Attorney, MATHIAS SPINK; Sup't. of Pub. Schools, C. RUSSELL; County Judge, C. RUSSELL.

CIVIC SOCIETIES.

MASS LODGE NO. 106, 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. THIRD LODGE NO. 81, A. O. U. W.—Meets every alternate Friday evening at K. of P. hall. Transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. F. J. Morgan, Master; Workman, E. S. Kestow, Foreman; Frank Brown, Over; J. Bowen, Guide; George Housworth, Recorder; H. J. Johnson, Financier; Wash. Smith, Recorder; M. Maybright, Past M. W.; Jack Daugherty, Inside Guard. MASS 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. J. A. Newcomer, Venerable Consul; G. F. S. C. White, Recorder; Leonard Anderson, Overseer. 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. White, Recorder; Leonard Anderson, Overseer. MCCONNIE POST 45 G. A. R.—ROSTER: J. W. JOHNSON, Commander; C. S. FRISS, Senior Vice; F. A. RATES, Junior Vice; GEO. NILES, Adjutant; HENRY STREIGHT, Q. M.; MALDEN DIXON, Officer of the Day; CHARLES FORD, Guard; ANDREW EBY, Serjeant Major; JACOB GOBBELMAN, Quarter Master; L. E. CURTIS, Post Chaplain. Meeting Saturday evening.

H. E. Palmer & Son

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS. Represent the following time-tried and fire-tested companies: American Central-St. Louis, Assets \$1,350,100; Commercial Union-England, 2,506,514; Fire Association-Philadelphia, 4,415,776; Franklin-Philadelphia, 3,117,106; Home-New York, 7,856,529; Ins. Co. of North America, Phil., 8,474,323; Liverpool & London & Globe-Eng., 6,339,751; North British & Mercantile-Eng., 3,378,754; Norwich Union-England, 1,215,468; Springfield F. & M.-Springfield, 3,041,915. Total Assets, \$42,115,774. Losses Adjusted and Paid at this Agency.

WHEN YOU WANT WORK DONE OF Any Kind CALL ON L. G. Larson, Contractor and Builder. Cor. 12th and Granite Streets. Sept. 12-6m.

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SLUGGED BY A FRIEND.

D. T. Macalester, of Creston, Iowa, Assaulted by a Brother Engineer. OMAHA, Neb., June 4.—About 2 o'clock this morning a disturbance was heard near the Union Pacific crossing on Tenth street, and the officer on the beat hurrying to the place found a man lying on the ground in an unconscious condition, with a severe cut over the left eye. He was taken to the central station in the patrol wagon, and on regaining consciousness stated that his name was D. T. Macalester, and that his home was in Creston, Iowa. He arrived in Omaha from Plattsmouth last night, and at the depot met Eph Peel, an engineer and an old friend, and was invited by him to spend the night with him. In crossing the railroad track they met three men, who were unknown to Macalester but were acquainted with Peel, and after going a short distance Peel, without warning, drew a billy and knocked him down, after which the others jumped onto him. He claims that he was robbed of \$6. Macalester says he is a scab engineer, but that Peel is also one, and that he cannot account for the assault. It is probable that he will lose the sight of the injured eye.

Entombed by a Cave-In. BUTTE, Mont., June 4.—Yesterday, at a few minutes to 12 o'clock, noon, a large cave occurred in the St. Lawrence mine, commencing at the 500 foot level, on the hanging wall and letting in the mountain clean up to the 200 post level. Thirty-five men had come out at 10 o'clock on account of the squeeze and the balance of the men came out a few minutes before the cars. It was found when the roll was called that four men were missing, viz: Pat Harrington, Con Murphy, and two men who had just commenced to work. The men are now at work from the Anaconda mine and going to the relief of the entombed miners. The latest from the mine is that two of them have given signals with a hammer on the walls, which are heard by those digging through the cave-in. Whether they can rescue them within twenty-four hours is hard to say. The St. Lawrence is one of the largest copper mines in this city, and employs 600 men.

Charged With Assaulting a Daughter.

OAKLAND, Neb., June 4.—Quite a little excitement prevails in Oakland over the arrest of Bill Johnson last night for assault with intent to commit rape upon his daughter, about 17 years old. The daughter swore out a warrant alleging that the assault was made on or about the 25th day of December, 1887. Ed Renard went on his bond for \$750 for his appearance tomorrow before the county judge. Johnson is a Swede, and lives one mile north of town. He is a well-to-do farmer, and has a wife and several children. It is known that the domestic relations of the family of late have not been very pleasant, owing to Johnson being addicted to strong drink. Developments are awaited with great interest. The relatives of the family are highly respected.

Buried the Man He Murdered.

HYANNIS, Neb., June 4.—On Monday, May 28, near Cottonwood Lake, Cherry county, thirty miles northeast of here, occurred one of the most cold-blooded murders that ever happened in northwest Nebraska. Fred Robinson, a desperado of local note, went to the house of a man by the name of A. Sheldon and shot him dead. After the man was dead he shot him again while he lay on the floor. The next morning he went and got a man by the name of Steve Carver, and together they buried him. The killing was done in a sparsely settled neighborhood and was not found out by the authorities until today. The Sheriff of Cherry county is now in pursuit of the murderer. He is reported to be still in the neighborhood. The murdered man leaves a wife and seven children.

Cattlemen Murdered.

VALENTINE, Neb., June 4.—Word has been received from Cottonwood Lake, in this county, about seventy-five miles southwest from here, of the murder of a cattlemen named Byron Robinson. No particulars. Sheriff Little and Coroner Lewis have started for the scene of the murder. —Now is your chance if you wish a good watch send us thirty subscribers to the HERALD. New store building for rent. Best location in the city. Store room 22x80 inside, well lighted, five rooms in second story for office or dwelling. Enquire of Byron Clark or A. B. Todd.

MY NEIGHBOR.

If you should see my neighbor at my side, Or hear the voice that whispers in my ear, Your heart, perchance, would fall with sudden fear, And you would long from this, my friend, to hide, Though he is just who doth with me abide, And merciful, I think, and should be near; No friend of all my life has come so near, And yet a sovereign he, whose realms are wide. Full soon I shall go with him from your sight, And vague as memory will be my shade; I shall have vanished like a flower's spent breath. For me no more on earth of sorrow or delight, Since he, with whom I journey unafraid, And enter worlds I know not—he is death. —Louise Chandler Moulton in Youth's Companion.

A Child Without a Name. "It happened this way," continued Phinkett. "There never was but one locomotive made in Georgia up to the time that one was made in Atlanta during the war. They needed engines mighty bad then, and they went to work in the shops at Atlanta and turned out as good or looking little locomotive as I ever seed, and they named it 'Sunshine,' and the railroad men took on over it or cheap and every engineer wanted it for his. "Things was bustling outen Atlanta, for old Sherman was doing some of his swinging around, and it was feared he'd get the control of the Macon and Western then, and this little engine was erbout to be shut off, so the engineer he fired up and folks piled onto it and out she started for Macon. She was er sailing er long as fast as ever an engine run them days, when, before you could wink your eye, she busted. That was the last of 'Sunshine,' and it was the last of er heap of folks, but it was war times and fifteen or twenty folks kiled was 'noticed worth talking about, but in the wreck among the dead and wounded was found a little baby that nobody has ever claimed, and the little thing was not scratched by the wreck, but just set there in er little place and laughed and crowed 'Mam, mam, mam,' and we knowed by that it was the little child of some poor refugee woman. They took good care of the little thing, and it lived eight months after that, and the strange thing is that it never heard an engine nor seed er car but what it would say them same words over: 'Mam, mam, mam.' But it's over yonder, with 'Child Without a Name' on its tombstone, and that ends it in this world, but it teaches the lesson that was er bad, bad thing." —Atlanta Constitution.

Rats of the Sewers.

Mr. Webb, who has the largest fund of information as to the interior of sewers of any living man, tells some interesting facts about rats, some of which he estimates as being about two feet long and weighing about eight or ten pounds. The pure blooded thoroughbred stock of sewer rats is a distinct species. House and ground rats are smaller, leaner, sleeker, longer faced and less powerful; they run into the sewers through breaks, but return to their domiciles in the houses. Sewer rats have nests in nooks and corners of dry, abandoned or unused walls; their claws are long and hard, the strings of steel hooks, which they somewhat resemble. They can easily displace a brick anywhere where the mortar or cement is old or more or less crumbling. Usually they seek the old and decayed sewers, tear their way through and burrow and establish their family residences" at their own sweet will, and do their marketing wherever it may be convenient and attractive for them. They are naturally suspicious, coy and unsocial, although never belligerent unless cornered, in which case they will attack ferociously and bite and claw viciously. When the men are at work in the sewers, the rats are quite tame, and one workman had the "knack" of calling them to him by a peculiar humming or singsong noise, which they seemed to be fascinated by, and would come almost near enough to be handled. —New York Star.

City Roofs as Health Resorts.

The proposition, ably discussed in Science, to utilize city roofs as health resorts is a suggestion deserving of careful and practical consideration. Why may this idea not be conjointly with the plan of having roof gardens? There is no reason why roofs, in large and crowded cities, may not be so built as to be converted into flower, and even vegetable, gardens. There are not a few roofs so used already. The amount of oxygen and ozone thus liberated, and of carbon gases utilized and subtracted from the air, would be enormous. If sewer gases are to be carried to the roofs, and so disseminated into the air, the adoption of the garden system would be all the more desirable. Certainly the degeneration and devegetalization attendant on living in crowded tenement houses, and in some way be counteracted. Nothing could be more grateful to a sick or puny child than the fresh air and flowers that such a system as suggested might furnish. —Globe-Democrat.

Inwardness of Book Notices.

In nine cases out of ten the critical notices are carefully measured to accord with the size of the advertisement handed in at the business office. If a publisher advertises, his books receive notice; twenty lines secure a good review, forty a better one. If a piece is ever so bad, the astute critic can find much good in it, he looks through the greenback lognette furnished by the business office of the mighty organ of public opinion by which he is employed. The book reviewer's judgment is warped in the same way; his favor is bought at the cashier's desk. —

The Battle of Waterloo.

A foolish woman in society once asked the Duke of Wellington to give her an account of the battle of Waterloo. "Oh," replied he, "it is very easily done. We pummeled them, they pummeled us, and I suppose we pummeled the hardest, so we gained the day." Mitford said that Cosey went to the duke after his return to Brussels from Waterloo to congratulate him. The duke rejected congratulation and said, "It was a dreadful business, 30,000 men destroyed, and a d— near thing." When the duke was sitting, Phillips the latter asked him, "Was not your grace surprised at Waterloo?" "Never till now," he answered. —

DURING THE SIEGE.

THE PLUCKY LITTLE CONFEDERATE DAILY PUBLISHED IN VICKSBURG.

Printed on Wall Paper When the Supply of White Paper Was Exhausted—A Plea for Mule Meat—Hopeful to the Last. Exchanging for Northern Papers. "The Vicksburg Daily Citizen" was the pretentious title of a little sheet, issued in the beleaguered city, never much for size, but always as full of fight as a little onion is of pungency. When white paper ran out, The Citizen appeared on the white side of wall paper. When successes were gained, it glorified them; when none could be heard of it invented some, and just as the situation grew darker in Vicksburg and the tone of the little daily grew more defiant and hopeful. It is said that there are now but two complete files of this paper in existence, and most appropriately one is owned by a Federal and the other by a Confederate officer, both survivors of the siege. Toward the last the paper got out only semi-weekly, and this article in one of the late issues was read in the Federal lines within two hours after it was issued: "We are indebted to Maj. Gillespie for a steak of Confederate beef—alias mule meat. We have tried it and can assure our friends that they need have no scruples at eating the meat. It is sweet and tender, and so long as we have a mule left, we are satisfied our soldiers will be content to subsist on it." This paper was exchanged for northern papers daily on the picket lines of the two armies. In every beleaguered city since history began there has been a popular cry that some citizens had concealed stores of food; and so we find in The Citizen: "We are satisfied that many people have breadstuffs secreted, and that they are doling it out at most exorbitant prices. It is charged that some are selling flour at \$5 a pound; corn \$10, and masses \$10. If this is proved, let the brand be placed on their brow, that humanity may scorn and shun them as they would the portals of hell." Pretty soon after things began to look blue in Vicksburg; so the editor announced that he had received late New York, Richmond and Chattanooga news, and sums it up thus cheerily: "A HOPEFUL VIEW. "Today the mongrel administration of Lincoln is like Japhet in search of a Father, for their Old Abe has departed to parts unknown. We lay before our readers an account of the brilliant onslaught (in Maryland) upon the Lincoln hordes, and show, even from their own records, how the gallant boys of our cavalry have flashed their swords to the hilt with the ranting foe and how each musket of our infantry has told its fatal linden tale. Success and glory to our arms. God and right are with us." When the fatal day came the publisher had this article set for the next issue: "On dit: That the great Ulysses Generalissimo, surnamed Grant, has expressed his intention of dining in Vicksburg on Saturday next, and celebrating the 4th of July by a grand dinner, etc. When asked if he would invite Joe Johnston to join him he said, 'No, for fear there would be a row at the table.' Ulysses must get into the city before he dines in it. The way to cook a rabbit is 'first catch your hare,' etc." That number, however, was not issued by the publisher. It so happened that the first Federals to reach the center of the city were printers. They took possession of the composing "forms," "hited" the last article in the page, inserted the following and struck off several copies: NOTE. July 4, 1863. Two days bring about great changes. The banner of the Union floats over Vicksburg. Gen. Grant has "caught the rabbit." He has arrived in Vicksburg and he did bring his dinner with him. The Union flag is to see it. For the last time it appears on wall paper. No more will it enliven the luxury of mule meat and fried-corn-kitten—large southern warriors to such diet nevermore. Except this note this issue is from the press just as it came. It will be valuable hereafter as a curiosity.

Cave Life in Vicksburg.

During the long and terrible siege of Vicksburg, women, children and families remained within the city. As the bombardment grew hotter and hotter, there was no longer safety for them in the houses. They burrowed caves in the hillsides, and lived there, native dog fashion, to avoid the Minie balls and bursting shells that constantly swept the doomed city. There were often heartrending scenes, in spite of the precaution of living in caves. A lady who passed through the siege writes: "Sitting in the cave one evening, I heard the heartrending screams and moans. A mother had taken a child into a cave about a hundred yards from us. Having laid it upon its little bed, as the poor woman believed, in safety, she took her seat near the entrance of the cave. A mortar shell came rushing through the air, entering the earth above the sleeping child, cutting through into the cave. Out most horrible shriek to the mother, crushing in the upper part of the little sleeping head, and taking away the young innocent life without a word or look of passing love to be treasured in the mother's heart. "I sat near the square in the moonlight, silent and sorrowful, hearing the moans of a mother for her dead child, the child that a few moments since lived to caress and to love, speaking the tender words that endear so much the tie of mother and child."

What Is Dirt, Any Way?

A good ash floor, properly laid, will cost less in its fifty years' of wear than the carpets that are bought to cover a cheaper floor. But I suspect the carpet item in this estimate must be that of health. In our old carpets, in spite of good housekeeping, lurk the germs of the disease that from time to time render the house so sad and homeless. What is this dirt any way? The queerest stuff imaginable. Should you burn it in the passage, its cadence would show with the spectroscopic lines indicating almost all known substances. The iron lines would indicate the wear from the nails in your shoes. The carbon lines would come from the coal dust, and the yellow salt lines would only show that chloride of sodium is always present everywhere. But—here you have old wall papers or old carpets, you can be sure that some of this dirt is several generations old; and if there be not some bacteria of a bad sort, and germs of old fevers with all the rest, I shall be surprised. —Globe-Democrat.

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, Yours Truly, SOLOLMON & NATHAN.

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GO TO Wm. Herold & Son FOR Dry Goods, Notions Boots and Shoes or Ladies and Gents FURNISHING - GOODS. It keeps as large and as well SELECTED STOCK As can be found any place in the city and make you prices that defy competition. Agents for Harp's Bazar Patterns and Bell's Corsets.

C. F. SMITH, The Boss Tailor. Main St., Over Merges' Shoe Store. Has the best and most complete stock of samples, both foreign and domestic woolsens that ever came west of Missouri river. Note these prices: Business suits from \$16 to \$35, dress suits, \$25 to \$45, pants \$4, \$5, \$6, \$8.50 and upwards. Will guarantee a fit. Prices defy competition.

J. E. ROBBINS, ARTIST, INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN IN FINE OIL PAINTING WATERCOLORS, ETC. ALL LOVERS OF ART ARE INVITED TO CALL AND EXAMINE MY WORK STUDIO OVER OLIVER & RAMSE MEAT MARKET.

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If it is real estate you want, see Windham & Davies' column on second page.