

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

FIRST YEAR

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 12, 1888.

NUMBER 225

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor, F. M. RICHY.
Clerk, W. K. FOX.
Treasurer, JAMES PATTERSON, JR.
Attorney, BYRON CLARK.
Engineer, A. MADOLE.
Police Judge, CLIFFORD.
Marshal, S. H. WALICK.
Councilmen, 1st ward, J. V. WECKBACH.
2nd, D. M. JONES.
3rd, DR. A. SHIPMAN.
4th, S. W. DUTTON.
5th, CON O'CONNOR.
6th, J. P. McALLEN, PRES.
7th, J. W. JOHNS, CHAIRMAN.
8th, FRED GORDER.
9th, D. H. HAWKSWORTH.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

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Deputy Treasurer, THOS. POLLOCK.
Clerk, BIRD CRITCHFIELD.
Recorder of Deeds, EXA CRITCHFIELD.
Deputy Recorder, W. H. PAUL.
Clerk of District Court, JOHN M. LEYDA.
Sheriff, W. C. SHOWALTER.
Surveyor, J. C. ECKENBACH.
Supt. of Pub. Schools, ALLEN BEESON.
County Judge, MAYNARD SPINK.
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS, C. RUSSELL.
Plattsmouth, Weeping Water, Kimwood.
A. B. TODD, CHM.,
LOUIS POLK,
A. B. DICKSON.

CIVIC SOCIETIES.

CASS 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 evening at 8 o'clock. Transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

TRIO LODGE No. 84, A. O. U. W.—Meets every alternate Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. F. J. Morgan, Master; Workman, E. S. Barlow; Foreman, Frank Brown; Overseer, J. L. Brown; Guards, George Housworth, Recorder, H. J. Johnson; Financier, Wash. Smith; Receiver, M. Maybrite; Past M. W., Jack Daugherty; Inside Guard.

CASS CAMP No. 332, MODERN WOODMEN of America—Meets second and fourth Monday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to meet with us. L. A. Newcomer, Venerable Consul; G. F. Niles, Worthy Adviser; D. B. Smith, Ex-Banker; W. C. Willette, Clerk.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE No. 8, A. O. U. W.—Meets every alternate Friday evening 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.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE No. 6, A. F. & A. M.—Meets on the first and third Mondays of each month at their hall. All transient brothers are cordially invited to meet with us. Wm. Hays, Secy.

NEBRASKA CHAPTER No. 3, R. A. M.—Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month at Mason's Hall. Transient brothers are invited to meet with us. F. E. WHITE, H. P.

WM. HAYS, Secy.

T. ZION COMMANDARY No. 5, K. T.—Meets first and third Wednesday night of each month at Mason's hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to meet with us. Wm. Hays, Recy.

McCONIHIE POST 45 C. A. R.—ROSTER.
J. W. JOHNSON, Commander.
G. S. TWISS, Senior Vice.
F. A. BATES, Junior Vice.
GEO. NILES, Adjutant.
HENRY STEPHENSON, Chaplain.
M. L. DIXON, Quartermaster.
CHARLES FORD, Sergeant.
ANDERSON FRY, Sergeant.
JACOB GORHEMAN, Sergeant.
L. C. CURTIS, Post Chaplain.
Meeting Saturday evening.

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American Central—St. Louis, Assets	\$1,258,100
Commercial Union—England,	2,500,314
Fire Association—Philadelphia,	4,115,576
Franklin—Philadelphia,	3,177,106
Home—New York,	7,255,569
Ins. Co. of North America, Phil.,	8,474,362
Liverpool & London & Globe—Eng.	6,639,781
North British & Mercantile—Eng.	3,378,754
Norwich Union—England,	1,245,406
Springfield F. & M.—Springfield,	3,941,915
Total Assets,	\$42,119,774

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Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

Appointed to the Prison Congress.

LINCOLN, Neb., June 11.—Governor Thayer today appointed C. E. Root, of the daily *State Journal*, as a delegate to represent Nebraska at the national prison association and prison congress which meets at Boston, Mass., July 14. Mr. Root from active work in journalism, will possess excellent qualifications for work in the congress and will represent Nebraska in an able manner.

Slipped Through the Bars.

ANAMOSA, Ia., June 12.—Anna L. Hower, a female convict, made her escape from the penitentiary here last night by sawing off an iron bar over her window in the top tier of cells and letting herself down by means of bed clothes, then climbing up a rope and scaling the wall. She was sent from Cedar Rapids for eighteen years for murder in the second degree, she having assisted a man in killing her husband, with whom she afterwards ran away. She had served five years. She is the first female that has ever escaped.

Badly Hurt at Base Ball.

OAKLAND, Neb., June 12.—While the Oakland and Logan clubs were playing base ball yesterday afternoon nine miles southwest, Dr. Wells, of Hooper, ran against Charles Hempsted striking him with his knee in the diaphragm and knocked him senseless for some time. Dr. Moore was called and pronounced him seriously hurt. He was removed to the town and his family physician, formerly of Omaha, was telegraphed for this evening, also Dr. McLaughlin, of Tekamah, who arrived last evening. It is believed the diaphragm is ruptured. He is suffering untold agony when not under opiates and cannot live many hours. He has a wife and one child and has been employed as engine wiper here for the past six weeks, coming here from Omaha.

Two Young Men Drowned.

FULLERTON, Neb., June 12.—August Michaelson and Hans Tidge, two young men working at the Reimer ranch, four miles west of Fullerton, lost their lives while boating on a bayou of the Loup on Sunday. Tidge was unable to swim. The other was tipping the boat in order to frighten him. It dipped water, they lost their balance and finally upset. Michaelson tried to save Tidge, but the frightened man clung to him in such a way that both were drowned. Nicholas Wenn, the third party in the boat, managed to get to land, but was too much exhausted to procure help in time. Michaelson and Tidge were young men, each about twenty-one years old, both German. They will be buried at the Fullerton cemetery today.

Chautauqua Talk at Beatrice.

BEATRICE, Neb., June 11.—At a meeting of the board of trade tonight \$1,500 was donated to a syndicate owning thirty-five acres of land skirting the river south of town, to aid them in starting an inter-state Chautauqua assembly, the syndicate promising to erect buildings at once equal to those at Crete, and to hold an assembly next August. The money voted comes from the \$10,000 advertising fund, and as the syndicate do not guarantee to maintain a permanent assembly, it is questionable as to whether the money will be forthcoming. Some think the ground too small, others that we are too near Crete, which already has a well-established Chautauqua. But few were at the meeting and nearly half of those present refrained from voting, claiming that the matter should be canvassed more thoroughly.

Drowning Accident.

NORFOLK, Neb., June 12.—A very distressing drowning casualty occurred here last evening. E. M. Norton, of the Daily News, and Mrs. Herman Gerecke were out boat riding on the North Fork. In making a turn down by the reunion grounds about a mile from town, the current took the boat against a tree lying over the water. It began to fill and they sprang for the tree, which was hardly adequate to support both. Thinking himself unable to get his companion out alone, Morton ran for help. Guy Washburn and a young man by the name of Wishart came to the rescue and in attempting to save the lady, their boat was upset, and young Washburn was thrown into the water. Little attention was paid to him, as he was a strong swimmer, and called out that he was all right; but he suddenly sank, and his body has not been recovered. He was the only son of Quartermaster L. C. Washburn. He was a printer, having worked a long time in the Journal office, and latterly in the News office. Much sympathy is felt for the Washburn family, and the sad affair has filled the city with gloom.

INTUITIONS.

How little thought I in the clear blue eyes
Thy soul's reflected depths of love to see;
Yet, oh, the trembling thrill of glad surprise
To know, to feel, that love was all for me!
For thy dear eyes revealed
All that thy words concealed.

At dusk I sat before the firelight's glow,
And felt a warmth not born of its bright flame
Glebe o'er my cheek and through my being flow—
A warmth of joy, with just a tinge of shame,
That I should read love's sign
In that deep gaze of thine.

Yet my heart knows—accuse it as I will
It whispers o'er and o'er the truth to me;
I cannot hush its trembling, passionate thrill,
And so I yield it, oh, my love, to thee!
Knowing that soon or late
That is its certain fate.

Oh, yes, thy words were burning full of fire,
As bending o'er me, with my hands in thine,
Thou sweetly swift fingers o'er the charmed lyre,
Whose strings respond to true love's slightest sigh.

But, ah! no answering thrill
Flowed back all thy skill.
I listened thrilled, until my eyes I raised
The truth of all thy vows in thine to read;
The spell was broken, and I stood amazed—
Ah, not thou might'st forever beg and plead,
Still would thy cool, dark eye
Give all thy words the lie!

—Annie Weld Edson.

THE LADY'S MAID AT LARGE.

A Novel Business Run by Two Bright Women—The Way for Her Pay.

An original business in which two sisters have established themselves is that of lady's maid at large, to coin a phrase for a new trade. The elder was for a number of years maid to a woman of fashion and established something of a reputation for taste in arranging their hair, draping the gown, decking it with flowers and such. She was unable, finally, to submit to the exactions of her mistress, and instead of looking for a new place struck out in a more independent line. She had something of an acquaintance acquired during her years of service, and utilized this to gather a clientele of her own. She and her sister are settled cozily in a pretty five-room flat, and the ladies whom they beautifully know them respectively as Miss Rose and Miss Marie. They are down east Yankees, but their Yankee sense tells them that maids must, of course, be French. Is a pretty girl going to a ball, a girl who hasn't a maid, or a maid who is to be trusted for ordinary toilets only, then Miss Rose must be to the fore. Miss Rose will catch together a mass of lace or tulle and put on delicate telling touches, producing effects which the pretty girl never dreamed of before. Then she will take a double handful of roses or other natural flowers and drop them over the gown and tack them up just where they happen to fall, making a very pretty flower of the pretty girl herself. She will do the bud up in her wraps, ride to the scene of festivity with her and pronounce her all in order for conquest before the belle leaves the drawing room. Is a wedding on the tapis, then it is Miss Marie's turn. Miss Marie's forte is dressing a bride. Her hands can work magic when she has them on a bridal veil, and the young wife who has the orange blossoms pinned by her recommends her to all unmarried mates.

Miss Rose and Marie attend to the toilets and decorate the gowns of any number of dressy women and girls. Their order books are usually full, and their charges run from \$2 and \$3 well up into the twenties, according to the elaborateness of the design, or the amount of service required. They are going to divide the summer between Newport and Saratoga, and have already advanced engagements, dates to be settled more definitely later, at both watering places. They are very particular about the women they work for, and stand upon references. They say they can't afford, from a business point of view, to have any clients whose antecedents and present standing won't bear looking into. Rose and Marie are bright girls.—New York Mail and Express.

Two Bonapartes in Washington.

Two striking figures have become familiar to people along the fashionable part of Rhode Island avenue and out Fourteenth street. They are always on horseback, sweeping along at a brisk trot or canter and whisking around corners with a reckless grace. The one is a man of striking appearance, in high military boots and with the strong face of a soldier. His heavy shoulders bend forward in an un-American fashion for riding, but his springing line and the bold carriage of his head attest that he would be an expert figure dismounted, and when his horse comes to a stand he sits his saddle as erect as a statue. His large round head is set firmly, and his heavy black mustache, brushed straight out on either side and waxed at the ends in the military style of France, and a black goatee drawn down and waxed in the same style, give him a fierce expression and bring to mind a historic portrait. His mount is a blood bay of large build, which carries him always at a sweeping trot. The companion who gallops on a smaller animal at his side is a little old lady, with an abundance of iron gray hair and features that always attract attention. She is a daring rider as well as a good one, and she often presses her horse to a more reckless pace than is his wont. Sometimes they are accompanied by a young girl, apparently their daughter. Nearly every day in the winter, when less enthusiastic horsemen restricted their equestrian exercises to the tanbark quadrangle of the riding academy, these two would face the cutting wind with a dash that showed them seasoned to the sport. The man's striking resemblance to Louis Bonaparte, Napoleon III, marks him at once for one of that stock. They are Col. Jerome Bonaparte and Mme. Bonaparte.—Washington Star.

On the Stage of Stages.

One of the drivers of the Fifth avenue stages says that the young ladies, no matter if they live on the very tip-top of Marcy's Hill, like to climb up and ride on the outside seats. But they usually do it only in the evening. They are more graceful and quick about it than half of the men. On Sundays in pleasant weather a good many girls ride on the outside, and a good many go to the end of the right and back just for the excursion. The German girls are the most independent about climbing to the tops of the stages in the day time.—New York Press "Every Day Talk."

A FOLK LORE SOCIETY.

GATHERING LEGENDS OF THE PEOPLE AND MYTHS OF THE SAVAGES.

The Study of Folk Lore in Europe—Washington Irving's Work—Joel Chandler Harris' "Uncle Remus"—Duty of the New Folk Lore Society.

Last November a circular letter containing a proposal for the formation of a society for the study of folk lore was quietly, and perhaps timidly, sent to a faithful few. Accordingly, a number of well known scholars assembled some weeks ago in University hall, Harvard university, and there formed a folk lore society. The very first rule of the new society reads as follows:

The American Folk Lore society has for its object the study of folk lore in general, and in particular the collection and publication of the folk lore of North America.

The student of folk lore soon finds that many of the customs and ideas of savages are still retained by the folk, by the people who have shared least in progress. Indeed, he need only read newspaper reports of "clairvoyants," "palmistry," "mediums," "spirit painting," etc., to see primitive ideas still flourishing in our midst; the Irish maid servant, the gambler, the lawyer, alike persisting in the belief that wise women can foretell fortune and invisible artists paint fine pictures. Why do people carry things in their pockets for luck? Why are horseshoes nailed over the door and to the masthead? Why do people carry stones and bits of bread to keep away disease? Why is a group of stars called the Bear or the Swan or named after the Pleiades? This latter fact was especially puzzling to Artemus Ward. "What beats me about the stars," he used to say in his quaint way, "is how we come to know their names."

In the next place we have the Marchen or Contes, or household tales of the modern European peasantry—the tales known to us as fairy stories, handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth. These tales make up a large part of the people's lore, in contradistinction to their book lore or scholastic learning. They form by far the larger part of their inheritance from their ancestors. It was not until the brothers Grimm made their famous collection that much attention was paid to the childish tales current among the European peasantry. Since then the byways and hedges of all Europe have been ransacked by eager and keen-eyed disciples of the Grimms, taking carefully down the marvellous stories as they fell from the lips of the simple minded folk. Now, what was thus taken down not only found its way into print, but also found thousands of delighted readers. Today there is hardly a province in Europe that has not furnished some item to the comparative study of folk lore. In addition to this folk lore, societies have been established for the express purpose of collecting and preserving those wonderful tales of ofing and preserving those wonderful tales of princesses, heroic knights, balfuul sorcerers, which, with most of us, form one of the pleasantest reminiscences of childhood.

About the time that the Grimms were collecting these household tales of the German peasant, the genial "Geoffrey Crayon" was giving to Americans the legends of the Dutch along the Hudson. Washington Irving was the first of our folklorists. The "Legends of Sleepy Hollow" have now become part and parcel of American folk lore. The story of Rip Van Winkle's enticement into the Catskill mountains by the love of whisky, his long sleep and his return to the village is often regarded as a peculiarly American legend. Yet the simple truth is that the legend is found among half a dozen different peoples, among the Germans, the Scotch, the Russians, the Jews, etc.

Another charming contribution to American folk lore was Joel Chandler Harris' "Nights with Uncle Remus." The book is made up of a number of animal stories, or fables, current among the southern negroes in Georgia. We have a number of harmless tricks and pranks played by Brer Rabbit, which Grimm has made so familiar to us under the name of Reynard the Fox. Thus, Professor Crane has traced a great number of the "Legends of the Old Plantation" to their medieval or classical variants. It is curious, for example, that many of "Uncle Remus'" best stories were heard in all their simplicity by Professor Hart and Mr. Smith on the Amazon river; still more curious is it to find that many of the stories related of Mr. Wolf and Brer Rabbit were printed in Latin and Italian before "Uncle Remus" was "bred and bawn." How can we account for these wonderful resemblances?

Obviously, it will be the duty of the new Folk Lore society to gather all these popular tales wherever they can be found, to put them in their proper place or in the parlor. First, some one must do for American folk stories what the brothers Grimm did for the Marchen of the German peasantry. Secondly, some one must do for Indian myths, negro legends, Mexican, Canadian and South American folk lore what Dr. Taylor and Mr. Lang in England, and Preller and Lohbeck in Germany, have done for folk lore in general.—L. J. Vance in The Epoch.

To Make the Skin Sting Proof.

It is a fact not generally known that, if one holds his breath, wasps, bees and hornets can be handled with impunity. The skin becomes sting proof, and holding the insect by the feet, and giving her full liberty of action, you can see her drive her weapon against the impenetrable surface with a force that lifts her body with every stroke; but, let the smallest quantity of air escape from the lungs, and the sting will penetrate at once. I have never seen an exception to this in twenty-five years' observation. I have taught young ladies with very delicate hands to astonish their friends by the performance of this feat, and I saw one so severely stung as to require the services of a physician, through laughing at a witty remark of her sister, forgetting that laughing required breath. For a theory in explanation I am led to believe that holding the breath partially closes the pores of the skin. My experiments in that direction have not been exact enough to be of any scientific value, but I am satisfied that it very sensibly affects the amount of insensible perspiration.—W. L. Wilder in Science.

If a woman would stay young, she might as well face the inevitable as logically and make up her mind to go to bed early habitually.

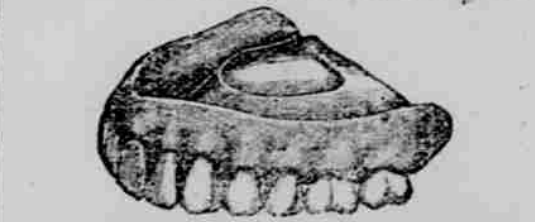
NOTICE

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,

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