

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

FIRST YEAR

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 14, 1888.

NUMBER 227

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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. 2, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

THRO LODGE NO. 81, A. O. U. W.—Meets every alternate Friday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. F. J. Morgan, Master; W. E. S. Barlow, Foreman; Frank Brown, Overseer; J. Bowen, Guide; George Henning, Treasurer; H. J. Johnson, Financier; W. H. Smith, Secretary; M. Maybright, Past M. W.; Jack Daugherty, Inside Guard.

CLASS CAMP NO. 32, MODERN WOODMEN of America—Meets second and fourth Monday 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. 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, F. & A. M.—Meets on the first and third Monday of each month at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are cordially invited to meet with us. Wm. Hays, Secretary.

NEBRASKA CHAPTER NO. 3, E. A. M.—Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are invited to meet with us. F. E. WHITE, H. P.

Wm. Hays, Secretary.

McCONIHIE POST 45, C. A. R.
R. H. JOHNSON, Commander.
A. S. TRISS, Senior Vice.
F. A. BATES, Junior.
GEO. NILES, Adjutant.
HENRY STEIGHT, Q. M.
MALON DIXON, Officer of the Day.
CHARLES FORD, Guard.
ANDERSON FRY, Sergt. Major.
JACOB GOBBERMAN, Quarter Master.
L. C. COLEMAN, Post Chaplain.
Meets Saturday evening.

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Another Victim of the Riot.

CHICAGO, June 14.—The Haymarket of May, 1886, has claimed another victim. Police Officer Timothy Sullivan, one of the detail on that memorable night, who received a bullet in the thigh, died tonight of blood-poisoning.

Down With all on Board.

LUCKNOW, Ont., June 14.—Stephen Martin, living on the lake shore near Kingsbridge, found a bottle on the beach on Sunday last. Inside was a piece of bark signed by Captain McDunn and saying the schooner Tiffin, of Bay City, Mich., went down with all hands thirteen miles from Goodrich. There was no date on the bark.

An Infant Victim.

LINDSAY, Neb., June 14.—A heavy storm prevailed here last night. Lightning struck the house of James Gillespie, a farmer living two miles south of here, and coming down the chimney struck the bed with Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie and two children sleeping in it. A babe nine months old sleeping in the middle was instantly killed. The others were not seriously hurt.

General Sheridan Gains Ground Against the Enemy He Faces.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—A bulletin issued at 9 this morning says: General Sheridan slept rather more than usual last night. Towards morning he had a period of general depression, following an attack of coughing. From this he quickly and easily recovered. His appearance is better and his appetite sufficient.

At 1:50 this afternoon it was stated at General Sheridan's house that there had been no material change in his condition since the morning bulletin.

9 p. m.—General Sheridan has slept naturally the greater part of the day. He has taken sufficient nourishment, and has not been annoyed by his cough.

One of Heller's Astonishing Tricks.

Heller's most astonishing tricks were usually a mixture of simplicity and audacity. For instance, at one or two of the second night performances some one in the audience would produce a book and challenge Miss Heller, who was on the stage with her eyes bandaged, to tell its name. After a show of annoyance and an apparent endeavor to avoid the test, Heller would ask his sister, who would invariably tell the name of the book correctly. Then the conjurer would tell the owner to stick a card at random between the pages and Miss Heller would satisfactorily give the number of the page at which the card was placed. Then came the chief mystification. With her back to the audience, and her eyes bandaged, Miss Heller would calmly read off a few lines of the book which was still held by its owner, and the audience would fairly roar its delight at the marvel.

The explanation is any easy one. The owner of the book was a confederate, the number of the page was given by means of the question code, and then Miss Heller would calmly put on her lap a copy of the same book, previously placed in a secret receptacle in the lounge on which she sat, and proceed to read off the subject matter, her eyes being bandaged in such a way as to permit of her seeing when looking directly downward.—Horace Townsend in Philadelphia Times.

An Ingenious Scheme.

It does not take much thinking to see that the multiplicity of books calls for a means of creating a demand for them. The most ingenious scheme we have heard of is that a man who has crammed a pamphlet with names of men in public life, and then has sent a printed postal card to each one saying: "Your name appears in very old type on page 2." It works well. Every man thus apprised rushes to buy the volume, which costs less than ten cents and sells for half a dollar.—New York Sun.

Heads of College Students.

The heads of the Cambridge students have been measured, showing that the average brain capacity of a first class man is 24.54 cubic inches. The capacity of the ordinary peasant man's head measures 23.75 inches.—Chicago Herald.

Village Gatekeepers in Russia.

Around every village there was an inclosed area of pasture land, varying in extent from 200 to 500 acres, within which were kept the inhabitants of the village, and at the point where the inclosing fence crossed the road, on each side of the village, there was a gate and a gatekeeper's hut. The village gatekeepers are almost always old and broken down men, and in Siberia they are generally criminal exiles. It is their duty to see that none of the village cattle stray out of the inclosure, and to open the gates for passing vehicles at all hours of the day and night. From the village commune they receive for their services a mere pittance of three or four rubles a month, and live in a wretched hovel made of boughs and earth, which throughout the year is warmed, lighted and filled with smoke by an open fire on the ground.—George Kennan in The Century.

In the Home Surgery.

Johnson—Hang portieres, I say!
Johnson—Correct. They generally are hung. But why do you dislike them?
Johnson—Well, a few years ago when a man was angry he could bang the doors and so relieve his feelings. Now, well, you can't bang a portiere. There seems to be really nothing left to do but keep a cat and tramp on it, or swear.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Bent whalebones can be restored and used again by simply soaking in water a few hours and then drying them.

Remove stains from cups and saucers by scouring with fine coal ashes.

DEATH OF MAXIMILIAN.

The "Demands of Mexico"—Heroic Conduct—A Tragic Scene.

From the day of his surrender until the morning of his execution, Maximilian remained in his convent cell. He pleaded three excuses for not attending his trial. Sickened by the nervous system had given way immediately after the surrender, the demands of his private affairs in anticipation of death—for he was resigned to what he knew would be the result—and the inferiority in rank of the court selected to try him. The imperial prisoner attracted the attention of all Mexico, and the president at San Luis Potosi was besieged with petitions from every part of the country and from all classes of people, Republicans as well as Imperialists and non-partisans, begging that the life of the emperor might be spared. But he was deaf to all appeals, basing his refusal to grant mercy invariably upon the "demands of Mexico."

The conduct of the emperor during his last ten days was so heroic as to win the admiration of all. His letters, written in anticipation of death, to his family, to his counsel and to his friends in Mexico are noble and touching. He would be a hero and one who could read them unmoved. Among his last letters was one to President Juarez, pleading, not for his own life, but that the lives of his two brave generals might be spared. In his last hours he was comforted by the false report brought to him that Carlota was dead. He never after spoke with assurance of soon meeting his beloved wife beyond the grave.

At sunrise on the morning of June 19, 1876, the emperor and his generals, Miramon and Mejia, were led out to the Cerro de las Campanas for execution. Maximilian yielded the central place, the place of honor, to Miramon as a testimonial to his bravery, and took his place at the left of the line marked out. He gave gold coins to the soldiers detailed to fire the fatal volley, and begged them to aim directly at his heart and avoid mutilating his face. He had directed that his body be sent to Europe, and he wished his mother to see his face without any marks of the fearful death he was to die. He took pains to wrap a handkerchief around his long blonde beard to prevent it from being burned. Then, addressing the soldiers of the Republican army and the immense crowd standing in sorrowful silence on the hill side, he said, "Mexicans, I die for a just cause—the independence of Mexico. God grant that my blood may bring happiness to my new country. Viva Mexico!" Miramon echoed his "Viva Mexico!" and the loud report of muskets rang out over the hills and valleys of Queretaro. The three men fell heavily. Maximilian was not instantly killed, and springing to his feet at once, uttering the most agonizing cries. A soldier advanced and gave what is called the golpe de gracia (the blow of mercy)—a well aimed shot which pierced the heart of the emperor and stretched his lifeless body beside those of his companions in arms.

"He who knew not how to govern," said one of his republican critics, "at least knew how to die." All over Mexico there were mourning and tears of pity for the attractive prince, whose career had been so sadly ended in his 35th year; and, as soon as the news of his untimely death went abroad, expressions of sorrow and sympathy were heard in every quarter of the globe.—Arthur Howard Noll in American Magazine.

The Army of Venezuela.

The Venezuelan army is so organized that there are no white officers except of the highest grade in the service. It is a dangerous, unrepentant horde of ignorant soldiery, ready to be used by unscrupulous politicians to overawe and hold in check the people who are likely almost at any time to rise in rebellion against corrupt and ambitious wire pulling "bosses" and "machine managers."

The real fighting quality of the Venezuelan people is not largely represented in this compact, imperfectly disciplined body of low grade soldiery. The better elements of society have been for obvious reasons prevented from contributing their quota to the regular army. The Venezuelans, however, have among them many brave and well trained military men, officers and privates—veterans who have fought and still remember how to fight desperately and with a wise courage not surpassed by soldiers of any country. The people are patriotic, and the life the majority of them lead tends to harden both muscle and nerve. Llaneros on the plains of Apure, glorified by the story of Paez, or of the high able lands where Bolivar and Miranda again and again met and destroyed the armies of his sternest veterans of Spain, are the stuff of which the best of soldiers are made. Masters of horsemanship, insured to danger, patient of thirst and hunger, these light cavalrymen, like Sheridan's and Stonewall Jackson's mounted infantry, always in training, even in time of peace, move with marvellous celerity, performing arduous duties that fit them for the most desperate and bloody notice, an army corps that can be relied upon to serve the republic earnestly and effectively in time of national peril. That the Venezuelans are brave and able quickly and successfully to resent foreign interference with their affairs no one can for a moment doubt who has even the slightest knowledge of the history of the grand struggle they made for freedom from the yoke of Spain.—Cor. New York Times.

Use of Stimulants Between Meals.

Although all persons who indulge in alcohol stimulants well within the margin of retinal drunkenness speak of themselves as "moderate drinkers," there are two special classes of them which bear no resemblance to each other, except in the one solitary circumstance that they never at any time take sufficient to intoxicate themselves. One class is that which only partakes of stimulants while eating; the other indulges in them between meal times. To the latter habit is applied in this country the title of "nipping," while in the east it is spoken of as "pegging." And this is the most pernicious of all forms of drinking, from the fact that stimulants taken without any food at the same time partaking of food, though only imbibed in small quantities at a time, have most deleterious effects on the internal organs. A man who habitually indulges in a single glass of sherry in the forenoon, a brandy and soda in the afternoon, and a glass of whisky and water in the course of the evening, does far more injury to his constitution than one who partakes of a larger quantity of alcoholic stimulants at meal times.—George Harley, M. D., in the Popular Science Monthly.

LIVES OF THE SHAKERS.

STEADY HABITS BRING TO THEM LONGEVITY AND HAPPINESS.

Ann Lee's Followers Have Six Settlements at Different Places in America. A Visit to One of the Communities. Some Queer Customs.

Situated in the beautiful valley of the Connecticut, about 150 miles from New York, is a community of people known by the name of "Shakers." The correct name is "Believers," but from their peculiar manner of worship the common or outside people "dubbed" them "Shakers." Their leader was Ann Lee, born in Manchester, England, in the seventeenth century, who, with her husband and brother and a few followers, commenced to hold their meetings peculiar to their religious belief—that is, of the "celibate life" being the only true way; but this not suiting the people, she was arrested and thrown into prison. There then appeared to her in visions messengers from above, telling her to take with her her followers and come to America and spread the new gospel. She was released, and with her followers, eight in all, arrived in America in 1776. Her persecution was not stopped after leaving the old country. A storm arose on the sea, and the captain was half inclined to throw them all overboard, but only through the prayers of Mother Ann were they saved. Her husband left her here in this country, and she and her few followers started on their mission. Her persecution here was terrible, as she made a number of conversions to the new faith and got many followers. Mother Ann was a great medium, and at "Niskina," now Watervliet, N. Y., where the final settlement was made, she is buried. These people claim forty years' advance of the Rochester knackers, better known as the Fox sisters.

We arrived at the office of the camp, where we were met by two of the sisters, and were invited into the sitting room. We were invited to dinner, which comprised plain but well cooked fare.

NEATNESS OF EVERYTHING.

After dinner, by the aid of a guide, we inspected the brothers' and sisters' rooms, the meeting, reading and dining rooms, which were complete with all the modern improvements—hot and cold water, baths, etc. We were struck with the neatness of everything. In each room hangs the broom, duster and dust pan. The walls were as white as snow, and the doors were polished like a looking glass. Leaving that, we visited the barns, and there we saw one of the finest and largest herds of Jersey cattle that could be brought together, all of which were registered, as none but full bred can be. We next visited the dairy, where the bright pans, the patent creameries and churns were admired. We visited the boys' and girls' workshops, the sisters' quarters and the carpenter shop. After a little rest we took a tramp through the orchards, consisting of pears, apples, plums of almost every known kind. On a little knoll on the side of the orchard is the cemetery, the little white stones with the name, age and date of death inscribed on them. Very few died under 60, the maximum being 69, a pretty good showing that they are not very short lived.

As night drew on, feeling tired, we were shown to our rooms; the sisters took care of our female friends, while a brother did the honors for us. According to the rules, no one brother and sister can walk, talk, ride or work together, and visitors who stay over night, be they married or not, must come under the same head as regards the sleeping part. It was our privilege to stay over Sunday. We breakfasted on the piazza, and were invited to attend a meeting.

In the meeting house were arranged on one side, in their snow white caps and straight dresses and white shoulder capes, the sisters; on the opposite, the brothers in the same order. A hymn is sung and after a few remarks by the elder or eldest both sides form by twos and march around the room, singing at the same time. At the regular march the sisters are placed at the sides, the hands, with palms joined upward, keep time in the marching. In the slow march the hands are dropped at the sides, with a swinging motion, the body slightly bending forward. They thus marched, counter marched circles and half circles with the precision of a "crack" regiment. After the meeting closed each side filed out to their respective rooms. At the meeting in the evening at 8 o'clock there was no marching, but singing, speaking and reading.

VERY INDUSTRIOUS.

The Shakers are a very industrious people. They arise at 4:30 in the morning, except in November, December and January, when they arise at 5. The brothers who attend the milking are on hand at the barn by 5 or 6 o'clock, and the milk is delivered at the dairy before 6 o'clock. The morning is also done at that time. The sisters have the tables set and breakfast is ready at 6, dinner at 12 and supper at 6. The meals are all eaten in silence. The brothers and sisters kneel in silent prayer before and after meals. After this is over each brother or sister knows what his or her duties are, and gets ready for the day's work. Each does an equal share, and in union, which makes it easier. Mother Ann's motto was "Hands to work and hearts to God." They are makers of numerous kinds of patent medicines.

There is a saw mill, carpenter shop, broom factory, preserve and pickle factory and steam evaporator for apples, corn dryer, from whence is got the Shaker sweet corn. In case any of the brothers or sisters are taken sick the best of care is taken of them, and if they should die they are placed in a plain coffin covered with white, an emblem of purity and the simplicity of their ways. The body is placed in the vestibule of the meeting house, while the brothers and sisters sing and sing appropriate hymns, after which the body is taken to the cemetery and consigned to the earth.

The Shakers do not mingle with politics or anything peculiar to the outside world, any more than selling the products of the farms and orchards. About 1,000 acres are worked at this place. Their principal markets are Springfield, Mass., and Hartford, Conn. Some years ago they made cider, but have given that up. Neither do they raise tobacco, and no brother can use it until he is over 40 years of age. The regularity of their habits no doubt leads them to such long lives.

The settlements are at the following places: Lebanon, N. V.; Enfield, Conn.; Hancock, Mass.; Alfred, Me.; Canterbury, N. H.

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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