The Evening Herald.
OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

CITY CORDIALS.

—Council meets tonight.

—They are still in the express office.

—"She" shows up conspicuously upon the Plattsmouth stone pavement.

—"She" must be obeyed and "She" demands a full house tonight. Every body go.

—"She" arrived in the city this morning and will give a play at the opera house tonight.

—The workmen employed on the new fair grounds will soon have them in readiness for service.

—The canning factories are now in full blast and are employing about fifty girls each in shelling peas.

—The Plattsmouth ball team and a ball nine of the soldiers of Fort Omaha, have made arrangements to play a game on the 13th of next month.

—A dance hall is being erected on the old fair grounds. As it has rather a substantial appearance, we suppose it will be a permanent thing for the accomodation of the dancers.

—The juvenile base ball club of this city, the Clippers, have challenged the three Patterson boys, James, Tom and Sam, to play a game of ball. They have accepted and the game will be played shortly.

—It was reported by the *Journal* that Mr. Harris, who has charge of the work on Mr. Ballou's new residence, had badly mistreated an employe. The statement was false and Mr. Ballou states that Mr. Harris was only acting as he had directed which was only fulfiling an agreement which the employe had made with him, Mr. Ballou.

—The C. E. Mayne base ball club, of Omaha, which was to have put in an appearance here yesterday did not show up. Their knees are surely weak since they heard of the strong tussle the Council Bluffs team had while in Plattsmouth. If they could not find time enough to get themselves in readiness for the game yesterday, the boys here will wait a short time on them.

—It was reported in yesterday's issue that Messrs. Claus Brekenfeld and Chris Koehnke had purchased the furniture business of Mr. Unruh. As the transactions between the parties were not satisfactory, no final settlement was arrived at and Mr. Unruh still retains full possession. When the Anheuser-Busch building is finished, Messrs. Brekenfeld and Koehnke will put in a furniture stock at that place.

—The base ball match which was to have been played between the lawyers and real estate men and druggists and doctors must have been declared off for we have heard no talk of late. Let some real estate man furnish a lot and the doctors will try and set the broken bones, but no doubt they would be kept busy and their service would be required at that more than it would in the field catching flies.

—Arrangements are being made at present to persuade the fat and lean men of the stockholders of the base ball association of this city to get out in the ball field and make an effort at a game of ball. If the boys are not successful in securing the required number in the association, they threaten to make selections from the host of citizens. What's the matter with giving C. Whopper, of the *Journal*, a fat sit. If he would not prove efficient as a player, he might do great service as a back-stop.

—Mr. Cobbler, of this city, who is a prominent member of the express fraternity, has a horse in his possession which made an exhibition of itself as a kicker the other day. No one knows or can guess why, but when he backed his wagon to the sidewalk in front of the Riddle house, it commenced to kick when everything was quiet. It kicked and kicked because it kicked. It had made such an exhibition for about five minutes until the front of his wagon was badly marked and several straps in the harness were broken. It was unhitched while kicking, and last reports had it that it was still fanning away.

—Since there is so much wind escaping from the democratic wind bags which are running loose around the city and blowing that the republicans will stand no show at the coming election, some poor, foolish men believe them and will not go into business until after that time and a republican president is elected. That is the reason, we suppose, there are so many vacant business blocks in the city at present. Take our advice, open up a store in some of those empty business stands, for we have as sure a thing as sure can be. The democrats are talking to hear themselves talk. They feel quite confident—that the only chance they will have to talk will be right now. Men do not wish to start in business again under the democratic administration, and why should democrats circulate such false reports and keep good business men from making an extensive investment.

CHASTA AND FELLOWS.

A Correct View of Chasta and Miss Cora Fellows, the White Maiden and Indian Brave.

The Two as Seen by a Plattsmouth Sport in a Chicago Museum.

There is no goose so gray but soon or late
Shall find some honest gander for her mate.

The foregoing lines occurred to the writer about two weeks ago, on his first beholding Miss Cora Fellows and her Indian husband, at the Kohl & Middleton museum in Chicago. On going down Clark street the eye is attracted by a huge sign with the following on a large canvass: A painting of a beautiful Caucasian girl with a bridal veil and a large Indian leading her by the hand. (He is vulgarly called a coffee-cooler around the camps. The Indian wigwams are seen in the distance, and the minister, with Red Cloud and his thousand braves, are standing around witnessing the nuptial ceremony of Chasta and his white squaw.

One of my friends, Mr. Thos. Cass, who has been all his life among the Indians, and whose residence is now at Madison, Wisconsin, declared it was a fake, for, said he, "I have been up in that country about a year ago, and as I am sane enough to think I can talk the Sioux dialect as good as any Indian, I propose to go in and see what there is in this money-making scheme." We got the necessary pasteboard and were ushered into a large hall with numerous platforms around the room, where there were over twenty dime museum freaks. On a large platform to the left were Miss Fellows and her Indian husband. Mr. Cass stepped up to the platform and commenced conversing with Chasta in the Sioux tongue. After a conversation of ten minutes or more the Indian handed him his marriage certificate, which is in a large frame, which certifies that the said Cora Fellows and Chasta were married by an Episcopal clergyman on a certain date in Dakota, at the Indian Reservation.

The writer expected to see a beautiful young woman in Miss Cora Fellows after the glowing description he had read about her in the papers. But alas! it was nothing of the kind. My pencil refuses to do so ungallant a crime as to belittle the lady's beauty, but that stern factor called justice demands that I shall speak the truth. Mrs. Cora Fellows Chasta is a lady about thirty-eight years old, sunken cheeks, eyes fair, *store teeth*, and I should judge by the way she walks, hip-jointed. No wonder when I first started to write this article the lines at the heading occurred to me:—

There is no goose so gray but soon or late
Shall find some honest gander for her mate.

But enough of this. My pencil is too gallant to proceed any farther on the personal description of the lady.

The Indian is about twenty-five years old, and as in all cases over the universe where the male is the younger, the woman has to "do the petting." And it was not an exceptionable case with the Indian and his white bride, as he told Tom Cass in the Sioux dialect. He is a fine looking Indian for the race, and as most of his race was afflicted one time or another with small pox, he is badly marked in the face. He is cool and indifferent to the winning smiles of his bride; she does the spooney act, and in fact the writer thinks she is badly mashed. While our party was in the hall she twice got down from the platform and went across the hall and bought candy and oranges for him, feeding him as tenderly as a mother would her first born. This caused a smile from Mr. Cass, and he asked the Indian in the Sioux tongue if he was not not badly stuck on his bride. The Indian's remark was: "Ugh! White squaw good but has not forgot her woman's rights yet," or words to that effect. The Indian told Mr. Cass before he left the hall that Mrs. Cora was a good financier, and if they had any luck in the dime museum business they would have a comfortable farm and home within a year.

—Mr. Henry Tartsch, a clerk in the store of S. & C. Mayer, who is well acquainted with all "the boys," and occasionally furnishes a funny topic or sometimes makes fun for a crowd which is often seen in the vicinity of the clothing store, has a new scheme on hand now which we are inclined to believe there is some reality in. It is probably a mean act for the reporter to give him away, but his employer, Mr. Mayer, has always lent a helping hand to this office, and although we like Mr. Tartsch, we feel dutybound to inform his employer of the advantage he has been trying to take of him in his absence. A large trunk is located in the front of the store as an advertisement, but which might be used to good advantage in a case of emergency. Our attention was drawn to it this morning and we noticed a piece of the corner had been broken just large enough to admit of only small articles such as collars, socks, suspenders, neckties, jewelry and a lunch, a good supply of which we saw. It is reported that this gentleman had made up his mind to leave the city without giving notice and was making preparations in this way. Since the boys have found out that he is bent on taking his departure tonight, if Mr. Mayer will allow him to take the trunk and the goods, the boys will make up a Tartsch-light "procesh" and march to the depot with him.

Leap Year.

And the sparkle of the diamond,
Oh, so rich and rare,
Seems to please the eyes of many
For it ends their care.

We are prompted of late, to answer to the fate, of those who have fallen in love, and feel some like going above.

The new diamond rings which we are compelled to gaze upon only of late which surround the fingers that tell the tale, assure us that the young ladies of Plattsmouth have not been standing idly by and only looking on. We give them great praise for their valor, and promise to give them a column and print their wedding cards for the first one who will step out of the box. There are only a half a dozen or so we have the pleasure of knowing of, and we await with great anxiety to know who the first will be to set the wheel rolling. Girls and old maids, just give this question a thought and there will only be one in four who will stand back when they think this year is only one in four. Take courage like some of your sisters and wade in. When some see that this is their only chance, and if they let it go by unheeded it might break their hearts, why not take advantage of a rare opportunity?

Leap year parties were all the rage for about three weeks at first, but we never hear them spoken of now. For what reason we are quite unable to say. Since the young ladies were so successful in securing the largest crowds, and the parties will ever be remembered as the most enjoyable. Why not remind the bachelors that this is still leap year and that there is still a hidden opportunity awaiting them.

We feel quite confident that the ice will soon be broken and then the water will flow and things will sail, and the numerousness of the ships will attract attention.

Do not fall back in the shade and allow the flies to roost on you while the river is clear and a good wind for all to sail in on.

Commencement Tabor College.

JUNE 24—27.

Sabbath morning June 24th dawned bright, beautiful and cool, a perfect June day.

The storm of Tuesday and the threatning weather of Wednesday diminished the crowd from neighboring towns, yet all the exercises were well attended and nothing occurred to mar the pleasure from the beginning to the end.

The Baccalavreate sermon was preached by Pres. Brooks from the text "Behold I have set before you an open door and no man can shut it." Twelve of the entering class had public exercises. A number of other gradutes of high schools expect to begin a course of study at Tabor in the autumn. An address full of valuable practical suggestions was given by Rev. C. H. Crawford of Glenwood, and one of unusual merit by Prof. L. F. Parker recently elected to a professorship in Iowa college.

The graduating exercises were of excellent quality, and those of the Conservatory of music and the concert of more than ordinary interest. The degree of D. D. was conferred upon Rev. E. S. Hill of Atlantic.

The average number of different students each year for ten years has been 212, last year 433. If the new R. R. now in prospect is completed, and present plans are carried out the college will speedily enter upon a new era of prosperity.

SPECTATOR.

PERSONALS.

Jerry Farthing is in Lincoln today.

Mrs. G. F. Houseworth spent today in Omaha.

Mr. O. H. Ballou, of Omaha, is in the city today on business.

Mr. Joshua Lynn, of Union, was in the city yesterday on business.

Misses May and Laura Russell are in Weeping Water visiting friends.

Messrs. Joseph Connor and Fred Gorder left on the flyer this morning.

Messrs. S. Waugh and M. A. Hartigan left this morning for Weeping Water.

Mrs. D. A. Campbell, Mrs. R. B. Windham and Miss Paul left for Crete this morning.

Mrs. Fred Aberlee and son, of Owasa, Michigan, are in the city visiting Mr. Adam Kurtz and family.

Miss Maggie Streight left today for South Bend where she will visit relatives and friends for a few days.

Mrs. F. G. Hindes and Will C. Hayden, editor of the Cheyene county *Democrat*, of Bird City, Kas., are in the city, the guests of Mrs. Rosier and sister, Miss Hindes.

Miss Alice Wilson left this morning for Crete where she will spend a couple of weeks, then she will go farther west and spend the summer, returning the first of September.

Messrs. John Bauwer, jr., Fred Ebinger and Phillip Teirolf, started yesterday afternoon on the flyer for Germany. Before their return they will visit other European countries.

—Judge Russell in the goodness of his heart and having a disposition to make all people happy and contented, granted the following permits to enter the marriage state yesterday afternoon: Mr. Andrew Puckly to Miss Clara Howard, of South Bend, and Mr. Peter Turn to Johana Peterson.

LONELINESS.

Written for THE HERALD.

My heart is sad, my soul is weary,
All my joys have passed away;
My thoughts are gloom—my feelings dreary,
And my hopes! O where are they?
The sun yet smiles—the sun looks gaily,
All around is mirth and glee;
Alone I sigh—there's none who daily
Kindly—fondly thinks of me.

I am a stranger—I am lonely,
Much I feel, but can not tell
Those thoughts that in my bosom only
Safely and securely dwell.
Oh could I find a kindred spirit,
One who loves as I do love
I could not esteem his merit
Less than seraph's from above.

I have a soul a soul sincerely
Worshiping at beauties shine;
But where is he who loves as dearly
Where is he whose heart as mine?
I love my race almost to madness,
No one loves me in return;
Then ask me not wherefore this madness—
Could as Stoick less than mourn.

LILLIE S.
Plattsmouth, Neb.

Caution.

The following is a warning to slippery people who are in the habit of bothering the editor on his busy days:

I need no kindling.

Match peddlers seldom leave this place alive.

Have two trunks full of suspenders, and don't wish any more.

For lead pencil and soap peddlers, I have coffins prepared.

Advertising and book agents are shot without mercy.

All crooks and fakers are spotted by my electric light.

Eleven persons who wanted to borrow money lie dead in my cellar.

My office hours for tramps are only Feb. 29th, between 10 a. m and 8 p. m.

Persons asking for credit will be poisoned.

In hair pins, tooth brushes and brooms, I deal myself.

My gallows for hanging dead beats stands ready for use in the garret.

Life Insurance agents talk themselves to death in their efforts to insure me, as yet I am not Insured.

My kicking-out machine is run by steam.

Look out for the trap door that leads to the creek.

Trouble With Neckwear.

"Well, Bob, what do you look so mad about?"

"O, I've been tussling away for half an hour trying to fix this necktie. These new fangled fixings are enough to drive a man's reason from its throne."

"Don't let that little thing worry you. A friend of mine had so much trouble with a necktie that he died."

"How was that?"

"The sheriff adjusted the tie."—Lincoln Journal.

Ice Water.

The opera house management has provided ice water and will pass it between the acts tonight; and in connection with the good music by the new orchestra and beautiful scenery the house should be filled tonight, this being the last entertainment at the house for two months.

Sewer Bonds.

The following message was received this morning by the city clerk, W. K. Fox:

BOSTON, Mass., June 29, '88.—W. K. Fox, City Clerk;—Plattsmouth, Neb., sewer bonds approved when certificates are signed, see letter.

SPITZER & CO.

A Horrible Warning.

Benevolent lady (to dying man): "Poor man! What brought you to this?"

"Drink." O, what a demon rum is?"

"It wasn't rum that did, ma'am. It was Lincoln water."—Lincoln Journal.

Fire Department.

To the members of the Fire Department:—Saturday June 30, at 8 p .m., there will be a meeting of the Fire Department, at the council chambers. It is desired that all members of the department will be present, and if the members will refer to the constitution and by-laws they will find that Sec. 23 of the same reads as follows: "Any active member who shall absent himself from three successive meetings (unless prevented by causes named in section 21) and who having been notified thereof, and shall persist in his neglect of attending, shall be liable to expulsion," And I wish to say right here that Saturday night the Department will commence to weed out the members who do not take interest enough in the work to attend the meetings.

L. E. SNYDER, President.

The tariff is the issue. Which shall it be? That is the question, and sooner or later decisive action must come and the politicians of both parties must favor either the war tariff or a reduction. In the meantime, keep cool by wearing a summer flannel shirt, and select from Donnely's stock. 1wk.

BAD BLOOD.

There is not one thing that puts a man or woman at such disadvantage before the world as a vitiated state of the blood.

Your ambition is gone.
Your courage has failed.
Your vitality has left you.
Your languid step and listless actions show that you need a powerful invigorator, one bottle of Beggs' Blood Purifier and Blood Maker will put new life in a worn out system, and if it does not it will cost you nothing. O. P. Smith & Co., Druggists.

St. Louis Beer.

Parties who wish to have a supply of St. Louis beer for the 4th of July, can now order by the ¼ or ½ keg or in cases and have it delivered to any part of the city, free of charge, by ordering of

JOS. MCVEY, Agent.

When your skin is yellow.
When your skin is dark and greasy.
When your skin is rough and course.
When your skin is inflamed and red.
When your skin is full of blotches.
When your skin is full of pimples you need a good blood medicine that can be relied upon. Beggs' Blood Purifier and Blood Maker is warranted as a positive cure for all of the above, so you cannot possibly run any risk when you get a bottle of this wonderful medicine. For sale by O. P. Smith & Co.