

The Plattsburgh Daily Herald.

FIRST YEAR

PLATTSBURGH, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 6, 1888.

NUMBER 245

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor,	F. M. RICHIEY
Clerk,	W. M. FOX
Treasurer,	JAMES PATTERSON, JR.
Attorney,	BENJAMIN CLARK
Deputy Attorney,	A. M. MURKIN
Police Judge,	S. CLIFFORD
Marshal,	W. H. MALCOLM
Councilman, 1st ward,	J. J. WECKEACH
" 2nd "	D. M. JONES
" 3rd "	M. B. MURPHY
" 4th "	J. W. DUTTON
Board Pub. Works,	J. W. MC CALLUM, PRES.
	FRED GORDON
	D. H. HAWKSORTH

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Treasurer,	D. A. CAMPBELL
Deputy Treasurer,	THOS. POLLACK
Clerk,	BIRCH COTTRELL
Recorder of Deeds	EX-CHAS. E. REED
Deputy Recorder	W. H. POOL
Clerk of District Court,	JOHN M. LEYDA
Sherriff,	W. C. SHOWALTER
Surveyor,	J. C. KELLY
Attorney,	A. MADOLE
Supt. of Pub. Schools,	ALLEN BEESON
County Judge,	MAXNARD SPINK
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.	C. RUSSELL
A. B. TODD, Chmn.,	Plattsburgh
LOUIS FOLTZ,	Wheating Water
A. B. DICKSON,	Emwood

CIVIC SOCIETIES.

CASS LODGE NO. 146, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Tuesday evening of each week. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

PLATTSBURGH 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. 81, A. O. U. W.—Meets every alternate Friday evening at K. of P. hall. Transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. F. M. Morgan, Wm. W. E. S. Brown, Foreman; Frank Brown, Over. & L. Bowen, Guide; George Housworth, Recorder; H. J. Johnson, Financier; Wash. Smith, Receiver; M. Maybright, Past M. W.; Jack Daugherty, Inside Guard.

CAMP NO. 322, 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, Vulnerable Consul; G. F. Niles, Worthy Advisor; D. B. Smith, Ex-Banker; W. C. Willets, Clerk.

PLATTSBURGH LODGE NO. 8, A. O. U. W.—Meets every alternate Friday evening at K. of P. hall. Transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. F. M. Morgan, Wm. W. E. S. Brown, Foreman; Frank Brown, Over. & L. Bowen, Guide; George Housworth, Recorder; H. J. Johnson, Financier; Wash. Smith, Receiver; M. Maybright, Past M. W.; Jack Daugherty, Inside Guard.

PLATTSBURGH 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. J. G. RICHIEY, W. M., WM. HAYS, Secretary.

NEBRASKA CHAPTER NO. 3, R. A. M.—Meets on the fourth Tuesday of each month at Mason's Hall. Transient brothers are invited to meet with us. F. E. WHITE, E. C. WM. HAYS, Secretary.

MEETING LODGE NO. 1, M. D. & A.—Meets first and third Wednesday night of each month at Mason's Hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to meet with us. WM. HAYS, Rec.

MOONHINE POST 45 G. A. R.—ROSTER.

John W. Johnson, Commander.	Senior Vice ".
C. S. Twiss, ".	Junior ".
E. A. Bates, Adjutant.	Adjutant ".
George C. Jones, Quartermaster.	Q. M. Henry Streight.
Malon Dixon, Officer of the Day.	Charles Ford, Sergeant Major.
James C. Fey, Quartermaster.	Samuel Reman, Quarter Master Sergeant.
P. Curtis, Post Chaplain.	Post Chaplain.

Meeting Saturday evening.

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

H.E. Palmer & Son
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENTS

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

American Central—St. Louis, Assets \$1,250,100
Commercial Union—England, 2,500,000
Fire Association—Philadelphia, 4,445,576
Franklin—Philadelphia, 3,117,106
Home—New York, 7,855,569
Ins. Co. of North America, Phila., 8,474,302
Liverpool & London & Globe—Eng., 6,639,781
North British & Mercantile—Eng., 3,378,754
Norwich Union—England, 1,245,466
Springfield F. & M.—Springfield, 3,044,915
Total Assets, \$22,115,773

Losses Adjusted and Paid at this Agency.

**W.M. L. BROWNE,
LAW OFFICE.**

Personal attention to all business entrusted to my care.

NOTARY IN OFFICE.
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Better facilities for making Farm Loans than

Any Other Agency.
Plattsburgh, Neb.

AN ALLEGED DYNAMITE PLOT. The Arrest of two Railroad Men Creates a Sensation.

CHICAGO, July 5.—Thomas Broderick and J. A. Bowles, members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and a man named Wilson, were arrested on a Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railway train near Aurora this afternoon. They had dynamite in their possession, and are charged with conspiring to destroy the railroad company's property. They are in the county jail under \$5,000 bonds.

It is stated that the Burlington company has had a large force of detectives for some time watching the movements of the strikers. It was discovered that dynamite was used in several unsuccessful attempts to wreck trains within the past month. The officers of the road state tonight that positive information was received that today was the day chosen for a grand attack upon the company's property. The officials are reticent regarding their source of information, but the plot is known to them and they admit that besides the definite plan to blow up trains upon the tracks by means of dynamite cartridges that it included the probabilities of an attack upon the depot property and magnificent office buildings here. The officials say that had the danger not been so imminent they would have allowed the conspirators to go on and criminate themselves, but the plot had reached a stage where it was necessary to take decisive steps to prevent a great destruction of property, not to say loss of life.

When the men were arrested one of them took from his pocket a letter and threw it out of the window. The train was stopped and the letter picked up. It is now in the hands of the District Attorney Ewing. He refuses to reveal its contents, but General Manager Stone intimated that it gave important information regarding the plot. All of the men denied positively that they knew anything about the dynamite and disclaimed the ownership of the bundle found on the seat between them. Neither would they tell who they were or where they lived. "I don't know any of those men," said Chairman Hoge to a reporter. "They may be members of the brotherhood, but I don't remember them. If their case is found worthy on investigation we will help them and get them bailed." On Broderick's person was found a brotherhood membership card declaring him a member of Fettleville division, No. 90. Broderick and Wilson had just come on from Creston, Ia., where they were closely identified with the strikers. Wilson is supposed to be a striking fireman. General Manager Stone said tonight that it was believed that high officials of the brotherhood were connected with the conspiracy to use dynamite.

A Sheriff Kills a Horse Thief.
BENKLEMAN, Neb., July 6.—During the past week half a dozen horses have been stolen in this, Dundy, and Cheyenne, the adjoining county. Last Monday Sheriff Buckwold took the trail of them in a camp near India, Col. The sheriff was alone armed only with a revolver. The thieves, John Baufeld and Mike E. Laughlin, were both armed with Winchester rifles. The sheriff having got the drop on Laughlin commanded him to surrender; Mike showed fight and the sheriff shot him dead. Baufeld then weakened, threw down his gun and begged for mercy. Jossah Burke, another horse thief, was arrested by the sheriff of Chase county. It is estimated that this band has stolen 100 horses during the past year. There is great rejoicing among settlers on the breaking up of this band.

Fearful Work of Lightening.
CASSELTON, Dak., July 6.—Lightening struck the farm-house of Ole Olsteadt, ten miles north of Hunter, Friday night, killing Olsteadt and his wife. Some neighbors passing the house on Saturday noticed the forsaken appearance of the dwelling, and forcing an entrance found the terribly mutilated bodies lying on the floor. The only child, an eight month's baby, was on the bed uninjured. The building had caught fire, but the heavy rain extinguished it. Olsteadt's father and mother arrived from Norway yesterday.

Sheridan Caining in Health.
DELAWARE BREAKWATER, July 6.—General Sheridan has passed an entirely uneventful day, gaining slowly but steadily in all respects.

Colic, Diarrhea and Summer complaints are dangerous at this season of the year and the only way to guard against these diseases is to have constantly on hand a bottle of some reliable remedy. Beggs' Diarrhea Balsam is a POSITIVE RELIEF in all these disagreeable cases and is pleasant to take. It will cost you only 35 cents. O. P. Smith & Co., Druggists.

UNREDEEMED PLEDGES.

ACCUMULATIONS OF A PAWNBROKER PUT UP AT AUCTION.

A Curious Crowd in a Chicago Street
Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Jingle as Auctioneers—A Bleeding Heart—Some Pretty Taft Stries—Sentiment.

The street was more crowded than usual. The auctioneer and a house-cleaning. At the watches, jewel pins, opera-glasses, pocket pistols which Mr. Whistler, Micawber, Gent., and others, who were waiting for some time to turn up, had confided to the care of a south side pawnbroker, were to be sold under the hammer. So did Mrs. Micawber. So did a throng of bairn hunters. The street was packed with them. The auctioneer was elderly, bald and benevolent. He wore spectacles. He bore a general likeness to Mr. Pickwick. He was assisted by a young gentleman of rapid and disjointed utterance who resembled Mr. Jingle, and he was always calling attention to his Pickwickian philanthropy, the purity of his motives, the "squareness" of his conduct. In his vindication Mr. Jingle niled him volubly.

The sale began with a pair of solid gold mounted earrings. Somebody bid \$2.

"Two dollars," sang out Mr. Pickwick. "Two dollars and a quarter! Who says quarter? Quarter, quarter, quarter, will you make it?"

"Property of prominent society lady," cried Mr. Jingle, "husband speculated—caught in wheat deal—couldn't come to time—went to board at night—hung himself from gallery—cut down in morning—wheat rose immediately—would have been millionaire—sad case—very."

"My only reason," said Mr. Pickwick, "for parting with these precious relics is the pawnbroker's stern command. Gentlemen, you know I bleed everything I sell. My heart bleeds to dispose of these earrings, but I guarantee them. Now who says quarter? Quarter, quarter, quarter, shall I make it?"

The crowd was now dense. Two or three heavy faced, beetle browed men stood near the auctioneer, and whenever he urged them to "make it a quarter" they generally made it a quarter. A suspicion that they were in sympathy with the venders made their neighbors fight rather shy of them, and whenever they showed much disposition to pile up "quarters" they generally had the bidding to themselves. Once or twice a woman at the back would timidly raise her finger and secure a ring or a brooch. The professionals would turn with a laugh, and regard their unprofessional sister with scorn.

A handsome Newfoundland dog strayed in from the street, lay down on the edge of the throng, and regarded the proceedings with philosophic lothiness. "What form of human chicanery is this?" he demanded, blinking his big brown eyes in the sun.

"Here is a watch," said Mr. Pickwick, "with a solid four-carat gold case."

"An immense bargain," added Mr. Jingle. "Skin winder," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Key winder," said Mr. Jingle.

"Perfect order," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Case alone worth the money," said Mr. Jingle.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Pickwick, beamng through his spectacles, "this is not my sale. This is the pawnbroker's sale. You know the pawnbroker. He is as benevolent as I am. His heart bleeds when circumstances compel him to sell the forfeited pledges of the needy. Twenty dollars are bid. Who says quarter? Quarter, quarter, quarter, shall I make it?"

A third auctioneer now made his appearance. He was more violent than his partners. He was revolutionary in his doctrines and was for "smashing things." A lady's gold watch was produced. "Break it to pieces, gentlemen," cried the revolutionist. "Grind it to powder. The gold dust to which you reduce it will be worth more than you bid for it."

"Remarkable watch," cries Jingle, "resembling his spectacles, this is not my sale. This is the pawnbroker's sale. You know the pawnbroker. He is as benevolent as I am. His heart bleeds when circumstances compel him to sell the forfeited pledges of the needy. Twenty dollars are bid. Who says quarter? Quarter, quarter, quarter, shall I make it?"

"Worth \$150," says Mr. Pickwick. "Who bids for Fauny Lear's lace pin? Ten dollars? Thank you, sir. Quarter, quarter, quarter shall I make it?"

"Here is a Tissot watch," says the revolutionist. "Smash it with a hammer. Screws are solid gold. Tear 'em to pieces; rip 'em up; pulverize 'em; and a pawnbroker will lend you \$75 on the fragments. What's the bid? Six dollars? Why, the glass is worth more."

"Watch belonged to Bearded Lady," says Jingle. "Great attraction—dime museum—manager presented watch—tokens of esteem—envious rival—took scissors—approached Bearded Lady in bed—cut off beard—never grew again—Bearded Lady busted—manager fired her out—presented another watch to envious rival—sad calamity—very."

Mr. Pickwick got rather jealous of Jingle's tales. He even attempted to spin a yarn of his own. He tried to pass off a gold headed cane as "Tasconc's cane." But the crowd jeered, the professionals laughed and the Newfoundland dog gave an ominous little growl. They wanted the original Scheherezade, the authorized teller of tales, or nobody.

"In 'The Ragpicker of Paris'—that famous old play of Feby Pyat, the communist—the ragpicker sorts out his bag and finds a shred of sentiment or humor in every rag. This bit of lace was worn by the belle of the ball; that scrap of calico came from a shirt that was made by a starving mother beside the cot of a dying child. So in this pawnbroker's sale every article had its history. Jingle, the romancer, knew nothing about them. The opera glasses in mother-of-pearl that lie at his side could tell of the night when he and she went for the first time together to the theatre; how she had no eyes for anything but the stage, and he had no eyes for anything but her; and how the opera glasses, having the gift of observation, surmised from her behavior that the

ment subsequently came to nothing. This could tell of a betrothal of which the parents hoped so much; that ring could tell of a marriage which ended in strife and separation.

Gravely rose the Newfoundland dog; gravely he shook his head; gravely he walked away. Dimly it dawned upon his canine intelligence that this auction was an epitome of human life. And still Mr. Jingle went on with his idle fairy tales and Mr. Pickwick kept merrily asking: "Quarter, quarter, quarter, shall I make it?"—Chicago Tribune.

As education increases and civilization advances, the luxuries of the present become the necessities of the succeeding age.

WHY HE HATES THE ENGLISH.

SECRET OF THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE'S DISLIKE—Tormented by Schoolboys.

John Bull on his travels has acquired a most enviable reputation throughout the world for arrogance and discourtesy, and, in fact, for objectionable conduct of a nature which is tersely and correctly described abroad as insular. Disagreeable though he be, he is a perfect angel in comparison to the English schoolboy or college "man" who, for the purpose of acquiring foreign languages, has been placed under the care of some private tutor, generally a dissolute English clergyman—in one of the provincial towns of Germany, Switzerland and France. It is impossible to conceive a more unruly, noisy and rough lot than these young men and boys, many of whom have been expelled for misconduct from the public schools in England; and with their undisciplined contempt for everything foreign, and their absolute lack of reverence, regard or respect for anybody or anything abroad, they constitute a holy terror to the inhabitants of the towns which they inflict with their presence.

It is to these English college "men" and boys that is mainly attributable the intense and notorious hatred of Crown Prince William of Germany for everything pertaining to Great Britain. They rendered his life at Bonn perfect misery and torture to him. During the whole period of his school years in that pretty town on the banks of the Rhine he was a butt of their practical jokes, an object of their ridicule and contempt, and repeatedly exposed to the grossest kind of insults at their hands. To give a solitary instance thereof, it will be sufficient to state that no matter at what hour he set aside for his swim in the river, his young English tormentors would always make a point of taking their dip at the same time, and of indulging in the roughest kind of horse play. Thus, no sooner would the prince take his bather off the diving board, than several of them would immediately plunge, as if by accident, on top of him and prevent him from coming to the surface. This was all the more cruel as, owing to the fact of his left arm being withered and utterly useless, the poor boy was, and in fact still is, little better than a cripple.

These and a thousand other petty insults he patiently bore in stoical silence and without appearing to take any notice thereof, a fact which enraged his tormentors and always stimulated them to the perpetration of fresh outrages. That, however, he has not forgotten or forgiven their behavior has been frequently and openly shown since he has become a power in the land by his extreme and publicly shown dislike for everything English.—Berlin Correspondent of New York Times.

VIRTUE OF Pure AIR.

How is it possible to teach people the virtue of pure air and what it really is? Everybody agrees as to its value, and goes on living in houses airtight