

The Evening Herald.
OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

A. Salisbury, Dentist, Rockwood Building, telephone No. 35.
Dr. Siggles, Office in Sherwood Block, Residence Cor. Sixth and Granite, Telephone No. 42.
Dr. Cave & Smith, the Painless Dentists, Union Block, over Citizens' Bank, Plattsmouth.

CITY CONGREGATIONS.

CATHOLIC.—St. Paul's Church, Oak, between Fifth and Sixth. Father Carney, Pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 2:30, with confirmation.

CHRISTIAN.—Corner Locust and Eighth. M. A. Hampton, pastor. Sunday School 10 A. M., Preaching 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Prayer meeting every evening. All are welcome.

Sundays remaining in the city our

Sundays are cordially invited to attend church or call at pastor's residence, first door east of church; also at 10 A. M. on Sunday afternoons.

Our local members elsewhere please make themselves known either by note or person.

EPISCOPAL.—St. Luke's Church, corner Third and Vine. Rev. H. B. Burgess, pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 12:30 P. M.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Main, between Sixth and Seventh. Rev. J. T. Baird, pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 2:30 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evenings.

METHODIST.—Sixth St., between Main and Pearl. Rev. W. B. Alexander, pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 2:30 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evenings.

GERMAN METHODIST.—Corner Main and Ninth. Rev. Witte, pastor. Services: usual hours. Sunday School 9:30 A. M.

SWEDISH CONGREGATIONAL.—Granite, between Fifth and Sixth.

CITY CORDIALS.

—Dr. Schildknecht, greeting: Grandpa.

—It is warm enough now to take it cool.

—O. P. Smith & Co., keep paper which sticks to the flies that roost on it.

—The sun must have got hot because people complained so much of his coolness last winter.

—A person should feel comfortable being dropped in a cold, cold grave such weather as this.

—The Plattsmouth ball team will play a game with the Fort Omaha club next Wednesday.

—There will be services in the Christian church tomorrow as usual, both morning and evening.

—It would be better to have the flies roost on you on a cool day than to have the sun stare on you on a hot one.

—The weeds which grow innumerable on several of our streets, still stand with stalwart supremacy. Oh, for an ax.

—It is a wonder people couldn't think of a word more expressive than warmest just now. Necessity is the mother of invention.

—On account of the absence of Rev. W. B. Alexander, pastor of the M. E. church here, there will be no service there tomorrow. Mr. Alexander and two children are spending a few days at Milford and Crete.

—The Anheuser-Busch building is nearing completion, and the plate-glass is being put in the front today. The mechanics expect to have everything completed and the building ready for occupancy the latter part of next week.

—The four survivors of the night of adventure of two weeks ago, who so narrowly escaped death on the Muddy Missouri, are now reported to be rapidly improving in health, and it is thought that none of the injuries received by any will cause disability.

—Mr. W. P. Keeler returned this morning from Iowa City where he was called as a witness before the board of regents in a case against the state university. The case is an extensive one and reaches from the commencement of the college exercises to the present date, a number of deaths having occurred mysteriously there during that time. Mr. Keeler had a brother die about a year ago while attending the college.

—A son of Mr. W. H. Scivers, of Cedar Creek, met with a very painful accident Thursday afternoon, while examining a revolver which he had been celebrating with on the fourth. While holding it across his leg with the barrel pointing towards his left, the trigger was struck in some way, causing the revolver to go off, the ball entering his left leg between the knee and the hip. The family is well known in this city, having resided here for a number of years.

—The St. Andrew's Brotherhood, a society of young men connected with the Episcopal church, have just completed a new and unique fence around the church property at the corner of Third and Vine streets. The fence is made of old blues taken from the B. & M. locomotives when no longer fit for use there, and the posts are of the best oak. It is nicely painted and altogether is an ornament to the property and a credit to the young men who erected it.

—Mr. D. A. Maltby, of Omaha, organizer of the order of Modern Workmen of America, is in the city in the interests of the order. This order, although only a few years in existence, is becoming very popular, and especially in Illinois and some of the western states. Thirty-nine names have already been secured in Plattsmouth with numerous promises. The order has, it is claimed, many advantages over other secret ones, and it is thought by all the present members that its career will be a prosperous one.

A Sad Reality.

One after another of popular events passing each day attracting more or less attention as the occasion may demand, but, when a man with his coat on his arm, with his hat in his hand fanning for dear life trying to keep himself cool sees a man driving along the street under a spacious umbrella, sitting on a huge cake of ice, his inquisitive nature prompts him to ask "what meaneth this," when upon inquiry he learns that some of the many friends of Mrs. Thos. Wiles have today (notwithstanding the extreme heat) have assembled to erect another mile stone on the great highway of life which this her 38th birthday hath brought.

Upon learning "what this meaneth," the weary pedestrian, faint from discouragement, retires to a secluded spot to repose in the shade of a tree. He lies down to dream, not of the delightful days of the past, but of the delicious ice-cream and the cooling lemonade, and while thus in the ecstasy of the dream like Mark Twain, he feels that the odors of Arabia are floating down upon him and when he awakes, brushes a fly from his nose, wipes perspiration from his face—and low it is dream. As he arises to depart the language of the poet comes into his mind "tis not all of life to live" (and perhaps) "not all of death to die."

Cedar Creek to the Front.

Last evening the Harrison and Morton club of Cedar Creek held a very enthusiastic meeting at their hall in that prosperous village. R. L. Keister of Plattsmouth delivered a very happy address that was well received.

The club now numbers fifty-three active members, they have a good band of ten pieces; indeed it is probably one of the best, if not the best club so far organized during the present campaign in this county. The HERALD hopes to hear good reports from that part of the country this fall. Of the officers and leaders of the club we will have more to say at another time.

Another One.

The following is another one from the Journal, the paper which a couple of days ago tried to work off a squib on the HERALD and bring its guilty face into notoriety as a truthful sheet:

"A man who was boarding with Mrs. Cooper over near the shops attempted to jump his board bill yesterday, but was overhauled at the depot and compelled to disgorge by the father of Mrs. Cooper. It was a trick worthy of the title given him—a scalp."

The man spoken of tried to skip his board bill all right enough, but that does not necessitate him being a scalp, which he was not. He is an engineer, but did not even apply for a run on this road.

Y. M. C. A. Meeting.

The Young Men's Christian Association extend a hearty invitation to every man in Plattsmouth, to attend their song and gospel meeting tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock in the Presbyterian church. The meeting will be conducted by Mr. Thos. May. Subject, "Able." Come, there will be interesting talks, and good singing by the quartette.

All active members and other Christians, are kindly asked to attend the consecration meeting, tomorrow morning, from 9 to 9:30 o'clock, in the M. E. church.

Considerable excitement prevailed at Glenwood last night when it was discovered that one of the finest buildings in the town, belonging to Hardman & Ashby, was on fire. The entire stock of groceries which occupied the lower part of the building, was completely demolished. The cause of the fire is unknown, but it was supposed to have originated at the bottom of the elevator shaft. The stock and building were pretty well covered by insurance, but the material in the offices above the store, which was all burned, was not insured. The building has only been erected about two years and was a very handsome structure. We could not learn the loss. Glenwood is almost helpless in case of fires and they have nothing but a small hand engine for protection. Even in this case, if they had every fire advantage, it is thought the building could not have been saved, as the oils in the store exploded and gave the fire ever advantage. A telephone message was received here by some members of the fire department to hold themselves in readiness to render assistance as they might be called on at any minute. The fire started about 10 o'clock.

The vacant store room, next door to Uncle's furniture store, on Main street, belonging to Mr. Golding, will be occupied soon.

Now is the time to catch the flies. O. P. Smith & Co. have paper that will stick to them. 10 cts. for three papers. If the man who now hesitates to remain in the bright sunshine is lost.

O. P. Smith & Co. have fly paper which is warranted to stick. Three for 10 cts.

They must be having a picnic at the North pole these days.

Oh for a look at Greenland's icy mountains.

Send your job work to the HERALD office.

When Cleveland Goes Marching Home.

(Tune, "When Johnny comes marching home.")
When Grover goes marching home again,
Hurrrah, hurrrah;
We'll give him a hearty good-by then,
The East will cheer, the West will shout,
when free trade rulers are all turned out,
And we'll down free trade
When Grover goes marching home.

We'll ring the bells and shout with glee,
Hurrrah, hurrrah;
When from "Surprise" we are free,
Hurrrah, hurrrah;
Then loyal men and soldiers say,
They'll bounce him on election day,
And we'll down free trade
When Grover goes marching home.

PERSONALS.

Miss Mollie Sephart left this morning for Kerney, Neb.

Mr. W. L. Brown was in Lincoln yesterday on business.

Miss Maggie Streight left this morning for Spirit Lake, Iowa.

Major McAliff, of Omaha, is in the city today on business.

Mr. Henry Inhelder, of Cedar Creek, is in the city today on business.

Mrs. F. E. Lyon, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, is visiting Mrs. C. M. Weed.

C. R. Simmons, O. M. Streight's old foreman, is in Wyoming Territory.

Miss Maggie O'Rourke returned yesterday from her visit to Malbourn, Ia.

Rev. M. A. Hampton returned from his visit with his parents at Roca, Neb., last evening.

Misses Nellie, Mary and little Joe Madden, of Ashland, are in the city today visiting their uncle, Mr. Jos. Connor.

Mr. J. E. Riley, of Omaha, who secured the contract of paving Main street, is in the city today closing up the contract.

Dr. Salisbury returned from Chicago this morning where he has been for some time, and reports having had a lively time during his vacation.

Mrs. Frank Gayls, daughter of Dr. Winterstein, arrived last evening from El Paso, Texas, and will remain in the city for some time on a visit to her friends and relatives here. Her husband is a conductor on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe road.

Mr. Henry Waterman, who left here with his family about five weeks ago and made a trip east, visiting several summer resorts and also some cities in New York state, returned home last evening looking much improved in health. His wife and children will continue their visit for some time.

Messrs. Gilmore and Mat Gering were in Ayoca last night, acting as orators in the interests of the democratic party in this quarter. We have not yet learned of their success in securing an audience, but we trust their presence was marked with more interest than at some of their previous stations when attempting to organize democratic clubs.

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WANTED.—Gentleman desires board and room in private family—Southern exposure preferred.

Address S. F. T. HERALD Office.

—Silk bandanas, cotton bandanas and campaign handkerchiefs of all kinds at Donnelly's.

I sell shoes cheaper than anybody. Call me and be convinced, no trouble to show goods. tf. PETER MERGES.

Cloic, 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. Beagle's 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.

The cheapest shoes at Merges. tf.

Culinary Implements for Hotels. A hotel steward who is giving advice for the purchase of culinary implements said the other day that he knew of no line of business in which greater abuses have grown up than this. The firms that manufacture kitchen goods have long made it a practice to give a tip to each cook every time he buys anything or orders any repairs made. The consequence is that the most intense opposition made to any progressive movement of the day is that which combats all the new inventions for saving labor or material. As instance, there is a new process for doing every form of cooking without the direct application of fire, and the especial beauty of it, beyond the fact that it cooks perfectly, is that the roasters, boilers and broilers practically never wear out. On this account the invention languishes, except when a bold proprietor takes the matter out of the cook's hands and makes his own equipment. But even if he does that he will find that cooks are apt to refuse to work with these modern tools, and if they take the situations, will declare that the machinery will not keep in order.—New York Sun.

Cheapest shoes at Merges. tf.

They must be having a picnic at the North pole these days.

Oh for a look at Greenland's icy mountains.

Send your job work to the HERALD office.

SHORTHAND WRITERS.

SOMETHING NEEDED BEIDES QUICK FINGERS AND WITS.

The Rocks Upon Which the "Shorthand" Reporter May Split—Difficulties Which Arise When Notes Are to Be Transcribed—Ludicrous Errors.

Now, why will you only get five men in 100 to reach 130 words (and those words in common use), only four in 100 to touch the verbatim speedline (they being limited to the higher range of familiar speech), and only one in 100 to be equal to any requirement of speed or style of speech, technical or classic, as well as general or popular? The answer is, that you may combine dexterity of finger and mental quickness, however great, and then you will fail to reach the full stature of an expert verbatim reporter unless you have read, marked, learned and inwardly digested volumes upon volumes of the same stores of learning from which the speakers you are to report have drawn their supplies. For example, you study shorthand, and at last, after eighteen months of industrious practice, by dint of dictations read to you from the daily newspaper or some handy book, you time yourself, and find that you can actually get down 130 words a minute, and transcribe it correctly. Now you are happy, and you will go to the nearest editor and say: "I am ready for big work; I can write shorthand and take down speeches literally."

Suppose the editor believes you, and you are engaged as a shorthand reporter. Then suppose your first assignment is to give a column report of an historical lecture. You attend, and the lecturer begins with a few commonplace, which you find yourself quite able to get down. But now he advances into the heart of his theme. He is talking of the events that led up to the American revolution, and he drags in the names of the leading men in the different colonies who stirred up the spirit of independence and paved the way for 1776. He mentions their places of residence, in Virginia, or New York, or Delaware, or elsewhere, and quotes from their letters extensively. You follow him in short hand, and you think you have got him. But when you go back to the office you open your notebook and discover that here are dozens of names of men and places that you never heard of before, because you have never given any time to reading up the ante-revolution history of these United States. In that case you may write out your notes after a fashion, but how the lecturer will stare when he reads it; and what letters the editor will get after he publishes it; and how soon, after you have made one or two messes of that kind, you will be sized up as good for office work, dictation, and the five for a quarter brand of public meetings, but on important work no good whatever.

Stenographic skill alone can take down words, but it requires the something more which we call general intelligence to write them out properly. That general intelligence is only possible to the man who has, as Bill Nye would say, "oled up his thinker" with oil drawn in liberal quantity from standard literature of all kinds. The lecturer on the ante-revolution period will perhaps talk of the Townsend acts of 1767, of Governor Sharpe, of Maryland, and Governor Montagu of South Carolina, and their proclamations in the name of the king; then he will go on to tell what such American leaders as Gadsden, Laurens, Rutledge, Lynch and Pinckney did about it.

But, assuming that you have given no careful reading to the history of that period, how can you transcribe your notes, no matter how faithfully they were taken, so as to save yourself from grotesque errors of spelling, if not of worse? Your notes say "Governor Sharpe," but will you omit that final "e"? Very likely you will, because you don't know any better. Will you write it out Governor "Montagu," or "Montague"? Will you write "Laurens" as it should be, or "Lawrence," as it should not be? Will you surely spell Pinckney with the "o" before the "ki"? Will you write "Rutledge," or "Rutledge"? If you are without any previous reading on this subject you are just as likely to write these names one way as the other.

Illustrations might be multiplied without end. Go and try to report one of Joseph Cook's lectures without enough previous reading to give you an idea of what he is talking about, when he quotes from the leading English, German and French philosophers, and see where you will come out. Go and report some after dinner speeches of a society of scholars, and let there be a few Latin quotations, and you may get them down as they sounded to your ears; but, if you have never taken a course of Latin, let us see how you are going to transcribe it. The old story of the half educated reporter who took down the famous quotation, "Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed major veritas" and then, after having gone with Caesar through the Gallic wars, transcribed it, "I may cuss Plato, may cuss Socrates," said Major Verity, and who later inquired whether this Major Verity was of the regular army or the volunteers, was probably an invention; but things just as absurd have happened. It will always be true that a stream can rise no higher than its source; that what you have never heard you cannot know, and that what you don't know you can't tell anybody. The Boston newspaper owner who threatened to discharge his editor because he had used the word "oblivion," which he took to be a word unfit for the family circle, was not especially stupid. He had never been introduced to the word "oblivion" before, and at first sight it had a nasty look to him; that was all—James W. Clarke in The Writer.

The Tenor Forgot His Lines.

On the stage the prompter is the safety