

# The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

FIRST YEAR

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 24, 1888.

NUMBER 260

## CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor, F. M. RICHIEY  
Clerk, W. K. FOX  
Treasurer, JAMES PATTERSON, JR.  
Engineer, BYRON CLARK  
Police Judge, A. MADOLE  
Marshal, S. CLIFFORD  
Comptroller, W. H. MALICK  
Compellmen, 1st ward, J. V. WICKBACH  
" 2nd " A. SALTSBURY  
" 3rd " D. M. JONES  
" 4th " DE. A. SHEPHERD  
" 5th " W. B. MURPHY  
" 6th " S. W. DUTTON  
" 7th " CON. O'CONNOR  
" 8th " J. P. McALLISTER, PRES.  
Board Pub. Works, FRED GORBER, CHAIRMAN  
J. D. HAWKSWORTH

## COUNTY OFFICERS.

Treasurer, D. A. CAMPBELL  
Deputy Treasurer, THOS. POLLOCK  
Clerk, ERIC CRITCHFIELD  
Deputy Clerk, EXAURICRITCHFIELD  
Recorder of Deeds, JOHN M. LEY, FOSTER  
Deputy Recorder, GEORGE BULLWARD  
Clerk of District Court, W. C. SHAWALTER  
Sheriff, J. C. EKENBARY  
Surveyor, A. L. BEESON  
Assessor, MAYNARD STICK  
Supt. of Pub. Schools, C. HUSSELL  
County Judge, G. HUSSELL

## CIVIC SOCIETIES.

CLASS LODGE No. 146, 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 in each month in the Masonic Hall. Visiting brothers are invited to attend.

THIO LODGE No. 81, A. O. U. W. Meets every alternate Friday evening of each week. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. F. J. Morgan, Master Workman; E. S. Haplos, Foreman; Frank H. M. Jones, Secy.; J. J. Johnson, Finance; Wash. Smith, Receiver; M. Maybright, Past M. W.; Jack Daugherty, Inside Guard.

CLASS CAMP No. 332, MODERN WOODMEN of America. Meets second and fourth Monday evening at K. of P. Hall. All transient brothers are requested to meet with us. I. A. Newcomer, Venerable Consul; G. E. Niles, Worthy Adviser; S. C. Wilde, Banker; W. A. Boush, Clerk.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE No. 8, A. O. U. W. Meets every alternate Friday evening at Rockwood hall at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. J. S. Larson, M. W.; E. W. Boy, Foreman; G. Wilde, Receiver; Leonard Anderson, Overseer.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE No. 5, A. F. & 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. Richter, W. M.

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. E. E. WHITE, H. P.

W. M. HAYS, Secretary.

MACONNIE POST 45 C. A. R. J. W. JOHNSON, Commander  
C. S. TERRY, Senior Vice  
E. A. BATES, Junior Vice  
Geo. NILES, Adjutant  
HENRY SERRIHOE, Officer of the Q. M.  
MALDON DIXON, Officer of the G. M.  
CHARLES FORD, Officer of the G. M.  
ANDREW ERY, Serat Major  
JACOB GOBBEMAN, Quarter Master  
L. C. CURTIS, Post Chaplain  
Meeting Saturday evening

PLATTSMOUTH BOARD OF TRADE President, E. W. Winham  
1st Vice President, A. B. Todd  
2nd Vice President, Wm. Neville  
Secretary, Hermann  
Treasurer, J. G. Richter  
J. C. Richey, E. E. White, J. G. Patterson, J. A. Connor, E. E. White, W. Sherman, F. Gordon, J. V. Wickbach.

## H. E. Palmer & Son GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS

Present the following fire and fire-tested companies:  
American Central-St. Louis, Assets \$1,250,100  
Commercial Union-England, " 2,500,314  
Fire Association-Philadelphia, " 4,445,776  
Franklin-Philadelphia, " 3,117,196  
Fidelity-New York, " 7,885,779  
I. A. C. of North America, " 6,412,581  
Liverpool & Globe-Eng. " 3,378,754  
North British & Mercantile-Eng. " 1,245,496  
Springfield F. & M.-Springfield, " 3,041,915  
Total Assets, \$42,115,774

Losses Adjusted and Paid at this Agency  
WHEN YOU WANT  
WORK DONE  
OF  
Any Kind  
CALL ON  
L. G. Larson,  
Contractor and Builder  
Cor. 12th and Granite Streets.  
Sept. 12-9m.  
Job work done on short notice at  
the Herald office.

## LEGENDS OF TREES.

WHAT IS SAID OF THEM IN MYTHOLOGICAL STORY.

The Tree of Life—The Norse World Tree. The Famous Soma Tree—Indian Legends. A Classical Tale—Groves of the Gods. Druids.

The tree figures in the earliest cosmogony. In the Carana of Eden stood the tree of life, whose fruit would have bestowed perpetual youth upon the first pair, and near it was the tree of knowledge, a fatal tree and to the destiny of man. According to a medieval legend the human race was transplanted to Abraham's garden, a thousand years after the fall of man, and an angel came down to tell him that upon the Redeemer would be sacrificed after having descended from it. A Jewish tradition assigns to the apple tree the honor of being the tree of knowledge.

In Norse cosmogony, the tree plays a still more important part. It is here the world tree—Yggdrasil—whose foliage is the clouds, the stars, the fruit and the sea lie below. At its foot holds the fountain of life, and from its branches fire was brought to man. Under its the Norse deities who weave the events of human life. Legends extend into the highest heaven and into the deepest hell. This tree was an ash, and another legend says Odin rescued Adam from the ash and Eve from the elm.

Like this is the famous soma tree, which stands on an island in the middle of a lake, guarded by fish. From it is distilled the soma or amrita, the drink of immortality. Near it stands another tree, called the favoite, bearing the seeds of all plants and flowers. In its branches are perched the eagles. When one rises a thousand branches break off, scattering the seeds over the earth.

Among savage tribes the tree is often a god. The Djibway thought certain trees were deities, and made offerings to them. The Dacotas worshipped many trees, especially medicine wood. Carolina Indians venerated the youpon, or wild fig tree; the Mayas recognized a divinity in trees; the Tapanoes worshipped them, and Darwin saw a tribe which venerated a tree, the home of a deity called Walleche. They poured libations through a hole bored in it, and around it were the bones of horses that had been sacrificed. Indian tribes generally worshipped trees, and some thought that they sprang from them. Darien tribes descended from trees, and some of the Aztecs claimed their origin from two trees in a wooded grove.

As the tree was the origin of life was also thought the home of souls after life was ended. Empedocles says souls of the highest virtue passed into trees. The old classical fable of Philomen and Baucis assigned them a final home in trees as a reward for charity shown to Zeus. Another tradition says the penitent Myrrha became a tree, and the drops which fall from the bark (myrrh) are her tears. Dante traversed a leafless wood, in the bark of every tree of which was imprisoned a sinner, and he spoke to Pietro delle Vigne. The Greek Dryades were fabled to have their abodes in trees. Ojibway Indians thought trees possessed souls, and never cut them, some fearing to pain them. In many places in Germany trees are thought to be the first abodes of infants.

The tree of knowledge also occurs in popular lore. In north Germany, when the master dies, some one must go into the garden and stand under a tree and say: "Master is dead," for, if the tree is not informed, there will be another death. An Ojibway tale represents a tree as whispering a tale of love to a certain maiden who dedicates herself to it, dies, and is often seen wandering in the forest. According to a Maori myth, heaven and earth were once joined in an embrace as close as their children had no place to dwell. But Tanemahuta, father of trees, reached them apart with his branches. These ideas concerning the divinity of trees led to their worship in primitive times.

In the deepest groves abode the gods. Primitive nations inhabited the forest, and the tree was their first shelter. The center of the early Greek as well as of the Teutonic religions, the groves were the first temples, and the Gothic church is but a grove turned into stone. In old German dialects temple and grove are the same word. Tree worship was the foundation of Germanic and Celtic religion. Down to the introduction of Christianity in the north, the deities were worshipped in sacred groves, and on the boughs of the trees hung the heads of sacrificed animals. As late as the eleventh century trees were worshipped in many places. The Druids, as is well known, worshipped and sacrificed in groves, and the oak was a sacred tree to them.—P. F. Bageot in Globe-Democrat.

Driving Away a Hotel Guest. A practical joke was played by Edward Sothers and J. W. Pigott, not long ago, on a grumpy hotel guest who occupied a room adjoining theirs. The old fellow had been complaining of the noise the two actors made when they came home from the theater, so it was determined that he should have a treat. One night, a little past 12 o'clock, they sat down at the table in their room. On it were a number of plates and glasses. They made sure that their crusty neighbor was in his apartment, and then proceeded to produce in reality, the noise and jollification of a big dining party. First Sothers would get up and make a speech, at the same time striking his feet and clapping his hands to persuade several other people, while Pigott would rattle the dishes, jingle the glasses and shout "Hear, hear."

down the stairs and re-enter the room softly, while Pigott, his hands, feet and voice all engaged, would shout adieu from the interior of the room and inquire of a score of imaginary persons what wines they liked best. In this way two hundred imaginary guests departed from the little room, while the old man next door, thoroughly tired and disgusted in his vain attempt to sleep, paced the floor in despair. Finally, when the actors began to weary and the sun was saying "Good morning," a halt came. The last guest was seen and the music ceased. In the morning the old man gave up his room and left the hotel in high dudgeon. Thereafter, Sothers and Pigott came in as late and made as much noise as they liked.—Mirror.

## WHERE THEY KEEP COOL.

In the Cellar of a Cincinnati Brewery—A Reporter's Experience. The place that is nearest the north pole in summer time is the beer cellar of a brewery. There the frosts melt from the walls and the icicles hang in graceful crystals from the beginning of one year to the beginning of the next. The largest cellars in Cincinnati are under a brewery up on Elm street. It was at the entrance to the immense and labyrinthine caves that a hot, perspiring and worn out reporter found himself the other afternoon about 4 o'clock. Without the air was sweltering. People going by in the street could be seen mopping and blowing. The door opened, and preceded by a man in boots, overalls and blue blouse—rather warmly dressed for summer—the reporter descended.

A cold chill struck him that froze the perspiration right where it stood. His breath floated in two long streams, like a cloud of smoke, from his nostrils to the ground. This was only in the ante room, as it were. A door opened and he stood in the frost cellar. Great casks stood about in long tiers. In and around every where the pipes of ice ran, covered with white frost that sparkled in the lamplight, while at the joints two long icicles depended.

In one of the rooms a man was turning a large wheel, while over a kind of table on the other side beer was flowing out of a brass faucet, probably as the result of his labor, and was being put into a keg. This scene of underground labor in the midst of eternal cold was lighted by electric lights, which shone dimly through the glass tanks coated with frozen moisture. One of the immense casks in another apartment was empty. A man in a similar uniform to the guide—all the workmen wore the boots, overalls and blouse and were warmly clad—was raking chips out of it into a kind of wagon with which, when loaded, he made swiftly off into the darkness. The temperature of this place and of the subcellar under it must have been very near zero. Perhaps the latter was colder. But it really made no difference. The reporter was blue with cold, and that is as bad as can be.

The casks of beer that must lie there for eight months before they can be opened must have numbered several hundred, while the pipes of gas were lighted and held about by the thousand. In a little corner of the cellar is a small room with a beer keg in it and two glasses. When this was reached there was a pause of a few moments, during which the electric lights looked yellow and distant through the glass. Then the guide and reporter went up stairs again, "from lands of snow to lands of sun." Once in the sun, again the frozen moisture that had settled on the warmer clothes while in the cellar melted, and the clothing was as damp as if it had been rained upon.—Cincinnati Times Star.

Ingersoll's Method of Preparation. Col. Ingersoll's method of preparing for a public speech is simple and effective. Many people in the vast audiences who have listened to his flowing eloquence have wondered if his effects were entirely produced upon the spur of the moment, or if he had prepared carefully worked up beforehand and then committed to memory. Neither of these theories is entirely correct. Col. Ingersoll has in his employ a thoroughly efficient stenographer named Baker, and when his material for a speech or an extended letter is all in hand he dictates the entire thing from beginning to end. The stenographer subsequently writes it out upon the typewriter, and it is read over once or twice by Col. Ingersoll, by which time the thread of the argument is thoroughly fixed in his mind. He then prepares a series of headings of the various points he desires to cover, and when he goes into court or mounts the rostrum he is armed with these headings. He had no need to commit mere words and figures of speech to memory. He has a singular wealth of language in which to clothe his argument, and he can recall it at will, and his only difficulty is to recall himself to the main track after being led off to one side or the other by the flood of his own eloquence.—New York World.

Another Legend of the Opal. By the way, said a jeweler to a reporter, did you ever hear the legend as to how opals became "unlucky"? It runs something like this: "A wealthy man once owned a large opal which had been in the family for many generations, and which had brought good luck to all its owners. The tradition attached to the stone was that it was to be given to the best beloved son, falling in which the charm would be lost. This man had three sons whom he loved dearly, and being unable to determine which was the best beloved, had three rings made, each a counterpart of the other, one of which contained the heirloom, and the others two imitations of it. Calling his three sons into the room separately, he presented each of them with a ring, telling each in turn that he was the best beloved, and enjoining him to say nothing to his brothers. As a punishment for this deceit the furies removed the charm, and ill luck and disaster are said to have followed the possessors of opals ever since. I think, though, that something must have occurred since to put the furies in good humor again with the stone, for I haven't heard of opals bringing anybody bad luck of late! Have you?"—Jewelry News.

A Three Americas Exhibition in 1893. The chairman of the house committee on foreign affairs in congress has been authorized to report a bill providing for a permanent exposition of the Three Americas, in honor of the 40th anniversary of the discovery of America, under the joint auspices of the forty-six states and territories and the sixteen independent nations of the American continent.

## ALL NIGHT REVELERS.

IN AN UPTOWN RESTAURANT EARLY IN THE MORNING.

People Who Meet at an Eating House at 6 o'clock a. m.—Tea and Coffee—A Snorer at the Table—The Man About Town.

It is 2 o'clock in the morning, and this is an uptown Sixth avenue restaurant which never closes, night or day, and where at 6 o'clock in the morning you may see the all night revelers gathered at one table and at the next the diligent, early rising, man of business, consuming his coffee and roll preparatory to his trip down town; the workingwoman with her morning tea and toast, who labors hard for \$1 per day; the woman who doesn't, and wears diamonds; the gambler and the bookkeeper; the youth just starting out to see life, and the man of premature old age who has seen too much of it—all here to bow at one common altar of sustenance. On a stand are two brilliantly polished vessels reputed to hold tea and coffee. In effect they do hold what was once an infusion of tea and coffee, from which the soul and essence had hours ago. It is now a taste, stale and sourish fluid. It matters not. The public drink it and seem satisfied. An American restaurateur of the middle class is not bound to furnish what his guests do not call for. These brilliant urns, with their complicated apparatus of pipes and gauges for registering the height of the fluid within, suggest monuments to the departed virtue of the beverages they hold. Without all is white and brilliant; within it is a tea and coffee sepocher.

When you call for coffee there is something hopelessly exasperating in the habitual assurance with which the waiter grabs an inch thick rimmed cup, turns the stale fluid into it from the elaborately molded and polished faucet, and bangs it down on the table before you. He considers it coffee or tea. Protest to him that the fluid has lost its strength, all virtue, all aroma, all semblance of its original self, and he will set you down as an Anarchist, a Nihilist and a moral pestilence from his restaurantish point of view.

The tea and coffee are brought in very thick, heavy cups. Occasionally these cups are notched, as if some one had tried to bite out a piece. Other cups have several notches and suggest the edge of a saw. Ordinarily they do not have more than two notches. The window is filled with pieces of pie—mince, pumpkin, apple and cranberry. By each piece of pie is a bit of cheese. The pie is now ready for operation. Some of these pieces of pie have been waiting for days in this window. So has the cheese. The sun has shone on the pie and the cheese. The sun imparts a flavor of its own to pie crust. It is a sun baked flavor. The same sun hardens the cheese.

A customer enters, seats himself, craves coffee and cakes, and goes to sleep in his chair. The waiter brings him his order. He sleeps on. Presently he snores. It is a snore as regular and peaceful as though he were in bed. Enter five young men. They are fashionably dressed, carry canes, wear expensive jewelry, are up to the requirements of the season as regards neckties. Their manner is almost boisterous. Their self-consciousness is desert deep. Their faces are clean shaven. Their silk hats are glossy. Their hands are of feminine delicacy. Their boots are not in the least worn, but flat as the face of a greenback. They wear \$12 pantaloons. They are full of the effervescence of youth and something stronger. They may be college students, who have been laboring at the tasks of education until 4 in the morning and are hungry.

The waiter stands patiently by, while, between loud talk and laughter, they study with lively diligence the bill of fare. They seem enjoying life. He seems only enduring it. The snore of the snorer asserts itself plainly at intervals amid the hum of voices around. His coffee and cakes steam under his nose. He heels them not. His head tips back at intervals. He restores it quickly to its place. The unconscious effort is painful to witness. A young man enters. He is about to seat him at the same table with the snorer. When it evidences itself to him that there a snorer sits, he moves away. A man is talking somebody's philosophy to an old gray head. The gray headed man is silent and meek. He says little in reply. The talker has in his hand the book of the philosopher he admires. The two have finished a meal of corned beef hash. Now with them is the "flow of soul." The philosopher so enthusiastically talked about is of the positive school. The talker is a positivist. The old man doesn't seem to be much of anything. Hence, he is a good man for a positivist to talk to. Occasionally the talker reads the talk. It seems to make little difference to the old man. He makes no resistance. There now enters a man with a man about town air and three young ladies of the garish order of beauty. They seat themselves at a table. All order fried oysters. This starts the man at the oyster counter into life and activity. He manipulates those oysters long opened and covered with cracker dust. It is some time since some of these oysters grew their last breath. The artificial heat of this place has not a refreshing quality. It is steamy, mingled with many breaths and many odors.

The snorer is still audible. His Albert hat falls on the floor with a bang. It does not awaken him. The waiter picks it up, puts it on, jogs him gently by the shoulder and suggests that his coffee must be getting cold. The snorer awakes, looks surprised and engages the waiter before him.—Prentice Mulford in New York Star.

Speed of Telegraphy. When the first electric telegraph was established the speed of transmission was from four to five words a minute with the five needle instruments; in 1859 the average rate of newspaper messages was seventeen words a minute; the present pace of the electric telegraph between London and Dublin, where the Wheatstone instrument is employed, reaches 463 words; and thus what was regarded as miraculous sixty years ago has multiplied a hundred fold in half a century. Bent whalebones can be restored and used again by simply soaking in water a few hours and then drying them.

## Real Estate Bargains

EXAMINE OUR LIST.

CHOICE LOTS IN South Park

21 lots in Thompson's addition.  
40 lots in Townsend's addition.  
Lot 10 block 138, lot 5 block 164.  
Lot 1 block 6, lot 6 block 95.  
Lot 11, block 111, lot 8, block 61.  
LOTS IN YOUNG AND HAYS' ADDITION.  
Lots in Palmer's addition.  
Lots in Duke's addition.  
Improved property of all descriptions and in all parts of the city on easy terms.  
A new and desirable residence in South Park, can be bought on monthly payments.  
Before purchasing elsewhere, call and see if we cannot suit you better.

LANDS.  
5 acres of improved ground north of the city limits.  
5 acres of ground adjoining South Park.  
2 acres of ground adjoining South Park.  
1 1/2 acres of ground adjoining South Park.  
20 acres near South Park: See page 300, if sold.  
nw 1/4 sec. 8, T. 12, R. 10, Cass Co., price \$2,000.  
A valuable improved stock farm in Merriek Co., Neb., 160 acres and on reasonable terms.

## Windham & Davies.

INSURANCE.  
Consult your best interests by insuring in the Phoenix, Hartford or Aetna companies, about which there is no question as to their high standing and fair dealing.  
TORNADO POLICIES.  
The present year brings first a disastrous one from tornadoes and wind storms. This is fore-shadowed by the number of storms we have already had—the most destructive one so far this year having occurred at Mt. Vernon, Ill., where a large number of buildings were destroyed or damaged. The exemption from tornadoes last year renders their occurrence more probable in 1888.  
Call at our office and secure a Tornado Policy.  
Unimproved lands for sale or exchange.

## WINDHAM & DAVIES.

PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

## Dr. C. A. Marshall.

DENTIST!

Preservation of natural teeth a specialty. Teeth extracted without pain by use of Lathrop's gas.

ALL work warranted. Prices reasonable. FITZGERALD'S BLOCK PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.  
DRS. CAVE & SMITH, "Painless Dentists." The only Dentists in the West controlling the New System of Extracting and Filling Teeth without Pain. Our anaesthetic is entirely free from CHLOROFORM OR ETHER AND IS ABSOLUTELY Harmless - To - All. Teeth extracted and artificial teeth inserted next day if desired. The preservation of the natural teeth a specialty.  
GOLD CROWNS, GOLD CAPS, BRIDGE WORK. The very finest. Office in Union Block, over The Citizens' Bank, Plattsmouth, Neb.

## Wm. Herold & Son

FOR Dry Goods, Notions Boots and Shoes or Ladies and Gents FURNISHING - GOODS. He keeps as large and as well SELECTED STOCK As can be found any place in the city and make you prices that defy competition.  
Agents for Harper's Bazar Patterns and Bail's Corsets.

## Watches! Watches!

H. M. GAULT Has moved and is now in the Sherwood room, Cor. 5th and Main Sts., where he is better able to show his Large Stock of Watches, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY! Than ever before, and will as an inducement sell you Watches way down. Call and get the Special Prices in Gold Watches; it will surprise you. A Full Line of the best styles of Jewelry and Silverware. Repairing will be given Special Attention. All work warranted to give satisfaction.

## C. F. SMITH,

The Boss Tailor. Main St., Over Merges' Shoe Store. Has the best and most complete stock of samples, both foreign and domestic, woolsens that ever came west of Missouri river. Note these prices: Business suits from \$16 to \$25, dress suits, \$25 to \$45, pants \$4, \$5, \$6, \$6.50 and upwards. Will guarantee a fit.

## Prices Defy Competition.

## J. E. ROBBINS, ARTIST,

INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN IN FINE OIL PAINTING WATERCOLORS, ETC. ALL LOVERS OF ART ARE INVITED TO CALL AND EXAMINE MY WORK STUDIO OVER OLIVER & RAMSEY NEAR MARKET.

## G. B. KEMPSTER,

Practical Piano and Organ Tuner AND REPAIRER. First-class work guaranteed. Also dealer in Pianos and Organs. Office at Beck's furniture store, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.  
E. E. WINDHAM, JOHN A. DAVIES, Notary Public, Notary Public, WINDHAM & DAVIES, Attorneys - at - Law. Office over Bank of Cass County. PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

## J. C. BOONE,

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A. N. SULLIVAN, Attorney at Law. Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him. Office in Union Block, East side, Plattsmouth, Neb.  
Fire Insurance written in the Aetna, Phoenix and Hartford by Windham & Davies.

B. & M. Time Table. GOING WEST. No. 1—4:50 a. m. No. 2—4:25 p. m. No. 3—6:30 p. m. No. 4—10:25 a. m. No. 5—9:25 a. m. No. 6—7:30 p. m. No. 7—7:45 p. m. No. 8—9:50 a. m. No. 9—6:15 p. m. No. 10—9:35 p. m. All trains run daily by way of Omaha except Nos. 7 and 8 which run to and from Cheyenne daily except on Sunday.  
No. 31 is a stub to Pacific Junction at 8:30 a. m. No. 12 is a stub from Pacific Junction at 11 a. m.