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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.

THIRD 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. J. Moran, Master Workman; E. S. Harelow, Foreman; Frank Brown, Overseer; J. Bowers, Guide; George Housworth, Recorder; H. J. Johnson, Financier; Wash. Smith, Receiver; M. Maybright, Past M. W.; Jack Baugherty, Inside Guard.

CLASS CAMP No. 372, MODERN WOODMEN of America—Meets second and fourth Monday evening at K. of P. hall. All transient brothers are requested to meet with us. A. Newcomer, Venerable Consul; G. F. Niles, Worthy Adviser; S. C. Wilde, Banker; W. A. Boeck, 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. I. S. Larson, M. W.; F. Boyd, Foreman; S. C. Wilde, Recorder; Leonard Anderson, Overseer.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE No. 6, A. E. & A. M.—Meets on the first and third Mondays of each month at their hall. Transient brothers are cordially invited to meet with us. J. G. RICHY, W. M. WM. HAYS, Secretary.

NEBRASKA CHAPTER No. 3, E. A. M.—Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month at Mason's Hall. Transient brothers are invited to meet with us. F. E. WHITE, H. P. WM. HAYS, Secretary.

M. F. ZION COMMA DAELY No. 5, K. T.—Meets first and third Wednesday night of each month at Mason's hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to meet with us. WM. HAYS, Sec.

CLASS COUNCIL No. 1021, ROYAL ARCANUM—Meets second and fourth Mondays of each month at Arcanum Hall. R. M. GLENN, Regent. P. C. MINOR, Secretary.

McDONNIE POST 45 C. A. R.—ROSTER: J. W. JOHNSON, Commander. S. T. SWISS, Senior Vice. E. A. BATES, Junior. G. R. NILES, Adjutant. HENRY STRONG, Q. M. MALON DIXON, Officer of the Day. CHARLES FORD, Sergt. Major. ANDERSON FRY, Quarter Master. JACOB GOBBELMAN, Quarter Master. L. C. CURTIS, Post Chaplain. Meeting Saturday evening.

PLATTSMOUTH BOARD OF TRADE—President, Robt. B. Windham. 1st Vice President, A. B. Todd. 2nd Vice President, Wm. Neville. Secretary, F. Herrmann. Treasurer, F. R. Guthman. DIRECTORS: J. C. RICHY, E. W. WHITE, J. C. PATTERSON, J. A. CONNER, B. ELSON, C. W. SHERMAN, F. GORDON, J. V. WECKBACH.

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TWO LYNCHINGS IN TEN DAYS.

Webster County Again the Scene of Lawless Justice.

The Victim of a Brute's Fury. GUIDE ROCK, Neb., Sept. 3.—Webster county, in which less than two weeks ago the lynching of the desperado Bill Cole took place, was yesterday the scene of a similar event.

This second outbreak of lawless justice was the sequel of one of the most horrible tragedies in the history of crime. It occurred on a farm belonging to a man named Weeks, living not far from Guide Rock.

He was having his threshing done, and among those in his employ was a man named John Baker. Baker was feeding the thrasher and had a young boy cutting bands for him. While the men were thus engaged on Saturday the boy, in cutting a band, accidentally let the knife slip, striking Baker on the hand and inflicting an ugly wound.

WILD WITH RAGE Baker, dropping a bundle which he had in his hand, reached for the boy. The latter attempted to escape but before he could do so the infuriated man had him in his grasp, and lifting him bodily into the air, threw him on the platform. In a moment the boy's feet were among the cruel teeth of the thrasher and

BAKER WAS CROWDING HIM IN as if he were a sheaf of grain. The boy screamed for help, but it was evident that several moments elapsed before the other men at work about the thrasher distinguished his voice above the roar, for when they rushed to the front of the machine, half of his body had already disappeared and Baker was still holding

THE QUIVERING REMAINS. On seeing the other men Baker released his hold and jumping from the platform attempted to escape. In a moment, however, the men were upon him and he was a prisoner. The boy was dead and only the upper portion of his body remained. The platform of the thrasher was covered with blood; the teeth of the machine were dyed with it, and bits of clothing, bone and flesh were brought to view with every revolution.

"Hang him!" shouted one of the men and in an instant a stout rope was about Baker's neck and

HE WAS DRAGGED STRUGGLING to the rear of the machine. One of the men quickly ascended and climbing out on the straw carrier took one end of the rope which was thrown to him and passed it over an iron rod. As soon as the rope came within reaching distance of the ground a half dozen strong hands had hold of it, Baker's arms were pinioned behind him and in less time than it takes to tell he was swung between earth and sky while the platform of the thrasher was still warm with his victim's blood.

Jacksonville Swept By a Moderate Cyclone.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Sept. 3.—Official bulletin for the twenty-four hours ending at 6 p. m.: New cases, 24; deaths, total number of cases to date, 258.

A moderate cyclone passed over the city this afternoon. There was a gale from the southwest, accompanied by loud thunder, keen flashes of lightning and a heavy rainfall, clearing the atmosphere wonderfully and lowering the temperature, washing the surface of the streets perfectly clean, as well as carrying several hundred barrels of lime which had been scattered abroad into the river. The effects of the storm, said a leading Cuban physician, will lessen materially the infection, but will be bad on the sick.

The Chinese Treaty.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 3.—The department of state has not as yet received any information confirming the reported rejection of the Chinese treaty. Official circles here are inclined to doubt the accuracy of the press dispatch from London, while it is conceded that it may prove to be true. It is thought strange that London should be so much better informed than Washington on the subject.

A System of Brigandage.

It is noted by many papers that the system of brigandage known as "tipping" has been worse than ever at the resorts this summer. In many hotels a bell boy doesn't expect to move for less than 10 cents, and as you are likely to employ a different boy every time, you soon begin to dread asking for anything. The head waiter of a summer hotel was recently asked by a guest why the waiters were so slovenly and insolent. "Oh, well," was the reply, "I expect if you would lay down a \$3 bill by your plate every Sunday morning, as the other gentlemen do, you would find them all right. I understand you have only been giving 50 cents a week."—New York Tribune.

The Chicago school census returns give that city a population of 802,651.

BRILLIANTS.

How delicious is the winning Of a kiss at love's beginning. —Anon.

There is gold, and here My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing. —Shakespeare.

Drink to me only with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine; Or leave a kiss with the cup, And I'll not look for wine. —Ben Jonson.

Jenny kissed me when we met, My lips were on her cheek at it. Time, you thief! who love to get Sweets into your list, put that in. Say I'm weary, say I'm sad; Say that health and wealth have missed me; Say I'm growing old, but add— Jenny kissed me. —Leigh Hunt.

WINES MADE TO ORDER.

'What an English Landlord Told in a Confidential Chat.

In Poole's tales the reader gets an insight into how wines were made at some hotels. The author, meeting a stranger in a country churchyard, recognizes Burley, the former landlord of an inn he used to frequent near Cambridge, now, it appears, retired to enjoy the fruits of his industry. Falling into a confidential discourse about the way in which this worthy conducted his business, the author receives from him a most luminous and satisfactory account of his wines.

"You can't deny it, your wines were detestable—port, Madeira, claret, champagne"— "There now, sir, to prove how much gentlemen may be mistaken, I assure you, sir, as I'm an honest man, I never had but two sorts of wine in my cellar—port and sherry."

"How! when I myself have tried your claret, your"— "Yes, sir, my claret, sir. Gentlemen who pay their money, sir, have a right to be served with whatever they may please to order, sir. I never would have any wines in my cellar, sir, but port and sherry. But to explain the thing at once, sir. This was my plan, sir. If any one ordered Madeira: From one bottle of sherry take two glasses of wine, which replace by two glasses of brandy, and add thereto a slight squeeze of lemon, and this I found to give general satisfaction. As to the pale and brown sherry, sir, a couple of glasses of nice pure water, in place of the same quantity of wine, made what I used to call my delicate pale (by-the-by, a squeeze of lemon added to that makes a very fair Brucel), and for my old brown sherry, a little brown sugar was the thing. It looked very much like sherry that had been twice to the East Indies, sir, and indeed, to my customers, who were very particular about their wines, I used to serve it as such.

"But my port was the wine which gave me the most trouble. One gentleman would say: 'Burley, I don't like this wine; it is too heavy.' 'Is it, sir? I think I can find you a lighter.' 'Oh, sir, I don't care, but I want a glass of water.' 'Well, sir, I'd say, 'how do you approve of that?' 'Why—um—no, I can't say.' 'I understand, sir; you like an older wine—softer. I think I can please you, sir.' 'Pump again, sir. 'Now, sir,' says I (wiping the decanter with a napkin and triumphantly holding it up to the light), 'try this, if you please.' 'That's it, Burley—that's the very wine; bring another bottle of the same.' 'But one more, please, a very fair Brucel the same way, sir. Some gentlemen would complain of my port as being poor—without body. In went one glass of brandy. If that didn't answer, 'Ay, gentlemen,' says I, 'I know what will please you; you like a fuller bodied, rougher wine.' Out went two glasses of wine, and in went two or three glasses of brandy. This used to be a very favorite wine."

"And your claret?" "My good wholesome port again, sir. Three wines out, three waters in, one pinch of tartaric acid, two ditto orris powder. For a fuller claret, a little brandy; for a lighter claret, more water."

"But how did you contrive about Burgundy?" "That was my claret, sir, with from three to five drops of bergamot, according as gentlemen liked a full flavor or a delicate flavor. As for champagne, sir, that, of course, I made myself."

"How do you mean 'of course,' Burley?" "Oh, sir," he said, "with an innocent yet waggish look, 'surely everybody makes his own champagne, else what can become of all the gooseberries?'—London Tale.

The "Chippy" Young Drummer.

To us old timers on the road nothing is so amusing as the "chippy" drummer. We can always tell him at sight. He may look as if he is a thoroughbred, but his baggage gives him away. He comes on his first trip with a trunk full of clothing, and when he gets on a car he is loaded down worse than an old maid who is going sixty miles. He is sure to have two valises and a sachel with a strap hanging from his shoulder. A hat box, two cases (one for every day wear and the other for Sunday), an umbrella, three railway guides, a half dozen Rand & McNally state maps, a silk traveling cap, a new novel, a pair of slippers, a rubber coat, a mohair duster, a flask and a pipe, are a few of the things which he surrounds himself with. We know him because he kicks at everything. The road is rough or crooked, or the time is slow. He notices the conductor of the Pullman before he leaves the depot of his intention to report him. He discourses for an hour upon the extortion of the baggage master.

When he gets off at a station he refuses to pay 50 cents to the omnibus man and walks to the hotel, and swears later when required to pay a drayman 75 cents for hauling his baggage from the depot. He asks for the best room in the hotel, and does not get it. Meet the same fellow four years later, and he has dropped all of his valises except one small one, and he no longer travels with maps, umbrellas, slippers, railway guides, cane, rubber coat and all that. One side of his valise will contain his samples, and all the clothing he will need for a two months' trip is on the other side. He carries two suits of underclothing, two white shirts and a change of socks. When the train is sidetracked while the road is being cleared of freight wreck, he takes a nap. When he goes into a hotel the clerk recognizes him as one of the boys and gives him the best house afforded, and then he takes a hand in having fun with "chippies" himself.—Chicago Drummer in Globe-Democrat.

Silk of the Spiders.

Our imaginative forefathers fancied they had found the silk of the spider for the purpose of that of the silkworm, and in the last century great numbers were tamed and kept by individuals who purposed engaging in the business of procuring and manufacturing the silk. It was found, however, that, owing to the extreme fineness of the silk and the difficulty of obtaining it in sufficient quantities, the articles manufactured must be necessarily costly, and hence unpopular. One pair of stockings and one pair of gloves were made as an experiment, and were of excellent texture and quality.

The method of getting the silk is curious. A spider is tossed from hand to hand until the thread makes its appearance. The end of this is attached to a tiny reel of wire, and the reel is turned until the supply is exhausted, the operation being repeated at regular intervals. But the true mission of spider's silk is scientific, and for this purpose the excessive tenacity is just what is needed. It is customary to divide the field of view of telescopes, surveying instruments and microscopes into spaces of uniform size, by means of fine lines, the object being to aid the observer in his calculations. The finer these lines the better, of course, since there is danger that small objects may be observed by them. Nothing is found to answer so well as spider's silk, and it is now used altogether. We are therefore indebted to the abhorred arachnid for our precise knowledge of celestial distances, for the accuracy of the measurements which take place under the lens of a microscope, and also for the correctness with which our estates are surveyed.

CURIOSITIES OF ATAVISM.

The Otter Breed of Sheep—The Blue-Pop Latent Disease.

Many of the most famous breeds of sheep and cattle have arisen through the accidental appearance of some striking peculiarity of structure, which has been preserved by careful selection and breeding. Thus the well known Ancon or other breed of sheep, now extinct, arose in the last century in Massachusetts by the accidental birth of a ram with crooked legs and a long back like a turnspit. These peculiarities rendered him unable to leap fences, and as this was a point of great importance to the early settlers this ram was selected for breeding, and his abnormalities of structure were faithfully transmitted. The breeds of Mauchamp sheep and Nivata cattle had a somewhat similar origin. Darwin relates how in a litter of pointer pups one was observed to be of a blue color. This remarkable circumstance led to inquiry, and it was found that four generations earlier there had been in the same breed a pointer bitch named Sappho, celebrated for her blue color. We have here an instance of one of the secondary laws of inheritance known as the law of atavism (from atavus, an ancestor). According to this law any peculiarity, instead of passing directly from parent to child, may skip one or more generations and reappear lower down in the line of descent. Of this curious law innumerable instances occur. It is not uncommon for a child to resemble his grandparents much more closely than his father or mother. This is frequently noted in the case of animals, where we have the opportunity of observing several generations, and analogy would lead us to expect a similar principle in the case of man. The law of atavism can only be explained by assuming that the qualities which were latent in grandfather and grandchild were latent in the intervening generation.

There is nothing difficult or arbitrary in this hypothesis, as multitudes of facts are on record to prove that physical and intellectual peculiarities may remain dormant for long periods in an individual, and suddenly develop into prominence under some unvented pressure. Thus, privation or confinement in an unwholesome atmosphere may develop a latent tendency to consumption. A severe illness has been known to determine the onset of insanity, to which the individual had a hereditary predisposition, or to take more hopeful instances, a severe shock, such as bereavement or the sudden loss of fortune, has been frequently known to bring out unexpected traits of character, and to develop a resolution and a magnanimity of which the individual had previously exhibited no evidence. Our characters, in addition to those prominent traits which attract general attention, have a multitude of secret marks traced as it were in invisible ink and ready to spring into prominence on condition of the necessary stimulus being applied.—Chambers' Journal.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone have entered the jubilee year of their wedded life. There were great rejoicings at the quaint old village of Hawarden. The home of the Grand Old Man is situated on the summit of a range of hills overlooking Chester and the River Dee. The village contains the remains of a castle which dates back almost to the Conqueror, and the ancient mound fortification, the ditch and drawbridge and the keep are proof today of its power in the past. The old castle standing in the grounds is scarcely more than a relic now. The modern castle in which the Gladstones family resides was built over a hundred years ago, and has been considerably added to from time to time, so that it has a comparatively new seat. It has a splendid appearance; the stone battlements and walls, which are well grown with ivy, look especially striking. The grounds, which contain several acres of interest, are exceedingly well wooded, even now, to the surprise of many visitors who have heard so much of Mr. Gladstone's powers with the ax. Mr. Gladstone lives a regular life at home. He breakfasts lightly about 7 o'clock in the morning, and shortly before 8 walks to the little village church for prayers. To the observant bystander the sight of England's greatest statesman, wearing his way to church in the early morning, is, to say the least, interesting. Clad in a long coat, buttoned well up, with a long shawl wrapped closely round his neck and wearing a soft hat, his appearance is very different to what we see him in London. Yet his gait, as he trends lightly along, silently acknowledging the many fervid salutations from the villagers, is every inch that of the great and thoughtful old man. Upon his return from morning prayers Mr. Gladstone retires to his study, where he peruses and answers his enormous mass of daily correspondence. When this task is completed Mr. Gladstone devotes himself to his favorite pastime—chopping trees.—London Cor. New York Press.

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