

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

SECOND YEAR

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 2, 1888.

NUMBER 18

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor, F. M. HAY
Clerk, J. W. WALKER
Treasurer, J. W. WALKER
At-Large, J. W. WALKER
Engineer, J. W. WALKER
Police Judge, J. W. WALKER
Marshal, J. W. WALKER
Councilman, J. W. WALKER
2nd, J. W. WALKER
3rd, J. W. WALKER
4th, J. W. WALKER
5th, J. W. WALKER
6th, J. W. WALKER
7th, J. W. WALKER
8th, J. W. WALKER
9th, J. W. WALKER
10th, J. W. WALKER
11th, J. W. WALKER
12th, J. W. WALKER
Board of Public Works, J. W. WALKER
Board of Health, J. W. WALKER
Board of Education, J. W. WALKER

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Treasurer, D. A. CAMPBELL
Deputy Treasurer, J. W. WALKER
Recorder of Deeds, J. W. WALKER
County Clerk, J. W. WALKER
County Sheriff, J. W. WALKER
County Attorney, J. W. WALKER
Supt. of Public Schools, J. W. WALKER
County Judge, J. W. WALKER

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

A. B. TODD, Chm., Plattsmouth
LOUIS FOLTZ, Weeping Water
A. B. DIKSON, Elmwood

CIVIC SOCIETIES.

CASS LODGE NO. 106 I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.
PLATTSMOUTH ENCAMPMENT NO. 3 I. O. O. F. Meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

TRIO LODGE NO. 34 A. O. U. W. M. Meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.
W. B. BROWN, P. M. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

CASS CAMP NO. 32 A. O. U. W. M. Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE NO. 106 I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE NO. 3 I. O. O. F. Meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

W. B. BROWN, P. M. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

M. ZION COMM. B. R. Y. Meets every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. All transient members are cordially invited to meet with us.

CASS LODGE NO. 106 I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE NO. 3 I. O. O. F. Meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

W. B. BROWN, P. M. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

M. ZION COMM. B. R. Y. Meets every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. All transient members are cordially invited to meet with us.

CASS LODGE NO. 106 I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE NO. 3 I. O. O. F. Meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

W. B. BROWN, P. M. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

M. ZION COMM. B. R. Y. Meets every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. All transient members are cordially invited to meet with us.

CASS LODGE NO. 106 I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE NO. 3 I. O. O. F. Meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

W. B. BROWN, P. M. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

M. ZION COMM. B. R. Y. Meets every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. All transient members are cordially invited to meet with us.

THE SWISS VINTAGE.

AN OCTOBER DAY AMONG THE VINEYARDS OF SWITZERLAND.

A Merry Party Off for a Holiday—Getting the Grapes Ready for the Press—A Bit of Fun—View of a Vineyard—Three Grades of Wine.

A Swiss village, a bright October morning and a full wagon. We were all going to Monsieur P.'s vineyard, some miles distant. It was the first day of the vendanges, therefore the first of a three days' holiday, according to the canton laws, when business is abandoned and every one, grown people and children, fall to and pick grapes in their own or their neighbors' vineyards.

A merry party ours, even sober Monsieur P. looking almost jovial, for how could he help it with such a lively crowd of boys and girls all promising to work like beavers, and such a day for the gathering.

Wagons, big and little, with many and with few, we passed. Here a whole family, baby and all, with the mother ciching her needles over the never forgotten stocking; there a small faction of two or three, but all out on the same intent. We passed many acres of vineyards and tiny slopes where all alike were working, and finally we reached Monsieur P.'s vineyard. And what a vineyard was this. There was none to excel it in that part of the country.

Far back it stretched, covering the slope in even, well trimmed rows, the huge white bunches of chasselas and the dusky purple muscat bearing down the vines with their rich weight. A small, rude board house, wherein were stored all things pertaining to the vintage, was open, and there we put our lunch baskets. A number of men were picking and already great heaps of the fruit were lying on the ground and in barrels and buckets.

We little folk began working with a will, each trying to outdo the other in speed and number of baskets filled. It was fun till we began to tire, then another part of the work claimed our attention. On the roadside by the storehouse they were crushing the grapes. The branches were thrown into hogheads, the different varieties by themselves, and then pounded with a big wooden dasher till the grapes were well bruised and thus made ready for the press. This was rapid sport, and we began pounding with all our might, splashing the rich juice about, first in our frantic efforts to show our skill, and then, from very mischief, into each other's faces.

In went the grapes, higher and higher rose the juice, and with it our spirits, till Jean, mischievous boy, hit upon a delightful plan. Searching by the roadside, he found and cut a long stem of hollow jointed grass, and dipping it in the nearly full barrel, began sucking up the fragrant liquid. We were not slow following his example and how refreshing it was to our little thirsty throats! An innocent beverage, surely, in its first unfermented state.

"Aht that's the way you help, is it?" said Monsieur P., coming along with a fresh load, but he laughed, so we knew it was all right.

A BIT OF SPORT.
Down went my head for another sip, but instead—sputter, gurgle, swallow, choke. A peal of laughter from the children, a mocking apology from mischievous Jean, and I emerged from the rosy liquid with dripping head and shoulders. It was too funny not to laugh, so wiping off my face I joined in at my own expense.

"Oh, not in did no harm," said the vintners, "only a little American flavoring; besides, it would be purified in the fermentation."

Never was fragrant meal of bread and cheese eaten with keener appetites, all sitting about in true picnic fashion. An hour's "nooning" was allowed, then all fell vigorously to work again.

There was much for a novice to learn. Before the day was over we knew that the crushed grapes went through the wine press not once only, but twice and three, the last pressing making a thin, inferior wine, decidedly sour. Also that the must or must, when only a few hours' old, was a delicious, sparkling beverage not unlike cider, and also a most excellent plant fertilizer. We found out, too, that nothing was wasted, and that the dried skins and stems were pressed into cakes and used for fuel.

Poor indeed is the peasant throughout the grape growing region who cannot boast of at least a strip of vineyard, be it ever so small. According to his wealth so is his vineyard. Then the thing is to get the fruit gathered for the vintage as soon as possible, for there is always danger of hail storms, which often lay waste acres of vineyard, causing great loss.

It was a tired party that rode back that evening, but there was much that was delightful to recount of the day's experience, in spite of aching backs and blistered hands.—Evelyn Carol in Home Journal.

Treat Infants with Respect.
M. Chalmers, who has written a book entitled "L'École Maternelle," tells us that children are hurt when they are not to a certain extent treated seriously, and he observes:

It is not true that love makes all things easy; it makes us choose what is difficult.—George Eliot.

INTO THE DARK.

I gaze into the dark, O love!
I gaze into the dark.
The creeping shadows chill me, and the night,
With wide outreaching arms, holds thee afar.
O yearning eyes! Your love midst wondrous light,
More fair than falls from moon ray or frost star,
Smiles out into the dark.

I reach into the dark, O love!
I reach into the dark.
I cannot find thee, and my groping hands
Touch only memories and phantom shapes.
O empty arms! Be glad of those sweet kisses
Which your love all loneliness escapes,
And smiles into the dark.

I call into the dark, O love!
I call into the dark.
There comes from out the hush below, above,
No answer but my own quick fluttered breath
O doubting heart! Dost thou not know thy love
Across the awful absence of death,
Smiles at thee through the dark?
—Jessie F. O'Donnell in American Magazine.

Retreat of Niagara Falls.
Although the retreat of the fall is slow, it will in a very brief time, in the geological sense of that word, lead to certain momentous consequences. When the hard layer of Niagara limestone passes below the bed of the river, the stream will then cut upon rocks of another constitution, making for a time certain small falls at a higher geological level; but in the course of ages, much less long than those which have elapsed since the birth of this waterfall, the gorge of the river will extend up into the basin of Lake Erie, draining away a considerable portion of that fresh water sea.

We shall then, if the continent retains its present height above the level of the sea, have another system of cataracts in the passage between Lake Erie and Lake Huron, which will also in time be worn away. Other cataracts will then form at the exit of Lake Michigan; and thus the lower lakes of our great American system would be diminished in area, or perhaps even disappear.

At a yet later stage, we may look for diminution in the size of Lake Superior, though that basin, owing to the strong wall which separates it from the lower lakes, is destined to endure long after the last named basins have been diminished or entirely drained away.—Scribner's Magazine.

Thought It Might Mean.
"And so that's what yer call a baseball game?" said Farmer Clovertop after it was all over.

"And how did you like it, uncle?" asked his city nephew.

"Well, Tom, I don't know! When I was a boy I used to take a bull-grip of us to play ball. It sort o' seems to me when you get down to two men jest-a-tossin' the ball back and forth for two mortal hours, it's a trifle slow. But, Tom, who was them fellers standin' around there in small clothes and jockey caps?"

"Why, Uncle Zeb, they were in the game." "Jerusalem crotch all hennocks! you don't say so. Then, why in time didn't they give them two fellers a lift! Mighty men to make 'em do all the work, Tom."—Boston Transcript.

Eaching Their Own Language.
There is one thing noticeable in St. Louis, and probably elsewhere, and that is the disposition of citizens born in foreign lands who understand the English language to teach that language to their children to the exclusion of their own language. Thus the hundreds of German and Italian families in St. Louis whose children are ignorant of the language of their parents' country, but who can speak English fluently. While the old English stock will be eradicated and absorbed by other nationalities in the United States in the not distant future, the English language will, therefore, forever remain the language of the country.—P. R. Tittmann in Globe-Democrat.

Winter Work for Cupid.
Cupid (showing an almost empty quiver)—Well, Hy, old boy, I've done my duty this summer. Now light your torch and get to work.

Hymen—Bless your huzzent little nudity, do you imagine this summer birding means business? Go to, Cupid, thou art mad! There be more orange flowers come of a week's good sleighing than through forty fervid days by the seashore or on the mountain.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Everybody will be glad to know how to make the blacking that hardware dealers put on stoves. It is simply black varnish dissolved in turpentine and mixed with any ordinary good stove polish.

The best thing to clean tin ware is common soda; rub on briskly with a damp cloth, after which wipe dry.

Relieve pains in the sides by the application of mustard.

Shipping Sawdust in Bales.
Until recently the mills along the banks of the Kennebec river have been accustomed to throw their sawdust into the river. There has been a law against this, but it has not been enforced until within a year. The plan has been hit upon to bale up and ship the sawdust to the large cities, a few bales were pressed experimentally and shipped to Boston. Recently 100 bales a day have been turned out and shipped. The bales weigh 350 pounds and hold about eight barrels.—Boston Budget.

In Need of Exercise.

Wife (ominously)—It must have been very late when you came in last night, John, for I didn't go to sleep until after 11 o'clock.
Husband (fearlessly)—It was half past 11, my dear.

Wife—And you kept muttering in your sleep, "Set 'em up again," "Set 'em up again."
Husband—Yes, I was playing tompan with Brown. I need a little exercise of that sort.—New York Sun.

He Had Gone Wrong.
"So Jones has gone wrong, too," said the assistant cashier to the treasurer, the morning after the cashier had disappeared.
"Gone wrong?" replied the treasurer in disgust. "I should say he had gone wrong. The idea of trying to go to California when Canada is only ten hours' ride away. Why, I could have told him beforehand that he'd be nabbed."—Salem Journal.

An Electioneering Story.
The best electioneering story yet is that a Georgia local candidate, who when upon a country trip saw, as he thought, two men in a roadside field, and, leaving his buggy and climbing the fence, discovered by a neighbor view that they were two artistic scarecrows.—Chicago Herald.

Remains of Prehistoric Canoes.
The remains of several prehistoric canoes have been found at the bottom of some lakes drained off in uplands in central Sweden. They were made by the hollowing out of trunks of trees by fire. One had evidently been sunk on purpose, being full of large stones.—Frank Leslie's.

Insanity of the Negro.
North Carolina alone is caring for 1,000 colored people afflicted with insanity, and every other southern state has its lunatics full in almost every case it is the light-headed, lazy negro who loses his mind, while the hard workers grow brighter each year.—Detroit Free Press.

Jon, in One Price Clothier, the Destroyer of High Prices, will open Oct. 3rd, in Gorder Block. Come in and see his grand opening.

Private Sewerage.
All parties desiring private sewerage connection with the main sewer, can be accommodated at any time, by addressing Haulins & Shelton, Sewer Contractors, P. O. box 1180, or by calling at their office, Murphy's store.

Wednesday Oct. 3rd, 1888, Joe the One Price Clothier, Destroyer of High Prices, will open to the public the largest stock of Fall and Winter Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Satchels, etc., ever brought to Cass County, and at such reformed low prices it will astonish you. Don't miss his Grand Opening, Solomon & Nathan's old stand, Gorder's Block.

Child's high sandals, only 25 cents a pair, at Merges.

Don't go to Omaha when you want to get your beautiful parlor and bed room sets but go to Henry Boeck's furniture emporium where you can get everything in the furniture line that will go to make your home beautiful and comfortable; and above all you can get it cheap. Remember that he who sells most can sell cheapest.

Will J. Warrick is offering a bargain in Wall Paper.

Wall Paper at Warrick's Drug Store at reduced prices for next 30 days.

OVERWORKED Women

For "run-down," debilitated and overworked women, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is a potent specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to Women; a powerful, general as well as specific, tonic and nerve, it imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, nausea, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. It is carefully compounded by an experienced physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system.

WARRANTED. Favorite Prescription, under a positive guarantee of satisfaction, in every case, or price (\$1.00) refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (100 pages, with full directions for home-treatment), send ten cents in stamps. Address: WARRICK'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 623 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

S. & M. Time Table.
GOING WEST.
No. 1—5:30 a. m.
No. 2—4:30 p. m.
No. 3—8:45 a. m.
No. 4—7:30 p. m.
No. 5—8:15 p. m.
No. 6—6:30 a. m.
GOING EAST.
No. 7—4:30 p. m.
No. 8—7:30 p. m.
No. 9—9:45 a. m.
No. 10—6:30 a. m.
No. 11—6:30 a. m.

A train runs daily by way of Omaha, except Nos. 7 and 8 which run to and from Kearney daily except Sunday.
No. 20 is a train to Pacific Junction at 8:30 a. m. No. 19 is a train from Pacific Junction at 11 a. m.

—JOE—

The One-Price Clothier

DESTROYER OF HIGH PRICES

Grand Opening

OCTOBER 3rd.

My Stock will be the Largest, Prices the Lowest, and One Price Only.

Honest Goods at Low Prices

JOE KLEIN.

THE DAYLIGHT STORE

Cloaks & Wraps

DRESS GOODS

FLANNELS, YARNS, ETC.,

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES!

J. V. Weckbach.

WHY WORK DONE

Any Kind

L. G. LATON,

Contractor and Builder

Plenty of feed, flour, graham and meal at Heisel's mill. —
The finest bedroom sets can be found at H. Boeck's

OPENING OF THE FALL SEASON OF ELSON, - THE - ONE - PRICE - CLOTHIER!

LOOK AT THE BARGAINS!

Men's Working Suits - \$ 4.95
Men's Business Suits - 7.80
Men's Best Made Suits - 10.00
Men's Custom Made Suits - 25.00
Child's Kilt Suits from - \$1.90 to 3.75
Child's Suits from - 2.00 to 9.80
Boys' Suits from - 3.25 to 10.90
Youths' Suits from - 4.00 to 15.00
Men's Overcoats - \$ 2.00
Men's Nobby Check Overcoats - 5.00
Men's Fur Beaver Overcoats - 12.50
Men's Black Worsted Overcoats - 10.00

An Elegant Line of Boys', Youths' and Children's Overcoats. You miss it if you don't buy your Clothing, Hats, Caps, Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes, etc., of

ELSON, - The - One - Price - Clothier, - Plattsmouth, - Nebraska.