

SECOND YEAR

Proceeding of the Senate. LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 1.—At 12 o'clock Lieut. Gov. Shedd took the chair as president of the senate, and called that body to order. He said: The senate will please come to order and Rev. J. G. Tate will offer prayer.

After prayer Mr. Norval moved, and the motion was carried, that Mr. Seely, Easterday and Mr. Roberts act as temporary chief clerk and assistant clerks of the senate.

Mr. Lindsay moved that a committee of five be appointed on credentials. The president appointed the following as such committee; Lindsay, Norval, Pope, Burton and Paxton.

On motion of Mr. Pickett the senate took a recess of fifteen minutes, pending the deliberation of the committee. At the end of that time the committee reported the following as members-elect of the senate:

Beardsley, Burton, Connor, Cornell, Derr, Funck, Gallogly, Hoover, Howe, Hurd, Ijams, Jewett, Keckley, Linn, Lindsay, Maher, Manning, Nesbitt, Corval, Paulson, Paxton, Pickett, Polk, Pope, Ransom, Raymond, Robinson, Roche, Shaner, Sutherland, Taggart, Wetherald, Wolbach.

Mr. Nesbitt moved that a committee of three be appointed to meet the chief justice and request him to administer the oath of office to the senators. The chair appointed Messrs. Tesbitt, Taggart and Wolbach, as such committee. The committee returned with Judge Cobb who administered the oath to the senators in a body.

Mr. Pickett moved that Church Howe be nominated president pro tem of the senate. Mr. Ijams moved that Mr. Wolbach be nominated to that office. Vote: Howe 27, Wolbach 6.

On motion of Pickett the temporary chief clerk and assistants were made permanent. Clerks of committees were then appointed.

Pickett moved that assistant postmasters, bookkeepers, and the pages be appointed by the incoming lieutenant governor.

Mr. Pickett moved that each senator be entitled to one clerk. After a warm discussion the motion carried by 23 to 11.

Watson is Elected Speaker. LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 1.—Promptly at 12 o'clock Gilbert Laws, secretary of state, called the house to order and directed Brad Slaughter to call the roll.

Baker moved that Cady be elected temporary speaker, and he was escorted to the chair by Baker Olmstead. Cady predicted a pleasant session, and appointed Caldwell, Christy, Gilchrist, Brink of Brfone, and White of Cass, a committee on credentials. The house took a recess until 3 o'clock.

At that hour it reconvened with Cady in the chair, the committee on credentials reported all the members present except Wells, of Dawson. Chief Justice Reese then stepped forward and administered the oath to the members. After some preliminary matters were disposed of the election of a speaker and other prominent officers followed. Caldwell put Watson in nomination and Gardner, of Douglas, named Frank White, of Plattsmouth. The vote stood 76 for Watson and 18 for White. Coleman, of Polk, the union labor member, voted for Watson, so did White. Eric Johnson, who was excluded from the caucus, last evening, explained his vote, deploring the partisan spirit that ruled him, out, and was loudly cheered as he announced his vote for Watson. Lash, the prohibition democrat from Nemaha, also voted for the republican candidate. Watson voted for Dempster.

The Was Only Mistaken. A pretty girl and a young gentleman met on West Seventh street, Cincinnati, and the following conversation took place: She—Why, Will! What are you doing down here? I thought you were in Akron.

He—Oh, I'm down here attending the College of Pharmacy, over here on Court street.

She—And so you are going to be a farmer? How nice that will be (gleefully clapping her hands).—Exchange.

Wonderful Forbearance. One of the editors of this paper was assaulted by a drunken Mexican the other day while crossing the turbid current of events which divides the two republics, but refrained from adopting a policy of retaliation from a bashful hesitancy of becoming the subject of international controversy and an unwillingness to deprive this section of his brilliant contributions to the columns of The Guide. Now is the time to subscribe.—Eagle Pass (Tex.) Guide.

The Method of It. Miss Berg—You surely didn't shoot that poor, little, half starved rabbit? Mr. Nerve—Why, no; I wouldn't do a thing like that. He was coming out from under a wall, and I simply clubbed him with the butt of my gun, stamped on him, and, to make sure he was mine, banged his head against a tree.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

The Brandy Cigarette.

"This is the latest in Boston," said a man to a reporter, in the rotunda of the Grand Pacific, yesterday, and he held up a partially rolled cigarette between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand.

"What, to manufacture your own smokes?" "No; brandy cigarettes."

"Brandy cigarettes?" "Yes; they're great. I've been mildly intoxicated for six months, and I haven't tasted a drop of liquor. These cigarettes furnish all the hilarity I desire."

"Yes," he continued, as he drew in a whiff of smoke and let it out in sections between the words, "they beat drinking all hollow. One of these cigarettes has more effect on a person than a drink of whisky, so you can readily see the advantage. They are less expensive, more palatable, do not leave the odor of the beverage, and can be used any time or place with propriety."

"How are they flavored?" he repeated. "Take a quantity of whatever brand of tobacco you prefer and place it in a jar of brandy. Let it soak for a short time. Pour off the brandy and partially dry the tobacco. Put it in a rubber pouch or anything that will retain the moisture. Brandy, you know, will burn under any circumstances, and burnt brandy is more intoxicating than the raw material. Roll the cigarette out of the moist tobacco and you have it."

"Just try one," continued the new kind of drunkard, rolling one of the deceptive little packages and handing it to the doubting reporter. As if it were harmless, a match was applied and the reporter drew in about one yard of smoke. That one was enough. In an instant every nerve seemed to be unstrung. The head grew light and dizzy, while the people in the rotunda suddenly began to stand on their heads and sit beneath their chairs.

The Boston man, with what looked like a demoniacal grin, murmured something about "its being pleasant," but the reporter went out to cool his brow against a lamppost.—Chicago Tribune.

Weather and Common Sense.

It does not always require that a man should be a prophet to make a shrewd guess as to what the weather will be some months in advance. There are probabilities, we will not say certainties, regarding times and seasons that are obvious to every one who knows the difference between storm and calm, heat and cold. We know, for instance, that one extreme is likely to follow another. If one winter is extremely cold it is highly probable it will be followed by another correspondingly moderate. An unusually cold wave, so called, will generally be succeeded by a spell of weather of great mildness for the season.

To a very dry season, or a succession of dry seasons, there is sure to succeed a period of weather to make up the deficiency of rainfall. If any particular spring is cold and wet and late, we may generally expect that the succeeding autumn will be warm and pleasant, and that winter will be slow in coming. If the entire year should be bad on account of the excessive cold or unseasonable storms, the compensation may not come till the next year, but that it will come in time is as sure as that the sun will continue to rise and set. It is one of the first laws of nature that rain shall alternate with sunshine, storm with calm and heat with cold, and it is by studying these movements of the elements more closely than the rest of mankind that some pretended weather prophets have occasionally succeeded in coming somewhere near the truth in their predictions.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Catching Eels by the Barrel.

One of the most novel sights in the spring of the year, at the rocks of the Willamette falls, is the swarms of gyrating eels. They are friskiness itself, and show a low order of intelligence. If you put your hand in the water over the eels, or spit on it, instantly they are gone. But poke a stick down among the snaky things and they do not notice it. The sense of smell seems to be their main guard against danger. Like salmon, they do their level best to dart up the rocks in order to ascend the river, and with good success. Says a fisherman:

"I have seen as many as a hundred bunches of eels hanging on the rocks at one time by the suckers of their mouths. They would wiggle and flutter their tails, and by the momentum thus obtained, letting go with their suckers, jump up about six inches higher. I caught about forty barrels last season that I salted and sold to the Columbia fishermen for bait. I picked them off the rocks with a fish hook tied to a pole. I started at the bottom row of hanging eels, and would silently pick off barrel after barrel. The upper rows hadn't sense enough to perceive the enemy. I have caught eels in the headwaters of the Santiam, in the Cascade mountains. Suppose they had swum up from the Willamette."—Oregon City Courier.

Sheridan's Horse.

One of the stirring incidents in Bronson Howard's new play, "Shenandoah," is the dash across the stage of the war horse of Gen. Phil Sheridan. In this connection it is interesting to note that all there is left of the old charger that carried Sheridan through fifty-three battles is now in the museum on Governor's Island, New York. Old Winchester's hide has been mounted by a skillful taxidermist and has

been made to look as if he were ready and anxious to take his master again on that famous ride which began with "Sheridan twenty miles away." The history of Sheridan's charger has been written out and hangs near the mounted hide and is signed by Sheridan. It says that in disposition he was spirited, though honest, and would stand the heaviest firing as steadily as the best of Sheridan's well trained men. He was as tough as a pine knot, and possessed a large amount of equine pride. Winchester was black when in the war, but ago turned his coat to a dark bay. He died in 1879.—Detroit Free Press.

To Treat Colds.

Wear woolen or silk underclothing (wool is decidedly better, as it is porous), strong boots, rubbers always in wet weather. In regard to cold curing, nearly every one has his own treatment. A few suggestions, however, may not be amiss. The "nightcap" treatment is often successful. Another efficacious remedy is hot onion gruel, and eating a quantity of highly salted food is good. Glycerine, with cream or whisky, will relieve a paroxysm of coughing. Another excellent remedy, on the first symptoms of cold, is to take, on retiring, four grains of Dover's powder and two grains of quinine in pill form. If this is not successful, repeat the dose next night.

Failing, the next best thing is to consult a good physician, remembering an "ounce of prevention." Children may be given a few drops of sweet spirits of niter, bathing the feet in hot mustard water and copious drinks of warm lemonade. Those unsightly things, "herpes," or cold sores, should never be rubbed, as the vesicles burst and crusts form. The application of a little "camphor ice" or fresh cold cream will be found very soothing.—"Family Physician" in Herald of Health.

A Sermon in Little.

We had been out walking in the cool of the day, says a letter about Tolstoi, and we had come upon a squad of 100 navvies who were employed at the railway. They were finishing their supper, and were on the point of turning out their sod built huts, in which they slept, ten on each side, on a rude plank platform, without mattresses, without even straw. Count Tolstoi promised to send them some straw, at which they seemed very pleased. Honest, kindly looking fellows they were; not so stalwart as our navvies, but full of pleasant courtesy and frank talk. The visit to their huts naturally led to a discussion upon the social question. "We have forgotten Christ," said the count; "we will not obey him. And what is the result? There you have 100 men, each earning fifty copecks a day, without even straw to lie on at night. How can you and I sleep on mattresses and feather beds when these hardworking men have not even straw? If you were Christian you could not. What right have you to too much when your brother has not even enough? The next step in Christianity, the very first step, is for those who have wealth and lands to part with all that they have, and let it go to the poor."

Rabbit Coursing.

Coursing, while comparatively a new field sport in this locality, is not entirely a present day importation from England. For many years it has been a recognized sport in California and west of the Mississippi. On the Pacific coast there are a number of coursing clubs using grey hounds against the local jack rabbit. The coursing by the Hempstead club is with fox terriers against the common wild rabbit, of the "cottontail" species, an animal very destructive to the growing crops, and for the extermination of which the authorities of Australia and New Zealand have offered large rewards.

In the United States, however, the rabbit is protected by the game laws, and can only be killed in the states of New York and New Jersey between Nov. 1 and Feb. 1. The rabbits are trapped either by setting them or with box traps that insure their non-injury. They are fed and cared for until wanted, and then conveyed to the coursing ground in large boxes. The rabbits used at Hempstead are mostly captured in the neighborhood of Babylon, with several small lots from New Jersey.—New York World.

A Political Trick.

Mr. Labouchere once made good use of the Irish members' hatred of Capt. O'Shea. Mr. Price had appealed despairingly to Mr. Labouchere to secure the attendance of members hostile to some bill which was to cut up common land on Hayling Island. "Nothing can be easier," said Mr. Labouchere, and he at once sought out Mr. Biggar. "By-the-by," said he, with his usual air of engaging confidence, "do you know that Capt. O'Shea is personally interested in securing the passage of the Hayling Island bill?" "Indeed?" said Mr. Biggar. "Yes," said Mr. Labouchere, "and perhaps the boys?" "Say no more," said Mr. Biggar, "the boys will be there." He was not mistaken. The "boys" came down in force, and it was not until after the bill was thrown out that they discovered that the captain had no more to do with it than the man in the moon.—Chicago Journal.

A Successful Man.

If I were asked to define the meaning of a successful man, I should say a man who has made a happy home for his wife and children. No matter what he has got done in the way of achieving wealth or honors, if he has done that he is a grand success. If he has not done that, and it is his own fault, though he be the highest in the land, he is a most pitiable failure.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Knowing Dog.

A citizen of Lynchburg, Va., has a Newfoundland dog which is noted for his intelligence. He saw a youth gathering apples in his master's orchard, and thinking he was an intruder, took him gently by the coat sleeve and led him to his mistress, who told him that she had hired the boy to gather the apples, whereupon the dog immediately released his captive.

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