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Councillmen, 1st ward, J. V. WECKBACH
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8th " P. McALLEEN, PRES.
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COUNTY OFFICERS.

Treasurer, D. A. CAMPBELL
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Deputy Recorder, W. C. SHAWALTER
Clerk of District Court, J. C. EIKENBARY
Sheriff, J. C. EIKENBARY
Surveyor, ALLEN BEESON
Attorney, MAYNARD SPINK
Supt. of Pub. Schools, C. RUSSELL
D. H. HAWKSWORTH

CIVIC SOCIETIES.

CLASS LODGE No. 46, I. O. F.—Meets every Tuesday evening of each week. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

PLATTSMOUTH ENCAMPMENT No. 3, I. O. F.—Meets every alternate Friday in each month in the Masonic Hall. Visiting brothers are invited to attend.

TRIO 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. Brown, Foreman; G. B. Kemster, Overseer; R. A. Taito, Financier; G. F. Houseworth, Recorder; M. Maybright, Receiver; D. B. Smith, Past M. W.; I. N. Bowen, Guide; F. J. Kunz, Inside Watch.

CLASS CAMP No. 322, MODERN WOODMEN of America—Meets second and fourth Monday evening at K. of P. hall. All transient brothers are requested to meet with us. L. 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. L. S. Larson, M. W.; F. Boyd, Foreman; S. C. Wilde, Recorder; Leonard Anderson, Overseer.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE No. 8, A. F. & A. M.—Meets on the first and third Monday of each month at their hall. All transient brothers are cordially invited to meet with us. J. G. Richey, W. M.

W. M. HAYS, Secretary.
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. F. E. WHITE, H. P.

W. M. HAYS, Secretary.
MT. ZION COMMANDARY, 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. W. HAYS, Rec.

CLASS COUNCIL No. 1021, ROYAL ARCANUM—Meets the second and fourth Mondays of each month at Arcanum hall. R. N. GLENN, Regent.
P. C. MINSOR, Secretary.

PLATTSMOUTH BOARD OF TRADE
President, Robt. B. Windham
1st Vice President, Wm. B. Ford
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McDONNELL POST 45 C. A. R.
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C. E. NILES, Adjutant
HENRY STRUBIGHT, Q. M.
MALON DIXON, Officer of the Day
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Meeting Saturday evening

MIKE SCHNELLBACHER,

Wagon and Blacksmith Shop.

Wagon, Buggy,
Machine and Plow
REPAIRING.

Horseshoeing

A Specialty. He uses the

NEVERSLIP

Horseshoe, the Best Horseshoe for the Farmer, or for Fast Driving and City purposes, ever invented. It is made so anyone can put on sharp or flat corks as needed for wet and slippery roads, or smooth dry roads. Call and Examine these Shoes and you will have no other.

J. M. Schnellbacher,

5th St., Plattsmouth, Neb.

—THE DAILY HERALD delivered for 15cts. per week.

I have Watches from \$3.00 to \$100 for Gentlemen and am able to suit any one in price and quality and warrant all goods sold to be as represented. Give me a call and see for yourself.
H. M. GAULT.

The City Meat Market is the best place to buy fresh meats, pork chops, poultry and game of all kinds.

Plenty of feed, flour, graham and meal at Heisel's mill. tf

THE HERALD is the best advertising medium in Cass county.

ABOUT SETTLED.

That is What is Claimed for the Great Q Strike

CHICAGO, Jan. 4.—Last evening, for the first time, the "Q" strike was admitted by both parties to the controversy to be practically settled. The conference yesterday between the officials of the road and the committee of nine resulted in an amicable agreement on nearly all points at issue, and it is confidently expected that a complete understanding will be reached today. The only hitch in the arrangement for ending the strike yesterday was on one of the minor demands of the committee, which the officials did not feel justified in granting without consulting first with President Jenkins and the directors of the company in Boston. They requested time, therefore, to exchange telegrams with the Boston office, and they have no doubt that full authority will be received to accept any proposition of the committee that is fair and reasonable.

When the committee of nine called at the general offices of the Burlington yesterday morning, Vice Presidents Stone and Pansley were awaiting advices from Boston, and asked that the conference be delayed until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Chairman Cavener readily consented to this, and at the hour named he and his associates returned and were received. They were in session from 3 o'clock until 5:29, when they encountered an obstacle in the raising of the point which the Burlington people had overlooked and were not prepared to meet without further advices from eastern headquarters. It was then decided to adjourn until 10:30 this morning. The faces of the committee and of the Burlington officials were wreathed with smiles when they parted for the night.

The Times says: "It is understood that by the terms of the agreement the old 'Q' engineers will be placed again upon a square footing, instead of being black-listed by nearly all the railroads in the country. The Burlington road will set the example by giving the strikers employment in preference to others whenever vacancies occur, burying completely out of sight the hatchet which was dug up ten months ago."

Both Vice President Stone and Chairman Cavener declined to give any of the details of the meeting or the nature of the conclusion.

Over the State.

Omaha is rapidly catching up with Chicago as a divorce center.

The total number of miles of railroad built in Nebraska during the past year was 437.32.

Miss Rebecca May has been admitted at Beaver City to practice in the district courts.

An opening is offered at the Nebraska City stock yards for wide awake commission men.

Elijah E. Calkins, an aged and respected citizen of Fremont, died last Sunday morning.

The proprietors of the Novelty planing mills at Fremont expect to begin work on their new building this week.

The citizens of Pawnee City are jubilant over the news that the Chicago, Kansas & Western railroad company is about to build a round house there.

Rev. J. W. Harsha of Omaha preached a sermon to newspaper reporters last Sunday. He has made the discovery that three-fourths of the reporters in Omaha are clergymen's sons.

A ten mile go as you please pedestrian conquest will occur in Nebraska City next Thursday for \$500 a side. The contestants are F. W. Swan of Omaha and Wm. Buchanan of Nebraska City.

Will Sail For Hayti.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—It is expected that the United States steamer Ossipee, now at Norfolk, will sail for Port-au-Prince in a few days. This is in accordance with orders issued to her commanding officer by Rear Admiral Luce, commanding the North Atlantic squadron, prior to his departure for Hayti. In case it is found there is no necessity for the constant presence of the three war vessels in the Haytian waters, one of the two now there will be sent back to the United States.

A Statesman's Trials.

Stranger (to eminent statesman): "Will you promise me—"
Eminent statesman: "Really, sir, I can promise nothing. So many applications are made—"
"But I only wanted you to promise that you will meet a party of friends of mine at 9 o'clock to eat some oysters, you know."
"Certainly, my dear sir, certainly."

A LIFE LESSON.

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea set blue,
And your play house, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But children troubles will soon pass by.
There! little girl, don't cry!

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your schoolgirl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by.
There! little girl, don't cry!

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But heaven holds all for which you sigh.
There! little girl, don't cry!
—James Whitcomb Riley.

JACK PRICE, DECK HAND.

I suppose not one in a thousand will care to read a deck hand's story. People call us coarse and vulgar. Granted; but our work makes us so. There are ladies, I fancy, who will shudder at the thought of such a story, and gentlemen who will dip into it carefully, expecting to find a string of oaths. Judge for yourselves whether this tale of Jack Price, my partner, is fit for refined ears.

No need to tell you of a deck hand's life. A man that beats about in the cold and rain, handling sleazy ropes or balancing himself on the gunwale of a coal barge with twenty feet of swift water under him, is not apt to be a pretty, kid-gloved, soft voiced fellow. If his face is red it is because midwinter winds on the Ohio are not good for the complexion. He deals with rough work and is rough himself; but his heart is just about as apt to be right as that of a senator or a judge.

We started from Pittsburg on the George Hammond in July, Jack and I. There was a big river and we made good time to Louisville, where we shipped on the Charley Roberts, bound for Orleans. To say we found it hot on the lower Mississippi gives no idea of the weather. Half the crew were unfit for duty. One morning there was a whispering among the boys.

"What's up, Jack," said I.
"Steve Robinson's down with swamp fever."

The boys gathered in a knot around the captain. Before long there was a panic among them. The mate shook his head and looked thoughtful.

"The man must be put ashore!" said the captain.
"No, sir!" cried Jack Price.
"Who are you?"
"Plain Jack Price; but Steve don't go ashore. It's an outrage to think of it."

"Who's to nurse him?"
"Me."
"Do you know what swamp fever is?"
"Do I know anything?"
"Doubtful."

"I'll nurse Steve, I tell you! We've made five trips together, and if he is put ashore here in the swamps, I go with him."

"You it is," said the captain, turning on his heel. "Not another man goes into Steve's stateroom."

For ten days Steve's room was quarantined. Nobody but Jack and I were inside of it. We saw him sometimes, carrying something to the sick man or sitting on the guards to get a breath of air; but every soul on the boat kept out of his way. We all liked Jack, but the fever might be in his clothes. He began to look pale, but he never grumbled. One day the news came out to us that Steve was dead. A few hours after we buried him on an island in the river in a pine box, and the only thing like a prayer said over him was from Jack: "God help him!"

The fever did not spread, and we all breathed freer. A few evenings after Steve's death I was on watch at the head of the tow, and Jack was with me. We were pulling at tobles to keep off the mosquitoes. There was a haze over the water, but the stars were shining, and the broad river was quiet as a lake.

"Jack," said I, "I've got a raging headache."
"No?" said he, as if he asked a question. He took my hand and held it.
"Not fever, is it, Jack?"
"Come and lie down," was his answer.

A dizziness came over me, and without Jack's aid I steady me I would never have reached my bunk. I remember very little after that. I learned afterwards that I was delirious; but how long I cannot tell you. I remember Jack's face near me at times as in a dream—the kindest face you ever saw, not handsome, maybe; but a face with some of God's goodness in it.

"When I got back to reality again I found Jack bending over me. I was in the same stateroom and I could feel from the motion that the boat was under way."

"How long have I been here, Jack?"
"Quite a while, my boy."
"And where are we?"
"Not far from Memphis."
"Going up or down?"
"Going home. Don't talk if it tires you."

"What was the matter with me, Jack?"
"A touch of fever; but you're better now."
"Can't I look out, Jack? It will do me good to see the sun."
He raised me up gently as a woman would have done, and I looked out through the glass door of the stateroom eagerly as a child. Had the sun ever shone so brightly before? The low wooded shores looked like paradise. No mountain stream ever seemed so beautiful to me as the great muddy river.

"Jack," said I, when he laid me down again, "what can I ever do to pay you?"
"Pay me for what?"
"Look at me; I'm thin as a ghost. I must have been sick a long time. You've pulled me through, Jack."
"I've done nothing of the kind," said he, laughing.

I noticed for the first time how very thin and pinched his face was. It seemed as if he had grown old.

"Look at me, Jack; you've been the best friend I ever had."
He made no answer, but took my hand and pressed it. It seemed as if a light had been put on his eyes.

"I've done nothing of the kind," said he, laughing.

"I noticed for the first time how very thin and pinched his face was. It seemed as if he had grown old."

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Jack's kind eyes.
"I thought I'd got past this," said he, coughing.

Next day he came in smiling, with a letter and some oranges.

"I went ashore at Memphis," he explained, "and found a letter from Sister Annie. They're looking for me home."
"We'll soon be in Pennsylvania again, Jack."

He looked me full in the face and smiled. His eyes seemed very large and his cheeks were bloodless. It saddened me to look at him.

"I must go now," said he. "I hope you'll enjoy the oranges."
I was mending fast and expected to be out very soon. Jack did not come again that day. Next morning the cook brought me a cup of tea.

"Where is Jack?" I asked.
"Pasy."
I thought of him all day, but he did not come.

"Cook," said I, at last, "I want you to tell me the truth about Jack."
"Don't you fret?" he answered.
"But I must know."
"Well, he's not able to be about."
"Where is he?"

"In No. 8. But you can't go near him; he's got the fever! Delirious! Wouldn't know his own mother!"
"Who's nursing him?"
"I am—what little he gets. We can't make a hospital out of the Charley Roberts."

Cook tried to stop me, but I staggered across the cabin into No. 8. I could hardly recognize Jack as he lay on the bunk, his face was so flushed and his eyes so bloodshot. He had dropped down, too weak to take his clothes off. I took his hand and sat beside him.

"Jack, my boy, what's wrong?"
"Nothing, Sam."
Jack never said much. He was better at doing than saying.

I looked at the poor fellow in despair. I had never nursed a sick person in my life. The captain came in while I sat there.

"We must have a doctor, captain," said I.
"Might as well want a gold mine," he replied.

"Don't look at Jack, captain. What can we do?"
"I don't know."
"Sam," said Jack, looking at me with a strange expression, "you know my sister Annie?"

"Certainly, Jack."
"I want you to tell her about me."
"You will soon see her, Jack."
"No, Sam; I'm going."
"The man must be put ashore!"

"Yes, going home, I'm tired! Tired!"
"Then rest, Jack. I shall be here."
"Take my hand, Sam."
"I have your hand, my boy. Try to sleep."

"Yes," he went on, pointing. "There's Annie at the door. She looks more and more like mother as she grows older. She's glad to see me from the way she smiles."

"Indeed she is, Jack."
"That's Sam's voice; he got over the fever well. I believe I had it, too. Hear old Pont barking at the gate; he's 'most as glad as Appie to see me back. Ah, Sam, it's good to be back in Pennsylvania—God's country! Annie! Annie!"

He fell back in a stupor, with his eyes set. I got a spasm pass through his frame, after which his hand lay in mine like a lifeless thing. I looked up questioningly at the captain.

"God help him! He is dead."
"O, surely not!"
"Dead!" he repeated.

Only when I bent over him did I believe it. Jack was dead.

"He died working for others," said the captain, and in lieu of better words these must stand for his epitaph.

I can only tell Jack's story in a plain way. I cannot fill your eyes with tears as mine are filled, as there is no art behind my words. You read of good men—unselfish and heroic men that poets sing of and historians immortalize—but here was one that nobody ever heard of.

Who was there to read a funeral sermon over him when we buried him in a lonely place on the river bank next day? Who prayed over the rough pine box? Not a prayer, not a hymn at the funeral; only some tears that came of genuine grief.

We left him there on the river bank, with a piece of drift wood to mark his grave, which the next flood would sweep away. I found a little flower growing there—a violet, I think—which I brought away for Annie.

Jack was as homely a man as ever you saw, a big, raw boned fellow, with a twinkle of the eye that made one laugh. Had you been hunting for a man of polish and education you would not have picked him out. His head had not been cultivated at the expense of his heart.

He used strong language sometimes when a rope got tangled, or the pumps worked hard, or the coffee didn't suit him. I am not trying to picture him as perfect; I want you to know him as he was. His voice in a sickroom was as gentle as a child's; he had a big, tender heart, kinder than most women have, and a hand that served a friend until ready to drop from weariness.

I remember him as he bent over me when I lay helpless with fever, a kindly high bearing in his face that benighted me. I learned then how unselfish he was, and my heart went out to him as you would have gone to him if you knew him. He was Jack Price, deck hand—H. D. Times in Pittsburg, Pa.

COUGH! and COUGH! and COUGH!
What in the world is the reason you will cough and keep coughing and still keep trying inferior medicines when BEGG'S CHERRY COUGH SYRUP will positively relieve your cough at once? This is no advertising scheme, but an actual fact, and we guarantee it. Sold by O. P. Smith & Co., druggists.

High Priced Straw.
A resident of this city said today: "I have bought apples of farmers that were of the best class—good all the way to the bottom of the barrel. Today I found that a barrel of apples I purchased of a farmer who is a pillar in a church contains a foot of straw. It is not good straw either. He actually sold me buckwheat straw at the rate of \$1.50 per barrel."—Kingston Freeman.

Sudden Death.
Miss Shawsgarden (of St. Louis)—Oh, yes, I am proud of our city. We have changed the saying about Naples to "See St. Louis and die."
Miss Dearborn (of Chicago)—Indeed! Is it so sudden?—America.

STOP AND PRICE THE LADIES' GOLD WATCHES AT H. M. GAULT'S. HE HAS A LARGE STOCK TO SELECT FROM, AT PRICES TO SUIT ANYONE.

Please call and settle your account with us at once and oblige,
W. J. WARRICK.

JOE, THE ONE PRICE CLOTHIER

Extends thanks to the Ladies and Gentlemen who assisted in counting the beans, and to the Hon. A. B. Todd and F. M. Richey for their kind and prompt assistance.

JOE

Extends thanks to the good people of Plattsmouth for their liberal attendance.

The Following Guessed Nearest the Number:

Robert Patton, \$20 Suit.

Miss Emma Kline, Silk Muffler.

Mrs. Carrie Watson, Silk Handkerchief.

JOE

THE ONE - PRICE CLOTHIER.

FURNITURE EMPORIUM.

Parlor, Dining Room and Kitchen

FURNITURE

The Largest and Most Complete Stock in the City.

COFFINS, CASKETS

AND A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

UNDERTAKER'S GOODS.

HEARSE FURNISHED FOR ALL FUNERALS.

HENRY BOECK.

A Fight with an Eagle.

L. C. Drinkman, a clerk in the supply department of the Burlington and Missouri in this city, while hunting shot a large eagle. The shot broke the bird's wing, but left it otherwise unharmed, and when he went to capture his prize it made a spring at his face, and had he not warded it off with his arm his eyes would have been put out by the savage bird. As it was it gripped his arm, and despite his efforts to free himself he could not shake the eagle off. Calling to his friends, a short distance away, they came and killed the bird and then tried its claws out of the flesh of his forehead and leg, which were badly lacerated. He was helped home by his friends and medical assistance summoned. His arm was badly swollen. The eagle measured eight feet from tip to tip.—Des Moines Register.

High Priced Straw.

A resident of this city said today: "I have bought apples of farmers that were of the best class—good all the way to the bottom of the barrel. Today I found that a barrel of apples I purchased of a farmer who is a pillar in a church contains a foot of straw. It is not good straw either. He actually sold me buckwheat straw at the rate of \$1.50 per barrel."—Kingston Freeman.

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J. H. EMMONS, M. D.

HOMOEOPATHIC

Physician and Surgeon

Office over Weckbach's store, Main street. Residence in Dr. Schlickel's property. Chronic Diseases and Diseases of Women and Children a specialty. Office hours, 9 to 11 a. m. 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 p. m.
Telephone at both Office and Residence

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 wools 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 guaranteed a fit.

Prices Defy Competition.

B. & M. Time Table.
GOING WEST. No. 1—3:10 a. m. No. 3—6:40 p. m. No. 5—6:45 a. m. No. 7—7:50 p. m. No. 9—6:17 p. m. No. 11—6:27 a. m.
GOING EAST. No. 2—4:35 p. m. No. 4—10:30 a. m. No. 6—7:35 p. m. No. 8—9:45 a. m. No. 10—9:45 a. m. No. 12—6:27 a. m.

All trains run daily by way of Omaha, except Nos. 7 and 8 which run to and from Schuyler daily except Sunday.

No. 30 is a stub to Pacific Junction at 8:30 a. m. No. 19 is a stub from Pacific Junction at 11 a. m.