

PLATTSMOUTH DAILY HERALD.

SECOND YEAR

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 5, 1889.

NUMBER 95.

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor, F. M. RICHEY
Clerk, W. K. FOX
Treasurer, JAMES PATTERSON, JR.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

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CIVIC SOCIETIES.

CLASS LODGE No. 146, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Tuesday evening of each week.

PLATTSMOUTH ENCAMPMENT No. 3, I. O. O. F.—Meets every alternate Friday in each month in the Masonic Hall.

FRIG LODGE No. 81, A. O. U. W.—Meets every alternate Friday evening at K. of P. Hall.

CLASS CAMP No. 32, MODERN WOODMEN of America—Meets second and fourth Monday evening at K. of P. Hall.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE No. 8, A. O. U. W.—Meets every alternate Friday evening at Rockwood Hall.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE No. 6, A. F. & A. M.—Meets on the first and third Mondays of each month at their hall.

NEBRASKA CHAPTER No. 3, R. A. M.—Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month at Mason's Hall.

MT. ZION COMMANDARY No. 5, K. T.—Meets first and third Wednesday night of each month at Mason's Hall.

CLASS COUNCIL No. 1021, ROYAL ARCANAUM—Meets second and fourth Mondays of each month at Arcanatum Hall.

MCCONNIE POST 45 C. A. R.—ROSTER: J. W. JOHNSON, Commander.

MIKE SCHNELLBACHER, Wagon and Blacksmith Shop. Wagon, Buggy, Machine and Plow REPAIRING.

Horseshoeing NEVERSLIP. A Specialty. He uses the Horseshoe, the Best Horseshoe for the Farmer, or for Fast Driving and City purposes, ever invented.

J. M. Schnellbacher, 5th St., Plattsmouth, Neb. Dr. C. A. Marshall. Resident Dentist.

Preservation of the Natural Teeth a Specialty. Aesthetics given for PAINLESS FILLING OR EXTRACTION OF TEETH.

THE STRIKE SETTLED.

An Agreement Finally Reached. The Strike at an End.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 4.—In accordance with the arrangement made yesterday the grievance committee of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers appeared at the general office of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad company at 11:30 this morning for a further conference with the officers of the road in regard to the proposed settlement of the strike.

The members of the conference met again at 3 o'clock and remained in session until 5:30. Then the doors of the conference room were opened, and the representatives of the Associated Press and the daily papers were admitted.

"The Burlington strike has been settled. By the terms of the resolution under which the Brotherhood committee was appointed at the Richmond convention, they were instructed to report to Chief Arthur any settlement which they might reach as soon as made, and the committee requested us not to make the terms of the settlement public until they should have an opportunity to acquit Mr. Arthur with them, because they thought it only proper and courteous for him to hear them first through the committee instead of through the public press.

When Stone had finished reading this statement Mr. Cavener said there was nothing to add to it and both these gentlemen decline to enter into further details. When the Associated Press reporter asked Chairman Cavener whether the committee would proceed to Cleveland to lay the agreement before Mr. Arthur, he replied that it would not; that the committee would remain in Chicago for some days. In reply to the question as to the means to be employed to acquaint Arthur with the result, Cavener replied evasively, but he clearly indicated that it would be telegraphed.

Yellow Fever on the Yantic. WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—The navy department has been informed that yellow fever has appeared on the Yantic and that she has left Port-au-Prince for home. Admiral Luce also stated that the Galena, after coaling at Jamaica, would go back to Port-au-Prince to look after matters there, and that the Haytian Republic remained there awaiting a crew to take her northward. 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 the orders issued to her commander by Rear Admiral Luce, commanding the North Atlantic squadron, prior to his departure on the Galena for Haiti.

Frozen to Death. ST. PETERSBURG, Russia, Jan. 5.—A terrible disaster happened at Sabuntschki, near Tiflis. A train became blocked in an immense snow drift, and before aid could be sent fourteen passengers perished from the intense cold, and twenty others were badly frost bitten. The relief party which started out to rescue the imperiled passengers lost their way and died in the snow.

Aldermen Warned to be Careful. CHICAGO, Jan. 4.—The White Caps have begun business in Chicago. They have not yet had time to carry out their threats, but the following letter has been received by every alderman who has cast his vote for the elevated road:

Sir—Beware! You remember the hoodlums' punishment! The doors of hell are not yet closed. You are spotted! Your course in the council has been closely watched. Take warning, therefore, how you vote in future, as the grand jury will call for you. If not, we shall attend to your case.

CHICAGO AND COOK CO. WHITE CAPS. On the letter head is a cut of a death's head and cross bones.

THE SORTER MAN JIM IS.

Never wore a linen collar. Never a pair of shiny boots; Never owned a fancy trotter; Never went out on champagne toots;

THE BURIED BUNGALOW.

"What can this mean?" asked I, reining up my horse close to the dense milk-thorn hedge that shut in Mr. Warren's pretty house and its garden, gay with flowers, from the tea plantations, the green valley, the upland pastures and the dazzling peaks of the Himalayas soaring overhead.

"The soundrels are going to leave me—that's all," said Mr. Warren, curtly. And at that instant there stepped forward in advance of the rest a gaunt Tibetan, clad in sheepskins, who, ceremoniously, with perfect gravity, placed on the ground a fragment of wheat cake, a handful of salt and a lot, or brass drinking cup, nearly filled with coins, from which he poured a pecked willow wand that he held in his hand, to the food and the money thrice, he snapped in twain the slender stick, and with bent head and downcast eyes stood motionless, as though waiting to be questioned.

"What mummery is this?" asked I, in an undertone. My intended father-in-law, who knew the people and the country better than I did, shook his head. "It means mischief," he whispered. "Something has terrified the superstitions curs; and see! They renounce my bread and salt, return the advance of wages, and break the wand, in token that they are my men—yes, you mean," he added, harshly, in the Bengali dialect, "to desert me, then, Han Gorain!"

The man spoke slowly and with some difficulty, such as besets those who use a foreign tongue imperfectly mastered; but he had uttered his brief speech with emphasis, and with a certain dignity of bearing. Behind him stood the Tibetans and hill men—many followed on whom devolved the rough work of trenching and dyke building, while a little way off clustered the dusky coolies from India proper, their lips tightened over their shining teeth, and in attitudes expressive of the most abject servility. Clearly there was no stimulus short of physical fear which would have nerve these crouching creatures to disobey the Burra Sahib, or owner of the plantation, whose lightest word had been law to his meek subordinates.

But here Mr. Warren lost patience, and interrupted the orator, roundly rebuking the whole gang as a pack of craven hounds, frightened at their own shadows, and without a spark of manliness to redeem them. Were it worth while, he said, he could gallop over to the nearest magistrate and enforce the performance of the contract under pain of flogging and imprisonment, but he waited no half hearts in his service, so they might go. "You hear me!" he thundered, silencing Han Gorain's fresh effort to speak; and the men slunk away cowed, as Orientals usually are, by this undoubted assertion of authority.

The planter recovered his temper as soon as the recusants had departed, and laid his broad hand on my shoulder, saying, with a jolly laugh, "A lesson, George, my boy, as to the thorns that will lie in your path when you and Edith live here in my stead, as I hope you'll do, after the gathering in of the next tea crop, and set to to leather your nest, as I've said, and I have done. I thought better things, too, of the overseer—that Han Gorain, who, before some heathen logic scared him, was a shrewd and reliable servant. But never mind! Come in, Musgrave, come in! The person from Nynee Tal is here already, and you must help the bride expectant to entertain him until dinner time."

Pretty Edith, who was on the morrow to become my wife, smiled away any uncomfortable feelings which the conduct of Han Gorain and his companions had left behind; and neither she nor her parents, nor Mr. Edwards, the clergyman—who had come over expressly to perform the marriage ceremony—seemed a touch any more important to the party among the coolies.

A Xenia (O.) man stole a crape from the door of a friend.

mountain at the foot of which we live; but I have been a planter here too long to care for the tattle of coolies. They are like children who tell of the nursery ghost until they see it in every dark corner. A delightful life I should have led here had I been credulous.

And with that he dismissed the subject, and the evening passed genially enough. Later on, however, after the whispered farewell to my sweet Edith in the porch, draped with the glistening leaves and big white blossoms of the Indian creeper, after the ride home to my own dwelling among the hills, and when my head rested on its pillow, a vague sense of insecurity be. It me afresh; and even when I fell asleep my dreams were troubled and sad, not such as sleep visit the slumbers of one on whom the world smiled as it did on me, George Musgrave. The dawning of the new day—my wedding day—however, chased away the clouds from my mind, and when I mounted my horse to ride to Yirmi Sou, attired as a bridegroom should be, my heart was light and full of happy hope.

The day was fine—no rarity in the east—but a sort of silver haze hung over the peaks northward, and there were frequent gusts of ice-cold winds rushing down from gap and pass in the rocky range that forms the boundary of India. I rode on, and presently, from an angle in the mountain road, I caught a glimpse of the "Twenty Springs," as Mr. Warren's thriving station was called, with its gardens and meadows, and the now deserted plantations, and the empty huts of the coolies. Then I turned the corner and saw it no more; but even as it vanished from my eyes I heard a strange, deep sound like that of distant thunder, the nature of which I could not divine. My horse suddenly snorted and reared, and then stood trembling and could scarcely be urged forward.

Deafened, dizzy and confused, I dismounted from my frightened horse, now wholly unmanageable, and hurried on foot to a spot whence, as I remembered, Edith's home was in sight. The air was thick with dust and withered leaves; but as the prospect grew clearer I could see no trace of the bungalow, of its home-lead and gardens, or of the thriving tea plantations and verdant meadows around it. Vainly did I strain my eyes to catch one well-known feature of the familiar scene. Nothing was visible save a dreary waste of stones, mud and rocks filling up half the valley, and above which hung a cloud of tawny dust that was slowly subsiding.

As I stood stupidly gazing on the scene of ruin, I caught sight of a man, bare-headed, and with a white scarf round his neck. It was the young clergyman who had come from Nynee Tal to perform the marriage ceremony between Edith and me.

"Mr. Edwards?" I said, inquiringly, as I neared him. He caught my hand, covered his face and burst into tears. Then, for the first time, I realized what fear was.

"For pity's sake, tell me all!" cried I, hoarsely. "Is Miss Warren—is Edith safe? What has—"

"Of all beneath that roof—the roof of Mr. Warren's hospitable house—I alone am spared," answered the clergyman in broken accents. "Death, the grim mower, has garnered in his harvest there."

The cause of the disaster was but too evident. A stone avalanche, or moraine, as it is called in Switzerland, had rushed down from the unscalped heights of the huge mountain towering above Yirmi Sou, and had overwhelmed all beneath it.

"I caught a glimpse of Miss Warren in the garden, as the stone flood burst on us with its deafening roar," said the clergyman, as he grew calmer; "it may be that God's mercy has spared her life, too."

And indeed I have much to be thankful for, since my dear Edith was found, fainting, but unhurt, at the foot of a tall cedar, the only tree left standing, wedged in between fallen rocks. But the other inmates of the house had perished, nor were even their bodies ever extricated from the mighty mausoleum which nature's own hand had piled above them.

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 Gussed Nearest the Number: Robert Patton, \$20 Suit. Miss Emma Kline, Silk Muffler. Mrs. Carrie Watson, Silk Handkerchief.

JOE

THE ONE-PRICE CLOTHIER.

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Prices Defy Competition.

Table with 2 columns: GOING WEST, GOING EAST. Lists train schedules for various routes.