

# Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

SECOND YEAR

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 10, 1889.

NUMBER 98.

## CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor, F. M. RICHY.  
Clerk, W. K. FOX.  
Treasurer, JAMES PATTERSON, JR.  
Recorder, BYRON CLARK.  
Engineer, MADOLE.  
Police Judge, S. CLIFFORD.  
Marshal, S. H. MALLOR.  
Councillmen, 1st ward, J. V. WEICHAH.  
" 2nd, A. SALISBURY.  
" 3rd, D. M. JONES.  
" 4th, D. A. SHREVE.  
" 5th, M. B. MURPHY.  
" 6th, S. W. DUTTON.  
" 7th, P. McCALLEN, PRES.  
" 8th, J. W. JOHNSON, CHAIRMAN.  
Board Pub. Works, D. H. HAWKSWORTH.

## COUNTY OFFICERS.

Treasurer, D. A. CAMPBELL.  
Deputy Treasurer, THOS. POLLOCK.  
Clerk, BIRD CRITCHFIELD.  
Deputy Clerk, EXACRITCHFIELD.  
Recorder of Deeds, W. H. POOL.  
Deputy Recorder, JOHN FULLIN.  
Clerk of District Court, W. C. SHAWALTER.  
Sheriff, J. C. ECKENHART.  
Surveyor, G. A. MOORE.  
Attorney, ALLEN BEESON.  
Supt. of Pub. Schools, MAYNARD SPINK.  
County Judge, C. RUSSELL.  
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.  
A. B. TODD, Ch'm., Plattsmouth.  
LOUIS FOLTZ, Weeping Water.  
A. B. DICKSON, Kimwood.

## 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.

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. P. J. Morgan, Master Workman; F. P. Brown, Foreman; G. B. Kenner, Overseer; H. A. Tait, Financier; G. K. Moore, Worthy Officer; M. Maybrite, Receiver; D. E. Smith, Past M. W.; L. S. Bowen, Clerk; P. J. Kuntz, Inside Watch.

CLASS CAMP No. 32, MODERN WOODMEN of America—Meets second and fourth Monday evening at K. of P. hall. All transient brothers are requested to meet with us. W. A. Newcomer, Venerable Consul; G. W. Worthy, Adviser; S. C. Wilde, Banker; W. A. Bonck, 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. J. S. Larson, M. W.; F. Boyd, Foreman; J. White, Recorder; Leonard Anderson, Overseer.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE No. 6, A. F. & A. M.—Meets on the first and third Mondays of each month at their hall. All transient brothers are cordially invited to meet with us. J. G. Richey, W. M.

NEBRASKA CHAPTER No. 5, K. A. M.—Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month at Masonic Hall. Transient brothers are invited to meet with us. F. E. WHITE, H. P.

W. M. HAYS, Secretary.

M. 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. M. HAYS, H. P.

CLASS COUNCIL No. 102, ROYAL CANANUM—Meets the second and fourth Mondays of each month at Arcanum Hall.

P. O. MASON, Secretary.

PLATTSMOUTH BOARD OF TRADE—President, Robt. B. Wiedham.  
1st Vice President, A. B. Todd.  
2nd Vice President, Wm. Neville.  
Secretary, F. R. Guthman.  
Treasurer, F. R. Guthman.

DIRECTORS.  
J. G. Richey, E. White, J. C. Patterson, J. A. Cooner, B. Eison, C. W. Sherman, F. Gordon, J. V. Weikbach.

MCCONNIE POST 45, C. A. R.—ROSTER.  
J. W. JOHNSON, Commander.  
C. S. TOLSON, Senior Vice.  
F. A. BATES, Junior Vice.  
PRO. NILES, Adjutant.  
HENRY STERLING, Q. M.  
MORAN DIXON, Officer of the Day.  
CHARLES FORD, Chaplain.  
ANDERSON FRY, Sergt. Major.  
LAWSON GORHAM, Quarter Master Sergt.  
L. C. GIBBS, Post Chaplain.  
Meeting Saturday evening.

MIKE SCHNELLBACHER,  
Wagon and Blacksmith Shop.

Wagon, Buggy,  
Machine and Plow  
REPAIRING.

Horseshoeing  
A Specialty. He uses the  
NEVER SET  
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.

Dr. C. A. Marshall.

Resident Dentist.  
Preservation of the Natural Teeth a Specialty. Anesthetics given for PAINLESS FILLING OR EXTRACTION OF TEETH. Artificial teeth made on Gold, Silver, Rubber or Celluloid Plates, and inserted as soon as teeth are extracted when desired. All work warranted. Prices reasonable.

FREDERICK'S BLOCK PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

## A MID-WINTER CYCLONE.

### Reading Transformed Into a Scene of Desolation.

#### A Harvest of Death.

READING, Pa., Jan. 9.—This was the saddest night in the history of Reading. A hundred households are in mourning as the result of one of the greatest calamities in the history of Pennsylvania. A cyclone swept over the northern section of the city this afternoon and laid waste everything in its reach, with terrible loss of life. The lives that have been sacrificed and the number of persons injured can at this writing only be estimated. The most reliable computation at 11 o'clock tonight is that not less than sixty persons have been killed outright, and over a hundred injured.

It rained hard here all last night and this morning. Toward noon it ceased entirely, and by 4 o'clock there was every indication that there would be an entire cessation of the storm. Half an hour afterwards the bright sun was making every effort to penetrate the clouds and tints of rainbow were seen in the eastern sky. This continued for half an hour. Then the scene changed with a suddenness that was appalling. The fleecy clouds gave way to ominous signs of the coming storm. Dark, heavy banks of clouds marshalled themselves and began approaching the town. Then the wind whistled, roared and tore along in mad confusion. The storm clouds grew heavier still, and louder roared the wind. In the western sky the storm was seen approaching with a thunderous noise. The swath it cut was narrow but the effect was terrible. Persons residing along the track of the storm say that they saw the first signs of danger in the funnel-shaped maelstrom which seemed to gather up everything in its reach and cast it right and left. Out in the country, houses and barns were unroofed, and destruction spread in every direction.

The track of this destructive element was not more than 200 feet wide, and it is lucky that it only touched in the suburbs of the city. It came from the west, but passed along the northern boundary of Reading. First it struck the Mount Penn stove works. Here the cyclone building was struck and part of the roof cut off. Then the storm cloud scoured across the fields, a portion of the roof of J. H. Stenberg's rolling mill, and a number of dwellings were unroofed as readily as if their tin roofs were paper. The storm then crossed the railroad. Here a passenger car was standing. This was overturned as quickly as if it had been a toy, and its splinters carried in every direction.

Meanwhile the rain poured down in torrents. The atmosphere became heavy and oppressive, and it was almost dark as night. On one side of the track of the Reading railroad were situated the paint shops of the company. It was a one-story building about 60x150 in size. Here about 130 men were employed in painting passenger cars. There were eight or nine of these cars in the building, costing \$6,000 each. The building was struck fairly in the middle and the bricks scattered about as if they were playthings. The cars were turned topsy-turvy, while the men were buried under the debris. The chamber of each passenger car was already filled with gas, as they were ready to be taken out on the road in a few days. They exploded one by one, with the fearful bang of a cannon, causing the people to run out of their houses, thinking that it was the sound of an earthquake.

There was a considerable quantity of gasoline in the building, and this added fuel to the flames. A sheet of flame shot outward with the roar of musketry. Some twenty of the men had a chance to crawl out of the debris, but four of their companions were enveloped in the embrace of the flames. Their cries were heard by the terrified workmen, for a moment, and then their voices were hushed forever. They were quickly roasted to death. The fire from nine passenger cars lit up the heavens for miles around. It was a beautiful sight and could have been enjoyed but for the awful calamity which accompanied it.

In the mean time the fire department was called out, but its services were unavailing. The building and cars were consumed in fifteen minutes and nothing left but blackened, smoking ruins, under which lay four human beings, burned to a crisp.

While this was all going on the storm was traveling forward with fearful rapidity. It must have traveled at the rate of 80 miles an hour. It struck some more private houses and unroofed a dozen others. Directly in its path at the

## AN EXECUTION IN MOROCCO.

### An English Traveler Tells of the Frenziedness of the Moors.

Two products of the barbarism applicable of their savage laws are the murder and the Zouba, or sacrifice. One and the other are to be found all through the country. The murder even is but a kind of step over the spot where a murder was committed, to which every man is obliged to go. The sacrifice is a ritual in which the victim who creates it is to be a fair perfectly safe. It is not necessary to enlarge on the ability of the Moors in a country where from a government like that of Morocco.

All this cruelty, as practiced according to the law of the land, has produced in the Moors an indifference to the most common and that evoked by a Moorish man. The following story, related by an Englishman, who was one of the witnesses of the execution, is a horrible illustration of this fanatic and of the absolute necessity for the Moors to the Sultan's degree of head.

An Englishman, resident in Tangier, seeking one morning to leave the town by one of the gates, found the gate closed and a large crowd assembled before it. He also saw a number of soldiers, and in their midst a couple of prisoners with their hands bound to their sides. One was a mountaineer from the Rif, the other a tall and handsome young fellow, a native of Tangier.

He asked what crime these men had committed.

"The Sultan," was the answer—"may God prolong his days—has ordered their heads to be struck off because they have been engaged in smuggling on the Rif coast."

"It is a very severe punishment," urged the Englishman.

"Do not argue with me, Nazarine," said the officer. "I have received my orders and must obey."

The execution was to take place in the Jewish slaughter house. A Moor, repulsive in appearance and dressed as a butcher, was there awaiting the condemned. His weapon was a small knife with a blade some six inches long. He was a stranger, and had offered his services because all the Mohammedan butchers of Tangier had taken refuge in a sanctuary.

A heated discussion arose between this wretch and the officer in charge as to the blood money he was to receive for the job. The two victims stood by and listened. The butcher demanded 20 francs a head. The officer finally agreed, though with ill grace. Then the butcher seized the Riflian, threw him on the ground, and knelt on his chest. The Englishman turned away his head. He heard sounds of a horrible struggle, in the midst of which a hoarse voice cried, "Give me another knife, mine does not cut." Another knife was brought and the head hewn from the body. The soldiers cried faintly, "God prolong the life of our lord and master."

Then came the second victim. He had watched the operation. Again they wrangled over his blood, the officer refused to remember his promise and said he would only give 20 francs for both heads. The butcher accepted. The prisoner begged that his hands might be unbound. He gave his cloak to one soldier, saying, "We shall meet in the next world." He threw his turban to another. He cried, in a clear voice, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet," and taking off his belt gave it to the butcher, saying, "Take it, and for the love of God deal more quickly with me than with my brother." Then he stretched himself on the earth in the blood and the executioner knelt on him.

"A reprieve—stop!" cried the Englishman. A horseman galloped toward them. The butcher held his knife.

"It is only the governor's son," said a soldier. "Come to see the execution; wait for him."

They waited.

The incident occurred some years ago, but since then neither the customs nor the characters nor the methods of administering the law of the Moors have undergone any change. No change indeed is possible so long as the country is governed by the Sheriffs, and so long as Morocco remains in the hands of the Moors no other form of government is possible, and no attempt can be made, with any hope of success, to arrest the decadence of a people who, from being foremost among the pioneers of civilization in the past, have now sunk into a state of brutal degradation only surpassed by that of the semi-cannibal savages of the Nam-Niam and kindred tribes of Central Africa. The pity of this is but the greater that the Moorish peasantry, apart from their fanaticism, are still a frugal, upright and warlike race who retain to this day, in spite of all the evil agencies that have so long been at work to destroy them, many of the honorable and soldierly instincts that made their ancestors so great a nation.—London Times.

"Easy, Bromley," said Dumley, "do you believe there is such a person in existence as the fool killer?"

"Let me see, Dumley," replied Bromley, "about how old are you?"

"I'm gettin' on toward fifty."

"No," replied Bromley, "I don't believe there is."

A New Hampshire woman has set out to count the kernels of corn on 50,000 full sized cobs and at last reports she had got through with 3,000 cobs and was not discouraged.

## A Pittsburg Horror.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 9.—A terrific storm of wind and hail, the worst known for years, swept over this city shortly after noon today, carrying with it death and destruction. The storm was formed with a suddenness that was overwhelming, and as the wind, accompanied by hail and torrents of rain, swept along the streets, pedestrians were hurled before it and barely escaped being crushed under the vehicles passing along the thoroughfare. Suddenly, in the center of the city, there was a terrible crash, and it was found that the cyclone had caught a new building on Diamond street, near Weed, owned by C. L. Wiley, and hurled it to the earth, covering up two score of mangled human bodies. The building was in course of erection. It was 40 by 80 feet in dimensions, and was seven stories high. The front of the building had not yet been put in, and the wind seemed to enter the high shell from the open end. The high walls of brick and undried mortar were parted, one falling each way, partly wrecking nearly a dozen of the surrounding buildings.

It is almost impossible tonight to give an estimate of the pecuniary damages, but they will probably be \$75,000 or \$100,000 in the immediate vicinity of the wrecked building. The cyclone wrought terrible destruction in other parts of the city and out along the railroads centering here. A portion of the foundry of McIntosh, Hemphill & Co., on Thirteenth street, was wrecked, as was also a house in Allegheny. At Wall's station on the Pennsylvania railroad, a large brick building owned by the Westinghouse Air Brake company was partially demolished, and at Wilmerding, Pa., a coal tippie was wrecked. At McKeesport houses were unroofed, trees blown down and windows smashed. Three houses in the course of erection were blown to pieces. The nut factory of Bontreger & Co. was also blown down.

The total number of fatalities up to 11 o'clock tonight, come to light from all points of the city is fourteen; the number seriously wounded is placed at thirty-five. Rescuing parties are at work tonight on all the fallen buildings where persons are known to be buried.

## Hunted by a Hare.

The Figaro published not long since an account of a practical joke which, unlike most practical jokes, has the merit of being amusing:

An enthusiastic sportsman went to a breakfast given at the commencement of the shooting season. The conversation naturally was of game, when suddenly in rushed a servant, exclaiming to the host that a hare had been seen moving about the lawn. Out ran the enthusiastic sportsman, gun in hand, fired at the hare and missed it.

The hare scratched its nose, then stood on its hind legs, presented a horse pistol at the sportsman and fired in return.

No one was hurt, but the sportsman was naturally astounded to have the tables turned in this unexpected and surprising manner. It was explained to him, and then his laugh was as hearty as any one's. This remarkable hare was a performing animal, which had been hired from a neighboring show. The sportsman's charge had of course been tampered with by the confidential servant.

There can be nothing sadder than the expression which creeps over the face of the man who has on a twice round scarf when some sympathetically inclined individual asks him if he has a sore throat.

A funny little man refused a hat with a very loud lining because it might make him deaf.

"Keep your seats, please, ladies and gentlemen," said a theatrical manager, "there is no trouble whatever, but for some inexplicable reason the gas went out."

"Then a boy shouted from the gallery: 'Perhaps it didn't like the play.'—New

# JUST 3 MONTHS!

Since Joe,

## THE ONE-PRICE CLOTHIER,

### Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats,

Etc., been sold as Low as JOE has and is selling them.

# —JOE—

Will continue to sell you better goods for less money Than you can find elsewhere. Remember JOE'S Motto

## "Honest Goods at Honest Low Prices,"

# ONE PRICE ONLY!

Look out for JOE'S new advertisement next week.

# JOE, THE ONE PRICE CLOTHIER

GO TO HENRY BOECK'S

## FURNITURE EMPORIUM!

Parlor, Dining Room and Kitchen

# FURNITURE

HE OWNS HIS OWN BUILDING,

## PAYS NO RENT

And therefore can sell you goods for less Money than any other dealer in the city.

HE ALSO HAS A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

## UNDERTAKER'S GOODS,

HEARSE FURNISHED FOR ALL FUNERALS.

# HENRY BOECK.

COR. MAIN AND SIXTH STREETS.

## Lumber Yard.

THE OLD RELIABLE.

# J. A. WATERMAN & SON

Wholesale and Retail Dealer to

## PINE LUMBER

Shingles, Lath, Sash,

## Doors, Blinds.

Can supply every demand of the trade Call and get terms. Fourth street In Rear of Opera House.

# K. DRESSLER,

## The 5th t. Merchant Tailor

Keeps a Full Line of

## Foreign & Domestic Goods.

Consult Your Interest by Giving Him a Call

# SHERWOOD BLOCK

Plattsmouth, Neb

# J. H. EMMONS, M. D.

HOMOEOPATHIC

## Physician & Surgeon

Office over Westcott's store, Main street. Residence in Dr. Schicknecht'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.

# C. F. SMITH,

## The Boss Tailor

Main St., Over Merges' Shoe Store.

Has the best and most complete stock of supplies, both foreign and domestic woolsens that ever came west of Missouri river. Note these prices: Business suits from \$16 to \$35, dress suits, \$25 to \$45, pants \$4, \$5, \$6, \$6.50 and upwards.

Will guarantee a fit.

## Prices Defy Competition.

### B. & E. Time Table.

GOING WEST.	GOING EAST.
No. 1—5:10 a. m.	No. 2—4:30 p. m.
No. 3—6:40 p. m.	No. 4—10:30 a. m.
No. 5—6:47 a. m.	No. 6—7:13 p. m.
No. 7—7:37 p. m.	No. 8—6:17 p. m.
No. 9—6:17 p. m.	No. 10—9:45 a. m.
No. 11—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.