

ROGUES' GALLERY.

SCENES IN THE POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIO.

Desperate Men Who Refuse to Give the Artist a Quiet Sitting—The Methods Adopted to Prevent a Good Likeness from Being Secured.

Next to being sent to prison, the professional criminal dreads being photographed for the rogues' gallery. He will resist sitting before the camera with every means in his power, and nothing short of a terrific beating will bring him to terms. Even this fails when the criminal has made up his mind not to be "snapped" as it is quaintly termed in the argot of this country.

Instances have been known where five, and even more, officers have endeavored to hold a refractory thief so that the photographer could secure a successful likeness, and their efforts have failed through the constant struggling of the determined criminal. To meet this difficulty and surmount it some departments have arranged cameras, so that a photograph can be obtained of any one desired without the knowledge of the latter. In this city this development has not been attained, and the old process of taking the criminal through the streets to a public gallery and photographing him in the ordinary way is in every day use.

Twining His Mustache. Three clever thieves successfully resisted all attempts to secure photographs of themselves by distorting their features when placed in the posing chair at Krug's gallery.

The first was Norris, the jewelry and dry goods thief who was captured in Miller Bros. store in the act of stealing a number of silk mufflers. He wore a cunningly designed coat with huge pockets concealed in the skirts, in which he stored his plunder. After being arrested he was discovered that he was the same man who robbed Henry Teems, a Covington jeweler, of a lot of diamonds. During the week he was sent to the gallery he was photographed. Scouting himself quickly, he waited until the operator placed the plate in the camera.

Then a sudden revolution took place in his features. With a rapid motion he drew his mustache inside of his mouth, and, closing his eyes, screwed up his face. The detectives tried every possible means to make him assume a natural expression, but he doggedly resisted all efforts in that direction. His mustache was forcibly pulled from between his teeth, and a few vigorous slaps administered upon his cheeks. These had no effect, however.

Two days later the safe blowers, James Scribner and Frank Boyd, who were captured at Gerles' hotel with a fine outfit of tools, were taken out of their cells at police headquarters, placed in a patrol wagon and driven to the gallery. They led no intimation of where they were being taken, nor did they ask. The private entrance to the operating room lies through a labyrinth of back yards and hallways known only to the police.

This was traversed, and the two criminals were suddenly ushered into the glass roofed room. Like lightning a look of dignified contempt over their faces, and the tallest, Boyd, broke out profanely: "What in h—l does this mean?" "What you see what it means?" answered the detective, as he pointed to the camera. "What in h—l do you think you are going to get my face and send it all over the country, you're d—d badly mistaken. I won't stand it."

"You sit down there," came the stern order as he was forced backward into the chair. "If you sit down, but you don't get my picture, I'll stand a beating and you can start when you please," he muttered between his teeth. "You'll get it if you don't sit still," replied the detective.

"Blame away!" was the response, as the subject closed his eyes and steadily refused to open them. During this episode the other subject sat in a corner of the room under guard of a policeman, quietly smiling at the efforts of the officers to make his partner tractable. Once in a while a low chuckle indicated that he rather enjoyed the scene. After Scribner was done with his recently vacated seat. He made no remarks, but quietly awaited the preparing of the camera, even submitting to the fixing of the focus upon his face. But at the moment that the plate holder clicked into his place his wrinkled, yellow face changed like magic.

"Smile!" came the detective's hand on his cheek, with the order, "Open your eyes!" Without a moving of a muscle the fellow hissed back a request to go to eternal perdition. The photographer waited silently with his finger on the camera cap, expecting the thief to become tractable and then to catch him off his guard. But it was of no use, and the developed plate showed a hideous picture.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Let Your Work Talk. Mr. DeLays, in his Literary Leaves, published in The New York Graphic, that many of the great magazines and to him, in reply to his question, "Are personal introductions helpful to young authors?"

"Don't go to your friend who knows the editor and get a letter of introduction; it will be the friend, the editor and eventually yourself. If you suggest the value of a 'friend at court' remember that the editor has met this scheme a thousand times. It means that you ask him to make an exception of your case against his judgment, and this annoys him to begin with. If you want to sell a firm a bill of goods you do not feel that you need a letter of introduction to the buyer, and an editor is in exactly this position of one who is always buying what he thinks is valuable."

There is a good deal of truth in this advice of the magazine editor. The author's best friend or his worst enemy is his manuscript. That should be his letter of introduction without any preliminary flourishes in the shape of actual letters of introduction.—The Epoch.

A Detective's Dilemma.

Cornelius Price, the Tacoma detective, whose work among the opium smugglers of Puget sound is well known, can stand on Market street in the rain longer, and tell longer, more probable and more interesting stories than any man in San Francisco.

"Did you ever hear that I had served my time in the chain gang?" he inquired of Detective Handley one day last week. "No. Well, I'll give it to you so that you will get it straight. It was when these men were running in so much of their opium all around the sound that I finally located some of the workers at a little landing about twenty miles from Tacoma, where there are about a dozen houses. My wife was there at the time visiting friends, but I did not have time to apprise her of my coming. I made myself up as the sweetest kind of a tramp, and footed it into this little place just at dusk, and nearly the first person I met was my wife. I forgot about my disguise and the effect it might have upon her; so I braced up, and taking her by the arm, said, 'Hello, my dear!'"

"When she gave a jump and screamed I thought I had simply startled her by speaking suddenly when she wasn't expecting it, so I started to take her arm again, and bless me if she didn't go up the street screaming at every step. About that time the constable grabbed me for insulting ladies on the street, but when my wife declined to appear and prosecute they put an additional charge of vagrancy against me and locked me up in a little calaboose. Next day I was found guilty and sentenced to eight days in the chain gang with no alternative, and I didn't dare tell the officials know who I was, because I had reason to believe they were concerned in the smuggling operations. I sweated it out breaking rock on the road. But I got even. The justice of the peace and constable are pegging shoes in the territorial prison now for smuggling."—San Francisco Examiner.

"A Man" in Capsule.

The problem of being able to "see a man" during the play without being obliged to walk on the toes of half a dozen gentlemen, and, perchance, on the dresses of several ladies, has been solved. Those to whom the drink in the entr'acte is an essential part of their enjoyment of a performance can now, without leaving their seats, indulge in their libations. A clever Boston chemist has struck on the idea of having whisky handy and other strong liquors put up in gelatine capsules like those used in administering nauseous medicines, only considerably larger. The capsules are colored so as to resemble large hot house grapes. They are easily broken in the mouth and the contents swallowed without attracting attention. The capsules are sold in boxes containing a dozen each. The box is of convenient size for the pocket, and the quantity of liquor contained in the capsules sufficient to make the ordinary man feel comfortably happy by the time the curtain falls on the last act.

The idea is not altogether an original one. About two years ago similar capsules were sold in all the leading drug stores in this city, but instead of being gelatine the capsule was of very thin rubber. It was soon found that the rubber conveyed the reverse of a pleasant taste to the liquors, and they rapidly went out of fashion. The new gelatine capsule imparts no flavor whatever to the liquor, and it promises soon to become a boon to the gentleman seated in the middle of a row of orchestra chairs, and to earn for its inventor the gratitude of the ladies, whose plights over their ruined dresses and crushed hats lately filled so many columns in the papers.—New York Graphic.

An Old Young Man.

One of the pleasant old young men of Washington is Harvey M. Watterson, the father of Henry Watterson. Imagine to yourself a tall and slightly built man, with a large head of gray hair, a white beard falling over his chest, and a pair of the brightest and kindest blue eyes you will find anywhere. Imagine this man to be 75 years old, but at the same time to move about with as firm a step as though he was but 35. Listen to his voice, and it comes forth in strong chest tones. Talk to him and he will tell you that he feels younger as the years grow older, and that he hopes to last for many years yet.

Said Mr. Watterson once in response to a question: "The first sign of a man's failing faculties is seen in his voice. I can go on the street and speak in such tones as can be heard 300 yards away. I spend my winters in Washington and my summers at Louisville, and while there I look over the exchanges in the newspaper office and scan about fifty papers a day. I am glad that I am alive, and I feel that my good health at this age is due to temperance and in not allowing myself to be worried about anything. I am very careful of my eating, and I have not had three unhappy hours from worry in my whole life. When I have stubbed my toe I have not cursed the universe because of my carelessness, but thanked the Lord that I did not break my neck."—Chicago Herald.

And He Still Has Hope.

"I have been shipwrecked, been baked in a railroad accident and fired out of a foundry window by a boiler explosion. I was shot in the neck at Gettysburg, suffered starvation in Libby prison, fell overboard from a transport off Charleston, and left four of my fingers in the mouth of a shark. I had my right arm broken in two places in a New York riot, and stood on a barrel with a halter round my neck in a southern town at the outbreak of the great rebellion from sunrise to sunset. I was buried under the ruins of a building in San Francisco during an earthquake and dug out after fifty hours of imprisonment. I have been shot at three times, twice by lunatics and once by a highwayman. I was buried two days by a gas explosion in a mine, and narrowly escaped lynching last year in Arizona, through mistaken identity. And though I am over 50, and have nearly lost the use of my right leg, have just had, as I understand, all my property, on which there was no insurance, destroyed by fire in a western town; and the doctor in New York to whom I went last week for an examination assures me that I will soon be ridden from rheumatism; nevertheless," he added cheerfully, "while I undoubtedly have met some obstacles in the past, I still refuse to believe that luck is against me."—Daylight Land.

One of Milan Obrenovitch's latest indecencies was to appoint M. Christian minister to Berlin. He is the shameless husband of that particular one of King Milan's concubines whom that monarch attempted to force Queen Natalie to kiss in public and treat with honor. "Kiss your paramour yourself," replied the queen, and divorce followed.

Swallowed a Live Fish.

While a dance was at its zenith of pleasure at the residence of Mr. Clawson, a bucket of water was drawn from the well and brought in which contained a sucker fish about five inches long. The fish had been placed in the well by the children. The appearance of the sucker in the drinking water caused comment by the company during which one of the young yeomanry "loved he could swallow the reptile for fun er money." This observation occasioned no little bantering and bullying, until finally he was told that he would be given \$1 if he would throw it under his collar. The boaster said he would go him; and taking the fish by the tail, he laid back his head, spread his potato trap from pole to pole, and let her go. Gallagher. The finny explorer shot down the yawning gullet like a well greased toboggan, its extended fins raking the sides with a sort of ripping sound as of laceration, and sickening to hear. The feat accomplished, the swallower unbuttoned his shirt collar, gave himself a flirt and shake, and proclaimed in a loud voice that he could "swallow a live dog with his tail curled over his back, catch as catch can, and no limit to size, for \$5." But he got well away with his bluff (if bluff it was), for no one doubted his ability to do so; and this, coupled with the fear that the passage of a dog might imperil his diaphragm, brought the side show diversion to a close, and the dance went on with renewed joy until the break of day.—Idaho Democrat.

Words Wedded to Song.

Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan are understood to "get on" with one another very pleasantly, but, generally speaking, there is no more vehement animosity than is engendered between the man who writes the song and the man who sets it to music. Each of them calls it his song and ascribes its popularity solely to his part in its production. But it is certainly the fact that not even Lord Tennyson's verse is half so valuable in current coin as a ballad of the music hall that has caught the ear of the public. It is not until music is "wedded to immortal verse" that verse, in most cases, becomes immortal, or at least fetches any extraordinary price in the market. Only the other day the damages claimed for singing a ditty of which somebody held the copyright were no less than £700. What poet ever received the tenth of such a sum for the words themselves? What is very curious and shows how we stick to old saws, "thoroughly worn out, the souls of them fumed forth, the hearts of them torn out," is that we still use the term, "sold for a song," as an expression for cheapness.—London Independent.

Thought Her Papa Was Perfection.

The precocity and cute sayings of children are frequently a source of great amusement. When T. P. Shonts, the general manager of the Indiana, Illinois and Iowa railway, was at the Palmer house a day or two ago he received a letter from home, and a certain portion of it he read to Frank Brobst, the clerk of the hotel. This portion was about Mr. Shonts' little 8-year-old daughter, Marguerite. The mother wrote that upon getting the child ready for bed the usual form of saying a prayer was undergone. Marguerite had got through all right with the "God bless Marguerite and make her a good girl; God bless mamma and make her good so she won't spank Marguerite; God bless papa and make" "When she had got thus far she stopped, hesitated a moment, then getting off her knees said very solemnly to her mother: "I des it ain't worth while astin God to make my papa a dood man; he's dest about as dood as he can be now. Er ain't no use in boddering God, is er, mamma?"—Chicago Herald.

A Good Man.

"There," said a neighbor, pointing to a village carpenter, "there is a man who has done more good, I really believe, in this community than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very much in public, and he does not try. He is not worth \$2,000, and it is very little he can put down on subscription papers. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find it out and give them a neighborly welcome and offer them some service. He is on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor and look after his affairs for him. I believe he and his wife keep house plants in winter mainly that they may be able to send little bouquets to friends and invalids. He finds time for a pleasant rap to every child he meets, and you'll always see them climbing into his one horse wagon when he has no other load. He has a genius for helping folks and it does me good to meet him in the streets."

One Way to Spoil a Wedding Trip.

An amusing incident occurred at the Union depot of Birmingham. A rather modest looking groom and his pretty bride were sitting delightfully close together, and were going through some of those lovable little antics which newly married couples alone can affect. Two young men were sitting just opposite waiting to welcome some sweetheart on the incoming train. The boys watched the caresses of the couple for a while, but finally decided to put a stop to it. "Tom," said one of the young men to the other, "when is your wife coming home?" "Never, I hope," replied the young man addressed. "I wish she would elope with some one, or the train run off the bridge with her. By the way, when is your wife coming home?" "Pretty soon, I am afraid. When she does I have a good mind to meet her at the depot with an ax and give her and that infernal kid ten minutes to leave in. A wife is a nuisance, anyway."

The young men kept up this nonsense for half an hour, and the loving couple knew that all the conversation was intended for their ears. It tickled the bride immensely, but the groom got hotter and hotter, and finally called one of the young men aside and threatened to whip him. This had the effect of stilling the fun permanently, and the exultant groom bravely put his arm around his treasure and hugged her until the train carried them away on their bridal tour.—Birmingham (Ala.) Age.

A Wonderful Pig.

George R. White, a farmer residing just north of Franklin, Ind., has a pig that is quite a curiosity. The animal has four front legs and feet, all perfect, and twelve toes. It is alive, three months old, and weighs forty pounds.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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Table with 2 columns: GOING WEST, GOING EAST. Lists train numbers and times for various routes.

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