

NEVADA ROAD AGENTS.

A STORY OF THE EARLY DAYS OF STAGING OUT WEST.

A Millionaire's Son Traced by a Wheel Mark on an Overcoat—A Wild Ride with Relays—Shipping Bullion in a Cask of Molasses for Safety.

"Stage robbing was almost a legitimate business in early days," said an old Comstocker.

"The express company lost a great deal of money in that way, and at last James Gannon was sent up to Virginia to break up the business. He was a shrewd man, and he devised more schemes for outwitting the road agents than you ever heard of. He sent treasure in sacks of potatoes, which were loaded on prairie schooners, and even the drivers never suspected that they were carrying anything more valuable than potatoes. I have known him to drop a bar of bullion into a cask of molasses and send it through safely, when he knew the agents were watching for it. It was Gannon who thought of sending shotgun messengers on the stages, and he made them carry their guns with the muzzles resting on their toes, so that they didn't dare to fall asleep. He broke up stage robbing as a branch of the general merchandise business by making it too risky.

A RECKLESS RIDE.

"While I was keeping a saloon in Virginia City, Clem Lee and three other fellows, whose names have slipped my memory, came into the camp and started a big faro game close to my place. They had \$50,000 in the drawer, and I think they had got hold of the coin by holding up a stage. They did a big business and were making plenty of money.

"It was the custom then to close up the games at 12 o'clock on Sunday night. Clem and one of his partners came to me and asked me to mix them up two bottles of cocktails. He wanted them in champagne bottles and had the labels scratched off. I wondered what all that meant, and I found out later. I also noticed that Clem Lee had borrowed a light overcoat from Charlie Dexter.

"As soon as their place was closed, Clem and his partner mounted their horses on B street and rode out of town. Clem was riding a horse that he hired from the chief of police. All the animals were good, and as soon as they were out of town they had a chance to show their speed. The four horsemen spurred down the Geiger grade in the darkness at a terrific rate. If you have been over that road, you know what a gallop down the grade on a dark night means. It is a steep and winding road through the mountains. The turns are sharp and, where it runs through Dead Man's Gulch, a slip over the edge would send horse and rider to kingdom come in no time.

"The four gamblers flew over that road to Washoe faster than anybody ever went before, and made the thirty-four miles in less time than I would dare to tell. At Washoe they had four good horses staked out, and it did not take them long to shift saddles, try my cocktails, mount and start off again. They knew what they were after, and they did not miscalculate time or distance.

"In those days the stage companies had good stock, and when the Reno stage came along six horses were making it again. Four men sprang into the road, and one of them shouted to the driver to stop. The driver could not pull up short, and the men had barely time to spring aside and avoid the wheels. Clem Lee leveled his revolver and fired, and one of the leaders fell dead. The other horses tumbled over the one that was down, and the stage was stopped, but not before a deputy sheriff on the box had pulled a gun and sent a ball through Clem's partner, Dick.

THE MARK ON CLEM'S COAT.

"The passengers were ordered out and ranged in line, the driver threw down the box, and while the plunder was being gathered up one of the robbers said to the disarmed deputy sheriff: 'I think we ought to kill you, my friend.' Clem Lee interfered and said: 'No; there's been enough bloodshed. Let him alone.' The stage was put to rights, everybody got aboard, and it was driven away, covered while in sight by the robbers' guns.

"The three gamblers buried their dead pal, but where they dug his grave nobody knows. Then they mounted their horses, rode at desperate speed back to Washoe, changed horses there and pushed on up the Geiger grade to Virginia City, where they arrived at 9 o'clock in the morning and immediately went to bed. They felt pretty safe, as nobody would suspect them of having made such a trip in so short a time. They could not have made it without a relay of horses, and even then they had to ride like devils.

"But there was one little circumstance that was insignificant in appearance and fatal in fact. When Clem Lee sprang aside to avoid the stage he raised his right arm and covered the driver with his pistol. The forward wheel of the coach grazed the under side of his arm and ground into the sleeve a streak of mud that nothing could wipe out. A lady in the coach was looking out of the window, and as the coach passed Lee she saw the mark made by the wheel on his coat sleeve.

"When she reached Virginia City, and, with the other passengers, was questioned by Gannon, she said: 'Look for a man with a wheel mark on the sleeve of his light overcoat. That mark was made by a rapidly turning wheel, and no brush ever was made that will take it out.'

"Gannon strolled up C street, and Charlie Dexter came along with his light overcoat on. Gannon glanced at his sleeve, saw the wheel mark and gathered him in. Of course, it didn't take Dexter long to remember who had his coat on the night of the robbery, and the three gamblers were captured and sent to prison. One of them (I shan't say which) was the son of a famous philanthropic millionaire of Washington."—New York Star.

Hunting for His Wife.

Many of our people see a gray haired and bearded old gentleman walking around the streets with a sadness about his countenance which, though, can only be detected after close observation, for as soon as he sees you a smile lights up his countenance in token of recognition. He is a German and a musician, and in seen every night at the opera house when there is an entertainment there. His name is Professor Reseler. He came to this country some sixteen years ago from Germany to make his home here, leaving his wife behind until he could get settled, when he would send for her. Having secured the desired end, a letter was dispatched home telling his wife of his success and bidding her to come. It is said that she sailed from her native home with a glad heart, in anticipation of meeting with her husband after an absence of two years. Every vessel that came over was eagerly looked after, the newspapers were scanned for intelligence of her arrival, but nothing could be heard of her. The ship on which it is said she sailed arrived in Baltimore and the wife landed there. The professor with a joyous heart went there, but lo! no trace of her could be found, and the days, weeks and months until fourteen years have passed without his knowing of her whereabouts. From city to city has he gone in the search. His head was black then, now it is white, but there is a tenderness in his face mixed with sorrow, and a cankering in his heart, but he goes on and on, with the hope of finally meeting his long lost wife.—Athens (Ga.) Chronicle.

How Celluloid is Manufactured.

While everybody has heard of, or seen, or used celluloid, only a few know what it is composed of or how it is made. The following is a description of the process carried out in a factory near Paris for the production of celluloid: A roll of paper is slowly unwound, and at the same time saturated with a mixture of five parts of sulphuric acid and two parts of nitric acid, which falls upon the paper in fine spray. This changes the cellulose of the paper into proylon gun cotton. The excess of the acid having been expelled by pressure, the paper is washed with plenty of water until all traces of acid have been removed. It is then reduced to a pulp, and passes on to the bleaching trough.

Most of the water having been got rid of by means of a strainer, the pulp is mixed with from 20 to 40 per cent. of its weight in camphor, and the mixture thoroughly triturated under millstones. The necessary coloring having been added in the form of powder, a second mixing and grinding follows.

The finely divided pulp is then spread out in thin layers on slabs, and from twenty to twenty-five of these layers are placed in a hydraulic press, separated from one another by some sheets of thick blotting paper, and are subjected to a pressure of 150 atmospheres, until all traces of moisture have been got rid of. The matter is then passed between rollers heated to between 140 and 150 degs. Fahrenheit, whence it issues in the form of elastic sheets.—The Inventor.

The "Sentence System."

Charles Dickens, while visiting the Massachusetts school ship, was called upon for a "speel." He responded by saying, "Boys, do all the good you can and make no fuss about it." Mr. Dickens, as his novels attest, believed in the beneficial effect of a pithy saying and a striking proverb—pointed words which would fasten themselves in the memory. The conductors of the "Netherlands Metray," one of the model reform schools of Holland, use this "sentence system" as a means of moral education. They hang on the walls such sentences as these:

"He who seeks himself will not find God." "A poor man he who has nothing but money." "He is a fool who lives poor to die rich." "Labor has a golden bottom." "Care for the moments, and these will care for the years."

Sometimes a boy is made to learn a sentence by heart. One boy was overheard using foul speech to a comrade. He was ordered to read to the boys every morning for eight days this sentence, "It is better to be dumb than to use the tongue for filthy talk." It made him clean in speech.—Youth's Companion.

Supposed to be Over 1,800 Years Old.

In the province of Canton are occasionally dug up ancient copper gongs or drums, which some say were made by the aboriginal Laos tribes, others say by Ma Yuan, the renowned commander who invaded Tong King in A. D. 41 and quelled the rising of the rebellious tribes against the Chinese, erecting a pillar of bronze on the extreme southern border of the "hill country." The Nan-hai Maio temple, at Canton, possesses two of these curious monuments, one large and one small; the characters are mostly indecipherable, owing to the length of time they have been under the ground. The larger one was obtained from the tomb of a barbarian chief 1,000 years ago, during the Tang dynasty at Kao-chow; the smaller one at Sunchow. They are much valued as rarities by the Canton people. A very fine sounding one was dug up lately and presented by the finder to the Temple of Confucius.—Chinese Exchange.

Bismarck's Mail.

Every express train running between Berlin and Hamburg now carries a van fitted with the network apparatus which is used in English traveling postoffices, which apparatus throws out from the down trains a bag of letters or dispatches at Friedrichsruhe for Prince Bismarck, while a similar bag is taken in by the up trains as they rush through the little station on the Sachsenwald, which is within 200 yards of the Schloss.—London World.

The \$100,000 Niagara Prize.

The project to give a prize of \$100,000 for the best plan for harnessing Niagara river and putting it into the traces to do the work of steam by the power of its mighty current is not dead.—Buffalo News.

AT THE STAMP WINDOW.

QUEER STUDIES IN HUMAN NATURE AT THE POSTOFFICE.

Those Who Know What They Want and Those Who Don't—Inquiries Which Belong Properly to the Depot—Hoher Over the Special Delivery Stamp.

There is a broad and fertile field in the postoffice for those who are given to making character studies. A man has only to stand near one of the stamp windows for a few minutes to see more odd specimens of man perhaps than are to be found in any other one place in the city, and that means in the country. One has only to watch the hurrying, nervous, pushing line of people rushing in one door and out another to realize what a peculiar world this is. There is the dapper young lawyer's clerk. He knows what he wants and how to get it with the least trouble. He falls into line, impatiently tapping his foot until his turn comes. Then he puts down a dollar, says shortly "Fifty twos," snatches up his stamps and darts through the crowd. Behind him, perhaps, is an old, bent, gray haired man, dressed in a jumper and a pair of overalls. He asks for one stamp, and when this is laid down before him on the thick pane of glass, he goes down into his pocket and pulls forth a greasy, dilapidated looking leather wallet. He hunts around in this for a couple of pennies, and finally, when he has found them, takes his stamp and goes off to the side carefully to paste it on the letter.

FOOD FOR THE WOMAN HATER.

The office boy comes in like a flash, buys a great roll of the little green, hideous things, tears it rapidly into strips, and, skillfully running his tongue along the under side of them, slaps them on to a pile of letters, tearing each one from the strip with a quick, ripping sound. Some girl hovers on the outskirts of the crowd for a while, and then, watching for a clear field, goes up to the window. "When does the next train leave for Farmington?" she asks.

"Don't know; this is a stamp window." She blushes and begins to stammer. "Could you find out for me?" "Time table over on the wall," gruffly; and she goes over to look at the schedule, which no living man could figure out. Meanwhile the short man, in a silk hat, with large glasses across his nose, has been snorting and fussing about "women." He makes his purchase, follows her over to the wall, and, casting a withering look at her, grunts out, "Hum!" He slams the door in a disgusted manner behind him, still muttering about "women."

In ten minutes the girl comes back to the window and says timidly: "I can't find Farmington."

"Well, that ain't my fault, is it?" says the man sharply, peering over the glass at her. She flings in dismay.

And so they come and go, men, women and children, not more than half of them knowing how to buy stamps, and one slow one delaying a dozen more business like and energetic people. The reporter asked the stamp clerk to tell him some of the more amusing experiences he went through in the course of a week.

"A week," he said grimly; "I couldn't tell you all that happened in a day. Did you notice that little shuffling man, whose head scarcely comes up to the window? He never comes here less than six times a day and he never buys more than one stamp at a time. I asked him once why he did not get twenty or thirty in a lot. 'Oh,' he said, 'with a shrewd air, 'people like to borrow them too much.' He is the queerest one of all the queer ones who come here. His office is several blocks away from the postoffice, and yet he will hobble down here again and again in a day rather than take more than one stamp. I have tried to get him to buy more, but he won't think of such a thing. He always comes to my window. I have seen him go to the end of a line of ten or twenty before my window when there were not five at the next one. If I happen to be away at dinner or off duty when he wants a stamp, he goes out and comes in again every minute or two until I return. He is a queer one, he is."

"Then," he went on, "there is the special delivery stamp. That makes a good deal of trouble. Only one man in ten can remember the name of it. I have had it called the 'hurry up' stamp, the 'get there' stamp, the 'quick,' 'rush,' 'special,' 'extra' stamp, and a dozen other names, but seldom the right one. While about twenty times a day some funny man comes in and asks with a big grin for a 'P. D. Q.' stamp. I have got so tired of that stale old joke that I always pretend not to know what he means. I can stand anything but that. Oh, yes, this is a good place to see strange people, but it isn't worth your while to listen to me. Just stand here and watch them for yourself."—New York Tribune.

Returned for Their Tails.

The following story illustrates how much mice love their tails: In Norwich, Conn., the other night a young lady set a mouse trap in her parlor—a trap that was like a diminutive railroad round house, with arched doorways, and with a delicate little loop of steel under each doorsill to fly up and catch a mouse by the muzzle. The steel nooses snapped busily

all night, and next morning the lady found five mice clinging in five of the inhospitable doorways, and, what was very mysterious to her, three long mouse tails hanging from the three other entrances. She puzzled her head long over the inscrutable problem. Why did three mice visit her trap over night and deliberately leave their tails behind them? That she was no answer to it. A very bright idea, however, flashed into her mind, and she set her trap again. Verily, the three tailless mice came back to recover their tails, and in the gray dawn of the following day the young lady found three tailless mice dangling from the trap.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Mountain in Motion.

A tremendous snow slide recently came down the northern face of Castle Peak, sweeping everything before it. Its track can be plainly seen from a point on Mount Scowden high enough to overlook the intervening ridge. Judging from the furrow on the side of the mountain it must have been a terrific affair. Starting near the summit, it multiplied in volume, taking rocks and earth to the depth of many feet. At the timber line it cut a swath a hundred yards wide, and left not a tree standing for half a mile along the base of the peak. Where it finally stopped a young mountain of huge boulders, earth and shattered trunks of trees, many of them three and four feet in diameter, blocks a deep ravine.—Territorial Enterprise.

A Norwich (Conn.) minister announced from the pulpit on a Sunday that he would give \$1.50 if the young men in the gallery would take seats down stairs. They did so and the money was paid.

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

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