

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

**Absolutely Pure.**



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical in its use than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight adulterated powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St. N. Y.

THE PUNCTUAL TIDES.

The punctual tides, with ebb and flow,  
Wash on the coast's pebbly shore;  
By their ebb and flow, they tell us,  
Gravely, the old and the young,  
And bidding crew

So the long years, with ebb and flow,  
Linger about the far and near;  
Howe'er the ebb and flow, they tell us,  
Our years in ebb and flow,  
As our poor lives to ebb and flow—  
We know not why.

The tides of time, they rise or fall  
With that white space that is death;  
Our years in ebb and flow, they tell us,  
As our poor lives to ebb and flow—  
We know not why.

—Don. Ford Goodale in The Congregationalist.

### CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor	F. M. RICHIEY
Clerk	W. K. FOX
Treasurer	JAMES PATTERSON, JR.
Attorney	BYRON CLARK
Engineer	A. MADOLE
Police Judge	S. CLIFFORD
Marshal	GEORGE POISSALL
Councilmen, 1st ward	J. V. WECKBACH
	A. SALISBURY
	D. M. JONES
2nd "	D. A. SHIPMAN
	M. B. MURPHY
3rd "	S. W. DUTTON
	P. O'CONNOR
4th "	J. W. JOHNSON, CHAIRMAN
Board Pub. Works	FRED GOODALE
	D. H. HAWKSWORTH

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

Treasurer	D. A. CAMPBELL
Deputy Treasurer	THOS. POLLOCK
Clerk	BIRD CRITCHFIELD
Recorder of Deeds	W. H. POOL
Deputy Recorder	JOHN M. LEVDA
Clerk of District Court	W. C. SHOWALTER
Sheriff	J. C. RICHENBARY
Surveyor	A. MADOLE
Attorney	ALLEN BROWN
Supt. of Pub. Schools	MAYNARD STEWART
County Judge	C. RUSSELL

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

A. B. TODD, Ch'm.	Plattsmouth
LOUIS FOLTZ,	Weeping Water
A. B. DICKSON,	Edwood

### 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. 31, 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 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. F. P. Brown, Master; W. G. B. K. Miller, Foreman; P. H. Steinhilber, Overseer; W. H. M. E. Foreman; S. C. W. W. Houseworth, Recorder; F. J. Morgan, Secretary; Wm. Urehan, Guide; Wm. Ludwig, Inside Watch; L. Olsen, Outside Watch.

CLASS CAMP NO. 232, MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA—Meets second and fourth Monday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are cordially invited to meet with us. J. A. Newcomer, Venerable Consul; G. E. Niles, Worthy Adviser; S. C. Wilde, Banker; W. A. Boeck, Clerk.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE NO. 4, 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. E. Foreman; S. C. Wilde, 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. RICHIEY, W. M.

NEBRASKA CHAPTER NO. 2, 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.

WM. HAYS, Secretary.

M. Zion LODGE DARY, NO. 4, P. M.—Meets first and third Wednesday night of each month at Mason's hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to meet with us. F. E. WHITE, H. P.

WM. HAYS, Secy.

CLASS COUNCIL NO. 102, ROYAL ARCANUM—Meets the second and fourth Mondays of each month at Arcanum Hall. R. N. GLENN, Regent. F. C. MINOR, Secretary.

### PLATTSMOUTH BOARD OF TRADE

President	Robt. B. Winham
1st Vice President	A. B. Todd
2nd Vice President	Wm. Neville
Secretary	F. Herrmann
Treasurer	F. R. Guthman

DIRECTORS.

J. C. Richey	F. E. White	J. C. Patterson
J. A. Conner	E. Elson	C. W. Sherman
F. G. Ford	J. V. Weckbach	

### MCCONNIE POST 45 G. A. R.

J. W. JOHNSON	Commander
G. S. FRISB	Senior Vice
F. A. BATES	Junior
G. M. NILES	Adjutant
HENRY STEPHENSON	Quartermaster
MALON DIXON	Officer of the Day
CHARLES FORD	Guard
ANDREW FINN	Sergeant Major
JACOB FOURMANN	Quartermaster Sergt.
L. C. CURTIS	Post Chaplain

Meeting Saturday evening

## 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 \$15 to \$35, dress suits, \$25 to \$45, pants \$4, \$5, \$6, \$6.50 and upwards.

Will guarantee a fit.

**Prices Defy Competition.**

### MY MOTHER'S HYMN.

What an unconsciously long time seems to have elapsed since the old days on the far away homestead in the Berkshire hills! How the years have dragged themselves along, so that, although I have several more birthdays to come to me (if I live) in "the twenties," I seem to be already an old man when I think upon the farm and mother and the old meeting house and all the sweet memories of the time when I was a boy and knew nothing—absolutely nothing—of sorrow and trouble and hard knocks.

Even today when, young as I am, I have to confess myself worn and wearied, battered, bruised and broken, scarred and seared by contact with all the roughness, the rudeness, the dirt, the grime, the sin and the heartlessness of the world—even yet I bless God for the halo of goodness which has followed me, in all my wanderings, from my Massachusetts home.

I was the youngest of the merry youngsters who had grown up, under our family roof tree, to youth and manhood, and was the last to break away from the comparative quiet of New England for the bustle and hurly-burly of the great west.

My two brothers were full grown men while I was still a small boy, attending our village school, and nothing could keep them at home when the gold excitement broke out in the Black Hills. After they went away my mother and father never saw them more. The next events of importance in our family were the weddings of my two sisters, following in rapid succession.

Then, more than ever, I became my mother's companion and might have remained so, perchance, to this day had not death claimed her and father for his prey within a few short weeks of each other.

Father was a good man and I always loved, honored and respected him; but to me I think, nay, I am certain, he was never as dear as mother—and I felt this more during the few short weeks that mother lingered after father's death.

How she liked to have me sit by her bedside and read to her—sometimes from one of Dickens' masterpieces and sometimes from her well used Bible! How it pleased her when I would sing (as a boy, I believe I had a pleasant, musical voice) one of her favorite songs or a hymn from the little brown covered hymn book! How contented she was, on the day that she passed away, to have me place my hand in hers while she whispered her farewell words. "Give me the hymn book, Rod," she said towards the last. I gave it to her and watched her as with much feebleness she turned from it one of the pages—worn so thin and much soiled by constant handling.

"Keep it, Rod, my boy; keep it always, and when you are a man read it and sing it—it is your mother's favorite hymn."

I have never parted with that torn scrap, and while I live it will never be parted for the largest bank note in existence. Slightly soiled, but it is to me, more than any other thing, the most precious of sentiment in my life, and I cannot to think of it, one self feel as if I passed and treasure.

In years passed away, and I grew from a boy into a man, and in a school in a frontier town I was the central figure. I was recognized as a culprit before meek judges and a mock jury, and got a mock trial for stealing a man's coat—coat, pants, belt, pistols and all. I was innocent, quite innocent—at the circumstantial evidence was strong against me, and, besides, I had certainly been associating with a very "bad" set. I knew full well that the chances were greatly against a verdict of not guilty, and I was also well aware that punishments were not graded in that locality. Sentences for all crimes were uniformly severe and execution prompt. The evidence was taken in five minutes and then the judge's gavel like the rest of us turned to me.

"You got out to say for yourself, Ned Kimberly?"

"Only this," said I. "I am not guilty."

"Is that all?" said the judge, while a low rude laugh went around the room.

"Well, I thought that you was squire, Ned," went on the judge, "and we feel like giving you a fair show. Why don't you own up, now, and throw yourself on the mercy of the court?"

"Judge," I replied, giving the man his mock title, "I am squire. All you boys know me," I went on, appealing to the crowd, on whose faces I failed to see much expression of sympathy. "You fellows know I don't pretend to be any great shakes, but, before God, I have never told a lie to you or any one else, and neither have I ever taken what don't belong to me. I swear I am innocent of this affair."

"Is that all?" again asked the judge.

"Yes, sir. Stay"—and I rumbled in my pocket for a scrap of paper which I kept inside my shirt. "You fellows all had mothers?"

There was a coarse, loud guffaw, while one man exclaimed:

"That's a regular bald headed, puffed old bluff game, judge, an' I guess it won't wash with this gang!"

But just then a tall, broad shouldered man—a stranger—entered the saloon. He had heard my appeal and had also heard the rough words of the miner who had just spoken.

"By the court's leave," said the new arrival, "I am an old regulator, judge, and think the young fellow ought to have his say, whatever it is."

"Good," came from the lips of the judge; "go on, my lad."

"I was going to say, judge, that I have a little scrap of paper here—not much account, certainly, to anybody but myself, but my dead mother gave it to me and I've treasured it about ten years. It isn't Scripture, but it's mighty near it, and I couldn't say anything more solemnly than what I would say with my right hand on that page torn from my mother's hymn book. Judge, I am innocent!"

"Gentlemen of the jury, what do you say? Is the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty!" came from a score of throats.

Now I was not greatly afraid of death, though I would have preferred to live, and anyhow did not particularly fancy death by means of a hempen rope. I felt that I was hardly prepared to die, for I had of late given very little thought to religion and to the teaching of my earlier life. So it was not any morbid and false notion of religion nor yet the promptings of fear which led me to make a last request of my prosecutors.

"Judge," I said, "I should like you to grant me a last request before you pass sentence. On this scrap of paper there is a hymn, which I have a fancy to hear sung before you begin business. Jerry Davis, there, can play and knows all the church tunes. I'd like him to play and sing this one. And, judge, ask the boys that don't want to hear it to step outside, because I shouldn't like to see them poking fun at it."

"Boys, you hear!" said the judge, and strangely enough there was absolute silence, while not a man left the room.

There was an old piano in that western saloon, used for free-and-easys, noisy concerts and occasional dances, though it is doubtful if sacred songs had ever been played upon it during its sojourn at that settlement.

Jerry Davis took the little torn page, struck a chord or two, and then commenced to sing in his rich tenor voice:

There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day,  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

Somehow Jerry Davis' voice weakened and he could not finish the hymn, which must have been familiar to many a hardened man in that strange company. As for me, I was sobbing violently—not so much moved by the words of the hymn as by the sadly sweet memories which it brought me. There was absolute silence for several minutes, when the stranger who had spoken a word in my behalf walked over to the piano where Davis, at which his fingers listlessly resting on the keyboard. He took the torn leaf, examined it critically and then walked over to me. Taking my hand in his strong grip he spoke in a loud if rather hoarse voice.

"Judge," he said, "I feel certain there is some mistake here, and I ask for a postponement of these proceedings for further investigation. This lad is my mother, my name is Phil Kimberly. I was the blessedly claim over the hill, and my pretty well known along the river valley."

I was indeed my oldest brother, who had not seen for fifteen years, and the sight of my mother's face and some of the old feelings of the boy, I felt willingly needed to fill me up. Two days later I was changed to a stranger and I became for a time the most popular man in the camp.

It is almost needless to add that I no longer wear more care than ever a little scrap of paper upon which is printed, in old style type, my mother's favorite hymn.—V. H. S. Arkansas a Detroit Free Press.

### The Trade Slaves of London.

A committee of the house of commons has for some time been investigating the "sweating" system as practiced in London workshops. It has been learned that thousands of work girls are obliged to stay up till 12 or 1 o'clock at night, working in the most unwholesome places, and frequently for as little as 5 shillings a week, or even less.—San Francisco Chronicle.

### When a Man is a Liar.

Unless you know that a man is an habitual liar you have no right to call him a liar of any sort. This is a decision handed down by an Ohio court. A man who lies a few times is no more a liar than the man who drinks now and then is a drunkard.—Chicago Herald.

### Publications in Japan.

A gentleman writing from Japan says that although it is only eighteen years since the first newspaper was published in Japan, there are now 575 daily and weekly newspapers, there are 35 law magazines, 111 scientific periodicals, 35 medical journals and an equal number of religious newspapers.—New

### Primitive Marriage Not So Easy.

In a recent essay on the "Philosophy of marriage" a lady remarked that nothing could be easier and simpler than marriage in primitive society. Now one ventures to think that, as society advances, marriage becomes more, instead of less, easy and simple. The consequences are to be found in what is called "surplus population." The savage made things more difficult. Before a young brave of the Kurnai can even flirt he has to submit to having his little finger top joint cut off, to having his front teeth knocked out, to being rudely shaved with a sharp stone, to being daubed all over with mud, and to a number of other horrors neither simple nor easy. The young red Indian, in some tribes, has to serve as a slave for a whole year in the cabin of his future father-in-law. Moreover, the rules about who might marry whom were notoriously so difficult and complex that often it must hardly have been possible to marry at all.

Consider, likewise, the tribes in which a man may not marry unless he can buy a wife by offering a sister in exchange, and recollect that the older men were wont to snap up all available sisters, and that sisters who seemed "one too many if not two" were slain when they were babies. Without entering into the question of difficulties that surrounded the bride, it is evident enough that marriage was not in primitive, or at least in backward society, such plain sailing as Mrs. Lynn Linton appears to believe. To be sure it was easy enough in India, where the Gandharva ceremony consisted merely in a lady and her lover exchanging their wreaths of flowers, while the Minstrel rite of shooting arrows over the heads of the happy pair was picturesquely simple. But the difficulties before they came to the ceremony were much greater than in civilized society, or so one is led to suppose. In fact, if people had consciously set to work to make marriage difficult and unattractive they could hardly have succeeded better. Apparently "the course of true love never did run smooth," especially among the Zulus, whom, as we all remember, Cetewayo kept in a state of military celibacy.—Andrew Lang in Longman's Magazine.

### A Plot for a King.

T. Adolphus Trollope, in a communication to Notes and Queries, propounds a knotty point that might be worked up into a subject for a drama, a farce or a comic opera. It is put in all seriousness, however, as a question of law.

A. B. goes from London to Naples, leaving his wife resident in the former city. But he, unfortunately, falls in love with a young lady at Naples; and being a wicked man, with no fear of God and little fear of the law before his eyes, he determines to deceive her by a bigamous and invalid marriage. He is accordingly married, to all appearance legally, on board an English man-of-war in the bay, in the presence of the captain, at 11 o'clock in the morning of Feb. 10—the time being unquestionably ascertained. But the wife left in London died on that same Feb. 10 at half past 10 in the morning, the time being certified beyond all question. Well, the case is clear and simple. A. B. had been a widower for half an hour when he married and could, of course, legally do so.

But, stay! When it was half past 10 in London it was twenty-three minutes past 11 in Naples. Had a telegram been dispatched instantly after the wife's death it would have reached Naples a few minutes later than twenty-three minutes past 11, and would have found A. B. a married man of over twenty minutes standing! His first wife died, in fact, twenty-three minutes subsequent to the Naples marriage, though that was authentically declared to have taken place at 11 a. m., and the wife's death with equal certainty shown to have occurred at half past 10. Was the marriage legal and valid or bigamous and null?

Julius Verne and W. S. Gilbert, each in his different way, are the only two men competent to solve this problem.—Philadelphia Times.

### Fair Inference.

Little Jeannette's mother found her one day with her face covered with jam from ear to ear.

"O Jeannette," said her mother, "what would you think if you should catch me looking like that some day?"

"I should think you'd had a awful good time, mamma," said Jeannette, her face brightening.—Youth's Companion.

### The Theft of Photographs.

There is a custom that prevails in local circles among even conscientious people that causes a great deal of trouble and inconvenience, besides oftentimes being the means of the severing of friendships, and that is—the habit of stealing photographs from albums. You cannot imagine how often the thing is done among the people of good social status. One lady will call on another, and, while awaiting her in a drawing room, will pick up an album or photograph case and, seeing any picture she wishes, without desiring to manifest interest sufficient to ask the owner for it, will deliberately slip it in her pocket. It never occurs to her that this photographic theft is as bad as any other. She says to herself: "Oh, it's only a picture; what's the difference!"—Chicago News.

—The WEEKLY HERALD sent one year free to anyone sending us two yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY HERALD.

# JOE

— THE POPULAR —

## ONE-PRICE CLOTHIER

Has left for the East to buy the Finest, Largest and Cheapest Stock of

### Spring and Summer Clothing

Ever Brought to Cass county. Remember JOE will Buy

### Finer Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps,

Than You Ever Saw in Plattsmouth.

— LOOK OUT FOR JOE'S —

## GRAND SPRING OPENING

# JOE

Has not got one dollar's worth of Spring Goods, or old Shelf-Worn Goods. Everything you will see in his store will be Bran New, of the

### LATEST STYLES AND PATTERNS

At Such Low Prices it Will Astonish You.

## FEB. 11, '89. FEB. 11, '89.

# AT WECKBACH'S

## A DEEP CUT IN PRICES!

After a successful pursuit of over 17 years of continual mercantile trade, I find myself for the past six months unable to be at my store more than three to five hours a day. My general health failing, I am obliged to retire from active business, for a time at least, until I get well again.

### This is a Genuine Sale and No Scheme

For reasons above given I will Dispose of my Stock by April 15th. The Low Prices continues as last week, and those who bought goods of us last week will bear testimony to our Immense Stock of Staple Goods and Low Prices.

## WE ARE SELLING

Dress Goods, All-Wool, Book-folded, in all the latest Shades, at the popular price of 25 cents.

Checked Goods, 40 inches wide, all wool (generally sold at 35 cents per yard,) at 25 cents.

These goods are advertised in Omaha at 35 and 40 cents.

Jamestown Broadhead Goods in full Stock and sold at 21 cents per yard — great bargains — sold elsewhere at 25 cents.

Ginghams from 5 to 7 cents per yard; Dress Ginghams, choice styles at 8 1/2; Indigo Blue German Calico from 7 to 11 cents per yard.

Muslins from 5 to 10 1/2c. per yard; Hope 7 1/2. Lawnsdale 1 1/2; Fruits 9 1/2; Wannesatta 10 1/2; Half and Unbleached proportionably low.

Turkey Red Table Linens 25 cents per yard; White Table Cloth from 15 to 25 cents per yard.

Blankets, Flannels, Shoes go at prices Cash.

# Jos. V. Weckbach

## THE DAYLIGHT STORE.