

# The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

SECOND YEAR

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 23, 1889.

NUMBER 136



**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical 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.

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Police Judge, S. CLIFFORD  
Marshal, GEORGE POISSALL  
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3d " D. M. JONES  
4th " D. A. SHIPMAN  
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A. B. RYSON, 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. 84, A. O. U. W.**—Meets every alternate Friday evening at K. of P. hall. Transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. F. P. Brown, Master Workman; G. H. K. Miller, F. P. Brown, F. H. Steinkamp, Overseer; W. H. Miller, Financier; G. F. Houseworth, Recorder; F. J. Morgan, Secretary; Wm. (Creston) Galt, Wm. Ludwig, Inside Watch; L. Olsen, Outside Watch.  
**CLASS CAMP No. 322, MODERN WOODMEN of America**—Meets second and fourth Monday evening at K. of P. hall. All transient brothers are requested to meet with us. A. A. Searcy, Secy.; Venardie, Consul; G. P. Niles, Worthy Adviser; S. C. Wilde, Banker; W. A. Boeck, Clerk.  
**PLATTSMOUTH LODGE No. 8, A. O. U. W.**—Meets every alternate Friday evening at K. of P. hall at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. L. S. Larson, M. W.; F. Boyd, Foreman; S. J. Wilce, Recorder; Leonard Anderson, Overseer.  
**PLATTS-MOUTH 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. RICHY, W. M.  
**NEBRASKA CHAPTER No. 3, R. A. M.**—Meets second and fourth Mondays of each month at Masonic Hall. Transient brothers are invited to meet with us. E. E. WHITE, H. P.  
**W. M. HAYS, Secretary.**  
**M. ZION COM. EX. DARY, No. 5, R. A. M.**—Meets first and third Mondays of each month at Masonic Hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to meet with us. W. M. HAYS, Secy.  
**CLASS COUNCIL No. 192, ROYAL ORDER of the SIKKONS**—Meets second and fourth Mondays of each month at Arcadian Hall. F. N. GLENN, Regent.  
**P. C. MINOR, Secretary.**

**PLATTSMOUTH BOARD OF TRADE**  
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1st Vice President, A. B. Todd  
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**McCONIHIE POST 45 C. A. R.**  
COMMANDER  
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Meets 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 \$16 to \$35, dress suits, \$25 to \$45, pants \$4, \$5, \$6, \$8.50 and upwards. (We will guarantee a fit.)  
**Prices Defy Competition.**

## CLEVELAND SIGNS THE BILL.

The Territorial Statehood Measure Becomes a Law.

**A Great Day for Sam Randall.**  
WASHINGTON, D. C. Feb. 22.—There seems to be a lack of organization at the white house. A committee of Dakota people called on the president yesterday and asked him to celebrate Washington's birthday by signing the territorial admission bill. At the same time they presented him with a handful of feathers plucked from a Dakota eagle from which to make a pen to use for the purpose. This morning at 10 o'clock a reporter of the associated press called at the white house to inquire when the ceremony was to take place, and was told by Colonel Lamont that the president would not be a party to any such circus; that he would take time to study the admission bill and would doubtless think it necessary to refer it to the attorney general for examination before giving it his approval. At exactly 11 o'clock, with a pen made from one of the eagle feathers, the president attached his name to the bill, and sent the quill as a memento to representative Springer, who will pass it down to his posterity as an heirloom.

## A GREAT DAY FOR RANDALL.

Congress did not adjourn in honor of Washington's birthday as it usually has done, but celebrated the anniversary by restoring Randall to leadership in the democratic party and by passing bills for the relief of Mrs. General Sheridan and General Rosecrans. It was a great day in the career of Samuel Jackson Randall. It might be called an epoch. It was just about a year ago now that the democrats of Pennsylvania read Mr. Randall out of the party, but he took the sceptre again today, and from this time on will be the leader he was before the president's free trade message was sent to congress. The caucus last night showed that the democratic party was hopelessly broken and that the division was so great as to virtually depose Mr. Mills from leadership and restore Mr. Randall to that position. The number of men who supported Randall caused considerable surprise, and his position and program received endorsement from unexpected sources. He found followers in Kentucky and other states where it was supposed the tariff reform sentiment was unanimous, and it is conceded that now the bars are down, the members from the southern states will rush over into the Randall pasture in great numbers.

## MORROW ON THE CABINET.

Representative Morrow, of California, who returned last night from Indianapolis says he does not know any more about the cabinet than he did before he left Washington. He does not speak with authority, but he thinks only four members of the cabinet are absolutely settled on. These are Blaine, Windom, Wannamaker and Noble. The remaining places he thinks will not be filled until after the arrival of General Harrison in Washington and consultation with the leading republicans at the capital. He thinks the Pacific coast will have a representative, but he does not know for certain, and could not discover who the man will be if one is selected. When he referred to the reports telegraphed from Indianapolis that Mr. Morrow looked sad and anxious when he went to Harrison's house, and wore a bright smile when he came away, he said: "That was my dinner smile. There wasn't any political significance about it. When I went up to General Harrison's house I was hungry, tired and cross. The general gave me a tiptop dinner, one of the best I ever had, chicken pie and beef steak, and I was as comfortable as a king when I left him. It was not what he said to me, but what he gave me to eat that made me so cheerful."

## THE RANDALL RESOLUTION.

When the Randall resolution is taken up, Mr. Mills will resort to the desperate remedy of filibustering, and he will have a sufficient force at his back to prevent its adoption. But the size of Mr. Randall's victory will not be reduced by any such methods. Mr. Mills will simply show the weakness of his position and demonstrate the loss of his influence in the house by resorting to such measures.

## NEWS FROM STANLEY.

**Return of Lieutenant Baert From Stanley Falls.**

BRUSSELS, Feb. 22.—Lieutenant Baert, who was sent to Stanley Falls when Stanley's letter to Tippoo Tib was delivered, has arrived here. He states that the messengers were closely questioned and they confirmed the details of the letter. Lieutenant Baert believes that Stanley only reached Wadelai by strenuous efforts, and that Emin Pasha relieved Stan-

ley instead of being relieved and recruited by him. Stanley was enabled to return to Murenia in eighty-two days, whereas the journey from Yambuga to Wadelai occupied ten months. Baert adds that the first letters from Stanley for England written when Stanley departed from Maurenia to rejoice Emin, arrived at Stanley Falls just as he left, and may be expected shortly. He says that Stanley will not return either by the Congo or by Zanzibar, but that he expects to capture Khartoum and wrest the Soudan from the Mahdi. Baert expresses confidence in Tippoo Tib's fidelity, and says that Tippoo's refusal to accompany Stanley was due to his fears of risking the consequences of a prolonged absence from Stanley Falls.

## Railroad Tunnel on Fire.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 22.—Tunnel No. 17 on the Cincinnati Southern road, near Sunburst, Tenn., is burning. The fire was caused by a freight train collision, by which a tank containing 2,600 gallons of oil was broken and set afire, the limestone, coal and woodwork inside the tunnel combining with the flames to make the tunnel a wreck. Nearly all hopes are lost of subduing the flames, for it is evident that two veins of coal are burning and may continue to do so for months. Both ends of the tunnel have been dammed up and a stream of water has been turned inside. The loss is put at \$250,000 and may go higher.

## Perquisites at the Austrian Court.

Nothing except the linen, plate, china and glass is ever served twice at the tables of the Austrian court. Some of the servants have as their perquisites the bottles which have come up to the dining room but have not been uncorked; others the uncorked bottles, and others again the wine that remains in the glasses. Therefore it is the interest of one set of servants to keep the glasses full; of another set to draw as many corks as possible while parting with as little wine as they can, and of a third set to draw corks sparingly. As regards the food, too, there are different orders of claimants: for perquisites, one man having a vested interest in the joints, another in the poultry, a third in the sweet dishes and so on. Then there are the men to whom the wax candles belong, and these naturally make a rush to blow out the candles the moment the last guest has walked out of the room. And, incredible as it may sound, there is a basement corridor in the palace which is like aazaar full of shops. Here not only the keepers of small hotels and restaurants at the courts of many ladies belonging to the second class official world, come to buy cold meats, pastry, sweetmeats and so on. There is one sort of okay which can only be bought from the court servants, as none is made except for the emperor, and it is to be presumed that the uncorked bottles of champagne and other fine wines are regularly sold by the dozen, and they are a very substantial perquisite to the court servants.

## The Dakota View of Mr. Lo.

The Sioux Indians are better represented in congress than the people of any state. They tell not, neither do they spin. They don't have to. They vote not, neither do they pay taxes. Happy Sioux! They have representation without taxation, and hence will never rebel, as did the revolutionary fathers. They don't want admission, for they are inside already, and are holding the door. They are represented by some of the best blood and brains of the eastern states. Lo, the poor Indian, is not poor any more, but the next independent fellow on the continent. He looks down with scorn upon the wretched Dakota white settler, whose voice is never heard in congress—whom the tax gatherer visits with great promptness and regularity, and who meekly pays two to five per cent. per month out of his small crops for the privilege of existence. The happy Sioux lives high, feasts royally, waxes fat on beaves furnished by the government. He dances in his fatness and he feasts to repletion, while the wretched white kern sees his last cow driven away, his children and wife protesting in tears and in vain. Happy Sioux! Wretched settler!—Rapid City Republican.

## A Grim Counterpoise.

Two telegraph linemen were at work in a suburb painting poles. The painter was hoisted to the top on a boatswain's chair by his companion, who stood sentinel below, rope in hand. The latter became weary, hungry or thirsty—or something—and sought relief at a neighboring inn, without notifying the man aloft. To guard against accident he availed himself of an old tombstone—the line ran alongside a burial place—and fastened the pole thereto without telling the man up the tree. When the latter had painted down to his reaching powers, he looked down, saw not his partner, and holding on to the opposite rope, kicked the one he was swung to. It yielded, and down he went, though slowly. This astonished him, but he was more astonished when he was brought face to face with the gravestone, with its "Sacred to the memory—" and so on, which had pulled up just the distance the man had descended. There was trouble in that camp of painters, and it reached head quarters.—Boston Transcript.

## CATS AFRAID OF RATS.

A COLONY OF RODENTS THAT PUSS DON'T WANT TO EAT.

It May Be That a Belief in Spooks Is What Saves the White Rats—A Citizen Who Wasn't Sure About His Vision, and He Went to the Doctor.

A citizen who had lost his reckoning and who was pursuing a tortuous course along Mulberry street very early in the morning chanced to look down into the basement office of a nocturnal worker near police headquarters. He seemed to be somewhat alarmed by what he saw. A frolicsome kitten was apparently giving boxing lessons to a score of big and little white rats on the top of a coverless pine table. The rats took the cuffing of the kitten very amiably, and came up for more as if they rather enjoyed it. The convivial citizen grasped the iron railing in front of the basement convulsively, and, with an intensity of purpose that was evident from the corrugations on his forehead, sought to convince himself, by harder gazing, that he was the victim of an optical delusion.

A young man of serious aspect came out of an office next door and saw the befuddled stranger peering into the basement. The stranger also observed the young man, whose guileless expression gave no indication of the gay deceit lurking in his soul.

"Scuse me," said the stranger, "but ish there a lot of white razz and a kitten there?"

"White rats and a kitten? Preposterous! My dear sir, you need medical attention. I half suspect that you have been drinking."

The stranger's face grew pale. He brokenly murmured his thanks to the good hearted young man, and saying he was going down town to get Dr. Perry to straighten him up, he meandered away.

## WHAT THE CITIZEN SAW.

He had seen, as anybody may who passes the basement, just what the factious young man led him to believe he had not seen. If he had been sober and had gone into the basement and had a talk with the owner of the rats, Mr. Frank Hastings, he might have heard some interesting things about them. Mr. Hastings has bred over a hundred of them. Only one developed a vicious spirit. It bit its owner whenever he put his hand near it, and, fearing its example of ferocity might be imitated by the rest of the snowy colony, Mr. Hastings decided to give it to the giant tom cat of his guileless next door neighbor. This cat had often looked through the basement window, devouring the rats with his eyes and apparently longing to make a more substantial meal of them. The wicked rat was taken next door and put down in front of the tabby, who surprised the onlookers by backing away from the trembling little creature, which made no effort to get out of the way. Tom surveyed it a few moments and cautiously approached and sniffed around it.

Then he turned his back on it and ambled into a corner and lay down. He was not permitted to stay there undisturbed. The rat was taken over to him and placed on his back. He got up, letting it slide to the floor, and trotted into another corner. A lean and hungry looking vagrant cat was hunted up and brought in, and the rat was set down before him. He refused even to smell the rodent, and escaped from it into the street the moment the door was opened. A bull terrier was brought in and he, too, wouldn't touch the little animal.

Mr. Hastings asked his guileless neighbor, who has reason for everything, why it was that a white rat seemed to be sacred to cats and dogs, and the neighbor said that he guessed the white rat belonged to the same family as the white elephant worshipped by the Chinese; or, maybe, the cats and dogs think the rat was merely the scum of an everyday rat they had killed long ago. Mr. Hastings resumed the rat to his comrades, hoping the fright it had received might cure it of biting. It bit him again fifteen minutes later, and he gave it to a tough boy in Mulberry street who was not as sentimental as the cats and the bull terrier. The boy killed it with a stone.

## THE LION AND THE LAMBS.

The peaceful disposition of the cats toward the bad white rat suggested to Mr. Hastings the idea of getting a kitten for them. It is a female kitten, and was presented to Mr. Hastings by Baker John Brandemoor, around in Houston street. It is just about twice as big as the old blind grandmother of the rats, but its spirit is colossal and fierce enough to throw against the ribs of a Sullivan. Probably this is due to the diet of mince pie it revels in when with the baker. It does not display its ferocity unless a strange dog happens to come into the office. Then it drives all the rats, except the old blind grandmother, who will not be driven, into the box, and marches to and fro, with its back arched and tail erect, sputtering and growling at the intruder. If the kitten could talk on these occasions, Mr. Hastings has no doubt that it might say to the big dogs:

"I'm the guardian of this household, and you can cross its threshold only over my dead body! Spit! spat!"  
There is one cannibal among the rats. It is a female, with a black spot on its neck, and it devours its progeny. The blind grandmother is as full of the maternal feeling as a hen with a first brood of chickens. She reared all the little ones after their mothers abandoned them.

**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 per yard—great bargains—sold elsewhere at 25 cents.  
Ginghams from 5 to 7 cents per yard; Dress Ginghams, choice styles at 8½; Indigo Blue German Calico from 7 to 11 cents per yard.  
Muslins from 5 to 10½c. per yard; Hope 7½, Lawnsdale ½; Fruits 9½; Wanneatta 10½; Half and Unbleached proportionally 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.