

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

KNOTS BECS, Publishers & Proprietors.

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Table with columns for publication names and prices. Includes 'Our Clubbing List' with items like 'WEEKLY HERALD and N. Y. World'.

Just twenty days more of the present state legislature.

Just one week from today noon President Cleveland will resign his title and his office and the democratic power will step down and out.

MR. OSCAR WILDE'S recent article on the alleged decay of lying would not have been written if he had waited until after the cross-examination of that remarkable witness, Mr. Richard Piggott.

The supreme court has sustained the law in regard to foreign insurance companies that they must each deposit \$25,000 with the state treasurer before they are allowed to do business in this state.

MR. CLEVELAND promised the mugwumps that he would give them an administration composed entirely of the sturdy oak of reform. But as they gaze upon it now that it is practically finished, they exclaim in bitterness of spirit: "It's merely a poor kind of 'paper mash.'"

EVENTUALLY the eight-hour day, for which the trade and labor organizations of the country are bending their energies, will become an accomplished fact. It depends, however, upon two factors, skilled labor and labor saving machinery.

A REPORT that is fairly staggering comes from the peach-growing district along the Hudson. It is that the "fruit buds generally are uninjured," that "the buds are green and show a healthful vitality," and that peach-growers say that the prospect is bright.

CLEVELAND AS A SPIRITUALIST. The New York sun alleges that Mr. Cleveland is a spiritualist and has had a medium in his exclusive employ ever since he began that celebrated campaign for sheriff of Erie county, and that she has assisted him wonderfully in all his campaigns by engaging the services of some of the astutest of the departed politicians of the country, to set up pins and give shrewd advice to the man of destiny.

Just imagine old Wigfall and the sainted Wirtz dictating widow's pension vetoes, and Dean Richmond, Dick Connelly and Boss Tweed giving minute directions for the counting of the Sea Butler votes in Brooklyn for Grover Cleveland.—Lincoln Journal.

FOUR HUNDRED MILLION COLLISIONS DAILY.

Observations of falling stars have been used to determine roughly the average number of meteorites which attempt to pierce the earth's atmosphere during each twenty-four hours. Dr. Schmidt, of Athens, from observations made during seventeen years, found that the mean hourly number of luminous meteors visible on a clear moonless night by an

observer was fourteen, taking the time of observation from midnight to 1 a. m. It has been further experimentally shown that a large group of observers who might include the whole horizon in their observations would see about six times as many as are visible to one eye. Professor H. A. Newton and others have calculated that, making all proper corrections, the number which might be visible over the whole earth would be a little greater than 10,000 times as many as could be seen at one place. From this we gather that not less than 20,000,000 luminous meteors fall upon our planet daily, each of which on a dark clear night would present us with the well-known phenomenon of a shooting star.

This number, however, by no means represents the total numbers of minute meteorites that enter our atmosphere, because many entirely invisible to the naked eye are often seen in telescopes. It has been calculated that the number of meteorites, if these were included, would be increased at least twenty-fold; this would give us 400,000,000 of meteorites falling in the earth's atmosphere daily.—J. Norman Lockyer, in Harper's Magazine for March.

ILLS, WILLS, and PILLS. An odd mixture of words, but the sufferer from constipation, indigestion, impure blood, biliousness, and other such ills, can be cured if he wills, without taking the horrid, old-fashioned pills. These are superseded in our day by those wonder-working, yet tiny, little globules, known as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. No gripping, no drastic purging; do not cause costiveness afterwards, as the old-style pills do. One little Granule a dose.

THE PALACES OF CLOUDS. The palaces of clouds in grandeur rise, Built by that wise and mighty Architect, The fretted spires, with gold and pearl be decked, Glimt in the sunlight from the tempered skies; Huzg there in Heaven they seem a paradise, Fit dwelling place for souls, with dross un-decked. Whose aspirations nevermore are wrecked, But now is reached the goal of each empiric. What though the ruthless storm in fury sweep Away the splendor of that heavenly scene, Nor leave a trace behind its giant might? The same Majestic Hand that hurls the deep Shall turn to smiles the tempest's wrathful mien, And raise to life a City just as bright.—Outing.

Presence of Mind. We doubt whether any previous age could match an instance of presence of mind which occurred at Dudley the other evening. A very young couple were taking a stroll along the canal and quarreled. The youth, throwing off his coat and hat, exclaimed, "That will be my bed to-night," and plunged into the water. Here we note presence of mind in first getting rid of the hat and coat. The young lady's conduct was equally admirable. Instead of falling down in a faint, she quietly picked up the hat and coat, and then made her way to the nearest police station. But it was the youth, after all, who gave the most remarkable example of common sense under trying circumstances. Finding the water unpleasantly cold, he swam across to the other side, ran home, threw off his wet things and jumped into bed, where he was found by his beloved. Such a suitable couple should certainly mate.—London Globe.

The Limits of Art. A German paper says that Ollivier, the French actor, possessed incredible powers of mimicry. He could assume the voice, gestures and facial expression of any person he chanced to meet with. One day he called on his tailor to ask him to give him a little more time for the payment of his bills, which had been running on for the last three years. At that moment he saw a customer enter the shop and pay cash down for several articles of clothing which were delivered to him. Then the artist heaved a deep sigh of pain. "What is the matter with you?" inquired the tailor. "Alas!" replied Ollivier, "there is a man I shall never be able to imitate."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Tandem Teams. Driving tandem has gone pretty well out of fashion in New York. It is a very rare thing to see more than one or two tandem rigs in the park now in the course of an afternoon. A perfectly matched team is rarer yet. It is a curious thing that the dog cart, whether driven single or tandem, is always driven in the city in America instead of in the country, where it belongs. The vehicle was originally designed for country driving in England, and particularly where the roads were rough. It was driven tandem only where there were hills to climb, when one horse's strength was deemed insufficient.—Philadelphia Times.

Lumber Yard. THE OLD RELIABLE. H. A. WATERMAN & SON Wholesale and Retail Dealer in PINE LUMBER!

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AN ANCIENT CEMETERY.

PREHISTORIC RELICS UNEARTHED IN WEST VIRGINIA.

An Island Graveyard Where the Indians Buried Their Dead—Pipes, Beads, Arrow Heads, Tomahawks and Other Things Discovered—Teeth Wonderfully Sound.

Eight miles up the Potomac river from Romney, W. Va., is a small island cut off from the main line by a mill race. This island is nearly all sand and made a splendid burying place for the aborigines of this country. For a space of 50 by 200 yards there are many graves about two to three feet in depth and containing, besides skeletons of Indians, many peculiar relics, such as beads, shells, pipes, arrow heads, bones of animals once used for food, pottery, etc.

Two years ago the river rose higher than it had been known to rise for years. It washed out this mill race, and when the banks caved in there were exposed to view many skeletons, as above mentioned. The farmers and boys of the neighborhood visited the place out of curiosity and carried off many articles. No account was printed at the time, and no examination of the place was made until The World called the attention of the Smithsonian men to this find, and a letter was at once written there to the postmaster. But before a reply came I was well on my way to the scene of the discovery.

DIGGING UP THE BONES. Six men were engaged, and the spot where the graves lay was carefully dug over. It was found that about forty skeletons had been exhumed by the freshet and carried away by the waters. Many more remained, some of which had been disturbed by the plow, for they were buried only two feet deep. One of these was found to have interred with the body stone tips for his arrows, beads as a necklace, a whole pot of clay rudely fashioned and holding several decayed bones of the deer. This had been his cooking vessel, and when interred with the warrior it was filled with deer joints, "luscious and juicy," the meat of which sustained his soul in its march through the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Another skeleton had a similar outfit placed with it. Many of the bodies were buried in cramped positions, few were extended as we place our dead, many bones were missing and the skulls of some individuals seemed crushed and broken. I therefore drew a conclusion that most of these warriors were killed in battle. As it was the Indian custom to mutilate the bodies of the slain, in some instances to smash the skulls, the condition of the skeletons is easily accounted for. In the loose earth thrown out of the excavations and everywhere about the surface we found arrow points, broken pottery, copper beads, glass beads, shells, parts of stone tomahawks, etc. One excavation revealed an old fire-place. We took out about five bushels of ashes, the bones of deer, buffalo and ground hog. The buffalo or bison bones are seldom met with in the east. It is known that the bison roamed all over this country, but the whites found him further west than the Mississippi. Therefore the date of this burial place can be placed very far back. The presence of glass and copper beads shows the tribe had contact with the whites. But these beads were found on the surface and not buried with the bodies.

ANOTHER INDIAN VILLAGE. After examining this cemetery I went twelve miles down the river to another Indian village site. With a force of seven men I began work in some high clay banks which fronted the river. Here the bodies had never been disturbed and lay just as the Indians had left them. We took out nearly twenty entire skeletons. The skulls of a number were preserved whole, and when any fell to pieces the fragments were large enough to admit of their being put together. The average depth of these graves was three feet. With one we found a copper plate, a fine dish of clay with handles and holding on the inside a shell with strange markings on it. The copper plate was not of European manufacture. It was the native Lake Superior copper hammered out in a cold state by the Indians, was about five inches long, two inches wide and perforated for suspension as an ornament.

Another body had a necklace of sixty-two bone beads, while a third had over three hundred small beads. These had been placed in a mass by the left forearm, but had not been strung. A bone awl almost as sharp as a needle and wonderfully well preserved accompanied this man. The farmer owning the place presented me with another copper plate and a stone tomahawk, which he had plowed up not long before. I also secured a good clay pipe found with one of the skeletons. This pipe was shaped somewhat like our cigar holders, only larger, and was made of hard burned clay, red in color.

The remarkable feature of all Indian skulls is the state of preservation in which we find their teeth. I never, with but one or two exceptions, found a truly prehistoric skeleton in which the teeth were not without sign of decay. Sometimes when the bones are almost ready to fall into dust the teeth remain sound. Whether it is due to their diet of meats, not having known the use of any of our modern teeth destroying foods and sweetmeats, I leave for the consideration of the dental fraternity. After this place had been examined we dug into a large mound of earth and stone, 30 by 40 feet, 8 feet high. In that we found the skeleton of a brave warrior covered with several large sheets of mica. (This may have been used as a looking glass.) Several black flint arrow heads lay by his side, and over his breast lay an ornament of black slate with two perforations. The ornament was highly polished and presented a beautiful appearance. Thus ended the work. A total of fifty bodies, in part or entire, was taken out and the article corroborated. Probably half a dozen women and eight children comprised the whole number.—Warren K. Moorehead in New York World.

in the Black Country.

"One woman at work in a shop behind a clean and tidy cottage had been making nails for thirty years. She got 7 1/2 for making 1,000 nails, and by working long hours she could make \$8 a day net." One little shop, from ten to twelve feet square, was in full swing, where were four young women "hard at it," and if they could keep it up for six days at fifteen hours a day their gross earnings would amount to the surprising sum of 6s. 3d. each. "But the clear earnings of these young women—skillful, persistent, unwearied workers; their arms thin, but hardened by unceasing toil; their chests flat, their faces pallid, and their palms and fingers case hardened by bellows, hammer, oliver and rod—will run to 5s. 3d. per week when in full work." The "oliver," it should be explained, is a spring tilt hammer operated by the foot of the worker and discharging the duty of a mechanical striker; its weight varies from ten pounds to thirty pounds.

It is a very striking sight to see a clever girl at her work making "cone" or "countersunk" nails, or "pipe" nails, "spoon heads" and "gutter spikes." Her left hand holds the rod, which is red hot at one end, out of which the nail is fashioned; with her right hand she wields her forming hammer, and with her left leg she works the oliver, while her eager face is all the time bowed to the anvil, except when, straightening herself up, she turns from the anvil to the bellows to blow up the fire. But when these girls are aged or about to become mothers the sight is still more striking, and makes one wish that one had never seen it or heard of it, it is so pitiful and sad, not to say unkind and unnatural. It would seem to be next to impossible in the present state of things to do anything in the way of regulating the hours of labor for the nailmaker's shop in his home, and his house is his castle. But for the fact that the nailmaker's sanitary surroundings should be so shocking there is no excuse.—The Saturday Review.

Turning Out to the Left. There is a new fashion in park driving which will cause trouble if it is persisted in. A large number of coach and saddle horses have been imported from England within a few years. Many of the imported horses are kept in New York and are now driven by their owners in the daily park parades. The young men who have not English born horses try to get their own horses up in imitation of them, with clipped manes, banded tails, and English harness. Young men who drive dog carts take especial pride in having their horses, carts and men as English as importation or imitation can make them.

Some bright young man has discovered the way to tell the real English article from the imitation, and other young men are taking advantage of his discovery as fast as they learn it, though the knowledge has not become general yet. Horses have habits as much as men. A horse that has been used to doing things in a certain way in his youth wants to pursue it when he grows up. In England drivers turn to the left in passing instead of to the right, as in this country. As an American bred horse instinctively turns to the right an English horse turns to the left. Some young man noticed this and told his friends. It is now the correct thing for a young man with an English horse in driving to pass his friends on the left. When other young men who haven't English horses learn this they may try to turn their horses to the left, too. It will not be easy, for many American horses will resent being forced to adopt English customs. It will not be a safe thing to attempt unless there is an understanding between both drivers. If you see two young men struggling to pass on the left when their horses want to go on the right, you may know that they are not ignorant of the law of the road, but that they want to be as fashionable as other young men with real English horses.—New York Sun.

Ingenious if True. "I am in Chicago," said a New Yorker, "for the purpose of introducing my patent electrical apparatus which will prevent cemeteries from being despoiled by grave robbers. It will also indicate if a body has been buried alive. I sold the right in New York for \$20,000, and it is now used in Woodlawn cemetery. The apparatus is exceedingly simple. Wires are placed around the wrists, feet, ankles and neck of the corpse, and if there be but a slight movement of reanimation, an electric bell, connected by a wire with the coffin, in the sexton's house gives the alarm, and by turning to the register, similar to that of a hotel, he sees at once the grave that resurrectionists are tampering with, or when a body has been buried alive. A small tube containing oxygen gas, capable of sustaining life for twenty-four hours, is placed at the head of the corpse, and if there be a movement this gas is released, the bell to the sexton's house is rung, and if that is not responded to the bell in the tower, to attract attention of outsiders, is set in motion."—Chicago Journal.

Accurate History. A Minneapolis gentleman proposes to set up a phonograph to record the words of his better half during his absence. The lady, on the other hand, declares that she intends to have the same sort of a faithful recorder in his office that she may know just what passes between him and those feminine clients of his who frequent his office so much. There is one field into which the phonograph should go hand in hand with amateur photography. The parent could not only take his infant's likeness in all sorts of thrilling and angelic attitudes, but he could record the youngster's infantile chatter, the very tones and words in all their beauty and artlessness. Then when the big boy has grown old and wayward, the parent can turn back to those fond records stamped for eternity on the phonogram and live over again the delights of the days gone by. Quite an interest in the phonograph is being worked up in Minneapolis and all sorts of novel experiments are being tried.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

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