

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

KNOTTS BROS., Publishers & Proprietors.

THE PLATTSMOUTH HERALD is published every evening except Sunday and Weekly every Thursday morning.

TERMS FOR DAILY: One copy one year in advance, by mail, \$6.00. One copy per month, by carrier, 50c.

THE republicans signalize their first month of power by a reduction of \$12,500,000 in the public debt.

An Illinois legislator has a brilliant idea in regard to the binding twine trust which has recently been organized to bleed the farmers.

The whisky sheet in the basement of Sherwood's block grows indignant that THE HERALD should ascribe the Dutton defeat to the eight rum shops of Plattsmouth.

The April number of Table Talk contains much that is fitted to the season, and much that will console and refresh the body as well as the mind.

The Mormon question cuts a large figure in the selection of territorial officers for Utah. The vigorous prosecution of polygamists prevailing when the democrats came into power was practically stopped by the appointment of Judge Sanford as chief justice of the territory.

Still another theorist has investigated the gas wells with telephones and delicate thermometers and he announces startling discoveries. He distinguished sounds like the boiling of rocks, and estimated that a mile and a half or so beneath Findlay the temperature of the earth is 3,500 degs.

Being recently on a visit to the ancestral home in Bourbon county, Ky., he was for the first time introduced to that luxury, a roasted sucking pig, whole, with a roasted apple in its mouth, and a blue ribbon decking out its tail.

The home of the late Gen. Sheridan is still sad in the remembrance of the death of its distinguished head, but amid all this sorrow there is a quiet joy in the heart of Mrs. Sheridan in her children. The eldest daughter, Mary, is now 13 and bright. The twin daughters, Louise and Irene, named after their aunt and their mother, take after them in beauty, and "Little Phil," just turning 9, is a perfect reproduction of the "Little Phil," the hero of Winchester and Five Forks.

Notice to Water Takers. Owing to the scarcity of rain the Water Company will turn on water for Lawn use at once if requested, at an additional charge of one month. All parties now using water on lawns will be charged for one month extra.

ARTIFICIAL FERTILIZERS.

Great Improvements in Them During the Past Thirty Years.

Among the other titles to distinction which the Nineteenth century is hereafter to enjoy, one will be found in the fact that in that age agriculture first began to be pursued in a systematic manner with the aid of scientific research.

Although artificial fertilizers are practically the invention of the last thirty years, the industries connected with their manufacture now demand a capital of about \$100,000,000, with an annual product of about that amount, and the volume of the industries is increasing more rapidly, perhaps, than any other art which pertains to mining.

For many years the guano beds of the western coast of South America and other similar deposits within the tropical region supplied the demands of our gardens. As the supply of these guanos approached exhaustion, and the price increased, the skill of chemists and geologists showed the manufacturers where to find and how to treat deposits of mineral phosphates in such a manner that they might substantially serve to replace the manures of animal origin.

The process of discovery of these valuable resources is now, and for a long time will be, slow, and this for the reason that the material occurs in forms which are unfamiliar to the public or even to the ordinarily trained prospector who seeks for mineral resources.

Curiosities of Natural Gas.

One writer asks whether it is safe to bore the earth too much. He assumes the earth to be a hollow sphere filled with a gaseous substance called by us natural gas, and he thinks that tapping these reservoirs will cause disastrous explosions, resulting from the lighted gas coming in contact with that which is escaping.

Another writer thinks that boring should be prohibited by stringent laws. He, too, thinks there is a possibility of an explosion, though from another cause. Should such a disaster occur, "the country along the gas belt from Toledo through Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky will be ripped up to the depth of twelve or fifteen hundred feet, and flopped over like a pancake, leaving a chasm through which the waters of Lake Erie will come howling down, filling the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, and blotting them out forever."

Still another theorist has investigated the gas wells with telephones and delicate thermometers and he announces startling discoveries. He distinguished sounds like the boiling of rocks, and estimated that a mile and a half or so beneath Findlay the temperature of the earth is 3,500 degs. This scientist says an immense cavity exists under Findlay, and that here the gas is stored; that a mile below the bottom of the cavity is a mass of roaring, seething flame, which is gradually eating into the rocky floor of the cavern and thinning it. Eventually the flames will reach the gas, a terrific explosion will ensue, and Findlay and its neighborhood will be blown skyward in an instant.

Appropriately Named.

A physician of this city received the following letter recently: "Dear Sir—Today is Wednesday. I have freckles, and am going to a party Saturday. Send me something that will remove them by then, and oblige, Miss Mary Gall." The doctor thought the signature corresponded well with the request, and sent the young lady his regrets, "to be taken before meals three times a day."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Took the Stareh Out of Him.

You say that you do not think that a dog has intelligence? Well, you are wrong, and if you had been up around the corner of State and Twenty-ninth streets the other morning you would have acknowledged that you are wrong.

In a few minutes the mongrel cur returned to the corner. He was accompanied by a half dozen dogs, who looked fully as tough as he did. The crowd took up a position in a group near the curbstone and apparently eyed the grocery across the way very closely. Pretty soon the dainty poodle and his fond mistress came out and started across the street, the dog skipping puddles artistically.

The Lawn.

The artistic arrangement of the lawn is, to the owner of every country place, a matter of the first importance, or should be. Time was when flower beds plentifully besprinkled its green surface and made of even the smallest plot a very garden of brilliant coloring.

Care should be taken to have a firm, beautiful sod in the first place, to which end a thorough preparation is essential, and, whether it is to be soddied or sown, frequent top dressing will insure its continued beauty, especially if cut close and often.

As to the arrangement, a continuous variety in form, color and expression, would lend themselves to the eye and hand of the true lover of artistic beauty. Here a certain species of tree, dainty and delicate in nature, yet perfectly hardy, would form a beautiful mass when grouped, like the dwarf arbor vitae and Irish juniper, while there are for separate planting the varieties of Norway spruce, white spruce and hemlock, the larger varieties to be kept within bounds by cutting back, while the dwarfish kinds may follow their will.—Vick's Magazine.

Eating Dog.

The story of Minister Cushing's experience at the table of the wealthy Chinese mandarin, and how, pointing to a particularly appetizing looking dish, he remarked in inquiring tones, "Quack, quack?" only to receive the astounding response, "Bow-wow!" is familiar to every one. But the first genuine case of a free born American electing to eat a piece of man's humble friend is related in the following true story:

A good story is told about one of the Maine Central engineers, says The Bangor Commercial. Last summer when the Vanderbilt car was at Bar Harbor the manager of the Maine Central sent an engine down there to take the car to Portland. The run was made in very quick time, and at Brunswick the train stopped to take on water. While there Mr. Vanderbilt got out and said to the engineer that he didn't want him to drive so fast. The engineer, the veteran Simpson, looked at him for a quarter of a minute, and then said: "I am running this train under orders from Payson Tucker to be in Portland at 1:07. If you want to stop here, all right. If you want to go to Portland, get in." He got in.—True Flag.

Gen. Sheridan's Children.

The home of the late Gen. Sheridan is still sad in the remembrance of the death of its distinguished head, but amid all this sorrow there is a quiet joy in the heart of Mrs. Sheridan in her children. The eldest daughter, Mary, is now 13 and bright. The twin daughters, Louise and Irene, named after their aunt and their mother, take after them in beauty, and "Little Phil," just turning 9, is a perfect reproduction of the "Little Phil," the hero of Winchester and Five Forks. In stature and physiognomy he is a counterpart of his father, which is a great source of consolation to his mother. The "Little Phil" of the family shows all the courage and equanimity of the "Little Phil" of history.—Philadelphia Times.

THE DUET.

I was smoking a cigarette, And my wife, and the tender McKey Were sitting together a little duet. An' I says it were better I should forget.

Two small slippers with big rosettes Peeped out under the skirt there, While we sat smoking our cigarettes (O, I shall be dust when my heart forgets).

You were so full of a subtle fire, You were so warm and so sweet, Lisette; You were everything men admire, And there were no fetters to make us tire.

They have ceased singing that old duet, Sately Maud and the tender McKey, "You are burning your coat with your cigarette, And you've worn, dearest, your lids are wet."

Mice at a Women's Rights Meeting. A certain historical mouse is said to have been the means of rescuing a lion caught in a snare. Hitherto the aforesaid mouse has been the only one of his species whose career was deemed worthy of record. It will now, however, have to divide its posthumous fame with two other mice, whose names will be handed down to posterity as having effectually dispersed a meeting of strong minded ladies—a feat no same man or men would have dared to attempt.

A Woman's Invention for the Blind.

Mlle. Mulot, of Angers, has invented a method by which the blind can easily correspond with those who see. The invention is, therefore, a marked improvement on the Braille system of raised letters, by which persons afflicted with loss of sight correspond with each other only. Mlle. Mulot's apparatus is really a little printing press in a portfolio about the size of a sheet of note paper. The blind person spreads it out and impresses the letters required on white paper, under which there is a colored pad which gives them a blue appearance, and they are thus not only brought out in relief for the touch of those deprived of sight, but are also visible to the eyes of those who see.

A Prophecy Fulfilled.

If Carlyle predicted as far back as 1863 the greatness of Bismarck, his wife is to be credited with prophetic instinct in forecasting the baseness and ignominy of Pigott. In her diary, under date of April 27, 1845, occurs this entry: "Young Mr. Pigott will rise to be a Robespierre of some sort. He will cause many heads to be removed from the shoulders they belong to, and will eventually have his own head removed from his own shoulders."

He Was Running the Train.

A good story is told about one of the Maine Central engineers, says The Bangor Commercial. Last summer when the Vanderbilt car was at Bar Harbor the manager of the Maine Central sent an engine down there to take the car to Portland. The run was made in very quick time, and at Brunswick the train stopped to take on water. While there Mr. Vanderbilt got out and said to the engineer that he didn't want him to drive so fast. The engineer, the veteran Simpson, looked at him for a quarter of a minute, and then said: "I am running this train under orders from Payson Tucker to be in Portland at 1:07. If you want to stop here, all right. If you want to go to Portland, get in." He got in.—True Flag.

A Poet's Absence of Mind.

"Ring the bell," said Mrs. Wordsworth to the old servant who narrated this, but he wouldn't stir, bless you! "Go and see what he's doing," she'd say, and we go up to t' study door and hear him mumbled and bumbled through it. "Dinner's ready, sir!" I'd call out, but he'd go mumbled on like a deaf man, and sometimes Mrs. Wordsworth 'ud say: "Go and break a bottle or let a dish fall just outside t' door in t' passage." Eh, dear, that mostly 'ud bring him out, would that. It was only that as wud, however. For, y' s'na, he was a vera careful mon, and he couldn't do w' breaking china.—Wordsworthiana.

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Notice to Contractors.

Sealed bids will be received by the Chairman of the Board of Public Works until noon on the 17th day of April, 1920, for filling the old creek bed at the following place: Contract No. 1, 1.378 cu. yds. more or less on Vine street between 6th and 7th street.

C. F. SMITH, The Boss Tailor

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, \$6.50 and upwards. Will guarantee a fit.

Prices Defy Competition. B. & M. Time Table. GOING WEST. No. 1—4:30 a. m. No. 2—6:30 p. m. No. 3—7:30 p. m. No. 4—9:30 p. m. No. 5—11:30 p. m.

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