### The Plattsmouth Daily Heraid.

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THE following extract from Washington's inaugural address, delivered at New York, April 30, 1789, was true at that time, and it applies with equal force to the subsequent history of the country:

"No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible Hand which conduct the affairs of men more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency."

GEN. BOULANGER, in his discomfiture over the order by the Belgian officials to cease political agitation while in their country, may perhaps find some consolation in thinking about the treatment accorded to another famous demagogue by European governments about four score years ago. After his acquittal of the charge of treason preferred against him in the United States on account of his southwestern empire scheme Aaron Burr went to England, from which country he was shortly afterward expelled as an "embarrassing person." He subsequently passed a short time in Sweden, Austria, Prussia and France, but in all of these countries he was kept under strict surveillance by the authorities. He was shadowed in his goings and comings, his letters opened, the antecedents of his associates inquired into, and the eyes of government officials kept on him, figuratively speaking, during his entire stay in Europe. After a few years this condition of things became unendurable, and he returned to the United States, in the hopes of living down the odium aroused against him by his killing of Hamilton and his moral irregularities Compared with Burr, Boulanger is a harmless person, and the restraints thrown around him by the authorities are mild which hampered and hedged in his celebrated American prototype. - Globe London. It is not a great while since again.

#### A NOVEL SCHEME TO DE FRAUD GRANGE a.S.

The grangers of Michigan in their attempts to get the advantage of storekeepers and to buy at a slight advance on wholesale prices, are, it is said; being | lionized. There is no race prejudice. made the victims of sharpers, who, under the name of the Patrons of Industry, are working a scheme which is thus described by the Mich gan Trades-

One or two schemers strike a town and pick out a merchant-the selection usupossessed of the average shrewdnesswho is informed that in consideration of fifty to two hundred families. The and the result is, the victim usually succumbs to their seductive promises and city of Weimar a negro married the forks over the sum demanded. The rascals then begin an aggressive campaign among the working people and the farsners, who are assured that they can and all the aristocratic people of that secure the privilege of buying their supplies at five or ten per cent. above cost by paying certain sums to the schemersusually \$1 for the heads of families and 50 cents for the wives. This money like the sum paid by the merchant, goes into the pockets of the organizers, who leave town after a week's work with consider able plunder in their possession. In the meantime, the merchant makes arrangements with the jobbers with whom he is dealing, to furnish him two sets of invoices- one giving the genuine prices and the other naming prices which are "swelled" from five to twenty per cent .. according to the class of goods bought and the arrangements previously made. The merchant files the genuine invoices in his safe, but is free to display the "bulged" bills, adding five or ten per cent, to the prices therein named in dealing with his dupes.

There is no class in the community so easily deceived as farmers. It is among the grangers that the bunco man and the gogae who works the trap game, always meet with the most willing victims, and it is not, therefore, surprising that the so-called "Patrons of Industry" find the the farmers of Michigan easy dupes to their swindling game. After the sorry failure of the grane store system, it was seen that the lesson would not soon he forgotten, but each season brings forth new efforts on the part of agiculturists to procure their supplies in small quantities at wholesale prices, while at the same time many are dissatisfied if they do receive retail prices for their own products when sold in large quantities. -Grocer and Country Merchant.

An English Medical Authority

affirms that the best regimen for preserving health may be summoned up in the maxim, "keep the head cool, the feet warm, and the bowels active" There is world of wisdom in the observation. Obstinate constipation, or costiveness, is an exciting cause of other diseases; and, with many persons of sedentary habits or occupations, this inaction of the bowels is a source of constant annoyance, producing piles, prolapse of the rectum, fistula, and various dyspeptic symptoms.
All these are warded off, and health is maintained, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.

Queer Bird Nests.

Birds have some queer fancies in selecting spots for building their rests. Some time ago, near Seaville, New Jersey, I noticed in a grove of oaks, that nearly every tree had an old tin can nailed up in it. I found on examination that the cans were all occupied by wrens and bluebirds. But what attracted my attention most was an old boot fastened in one of the trees. As I approached it a bluebird flew out, and although it was twenty-five feet from the ground, 1 climbed up and saw inside five young birds comfortably sitting in the rest.

I once found a veritable tower nest, built by a pair of robbins. They had built a nest in a cedar tree, and it had been found unsuitable for some reason that they alone knew. Immediately afterwards they built a second one on top of it, and still being unsatisfied, they built a third one. But they wery very hard to please, for still another nest was constructed on top of the third one, and a fifth one on top of the fourth, before they were contented to begin housekeeping. Not long after that four little heads were peeping over the edge of their lofty home.

An old gentleman once told me that his wife, on a certain wash day, missed a face cap that she had hung out on the line and fastened with a clothes pin. Several days afterward, when walking in his garden, he noticed something white fluttering in the branches of a cherry tree, and an examination showed that a pair of robins had taken the cap from the line and fastened it among the twigs and grass of their nest. The birds had undoubtedly pulled the cap from between the prongs of the clothes pins, for they could not otherwise have obtained it. They were left in undisturbed possession of their prize.

A pair of sparrows in Central park, New York, have regularly, for several years, built their nest and reared their young ones in the right hand of Daniel Webster's statue. But a stranger place than that has been used by a pair in Charing Cross, London, for six years past. These brave little fellows have made their home right in the mouth of a lionbut the lion is made of stone.-Philadel-

The Colored Brother Lionized in Germany. Berlin is less cosmopolitan than almost any other of the large cities of the world. It is comparatively seldom that one sees the street gamins would follow an Englishman or American, whose dress differed somewhat from the ordinary, and cry at the top of their voices, "Englander!" or "Yankee!" Although that has changed somewhat in the course of time, the novelty has not yet worn off. A colored man clad in respectable garments who appears in Berlin is almost On the contrary, he is the equal of all, and people speak of the handsome "brunette" and the frauleins saddle Pegasus in his honor.

I have seen hundreds of promenaders stop before the Cafe zur Opera and gaze for minutes at the colored man who acts as porter to the establishment. His ally devolving upon a man who is not presence draws numerous people to the restaurant who would otherwise pass it

by. The big fellow appreciates his posithe payment of a sum, varying from \$10 | tion now, has become proud, and shows to \$100, to the schemers that they will his white teeth in smiles of recognition turn over to him the entire trade of from | to many fashionable people in the street. His wages are high, and, being the only schemers are invariably smooth talkers attraction of his kind in Berlin, he is able to dictate his terms. In the classical daughter of the court preacher. The wedding was honored by the presence of his royal highness Grand Duke Alexander modern Athens.-London Letter.

spirits of the Sea.

Hagled up on the sandy beach near the foot of Ocean street are two old whaleboats which, although in fair condition, are eloquent in the evidence of long service and dumb rehearsal of soul stirring scenes and perils amid solitude and ice, guided by brave men who isolate themselves from home, friends and comfort in pursuit of a noble calling whose once bright light now burns so dimly; they are saturated through with the romance of the deep which surrounds one like a fog, and mans the battle scarred boats with ghostly phantonis of those whose powerful breasts, now silent, motionless and unknown, once heaved under the inspiration of the chase alternated with anxious thoughts and yearnings for loved ones from whom they were separated by such an immensity of time and space. These boats have recently been brought here for use in local fishing industries, and will prove an interesting subject for examination by summer visitors who seek communion with the spirits of the seg .-Falmouth (Mass.) Local.

His Politics.

It is very seldom that you find a negro begging. Of course, he is always ready, like many a white man, to take whatever is tendered him, but street beggarsamong the colored race are very scarce. One, however, came into the secretary's room on Change the other day. He wanted some change, and I agreed with the assistant secretary to give the beggar a quarter if he would acknowledge he was a Democrat, while my friend was to do likewise should the colored itinerant claim allegiance to the party of purity. We then asked the negro what his political persuasion was, and he replied, after being told what arrangement we had made to provide for him: "Well, boss, I'se neither. I'se on de fence." It is

THE ROSE THAT BLUSHED.

A single rose fell downward through the air, From where within her opera box she sat,
With matchless face so wondrous calm and fair,
That all the singers paused to gaze thereat.
"Now by the stars," thought I, "if ever truth, And modesty, and spotless maiden grace Were wedded to the heart of beauty's youth, Behold them there upon that noble face.

"This rose that's fallen from you cluster white, This will I treasure though its day be dead." I stooped to lift the rose-alas, the night! The rest were white, but this was scarlet red; The face was guileless still in all that light; And yet this perfect rose had blushed and fied. -W. J. Henderson in Once a Week.

OLD SIEGEL AND HIS SON.

Many years ago, while making a tour through that beautiful tract of mountain scenery in the south of Bavaria known as the Saltzkammergut, I staved for a my time there in fishing for grayling and in talking to the chamois hunters, with many of whom I had made acquaintance

with them. The mountains immediately around Berchtesgaden are kept as a royal chamois preserve, and as the king was expected to arrive shortly, none but his

stories, and on one occasion I hunted

I was, however, very anxious to have at least one day's sport, and arranged with old Siegel and his son Franz, chamois hunters whom I had known for some time, and on whom I could depend, to have a "jagd" on the morrow. Siegel persuaded Gotting, a friend of his, to

We started early in the morning, and after toiling for several hours up through the dark pine woods, which became more scant and scrubby the higher we determined to go downward; indeed we went, emerged at last on the open snow

We now separated; Franz and Gotting made a long detour to the left, while Siegel and I hastened on to reach some commanding position above in case any chamois were driven up. After an hour's more climbing we halted on the top of a precipice, which, shaped in the form of a crescent, made a complete cul de sac for any chamois driven up by our friends below.

We had hardly been watching ten minutes when two chamois appeared in sight, bounding up the mountain side and coming directly toward us. When the foremost had come within range l fired and missed, as most men would have done, firing as I did at so small an object from a height almost perpendicularly above it.

The beasts turned, and, springing with wonderful speed over the sharp rocks, were soon out of sight. I fired a second shot just as they were disappearing, and | trembling with cold in every limb. The strange costumes and strange people, as | think I struck one of them, but it con- air, which was warm enough before, is daily the case in New York, Paris and | trived to get away and we never saw it | was now piercingly cold and the wind

Siegel and I, somewhat crestfallen, trudged on up the mountain, keeping a sharp lookout on all sides and halting now and then to give the others time to overtake us.

Suddenly we heard, far down below us, a shot, and then all was again silent. We were much surprised, as it is one of the first rules in this kind of hunting never, except when absolutely necessary even to raise the voice, much less, of course, to fire a rifle, which scares the chamois completely.

We knew that Gotting and Franz, directly below us as they were, could not possibly have seen a chamois, as our shots must have driven them quite out of reach. After a minute's anxiety listening, we fancied we heard shouts, and fearing we knew not what, called loudly Franz's name.

We then heard-and this time quite distinctly-the voice of Gotting saying, 'Come down! come down! It is all over! Franz has shot himself!"

Siegel and I were standing together ankle deep in the snow. I glanced into his face, and think I shall never forget the look of misery I saw there. Before I knew what he was about, he had seized his rifle, had presented the muzzle to his head, and was feeling with his foot in a frenzied manner for the trigger.

I snatched the piece away just in time. he did not try to recover it, but throwing himself on the snow, burst into a most passionate, most eloquent torrent of praise of his son's many virtues. He told me what a good son he had always been to him, anxious to fulfill his slight-

I at length succeeded in partially soothing him, and in rousing him to action. We scrambled down as fast as we could, guided by Gotting's shouts.

It was a long time before we reached them; to me it seemed an age. I accused myself of being the author of all this misery, and my anxiety was heightened by the reflection that we were in reality poaching, and we should very likely, in consequence of this misfortune, get into and shelter. trouble on our return.

We found poor Franz lying shot through the back and in great pain among stunted "knieholz"-a plant something like our whinbush. It appeared that he had, contrary to all jaeger rules, carried his rifle capped, and that in walking through the knieholz he had stumbled and fallen, and his rifle had somehow or other exploded, causing a severe wound.

We stanched the blood as well as we could with our handkerchiefs, and then held a consultation. Gotting said be knew of a chalet some way off to which he thought we might manage to carry

I lifted him up as carefully as possible, and walked for some way over the abominable knieholz, which threatened to trip one up every moment. I managed, I think, to go about two hundred yards with my burden, and then, exhausted, had to lay him down. His father tried to carry him next, but unnerved and half blinded by his tears, had also soon to give it up.

Gotting was the only one of the party who could carry Franz for any great needless to say that he received both length of time over the rough ground churches, with a membership of nearly John Fitzgerald.

President.

was a small man, but seemed to be all wire and muscle.

It was, however, evident that at the slow pace we were obliged to go we should never, even if we knew the exact direction-which, by the way, none of us did-get to the chalet before nightfall. Some other arrangement must be made.

Getting proposed that he should stay with the wounded man, while Siegel and I should go forward and attempt to reach the chalet. Gotting was the only one of the party who had ever been there, and that was years before. He gave us directions how to find it.

We were to pass to the right or left of certain peaks he pointed out to us, and then he said we should see a large field of snow. We were to cross this, and the chateau was in a hollow about half a mile above and to the left.

Well, we started-Siegel and I-leavfortnight Berchtesgaden. I spent much of | ing all the provisions except a few sandwiches with Franz and Gotting. A weary walk brought us to the peak where, according to Gotting, we were to during a previous visit. I used often to see the snow field. But there was nothsit for hours listening to their hunting ing of the sort there; peak rose upon peak, but there was no great, level snow field stretching away at our feet, such as he had described.

We looked at each other in dismay. To add to our distress the weather, which had hitherto been beautiful, began to get majesty's own jaegers were allowed, dur- overcast. Light wreaths of mist were ing the time I was there, to disturb the settling on the higher summit of the mountain, sure signs of a coming storm.

However, there was no use in going back. We should perhaps not be able to find Franz and Gotting again if, bewildered as we now were, we attempted to get back to them. Our only chance was forward.

Tired and dispirited we walked on, turning round only to look at the gathering clouds which were now piling themselves dark and threatening behind us. The wind, too, began to risk. We

were too much exhausted to go any higher or waste any more time in looking for the chalet.

The ground seemed to get more rough the lower we went, and the tremendous gusts of wind which whistled round us made the descent most dangerous. Great, spattering raindrops now began to fall and we halted on a ledge of rock, utterly worn out.

The storm increased and in a short time was at its height. The rain came down in torrents, completely drenching us. The lightning with blinding flashes played all round, hissing and illumining for an instant the awful grandeur of the scene, while the thunder pealed and crashed overhead, each crag and wall of rock echoing the sound and increasing it an hundred fold.

We had thrown our rifles away, afraid that the lightning would strike them. and stood waiting for the storm to abate When we resumed our descent we were drove snow and bits of ice against our faces with blinding force.

I went first, and for a long time neither of us spoke. Only when a particularly dangerous place was crossed I gave the warning, "Look to the right!" or "To the left!" as the case might be.

Siegel led the way when I was tired, and thus we proceeded with the greatest caution, as a false step would have been almost certain death, till we got to more level ground.

Here we again encountered thickets of knieholz. We were already congratulating ourselves on having got the worst over, when we were suddenly stopped by a precipice or "Wand," down which it would have been impossible for a goat to go. It was a sheer descent of at least eighty feet.

This was a dreadful disappointment. We walked along the edge for some way, but as far as we could see the Wand extended for miles. I had already thrown myself on the ground and had given up all hopes of life, when a shout from Siegel, who had gone on a little way, made me once more spring to my feet.

I hastened to him. He was standing over a narrow hole in the rock almost hidden by bushes of the knieholz.

"We are saved! we are saved!" he cried. He explained to me how, when I had given up in despair, he suddenly thought that he remembered the place we were in, and had remembered, too, that if it were indeed the part of the mountain he supposed it to be, there was a circular hole in the rock forming the Wand by which the chamois hunters scaled the otherwise inaccessible place. He had gone on, had found the opening, and fearful of losing the spot had stood over it and called till I came.

We slid safely down this chimney like hole, which is not much more than twenty feet in depth, and easily descending the lower part of the Wand, which is here much broken, arrived, famished and haif frozen, at 10 o'clock at night, at a woodman's but Siegel knew of in the valley below. Here we obtained warmth

Three of the woodmen immediately started up the mountain and returned in a few hours with poor Franz, who was very much exhausted, not so much from cold-as Gotting had contrived to light a fire, and they had provisions-as from loss of blood.

I once asked Siegel what he would have done if he had not found that opening. "We should," he said, "have struck our alpenstocks into the ground, and have Offers the very best facilities for the prompt walked round them all the night to keep off sleep, which if it conquered as would. of course, have been fatal. If we lived till day broke we should have tried to stocks, Bonds, Gold, Government and Loca! find our way back to the others."

Whether we were likely to succeed in so doing, cold, hungry and exhausted as we were, the reader may judge.

As for Franz, he completely recovered from his wound and I have hunted many Collections made & promptly remitte a time with him since that memorable day .-- The Marquis of Lorne in Youth's Companion.

The Florida Congregational association, which in 1884 had three or four churches, had in 1889 thirty-eight

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