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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.

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.

A NOVEL SCHEME TO DEFRAUD GRANGES.

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 made the victims of sharpers, who, under the name of the Patrons of Industry, are working a scheme which is thus described by the Michigan Tradesman:

One or two schemers strike a town and pick out a merchant—the selection usually devolving upon a man who is not possessed of the average shrewdness—who is informed that in consideration of the payment of a sum, varying from \$10 to \$100, to the schemers that they will turn over to him the entire trade of from fifty to two hundred families.

There is no class in the community so easily deceived as farmers. It is among the grangers that the bunco man and the rogues 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 farmers of Michigan easy dupes to their swindling game.

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."

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.

Queer Bird Nests.

Birds have some queer fancies in selecting spots for building their nests. 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 once found a veritable tower nest, built by a pair of robins. They had built a nest in a cedar tree, and it had been found unsuitable for some reason that they alone knew.

An old gentleman once told me that his wife, on a certain wash day, missed a lace 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.

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.

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 strange costumes and strange people, as is daily the case in New York, Paris and London.

Spirits of the Sea.

Hauled up on the sandy beach near the foot of Ocean street are two old whale-boats 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 phantoms 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.

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 beggars among the colored race are very scarce.

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.

"This rose that's fallen from your cluster white, This will I treasure though its day be dead."

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 Salzkammergut, I stayed for a fortnight Berchtesgaden.

The mountains immediately around Berchtesgaden are kept as a royal chamois preserve, and as the king was expected to arrive shortly, none but his majesty's own jaegers were allowed, during the time I was there, to disturb the chamois.

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.

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 went, emerged at last on the open snow fields.

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.

We had hardly been watching ten minutes when two chamois appeared in sight, bounding up the mountain side and coming directly toward us.

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.

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.

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.

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 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.

I lifted him up as carefully as possible, and walked for some way over the alpineable 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.

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.

Getting proposed that he should stay with the wounded man, while Siegel and I should go forward and attempt to reach the chalet.

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—leaving 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 see the snow field.

We looked at each other in dismay. To add to our distress the weather, which had hitherto been beautiful, began to get overcast. Light wreaths of mist were settling on the higher summit of the mountain, sure signs of a coming storm.

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.

The storm increased and in a short time was at its height. The rain came down in torrents, completely drenching us.

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 trembling with cold in every limb.

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

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 half frozen, at 10 o'clock at night, at a woodman's hut Siegel knew of in the valley below.

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 walked round them all the night to keep off sleep, which if it conquered us would, of course, have been fatal. If we lived till day broke we should have tried to 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.

The Florida Congregational association, which in 1884 had three or four churches, had in 1889 thirty-eight churches, with a membership of nearly 900.

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