The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

SECOND YEAR | PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 2, 1889. | NUMBER 195

Union News.

Arbor day was observed in parts of this vicinity.

A. L. Marshall, the Elmwood druggist called on us last week.

J. E. McCoy, of Nebraska City, was in this vicinity the 25th transacting business for Dawson Collins music store, at Nebraska City.

In the base ball game here Saturday p. m. the Union boys defeated the Avoca team.

Wm. Eikenbary will put two hundred acres of corn in this spring.

David Albin lost a very valuable mare last week.

Wm. Chalfant is building an addition to his house. Mr. C. is patronizing home industry by buying his lumber here.

A. L. Becker, was at Nebraska City Saturday.

David Crabtree of Elmwood, is teaching the school in district No. 10.

Mr. J. M. Erven residing near Plattsmouth was in town Sunday p. m. accompanied by Lottie Eaman. Mrs. E. left on the 3:40 for Lincoln.

Walter Jones a little boy of six summers met with a very painful accident while at school one day last week. He was accidentally struck on the jaw with a ball bat by another youngster uncoupling one side of his jaw. Dr. R. P. Wallace was summoned immediately and replaced his jaw. Up to date he is recovering as rapidly as could be expected.

Miss Anna Daily left for her home in Weeping Water Sunday.

Assessor J. Lynn is almost through and reports the precinct in good condition.

A local tells us C. H. Parmele is to be in this vicinity era long to buy steers. Give us a call C. H. when you come down.

The Union M. E. S. S. choir met at the church Saturday night and passed a couple of hours very pleasantly by singing and chatting with Miss Nellie Jones as organist.

COSMOPOLITAN.

A FUNNY PLAY.

Corner Crocery Co. With Band and Orchestra.

"The Corner Grocery," produced at Tony Pastor's Theatre on Monday night, has made a decided hit, and is one long laugh from beginning to end. The fun is of the uproarious order, and the laughter that accompanies it is genuine. John D. Griffin invests the part of *Daddy Nolan* with unctuous jollity. He is well supported, and there is laugh enough in the piece to carry it merrily along over a summer sea of ripples.—New York *Weekly News.*

They will appear at the opera house next Monday night, don't fail to hear the band and see the parade. Tickets now on sale at J. P. Young's, price 75c.

List of Letters

Remaining unclaimed, in the Postoffice at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, May 1, 1889, for the week ending April 20, 1889:

Austin, Jos C	Alice J E
Chappe, Robert	Cunningham, E E
Devere, Chas	Dennis, Miss Pearl
Dorr, John	Everett, Samuel
Engel, Ralph	Garret, Miss Emma
Hirz, Wm	Hill, Margaret
Hay, Mrs S (2)	Jackall, Frank
Kennedy, Mrs E B	Kroeliek, Fred
Kline, Frank	Marthedale, Wm
Mill, W A	Mason, Elizabeth (2)
Masson, Mrs Jeanine	Mercier, S C & Co
Olren, Miss Hannal (2)	Rogers, W A
Rounds, Mrs Stella	Rolfe, Mrs Ettie
Schneider, Jos	Wells, Wm
Walker, Eli	Wilkinson, J W
Giegling, Perry (2)	

Persons calling for any of the above letters will please say "advertised."

J. N. WISE, P. M.

Every thing in the Drug line at away down prices at O. P. Smith & Co's old stand, E. W. Cook agt. for mortages.

Louieville.

Hurrah for the "*Louisville Advertiser!*"

A. L. Timblin, of South Bend, visited the city Saturday.

James Robinson, of Weeping Water, was on our streets Tuesday.

The centennial services at the M. E. church Tuesday at 9 a. m., was largely attended, and was pleasant and profitable.

Quite a number of our town people attended the celebration at Plattsmouth Tuesday. They will go to the next one if it is in the same place.

A large number of I. O. O. F. from here, accompanied by several members from the Weeping Water lodge, visited Ashland Monday night.

Our city marshal is doing some excellent and much needed work on our out of the way streets. Let the good work continue until all our streets are in good condition.

Arrival and Departure of the Mails.

ARRIVE AT POSTOFFICE.

No. 5	From the East		8:15 a. m.
No. 3	" "	"	6:15 p. m
No. 10	" "	West	10:00 a. m.
No. 4	" "	"	10:45 a m.
No. 6	" "	"	7:45 p. m.

DEPART FROM POSTOFFICE.

No. 5	Going West		7:35 a. m.
No. 3	"	"	5:45 p. m.
No. 7	"	" (Schuyler)	6:20 p. m.
No. 10	"	East (K. C.)	9:25 a. m.
No. 4	"	"	10:00 a. m.
No 6	"	"	7:00 p. m.

Mail should be deposited fifteen minutes before the above time to insure dispatch.

Don't buy Wall Paper or Paints until you see our stock and prices, we can please you in quality, selection and prices.

d-w-1m WILL J. WARRICK.

Notice.

All accounts due the firm of Egenberger & Troop not paid by the 10th of May will be given to an attorney for collection. Accounts can be settled at the old stand with Troop & Hemple. tf

Giant Glaciers of Alaska.

The southwestern face of St. Elias, it is safe to say, will never be climed; it presents a mass of broken snow, beautiful, yet forbidding. We estimated the summit to be about 7,000 feet above us, making its total height 18,500 feet. It seemed to us that the coast survey in giving it 19,500 feet was too liberal in its figures. The day was cloudless; the whole scene was one that baffles description. It surpassed in grandeur, though not in picturesqueness, the very best that the Alps can offer. Roughly speaking, the eye encountered for miles nothing but snow and ice. I had never before thoroughly realized the vastness of the Alaskan glaciers, though during the past fortnight we had spent many a weary hour in crossing immense moraines.

One of the glaciers we looked down upon was not less than sixty miles long, while another attained a breadth of twenty-five or thirty miles. From below I had gained the impression that ice covered with debris predominated over white ice. I now saw that this was not the case, and that the ratio of debris to clear ice was probably not greater than that of ten to one. When standing at a considerable height one appreciates for the first time the beautiful curves through which the glaciers alter their course. We noticed this in particular in looking down upon the Agassiz glacier. It appeared at one point to describe three or four arcs of concentric circles with radii varying from eight to ten miles, each are being indicated by a light coating of stones, the whole resembling an immense race course. Through the middle of the Tyndall glacier, and for a distance of several miles, two light streaks of moraine ran parallel to each other, presenting from above the appearance of a huge serpent crawling the length of the glacier.—Scribner's Magazine.

THE BABY'S BEAD.

I am only a bit of amber
That dazzles the baby's eyes:
But the light in my innermost chamber
Is the light of the pristine skies.

For ages ago and ages,
When, far in the upper air,
Vast firs, like old archimages,
Shed incense everywhere,

And, all in the wide gray weather,
Which wrapped the whole round world,
Solemnly waved together
As the thick warm vapors curled,

In the sunshine's sudden bursting
I oozed from a topmost bow,
And I drank that splendor thirsting—
There is no such sunshine now!

And the wings that came round me flashing—
None like them are fluttering here—
I caught in my heavy plashing
And sealed in my shining sphere.

Oh, life that was wild and glorious
When the elements wrought for man,
And waved over fire victorious,
Shaped the earth to her ancient plan!

Then the tides, in the great world changes,
Rose in their mighty turn,
Rolled over the fir tree's ranges
And the plume of the giant fern.

And ages had passed and ages,
When the winds scooped the deep sea floor,
And the seas in their storm blown rages
Tossed me to light once more.

And now, half a jest it may be,
Half a charm, you hang in your mirth
Roung the throat of the new born baby,
The oldest thing on earth!

—Harriet Prescott Spofford in St. Nicholas.

Hereditary Taints.

One result of the labors of physiologists has been the clearing of the mental vision, and the gradual comprehension of the great, pervasive and potential fact of "heredity." "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children," said Moses more than 3,000 years ago. Probably he comprehended in but a very small measure the significance of his own utterance. Not only do parents transmit to children their mental peculiarities, their moral tendencies, the features of the face, the stoop of the shoulders and the trick of the gait, but they pass on to them their blood, their brain, their glands, their very soul and life. We do not mean to say that heredity is a tyrant from which there is no escape, and that as is the parent in constitution and conduct, so also must be the children to the remotest generation.

If that were one of the discoveries of physiology, small thanks would be due to the science from overburdened man. But it is not so. The parent himself, as is well known, can modify and make worse or better both his constitution and his character. Similarly, the child's constitution and character may be changed, until, by the operation of the law of heredity itself, a not very remote descendant may be the antipodes of his early progenitors. The discovery of an existing inherited taint of disease or of vice in a child is not a cause for regret, but for thankfulness. The disease taint itself is, of course, to be deplored, and so is the inherited vice; but its early discovery is to be hailed with gratitude as pointing out lines of physical and moral treatment which may lead to the practical enfeeblement of the taint or even to its eradication.—London Hospital.

Her Father's Poor Cigars.

A well known congressman, who loves a cigar, good or bad, had a box in his library which was bad, and his daughter quietly threw them away. That evening a distinguished judge called, and the M. C. during the evening asked him to smoke, and went for his cigars. They were gone, of course, and the judge made good the loss by getting a couple out of his own pocket, and the two friends settled down for a smoke. In the midst of it the daughter came in.

"Whew!" she said, supposing her father had laid in a new stock. "Whew!"

"What is it?" asked the M. C.

"Smoking those cabbage leaves again, are you? They're awful, papa; simply awful."

By that time the judge began to wonder what he was getting, the M. C. went into a laughing fit and the girl concluded she had made a mistake and flew. Later the M. C. explained to the judge, and all was forgiven.—Washington Critic.

The Pope a Great Chess Player.

The pope has a weakness for chess. He is a very fine player, and in the amateur ranks is said to have few superiors in the knowledge of gambits and openings. There is one priest in Rome who has the especial honor of being the pope's adversary over the board. This priest—Father Giella—has played chess with Leo Pecci for thirty-two years past. When Cardinal Pecci was raised to the papal throne, Father Giella, who was then in Florence, got an invitation to proceed to Rome and take up his quarters in the Vatican. Giella is hot tempered, and has been known to look very black indeed at the vicar of Christ across his chess board. The pope takes Giella's temper good naturedly, and often improves the occasion by a little homily on the [illegible] tion and meekness.—London Court Journal.

The Best Fire Resisters.

Investigations of fire ruins show that porous terra cotta bricks and blocks best resist fire, water and frost; next to these in the order of fire resisting qualities being the various concretes, or some of them, and burned clay work. In the best building work now done the iron part is incased in porous terra cotta, tile or brick work in roof, floor and tile construction; the hollow tiles are faced with vitreous tile, slate, or any good weather proof coating, or with a single thickness of brick. Incased in fire proof materials, iron and steel framework is claimed to give the best results.—Chicago Tribune.

His Heart Was Listening.

One night when one of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's sons was about five years old, he fell asleep in his mother's arms. When she put him into his bed she kissed him again and again and called him pet names. He was so sleepy that he could not kiss her in return, but he murmured drowsily, as if to comfort her for his seeming indifference: "Mamma—my—heart—is—listening—to—you." — The Home Maker.

A Correct Diagnosis.

George—Eh! You got engaged last night? Gus, my old, my dear friend, tell me how you did it.

Gus—Really, I hardly know myself. Couldn't help it. Just like falling down stairs. I was on the edge of a proposal, she gave me a push, and there I was—engaged.

"Well, I haven't had any such experience. Every time I try to start my knees knock together, and my teeth chatter, and my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth. I've tried a dozen times to pop the question to Miss De Pink and slumped every time."

"And did she let you slump?"

"Yes."

"You are courting the wrong girl."—Minneapolis Tribune.

Cost of Water Gas.

A great many people think water gas cheaper because it is made out of oil. This is a mistake. The greatest difference between the cost of coal and water gas is in the matter of labor. The making of coal gas requires skilled labor of the best kind, and at better compensation than is usually given to labor of this class. The work is very hot and requires the closest attention, so that the chance man cannot be engaged for it. The man who does it acceptably must have been educated in it, and must be steady and devoted to his work. In the manufacture of water gas this labor is cut off, and the saving represents the large part of the difference between the cost of the gas manufactured from coal and that produced from oil.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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EVERY PURCHASER OF ONE DOLLAR'S WORTH OF

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Entiteling them to a chance at the Drawing which will take place October 1st.

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CONSOLATION.

When Molly came home from the party to-night—
The party was out at nine—
There were traces of tears in her bright blue eyes
That looked mournfully up to mine.

For some one had said, she whispered to me,
With her face on her shoulder hid,
Some one had said (there were sobs in her voice)
That they didn't like something she did.

So I took my little girl up on my knee—
I am old and exceedingly wise—
And I said, "My dear, now listen to me;
Just listen, and dry your eyes

"This world is a difficult world, indeed,
And people are hard to suit,
And the man who plays on the violin
Is a bore to the man with the flute.

"And I myself have often thought,
How very much better 'twould be
If every one of the folks that I know
Would only agree with me.

"But since they will not, the very best way
To make this world look bright
Is never to mind what people say,
But do what you think is right."

—Walter Learned in St. Nicholas.

Plenty of feed, flour, graham and meal at Heisel's mill. tf

[illegible] Piano Spreading.

Let us put two and two together: Joseph Chamberlain has an American bride. Gen. Boulanger was once charmed by a young woman whose home is in St. Louis, and rumor has it that his motive in seeking a divorce is to secure an American bride. Mr. Chamberlain said while in Scotland the other day that the common school system is the glory of the United States, and he suggested free schools for Ireland. Gen. Boulanger has within a week spoken in the highest terms of "that splendid fabric, the American constitution." He furthermore said that he first learned the true meaning of the word liberty in America. Of course any one is at liberty to draw conclusions and it seems to us that Gen. Boulanger has been brought under the influence of a fair American dictator, and that Joseph Chamberlain has taken his first lesson in home rule.—Springfield Republican.

Fine Job Work a specialty at THE HERALD office.

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