

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

SECOND YEAR

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, MONDAY EVENING, MAY 27, 1889.

NUMBER 216



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low cost, shoddy imitations of phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST. N. Y.

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CIVIC SOCIETIES.

CLASS LODGE NO. 19, I. O. O. F. Meets every alternate Friday in each month at Mason's Hall. Visiting Brothers are invited to attend.
PLATTSMOUTH ENCAMPMENT NO. 3, I. O. O. F. Meets every alternate Friday in each month at Mason's Hall. Visiting Brothers are invited to attend.
PLATTSMOUTH LODGE NO. 3, F. & A. M. Meets on the first and third Mondays of each month at their hall. All transient brothers are cordially invited to meet with us.
Wm. Hays, Secretary.
CLASH CAMP NO. 32, MODERN WOODMEN of America. Meets second and fourth Monday evening at K. of P. Hall. All transient brothers are requested to meet with us.
L. A. Newcomer, Venerable Consul; G. F. Niles, Worthy Adviser; S. C. Wilde, Banker; W. A. Kocak, Clerk.
NEBRASKA CHAPTER NO. 3, F. & A. M. Meets second and fourth Mondays of each month at Mason's Hall. Transient brothers are invited to meet with us.
F. E. WHITE, H. P.
Wm. Hays, Secretary.
M. ZION COMMANDARY NO. 5, K. T. Meets first and third Wednesday night of each month at Mason's Hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to meet with us.
F. E. WHITE, E. C.
PLATTSMOUTH LODGE NO. 3, A. O. U. W. Meets every alternate Friday evening at Rockwood hall at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.
L. S. Larson, M. W.; F. Bays, Foreman; S. C. Wilde, Recorder; Leonard Anderson, Overseer.
THIO LODGE NO. 31, A. O. U. W. Meets every alternate Friday evening at K. of P. Hall. Transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.
F. P. Brown, Master; Wm. Hays, M. W.; B. K. Foster, Foreman; F. H. Steinkamp, Overseer; W. H. Miller, Financier; G. F. Houseworth, Recorder; F. J. Morgan, Secretary; Wm. Graham, Guide; Wm. Ludwig, Inside Watch; L. Olsen, Outside Watch.

"WHY SHOULDN'T I?"

My canary sings the whole day long
Behind his gilded wires;
Sits in from all that birds enjoy
And happy song inspires;
The freedom, grace and action fine
Of wild birds he foregoes,
But spite of that, with lightness
His little heart o'erflows.
"The world is wide,
And birds outside
In happy cheer always abide—
Why shouldn't I?"
I, too, must dwell behind the bars
Of toil and sacrifice;
From heavy heart and weary brain
My prayers or songs arise,
Yet, all around, sad hearts abound
And troubles worse than mine.
If aught of comfort I can bring
To them, shall I repine?
God's world is wide;
If I can hide
My crowning tears and sing beside—
Why shouldn't I?"
—Helen M. Winslow

Why He Grinned.

The good natured Irishman who wears badge No. 208 on the Indiana avenue line had a good deal of fun all by himself last Sunday afternoon. It was on one of his down trips when a tall man with glasses boarded his car at Sixteenth street and assumed a position on the rear platform. He remained there until Twelfth street was reached, and then he took a seat inside. At Adams street he alighted. The jolly conductor had been chuckling to himself since the man had entered the car, and when another passenger stepped on the platform at Monroe street the conductor said: "Did you see that man who got off at Adams? He got on at Sixteenth street, and he took out his pocketbook, picked a nickel out of it, handed me the pocketbook and carefully placed the nickel in his inside pocket. Of course I wondered what he meant, and held the pocketbook in front of me for a moment. He saw it and happened to think what he had done. Then he produced the coin and took the nickel. I haven't seen anything so funny in the absent minded line since a fellow handed me two dimes stuck together and I gave him fifteen cents in change. He surely thought he had got the best of me, and his pleased look amused me greatly."
Chicago Herald

A Queer Pocketbook.

A bright, proud, very pretty young lady, with a portion of a bologna sausage clasped tightly in her gloved left hand, created some quiet amusement in a Walnut Hill car Thursday afternoon. She had run out of Cavagna's with several parcels in her hand just in time to catch a car. Pouting, she accepted a seat tendered her by a great big fellow, who happened to look down, saw the piece of bologna in her hand, and had considerable of a time preventing an explosion. Then the conductor passed through the car. When he approached the young lady the packages were dropped in her lap and the right hand reached toward the left, her eyes unconsciously following. A deep blush spread over her face as she dropped the bologna. Springing up she asked the conductor to stop the car, and she alighted. The big fellow laughed heartier than ever. In her hurry to catch the car, while in Cavagna's, after making some purchases, she hastily picked up what she thought was her purse. It proved to be a piece of bologna sausage lying on the counter, and never glancing at it, she hurried off. The fever flashed out of her eyes when she returned to Cavagna's for her purse, but not a word of reproach was uttered. The purse was there awaiting her, and, taking it, she was soon seated in another car, riding toward her home.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Bitumen in Texas.

The need of material for serviceable pavements is one very widely felt. In many cities asphaltum brought from the famous pitch lake of Trinidad has been used, being mixed with a certain amount of calcareous matter and heated to such a point that it would harden on cooling. The natural mixture of limestone and bitumen found in the deposit of Val-de-Travers, of which the French have so freely and successfully availed themselves in the construction of their pavements, is thus imitated. The result is a pavement that resists the action of air and water for a considerable length of time. A very important discovery has been made in Texas. In Col. J. L. Tait's trip to the southwest of that state he picked up a small piece of dark blue limestone which, on examination, was found to be impregnated with bitumen in almost exactly the same proportion as the Val-de-Travers product, and it was further found that the quantity available was equal to any demand that may arise. In addition to this, many deposits of bituminous sands or shales occur which yield 10 per cent., and sometimes a larger amount, of bitumen.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Surprised Clergyman.

The following incident is related on the authority of W. L. Bright, M. P.: "Mr. Bright went into an agricultural district one day, and he had to walk from the station a long way into the village. On the way a clergyman who was driving in a dog cart came up to him and the two men passed the time of day. The clergyman offered to drive Mr. Bright into the village, and Mr. Bright accepted the offer. The clergyman was a Tory and he had been reading a speech Mr. Bright had made the previous night, and turning to Mr. Bright he said: 'Have you seen the papers to-day, sir?'
"Yes," said Mr. Bright. 'What's in them?'
"Why, that rascal John Bright has been making another speech."
"And what was it about?" asked Mr. Bright.
"Why, so-and-so and so-and-so," and he went on to relate the incidents of the speech. They discussed the topic and Mr. Bright said:
"Well, it is just possible that Mr. Bright may have been right and that he was only expressing his honest convictions. There may be something in it."
"Oh, no, there can't be," said the irate clergyman. "If I had him here I'd feel just like shooting him."
"Neither revealed his identity, but before they separated the clergyman invited Mr. Bright to go to his church next morning, and Mr. Bright promised to do so. And he kept his word, as he always did. The clergyman took for his theme Mr. Bright's speech, and at the conclusion Mr. Bright thanked him for his very able sermon. As he was going home to dinner a friend of the clergyman met him and said: 'You have been preaching under distinguished patronage this morning then.'
"No," said the clergyman.
"Oh, yes, you have," said the friend. "You had John Bright among the congregation. You must have noticed him in the front in the middle pew. I know him perfectly well, and I assure you it was Mr. Bright."
"Why," said the clergyman, "I drove him to the village yesterday in my dog cart and called him a rascal and executed him in all the moods and tenses and he never said a word. I kept perfectly calm and cool. I have insulted him. I must go and apologize at once."
—St. James Gazette.

Not Real Live Frogs.

A good story is told concerning the proprietor of the Hotel Bellevue and one of the well known wits of the Clover club. It appears that some time ago a private dinner was ordered in the hotel, at which frogs' legs a la poulet was to form an important course. On the day of the dinner, by some piece of ill luck, it was found that the supply of frogs had failed, and the question of where to obtain any more became an important one. In this emergency, as the proprietor of the hotel was bewailing his hard fate, our Clover club friend approached and asked what was the matter. He was told the sad state of affairs.
"Oh!" said he, sweetly, "if you want frogs, that's all right. I have two dozen large ones in the fountain on my place in Germantown. You can have them if you like. Send your man out now and I'll give him a note to my gardener." The frog was accepted with effusive thanks. The man was duly called, given the note and dispatched for the frogs, and both proprietor and guest wished him god-speed.
In about two hours he returned, and his face wore a sort of puzzled expression. "Have you got the frogs?" said his master. "No, sir," said the faithful servant.
"Weren't there any there?" inquired the Clover club man, meekly. "Shure there was, sir," said the other, "but, sir, they were iron frogs." "How very stupid of me not to have mentioned the fact before," remarked the wicked joker as he departed from the hotel.—Philadelphia

The Blooming Heathen.

In China there are no bankrupt laws, but it is considered such a disgrace not to pay your debts in that benighted land that a "beat" is practically drummed out of business. Ah, dear, it will be a long time before we can civilize all these heathen. They have such queer, old fashioned notions about business. However, lest the heathen should be exalted above measure when they get this copy of this paper and read this flattering paragraph, let us add, for their edification, that the only coin of China is the "cash," that it takes 1,600 cash to make a dollar, and that the ignoble, little minded, small souled, greedy heathen actually counterfeit the "cash." Cheer up, Christian brother; we are not so much worse than the heathen, after all.—Bob Burdette.

Hit or Miss.

Have you ever taken the trouble to keep a check on signal service forecasts and see how often they hit the mark? I have done so for the last few months, and have come to the conclusion that the most unexpected thing happens. And now that an order has been issued ordering prophecies to extend two or three days ahead, we may expect valuable results if we can only persuade ourselves to read by contraries. Would it not save the service much ridicule and preserve its reputation at the same time, if when it has no means of telling what the weather is going to be, it would be bold enough to say "I don't know," when it did make a prediction, people would know it was based on something more than mere surmise.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Potash in Corn Cobs.

There is a good deal of potash in corn cobs, as thrifty housewives long ago learned when making soap. It is here that a good deal of the mineral elements of the corn plant are concentrated. Perhaps it is for the potash that animals will often eat the cob. It is all the better for being charred or burned. Burn to crisp the corn cobs from which fattening hogs have devoured the corn, and see how greedily the same animals will eat them.—New York Mail and Express.

The Work of Modern Chemistry.

Some years ago, in the course of a conversation with an eminent mathematician, I asked in all seriousness whether he could give me a definition of mathematics that would convey to my mind even a faint idea of the object in view in mathematical investigation. He replied: "It is impossible to give such a definition—as impossible as it is in the case of 'hemistry.' "But," said I, "I think I can give a definition of chemistry which would have some value;" and then, with a little time to think, I suggested a definition, which elicited this remark: "I could certainly give an equally bald definition of mathematics." I have frequently thought of this subject since, and have wondered whether it is possible to convey to the minds of those who are not chemists a clear idea in regard to the work chemists are doing. The difficulties are great—as great, I suppose, as in the case of mathematics, for chemists are no longer engaged in the study of familiar phenomena, but are dealing with matters which lie far beyond the limits of ordinary observation.—The Popular Science Monthly.

A New Alliment from Wheat.

According to Le Genis Civil, Dr. Durand-Beaumont recently exhibited at the Paris Academy of Medicine a new alimentary substance—"fomentine"—which is obtained from wheat by the aid of special millstones. Fomentine is the embryo of wheat reduced to flour and deprived of the oil which it contains. The substance contains three times more nitrogenous substance than meat, and a strong proportion of sugar. Thus, the amount of nitrogenous matter in it is 51 per cent., while that of the richest meat, mutton, is but 21 per cent., and the proportion of digestible substance reaches 77 per cent. of the total weight. Hence it would appear that it might advantageously replace powdered meat as a concentrated food. It can be used for making soups, and even for making biscuits, the taste of which would not be disagreeable.
The wheat germs employed are a by-product in the Schwietzer process of manufacturing a flour which can be kept for a long time without deteriorating.

The Girl Diver.

In that usually quiet harbor of Apia, where the United States and German war vessels were wrecked by a sudden tornado, a traveler once saw some very skillful diving. He says: The most lightly clad Samoans were those who came out in boats where they lay at anchor and wanted to dive for money. They are excellent divers and swimmers and when a piece of silver is thrown into the water they are after it instantly, and catch it before it reaches the bottom.
The best of the divers was a girl, who appeared to be about 15 years old. When she caught a coin she held it between her teeth until she rose to the surface, and after taking breath for half a minute or so was ready for another dive.
The performance was exactly like what we saw at Singapore, Malte and other parts, where there is always plenty of natives ready to dive for the coins that passengers throw over for them. The water is perfectly clear, and though it is usually a hundred feet deep, every object on the bottom can be seen.—Philadelphia Record.

His Distinction is Justice.

At Oxford a good deal of fun is poked at the Whelshmen who crowd to Jean's rooms, and the name of Jones is always mentioned in the name of Jones. There arrived one evening at the porter's lodge a stranger, and a colloquy began as follows: Stranger—"Kindly direct me to the rooms of Mr. Jones." Porter—"There are forty-three Mr. Joneses in college, sir. Elizabeth—This man I wish to speak to." David Jones, Porter—"Twenty-one Mr. David Joneses in college, sir. Stranger—"My Mr. David Jones lives at such and such a place." Mr. David Jones came down and said: "Stranger (in despair)—This is very awkward. Mr. David Jones asked me to come and take wine with him. Porter—Why didn't you tell me that at first, sir? Second staircase, ground floor, right. All the other Mr. Joneses drink beer.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Historical Scar.

"Did you ever notice the peculiar one sided expression of Gen. Rosecrans' face?" said a gentleman to me a few days ago. The register of the treasury had just passed us on Pennsylvania avenue. "That peculiar expression," continued my companion, "has a history connected with it. Few people know that Gen. Rosecrans was the first man who ever refined petroleum. He experimented with it for forty years ago. People said he was a fool, but he went on with his experiments. Presently, as though to prove what they had said, his petroleum blew up and burnt his face in a serious way. He has suffered from that injury ever since. When we consider the almost innumerable valuable uses to which petroleum has been put since that time, the scar on his face seems as honorable as any one could acquire in battle."—Pittsburgh Courier.

Kept Within the Law.

The action of that New Jersey bank in jumping \$4,000 in silver on its floor in payment of its checks in the hands of a rival institution brings up the question of legal tenders. Gold has always been legal tender in the United States. With a brief interval previous to the passage of the Bland act silver dollars have been also. Greenbacks are, but gold and silver certificates are not, except on customs, taxes and public dues. National bank notes are not legal tenders, and can and have often been refused in payment of debt. Subsidiary coin is legal tender only in limited quantities.

A gentleman went to the stamp window of the postoffice in a neighboring city and called for 100 one cent stamps, tendering in payment 100 one cent pieces.
"Those are not legal tender in any such quantities," growled the stamp clerk; "I refuse to accept them."
"You do, eh?" answered the gentleman. "Well, give me one stamp," at the same time showing out a penny. The stamp was forthcoming.
"Now, give me a stamp." He got it.
"Another stamp."
"Now another."
"See here," said the clerk, "how many stamps do you want? You are keeping twenty people waiting."
"Oh, I always keep within the law," responded the gentleman. "Another stamp, please. Pennies are not legal tender in large amounts. Another stamp."
And he shoved off his pennies and purchased stamps, one at a time, till he had his hundred. But the clerk was cured. Pennies are legal tender at his window in barrel lots.—Washington Post.

Rheumatism is cured by Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup striking at the seat of the disease and restoring the kidneys and liver to healthy action. If taken a sufficient time to thoroughly eradicate such poison, it never fails. Sold by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Ballbrigan shirts and drawers of first quality selling at Westcott's Boss Clothing Store for 35 cents each or 65 cents a suit. Take a tumble to yourself and get some while we have all sizes. If Westcott.

Collection Notice.
I respectfully request all parties indebted to me to call and settle their accounts before June 1st.
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Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.
Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Fever-sore, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Gout, or Thick Neck, and Eating Sores or Ulcers.
Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. If taken in time, For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh in the Head, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Cough, For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

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When you can buy a Suit of Clothes for a mere song? 33 1-3 from marked price of
ELSON, The Old Reliable One-Price Clothier,
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	FORMER PRICE.	NOW.		FORMER PRICE.	NOW.		FORMER PRICE.	NOW.
Men's Custom Made Suits,	\$25.00.	33 1/3 per cent off, \$16.67.	Men's Business Suits	\$ 8.00.	33 1/3 per cent off, \$ 5.36.	Boys' Suits	\$ 3.50.	33 1/3 per cent off, \$ 2.34.
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EVERYTHING MUST GO IN THIS GREAT DISCOUNT SALE!
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