

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

SECOND YEAR

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 7, 1889.

NUMBER 225

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.



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 substitute of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., INC. Val St. N. Y.

CIVIC SOCIETIES.

CLASS LODGE NO. 10, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend.

PLATTSMOUTH ENCAMPMENT NO. 3, I. O. O. F.—Meets every alternate Friday in each month at the Masonic Hall. Visiting brothers are invited to attend.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE NO. 6, A. 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. J. G. RICHIE, W. M. WM. HAYS, Secretary.

CLASS CAMP NO. 332, MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA—Meets second and fourth Monday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are requested to meet with us. J. A. Newcomer, Vegetable Canteen, G. F. Niles, Worthy Advisor, S. C. White, Banker, W. A. Bousie, Clerk.

NEBRASKA CHAPTER NO. 3, R. A. M.—Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month at Mason's Hall. Transient brothers are invited to meet with us. F. E. WHITE, H. P. WM. HAYS, Secretary.

THE ZION COMMUNAL BROTHERHOOD—Meets first and third Wednesday night of each month at Mason's Hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to meet with us. WM. HAYS, Secy.

PLATTSMOUTH LODGE NO. 8, A. O. U. W.—Meets every alternate Friday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. L. S. Larson, W. M.; F. Boyd, Foreman; S. C. White, Treasurer; Leonard Anderson, Overseer.

TRIO LODGE NO. 81, A. G. O. W.—Meets every alternate Friday evening at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. J. B. Kemster, Foreman; E. H. Steinkamp, W. M.; W. H. Miller, Treasurer; G. F. Houseworth, Recorder; F. J. Morgan, Recvy; W. A. Urehan, Guide; W. A. Ludwig, Inside watch; L. Olson, Outside Watch.

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor, F. M. HENRY
City Clerk, W. K. FOX
Treasurer, JAMES PATTERSON, JR.
Recorder, H. C. SCHMIDT
Police Judge, S. CLIFFORD
Marshal, H. H. DUNN
Commissioner, 1st ward, J. A. SALTSMAN
" 2nd " J. O. ERFENBERG
" 3rd " J. D. A. SHIMMAN
" 4th " J. M. JONES
" 5th " J. M. MURPHY
" 6th " CHAS. HEMPLE
" 7th " JONAS LEYDA
" 8th " J. C. McALEEN
" 9th " J. D. SIMPSON
" 10th " J. L. NEWELL
Grand Ed. Work, FRED GORDEK
Ed. Work, F. W. NEWELL

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Treasurer, D. A. CAMPBELL
Deputy Treasurer, THOS. POLLOCK
Clerk, FRANK DICKEYSON
Recorder of Deeds, W. H. POOL
Recorder of Mortgages, JOSEPH LEYDA
Chief of District Court, W. C. HOWLANDER
County Judge, H. C. SHAW
County Jail, M. C. SHAW
Supervisor of Public Schools, MAYNARD SWENK
County Jailor, G. RUSSELL

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

A. B. TODD, Plattsmouth
LOUIS FOLEY, Weeping Water
A. B. DICKSON, Chalmers
Edwin

PLATTSMOUTH BOARD OF TRADE.

President, Robt. B. Windham
1st Vice President, A. B. Todd
2nd Vice President, J. H. H. Todd
Secretary, J. H. H. Todd
Treasurer, F. R. Guthman
Directors, J. C. Robey, F. E. White, J. C. Patterson, J. A. Connor, B. Eason, C. W. Sherman, F. Gorder, J. V. Weckbach.

MOONSHINE POST 45 C. A. R.

Commander, M. A. DICKSON
Senior Vice, BENJ. HEMPLE
Junior Vice, S. CARRIGAN
Chaplain, GREG. NILES
Organist, A. SHIMMAN
Sergeant, HENRY STRIGHT
Trustee, J. A. TAYLOR
Guard, JAMES HIGSON
Post Major, ANDREW S. FIVEK
Post Chaplain, C. CHRISTIAN
Meeting Saturday evening

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEY, S. F. THOMAS, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public. Office in Fitzgerald Block, Plattsmouth, Neb.
ATTORNEY, A. N. SULLIVAN, Attorney-at-Law. Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him. Office in Union Block, East side, Plattsmouth, Neb.
GROCERIES, CHRIS. WOLFFARTH, Staple and Fancy Groceries, Glassware and Crockery. Flour and Feed.
Fine Job Work a specialty at THE HERALD office.

A MODERN CLEOPATRA.

GREAT AND EVIL FORTUNE OF PAULINE BONAPARTE'S NIECE.

Beautiful and Agreeable, She Is Surrounded by the Wise, the Witty and the Powerful—A Great Sorrow That Came Through Her Love for Her Little Daughter.

Never say that one is fortunate till you witness the close of his or her life. You must have seen in your diplomatic wanderings in Paris, Turin, Florence, Rome and Madrid that worthy niece (in regard to beauty and so on) of Pauline Bonaparte, Marie Lastitia Bonaparte-Wyse, successively, by her marriages, Comtesse de Solms, Signora Rattazzi and Dona de Rute.

Was there ever a human being whose life seemed so rosy as hers, or whom nature had made more proof to the vexations and troubles which lie heavy on most daughters of Eve? In many respects this fair offshoot of the Bonapartes afforded a parallel to Cleopatra, who, Mrs. Jameson says, was bewitching to the last because she exercised the sorcery of good nature. Like Cleopatra, Marie Bonaparte-Wyse was sparkling, genial, magnificent, of a happy-go-lucky temper and Bohemian, if one looks upon Bohemianism as emancipation from cant and mind crippling prejudices, some of which, I own, may have her social uses.

HER GUESTS AT THE "FOLLY."

She had always in her train the most eminent men of the different capitals, in which she turned up periodically to shine out for short time in splendid belongings and surroundings. She also shone as a muse, whose fingers were never soiled with ink, and who stole from Venus' garlands and cortege of graces. Her house, or palace, or chalet, near Aix, was in the daytime given up to authorship, editorship and preparation for festivity, and to elegant revelry in the evening. The lady of the house when she saw company (and nobody ever knew when she was not seeing it) was in raiment of dazzling beauty. But she looked in it and in her wondrous jewelry as pleased as a child in a pretty Sunday frock, and courted admiration in a way that enhanced her sorcery.

I never saw Lady Blessington, she having been long before my time. But I fancy that there must have been points of similarity between her Gore house parties and those of the particular great niece of the great Napoleon of whom I speak. A more picturesque or amusing salon than that of Mme. Rattazzi de Rute nobody could fancy. She was constant to old friends, was always recruiting new ones, and was hospitable to all. Old Dumas used to copy manuscripts and help to cook her dinners, which were served on vermeil plate, with the imperial crown and eagle engraved on them. A few winters ago she entertained four prime ministers, Baron von Bunsen, De Lesseps, Castelar, and birds from all parts, at a joyous dinner at Trouville.

The most roscate phase of her life was at the Hotel d'Aquila, which she afterward sold to Mrs. Mackay's sister. She was then for three or four years the widow of Sig. Rattazzi, and then the bride of a quite young Spanish deputy, Don Luis de Rute. The Hotel d'Aquila was a "folly" of the uncle of the ex-king of Naples, who ruined himself in building it, and was fitted up by Mme. Rattazzi according to her Cleopatra taste for elegant magnificence. The hall was surrounded by marble busts and statues of the Bonaparte family, and of the emperor was one of herself letting fall an armful of roses.

THE SORROW THAT CAME.

Don Luis de Rute was a nephew of Rosas, the Spanish liberal, a man of many accomplishments, and the undeniable countryman of Don Quixote. If ever a man was held in willing bondage by a woman, he was by his wife, of whom he was the devoted, humble servant, never seeking to curtail her liberty or objecting to any of her friends. The glamour she cast upon him when he first saw her as a muse at Madrid, surrounded by a court of bards and statesmen, never faded from his eyes. She valued his devotion to her and to a beautiful daughter whom she had had by Rattazzi, and became deeply in love with him. Mme. de Rute presented her husband with twins, one of whom died at its birth. The surviving one was called Dolores or "Lola." It seemed a ridiculous misnomer. All that was joyous and rosy in the mother's life appeared to be incarnate in the child, which was a paragon of infantile beauty and precocious wit and intellect. Dolores became the idol of the household, and was as sunshine wherever she went. People used to say what luck her mother had to be so blessed in her maternity. But wait a bit. The luck was to bring forth an eternal blight and sorrow upon sorrow.

Lola was playing in her mother's grounds at Aix. A horse near which she ran lashed out and kicked her on the forehead. The child was taken in dead to father and mother, with her brains oozing out through a gash. I could not have conceived the latter broken hearted and utterly crushed had I not seen her. Since this calamity she took no interest in anything but portraits and busts of Lola, which she tried to paint and model from memory. The unfortunate De Rute said to me: "The least thing would now kill me. Since Dolores was taken from me I feel an old man, though not yet forty-five. The gashed forehead of

IT CANNOT LAST FOREVER.

I've a word of comfort for you Who on life's rugged road Are toiling, weary, and alone, Of a heavy, hopeless load. It will make your heart grow lighter, Whatever be your wrong, And give you strength to bear it If you take these words along. And say when clouds of darkness Around your pathway hover, "The sun is shining just beyond, It cannot last forever."

How We Should Breathe.

Dr. Campbell said the object of breathing was primarily to vitalize the blood. The injury of breathing bad air was not so much the taking of impurities into the lungs, but a lack of nourishment. Every molecule of the body was kept in motion by the breath. The reason sedentary employments and tight lacing were injurious was not a failure to get oxygen to the blood, but the failure to give sufficient motion to the molecules, without which good health was impossible. The vitalizing of the blood furnished the mind with new truths. The lungs took in four times as much air as was necessary and rejected three-fourths of it. So should the mind take in all that came to it and reject all that was not useful. There could be no good, pure, clear, deep thinking without good, deep, pure breathing. Every occupation and work had its own method of breathing. A man training for a foot race did not breathe the same as a billiard player. A great many ailments due to sedentary occupations might be cured by abdominal breathing. Deep breathing was a cure for anger and uncharitableness.—Chicago Herald.

Longfellow and Euripides.

In the course of Professor Jib's speech at the entertainment in behalf of the Longfellow memorial, he said: The peculiar source of Longfellow's immense popularity has been his faculty of saying what every one can feel as true in a form which every one can recognize as beautiful; he pleases fastidious minds, but he can also speak to the hearts of simple folk with such power as to make his words household words among them; he deals with universal sentiments, but he was not commonplace; he was lifted above that by his delicate truth of feeling, his exquisite fancy, his sense of humor, and his perfectly trained gift of expression; we might apply to him what Mrs. Browning said of Euripides: his is, indeed, a "touching of things common till they rise to meet the spheres."—Glasgow Herald.

Chinese Wine Making.

Wine making is said to have existed for thousands of years before the introduction of distilling. The process is simple. Glutinous rice, or hwang-mi, is placed over a fire in a large iron pan and softened with warm water. It is made into a thick, solid sort of gruel. This steamed rice is placed on a table with raised edges to prevent the fluid from overflowing. Over the rice, when in this state, the leaves to aid fermentation is sprinkled. The whole is then mixed with twins, one of whom died at its birth. The surviving one was called Dolores or "Lola." It seemed a ridiculous misnomer. All that was joyous and rosy in the mother's life appeared to be incarnate in the child, which was a paragon of infantile beauty and precocious wit and intellect. Dolores became the idol of the household, and was as sunshine wherever she went. People used to say what luck her mother had to be so blessed in her maternity. But wait a bit. The luck was to bring forth an eternal blight and sorrow upon sorrow.

The Irish Witness.

There was a good natured Irish temper on the witness stand in the district court the other day, who kept the lawyers mightily amused, while at the same time he did not let any of them get very far ahead of him. His replies to their questions sparkled with Irish wit, diversified by an occasional "bull." He was testifying in relation to some iron pipe he had been hauling for the street railway company. "Was there more than one size of pipe?" asked the examining lawyer. "Yes, sir, there was." "Well, just state to the jury what was the difference in the two sizes of pipe," continued the lawyer. "All right, sir; it was just this difference—won size was larger than the other."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

FIRE BY LIGHTNING.

The Barn of Philip Horn Burned With all Contents Except the Horses.

A Narrow Escape for Geo. Merkle the Carpenter.

Mr. Philip Horn, a well known Cass county farmer living about four miles west of this city was a loser by the storm of last night. On his farm is a large barn for stock, hay, grain and machinery, which was struck at 1 a. m., and consumed with nearly all the contents, and Mr. Geo. Merkle, the carpenter who was sleeping in the barn had a

NARROW ESCAPE.

from probably being burned in the flames or killed by the lightning. He is building a house for Mr. Horn on his farm a mile and a half farther west and had piled near the barn, which he was using as a carpenter shop, lumber to be dressed and fitted before taking to the new house, and some of it might have would sleep in the barn, and last night being warm was one of them. As the storm broke he awoke, and aware of his dangerous position from the brilliant lightning went to the house where he thought he would be safer. He had just got sheltered on the porch when the air seemed to take fire and from the barn there seemed to shoot balls of fire in every direction. Immediately there was a terrific crackling and bursting sound, rolling out into heavy thunder and as Merkle recovered from the blindness of the shock he saw the barn in flames—which he had left not two minutes before the lightning struck.

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South Park Tabernacle.

The Tabernacle Mission erected in South Park is of a rustic nature—grandly so. It is surrounded on every side by native forest trees, which give it a free and hospitable appearance, which all can accept and feel at home. The building, 50x50 feet, has a seating capacity of about 400. The seats are made of dressed lumber with backs and are as comfortable as could be desired. The building is covered with a hip roof of siding and tar felt which is waterproof. In the center of the roof is a large door, which, by opening, will give the best circulation of air, and long horizontal doors in the sides of the building will admit of a ventilation sufficient that the largest congregation that might assemble would not need be uncomfortable. A large platform has been erected and an organ and sufficient church furniture will be supplied. Four large pillars of timber support the roof in the center. The floor is ground to be covered with sawdust. Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock will occur the opening services of the tabernacle. At this service all the ministers of the city are personally invited to be present, and the public will doubtless crowd the building. There are plenty of trees for tying hors for any who wish to drive out, but it is only a walk of twenty minutes from Main street out Third street and Lincoln avenue, Eighth street or Chicago avenue.

THE BAZAR.

NEW GOODS ARRIVE DAILY

Complete in all departments, Handsome line of Neopolitan and pattern

HATS RIBBONS, PLUMES, COLLARS
CUFFS BELTS GLOVES
FANS HANDKERCHIEFS SASH RIBBON.

We cordially invite ladies to call and get prices, we can save you money.

MOORE & STUDEBAKER.

One door west of Joe's clothing store.

The judge is gone. People haven't talked much about it, and many of them don't seem to know it, and the newspapers haven't mentioned it. On the morning of a beautiful Sabbath, with the gray dawn, the Judge piled his family and household goods into his wagon and drove away from the home he could not call his own. A milestone day in his life was that—he had doubtless never gotten up so early before. But when one makes a new start in life why not start early? As the Judge and his little all ascended a western hill of the STAR CITY the warm morning sun's rays danced upon his back and warmed his whole frame, so that as he turned to take a farewell look it was not a cold shoulder that he turned upon the town. No, the Judge could never do that to old Plattsmouth. Before him lay the unbounded west, into which he was to press, guided and led on by the hope which animated him to enter a new field, aye, to him, a new world. The Judge was not ambitious. It is said he loved his family. He loved, though, most of all, to sit upon the bank step, the iron railing, or in the broad court hallway; here he would whittle a stick into shape, out of shape, into shavings; here he would tell about "before the war," and "after the war," he would dwell with a patriot's oratory upon the martyr Lincoln; but the achievements of Grant made him eloquent, and in the rapture of his thought, his hands, with elbows resting upon his knees, would part a space of a few inches to give force to his words. Such was his enthusiasm! The beloved Garfield would draw from him a flow of eloquence unknown to a city elector or one opposing a cut horse bond, and which either would be glad to have stereotyped. Not infrequently did the qualities of Grover Cleveland come before him for analysis. Cleveland was bold and energetic, but the rest of his story might, several years ago, have broken a wedding engagement. Benjamin Harrison was a type of true Americanism, equally balanced in his ideas, and exercised wisdom fit to harmonize the nations.

By the Judge was not ambitious. He probably never aspired to the presidency himself, if he did he does not any more; but he has sought a new field and his aim is to do service before the law. He was admitted here, but he was known and must seek a field where the oppressors of the oppressed will stand enchanted before his truth and reasoning.

Was that all? He had other reasons for going. The riches stored in the Judge are ever now lost to Plattsmouth. They failed to develop here, it may have been the climate, but it is said he was not ambitious. Ah! Judge goodbye, and fare thee well. This world may ever treat thee ill, but he it unto thee as you wit in the world where you can lay up treasure that does not rust and where taxes do not break through and steal. Your debts are here all forgiven, none hold aught against thee; enter your new field with hope, and may that hope bring a day as bright and full of comfort as the day of the morning you took your way westward.

A Comfortable Home

is one where a man that is weary can rest himself upon a neat sofa, if he is hungry he can go to the cupboard or safe and get something to eat, if he is thirsty he can draw a glass of cold water from the refrigerator, if he has company he can show them into a neatly furnished parlor and give them an elegantly arranged spare room, if the wife has sewing she can rest comfortably in a low rocking chair, in going out to call a fine dresser is at hand to arrange the appearance before and there is always a hat rack in the hall to keep personal property on and a jar to receive the wet umbrellas. Be comfortable and happy and furnish your home from the Paratury Emporium of HENRY BOECK.

\$500 OFFERED

For an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Symptoms of Catarrh.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and purged; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectation of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases, etc.

Pierce's

The Original
LIVER PILLS.
Purges the
Bile & Liver.

Unexcelled as Liver Pills. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One Pellet a Dose. Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Indigestion, Biliary Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cts. by druggists.

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Summer Slippers at Sherwood's.

Plenty of feed, flour, Graham and meal at Heise's mill. It

The New Bow, only \$25.00 at Sherwood's.

Home and lot on Ritchie place for sale on easy payments; enquire at Johnson Bros. Hardware store. If

NO SMOKE OR SMELL

To the new COAL OIL STOVE and range at Johnson Bros. Call and see them. They will not explode.

Freezy

Freezy cream with the lightest freezer sold by Johnson Bros. 10/11

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

\$50. \$50.

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Fifty Dollars in clean Cash

To be given away by C. E. Wescott, the Boss Clothier.

Each dollar's worth of goods bought from our Elegant stock entitles the purchaser to one chance to draw this GRAND PRIZE.

Drawing takes place October 15th, 18 89. The money is on Exhibition in our show window.

Our stock is complete. We carry only reliable goods. Sell at the lowest bottom figures have strictly one price and no Monkey business. C. E. Wescott, The Boss Clothier.