

# The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

THIRD YEAR

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 25, 1890.

NUMBER 120

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**BROSIUS & WHEELER,**  
PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

### PERPETUAL MOTION BICYCLE.

The Curious One Wheeled Machine Invented by a St. Louis Genius.

Joseph Brietmossler, a St. Louis mechanic, claims to have invented a bicycle which possesses in one respect the valuable quality known as perpetual motion. His model is a very curious looking affair. It consists of one gigantic wheel, eight feet in height, made of steel and copper wire and a small cast iron wheel, which, instead of being in front or behind, as all small wheels of bicycles are, is on the right hand side. The rider, instead of being perched on the top of the machine, sits in a small recess about three feet in diameter upon a sliding seat running upon eight sliding grooved wheels in the center of the large wheel. His feet are in a straddle position; that is, one on each side, and rest upon two foot rests, which are fastened to the seat by means of steel rods.

To set the curious machine in motion the rider leans forward, thus changing the center of gravity and causing the wheel to revolve. The next move is to re-establish the center of gravity, but according to the inventor the center cannot be found and the wheel continues revolving, gaining speed at each turn. There is no limit to the speed obtainable. The edges of both wheels are grooved and can be used on a railroad track as well as on the ground. By means of a peculiar arrangement of canvas, which covers the steel spokes near the center and forms an air tight space which extends around the wheel, the inventor says the structure can travel in water as well as on land. The canvas, when the machine is used on land, serves as an umbrella to shield the rider from the sun and rain.

The machine can be made to complete a circle by simply throwing the weight on the opposite side from which the rider desires to go. A passenger can be carried by simply extending the seat to the small wheel. The seat does not move when the machine is in operation; in fact, it acts as the axle, allowing the wheel to slide around it. Mr. Brietmossler claims that the heavier the load carried the quicker the machine can travel.

The model is as yet a very crude looking affair. The canvas which serves as an umbrella and float is ornamented with the inscription, "Perpetual Motion, Joseph Brietmossler, 1888." The inventor has already secured ten patents for various devices invented by him. He is also at present employed in building a very peculiar looking mill, which, when completed, will be capable of turning out six to ten different grades of flour at the same time. The grinding stone is made of cast iron, and is kept in a sharp condition by means of an emery wheel which revolves with it.—Globe-Democrat.

### Schwatka's Cliff Dwellers.

Lieut. Schwatka, of polar fame, surveys mankind from China to Peru with equal mind. Having exhausted the arctic circle, he took himself to the equator. In returning he has now reached El Paso, Texas, accompanied by Mr. F. Howard O'Neill, in charge of eleven cliff dwellers from the Sierra Madre mountains. These cliff dwellers are members of the Tabuarari tribe, and speak a language of their own. They came from Tukova, 200 miles from Chihuahua, and traveled the whole distance on foot, beating their master, who rode. One of these men is known to have traveled 100 miles in twelve hours, an achievement that recalls the stories of the old Greek runners. Lieut. Schwatka intends to exhibit his strange companions in the principal cities of the country, and then to take them to Europe to join Buffalo Bill.—Harper's Bazar.

### The Formation of Coal.

It takes a prodigious amount of vegetable matter to form a layer of coal. It is being estimated that the present growth of the world would make a layer less than one-eighth of an inch in thickness and that it would take a million years of vegetable growth to form a coal bed ten feet in thickness. The United States has an area of more than 40,000 square miles of coal fields, and more than 110,000 tons of coal were mined in this country last year, enough to run a ring around the earth at the center five and one-half feet wide and five and one-half feet thick. Competent scientists say that there is enough coal in the United States to supply the world for the next 2,000 years.—New York Telegram.

### Mongolian Newspaper.

The oldest journal in the metropolis is the so called newspaper published by the Mongolians of Mott street. It is written with a camel's hair pen upon vermilion paper and is posted upon the wall of No. 16 of that thoroughfare and on the two large telegraph poles which stand between Chestnut square and Poll street. All day long it is read and studied by the almost-eyed crowds. Even in the evenings a belated laundryman can be seen running his eyes over its tea chest characters.

Yesterday I was one of the throng, and, thanks to a friend who is a good Chinese scholar, was enabled to get a fair knowledge of the day's news. There was a considerable similarity between it and our own dailies.

There was the latest proclamation from the emperor of China, a communication from the embassy at Washington, a letter from the consul, an account of an anti-Chinese outrage in Idaho, a news item of a flood in China, a dozen of "want ads," a few laundries for sale, a death notice and a call for a meeting of some benevolent society. The editors were called scribes, and write at the office at their customers, charging a good figure for their skill with the brush. The favorite editor is said to make up his copy at \$20 a day, but beyond his editorial work he writes cards, literary compositions and prayer tickets for his customers.—New York Star.

### CALIFORNIA STORIES.

The Last of the Mustangs—Grizzlies and Frontiersmen.

The mountains of San Luis Obispo offer some of the strangest frontier scenes and types to be found on the Pacific coast. The region was one of the last strongholds of the native Californians. Helen Hunt Jackson collected a good deal of material a few months before her death in the old town of San Luis, from the Spanish priests there, and would perhaps have written another Californian novel if she had had one more year of life. She thought that the region combined to a remarkable degree the peculiar charms of northern and southern California, and she often spoke of its "waste wealth of literary material."

My thoughts were turned to San Luis the other day by the news from there that a man had found a band of wild horses in the mountains and had captured about twenty in a corral. There are four or five bands of wild horses that take care of themselves in the unfenced mountains of the upper Sierras, but none in the coast range, north of San Luis. They are descended from Spanish "mustangs," and are as wild and worthless for any kind of work as it is possible to imagine. In one case, in early times, a Spanish land owner was persuaded to buy an American plow and sow some wheat. He had four or five mustangs tied to the plow beam, put boys on the mustangs, and ran them across the fields with several Indians hanging to the plow handles. Every now and then the mustangs flew out on the plowed ground and kicked "for all they were worth." After a little while the old Don was heard to say: "What men these Americans are! How hard they work for nothing!" And so he went back to his brush harrow.

One of the characters of San Luis died a short time ago. He was a frontiersman, known over thousands of square miles of mountain and valley as "Uncle Billy of Josephine." He was a grizzled giant, certainly the coolest and strongest man in the region, and he kept a post-office and a store. He was a blacksmith, a school trustee, and a few things besides, especially a wheel horse at camp meetings. One night two Mexican miners tried to rob the old man. The door was shut, but he threw the foremost Mexican through the panels into the road, and then, putting his arms about the three others, shoved them en masse through the splinters and fragments of the broken door. "One or two of them Mexicans stuck their knives into me," said Uncle Billy afterward, "but I never showed I was hurt, and after they were thrown out they crawled away." In fact, one knife thrust was clear through his arm, but, on the other hand, he crippled most of the Mexicans for life.

There were plenty of grizzlies around the mountains fifteen years ago, and I hear of them even now. Every one in the mountains has an immense respect for the grizzly. An old frontiersman tells me that a few years ago he was hunting stray cattle, and he came on a new settler's cabin beside an oak in a mountain valley. He stayed with the settler for a night, and in a blanket before the fire during the night they heard a great noise outside. The settler looked out and reported that a large bear was at the meat safe, which hung under the oak tree. The frontiersman was asked to shoot it, but said he would not risk it, with only a revolver and a shotgun. The wife of the settler remarked that they were both cowards, and she would drive it off with a broom. They locked the door, prevented her from going out, and shortly after heard the meat safe fall and roll into the gulch. In the morning they found that an old horse had become entangled in the ropes of the meat safe, and finally torn it down in his struggles and dragged it down the ravine. The old frontiersman and the new settler were obliged in self defence to retire to the headwaters of the San Antonio within a week and stay there until they had killed a grizzly apiece.—New York Tribune.

### Violets.

Violets sell in New York and some other cities nowadays for \$1.50 a bunch. There are about fifty violets in a bunch. Notwithstanding the price there is a great demand for them, and florists say there would still be considerable sales if they were \$10 a bunch. In every florist's establishment there are men and girls employed whose chief work is to fasten artificial stems on flowers intended for large bouquets and floral pieces. Ordinarily flowers do not require much handling, but, owing to its frail stem, every violet must have a support, even for a small bouquet. This is one reason why violets come so high. The end of a bit of fine florist's wire is inserted into the flower from below and twirled around the stem. It takes a good while to prepare a very small bunch for sale.—New York Letter.

### Consolation.

He—Comfort yourself, dear Miss Maud. Kings and emperors are down with the grippe.  
She (brightening)—Sure enough! And wasn't there a King Louis Quinze?—Pittsburg Bulletin.

### Did Not Wish to Spread the Disease.

"Can you do anything with my account today, sir?" asked a collector.  
"I'd like to pay it," replied Gatzam, "but the fact is I haven't any gold coin, and the doctor says that paper money carries the influenza microbes about. Can't be too careful, you know, and I wouldn't pay you with paper money for all the world."—Epoch.

### The Two Climates of California.

There have been forty miles of snow-sheds on the line of the Central Pacific railroad in the high Sierra these many years. At this altitude, or at the height equal to the summit of Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, the snow in such exceptional winters as this is decidedly troublesome to the railroad people. From the vicinity of Mount Shasta north for nearly a hundred miles, the snow falls every winter. Once in twenty years the snow at the highest altitude falls on the mountains to such a depth as is found there this winter. California has both a winter and a spring climate at the same time. While the mountains have been literally buried in the snow and railway trains have had a hard time in getting through the drifts, and many cattle have perished in altitudes where in ordinary winters they find open pastures, especially in the valleys, among the mountains, it has actually been spring for 700 miles along the coast, and inland until an altitude exceeding 1,000 feet has been reached, for the last three months, or since the early rains began. The grass in many places is a foot high. Famine-stricken cattle have been sent down from the ranges in the mountains to feed in the most luxuriant pastures. Citrus fruits have ripened, not a few specimens here and there, but train loads are now going forward to eastern markets. They are hawked by the wagon load on the streets of this city, as large and fair as ever gladdened the eyes of dwellers in hyperborean regions. All this time millions of roses have been in bloom in open gardens, and only an occasional white frost has been seen. The citrus belt is here, and the snow is there. There is a perfect harmony between the two.—San Francisco Bulletin.

### An Immaculate Gall.

The pardon issued to Albert S. Cronk, a Chicago lawyer who was convicted of the crime of perjury in 1888 and sentenced to the Joliet prison for one year, took effect today. Cronk has never been confined in the penitentiary, but ever since his conviction has been allowed to remain in the Chicago jail.

As the pardon was directed to the warden of the prison, it became necessary for the prisoner to be at least brought to the prison before he could be legally discharged from custody. Sheriff Matson, of Cook county, brought Cronk to Joliet today, having the pardon in his pocket. The prisoner was turned over to the warden, who gave the sheriff his receipt. The sheriff then handed the warden the pardon and the formality of discharging Cronk from the prison was gone through with, and, although Cronk had never served a minute's time, he at once asked for his discharge money from the state, \$10 and transportation, the sum paid to all discharged convicts. This exhibition of gall was a paralyser to the prison warden, and when the ex-prisoner finally made a demand for a suit of citizen's clothing, such as is given to the discharged convicts, it caused Sheriff Matson to retire in disgust. Cronk was paid the \$10 and given a ticket to Chicago, but he did not get the clothes.

The fact of Cronk's having to sign the prison vouchers for his discharge money places him on the prison records as having been a convict, as he had to be given a number and entered on the convict register. The cupid of the fellow caused this, and now No. 52, Albert S. Cronk, is an ex-convict.—Joliet Special to Chicago News.

### Thieving in China.

According to a Chinese story a miser had three sons-in-law; one was a tailor, another a jeweler, and the third a spendthrift, who did nothing at all. One day the miser called his third son-in-law and said to him:

"See here! Your two brothers-in-law are thrifty men, and are gradually adding to the family fortune; the tailor, by cabbaging a little of his customers' cloth now and then, you know—bless you, they don't know it—and the jeweler by—well, by debasing the jewelry just a little, don't you see. But you! exclaiming the miser, "what do you do?"  
"I 'ather-in-law," said the miser-dowell, "you say well. Give me a crowbar; I will go out, and, watching my chance, I will break in merchants' doors, open their tills, and bring you back thousands of pieces of silver where my brothers-in-law bring you only paltry gains."  
"What! How?" exclaimed the miser, in terrible anger; "can it be possible that you would actually be a thief?"—Boston Herald.

### Making Pins and Needles.

Metal pins were introduced into England from France in 1543. Within a short time after machines were constructed in England for the manufacture of pins. "Previously they had been filed to a point and the head had been soldered by hand. Great opposition was made to the novelty," says Felkin, "but utility and cheapness prevailed in its favor. The common sewing needle was brought hither from India after the discovery of the route by the Cape of Good Hope. Before that time sewing was performed in the method still used by shoemakers."

### Artificial Gems.

Artificial gems at the Paris exposition are said to have surpassed anything ever before shown, some of the specimens puzzling even jewelers and experts. The artificial pearls were especially successful, no means being found to distinguish the genuine from the artificial, except the use of a file.—New York Telegram.

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KNOTT'S BROS.,

PUBLISHERS,

503 Vine Street, Plattsmouth, Neb.