

OCURATION GONE.

NOWADAYS THERE IS VERY LITTLE FOR A SCOUT TO DO.

The Railroad and the Telegraph Have Taken Away His Avocation—Importance of the Scout of Former Times—His Wonderful Eyesight—Indian Traits.

The scout of the frontier is like the typical cowboy—a mythical personage in these days of steam and electricity. The recent Indian war was conducted without him, and the travelers on the prairies do not need his services.

It is impossible to realize nowadays the importance of a scout of former times. No party dared cross the plains alone without a professional trailer to lead it, and no marauding band of Indians or whites could be overtaken unless they were tracked across the boundless wastes of soil.

A traveler across the plains of New Mexico relates to the writer that one day while riding with a guide he stopped and pointed to a clear and well defined bear's track in the sand.

The guide looked at it attentively a moment, then, without dismounting, declared: "You are mistaken; it is not a bear's track."

"Isn't it?" said the American. "Then I never saw one."

"Yes, you have seen many, but this isn't one."

Quickly alighting, the American pointed out the heel and toes of the track as clear and well defined as if made a few minutes before.

"Well," said the guide, "if it does look like a bear's track, still it isn't one. The marks you imagine to be the heels and toes are made by those spires of grass, which, bent by the wind, scoop out the sand in the manner you see."

"You ought to have seen that yourself," he went on, "but you didn't stop to think. You Americans never do. Americans travel with their eyes shut and their mouth open. An Indian or Mexican will travel all day without speaking a word to any one unless absolutely necessary, but nothing escapes his observation, while an American will talk continuously and see nothing but the general features of the country through which he travels."

The guide was probably right, for few Americans become adepts at trailing either men or animals across the plains of the west.

FOLLOWING A TRAIL. It is impossible to learn the art from books, though there are a few general rules which can be observed. For instance, every scout knows that to overtake a party which has perhaps run off some stock, provisions must be taken to last several days; that the start must be made slowly and the course followed persistently and at a moderate pace, giving the horses the nights to rest in and start at daylight in the mornings.

Then, when the pursuers come near the pursued, it is the scout's business to tell the number and condition of the enemy, and how many hours have elapsed since they passed the spot on which you are standing, for it may become necessary for you to remain concealed until you decide upon the manner of attack, for if the party be made up of Indians they will scatter before you can capture them.

Again, any scout can tell whether the trail be that of a war party or not, because no Indians take their families with them on the warpath; hence no lodge poles drag behind the ponies. If there is no trace of these it is safe to consider that a war party is on the rampage.

One of the difficult things to determine is the age of the trail, and to do it correctly requires much practice. If the track is very fresh it will show moisture where the earth is turned up, which after a few hours becomes dry. Should rain have fallen the edges will be less clear and will be washed down somewhat.

The expert Mexican scout can tell by a glance what tribe of Indians has made a given trail, its age, and every particular about it as truthfully as though he had himself seen the cavalcade pass.

A party following an Apache trail during the Indian difficulties of 1883 suddenly came to a ledge of bare rock. The officers of the troops examined it carefully, but could see nothing to indicate where the tribe had gone. But the scout led them for two miles across it as unerring as though the trail had been made in heavy grass.

KEEN EYESIGHT. When asked what told him the way, he called attention to the fine moss which covered the rock, and that by close scrutiny gave evidence of having been pressed by the foot, an indication so slight that it would have been passed unnoticed by ninety-nine out of a hundred, yet his keen eye detected every footprint as easily as could be wished.

In the grass a trail can be seen for a long time, as the blades will be bent in the direction followed by the party, and even after it has recovered its natural position an expert trailer will detect a slight difference in the color of the grass that has been stepped on and that growing around it.

So the appearance of the tracks will also show him the gait at which the party was traveling, and he thus knows how to regulate his pace in order to overtake it.

It is rare to find a white person who can retrace his steps for any great distance in the open country, but it is simply impossible to lose an Indian. No matter how circuitous the route by which you have reached a certain place the Indian will find his way back to the place of starting by the most direct route, and without hesitating for a moment which course to pursue.

If you ask him how he does it he may possibly shrug his shoulders and reply, "Quien sabe?" or "Who knows?" though he knows as well as you will not reply at all.

A Break in the Proceedings. Mrs. Slimson—I don't understand, Willie, how you should have worn your clothes out so sliding down hill. Didn't you use your sled?

It is easy to sneer at people's eccentricities. We may smile at the man who persists in wearing a queer style of hat, or at the woman who clings to an old fashion in hair dressing. But in adhering to a custom both agreeable and comfortable, do they not show some independence of mind, a decision that helps to leaven the lump of general flabbiness?

Once a lady whose eyes were weak was obliged always to carry a sunshade to protect them from the glare of the sun. Even in winter, and when she wore furs, the sunshade was a necessity. She declared laughingly that no one would believe, unless she tried it, how much attention such a simple matter evoked. Sometimes she was followed a block or two by boys commenting on her odd appearance. They wondered if she was crazy. And while they wondered, seemed to think she was also deaf. Older people, whom one would think might know better, gazed at her curiously, and even questioned her as to the reason of her peculiar conduct.

Most persons under such persecution would have given up the fight, staid in the house or decided to bear the pain and run the danger. Being a woman of resolute temper she did nothing of the kind. She carried her muff and her parasol all winter. Indeed, after a while she seemed to take a wicked pleasure in flaunting these articles before the faces of bewildered passers, who would often turn and look back with an expectation of seeing strange developments from so great a phenomenon.

Probably not many women would have stuck to the singularity as she did, or have gotten so much amusement out of it. Yet if it is considered in another light, and we reflect how much interest she excited and how many gazers she supplied with subject for conversation, we might call her a public benefactor.—Harper's Bazar.

Imagination and Hunger. I observed another instance of the influence of the imagination upon our happiness of a sort which I dare say I have before alluded to. I was engaged one morning in preparing part of an interesting chapter in my new work—the one which deals with the origin and development of the bonnet. I had got as far as the head dress worn by the Athenian matrons to the theater, and was naturally much engrossed with the work, when an inward monitor, in a still, small, yet unmistakable voice, suggested "luncheon." I looked at my watch—it said 3 o'clock.

Now I always take luncheon at half-past 1; never, in any emergency, later than 2. But 3 o'clock! I felt ill and faint. I started for the club feeling like Rip Van Winkle when he came home for his luncheon twenty years late. I passed a friend. I tried to slink by without his noticing, but I could see that he looked upon me sadly and askance, as if I were in some way a stricken wether of the flock. I went in and sat down.

Somehow everybody else seemed to be late. I looked at the clock. It was exactly twenty-five minutes of 2. I looked at my watch again. It still said 3 o'clock. It had stopped during the night. Now mark the result. I instantly recovered from the starvation from which I had been suffering, and began to converse in my usual cheerful and intelligent manner. But I did not mention the extraordinary behavior of my watch, which I now reveal only in strict confidence.—Boston Post.

McCallough Echoes. Joseph Haworth in private life is a student. When away from the theater Haworth spends all his spare time in completing the life of John McCallough. Haworth has an autograph letter from McCallough which money could not buy. It was written several days previous to the death of the tragedian. It was probably the last letter written by McCallough, in view of the fact that for months previous to death his brain was shattered. "We will climb the ladder of fame together, Joe," he said, "and I will help you until we both reach the top round."

"McCallough had a valet named Bob Pritchard, who was a curious fellow," said Haworth, recently. "He was a thrifty Scotchman, and to save money he always made his bed in McCallough's dressing-room in the theater. Once John missed a handsome robe which he wore in 'Richard III.' It couldn't be found. Finally, several months later, when playing in New York, two little Pritchards came to the theater, and the dresses which they wore were cut from McCallough's handsome robe."

Pritchard expressed his sympathy curiously the day the gov'nor was buried. "He was a great man, Mr. Haworth," he sobbed, "a good man. Many a dressing-room through the country has he wiped the floor with me, sir."—Boston Globe.

Expensive Repairs. A submarine telegraph cable has a life of from ten to twelve years. If a cable breaks in deep water after it is ten years old it cannot be lifted for repairs, as it will break of its own weight. On this account cable companies are prepared to put aside a large reserve fund in order that they may be prepared to replace their cables every ten years. The action of the sea eats the iron away so completely as to turn the outside coating to dust or sediment while the core is still intact. The breakage of an ocean cable is a very costly accident, owing to the difficulties to be encountered in repairing it. It often becomes necessary in case of a break to charter a ship at \$500 per day for several days in succession, trying to fix upon the location where the cable has parted. One breakage in the Direct Cable company's line a few years ago cost that syndicate \$125,000.—Boston Transcript.

A Break in the Proceedings. Mrs. Slimson—I don't understand, Willie, how you should have worn your clothes out so sliding down hill. Didn't you use your sled? Willie—Yes, ma. All but the last time. —Harper's Young People.

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CASS LODGE, No. 136, I. O. O. F. meets every Tuesday night at their hall in Fitzgerald block. All Odd Fellows are cordially invited to attend when visiting in the city. T. E. WILLIAMS, N. G. J. W. BRIDGE, Sec.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS, Gamblet Lodge, No. 47. Meets every Wednesday evening at their hall in Fitzgerald block. All visiting knights are cordially invited to attend. C. A. Marshall, C. C.; Frank Dixon, K. R. S.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION. Waterman block Main Street. Rooms open from 8:30 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. For men only. Gospel meeting every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

G. A. R. McConville Post, No. 45, meets every Saturday evening at 7:30, in their hall, Rockwood Block. All visiting comrades are invited to meet with us. G. F. Niles, Post Adj. F. A. Bates, Post Com.

Our Clubbing List. Globe-Democrat and Herald \$2.25 Harper's Magazine 4.60 Harper's Bazar 4.80 Demorest's Magazine 3.10 Omaha Bee 2.40 Toledo Blade 2.45 Lincoln Call 2.15 National Tribune 2.45 The Forum 5.55 Inter Ocean 2.25 Lincoln Journal 2.30 The Home Magazine 1.85

Time Table. GOING WEST. No. 1, 3:30 a. m. No. 2, 5:35 p. m. No. 3, 5:45 p. m. No. 4, 10:30 a. m. No. 5, 9:25 a. m. No. 6, 7:34 p. m. No. 7, 7:15 a. m. No. 8, 9:45 a. m. No. 9, 6:25 p. m. No. 10, 10:14 a. m. No. 11, 5:25 p. m. No. 12, 8:30 a. m. No. 13, 11:35 a. m.

A Dust Destructor. A correspondent asks, What is the "dust destructor"? The dust destructor is a group of furnaces set in an inclosed space containing the requisite yards and buildings used for consuming the rubbish which is swept off the London streets, which amounts to many thousands of tons in a year. The furnace house is approached by an incline driveway leading to a covered place above the furnaces. In this place the scavengers' carts shoot their rubbish, which by simple apparatus is dropped into the furnaces, where it is speedily converted into "clinker." This clinker is then removed and broken up. Some of it is ground, some reground, and some ground a third time.

In the ward are seen piles of broken and ground clinker, some of coarse lumps, some resembling gravel, some looking like the finest sand. For all this material there is a use. Some of it goes to form the foundation of roads; some, mixed with tar, is made into a durable pavement; some makes admirable sand for mortar and cement, and some is made into imitation stone for sidewalks. In the Battersea district of London the parish wagon houses, stables, blacksmith shops, etc., have been constructed entirely of this imitation stone made from the refuse of domestic dust bins and the streets.

If any of the residents of the parish want any of the broken or ground clinker for any purpose they are permitted to take as much of it as they can carry away in barrows or carts. Nothing goes to waste. The process of cremation is cheap, and this method of disposing of the refuse of a crowded district has had a wholesome effect from a sanitary point of view. In Battersea the death rate has gone down from eighteen to eleven.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Rugby Boys' Busy Day. I give the everyday routine at Rugby just as my young "Lower Middle" friend rattled it off to me: "Well, the 6:15 morning bell wakes us, but we don't want to get up. Then another bell rings at 6:50 for five minutes. We've got to get in our places in chapel in that time to be 'called over,' and if we are too lazy to make it, it means a 'licking,' that's all. After service we march in order to our different 'form' rooms and say lessons till 8:15. Then we have fifteen minutes to buy any little luxuries, like penny loaves—the house bread's pretty dry—and then comes breakfast. From 9:15 to 1:15, lessons; and dinner at 1:30. "We get a rest spell from dinner until 3, and then lessons go on again until 6, except Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Then's half holidays. Every boy has got to join the games then, unless he's got good excuse. Sometimes we get off by slumming a sore foot and many other ways well known to us boys. But whatever we're doing at 6 o'clock, games, sauntering or study, everything's dropped, and we give a grand rush for 'tea.' After tea in winter, and after 7:15 in summer, comes 'locking up.' Nobody likes that. Then we have to pitch in 'on preparation'—that's getting our lessons for the next forenoon—until 9 o'clock, when they give us a very light supper that don't make anybody dream. Then it's go to bed, and no fooling, or it means another 'licking,' sure as fees and marshes, that's all!"—E. L. Wakeman in Wilmington News.

Wealth for Future Generations. In southern Oregon there is a forest 16,000 miles in extent, with an estimated amount of merchantable timber of 400,000,000,000 feet. At ten dollars per thousand feet the proceeds would pay our national debt twice over.—Boston Globe.

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"The Little Tycoon." Willard Spenser's successful comic opera, "The Little Tycoon," will be presented with the same magnificent scenery and costumes used in the productions in New York and Philadelphia. The company comprises fifty-two people. The story of the opera is told without unnecessary waste of words. In the first act a company of amusing collegiates is shown on the deck of an ocean steamer. General Knickerbocker's daughter Violet is in love with Alvin Barry, an energetic young American, but her father wants her to marry an English nobleman, one Lord Dolphin. Violet's bosom friend, Dolly Dimple, and Alvin's college chum, Rufus Ready, determine to aid the young people in their love affairs, and the college boys and girls, who are represented by members of the chorus, also lend their assistance. Disguised as hobgoblins, the college boys endeavor to harass and frighten old Knickerbocker in the first act, and they impart an air of merriment to the action of the entire opera. The finale of the first act is made exceedingly effective by the showing of a panoramic view of New York harbor and lower bay. The first scene in the second act is the interior of Knickerbocker's villa at Newport, and there Alvin Barry appears disguised as Lord Dolphin, while Rufus appears as a counterfeiter of Teddy, the Irish valet of Dolphin. Knickerbocker is about to give his daughter to the fraudulent Dolphin when the real Dolphin and his valet come on the scene, and the audience sees four D'Pomios. Alvin is ordered out of the house, but, not dismayed by defeat, disguises himself as the Great Tycoon of Japan, and is received at lawn party by Knickerbocker, who, not perceiving this repeated deception, gives him Violet in marriage. Then the disguise is discarded. Alvin takes Violet, old Knickerbocker proposes to Miss Hurricane, a comical old maid, and the people on the stage and in the audience are made happy. The company opens its Omaha engagement at the Grand next Thursday night for four performances. Will appear at the Waterman next Saturday night, May 2. Prices: 50c, 75c, \$1 and 1.50.

Owing to rush of business, Wise & Root have not been able to make the fine display of patterns promised. But by Wednesday their second invoice will arrive and they will be ready to receive their patrons and show them the most elegant line of hats, ornaments, etc., ever shown in Plattsmouth. The styles will be absolutely correct. 2t

PERSONAL. Dr. Shipman is having a new telephone put in his office to-day. Charley Morrison returned to his work at Sioux City this morning. John Lohnes, one of Cedar Creek's wealthy farmers is in town to-day. Mathew Gering is attending a law suit at Sidney, Fremont county, Iowa, to-day. James Pettee went to Nebraska City this morning on building and loan business. Mrs. D. Hawksworth came home this morning from a pleasant visit with relatives at Burlington. Mrs. Geo. Nickols returned home this morning after a visit with her brother Geo. Horn near Cedar Creek. Mrs. J. C. Faught of Philips returned home this morning after a visit of several days with her parents at Murray. Colonel H. H. Hollister, the veteran baggage master at the B. & M. depot, made a business trip to Pacific Junction this morning. F. W. Schleifert, Sam Lyons and Mrs. Geo. W. Berger of Louisville came down on the Schuyler to transact business at the county seat. Pat Hayes, a veteran democrat from the west end of the county, is in town to-day. Pat has been divorced from Governor Boyd and are long will bloom out as a full fledged independent.

First Baptist Church. THE HERALD is pleased to note the progress being made in the erection of the new Baptist church in South Park to take the place of the old "Tabernacle." The basement was completed last Saturday, and a competent force of carpenters, under the direction of Philip McCullough, are now busy raising the frame. For want of space we can not give a description of the building, except to say that it is a brick basement 50x60 feet, 10 feet high, upon which will be erected the building proper, with a sixteen foot ceiling. The old "Tab" building will be torn town next week, and all the material that can be used will be worked into the new building. The new church will present a fine appearance when completed and will be the pride of the South Park people. Elder Wood is deservng of much credit for his enterprise and push in forwarding the building in so speedy and satisfactory a manner. Next Sabbath will be the last the old Tabernacle will be used for worship, after which the basement of the new building will be used till the upper story is completed.

"The Fair" has just received a new invoice of hammocks, croquet sets, boys' express wagons and doll carriages.

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