

HERALD
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Mr. Miller's Farm Strangely Disappearing.

The farm of John H. Miller, who lives eighteen miles southeast of Sedalia, Mo., is slowly being swallowed up in what seems to be a huge river flowing beneath the surface of the earth. The phenomenon was observed first Saturday, when Mr. Miller's family heard a rumbling noise in the orchard. Investigation revealed a hole in the ground about six feet in diameter and several feet deep, with water at the bottom. The rumblings continued, and the hole has been constantly enlarging since that time.

F. P. Clayton visited the spot and made a thorough investigation of what he terms the most wonderful thing he has ever seen. He reports that the cavity is nearly circular in form, sixteen feet in diameter at the top and tapering to ten feet at the water line, which is twenty-six feet from the surface. The water is twenty-five feet deep and seems to be a flowing river, as sticks thrown into it are carried rapidly away by the current. The opening is in prairie land, not near any spring or body of water. Several years ago a farmer in that immediate neighborhood was driving a well, when the tools became detached and lost, but it was thought to be merely a pocket, and no attention was paid to it.

The cavity is gradually enlarging, and as Mr. Miller's residence is only sixty feet distant he is greatly alarmed for the safety of his home and family.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

Brothers' Death Strangely Coincident.

One of the most remarkable coincidences that it has ever been the province of a newspaper to record comes from the lower end of the county. Henry Trumbauer of Ross township, a few miles west of Shickshimy, a farmer, forty-five years old, retired at an early hour on Sunday night in his usual good health, and to all outward appearances never felt better in his life. The next morning his wife was horrified by the discovery of his dead body in bed. He had passed quietly away in the night without a struggle.

On the same night his brother William, living in Hunlock township, about ten miles away, retired hale and hearty. He, too, showed no symptoms of illness. Nothing in his demeanor gave the slightest warning of impending dissolution. His daughter, not seeing her father come down as usual, called, but received no answer. She went up stairs, when she was horror stricken to find him dead on the bed.

The occurrence has created not a little excitement in the neighborhood, as the men were well known in the community. No marks of violence could be found on their bodies, and the general belief is that death was due to natural causes. Both men were married and each leaves a wife and family.—Wilkes-Barre Record.

Vicious Martyrdom.

The grip is depopulating the Indian wigwams of Alaska and Vancouver's Island. The malignity of the disease seems, indeed, proportioned to the innocence of its victims—a phenomenon which might be explained on the theory that epidemics prove especially fatal to individuals of an unprepared race. A native of the Allegheny highlands may be almost killed by a catarrh contracted by a night's lodging in a bedroom filled with an atmosphere which the habitues of the city slums could breathe with comparative impunity, and the chronicler of Captain Cook's voyages relates that a community of South Sea Islanders was affected with an alarming influenza, in consequence of a few minutes' conversation with sailors who had passed the nights of a long voyage in a stuffy cockpit.—Felix L. Oswald in Philadelphia Times.

Whistling in Germany.

One has to be careful how and what he whistles in Germany. The other day a peasant at Diedenhofen, Lorraine, was arrested and brought before the magistrate on the charge of showing disrespect to the German authorities by whistling the "Marseillaise." The man contended that the march he had whistled was one he had learned when he was serving in the Brunswick Hussars. The court made the policeman who had arrested the prisoner whistle the "Marseillaise" to see if he knew the famous hymn. Then the prisoner was ordered to whistle the march he claimed to have heard in the Hussars. It proved to be suspiciously similar to the "Marseillaise," and the unlucky whistler was fined fifteen marks for his indiscretion. The policeman was not fined for whistling the air.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Well Full of Snakes.

Connecticut evidently is bent on giving Georgia a tussle for the position of chief center for the distribution of snake stories. This one comes from Norwich: A man here the other day took the stone cover off an old dry well in his pasture and saw at the bottom of it a ball of braided black snakes bigger than a lager beer keg. He ran to the house and got his revolver and a box of cartridges. He blew in all his cartridges, and the well was boiling over with escaping snakes when he got through with them. He got eighteen dead snakes in the well, and more than three times that number got away. The biggest snake bagged was over seven feet long and the smallest one more than four feet.

Orange culture in southern California is making wonderful progress. Fifteen years ago the first shipment of oranges was made from Riverside, San Bernardino county, and this season the shipments from the Riverside district will amount to 400,000 boxes, or 400,000 tons. Shipments from southern California probably reach 3,400,000 boxes.

sons will become very, who is very leave Oxford who has been burgburg, Both

A Copper Plate Found.

It was a piece of shining, bright metal, and the fisherman's eyes were sharp. And thereby hangs a tale.

It will be remembered that when the barkentine Thomas J. Stewart struck on the ways and refused to take to the water one day last November, the tugboat Ralph Ross went to her assistance. After one or two sharp pulls that were ineffectual, all further proceedings were stopped by the sudden breaking of the post on the Ross to which was attached the tow line of the T. J. Stewart.

Now, to this post was secured a large copper plate weighing about twelve pounds, bearing the inscription of the builder's name, date of building and so on. This plate dropped overboard with the wreckage and was lost.

Wednesday a fisherman attending his weirs at Sandy point saw a glistening object in the water, and after much difficulty succeeded in obtaining possession of it. It was a copper plate bearing the inscription which proved to be the one lost from the tug Ralph Ross last November. The plate was returned to Mr. Ross on Thursday at his office.

The query is, How did that plate reach Sandy point, twenty-five miles away? It is hardly reasonable to say that the current could have carried so heavy a body so far down the river, and it is readily explained by stating that the ice in some underhand fashion obtained possession of the Ralph Ross passport, and in its hurried journey to the south this spring forgot to leave it behind. It did not travel far under false pretenses, however, but has dropped its booty, which is now returned to its proper owners.

Mr. Ross is to have the plate polished, handsomely framed and hung on the wall of his office on Exchange street as a reminder of the queer things that Dame Nature will sometimes do.—Bangor News.

How Old Masters Are Made.

Apricots de bottes, I find two curious business advertisements in my foreign papers. One is that of an ingenious person whose address is at the Batignolles, and who announces himself as a "signaturist" and a "monogrammist," and guarantees signatures of any artist at any period of his art at a franc apiece. Only think of it! For the price of a pony of brandy at Delmonico's one may convert any unidentified find of the junkshop into a Rembrandt, a Velasquez, a Millet, or whatever else one chooses.

Moreover, this expert announces that he "identifies" pictures for his clients. A wizard capable of transforming pictures could naturally identify them by the same process. There are some "collectors" in America whom it would pay to make a trip to Paris and a visit to the Batignolles. The demand for old masters has stimulated the ingenuity of some German genius in another direction. A standing advertisement in the leading art magazine of Germany is that of a "competent artist," as he signs himself, who offers to furnish copies that cannot be identified from the originals of any pictures in any of the public collections.—Collector.

Annihilated in Midair.

About 3 o'clock, just before the heavy shower, several gentlemen were sitting in front of a store in West Nashville when one of the party observed a large turkey buzzard that was sailing majestically across the sky, and remarked that if the buzzard did not look out he would get wet.

Their attention was thus called to the bird, and all were lazily watching its flight, when suddenly, just as it was opposite to and above them, they were blinded by a flash of lightning, which seemingly exploded on the back of the buzzard. They were astonished somewhat, but recovered themselves and looked for the buzzard, but, alas, the majestic bird was out of sight. All that was left of him was a few black tail feathers, which fluttered pathetically to the ground.

Those who witnessed the phenomenon succeeded in catching several of the scorched feathers, which they exhibit in corroboration of the story.—Nashville American.

Mr. Sears' Imported Razorbacks.

The Tamworth hogs, which J. Montgomery Sears has imported for breeding purposes, are an old English breed characterized by the large proportion of lean meat to the fat in its make up. It has of late been overlooked in the effort to breed for fat, hence has seldom been mentioned or heard of. Mr. Sears has called public attention to the breed by his importations, and still others now have them under trial. They are medium in size, light in the shoulder, deep sided, and rather fat as compared with the modern models, and "red" in color. Their recommendation is that they are unlike the rounded balls of fat that have been furnishing us our models.—Bangor Commercial.

A Boy Tread by a Wild Cat.

Charlie Heath, of Brooks, a boy sixteen years old, was attacked in that town the other day by a strange animal, probably a wildcat. The boy saw the animal in a tree and threw a stone at it. Thereupon the animal sprang down upon the boy and they had quite a fight, in which the clothes of young Heath were torn, his head and face and parts of his body badly scratched. The boy then managed to climb a tree and with his heavy boots would kick the animal down as it tried to get to him. After some time the beast became tired of this and slunk away.—Lewiston Journal.

Millions in Sawdust.

A well known mechanic of Portland, Me., is about taking out a patent on an invention for converting the sawdust and other waste from mills into a wood pulp of peculiar strength and quality that he says can be utilized for nearly every purpose in which wood is used. If half his claims prove true his invention is a most valuable one. One of the largest business houses in Portland have offered the inventor the free use of one of their factories for a year for experimenting purposes.—New York Telegram.



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