

AREPLY.

The Much Abuse Editor of the N. Era Makes a Brief Reply to the Doctor.

PLATTSMOUTH, Dec. 1

DEAR EDITOR:—Why doesn't L. G. Friday sue me for slander and put me behind the "bars" instead of still further exposing the character to which he adds that his "friends" I am ready to take that case into court and show why I made an attack on the Doctor but it is unnecessary that I refute all the charges he prefers against me. A simple statement of the financial condition of the New Era during its short but very ignominious life will give the people some idea at least why I got into debt with so many and it will show whether or not I put money into my "jeans" as the doctor says.

The outfit excepting army press was bought of H. P. Halleck & Co. Omaha. On which I paid \$100 cash and \$170 in thirty-three days. I paid \$20 on account of the army press bought of the Lincoln News-Paper Union and then I bought paper and job stock which was devoured by the flames together with other material. All of this was paid for out of the money borrowed from Henry Nosecable. According to his own statement I borrowed of him \$333, and which I secured as far as possible by giving him a bill of sale conveying all my rights title and interest in said office to the said Nosecable I told him at the time the goods never could realize that amount and that I would make good any shortage as soon as I was able. Wm. F. Powell, my foreman and assistant editor, got out a small sheet immediately after the fire without my knowledge and while I was out at Murdock in which he estimated my loss at \$200.

The local support during the continuance of the paper was very scant indeed. All my subscription did not amount to \$10 most of which or at least a good share came from subscribers away from home. I did not receive \$50 on account of advertising only four advertisers paid anything, and that was with considerable reluctance. A fair minded reader ought to be able to see from this that I spent time and money in South Bend very foolishly. The last remark my foreman made in reply to the question what made the people so dissatisfied with our paper that they refused to stand by, was, all he could find out I was too independent and did not stand in with the whiskey ring. I regret for the sake of my old home where I lived and work for the past seven years that I was an enemy to drink but I have this to console me I never thought the less of men for drinking. Prohibition is the thing for me but I don't say it is for others.

Hoping I may live long enough and enjoy the good health I now possess until I have paid the last cent of my debts, just or unjust I shall ever remain with warm friendship for my friends and with out malice towards my enemies.

J. W. BERGE, Late of the New Era South Bend.

John Kuhney is an Omaha visitor to-day.

W. J. Hesser went to Omaha this morning.

Claus Breckenfeld and family came in from Louisville this morning.

Geo. Vass is moving into the Wettenkamp block, in the room recently vacated by the Racket store.

W. J. Hesser has been suffering considerable inconvenience the past few weeks from an ulcer on his eyelid.

Brown & Barrett received a shipment of wall paper direct from the factory to-day. They carry the largest line of wall paper in Cass county.

The Evening News of last evening published a letter addressed to the board of trade of this city by an Omaha man relative to the establishment of an agricultural implement manufactory in this city. THE HERALD feels it the duty of our citizens to consider the matter, and in the event a reasonable proposition can be secured, negotiations for the ultimate establishment of the industry should be instituted.

A Mystery Explained.

The papers contain frequent notices of rich, pretty and educated girls eloping with negroes, tramps and coachmen. The well-known specialist, Dr. Franklin Miles, says all such girls are more or less hysterical, nervous, very impulsive, unbalanced; usually subject to headache, neuralgia, sleeplessness, immoderate crying or laughing. These show a weak, nervous system for which there is no remedy equal to Restorative Nerve. Trial bottles and a fine book containing many marvelous cures, free at F. G. Fricke & Co's., who also sell and guarantee Dr. Miles' celebrated New Heart Cure, the finest of heart tonics. Cures fluttering, short breath, etc.

Almack's Closed.

Almack's is no more; Willis Rooms have had their day and ceased to bet. No more will the magnificent ball and salons of the dingy edifice in King street, St. James', celebrated under both these titles, re-echo the sounds of revelry and mirth. Henceforth the animation within its walls will be confined mainly to sales by auction. In its day Almack's was the center of fashion, entry to which was guarded by a committee of ladies as closely as ever Cerberus guarded a region not so inviting, and who were less easily satisfied than even the fabled sentinel.

Even the Duke of Wellington—who, according to Lord William Lennox, earned for himself in his day the title of "The Beau of the Peninsula," just as in later times a gallant admiral earned for himself the distinction of "The Swell of the Ocean"—was denied admission one night because he had donned black trousers instead of the knee breeches and silk stockings which the committee had voted indispensable for gentlemen. Every book dealing with fashionable life at the end of the last century and the beginning of this abounds in references to Almack's.

According to legend Mr. Almack was in reality a Scotchman, who came to London in the provincial condition. His real name was MAH, but as at that time his countrymen were not so esteemed south of the Tweed as they are now, he thought to diminish hostility to his nationality by reversing his patronymic. Almack's ultimately became Willis' Rooms, and was for long the headquarters of social festivals, dances and charity dinners. These festal times are over, and instead of the toastmaster's "Fill your glasses, gentlemen; bumpers, if you please," the refrain of its presiding genius will be "Go, going, gone!" And thus disappears another link which joined the end of the century with what the late Lord Lamington called the "Days of the Dandies."—London Telegraph.

An Important Translation.

Of the Papyrus Ebers, the important medical manuscript which George Ebers, the well known German Egyptologist and novelist, acquired at Luxor eighteen or nineteen years ago, only fragments—the chapter on diseases of the eyes, for instance—have, with Professor Hirschberg's help, yet been translated. Ebers shrank from translating the whole, on the ground that medical knowledge was requisite for the task. He expressed this opinion when he and Ludwig Stern edited the manuscript in 1875. A complete translation has now been made by a Berlin medical man, Dr. Heinrich Joachim, who learned Egyptian for the purpose, and has been working at the translation for several years. Thanks to his labors, the oldest medical work in the world is now accessible to all who can read German.

Joachim thinks that it was written at latest 1550 years B. C., but that parts of it are of still older date. It consists mainly of recipes, interspersed here and there with proverbs. In some passages advice as to the examination of patients is given; in others the prognosis indicated by certain symptoms is stated. The treatise shows that palpation of the abdomen was practiced by the old Egyptian physicians.—Berlin Cor. London Lancet.

Cork Forests.

Cork growing in Spain and Portugal is an extremely precarious business, and it demands considerable capital. Only the other day a man in this city was seeking a partner with \$100,000 to put into a cork forest in Spain, with a lease of 150 years. The bark is cut only once in ten years, but as the forests are very large the grower manages to obtain an annual crop. This year's crop is just beginning to come into the American market, the trees having been barked in July and August.

Crude cork comes over in great bales weighing from 175 to 225 pounds each. The heat to which it is subjected in order to flatten out its curves also drives out most of the insects, such as one would naturally expect to find in bark. As cork is too light to form a cargo of itself, the cork carrying vessels also bring oil, olives, wine and heavy merchandise of various sorts.—New York Sun.

Some Big Pumpkins.

One man regards as a wonderful achievement the raising of four pumpkins on one vine, weighing respectively 115, 95, 90 and 80 pounds. The biggest cornstalk reported was 16 feet 8 inches high. The biggest ear was eight feet from the ground. Lots of others were fourteen to fifteen feet high. One man thought it of sufficient importance to report that he had raised a potato vine fifteen feet long. Reports of second crop strawberries have been frequent, and farmers had some on the Reading market less than ten days ago. At least twenty farmers reported that they had recently picked a second crop of raspberries.—Pennsylvania Cor. St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Will Drain the Lake to Get the Body.

Diver Dolph, who has been searching at the bottom of Hutton lake, near Laramie, Wyo., eight days for the body of M. B. Dawson, drowned three weeks ago, has given it up. The only thing to do now is to drain the lake, and this will be undertaken at once. The estimated cost is \$5,000 to \$7,000. Aside from humane and family considerations it is very important to recover the body, as \$27,000 of life insurance is involved.—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

His Fat Saved Him.

John Burton, a fat man, of Cambridge, went to see a variety show, at Boston, to see a variety show. As the curtain went up he fell over the gallery rail to the pit, thirty-five feet below. He landed in the aisle and got up unharmed, save by a slight cut over the eye.—Exchange.

Big Cabbages.

A wagon load of produce recently brought into Dallas consisted of but six heads of cabbage, the half dozen filling the wagon bed.—Dallas (Or.) Chronicle.

Two Deer Fight.

The gentlemen comprising the surveying party now working for the Bear Valley company up Millard's canyon, were on Monday treated to a sight which seldom comes to men in this center of civilization. We get the story from Messrs. Pollock and Ross, transit men of the party.

The men were working up the canyon about a mile above the Millard House when they heard a peculiar, crashing noise. Looking up they saw on the cliffs high above the stream, and about a quarter of a mile from them, two noble bucks standing, with heads lowered, about ten feet from each other. Thus they stood eyeing each other and pawing the dirt for fully a minute. Then they made a simultaneous spring, and came together with a noise like a falling tree. So violent was the concussion that the animals were thrown back until a distance of ten or fifteen again intervened between them. The men, fascinated by the sight, watched the deer go through the same performance again and again.

Finally, after a more than usually violent rush, the bucks did not separate, but struggled as if apparently trying to push each other back. It soon became plain to the men, however, that instead of pushing they were pulling away from each other. In other words their horns had become locked, and from raging combats the bucks became frightened animals, and were only bent on securing a divorce. Messrs. Ross, Pollock and party then conceived the idea of taking advantage of the helpless condition of the bucks and capturing them. They made a great rush for the scene, but before they reached it the deer in their struggles approached too near the edge of the cliff and both of them fell to their death in the pool below. When the party reached the water the deer were found locked in each other's horns quite dead.

The gentlemen thought to skin the deer and bring in the hides to lend an air of authenticity to the tale, but the law is so strict as to having in your possession the hide of a newly deceased deer, no matter whether the deer dies of a gripe, commits suicide or falls out of a balloon, that they forbore.—Banning Herald.

Three American Queens.

Three little dirty, half clad girls made a brief sensation on upper Broadway the coldest day recently. The eldest was not more than eight, and her companions might have been six and seven respectively. The eight-year-old carried a faded, rib rotten parasol that had once been pale blue, and her two companions were trying to squeeze their heads under it, while they carried the rear of their short dresses in one hand, as ladies manipulate their trains at a muddy crossing.

The eldest divided her attention between the proper angle for the parasol and getting her little skirt down low enough to touch the sidewalk, which she occasionally accomplished by stooping. Three pairs of feet were visible through the dilapidated shoes, and the shabby old July hats wouldn't have been picked out of the gutter. And these three little girls playing lady on Broadway were evidently delighted at the good humored attention of stalwart gentlemen in heavy ulsters, ladies in costly furs and carriage drivers muffled to the ears in warm livery.—New York Herald.

Fixed to the Rail by Electricity.

A very peculiar case of shocking by electricity occurred in Shelbyville recently. The victim was William Loudon, who works at the Hotel Ray. In front of the hotel is an iron veranda running to the third story. An electric wire passes from the street into the room occupied by George Goulding in the hotel building. This evening when the electric light was turned on a heavy rain was falling. The electricity apparently had heavily charged the iron veranda. Loudon came out of the hotel and stood with his back against the iron railing. In an instant he was shocked and fixed in his position. His frightful yells attracted a big crowd. Charles Huffman ran out of his store, and, touching Loudon, was also badly shocked. Loudon finally fell on the sidewalk. The two men are badly burned.—Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

Almost Drowned in Sawdust.

Men have lost their lives in quicksands, but seldom, if ever, has any man come nearer sinking down to death in quicksawdust than did Merchant Tailor E. W. Battle, of Williamsport. Walking along eight or ten yards from the river bank, upon what he did not know was made ground almost entirely composed of sawdust, he began to sink before he realized any danger. After he had gone down to his waist, and could not regain the shore, he removed his upper garments and threw himself as fast as possible out into the river, where he struck wading ground and made his way in the water around the treacherous sawdust tract.—Cor. Philadelphia Record.

Made Things Lively.

Although the district school in Holloway, Conn., was tightly closed during the vacation, there was one caller that kicked up a rumpus. It was a thunder-bolt, but where it entered can only be conjectured. During its short stay it passed through a wide range of studies, including spelling, reading, grammar, arithmetic and geography. Besides throwing new light upon the books treating on these subjects, it tore up the floor, splintered the desks and in its exciting exit carried off part of the window sash.—Yankee Blade.

Fifty Good Pay for a Physician.

William K. Vanderbilt, not feeling very well the other day, decided to take a trip to Europe, and he wanted a physician to go with him. The doctor said he could not afford to leave his practice, which was worth \$1,000 a week. Mr. Vanderbilt offered to give him \$10,000 to make a trip of six weeks with him, and the offer was accepted.—New York Cor. Philadelphia Press.

To Celebrate the Marseillaise.

Another effort is being made by the inhabitants of Choisy-le-Roi, outside of Paris, to observe with much solemnity and ceremonial what is vaguely called the "Centenary of the Marseillaise." Choisy-le-Roi claims to possess the dust of Rouget de l'Isle—the composer of the hymn—who was buried there in 1836, his birthplace being Lons-le-Saulnier, in the department of the Jura. On this account the members of the borough council consider that they have the right to take the initiative in organizing a Right Republican festival this year, as the Marseillaise, under the title of "Chant de Guerre de l'Armee du Rhin," was first heard in 1792.

President Carnot is to be asked to become honorary president of the committee of the fête, and appeals for funds will be made to all the cities, and also to communes which possess more than 4,000 inhabitants. No date as yet has been fixed for the celebration of the centenary, to which it is presumed that every patriotic Frenchman will give his sentimental and sympathetic—if not practical and pecuniary—support.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph

A Much Traveled Volume.

In opening a package of books wrapped in tin, the custom house inspectors cut with a knife the binding, by Ruban, of a "Poor Richard Almanack." The importer made no claim for damage from the government, paid the duty, returned the book to Paris to be rebound and wrote an ode to Diana of Poitiers, goddess of book lovers, in gratitude for the miraculous escape of the text of his Almanack. The book, rebound, came back fifteen days ago. The owner supposes that it is intact, but he does not know, and he cannot learn even by paying the duty again, for the official wants a new invoice, and the importer is naive enough to think that he can persuade the official that the first invoice, which is filed at the custom house, accurately describes the book on its fourth voyage across the Atlantic.—New York Times.

A Russo-Chinese Railway.

A Russo-Chinese railway is reported as the objective point of negotiations now going on between Russian and Chinese representatives. Russia wants the right to build a railway from Vladivostok, the Pacific terminal of the proposed Siberian railway, across the northern boundary of Corea to Ten-Tsin, and thence to Shanghai. The alleged object is quick transit of Chinese tea and silk to Europe. The Chinese, however, are very jealous of Russian influence in the east, and will probably decline Russian aid in railway building.—Engineering News.

Dr. John Plente, the amateur telescope maker, is now finishing a 30 inch silver on glass mirror for Allegheny college, which, when mounted, will give that institution the largest reflecting telescope in this country.

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PLACES OF WORSHIP.

CATHOLIC.—St. Paul's Church, 24, between Fifth and Sixth. Father Maloney, Pastor. Services: Mass at 8 and 10:30 A. M. Sunday School at 2:30, with Benediction.

CHRISTIAN.—Corner Lehigh and Eighth Sts. Services: Morning and evening. Elder J. B. Reed, pastor. Sunday School 10 A. M.

EPISCOPAL.—St. Luke's Church, corner Third and Vine. Rev. H. B. Burgess, pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 2:30 P. M.

GERMAN METHODIST.—Corner Sixth St and Grand. Rev. H. T. Foster, pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 10:30 A. M.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Services in new church, corner Sixth and Granite sts. Rev. J. T. Fair, pastor. Sunday School at 9:30; Evening at 11:30. W. S. G. E. of this church meets every Sabbath evening at 7:15 in the basement of the church. All are invited to attend these meetings.

FIRST METHODIST.—Sixth St, between Main and Pearl. Rev. J. F. Hill, D. D., pastor. Services: 11 A. M., 8:00 P. M. Sunday School 9:30 A. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN.—Corner Main and Ninth. Rev. W. H. Miller, pastor. Services: usual hours. Sunday School 9:30 A. M.

SWEDISH CONGREGATIONAL.—Granite, between Fifth and Sixth.

COLORED BAPTIST.—Mt. Olive, Oak, between Tenth and Eleventh. Rev. A. Roswell, pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—Rooms in Waterman block, Main street. Gospel meeting, for men only, every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Rooms open week days from 8:30 A. M. to 10:30 P. M.

SOUTH PARK TABERNACLE.—Rev. J. M. Wood, pastor. Services: Sunday School, 10:30 A. M.; Franchise, 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Prayer meeting Tuesday night; choir practice Friday night. All are welcome.

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