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A. B. KNOTT'S

BUSINESS MANAGER.

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PLATTSMOUTH

NEBRASKA

\$3,000 IN REWARDS

The Canadian Agricultural Great Winter Literary Competition

The fifth half yearly literary competition for the winter of 1892 of The Canadian Agriculturist, America's old and reliable illustrated family Magazine, is now open. The following splendid prizes will be given free to persons sending in the greatest number of words made out of the letters contained in a list of not less than one hundred words will receive a valuable present of silverware.

1st grand reward \$500 in gold
2nd " " grand piano, valued \$300
3rd " " \$250 in gold
4th " " Organ valued at \$300
5th " " \$100 in gold
6th " " Girls gold watch full jeweled
7th " " Ladies gold watch
8th " " \$50 in gold
9th " " \$25 in gold
10 new sets of \$10 each \$100
Next 50 prizes—50 silver tea sets quadruple plate warranted
Next 50 prizes—50 silver dessert spoons warranted heavy plate
Next 100 prizes—100 silver butter dishes etc

warranted heavy plate
Next 500 prizes consists of heavy plated silver
kettles butter dishes, fruit baskets, biscuit
jar sugar shells butter knives etc. all fully
warranted making a total of 680 splendid re-
wards the value of which will aggregate
\$3,500.

This grand literary competition is open to everybody everywhere. The following are the conditions:

1. The words must be constructed only from letters in the words, "The Illustrated Agriculturist" and must be only such words as are found in Webster's unbridged dictionary, in the body of the book none of the supplement to be used.
2. The words must be written in rotation and numbered 1, 2, 3, and so on, for facilitating in deciding the winners.
3. Letters cannot be used oftener than they appear in the words, The Illustrated Agriculturist. For instance the word egg cannot be used as there is but one 'g' in the three words.
4. The list containing the largest number of words will be awarded first prize, and so on in order of merit. Each list as it is received will be numbered and if two or more tie the first received will be awarded first prize, and so on, therefore the benefit of sending in early will readily be seen.

Each list must be accompanied by \$1 for six months subscription to The Agriculturist.

The following men have kindly consented to act as Judges: J G Mac Donald, city clerk, Peterborough, Canada, and Comodore Calcutt, Peterborough.

Our last competition—Got \$1000 prize all right, M M Prandon Vancouver, B. C. Thanks for \$500 prize—G W Cunningham Donald B. C. Prize received O. K.—J D Baptist West superior, Wis. \$300 prize rec'd. Thanks—G V Robertson, Toronto; and 300 others in United States and Canada.

This is no lottery—merit only will count. The reputation for fairness gained by the Agriculturist in the past is ample guarantee that the competition will be conducted in like manner. Send 3c stamp for full particulars to The Agriculturist, Peterborough, Canada.

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THE MOVEMENT.

The Mormon Elder Went on His Way and Her Sister Followed Home.

A Mormon elder had been up among the North Carolina mountains spreading his doctrines, and among the poor and illiterate he had made converts, says the Detroit Free Press. A day was set when these were to assemble at a certain hamlet and start on their westward journey. I met them at a bend in the road and drew aside to let them pass. Half a mile further down, they stopped to eat dinner from the baskets they had prepared. I was watching the last one out of sight when a tall, gaunt woman, who must have been fully 60 years old, but was still rugged and full of determination, came up from the other way. Her dress was of the plainest and her head was covered with a sunbonnet, while she had on neither shoes nor stockings. She had a rifle on her shoulder and she came up so quietly that I was startled.

"Maw'nin', stranger," she saluted as she came to halt.
"Good morning."
"Hev them dun passed this way?"
"The people with the Mormon elder?"
"Yes."
"Just passed out of sight. Are you one of the party?"

"No," she replied, as she grounded her rifle. "What do you think?"
"About Mormonism?"
"Yes."
"I think that elder ought to be driven out of the country. Those poor, deluded people have no idea of what is in store for them."

"That's what I've told 'em, I've talked and talked, but they wouldn't harken. My old man is down that way."

"What! Has he left you behind?"
"Sartin. He couldn't sell the 'squat,' but he got shot of most else and left me back thar. He's got the Mormon religion the powerfulest sort, and he's gwine to take five or six wives out thar. I've bin a wife to him fur forty years and mo'."

"And what are you going to do about it?" I asked.
"Stranger, hitch yer hoss and cum along!" she answered, as her face grew very hard and her eyes flashed.
I walked beside her down the trail, but we didn't exchange a word. I could hear her breathing excitedly, and two or three times she examined the rifle to see that it was in perfect order. We passed the turn at length and came full upon the party seated on the rocks with their luncheons before them. No one saw us until we were close at hand. The Mormon elder sat in the center of the group. Twenty feet away from him the woman halted, brought the rifle up to her shoulder, and in a low but very menacing voice, said:

"I want you to go down the trail! If you don't go I'll kill yo', shore's I'm a livin' woman!"
The elder rose up, pale-faced and trembling, and after a look to satisfy himself that not one of the crowd was moving to interfere he started off. As he went the woman called out after him:

"Keep walkin'! Shore's yo're born I'll kill yo' if yo' ever show yo's face back yere again!"
With her rifle to her cheek she covered him until he passed the bend, thirty rods below. Then she turned to the people, every one of whom was dumb-founded, and said:

"Scatter back home! You's ain't gwine with him! Pick up yo'r traps and be a gittin' or somebody'll die!"
Her husband was one of the first to go, and the others hurried after him. When they reached the spot where my horse was tied they halted, and as we came up the woman said:

"The elder's dun gone fur good, and tain't no use to follow on. Scatter to yo's homes and be glad that the Lawd has dun saved yo' in the nick of time. Jephtha, march! March straight ahead! I've gwine to be right behind yo' all the way."
Jephtha marched.

The Michigan Central train was coming to Detroit one day last week, says the Free Press of that city, there was a baby on board that cried for two straight hours. It was not a cry of teething or colic, but just the whining squall of an infant vixen that wasn't going to be suited anyhow. The passengers on the car could neither sleep nor read, and at last a red-faced old gentleman turned to the mother and said:

"Madame, if you would stop trotting the life out of that young'un it would let up screaming." "I guess I know more about babies than you do," snapped the mother.
"Well, all I've got to say is I've raised eight and the whole caboodle of them never made as much noise as that one," he retorted. "Perhaps you would like to try your hand on this one. If you can stop him it's more than I can do."
"Give him to me, madame, and in ten minutes he'll be as quiet as a lamb. I've seen worse children many a time." He winked at the other passengers as he reached out his hands for the baby. "Tootsey-wootsey tum," he urged, and the infant opened one eye to look at him, while it stiffened like a poker and roared louder than ever.

"If you will step into the next car so that it won't see you," said the obliging traveler. "I can hush him sooner. He'll be all right, ma'am, don't you worry." "I won't," said the woman thankfully, as she resigned the squaller and disappeared into the next car. "H-u-s-h-h, now, little fellow; ride a cock horse to Banbury cross, there was an old woman sh-sh-sh—let go of my hair, you little wretch!" The baby had tangled its fingers in the chin-whiskers of its new friend, and was pulling them out by the roots. "Stop that noise," howled the passengers in chorus, "or give that kid back to its mother."

He would have been very glad to have acceded to either of these requests, but the mother was gone and the baby was increasing his music every minute. "Walky-walky, pet?" he asked in a voice like a calliope: "hush."

my dear, the mother?" But nobody would stir. They all wanted to see him manage that baby. When the conductor called "Detroit" and the train slowed into the depot a wild-eyed man, cogless and disheveled, was tearing from one end of the train to the other, while the baby screamed over his shoulder. "I'll take him now," said a mild voice, and as its mother appeared that child stopped howling, a cherub smile dimpled its face, and it looked as if it had never shed a tear in its life. But its volunteer nurse was a complete wreck.

A FAMILY DIFFERENCE.

Two Nervous Sisters Who Entertained Views Antagonistic to Each Other.

Up on the Delaware & Hudson railroad the other day two nervous old ladies climbed on board the south-bound train at Crown Point, says the N. Y. Tribune. They were of the same height, looked much alike, and both of them wore gossamer rubber cloaks—possibly under the vague impression that cinders melt. They flattered into a seat near the door, evidently prepared for a long journey. When the bird-cage, two satchels, and three shoe-boxes of luncheon had been properly stowed away, the two ladies sat down in unison, much as if pulled on one string.

Beyond a vigorous attack on the luncheon an hour later, they quietly devoted their attention to the scenery until Albany was reached in the late afternoon. That being the terminus of the road the passengers started for the car door as the train stopped, but there seemed to be a blockade of some sort on the platform. It wasn't exactly a blockade; it was the two old ladies from Crown Point.

Equipped with satchels, the bird-cage, and the luncheon (now reduced to one shoe-box), they had led the procession to the door, but had succeeded in getting no further, as the train had run into the station on a middle track and they could not agree on which side of the car to get off.

"I tell you, Janet," said the old lady with the bird cage with much dignity, "that this is the proper side. It is nearer the depot and no doubt our train is close by. Come, don't be obstinate, sister," she added persuasively.

"I will not leave the car on that side," declared the other, holding up the shoe-box and both satchels as if for a barricade—which the impatient crowd within the car thought quite superfluous. "If you think I am going to career across three tracks," she continued emphatically, "in front of moving locomotives, and risk ourselves and that precious bird, then I say, Hannah, you have lost your senses; that's all."

"You seem to forget that I am older than you, Janet," rejoined the other with offended dignity.
"That may all be, but little good it's done. You would have scandalized the whole family at Cousin Maria Soper's funeral up at the Corners if I had not insisted—"

"Hey!" "What's the matter?" "Shake it up!" "Get off!" came in a chorus from the impatient throng inside.

"Sakes alive!" ejaculated the belligerent Janet, for the first time observing the crowd in waiting. "Come this way. Do come," pleaded the other.

"I won't."
"You must; I insist," cried the elder sister, stopping hastily to decide the matter. There was no further chance for argument. Already the other passengers were pushing out. So, with an expression of annoyance and fright, the second old lady tourist joined the other, and the two rubber gossamers began their devious flight across tracks and before waiting locomotives toward the station.

"I told you so! I told you so!" almost screamed the younger sister as soon as she could catch her breath.

"You say you dropped it?" asked the other in troubled tones.
"Yes; that horrid engine let off steam, and I jumped. I suppose I dropped it then. Why can't engines hold their steam till they get out in the country. I'd like to know."

"Well, never mind, Janet; we can get along," said the other, soothingly.
"But I do mind, I suppose, Hannah. I ought to be thankful that you and the bird are safe. But just to think," she added, with almost a sob, "the whole of Aunt Lucinda's sponge-cake gone and we've only got to Albany."
And sure enough some distance up the second track, reposing peacefully on the off rail, lay the familiar green outline of the last shoe-box.

MISSING LINKS.

Great Britain has 13,000,000 wage earners.

Russell Sage's income is estimated at \$15 a minute.

Lem Lincoln, a full cousin of Abraham Lincoln, lives near Liberty, Mo.

Negroes with red hair are common in the West Indies and in South America.

Twenty-nine States have enacted laws resembling the Australian ballot law.

A carpet tacking party is the latest Missouri invention for evening festivities.

Arthur James Balfour, the English leader, is a bachelor, and about 43 years old.

Old Red Cloud, the notorious Sioux Chief, is now living in disgrace and nearly blind.

Sugar made from coal is 300 times sweeter than ordinary cane, but it costs \$10 a pound.

Alexander Dumas proposes a tax upon diners-out, the revenue of which shall go to the poor.

A watch beats 157,670,000 times in a year. In the same length of time the wheels travel 3,558 3-4 miles.

Naturalists have enumerated 657 different species of reptiles. Of this number 490 are as harmless as rabbits.

The Czar of Russia has no settled income, but he has an estate and mines which bring him in £2,500,000 per year.

to support them in idleness the rest of the time.

A fashion note from abroad says that cameos are very much in vogue and are displacing diamonds as head ornaments.

The skin of a black deer is worth about \$50. One of these animals has recently been seen in Maine, and hunters are after it.

Fish swallow their food whole because they are obliged to keep continually opening and closing the mouth for the purpose of respiration.

The cargo ship of the future will be a five-masted vessel with auxiliary steam such as is now building on the Clyde. She will carry 6,000 tons.

There is none of the grand dame or the haughty heiress of a Verde Verre about Princess Victoria Mary of Teck. She has her mother's fine spirits, and is lively, jolly and amiable.

Lieutenant Julien Viaud, of the French navy, well known as "Pierre Loti," recently elected a member of the French Academy, has been made commander of the French sloop-of-war Javelot.

Van Dyck, the Wagnerian tenor, is only thirty years old. When he went to Paris in 1883 it was to study journalism, although he was fond of music, and he soon became attached to the staff of La Patrie.

Since Boulanger's death in exile his bronze busts have been banished from mantelpieces of his quondam admirers, and no less than one hundred and thirty of these images have been disposed of at pawnshops.

Bloodhounds derive their name from a peculiar power of scenting the blood of a wounded animal, so that if once put on the trail they will hunt the quarry through thick and thin and seldom, if ever, deviate from their course.

A remarkable family of eight old women is living in the same house at Vexio, Sweden. Three are widows and five are old maids. Their ages aggregate within a year or two of 700 years, each woman being nearly ninety years of age.

The fox hound was so named because it was originally kept as an addition to every pack of hounds. It was always noted for being up within a few minutes of running to ground and aiding very materially in the capture of Reynard.

A handsome sarcophagus of Carrara marble is being constructed in Italy, in which the remains of Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada, a former president of Mexico, are to be laid and then placed in the rotunda for illustrious men in the Dolores Cemetery.

At Santa Rosa, in the republic of Uruguay, 200,000 vine shoots were planted this year. Next year there will be twice as many planted. They grow luxuriantly and bear abundantly in that part of Uruguay, and are profitable to their owners.

In the southern portion of Formosa the natives are of the Malay type—fierce, warlike and cannibals in their habits. No white man has ever been among them, and no one knows their numbers. It would be as much as his life is worth to go among them.

No colors can be "nailed to the mast-head" of a new steel warship. Doubtless Secretary Tracy and Clark Russell and the gallant jack tars of naval tradition may feel one pang of regret at this impenetrability of a metallic mast. Fortunately the metallic bulwarks are equally impenetrable.

Colonel E. D. Baker who fell early in the struggle for the Union while leading a desperate charge at Bull's Bluff, sleeps in a neglected and almost unmarked grave in Lone Mountain Cemetery, San Francisco. It is now proposed to remove the remains to Golden Gate Park and erect a suitable monument.

The "Seven Golden Cities," one of the most popular legends of the latter part of the "Dark Ages," were said to be situated on an island west of the African coast. The island is represented as abounding in gold, with magnificent houses and temples, "the high towers of which show at a great distance."

There is one London editor who has vowed that the name of Mrs. Annie Besant shall never be printed in his journal, and as a matter of fact it is not many years since her name was hardly mentioned in polite society, for many people looked with grave disapproval on the doctrines once taught by Mrs. Besant.

A hitherto unknown stone has been found in the mining districts of Candelaria, in Nevada. It is of a dark green color and takes on a very high polish and is classed by the state geologist as "sarisete." Several beautiful ornaments have been produced from it, but so far it has not been found in any great quantity.

A German resident on the isthmus of Panama claims to have discovered several large beds of pearl oysters in the Caribbean Sea, on the coast above Colon. He is arranging for expert pearl divers to do some experimental fishing, and he expects to develop with the beds the fact that he has something more valuable than a gold mine.

Don Emilio Castelar, ex-President of the Spanish Cortes, is now engaged in Paris on important books. The first is a monograph of Columbus, to be used on the occasion of the impending celebration of the discovery of America; the second will be a work on the principal orators of Spain, to be published in New York; the third is a description of the most beautiful cathedrals in the world.

Nathaniel Hawthorne made a curious wager with Jonathan Cilley when both were at College in 1822. The memorandum in writing, dated Bowdoin College, November 14, binds Cilley to pay Hawthorne a barrel of the best old Madeira wine if Hawthorne marries before November 14, 1836. Hawthorne, who was a bashful youth, pledging himself in turn to pay Cilley the wine in case Hawthorne should still be a bachelor. Cilley lost, but he was killed in a duel before he could pay the bet.