

World's Fair Notes.

The Crown Prince of Italy, according to Director Higinbotham, is greatly interested in the exposition, and says he will visit it.

It is reported from Argentine Republic that strong pressure is being brought upon that government to increase its world's fair appropriation from \$100,000 to \$300,000.

In the Washington state exhibit will be included a representation of the methods used by the Makah Indians in catching salmon and other fish. The exhibit will include boats, lines, hooks, seines, harpoons, etc.

Members of the farmers' alliance in Kosciusko county, Indiana, at a recent meeting in Warsaw, decided to assess themselves weekly to provide a fund to defray their expenses for a visit to the world's fair. About 400 farmers and their wives will compose the visiting party.

It is now the intention to have in the fisheries building a restaurant devoted as far as possible to the exclusive serving of fish. Fish dinners, and fish, fresh and salt, in every edible style, will be a popular feature, it is believed, and will give visitors an excellent opportunity to know the merits of fish as food.

The Connecticut members of the board of lady managers have undertaken to raise by contribution a fund with which to pay for a fine bust of Harriet Beecher Stowe. This will be their contribution towards the adornment of the walls of the woman's building. Copies of Mrs. Stowe's literary works will also be contributed.

A despatch states that a silver-smith in Monterey, Mexico, is engaged on a work in silver, which, when completed, will be an exact reproduction of the agricultural building now being built on the exposition grounds, Chicago. It will be eight feet wide, will contain a quantity of silver valued as bullion at \$10,000, and when finished it will be valued at \$20,000.

A British woman's committee has been selected to superintend the representation of the work of English women at the exposition, and to co-operate with the board of lady managers. The board has for its president Princess Christian, third daughter of Queen Victoria, and includes the Marchioness of Salisbury, Baroness Burdett-Boutts, Countess of Aberdeen, Lady Churchill, Lady Agnes Buren, Lady Brassy, Lady Jeune, Lady Knutsford, Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Priestly, Mrs. Forsythe and others.

Robert Mitchell, secretary of the Polytechnic Institute, is in Chicago, perfecting arrangements for 2,500 or 3,000 members of the institution visiting the exposition. They will be brought over at the rate of 200 a week in parties of fifty in charge of a conductor, and will spend two days in New York, two in Washington, one at Niagara Falls, and six in Chicago. The expense per individual for the round trip will be about \$115. The Polytechnic conducted similar parties to the Paris exposition.

In the matter of the estate of Rosan Decker, deceased. Hearing on petition for appointment of J. W. Johnson administrator. Objections thereto and hearing on petition for appointment of Philemon S. Barnes administrator of said estate. Prayer of last petition granted and letters accordingly issued.

In the matter of the estate of William Carlyle, deceased. Hearing on petition for appointment of Robert Carlyle administrator. Prayer of petition granted and letters accordingly issued.

In the matter of the estate of Rosan Decker, deceased. Notice to creditors to file claims on or before August 15, 10 a. m.

E. G. Govey & Son vs. Mrs. W. L. Ward. Suit on account for \$52.81. Answer, February 22, 10 a. m.

In the matter of the last will and testament of Frank Stander, deceased. Hearing on petition to admit same to probate, set for March 9, 10 a. m.

In the matter of the estate of William Carlyle, deceased. Notice to creditors to file claims on or before August 15, 10 a. m.

In the matter of the estate of Christiana Horning, deceased. Hearing on final settlement, March 8, 10 a. m.

March 15, I will move my stock of hardware to Hastings, Neb., and to avoid moving will sell any goods I have at prices never before heard of. Come early and avoid the rush. J. FINLEY JOHNSON.

Fred Carruth went up to Omaha this morning.

Go to Gering & Co. for your prescription work.

A. G. Streeter, of Weeping Water is in the city to-day.

John Tighe departed this morning for Weeping Water.

Take your prescriptions to Brown & Barrett's to be filled.

John, J. M. Patterson attended the banquet at Omaha last evening.

S. H. Atwood and W. H. Newell were passengers for the metropolis this morning.

A. N. Sullivan and A. B. Todd were passengers on No. 5 this morning for Omaha.

Chickens vs. city of Plattsmouth was argued before the supreme court yesterday.

A nine pound boy made his appearance at the home of George Warren yesterday afternoon.

The finest and most complete line of wall paper at Gering & Co.

J. E. Douglas, one of Weeping Water's prominent attorneys, was in the county seat to-day on business.

The funeral of Thos. Hanrahan occurred this morning at 11 o'clock from the Catholic church. The remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery.

Projected Rapid Transit.

The schedule time for cars on the proposed electric railway between Vienna and Buda Pesth is expected to be seventy-five minutes for the entire distance of 150 miles.

As planned, the road will have two main power stations, with 100 substations, but only three or stopping place. Each car will be about 136 feet long, fitted with four bogie trucks, and an electric motor at each end will receive currents through contract wheels running on conducting rails. The ends of the cars, to diminish air resistance, will be shaped like those of a ship.

The Base Ball Meeting.

Pursuant to call a large and enthusiastic crowd assembled at the council chamber last evening, for the purpose of devising ways and means whereby Plattsmouth could support a rip-roaring ball club this season.

The meeting organized by electing G. F. S. Burton chairman and C. S. Sherman secretary.

A committee of three was elected to solicit subscriptions. Following is the committee. Ed Oliver, Sam Patterson and Wm. Weber.

Two delegates were selected to attend the base ball convention to be held in Lincoln March 1st. Frank Morgan and T. M. Patterson were elected delegates.

The Boys Debate.

Patrick Henry Debating club, L. L. A., held a very interesting meeting at the home of Tom Chapman last evening. The club is composed of boys between the ages of thirteen and nineteen, and now has a membership of fifteen. Meetings are held every other Tuesday at the homes of the different members, and an interesting program, consisting of debates, essays and declamations, is always rendered. The principal feature of last night's program was the debate, 'Resolved, that foreign immigration should be further restricted.' Tom Mapes arguing in the affirmative and Joe Knotts in the negative. Both arguments evinced mature deliberation and showed a thorough familiarity with the subject. By a vote of the members, the debate was decided in favor of the affirmative. Tom Chapman rendered some select reading in a pleasing manner and Monta Streight favored the club with a declamation. The next meeting will be held at the home of King Wise, Tuesday evening, March 1, at 8 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome.

Completely Surprised.

Monday was the second wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McCavaghan and about twenty of their friends and neighbors took advantage of the occasion and gave them a complete surprise at the residence of Mrs. Schmidtman on Ferry, between 2nd and 3rd streets on Winterstein hill. The company was accorded every liberty necessary to assume a pleasant and enjoyable time and they improved the opportunity well. The hours between 9 and 12 were whiled away indulging in music, games, conversation and other suitable amusement. At 12 o'clock refreshments were served of a very high order. The company broke up about 1.30. It was the testimony of all that the geniality and hospitality of Mrs. Schmidtman is rarely excelled. Will Smith and Clara Herold officiated in the capacity of "chief cooks and bottle-washer." The following were present: Mr. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Lake, Mr. and Mrs. Steineforth, Mr. and Mrs. Brathold, Mr. and Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Herold and daughter, Clara, Mr. and Mrs. Pitts, Mr. and Mrs. W. Schmidtman, Will D. Smith and Mr. Shepherd, of Illinois.

Hon. S. M. Kirkpatrick

Following is a short sketch of the eventful life of Hon. S. M. Kirkpatrick, who died yesterday at his home in Nehawka.

"He came within its precincts when it was but a territory, making a claim on the 18th day of June 1855, the first land pre-empted on section 18, in Liberty precinct, and was the very first settler in the valley of the Weeping Water at this point. He came here, when around him was an unbroken waste, before the country could boast of but one log house and a cabin of sufficient importance to be designated as a village, and when the flourishing city of Plattsmouth was the site of a few little huts, put up by adventurous but impetuous people, who were struggling to delve from the soil enough to keep soul and body together. Indians still roamed over the country, and wild animals also. The outlook was anything but promising, but the subject of this sketch was a man of more than ordinary determination. He had come to stay and was not to be driven from his purpose by any ordinary circumstances. He clung steadfastly to his resolution to "continue and "grow up with the country," at a time when white settlers were frequently making a tampe from the depredation of the Indians.

Our subject secured his land before the government survey had been completed. It included one of the finest mill sites along the Weeping Water, which he utilized as soon as possible, erecting a saw mill, from which he began dressing lumber in September, the same year of his arrival. This was the first mill building erected on the Weeping Water, in fact the first mill of any kind built in the country.

At the time of the settlement of Mr. Kirkpatrick there were only about 100 voters in the county. He was readily recognized as a man of more than ordinary ability and was soon selected to represent the county in the territorial legislature at Omaha, being a member of the senate, and re-elected three times by the republicans of his district. He was in the constitutional convention of 1871, and 1875, in the latter of which were adopted the existing laws of Nebraska. Prior to this he had represented the people of Cass county in the territorial legislature, and was afterwards speaker of the house. Since 1874 he has withdrawn from politics, although often been solicited to return to the field. During his public life it was conceded, even by his enemies, that in this day he was one of the most able parliamentarians of the state.

The village of Nehawka was platted on his land and to it he extended his fostering care. He also owned a farm of 300 acres of finely improved land.

Mr. Kirkpatrick was born in Adams county, Ohio, August 31, 1815, and was the fourth child and second son of his parents, whose family included five sons and three daughters. Of this large family only one brother survives, C. Q., of Lafayette, Indiana. Mr. Kirkpatrick lived in Ohio until a lad of fourteen, where he began the rudiments of a practical education. He removed with his parents to Indiana, and from his youth up to his death has been a lover of books, and by this means added to his store of knowledge when he could no longer attend school. He always entertained an especial interest in history, and there were few men possessing a more complete store of information.

Mr. Kirkpatrick was married to Miss Elizabeth C. McMullin in Crawfordsville, Indiana, October 11, 1836. His first wife died three years afterwards.

Mr. Kirkpatrick contracted a second marriage in Thornton, Indiana, April 1, 1841, with Miss Elizabeth Craig. From this union ten children were born two of whom are deceased—Sarah V., who died when three years old, and Julia F., who died in infancy. The survivors are as follows: Edwin A. married Miss Oella Black, daughter of Dr. John Black of this city; John M. married Miss Cornelia F. Goodrich; Elizzie H. is the wife of Hon. Orlando Tefft; Lee C. is residing at home, while William W. married Miss Maggie Gaffney, and Mary S. and Kate L. reside at their home in Nehawka.

Power for Small Boats.

The novel feature of a new electric boat, the idea of a French engineer, is a sea-water battery. The zinc and copper plates are under the boat, and can be raised or lowered by pulleys, serving as a kind of keel while at the same time driving a propeller by means of a motor.

SALESMEN.—Energetic men wanted. Free prepaid outfit. One of our agents has earned over \$20,000 in five years.

P. O. Box 1371, New York.

Does It Pay to Raise Speed Horses?

EDITOR HERALD—It has been said by parties with little or no experience that it does not pay to raise speed horses. But looking through some noted turf papers I find a list of seventy-one head of trotting horses that sold at prices from \$1,000 up to \$150,000, or an average of \$26,648 per head. Also a list of seventy-five thoroughbreds, at an average of \$30,406 per head. Now if those parties who make this cry had a 3-year-old to sell for \$105,000, or a 2-year-old for \$150,000, what a change it would make in their countenances! You would not see them sitting around on street corners or hear them condemning this class of horses, but they would be attending some of the great sales trying to get another, to sell for like figures. Now if raising the speed horse does not pay, figures surely lie.

Hoping this will find room in your valuable paper, I am

Yours Respectfully,

JOHN CLEMMONS.

Change in Firm.

Mr. N. G. Chilberg, formerly of Kearney, Nebraska, this afternoon coupled arrangements whereby he takes charge of J. P. Young's store, having purchased the stock from Mr. Young. Mr. Chilberg has taken possession of the store and will put in a larger stock than carried by Mr. Young. Mr. Young will continue in the management of the opera house for the present. Mr. Chilberg's wife and child are visiting in Kearney, but will arrive here as soon as Mr. Chilberg can obtain a suitable house. THE HERALD welcomes Mr. Chilberg and family to our midst.

Ellenbaum vs. Bilstein was set for trial to-day before Judge Archer, but it failed to materialize. The transcript has not been filed with Judge Archer as yet, but may be before night.

George Mathews a lad of fifteen years of age was brought in from Elmwood this morning. He was brought before Judge Ramsey on the charge of incorrigibility. The boy took \$25 from his mother Sunday and started for the west. He got as far as O'Neal, when he was stopped and sent home. Out of the \$25 he had \$7.20 left. The boy was brought in by his mother who says he is beyond her control. On account of facts existing in the case and upon promise of the boy that he would do better Judge Ramsey discharged him and he returned home with his mother, a better and wiser boy.

The county commissioners to-day bought a ticket for a man as far as Creston. The fellow is sick and lives in Ottumwa. He has friends in Creston and can go the rest of the way.

County Clerk Frank Dickson is busy with an increased making out the assessors books.

La Grippe.

No healthy person need fear any dangerous consequences from an attack of la grippe if properly treated. It is much the same as a severe cold and requires precisely the same treatment. Remain quietly at home and take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as directed for a severe cold and a prompt and complete recovery is sure to follow. This remedy also counteracts any tendency of la grippe to result in pneumonia. Among the many thousands who have used it during the epidemics of the past two years we have yet to learn of a single case that has not recovered or that has resulted in pneumonia. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Work was begun yesterday on the new depot at Cedar Creek. The building will be two stories and the up stairs will be devoted to a dwelling for the agent.

The population of Plattsmouth

Is about 10,000, and we would say at least neo-half are troubled with some affection on the throat and lungs, as those complaints are, according to statistics, more numerous than others. We would advise all our readers not to neglect the opportunity to call on their druggist and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs. Trial size free. Large bottle 50c and \$1. Sold by all druggists.

The regular meeting of the M. E. Aid Society will be held to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock with Mrs. Wm Atwood on Main between Eighth and Ninth streets.

Go to the doctor and get a prescription; then go to Brown & Barrett's and get it filled.

The Handsome Lady in Plattsmouth

Remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when other cough remedies had no effect whatever. So to prove this and convince you of its merit, any druggist will give you a sample bottle free. Large size 50c and \$1.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure Catarrh, Diphtheria and Canker mouth. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER.

Her Wit Devised the Clever Stratagem that Won Her Hand.

A bold Kentucky Colonel was the father of a lovely daughter, who loved a nice young man in all respects unobjectionable. All the girls and matrons in the country sympathized with the lovers, and the gossips pronounced it the happiest affair in the line of marrying that had been heard of for a long time. But the Colonel was an obstinate man, with a very red countenance, fierce gray eyes and a nose somewhat mottled in blue and purple from the long habit of generous potations of Bourbon.

The more he heard of the courtship the more he swore that he would have no such puppy for son-in-law, and the young man got into such a state that he was afraid to see his betrothed except surreptitiously, and both were afraid to open the subject to the Colonel.

Happily, when the path of true lovers does not run smooth, owing to the opposition of a cruel parent, the misery of the situation heightens the delight, and so the wretched, happy couple went on day by day, as tens of thousands have done before.

The stolen interview and the surreptitious note, and the agony and fear and the constant suspense made the hours glow with remorse. But anon, the Colonel learned through one of the gossips that he was likely to be a father-in-law without his consent.

He stalked up and down the hall muttering and growling something to the effect that this was the first time in his life that he had ever been opposed, and by Jupiter and all the other gods, it would be the last! Then he sent for his friend the Major, and the two worthies discussed whether the presumptuous rascal should be horse-whipped, shot on sight or politely slaughtered according to the code.

The last method was determined on, and a challenge delivered to the enemy, with an explanation of the condensation that accorded the chivalrous terms, "as a lady's honor was concerned, sir."

But a woman's quick wit, always sharper under the inspiration of love and romance, suggested a rising act of tragedy. "Twixt smiles and tears the maiden implored her lover to obey her wishes, saying: "You know, dear, how obstinate papa is; the only way I can get anything is to pretend not to want it, and it was just so with mamma when she lived. Now, do you understand?"

In the mean time the Colonel and the Major prepared to make worms' meat of the poor lover.

The proposed fatal morning dawned; the gentlemen were promptly on the ground and the ceremonies were about to proceed as usual, when the lover's friend approached the blood-thirsty Colonel with great formality and said: "Colonel, my friend has done you a wrong which he proposes to repair without the loss of his life, which would only make the matter worse for the young lady. It is true that he has declined to marry her, and—"

"Has declined to—?" But the monotony of the thing choked the Colonel out of utterance.

"Yes; and he desires to offer an apology and—"

"Apology?" shouted the Colonel. "Hang his apology! Refuse to marry a Kentucky gentleman's daughter! By all the infernal gods, we'll see about that! Major, get me a preacher, sir, and a church, and all that sort of thing, mighty quick. There'll be a wedding, sir, or a funeral in less than half an hour. Not a word, gentlemen. I don't like a puppy for a son-in-law, but my honor shall be vindicated."

"Of course the Colonel had his way, but if he ever finds out the hoax he will burst a blood vessel or fall dead of apoplexy."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Not in the Bible.

Not long ago I was riding along a mountain trail (it shouldn't be dignified with the name of road) in Carter county, east Tennessee, says a writer in the Philadelphia Press, when an old fellow darted out from the door of a low cabin, jumped the rail fence in front, and came tearing down toward me as if a marshal had been in close pursuit. "Hello, stranger, stay or minute!" he yelled, gesticulating wildly with his right hand, but never breaking his gait. I drew rein. He came up, pulling and blowing, with his eyes quivering with wild excitement. "Say, mister (pant, pant), is it so?" "Is what so?" I returned. "Why, han't you heard?" "Heard what?" was my astonished rejoinder. "I guess if ye an't heard it can't be so," and a hopeful light dawned in his anxious eyes. "I don't know what you're inquiring about, I'm sure," I spoke. "What is it you want to know?" "Is it so or is it not so that General Jackson is dead?" "I think he is," I replied, with as much solemnity as I could muster. "Wall, it's awful fer think uv, 'ant it?" spoke the old fellow, gloomily. "Yes, it's bad." "Are you shore, though, it is so?" "I read it." "What did ye read it in?" "The Bible?" "No." "Oh, well, I'd better read it in the Bible that the ole general hed pegged out fore I'd believe it. That ar report's jis' been put out ter keep us ole fellers from votin' fer him so's they cud git our votes fer some other d—d feller fer president. Good-by, stranger." And the old man returned toward the house, well satisfied that Jackson reigned, and as a consequence the government at Washington still lived.

Moving a Big Rock.

One of the biggest rocks ever moved in the course of railroad construction in this country was recently excavated on the line of the Mexican Southern by Col. Camar. The Lower Californian says the giant boulder was 120 feet in height and measured 1,000 cubic meters. Six dynamite cartridges were placed under the rock after the men had excavated as much earth as possible, and were fired one after another. At the sixth explosion the big fellow rolled over out of the way.

OUT IN THE WORLD TO FIND HER.

The View of an Old-time Admirer of a New York Actress.

Seeing Nellie McHenry frisk about on the stage a few nights ago reminded me of an obscure admirer of hers who is buried in the Virginia mountains, says John Merry in the N. Y. World. He has "never told his love" and probably never will, but it is none the less sincere for all that.

More than a year ago I found myself, just as darkness was falling, at the door of a cabin in the heart of the mountains. My horse was tired and so was I. They took me in and kept me over night. I needn't tell you how I slept with the ten or twelve members of the mountaineer's family, and how we all washed in the same tin basin in the morning. That's another story. But I do want to tell you of the work of art which hung on the log walls. It was a poster, representing Nellie McHenry. It was old and stained and time worn, but it was the shrine at which the oldest son of the house worshipped.

"Shep ain't studyin' about marryin'," said his mother to me next morning. "But he does 'low that ef he met that gal he'd think a heap o' her. He's a 'ra' fool 'bout that, 'n' won't hev it tuck down, nohow. He 'lows some day 't he'll go out in the worl' tuh 'fin' her."

So if a tall, raw-boned mountaineer with flowing locks and a determined look penetrates Nellie's seclusion some day she may know that it's her Virginia lover "out in the worl' tuh fin' her." For I told him where she could be seen.

A PHANTOM FACE.

She Asked for a Sign, and It Was Given Her.

I stood alone looking at the unconscious face before me, which was distinctly visible, though the light was heavily shaded to keep the glare from the dying eyes, writes Sarah A. Underwood in the Arena. All her life my friend had been a Christian believer, with an unwavering faith in a life beyond this, and for her sake a bitter grief came upon me, because, so far as I could see, there were no grounds for that belief. I thought I could more easily let her go out into the unknown if I could but feel that her hope would be realized, and I put into words this feeling.

I pleaded that if there were any of her own departed ones present at this supreme moment could they not, and would they not, give me some least sign that such was the fact, and I would be content? Slowly over the dying one's face spread a mellow, radiant mist—I know of no other way to describe it. In a few moments it covered the dying face as with a veil, and spread in a circle of about a foot beyond, over the pillow, the strange yellowish-white light all the more distinct from the partial darkness of the room.

Then from the center of this, immediately over the hidden face, appeared an apparently living face, with smiling eyes which looked directly into mine, gazing at me with a look so full of comforting assurance that I could scarcely feel frightened. But it was so real and strange that I wondered if I were temporarily crazed, and as it disappeared I called a watcher from another room, and went into the open air for a few moments to recover myself under the midnight stars.

When I was sure of myself I returned, and took my place again alone. Then I asked that, if that appearance were real and not a hallucination, would it be made once more manifest to me; and again the phenomenon was repeated, and the kind smiling face looked down at me a few moments, yet vanished as before.

Really Quite Merciful.

It was in the New York Central depot. A well-dressed lady with her little Lord Fauntleroy on her lap, approached the door leading to an outgoing train. Both were laden with bundles. A railroad official stood by the door.

"Open the door or I'll punch your head," exclaimed Fauntleroy in a very swaggering voice, and the official, amused by the six-year-old's audacity, consented to become doorman for the occasion and complied.

The mother showed that she was angry as she swept through the door, and as it closed she seized Fauntleroy by the shoulders and shook him severely.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself," she asked, "to be so impolite to the gentleman?"

"Sho, mamma," replied Fauntleroy. "I was only jest foolin'. I wouldn't 'a' punched him!"—Syracuse Journal.

Mark Twain's Brother.

Mark Twain has a brother living in Keokuk, Iowa, who is absent-minded enough for Mark to "put in a book." It is related that he drank violet ink for blackberry cordial and took an allopathic dose of ammonia instead of his cough medicine; but his latest absent-minded adventure occurred last summer when his wife had gone to a Sunday school picnic.

Mrs. Clemens instructed her husband that he would find his lunch nicely prepared in the refrigerator. On her way home she inquired of Mr. Clemens as to his bachelorhood and how he had enjoyed his lunch.

"Well," said Mr. Clemens, "I didn't think the salad you spoke of was especially good, but I ate it." Mrs. Clemens discovered that he had "eaten it," indeed, that is, the yeast put to raise for the next day's baking, while the salad remained untouched.

Chinese Tea Culture.

It is estimated that 100,000,000 of the Chinese people are engaged in the culture, preparation, sale, carriage, and exportation of tea, and their interests are adversely affected by the rivalry of other countries.

The snail has the greatest number of teeth. It has been proved to possess 30,000 in its mouth, which without a glass looks very innocent.