

# Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

FIFTH YEAR.

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18 1892.

NUMBER 134



A cream of tartar baking powder  
Highest of all in leavening strength  
Latest U. S. Government food report.

BURLINGTON & MISSOURI RIVER R. R.

### TIME TABLE

OF DAILY PASSENGER TRAINS

GOING EAST		GOING WEST	
No. 2	5:05 P. M.	No. 1	4:45 A. M.
No. 4	10:30 A. M.	No. 3	8:25 P. M.
No. 8	7:34 P. M.	No. 5	9:05 A. M.
No. 10	9:45 A. M.	No. 7	7:15 P. M.
No. 12	10:14 A. M.	No. 9	6:25 P. M.
No. 20	8:20 P. M.	No. 11	5:05 P. M.
		No. 13	11:35 A. M.

Bushnell's extra leaves for Omaha about two o'clock for Omaha and will accommodate passengers.

MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY

### TIME CARD

No. 384 Accommodation Leaves	10:55 A. M.
No. 383 Arrives	4:00 P. M.
Trains daily except Sunday	

### ATTORNEY

A. N. SULLIVAN.

Attorney-at-Law. Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him. Office in Walnut block, East Side, Plattsmouth, Neb.

### SECRET SOCIETIES

**KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS** Gauntlet Lodge No. 47. Meet every Wednesday evening at their hall in Farme & Craig block. All visiting knights are cordially invited to attend. M. N. Griffith, C. C.; T. Dorey, K. R. S.

**A. O. U. W.** No. 84. Meets second and fourth Friday evenings in the month at G. A. E. hall in Rockwood block. M. Vondra, M. W. F. P. Brown, Recorder.

**GASS LODGE** No. 146. 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. Chris Peterson, N. G.; S. F. Osborn, Secretary.

**ROYAL ARCANUM**—Case Council No. 1021. Meet at the hall of P. hall in the Farme & Craig block over Bennett & Tutts, visiting brethren invited. Henry Gering, Regent; Thomas Walling, Secretary.

**A. O. U. W.** No. 8. Meets first and third Friday evenings of each month at G. A. E. Hall in Rockwood block. Frank Vermilyea, M. W. D. B. Euersole, Recorder.

**DEGREE OF HONOR**. Meets second and fourth Thursday of each month in I. O. O. F. hall in Fitzgerald block. Mrs. F. Boyd, Lady of Honor; Belle Vermilyea, recorder.

**G. A. R. McConille Post** No. 45. Meets every Saturday evening at 7:30 in their hall in Rockwood block. All visiting comrades are cordially invited to meet with us. Fred Bates, Post Adjutant; G. F. Niles, Post Commander.

**ORDER OF THE WORLD**. Meets at 7:30 every Monday evening at the Grand Army hall. A. F. Groom, president, Thos Walling, secretary.

**CASS CAMP** No. 332. M. W. A. meets every second and fourth Monday evening in Fitzgerald hall. Visiting neighbors welcome. P. C. Hansen, V. C.; P. Wertenberger, W. A.; S. C. Wilde, Clerk.

**CAPTAIN H. E. PALMER CAMP** No. 50. Sons of Veterans, division of Nebraska. U. S. A. meet every Tuesday night at 7:30 o'clock in their hall in Fitzgerald block. All sons and visiting comrades are cordially invited to meet with us. J. J. Kurtz, Commander; B. A. McElwain, 1st Sergeant.

**DAUGHTERS OF REBECCA**. Bud of Promethe Lodge No. 40 meets the second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month in the I. O. O. F. hall. Mrs. T. E. Williams, N. G.; Mrs. John Cory, Secretary.

**YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION**. Waterman block, Main Street. Rooms open from 8:30 a. m. to 9:30 p. m. For men only. Gospel meeting every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

### PLACES OF WORSHIP.

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

**CHRISTIAN**.—Corner Locust and Eighth Sts. Services morning and evening. Elder A. Galloway 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 Granite. Rev. H. H. 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. Baird, pastor. Sunday-school at 9:30. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. The Y. R. S. C. E. of this church meets every Sabbath evening at 7:35 in the basement of the church. All are invited to attend these meetings.

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

**GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN**.—Corner Main and Ninth. Rev. W. W. Pastor. Services usual hours. Sunday School 9:30 A. M.

**SWEDISH CONGREGATIONAL**.—Granite, between Fifth and Sixth.

**COLORADO BAPTIST**.—Mt. Olive, Oak, between Tenth and Eleventh. Rev. A. Rowell, 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 9:30 p. m.

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

## The Plattsmouth Herald

KNOTTS BROS., Publishers

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### TERMS FOR WEEKLY.

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### TERMS FOR DAILY.

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CHARLEY ROSS is once more heard from. This time he finds himself, but his father fails to recognize him.

The democrats are in a position where they have got to take some action in the tariff question, and yet they cannot do so without doing their party more harm than good.

ALL of the leading men who have been announced as candidates for the republican nomination for president have come out and announced themselves in favor of President Harrison, except one or two, and it is thought that they will do so before the convention meets.

The senate has knocked out the income tax bill introduced by Gibson, of Louisiana, but one or two measures of this sort have been introduced in the house, and, as the democratic majority in that body will undoubtedly pass one of them, the republicans are certain to make considerable party capital from that source.

### SECOND WEEK.

Come right up to THE HERALD office and square up for a year. Those who do so without delay will get a prize, i. e., the Farm Journal for one year, just for prompt payment. Don't you take the Farm Journal? Well, here is a chance to get one of the best farm papers in the land. The Farm Journal prints a beautiful calendar of the presidential favorites. This can be had for 10 cents—with your choice for president. See great combination in another column.

The notions held by a few timid republican papers that Blaine's withdrawal from the canvass will work harm to the reciprocity cause does not seem to us to have any valid reason for being. It is true the secretary "popularized" the reciprocity idea and put it into practical shape. On his suggestion it was incorporated in the McKinley bill, and it formed one of the most prominent and most widely discussed features of that measure, as it has proven to be one of the most fortunate and beneficial. But the fact that nearly every republican member of congress favored the scheme, even on its first presentation, and that it became satisfactory later to the few who opposed it originally, is of some significance in this discussion. This shows that the principle is not at all in danger, no matter how many of its earlier champions leave the scene. It was said in the beginning that Mr. McKinley was unfavorable to the idea, but if this story were true his prejudice were conquered long ago. During his canvass for the governorship in 1891 McKinley often referred to the reciprocity policy in the strongest terms of approbation, and with a sincerity and an enthusiasm which are not open to question. He is acute and sagacious enough to be fully conscious of the fact that this policy added thousands of votes to the republican total in that campaign, and he is honest enough to acknowledge this and public spirited and patriotic enough to defend this policy at all time and under all circumstances.

Reciprocity, that is to say, is abundantly able to take care of itself hereafter, whatever may be the fate that is in store for its originators or sponsors. Its maintenance and development are not in the slightest degree dependent on the life or political fortune of any man. It has passed beyond the swaddling clothes phase of ex-

istence and is able to stand alone and to assert itself in a direct and effective way. The period of its operations has not been great, nor has the field of its activity been extensive as yet, but within the limit of its time and scope of work it has commended itself to the republican party and amply justified the faith of its founders. For this reason the party has enthusiastically enlisted in the reciprocity cause. Every republican is not only determined to maintain this principle, but he is resolved to extend it and to spread it over the whole continent. We want enlarged trade—not only to the south of us, but also with the British provinces of North America. The scheme to bring all the countries of the Western hemisphere into an immense trade league is favored by the republican party, and this is no idle dream or a momentary fancy of political enthusiasts. It is one of the cardinal tenets of the republican creed. Henceforth devotion to the reciprocity cause will be a test of party loyalty. Reciprocity will be one of the fighting planks in the republican platform this year, every newspaper and stump-speaker of the party will advocate it, and every one of the party's voters will cast his ballot to extend and perpetuate it.—Globe-Democrat.

### A DETERMINED CLIENT.

How She Raised Funds for Her Suit and Exhorted Her Lawyer.

"My first case," said a well-known Harlem lawyer to a N. Y. Commercial Advertiser man, "was a very unique one. An Irish family of the name of Murphy, living on the rocks in one of the fast disappearing remnants of Shantytown, were fraudulently evicted from their tumbledown cabin by a rascally landlord. The practical head of the household was the wife, and she determined to fight the matter out. For three weeks the Murphys, children, furniture and all, lived in the backyard of their former home with nothing between them and heaven but a flimsy tent made of old sheets, while Mrs. Murphy tramped around town looking for a lawyer who would take their case for nothing.

"One day she charged into my office and told me her story with the stereotyped exactness that comes from frequent repetition. The case seemed to be a worthy one, and as I wasn't overburdened with work I agreed to take it free of charge and reinstate the Murphys in their dilapidated homestead. She wanted to get out a free summons against the landlord and waive several other small but necessary expenses, but I told her it would be more politic to pay these, as the total would not amount to \$5.

"'Foive dollars!' she cried; 'divil a cent have the Murphys seen since me husband losht his job wan month ago, and the lasht blissh thing thim pawn-brokers 'll take they've got already.' When I offered to loan her the money she went into such a rage that I apologized abjectly. 'Be the powers!' she exclaimed, after pacing the floor for about ten minutes, 'I forgot wan thing! Wait, mither, an' I'll be back in an hour!'

"She kept her word, and just as I was closing up shop for the day she reappeared with her hands full of silver, which she poured upon my desk. 'Mrs. Murphy,' I queried, 'where did you get this? I thought your last valuable had been pawned?'

"'Yis,' she replied, with a gleam of triumph in the gray eye, 'iv'rything exsept the goat. I tuk auld Nanny, whose milk me childer has livin upon, over to the Kenneys, and they lint me \$4.97 on her. There's the money, young man, and now, be the luv of hivin, go in and bate McCarty!'

"I take pleasure in stating that McCarty was 'baten!'

### He Thought He Was Dead.

In speaking about a wound received in the cheek at the battle of Sharpsburg, Senator-elect Gordon not long ago told a curious story which illustrates a feature of his character which will come into play during his senatorial career. It is the fact that Gordon never loses his head and that he can think under any circumstances. Said Gen. Gordon:

"While I lay there wounded on the field my mind went through a curious process of reasoning. I thought I had been struck by a cannon-ball and I said to myself: 'I have been struck in the head with a six-pound solid shot. It has carried away my head. I can feel that there is a little piece of the skull left on the left side. But my brains must be gone entirely. Therefore I am dead. And yet I am thinking. And how can a man think with his head shot off? And, if I am thinking, I cannot be dead. And yet no man can live after his head is shot off. Still I may have consciousness after I am dead, but my body cannot have action. Now, if I can lift my leg, then it must be that I am alive. I will try that. Can I? Yes, I can. I see it rising. I am not dead, after all, and with that I woke up and found that my head was still on, but I reasoned as philosophically and logically over the matter as though I was in my office.'—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### TOM CYPHER'S PHANTOM ENGINE.

A Ghostly Combination That Haunts the Northern Pacific Engineers.

Locomotive engineers are as a class said to be superstitious, but J. M. Pinckney, an engineer I own to almost every Brotherhood man, is an exception to the rule. He has never been able to believe the different stories told of apparitions suddenly appearing on the track, but he had an experience last Sunday night on the Northern Pacific east-bound overland that made his hair stand on end.

By the courtesy of the engineer, also a Brotherhood man, Mr. Pinckney was riding on the engine. They were recounting experiences, and the fireman, who was a green hand, was getting very nervous as he listened to the tales of wrecks and disasters, the horrors of which were graphically described by the veteran engineers.

The night was clear and the rays from the headlight flashed along the track, and, although they were interested in spinning yarns, a sharp lookout was kept for they were rapidly nearing Eagle gorge, in the Cascades, the scene of so many disasters and the place which is said to be the most dangerous on the 2,500 miles of road. The engineer was relating a story and was just coming to the climax when he suddenly grasped the throttle, and in a moment had "thrown her over," that is, reversed the engine. The air brakes were applied and the train brought to a standstill within a few feet of the place where Engineer Cypher met his death two years ago. By this time the passengers had become curious as to what was the matter, and all sorts of questions were asked the trainmen. The engineer made an excuse that some of the machinery was loose, and in a few moments the train was speeding on to her destination.

"What made you stop back there?" asked Pinckney. "I heard your excuse, but I have run too long on the road not to know that your excuse is not the truth."

His question was answered by the engineer pointing ahead and saying excitedly:

"There! Look there! Don't you see it?"

"Looking out of the cab window," said Mr. Pinckney, "I saw about 300 yards ahead of us the headlight of a locomotive."

"Stop the train, man," I cried, reaching for the lever.

"Oh, it's nothing. It's what I saw back at the gorge. It's Tom Cypher's engine, No. 33. There's no danger of a collision. The man who is running that ahead of us can run it faster backward than I can this one forward. Have I seen it before? Yes, twenty times. Every engineer on the road knows that engine, and he's always watching for it when he gets to the gorge."

"The engine ahead of us was running silently, but smoke was puffing from the stack and the headlight threw out rays of red, green and white light. It kept a short distance ahead of us for several miles, and then for a moment we saw a figure on the pilot. Then the engine rounded a curve and we did not see it again. We ran by a little station, and at the next, where the operator warned us to keep well back from a wild engine that was ahead, the engineer said nothing. He was not afraid of a collision. Just to satisfy my own mind on the matter I sent a telegram to the engine wiper at Sprague, asking him if No. 33 was in. I received a reply stating that No. 33 had just come in, and that her coal was exhausted and boxes burned out. I suppose you'll be inclined to laugh at the story, but just ask any of the boys, although many of them won't talk about it. I would not myself if I were running on the road. It's unlucky to do so."

With this comment upon the tale Mr. Pinckney boarded a passing caboose and was soon on his way to Tacoma. It is believed by Northern Pacific engineers that Thomas Cypher's spirit still haunts near Eagle gorge.—Seattle Press-Times.

### Johnny's Bulge on Grandpa.

Johnny is a chubby-faced youngster who for the past six years has been the light of an east side household. Johnny has a keen sense of humor, but his occasional pranks have not always met with the appreciation on the part of his mother to which he thought they were entitled. Johnny has been properly trained, and perhaps overtrained, by his fond parents, and with the perversity of children has developed a strong prejudice against saying the little prayer his mother has taught him to repeat before retiring.

Several weeks ago the little fellow made a visit to his grandparents in the country. He was led away at bedtime by his grandfather, who had instructions from home concerning the evening devotions.

But grandpa is very deaf and white-robed Johnny decided to introduce a change in the usual programme, so as he knelt by the bed he began: "Come, little boy blue, come blow up your horn. The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn," and repeated to the end that familiar jingle of the nursery.

"That's a good boy, Johnny," said the old man as he tucked him into bed, "always say your prayers, and you will grow up a good man," and Johnny winked the other eye as he chuckled over his little joke.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

London contains about 220,000 foreigners. The Germans number 65,000, Americans 50,000, French 30,000, Dutch 15,000, Poles 12,000, Italians 8,000, and Swiss 5,000.

## CLEARING OUT FOR SPRING STOCK.

NEXT WEEK DAWSON & PEARCE WILL SELL A JOB LOT OF TRIMMED HATS AT \$1.00 EACH, WELL WORTH \$3.00. ALSO A JOB LOT OF SAILORS AT 75 CENTS, WELL TRIMMED, WORTH \$1.50. CHILDRENS HOODS, AT 25 CENTS EACH, AND A FEW BOYS SPRING CAPS AT 25 CENTS.

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For 1892  
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Home Magazine	\$1.85
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## FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

320 ACRES of Colorado land for sale or trade for Plattsmouth real estate or for merchandise of any kind. This is a bargain for some one; the land is A1. For further particulars call on or address THE HERALD, Plattsmouth, Neb.

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