

Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

FIFTH YEAR.

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, MONDAY, JUNE 20, 1892.

NUMBER 228.



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

HURLINGTON & MISSOURI RIVER R. R.

TIME TABLE.

OF DAILY PASSENGER TRAINS

GOING EAST	GOING WEST
No. 2 5:17 P. M.	No. 1 3:45 A. M.
No. 4 10:34 A. M.	No. 3 3:45 P. M.
No. 8 7:44 P. M.	No. 5 9:30 A. M.
No. 10 9:45 A. M.	No. 7 5:17 P. M.
No. 6 12:25 A. M.	No. 9 1:40 P. M.
	No. 11 7:45 A. M.

Hushnell'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.

SECRET SOCIETY.

CASS CAMP No. 332 M. W. A. meets every second and fourth Monday evenings in Fitzgerald hall. Visiting neighbors welcome. F. 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 the 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.

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

A. O. U. W. No. 8—Meet first and third Friday evening of each month at I. O. O. F. hall. Frank Vermylen, M. W.; J. E. Barwick, recorder.

G. A. R. McConville 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. E. Niles, Post Commander.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS—Gaiuslet Lodge No. 47. Meets every Wednesday evening at their hall over Bennett & Tutts'. All visiting knights are cordially invited to attend. M. N. Griffith, C. C.; Otis Dovey, K. of K. and S.

A. O. U. W. No. 84—Meet second and fourth Friday evenings in the month at I. O. O. F. hall. M. Vondran, M. W. E. P. Brown, recorder.

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.

DEGREE OF HONOR—Meets the first and third Thursday evenings of each month in I. O. O. F. hall, Fitzgerald block. Mrs. Addie Smith, Worthy Sister of Honor Mrs. Nannie Burkell, sister secretary.

CLASS 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—Cass Council No. 1021. Meet at the K. of P. hall in the Farmville Craig block over Bennett & Tutts'. Visiting brethren invited Henry Gering, Regent; Thos. Walling, Secretary.

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

For millinery and pattern hats or anything in the line of ribbons, flowers of the latest styles and designs, call on the Tucker Sisters in the Sherwood block.

FOR SALE—Two desirable residence lots in Orchard Hill addition to Plattsmouth, within a block of the Missouri Pacific depot. For particulars call on or address THE HERALD office.

EQUITABLE LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF N. Y.
T. H. POLLOCK, Agent.

She Committed Suicide.
Mrs. F. D. Boe, at Watkins, left this letter: "My husband—Forgive me if I cause you trouble, but I suffer so. You do not know what these long, wakeful, wretched nights are to me, and I am so tired, darning the pain will never be better. It is not easy to take my own life, but I have been sick so long. Good-bye, my husband, I love you—your wife." This is but one of thousands that give up, instead of using Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve, and being speedily cured of their wretchedness. Go to F. G. Fricke and get an elegant book and trial bottle free.

For Sale.
My house and three lots corner Sixth and Day, price \$1,200.
MRS. J. A. G. BUELL,
Central City, Neb., apc. E. R. B.

Defying Superstition.

Thirteen Philadelphia young men have banded themselves together, if rumors are true, in what timid superstitious ones will call a suicide club. This Club of Thirteen, as its name hints, has been organized in contempt of almost all known popular superstitions. The club meetings occur on Friday evenings, and on the 13th of the month, in room 13 of a house numbered 13. The fiery headed member is the first to enter the hall, and all pass under a ladder raised in the room. On taking his seat the president opens an umbrella handed him by the cross eyed janitor, and sits under it during the session. The sergeant-at-arms opens the proceedings by breaking a looking glass.

A skeleton sits opposite the president at all feasts and two black cats stalk around the room. The walls are adorned with peacock feathers. Every member is under solemn oath always to spill salt, look at the moon over his left shoulder, stumble whenever alighting from a journey, walk between couples on the street and when together pass on either side of a post. They are eager just now to purchase a raven and rent a haunted house to hold their meetings in.—Philadelphia Record.

A Thief in Disguise.

A miner operating on Sabre creek, Idaho, for some time past has missed a great deal of amalgam from his sluice boxes. He determined to keep watch for the thief, and several nights ago he saw a calf nibbling grass near the boxes, often reaching over the rim and drinking the water that flowed over the riffle. He, however, paid no attention to the animal. The theft of amalgam still continued, and a few nights ago, when the calf appeared, he shot it. He ran to where the calf was lying and saw a human leg, with the foot wrapped in sacks, protruding from the animal's stomach. It took him but a second to realize that he had shot the thief, who had been cleverly disguised as a calf. The miner took the culprit to camp, and, much to his surprise, he discovered that the thief was a young woman.—Exchange.

Death Superstitions.

Death superstitions are rife in the West Indies. To the people there everything out of the ordinary is a "sign." In Cuba a person with a sore or wound of any kind will not look upon a dead person, fearing that the spot will become incurable. The rum used in washing a dead body is, however, regarded as a sure cure for all eye troubles. If the light from a candle or lamp falls on the face of the dead, death will shortly come to him or her who was carrying the light.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

About to Sue.

A man who lets out dress suits at two dollars per night threatens to go into court and sue for \$792 for the use of a suit that couldn't have cost more than twenty dollars in the first instance. This is how it happened. A member of an arctic expedition, encamped just now, or supposed to be, somewhere within gunshot of the north pole, was tendered a reception by some friends on the night before his departure. He secured a pair of patent leather shoes, a clean shirt and a satin necktie from somewhere or other, but the dress suit he hired from the agent referred to.

Next morning the explorer's mother packed the suit in his Saratoga trunk, not knowing that it wasn't his, and he took it up to the north pole with him. It has been used doubtless at the principal blubber feeds and walrus hunts to impress the natives.

But the dress suit loaner wants two dollars a day for every day he has been deprived of the use of the clothes, and by the time the explorer gets back the bill will be \$792, thirteen months being the length of his absence. A deep legal question will doubtless arise, but the agent is firm and says that he means to get his rights.—New York Herald.

A Duel Nipped in the Bud.

A duel between two young men has been nipped in the bud at Buena Vista, Va., by Mayor White. Mr. J. G. Seay sent a challenge to fight a duel to Mr. Edmund Randolph. Young Randolph paid no attention to the challenge and a second challenge was sent by Seay. Young Randolph referred the correspondence to his friend, Mr. R. E. Williamson, and before any details could be arranged the police arrested Seay, who was carried before the mayor and bailed to appear at the next term of the corporation court. Young Seay is about twenty years of age and was educated at the Virginia Military institute. Mr. Randolph, who is about twenty-one, is taller in the First National bank.

Both young men are highly connected and respected. The difficulty was caused by a misunderstanding between the young men as to an engagement, Seay claiming that Randolph purposely avoided him and thus treated him disrespectfully. No further trouble is apprehended.—Richmond Dispatch.

A company has been organized at Phoenix, A. T., for the construction of what is claimed will be the largest artificial reservoir in the world. It will be sixteen miles long and contain 103,058,400,800 cubic feet of water.

A large block of asphaltum, which weighed 2½ tons, was recently cut from the mine of the Santa Barbara Asphalt company, of La Petera, Cal.

An Ancient Tragedy.

Students of natural history are much interested in the recent discovery in New Zealand of an extensive deposit of the remains of the gigantic extinct birds called moas.

The discovery was made in plowing through a slight depression in a field where a bog containing several springs had evidently once existed. Here, buried in a deposit of peat, at depths of three or four feet, the skeletons of 800 or 900 moas were found packed and intertwined together in a remarkable manner.

It was evident that these great birds, which were much larger than the modern ostrich, varying in height from ten to fourteen feet, had perished there by wholesale. An enormous quantity of smooth quartz pebbles, which they had carried in their crops, was found with the skeletons. There were also found the remains of extinct species of other large birds.

Various explanations have been suggested to account for the destruction of such an army of powerful birds. One theory is that they were overwhelmed by a great storm, and that their remains were heaped together by the combined action of wind and water.

What renders the question still more puzzling is the fact that collections of moa skeletons, mingled with those of other giant birds, have been found in similar situations elsewhere in New Zealand.

Students of geology are aware that evidence is sometimes found in the rocks of the sudden destruction of great numbers of animals that formerly existed on the earth, and the resemblance of such cases to this of the New Zealand moas is interesting.—Youth's Companion.

Oiling a Highwayman.

There used to be—and may be yet—on the Las Cruces division of the Santa Fe railway an engineer known as "Big Jack Long." One night Jack was alone at his engine, oiling up the machine, while the rest of his crew, like the passengers, were at supper in the dingy eating house. The train was a long one, and the engine was well away from the little cluster of buildings. Suddenly "Throw up your hands!" was growled at him, and Jack found himself looking into a gun in the hands of a hard looking citizen.

The fellow demanded money, and Jack began to argue, protesting that he had but a dollar in his pockets, and that to take that were a cruelty, since it was meant to pay for his supper. Yes, the marauder was determined to have the sack, even if it had but a single dollar. During the discussion Jack slipped his hand from bulb to nozzle of the long machinist's oiler and edged around the head of the locomotive, finally backing across the track, closely followed by the temporizing holder up.

When the man was so well into the glare of the headlight as to guide Jack's address, this worthy promptly laid over his head with the heavy oiler for a bludgeon, and when the victim's yells had drawn forth the snuffing contingent, Jack had beaten his assailant almost senseless and stood, weapon in hand, looking down at him and saying grimly, "Wall! I guess I've got you so well oiled up that you won't run hot again for one while!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

American Pie Vindicated.

The American pie has triumphed. There was a time when pie was in disgrace. It was considered an indigestible and inexcusable culinary concoction. In England, where it was almost tantamount to misprision of treason to suggest that plum pudding is too rich to be healthful, pie—except perhaps mince pie, which is as rich and dubious as plum pudding—was tabooed. But, like the oppressed of all nations, it found shelter in America. There were New England housewives who made pies which were delicious and comforting to the inner man, and the pumpkin pie became associated with the festival of Thanksgiving in a manner altogether honorable to those who were responsible for "making and uttering" it.

Then arose the great American philosopher, Emerson, the most essentially classic type of man who has flourished in this western world, and Emerson ate pie three times a day. Dr. Johnson used to say that "the man who drinks beer thinks beer." Ralph Waldo Emerson ate pie and thought philosophy. The American pie was vindicated.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Waiting for the Funeral to Pass.

The passengers on one of the traction cable cars fumed the other day when the gripman stopped the car to wait for the passing of a funeral. It took ten minutes for the last carriage to roll by, for it was an unusually long procession. As they slowly rolled past, two of those in the car gave vent to feelings in some such manner as this: "Did you ever see such foolishness?" "No, not foolishness, but superstition!" "Do you think so?" "Fshaw, can't you see by that gripman's face that he is superstitious? What else can you expect from him?" "He does look superstitious, doesn't he?" At this point the conductor broke in, "It's not superstition; it's the law."—Philadelphia Press.

A Man of Weight.

There is now living at Mulhouse a man of the name of Lothar, aged twenty-six, who weighs no less than 472 pounds. Even as a child he was distinguished by his abnormal size. At confirmation he

weighed about 240 pounds, and when he appeared before the recruiting commission his weight was ascertained to be 430 pounds. Despite his extraordinary bulk, he has a light and easy step, and is, moreover, an ardent bicyclist.—National Zeitung.

Looking Ahead.

Lawyer (drawing will)—Your estate is much smaller, sir, than is generally supposed.

Sick Man—Yes, but keep that quiet till after the funeral. I want a good show of grief stricken mourners.—London Tit-Bits.

BABY'S DESSERT.

Baby at the dining table,
Sitting in her wee high chair,
Saw a ray of golden sunshine
Gilding all the silver there.

And her eyes were sparkling, laughing,
As she saw the radiant light.
Soon it fell upon her teaspoon,
And she grasped it with delight.

To her month the baby lifted
The bright spoon as if to dine,
Saying, "See, mamma, I've swallowed
A whole spoonful of sunshine."
—Babyland.

Extirpating Tattoo Marks.

The method proposed by M. Variot, a French authority, for extirpating tattoo marks has been widely described and approved, the initial proceeding being simply to wash the part with a concentrated solution of tannic acid, then closely puncturing it with a set of needles, such as tattooers use; following this, a crayon of nitrate of silver is thoroughly rubbed over the area, and after a moment the skin is dried off, at which stage it is found that the punctures have become deeply blackened by the formation of the tannate of silver in the superficial layers of the skin.

The cauterization is said to result in an inflammatory reaction for a couple of days, and subsequently in the formation of a crust of thin eschar, which separates spontaneously in from fourteen to eighteen days, leaving beneath it a superficial red cicatrix, which gradually loses its color, and at the end of a few months is scarcely perceptible. Only a small area is to be treated at one time, and powdered tannin is the simple dressing to be employed.—New York Tribune.

An Accomplished Cobbler.

"I believe the finest shoemaker in the world is the one employed by the government at the West Point Military academy," said an army officer. "He has been there time out of mind, is old and bent and gray, but the shoes he still makes for the cadets haven't their equal in shape and durability. The cadet, you know, is supplied with four pairs of shoes—a dancing shoe made of morocco, a furlough shoe made of the finest calfskin, a uniform shoe made of calfskin, but with a thick sole, and a winter shoe made of cowhide. When I left West Point I carried my cowhide shoes with me. I marched every foot of the way from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Bayard, a distance of 1,300 miles, in the cowhide shoes. That long tramp didn't phase them, and I have them yet, good as new."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Plenty Like Her.

Mrs. Spanker—I wish to get a house in a quiet neighborhood.

Agent—Yes, madam, we can accommodate you. I have a vacant house in a street which is as quiet as a Sabbath morn all the year round. No barking dogs, no children, no nuisance of any kind.

Mrs. Spanker—That's exactly what I want. How lucky I happened to come to you! How many rooms has it?

Agent—Ten.
Mrs. Spanker—That's just right. We need a good deal of room. We have nine children. I hope there's space at the back for a doghouse. We have three.—New York Weekly.

Arizona's Great Irrigation Canal.

Yuma's great canal is the most gigantic irrigation enterprise as yet taken in hand in Arizona. To tunnel through a hill or mountain side so as to take the water of the Colorado without damming the stream, which is the present plan and that recommended by the English irrigation engineers, then to bring the water down on both sides of the river. An aqueduct across the Gila, so as to irrigate the 2,000,000 acres of rich land lying adjacent to Yuma, in Arizona, California, Sonora, Lower California; in fact, to build this canal ninety miles in length, 100 feet in width at the bottom and twelve feet deep, is not the work of an hour nor the task of a child, and yet this is but the outline of this great work, all of which is going to be done, and that, too, in the near future.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Etruscan Legends.

Legends about the Etruscans are numerous, but even with them and the numerous Etruscan inscriptions in the hands of scholars, the race to which they belonged, their language and history, are still an unsolved problem. Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland is about to make an important contribution to the literature of the subject in a voluminous work on Etruscan legends. For years he has passed his summers in Italy in the old Etruscan country, wandering among the peasants and collecting their stories. Their customs and superstitions date back to the old heathen times, and devil worship and the most primitive beliefs prevail among them even down to the present time.

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Parties desiring to furnish a house complete could not do better than to call and inspect his line of furniture, in the way of Parlor sets, Dining room sets, Bed Room set, and everything kept in a first class establishment.

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