

Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

FIFTH YEAR.

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1892.

NUMBER 260



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	10:24 a. m.	No. 3	3:18 p. m.
No. 6	7:44 p. m.	No. 5	9:30 a. m.
No. 8	9:45 a. m.	No. 7	5:15 p. m.
No. 10	12:25 a. m.	No. 9	4:30 p. m.
No. 12	12:25 a. m.	No. 11	7:15 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.

SECRET SOCIETY.

CASS CAMP No. 322 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 their hall in Fitzgerald block. Visiting comrades are cordially invited to attend. J. J. Kurtz, Commander; B. J. McArthur, 1st Sergeant.

ORDER OF THE WORLD, Meets at 7:30 every Monday evening at the Grand Army hall. A. F. 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 Vermylea, M. W.; J. E. Barwick, recorder.

G. A. R. McConchie 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.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS—Goodwill 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 Prom-1-1 Lodge No. 10 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. Annie Smith, Worthy Sister of Honor; Mrs. Nannie Burkel, sister secretary.

CASS 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—Class Council No. 1021. Meet at the K. of P. hall in the Farmers' Exchange 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 9:30 p. m. For men only Gospel meeting every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

According to the census of 1890, Chicago takes rank, by virtue of her population of 1,098,576 people, as the eighth largest city on the globe. Most of us desire, at one time or another, to visit a city in which so many persons find homes, and, when we do, we can find no better line than the "Burlington Route." Three fast and comfortable trains daily. For further information address the agent of the company at this place, or write to J. Francis, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Omaha, Nebraska.

Mr. Van Pelt, editor of the Craig, Mo., Meteor, went to a drug store at Hillsdale, Iowa, and asked the physician in attendance to give him a dose of something for cholera morbus and looseness of the bowels. He says: "I felt so much better the next morning that I concluded to call on the physician and get him to fix me up a supply of the medicine. I was surprised when he handed me a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He said he prescribed it regularly in his practice and found it the best he could get or prepare. I can testify to its efficiency in my case at all events." For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

RIVER INHABITANTS.

A FLOATING VILLAGE WHERE PEOPLE PASS THEIR LIVES.

A Wandering Settlement of Strange Folks Who Make Their Homes on One of the Tributaries of the Mississippi—They Pay No Rent and Spend Little.

Up where Wolf river, treacherous and insatiable as the animal for which it is named, empties its yellow waters into the great flood of the Mississippi, is a cluster of odd looking craft, half house, half boat, that lie moored to the bank and form a part of a great floating suburb of Memphis, of whose existence the average citizen is totally unaware. Nevertheless, strange as it may seem, the inhabitants of this floating village are born, live, marry and die in their movable homes in much the same manner as people in similar walks of life whose houses have a firmer foundation, and, stranger still, they like their river life and would be extremely loath to give it up.

Who they are and where they came from, whether they go and how they live, were questions that aroused the curiosity of the writer and induced him to make a tour of inquiry among the houseboats, as they are called.

These are of all shapes and sizes, from the more pretentious, home of the well to do shipbuilder to the humble abode of the itinerant fisherman. Some of them are named and some are not. Many are neatly painted and show glimpses of interiors in which lace curtains, carpets and pictures combine to make not inhospitable settings. Social lines are not very tightly drawn in the village of the houseboats, and the homes of whites and blacks are mixed indiscriminately, without regard to race, color or previous condition of servitude.

Wanderers by nature, the term water gypsies may be applied not inaptly to the inhabitants of the village. It is not to be wondered at therefore that the colony is by no means composed of those who are to the manner born. On the contrary, it is made up of representatives from nearly all of the twenty odd states that are drained by the Mississippi or its tributaries. Were a census of the floating village taken tomorrow it would show some interesting statistics concerning the birthplaces of its inhabitants. Here one can find a man who has drifted down from the Black Hills of Montana side by side with a native of Pittsburg or Cincinnati, while their next neighbor may be from St. Paul or Knoxville.

From far up the Missouri, the Mississippi, the Ohio and the Tennessee rivers they come, resting here like birds of passage for a time, till, moving ever southward with the current, they become merged with the cosmopolitan population of the Crescent City, hundreds of miles below, even as the waters of the Mississippi become lost in the great Gulf of Mexico.

There is but little doubt that the dweller in the Mississippi houseboat has successfully solved the problem of living on next to nothing. Believing that the river is free, and that it owes him a living, the waif of the father of waters does not find it very difficult to collect the debt. Just what the ice fields are to the Eskimo, the desert to the Arab, the plains to the Indian, the river is to him. It is at once his place of abode and his means of support. Landlords, or, more properly speaking, waterlords, are unknown to him, and rent day, that nightmare of the poor, is fraught with no terrors to his mind, because he pays no rent.

The law provides that any one mooring a boat to the bank of a river is subject to a rental at the option of the owner, but in the case of the houseboat dweller this is rarely enforced. For fuel he catches the driftwood brought down by the river or gathers that which accumulates along the bank. His principal article of food is fish, for which he turns once more to the river, and from its yellow bosom draws the juicy catfish, the buffalo, the perch and innumerable other varieties that abound therein.

Only his clothes and a few other bare necessities of life are not supplied by the river, and the means to obtain these is readily secured by the thousand pursuits open to the sturdy longshoreman. Scattered among the houseboat colony are here and there a family who have virtually taken to the river out of necessity. These are refugees from the flooded districts of the upper Mississippi, who have been rendered homeless by freshets. Ruined by the encroachment of the river, they have collected such of their effects as the waters left and embarked on a hastily constructed craft, built as likely as not from the debris of their former homes.—Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

The Record of Pigeon Flights.

Major Allatt warns us against some stories regarding long flights by trained pigeons which have been put forth on high authority. It was at his suggestion that an apocryphal tale of pigeons sent out to and returning from the arctic regions, which has even been imposed upon Yarrell, was expunged from the last edition of that writer's "British Birds." An equally false account of a pigeon flying 1,500 miles in America is also extant.

Major Allatt believes the greatest distance pigeons have flown of which we have any accurate record is in the races which have taken place two or three times from Rome to Belgium, a distance

of between 800 and 900 miles. But in every one of these cases a very large proportion of birds have been lost.—London News.

HE FOUND FATHER'S BODY.

Though He Had Laid in a Nameless Grave for Many Years.

"Now this is a true story," said a gentleman whose office is a door or two off upper Broadway, "and the question is, was it fate, psychic attraction, an overruling Providence or—but I'll tell you the incident.

"When the war broke out my brother and a classmate of his, to whom he was much attached, both enlisted at the same time and departed for the south, leaving behind in the little town in western New York their young wives, to whom they had been married but a short time. My brother's chum, whom we may call Ned Brown for convenience, had, I think, been a husband but six weeks when he left for the front. Brother Jack was soon after transferred to the adjacent general's department, so saw little of active service, and Ned was in the division of the army which remained in the vicinity of Washington for about a year. Then came the Battle of the Wilderness and with it the startling intelligence to Jack that Ned had been mortally wounded and had sent for him. He made all haste to the side of his friend, who soon after his arrival died in his arms.

"As was usual after great battles, the dead were buried, many together, in large trenches, and my brother was much troubled over the probability of there being no means of locating or identifying the body, when, as he felt sure, the family would wish to send for it. There had been a little son born to the young soldier in that far away village by the lake, and he felt that the child, who had never looked upon his father's face, would one day want to know at least where his body lay.

"The men in charge assured Jack that the body should be placed at the head of the trench, and if any mark could be left upon it it would be easily found. For some time my brother wondered what he could do. Then an idea struck him. He found a bottle, and placing inside of it a paper upon which was written the name and regiment of his friend, he tied it about the neck of the corpse.

"Some time afterward when friends of the dead soldier came for the body other trenches had been dug near the first, and it was impossible to identify the spot, though the grief stricken widow could scarcely be prevailed upon to give up the search.

"Well, just the other day a young commercial drummer from a Rochester house found himself in the quiet town of Petersburg, Va., and to pass away a dull Sunday went out to the soldiers' burying ground. After he had wandered around for a time among the green mounds he suddenly saw painted upon a wooden slab a name that made his heart leap.

"It was his father's name. And this was Jack's boy, the boy the brave young soldier had so longed to see. Years ago, when the bodies were removed from the old trenches and reburied, the bottle with its bit of paper had been the means of identifying one at least.

"That night there flashed over the wires this message to the soldier's widow, 'I shall bring home father's body with me next week.'—New York World.

Testing Counterfeit Coin.

"Here's the way we test coins in the treasury." And the expert swiftly poised the dollar piece horizontally on the tip of his forefinger, holding the thumb a quarter of an inch away from it and gave it a brisk tap with another coin. A clear silvery ring sounded out. "Good, but here; listen;" and he repeated the operation with another coin that gave out a dull, heavy clink that ceased almost as soon as it began. "Type metal and lead; molded too. That is a wretched counterfeit." "How do you tell that it was molded?" He held the two coins so that the light struck on their edges.

"Just compare the reading, will you, or milling, as most people call it? In this genuine coin this is very clear and sharp cut, in the counterfeit it is coarse and dull. That is because it is molded instead of being stamped in cold metal like the government coins." "Why do the counterfeiters not use the same cold process?" "It costs too much and makes too much noise. With a mold, you see, a counterfeit can carry on his work in a garret and if a policeman comes in he can shy the whole outfit out of the window. But it takes great power to run a die. Still some high flying counterfeiters do use them, and their work is usually harder to detect, though it is never so perfect as that of the government mint."

"What is the surest test for counterfeit coin for popular use?" "The looks of the reading, as I was telling you—the milling, by the way, is on the face of the coin and not on the edge, as most people think. That's the surest and easiest thing, but of course other tests have to be used, especially for weight and thickness."—Springfield Republican.

Marriage Experiences.

It was the lot of a young parson to be embarrassed by the appeals of two young women who wanted to marry the same bridegroom. The first corner of these had scarcely told how her faithless lover had actually put up her banners in the

East End parish when the delinquent turned up with an idiotic grin on his face and a gayly appareled young woman on his arm. What could the parson—then a young and bashful curate—do but invite the trio into the vestry room, there to discuss the business. Luckily for him, it speedily leaked out that there had been no legal residence in his parish, which afforded him at once a sufficient ground for declining to perform the ceremony.

On another occasion the awful discovery was made that the bride had by accident been described in the marriage license by her pet name. It was suggested that an affidavit of identity sworn at a neighboring police court might repair the blunder. This was done just in time to complete the ceremony within canonical hours, but the accommodating clergyman afterward received a stern admonishment from high quarters "not to do it again."—Cornhill Magazine.

The Care of Brushes.

Do not neglect your paint brushes. Dip them in an old can containing benzine, kerosene or turpentine, then wash thoroughly with soap and hot water. Pearline is even better than soap; it removes the color rapidly and does not injure the bristles if they are well rinsed in clear water afterward. Put your brushes in a jar, handles down, and leave them to dry. One of the oddest sights in an artist's studio is the number of brushes disposed in various artistic bits of pottery in nooks and corners.

Some painters pride themselves on owning many hundreds of brushes of every possible style and size. Handsome brushes are ruined if left dirty; it makes the hairs come out, but the large brushes used in common work will not be injured by being left in water over night if you intend to use them for the same colors next day.

Burn your paint rags when you have done with them. Oily rags are very inflammable and sometimes take fire spontaneously when left in a heap in some corner.—Harper's Young People.

King Humbert's Stables.

The stables of King Humbert of Italy are exceptionally fine, and contain at present nearly 150 horses, chiefly English bred. The double row of stalls forms a regular street, so beautifully kept that it is a pleasure to walk through it, and each animal has his name printed in large letters on a little board above the manger. Among the English horses may be noticed such names as Flirt, Milord, Lawn Tennis, Epsom and Gentlemen.

Up stairs are the state carriages and those used on special occasions. Some of these are magnificently upholstered in white satin. The carriage in which the queen drives every day is very plain, but this simplicity is counteracted by the brilliant scarlet liveries of her coachman and footmen.—London Tit-Bits.

The Lady Was Not the Ghost.

An Irish family once had a ghost so troublesome that they sent for detectives. One of these men late at night fell asleep in his chair. The lady of the house chanced to come into the room and could not resist the temptation to groan and rattle her keys. She had never played ghost before; it was a momentary indiscretion. But the policeman did not, and could hardly be expected to, believe this. He said it was hardly worth while to bring him from Dublin, and he withdrew in dudgeon. Yet the lady was not really the ghost. He was sulking in retirement. Hence doubt has been cast on the ghosts of haunted houses, even among reflecting minds.—London Illustrated News.

Eclipses Every Day on Jupiter.

Eclipses are everyday affairs on Jupiter. Three of its satellites are eclipsed at every revolution of that mighty globe, so that a spectator there might witness during the Jovian year 4,500 eclipses of moons and about the same number of eclipses of the sun by moons.—Providence Journal.

A Real Train.

Uncle George—I hear you have been traveling. Little Pet—Yeth, thir; I went in a weal wallwood twain of cars. "A real train of cars, was it?" "Yeth, thir. It went wifout a stwing."—Good News.

Of 1,000 school children more than 300 were found to be more or less near-sighted. Scarcely any of these were under nine years of age, and the percentage of myopia increased regularly from grade to grade.

Omitting a few Eskimo exceptions, all other spear throwers appear to be ambidextrous. The development of a purely right handed implement points to a southern origin for the original inventor.

The gay feathers of the parrot are particularly valuable to many Indian tribes, and some dances cannot be held without them, though the Indians have to travel hundreds of miles into Mexico to get them.

W. J. Florence, the comedian, once offered \$5,000 for a catch phrase about which an American comedy could be written. Nobody supplied the demand.

The chief cause of the decline of population in France is the vast standing army, it being impracticable for the soldiers to marry.

"Would you know why with pleasure Our faces so beam?"

Our Servants ne'er Grumble.

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OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

Allow me to add my tribute to the efficacy of Ely's Cream Balm. I was suffering from a severe attack of influenza and catarrh and was induced to try your remedy. The result was marvelous. I could hardly articulate, and in less than twenty-four hours the catarrhal symptoms and my hoarseness disappeared and I was able to sing a heavy role in Grand Opera with voice unimpaired. I strongly recommend it to all singers.—Wm. H. Hamilton, leading basso of the C. D. Hess Grand Opera Co.

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