

The Semi-Weekly News-Herald

PUBLISHED WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS BY THE NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY, M. D. POLK, EDITOR.

DAILY EDITION. One Year, in advance, \$5.00 Six Months, 2.50 One Week, .10 Single Copies, .05 SEMI-WEEKLY EDITION. One Year, in advance, \$1.00 Six Months, .50

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION Of any Cass County Paper.

JAPAN is making rapid strides toward a higher civilization by the adoption of the gold standard. The Bryan party will now have to be classed only with China and Mexico.

COL. FRED GRANT has been tendered the position of assistant secretary of war, a most excellent selection in line with the superior judgment which McKinley has shown in all his selections of public servants.

THE popocratic reformers at Lincoln kill a female suffrage bill every few days. We thought woman suffrage was one of the original reform measures that was entitled to a free right of way, but it seems otherwise.

FRED GRANT has declined the position of assistant secretary of war with its \$5,000 salary and emoluments. It looks like McKinley would have to tender the place to a newspaper man—they never decline anything that has a salary attachment.

THE silverites never say anything more about wheat. The wheat argument is one that went through the mill when that old plutocrat Mark Hanna ran it up to \$1 per bushel where it has consistently remained on the seaboard markets ever since. The boys must talk corn now, and one of these days Mark will give the corn a boost and then the popocrats will die of disordered livers.

HON. A. S. COOLEY will be appointed deputy United States marshal today. He leaves one of the best farms in western Cass and we fear makes a great mistake in accepting a position that other deputy marshals tell us is not worth over \$50 per month. A good Cass county farm beats that sort of a job out of sight, and Alf will agree with us before he holds office a year.

SENATOR TILMAN, who has just visited the White house for the first time since 1893, says there is more truth in the story that President McKinley than there was about his immediate predecessor. He is probably right. This administration is republican and democratic in the correct sense, and persons of all parties are finding this out. The present president is likely to become personally as popular as any occupant of the White house since the war.—Ex.

THE Bronch crowd were hopelessly routed at the Omaha primaries yesterday, but to the disgrace of the city no man of character and prominence seems likely to get the nomination. It looks as though the time was coming when the honest country folk would have to take a hand in selecting city officers. The rings and combines have grown so strong that municipal officers seem to be little else of late than public plunderers. There must be a halt somewhere on taxes will get so high that cities can no longer bear up under the excessive burdens.

THE Associated press reported yesterday that Consul General Lee would be replaced, to the surprise of republicans, who understood that his thorough American policy and watchfulness of our interests had endeared him to President McKinley. The report is emphatically denied today in a telegram from Washington which reads as follows: "The state department declares that Consul-General Lee has not been granted a leave of absence to take effect April 15, as published, or any other date. General Lee has not asked for leave, and no action looking to his relief at Havana or to the acceptance of his resignation has been taken."

A GREAT deal of ink was wasted in condemnation of Chas. Mosher who only got a five years term in the penitentiary. The biggest thief who ever operated in Nebraska is Joe Bartley and he is today at large on a bond for a few thousand dollars. A fifty years sentence to hard labor in the state penitentiary would be light punishment for this arch conspirator, and the sooner he gets his deserts the better it will be for the credit of Nebraska. The talk about populist destruction of state credit is all very well so far as it goes, but the unpunished actions of such men as Bartley and Moore are inestimably worse than the combined legislation of all the wildcat pops in the land. Not only the state, but the people of the whole country are looking at this Bartley matter and serious hardships will follow if it is shown our courts are too rotten to properly try and mete out adequate punishment to this boss criminal of the country. The republican state central committee should meet and take decisive action looking to the prosecution of Bartley and Moore. It would be good sense, good politics, and common decency demands immediate action.

Insure in the German American. Fred Ebinger, Agent.

INFORMATION AND OPINIONS.

Byron Clark and C. A. Rawls won a signal victory before a jury in the Archer case Saturday, tried in district court. Mrs. Archer was ably represented by E. H. Woolley and J. S. Mathews, who sued the bondsmen of several saloon keepers here for \$10,000 damages alleged to have been suffered by the selling of liquor to her husband. The case was so well managed by the defendants' attorneys, Messrs. Clark and Rawls, that the jury was out but ten minutes, when it brought in a verdict for the defendants.

Col. Cutright's zeal in the cause of reform does not appear to have flagged as it has since the governor failed, neglected and declined to reward his services by an appointment on the fire and police board. Col. Cutright's long service in the newspaper business has taught him that resignation that becometh a man much more than official honors with cigar-money attachment.—Lincoln News.

Florida's orange crop this season is computed at 400,000 boxes, which at \$4 a box, would yield \$1,600,000. Nebraska's hen fruit for the same year will more than match the Florida orange crop in value and our hens have not been overworked the past year, either.—Omaha Bee.

Governor Holcomb has issued the Arbor day proclamation designating Thursday, April 22, as the day set aside for the planting of trees.

The German Emperor has stirred up France into a proposition to build forty-five new battleships. Mr. Gladstone remarked recently that the Kaiser's exhibitions of judgment and experience always create consternation, and, it might be added, chiefly among his own subjects.—Ex.

Van Court & Lemist received an order last week from the Missouri Pacific company for twenty-five car loads of stone for riprapping, with a prospect for a much larger order.—Nebraska Register.

The following item from the Port Arthur Herald shows that the new town must be a veritable Arcadia: As fine oysters are produced anywhere in the world are sold on the wharf at Port Arthur for 40 cents per 100, opened. Eleven kinds of edible fish are found in the waters of the Sabine. Among these are the finest fish known, such as red snappers, sea trout and pompano. Before the summer is out this will be the centre of a large fishing fleet that will supply us with Lenton fare at the lowest price and a large surplus will be shipped to Kansas City. The prairies about the town are alive with quail and snipe and immense numbers of geese and ducks find feeding grounds on the gulf a few miles away. Strawberries raised right here in Jefferson county are selling for 15 cents a quart. We are having home-grown radishes, onions, lettuce and tomatoes on the bountiful table of the Sabine every day. Think of it, ye dwellers of the frozen north, where you are still running your furnaces. When summer comes we shall still have the advantage of you, for the gulf breeze tempers our heat while you are sweating. Nowhere is there a climate more nearly perfect the year round, nowhere such a combination of resources of earth, air and water as the gulf coast of Texas possesses, and the world is beginning to realize it.

Alaska Boiling Sulphur Springs. LAKOMA, Wash., March 29.—Dr. Spencer Harris, of Circle City, Alaska, reports the discovery of an immense boiling sulphur spring near the Arctic Circle, seventy miles from Circle City. The discovery was made by a party of gold miners who were looking for claims. At the time the discovery was made the thermometer registered 48 degrees below zero. Surrounding the springs are immense deposits of solid brimstone, and in the same vicinity a mastodon tooth, perfectly preserved and weighing fourteen pounds, has been found. The enamel on the tooth has not been broken and is perfect in every way. The boiling sulphur water bubbles up out of the ground, furnishing warmth to those who approach near it. All about the springs the ground is frozen and never thaws under the covering of Alaska snow, even during the summer time. The big mastodon tooth was presented to Dr. Harris by H. G. Bettig, the finder.

Snow Lies Deep in Wyoming. CASPER, Wyo., April 2.—The greatest average depth of snow ever seen in this country is now on the ground. It commenced to snow last Tuesday from the northeast and has kept it up and at this writing is still snowing. In town the snow is about two feet on the level. So far as heard from no great loss of sheep has occurred, but if the weather does not change in the next twenty-four hours the loss will be considerable. The present storm is without wind. This is an unheard of thing in this country. A report has just reached here that an inexperienced sheep herder, in the employ of John Thom & Co., is lost. He has not been seen since last Tuesday. The storm seems to be general. Every sheep owner is anxious and unless there is a change soon the loss will be fearful.

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INTERESTING "WAGE EARNERS."

Some Who Are Willing to Wear the Yoke And Be Regarded As "Hired Men." Millionaires have a pleasing habit when they are advising other folks about accumulating riches to tell them to get the first thousand, go into business for themselves, and then all will be plain sailing, says the Washington Post. Particular stress is laid on the fact that every man should get into business for himself as soon as possible. It is pointed out that the man who works on a salary and is the slave of other folks can never amount to much.

This appeals strongly to the small boy who is just beginning to face the chilliness of a cold world on a salary of \$2 per week. Quite naturally he doesn't see much of the luxurious in a salaried job, and he regards the advice of the millionaire as nuggets of golden wisdom.

Yet a glance at some of the salaried men of New York throws a halo of fiction about these alleged nuggets. Many of them have never done anything but work on a salary, yet they live in Fifth avenue; they maintain magnificent country homes; they go sailing about in steam yachts; keep fine horses and a box at the opera; the diamonds of their wives dazzle the sun in brilliancy; they eat \$10 lunches in the middle of the day and smoke cigars that cost \$1.25 each; they invest a neat pile each year in gilt-edged Wall street securities, and each one of them could buy and sell a hundred ordinary men who are in business for themselves. What is more, these business owners tuck to these salaried men financially, socially and commercially.

Yet the millionaire says: "Go into business for yourself." Recently considerable attention was given by the public to John E. Parsons by reason of the legislative investigation of the sugar trust. Mr. Parsons is a lawyer, but instead of looking up miscellaneous clients he gives all of his time to the sugar trust for a certain salary, said to be \$50,000 a year. When the sugar trust was in the process of formation Mr. Parsons did the work of merging the different refineries into the one big concern, and for this he received a fee of \$50,000. This, by the way, is credited with being the largest sum ever paid to a lawyer for a single piece of legal work. If Mr. Parsons had refused to enter the service of the sugar trust it is a question whether his earnings would be as much as the salary he draws.

Another shining example of the beauty of the salary system is that ever notable gentleman, Chauncey Mitchell Depew. As pretty nearly every one knows Mr. Depew is credited with receiving twice as much as the citizens of the United States pay their president. Mr. Depew is professionally a lawyer, but it is a question whether he could make \$100,000 a year defending people and claims in court. He labored at litigation for a time, but he never made one-tenth of the sum he earns by working for the Vanderbilts. Moreover, his association with that august family has afforded him many opportunities for making money in numerous directions.

Then there is John A. McCull, president of one of the large life insurance companies. He has never embarked in a single business enterprise on his own account, but he is earning \$50,000 a year now. Thirty years ago he began his tussle with the world as clerk in the assenting house for state currency at Albany, N. Y. He received \$60 a month and esteemed himself exceptionally lucky. Then he filled various other clerkships and finally became superintendent of the State Insurance Department. Later he became identified with different insurance companies, and five years ago he secured his present \$50,000 a year job.

Dr. John Hall, of course, can not be regarded as a money-maker, but nevertheless he earns considerable in the year. As the minister of the richest congregation in New York he receives a salary of \$30,000 a year, but this does not represent all of his earnings. Whenever he ties the nuptial knot for any of his parishioners he receives a handsome fee, varying from \$50 to \$1,000. Then there are christenings galore, and these add considerable to the ministerial income. This total income has been estimated to be between \$40,000 and \$50,000 a year.

Joseph H. Choate can not be strictly called a salaried man, yet he is entered the law firm of which he is now the leading active member, as a clerk and gradually rose, step by step, to a partnership. Mr. Choate's earnings are probably greater than any other man's in the country. It is said that he receives \$250,000 a year, which is as great as the income of the five-time millionaire. Yet he was willing to relinquish this to go to Washington as United States senator at a salary of about one-fiftieth of that sum.

Fred Taral, the jockey, like all other jockeys, will, when he becomes too heavy to ride, become the owner of a racing stable and follow the turf on his own hook. This is the ambition of most jockeys, yet it will be something short of a miracle if Taral makes one-half the money he makes now. His earnings in good years have amounted to as much as \$40,000. But few race horse owners can show a balance as large as that on the right side of the books at the end of the year.

There are perhaps 2,000 men in the city who receive salaries of \$25,000 a year and over, and it would take more than the unsupported word of a successful millionaire to induce any of them to give up their jobs and embark in business for themselves. Farm loans.—T. H. Pollock.

WHEN THE COOK LEFT

MRS. NOOLWEDDE HAD A HEART-BREAKING EXPERIENCE.

Like a Good Housewife, She Prepared Luncheon, but It Put a Bad Taste in George's Mouth—While He Was Gone to the Drug Store Old Friends Called.

She was in tears, and her dearest friend sought to comfort her. "What is it?" she asked. "Has somebody given a reception and slighted you just when you have a new gown? Or have you the invitation and not the gown?"

"N-neither. Oh, it is something perfectly awful!" "H'm! I suppose, then, your husband has been treating you badly. Well, as long as he has you might relieve your mind by telling me all about it."

"He hasn't either—I'd just like to see him try it! No;—the c-cook is gone!" "Fshaw! Is that all? Well, don't cry. I'll stay and help you. Let me see, I used to make a lovely omelet at school. It was cooked in a dustpan. Oh, do let us give a dinner party! Hasn't George some nice friends whom he might ask?"

"Yes, he—he has. I wish I had never seen them! I wish I had put off the wedding a year! I wish I had let George's old maid aunt come to live with us!"

The visitor looked alarmed. You haven't any fever, have you, dear? And does your head feel quite right?" "No, it doesn't. Get me another band-handkerchief, and I'll tell you all about it. Just look at me, will you, and tell me what I look like."

"I'd rather not, dear. You might not like it. I—I suppose you have been trying to clean the soot out of the kitchen chimney, haven't you?" "No, but I've been trying to cook luncheon. George said he didn't feel quite well after it was over, and he went over to the—drug store to get something to take a queer taste out of his mouth. I don't see why he need eat that way when I had the loveliest roses on the table and other things too!"

"Well, don't be low spirited. We'll manage dinner, and there are lots of intelligence offices in town. We—can buy things ready cooked too." "I—I don't care. I just don't care for anything. I can never hold up my head again as long as I live."

"You don't mean to say that George took some of something to take the queer taste out of his mouth?" "Of course I don't mean anything of the kind, and you are not a true friend or you'd never suggest such a thing. I cried a little after he went out, and I must have got some soot on my face and rubbed it in. Just then the doorbell rang, and, thinking the cook had perhaps returned and returned, I ran to answer it. It was not the cook, and, oh, Laura, who do you think it was?"

"I don't know. Your mother-in-law perhaps." "I wish it had been my mother-in-law. She can cook. No; it was that horrid girl George used to be engaged to before he ever knew me. I never met her, but I recognized her from her photographs."

"If you never met her, how do you know she is horrid?" "Humph! Any girl who could not get along with George must be horrid. Besides he has no taste at all—I can never see a trace of beauty in the woman he calls pretty."

"But tell me about opening the door." "Oh, when I came face to face with her I thought I should die! Her husband was with her. Neither of them of course knew me, and—"

"I should think not, if you looked as you do now. How did you manage to tear your gown so?" "Caught it on a nail. They both smiled when they saw me and asked if Mrs. Noolwedde was at home. I saw they thought I was the maid, and, assuming a brogue—you know I was always good at amateur theatricals—I said: 'Faith, and that she is not. Who shall I say was after asking for her?'"

"Oh, you clever girl! Why, I should never have thought of such a thing—not in a thousand years." "But when she was taking out cards and expressing regrets I heard George come in the back way. In my agony lest he come out and betray me, I ran back to the dining room door, but before I could stop him he cried out, 'What is it, darling?'"

"You don't say so! Did they hear him, and what?" "I caught a look of frozen horror on their faces as they turned and fled down the steps. Oh, I thought I should just die, and I—I wish I had."

"But perhaps, after all, they really thought you were the housemaid." "George says he—he hopes not, for in that case what would they think of him for e-calling me 'darling?'"

And there was a sound of weeping in the room.—Elisa Armstrong in New York Journal.

Mary Seymour Howell. Mrs. Mary Seymour Howell, who is far from well, made an eloquent speech at the recent county convention of suffrage clubs held at Danville, N. Y. The Danville Advertiser says: "Mrs. Howell's address could not have been more earnest, more eloquent, more penetrating and convincing had it been her farewell talk on earth, and it seemed to have something of that impressive quality. Her hearers can never forget it, nor cease to be influenced by it, for her whole strength, body and soul, seemed to plead for justice to women."

Taste. "Who is that young woman near the other end of the table who has been talking about correct taste in art?" "Which young woman? There are several." "The one with the wooden toothpick in her mouth."—Chicago Tribune.

Dr. Marshall, Graduate Dentist. Dr. Marshall, fine gold work. Dr. Marshall, gold and porcelain crowns. Dr. Marshall, crowns and bridge work. Dr. Marshall, teeth without plates. Dr. Marshall, all kinds of fillings. Dr. Marshall, all kinds of plates. Dr. Marshall, perfect fitting plates. Dr. Marshall, all work warranted. All the latest appliances for first class dental work.

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CLEAN PARIS KITCHENS.

No Ashes or Garbage There, Says Lecturer Clarence Cook.

What becomes of the ashes and garbage in Paris was a question raised and partially answered by Clarence Cook in an address delivered at the regular meeting of the League for Political Education on "Little Housekeeping in Paris."

The Paris which Mr. Cook talked about was that of some 25 years ago, when the differences in domestic life in that city and this were much greater than at present. Since then New York has adopted the flat system in all its details, but there were still differences, chief among which was the handling of garbage and ashes. In the apartments which Mr. Cook occupied in Paris, and which he described as being delightfully situated, though "on the wrong side of the Seine," according to the ideas of a fashionable friend of his in the American colony, there were no ashes that he could see. The stove consisted of an iron top, with six circular holes in it. Whenever anything was to be cooked an iron basket of charcoal was put into one of these holes, and the food placed over it. When the charcoal was burned, what was left fell through the basket and disappeared.

In the way of food everything came to the apartment fully prepared for cooking. In a matter of minutes there was nothing but meat and bone, and when the meat had been eaten the bone was deposited on the charcoal fire. Potatoes were bought already peeled, carrots without their green tops and all green vegetables without any of the superfluous outer leaves or husks or skins which would go to make up garbage. All of this cleaning and peeling was done at the markets, and the resulting material was saved in a clean condition. Even coffee grounds, Mr. Cook said, were used after leaving the flat.

No one in Paris ever bought enough of anything to be left over, and no one was ashamed to ask the dealer for a single mutton chop or a small portion of any article of food. If there were any garbage or ashes in Paris, Mr. Cook said, no one ever saw either of them, which was certainly different from the experience of a New York woman he told of, who after a year's residence in the city wrote to a friend that life in the metropolis meant the taking care of an ash barrel.—New York Times.

ATTAR OF ROSES. How This Delicious and Expensive Perfume Is Made.

The word "attar" is from the Arab "fir," and means perfume. So attar of roses is simply perfume of roses. It is brought from Turkey and the East Indies in small vials and is very costly. Even on the spot where it is manufactured it is extremely dear, because it requires 100,000 well grown roses to yield but 180 grains of attar.

Its high price causes it to be often adulterated with some essential or fixed oil or with spermaceti. However, the adulteration may be detected by testing it in a watch glass with a drop of sulphuric acid. If the attar be pure it will remain colorless, for pure attar of roses is colorless, but if it is adulterated it will become darkened.

In rosefields, where the roses are grown for the purpose of making the attar, the bushes are planted in rows. In the early morning they are laden with beautiful roses, but ere noon comes they are all gathered and their petals distilled in clay stills, with twice their weight of water.

The water that "comes over" is put into perfectly clean vessels and is then carefully covered with damp muslin cloths to keep out dust and insects. It is afterward exposed to the night air or to artificial cold. By morning a film of oil has collected on the top of the water, just as cream rises on milk. This film is swept off with a feather and very carefully transferred to a small vial.

Night after night this process is repeated until all of the precious oil is separated from the water.—Philadelphia Times.

The Largest Poultry Farm. Farm Poultrey says that Isaac Wilbur of Little Compton, R. I., has the largest poultry farm in the world. He ships from 130,000 to 150,000 dozen of eggs a year. He keeps his fowls on the colony plan, housing about 40 in a house 8 by 10 or 8 by 12 feet in size, these houses being about 150 feet apart, set out in long rows over the gently sloping fields. He has 100 of these houses, scattered over three or four fields. The food is loaded into a low wagon, which is driven about to each house in turn, the attendant feeding as he goes. At the afternoon feeding the eggs are collected.

The fowls are fed twice a day. The morning food is a mash of cooked vegetables and mixed meals. This mash is made up the afternoon of the day before. The afternoon feed is whole corn the year round.

New York Chess Women. The Women's Chess club of New York is regarded with much interest, as it is the first incorporated chess club started for women in this country. The incorporators are Miss Eliza Campbell Foot, Miss Jean L. Nesbit, Miss Emily Somers Haines, Mrs. Winthrop Parker and Miss Sophie Downer. The chess season begins the first Tuesday in November and ends the last Tuesday in April, 26 meetings being held during the season. Altogether the idea of a woman's chess club has proved most successful. The membership is not large, as comparatively few women play the game, but the club is growing.—New York Sun.

In the library of Lambeth palace there is the shell of a tortoise which was brought there in 1623 and which lived until 1730. Another, in Fulham palace, procured by Bishop Laud in 1628, died in 1753, and one at Peterborough lived 230 years.

In proportion to its size Britain has eight times as many miles of railway as the United States.

Eckerson Succeeds Joel West. CRESTON, Ia., April 2.—The promotion of Master Mechanic C. W. Eckerson of Beardstown, Ill., to succeed the late Joel West at Burlington gives the many friends of that gentleman in this city the highest satisfaction. Mr. Eckerson was master mechanic at this point for several years. Mr. Edward Burton, round house foreman at Creston, succeeds Mr. Deems of Ottumwa as master mechanic. He is an able man.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day. "Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in one to three days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits, 75 cents. Sold by F. G. Fricke & Co., druggists.



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- Castoria destroys Worms. Castoria allays Feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles. Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air. Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."

See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A. The fac-simile signature of J. C. Pitcher is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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