

The Semi-Weekly News-Herald

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THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY CASS COUNTY PAPER.

THE GREEKS call their native country Hellas, and some of the Turks appear to be going to Hellas fast as they can.

The annexation of the Sandwich islands is not a debatable question. The man who disavours the plan is un-American and ought to be given a passport to some other clime.

GENERAL MILES has been commissioned to cross the Atlantic and view the Turko-Grecian war, but the likelihood of his ending before he can get there prompts an editor to suggest that he stay at home and witness an American foot-ball game.

DAY by day the plight of Greece grows worse, and it looks now as if King George would have to abdicate the throne. From the tenor of the dispatches it seems that the intervention of the powers alone can save the Hellenese from annihilation.

EX-TREASURER BARTLEY was released until next term of court in Douglas county by giving a \$50,000 bond. We are not impressed with popocratic statesmanship, but a pop court in Omaha and Lincoln would be a good thing to try these state thieves before.

THE right kind of investigations are a good thing when no white wash brush is utilized. Very often, however, the zeal of those who are hunting for fraud is only a cloak to cover up their own derelictions. It will be strictly proper when the popocrats have closed their terms, to investigate the investigators.

EVERY day that the new tariff bill is delayed in the senate means more foreign goods are to be unloaded here from the other side; it means that millions must be poured out weekly to foreign workmen, while our own are idle; it means the advent of prosperity is delayed, for it cannot come while these conditions so easily remedied—remain against us.

THE visible gold supply of the United States and Europe, according to trustworthy estimates, has increased \$10,000,000 since the beginning of 1896. More than half of this gain is in the United States. Of course, if the election of last year had gone the other way there would have been a large loss of gold here instead of a gain. The best day's work the American people ever did since the war was that which they performed on November 3, 1896.—Globe-Democrat.

FOR some reason the Omaha World-Herald hasn't for over a week called attention to the phenomenal change in political sentiment and the multitudinous desertions from the republican party, since the presidential election, which it had claimed were evidenced by some recent municipal elections. Possibly the fact that the pops fell down in Omaha the other day with 2,400 less votes than they polled in November, and that the republicans in the state election in Michigan bobbed up with over 20,000 more votes than they polled for McKinley, has something to do with our esteemed contemporary's reticence.—Alliance Times.

TABLE ROCK, Neb., May 2.—Noah S. Woods of Nebraska City and Frank O. Pierce of this place started today on a prospecting tour to the mountains of Montana. Behind this unimportant mention is a mystery, which reads like a romance, and may turn out to be more than a romance. In the early sixties the former person, who was one of the early residents of this place, with a party of friends returning from California, where they had been quite successful in their search for the yellow dust, were searching through the then wilds of Montana when they stumbled on a place which seemed to be richer in the precious metal than any and all places hitherto visited by them. They were driven from the place by the wild natives and have always wanted to return. Recent news of rich discoveries but a short distance from the place have made Mr. Woods desire to again look after this "lost mine," and again try his fortune. A party from here a little later will start to join them by the overland route with teams. They go by rail as far as they can. The exact location of their Eldorado they refuse to give.

Their objective point, on the Union Pacific, is Dillon, where they will leave civilization and embark for the interior.

Dr. Marshall, Graduate Dentist. Dr. Marshall, fine gold work. Dr. Marshall, gold and porcelain crowns. Dr. Marshall, crown and bridge work. Dr. Marshall, tooth 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.

INFORMATION AND OPINIONS.

The Wisconsin state university has an income of nearly half a million dollars, all raised by direct taxation.

One million tons of tobacco go up in smoke every year, and some of it sells for \$25 per pound, or \$50,000 per ton.

Nowadays when women are just venturing to ride horseback astride, it is interesting to know that Queen Anne, consort of Richard II. of England, was the first woman to ride a side saddle, previous to that women riding as did the men.

One maple tree in Vermont sometimes yields twenty-four gallons of sap, or six pounds of sugar. New maple syrup in that state sells for \$1 a gallon. It may be judged from this fact that not much of it gets scattered over the country.

Anybody can be photographed as an angel in these times. It is only necessary to lie down on a slanted piece of plate glass with a sky painted beneath, and then gauze and light draperies do the rest. But the artist will not warrant the expression.

The most scientific forester in Europe says that the oldest trees in Northern Europe are the pines of Norway and Sweden, and that these are not known to live more than 570 years. Germany's oldest oaks lived only a little more than 300 years.—Ex.

An exchange dubs eastern Nebraska Weeping Water, and our neighboring town is not sure whether it is a compliment or not.

Mrs. D. A. Campbell, so well known in musical circles in this city, will sail for Europe the 12th inst. to continue her studies under the direction of the famous voice builder, Madame Cellini of London. Mrs. Campbell expects to devote her attention to operatic and German songs. She will sing in St. Paul's church the last time Sunday prior to her departure. By request she will sing "Galilee," by Whitney Coombs, and "Better Land," by Corren.—State Journal.

The outlook for a new postoffice building is certainly flattering. The postmaster received a letter of enquiry yesterday from the supervising architect of the treasury, which is more than has ever been done before. Mr. Strode and Dave Mercer are loyal helpers and what they jointly go after must be well anchored or they will get it.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Calcutta is the hottest city in the world. A million dollars in silver weighs 56,931 pounds.

Tobolsk, Russia, is the oldest inhabited place in the world. From Germany we get the custom of celebrating gold and silver weddings.

A man in a balloon four miles above the earth can plainly hear the barking of a dog.

In Silesia there has been bored the deepest hole in the world. It passes through eighty-three separate beds of coal and is 6,250 feet deep.

The Siamese believe that it requires seven days for the human soul to journey between earth and heaven, and therefore pray unceasingly for seven days after the death of a friend or relative.

"Arabian Nights." They say brains and talent make an actor, then surely the production of "Arabian Nights" will be a success. With the players chosen from our best local talent, peculiarly adapted to the requirements of their respective roles, it will be found that they are "happily cast." Most of them are not new to the glare of the footlights. A good amateur, with proper stage direction, is oftentimes a better professional than many a so-called professional. The date is May 13, for benefit of the public library. Below is the cast of characters: Mrs. Gilliland.....Mrs. Geo. E. Doney; Rosa Columbian.....Miss Myrtle Keeler; Daisy Matland.....Miss Mabel Swearingen; Mrs. Huntington.....Miss Tony Kessler; Barbara.....Miss Phyllis Pettis; Arthur Huntington.....Loane Edwin Barlowe; Ralph Omerod.....H. Guy Livingston; Josh Gilliland.....Lee Atwood; Nelson.....A. Jacob Besson.

The State Pharmaceutical Convention.

Great preparation is being made for the entertainment of the delegates to the convention of the State Pharmaceutical association, which meets in this city June 7, 8 and 9. Henry R. Gering is head pusher in the matter, which means that it will be a success in every detail. He has sent out 1,500 invitations and has reason to expect at least 350 people. Men of national prominence will be present from the east to address the meetings. It will be the largest gathering in convention ever held in this city.

To California, Comfortably.

Every Thursday afternoon a tourist sleeping car for Salt Lake City, San Francisco and Los Angeles leaves Plattsmouth via the Burlington route. It is carpeted, upholstered in rattan, has spring seats and backs and is provided with curtains, bedding, towels, soap, etc. An experienced excursion conductor and uniform Pullman porter accompany it through to the Pacific coast.

While neither so expensively finished nor so fine to look at as a palace steamer, it is just as good to ride in. Second class tickets are accepted for passage and the price of a berth, wide enough and big enough for two, is only \$5.

For folder giving full particulars, call at nearest Burlington ticket office, or write to J. Francis, G. P. A., Burlington route, Omaha, Neb.

A MAN OF APPETITE.

AN AWFUL ORDEAL FOR A DYSPEPTIC LITTLE LAWYER.

Went into the Restaurant Just to Have a Few Oysters—Met Mr. Grump, the Brewer, Who Was Lanching a Little Before Going Home to Supper.

"There used to be a famous place for these things down in Atlanta," remarked the portly gentleman as he cautiously eyed the Welsh rabbit and sipped his musty ale.

"Why, don't these suit you?" asked the man who had never traveled.

"Oh, yes, fine, but I was just thinking of a little incident that occurred there."

"A story, is it? Well, let's have it." "It's not much of a story, but I will tell it to the best of my power. The place I spoke of was kept by a man named Beirmister and was not only famous for its Welsh rabbits, but for its oysters and hard crabs as well. Delicious they were too."

"There was a dyspeptic little lawyer around town, sharp and shrewd, but a martyr to the stomach. He used to go around with the boys until some one would suggest going over to Beirmister's and getting some crabs and beer; then you could count the lawyer out. The boys would try to persuade him by telling him how delightful were the crabs, how succulent the oysters, but the lawyer would flee from them in terror at the thought."

"About 5 o'clock one fine afternoon in the early spring a friend and myself were journeying toward Beirmister's when we met the dyspeptic lawyer. As usual, he stopped us for a little chat, and we walked down the street together. In a few moments we were in front of Beirmister's, and my friend, taking a different tack, persuaded the little lawyer to enter with us on the plea that we would find no one in at this time of day and that we were only going to get a few oysters."

"Once inside, we found the place crowded. The seats at the tables were all occupied, except at one table, over in a far corner of the room, at which there were three vacant chairs, the fourth being occupied by a fat German brewer named Grump. We knew Grump, and so went to this table. I introduced the lawyer—Blakely, I believe his name was—to the brewer and ordered beer for the crowd. The lawyer protested, so we left him out."

"Mr. Grump," I remarked, "we are about to have a few oysters. Won't you join us?"

"Well, you see, I have already something ordered."

"Oh, that's all right," I insisted. "A few oysters will give you an appetite."

"Is that so? Yah, I take me a few—chust you kettle dozen."

"My friend had been engaged in an earnest conversation with the lawyer while I was talking to the jolly old German, and when the waiter came with the beers he told him to bring some crabs, 3 1/2 dozen oysters on the shell and a glass of hot water. He had persuaded Blakely to try some oysters."

"At Beirmister's when an order was given for crabs they invariably brought a dozen, and you paid for as many as you consumed out of that number. The waiter soon returned with oysters, crabs and hot water. In the meantime Grump, who was a great talker, had struck up a conversation with the lawyer, and they were cracking jokes at a great rate."

"Blakely's courage fell when the oysters were placed before him. He manfully drank the hot water and commenced to imitate Grump's heroic style of eating oysters. He managed to down two and then laid his fork gently by his plate and fastened his eyes on Grump. With the aid of a few glassfuls of beer the brewer's oysters had vanished. My friend had managed to get away with two crabs and insisted that Grump help him dispose of the remainder. I was still busy with my dozen oysters."

"Well, I help you some," said Grump, and picking up a knife he went at those crabs like a darky shucking oysters. The dyspeptic watched him as if fascinated and remarked in a sneering tone that came straight from the stomach:

"You have a good appetite, Mr. Grump."

"Yah, I think pretty good," and he actively went for another crab. The dish was cleared in a few moments, and I made a mental note that Grump had eaten nine crabs, a dozen large oysters, and drank ten glasses of beer. When the crabs were no more, Grump called to a waiter:

"Here, Franz, I am waiting."

"Franz disappeared, and in a few moments brought in a large Welsh rabbit and deposited it before Grump. I could see the little lawyer shrink from the odor wafted across the table, but he was game and would have stood at that table until he died. Grump insisted that we share the dish with him, but all hands refused."

"With apparent relish and a fresh glass of beer he attacked the rabbit, and in an incredibly short time the dish was clear of the least particle. Grump wiped his mouth, folded his napkin, and called for another round of beers. If I had not had a reputation to sustain, I would have refused, but as it was we drained the glasses."

"Now, I must home be going," remarked Grump, rising.

"What's your hurry?" asked the dyspeptic lawyer in his most sarcastic tones.

"Do stay and have something else."

"No, I must to mein supper go," answered the German.

"The dyspeptic smiled. Now, if you are looking for a fight, just tell that little lawyer that Grump wants him to eat supper with him. You'll get it quick and strong."—Washington Post.

De Quincy, who devoted his life to the reading of books, said that the greatest number of books any one man could hope to get through within man's allotted time was 8,900.

A Queer (?) Medicine. There is a medicine whose proprietors do not claim to have discovered some hitherto unknown ingredient, or that it is a cure-all. This honest medicine only claims to cure certain diseases, and that its ingredients are recognized by the best skilled physicians as being the best for Kidney and Bladder Diseases. It is Foley's Kidney Cure. For sale at Smith & Parmla.

A No. 1 alfalfa seed for sale cheap at A. H. Weckbach's grocery store.

RECKLESS NAT GOODWIN.

An Illustration of How the Comedian Has Money to Burn.

A story I have just heard about Nat Goodwin is but another instance of his reckless generosity and constant desire to burn money upon all possible occasions.

Nat had been in the habit of passing part of his time at a certain hostelry—that is all the description necessary of the place—presided over by a fat, good natured German. They had known each other well and were on excellent terms. It came about one day, during the broaching of a bill, that Mr. Goodwin was morally certain that the indebtedness was not his. Mine host was equally sure on his side of the contrary. The dispute waxed hot and heavy.

"See here," said Goodwin, "I don't care for a trifling amount like \$50. It's the principle of the thing, that's all. Just the principle of the thing."

"Der same way mit me," retorted the landlord. "I don't care me for \$100,000."

"Perhaps not," doubted the comedian. "But I'd sooner throw the money away or burn it than give it to you when I don't owe it to you."

"Ah," exclaimed the German sarcastically. "You had money to burn, eh? Well, I don't believe me dot."

"Is that so?" returned Nat. "Well, now, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll burn \$50 right here before your eyes if you'll receipt the bill."

"By Chiminy!" said the host. "I'll yeast you voice."

Without another word Nat Goodwin took his checkbook out of his pocket, filled out a check for \$50, tore it out, applied a lighted match to it, and held it until it was reduced to ashes.

The German, who had watched the process with bulging eyes, hanged a rubber stamp on the disputed bill, scrawled his signature across it and said with a sigh:

"Clumping dividends! You can't get ahead oft dese actor fellows nohow."—New York Journal.

SHAKING WITH 60,000.

The "God Bless You" of Honest Hearted People is a Benediction.

In an article describing "The Social Life of the President" in The Ladies' Home Journal ex-President Harrison tells of the fatigues of handshaking and also of the benefits of being brought in contact with the good, honest hearted people of the country. "In the first two weeks of an administration," he says, "the president shakes hands with from 40,000 to 60,000 persons. The physical drain of this is very great, and if the president is not an instructed handshaker a lame arm and a swollen hand soon result. This may be largely or entirely avoided by using President Hayes' method—take the hand extended to you and grip it before your hand is gripped. It is the passive hand that gets hurt. It has been suggested that a nod or bow should be substituted for the handshake, but it would be quite as admissible to suggest a revision of the Declaration of Independence."

"The interest which multitudes attach to a handshake with the president is so great that people will endure the greatest discomfort and not a little peril to life in order to attain it. These are not the office seekers, but the good, honest hearted, patriotic people whose 'God bless you' is a prayer and a benediction. They come to Washington for the inauguration, and later with excursions, but they are mostly to be found near their own homes. They come out to meet the president when he takes a journey, and his contact with them and their unselfish and ever affectionate interest in him revive his courage and elevate his purposes. Mr. Lincoln is said to have called these popular receptions his 'public opinion baths.'"

Gladstone and the Queen. Gladstone is the one living man whose political experience stretches beyond that of the queen. His is the one figure that for a longer period than that of the queen has filled the political stage. That is a remarkable position for any public man to hold. To all others the queen represents knowledge, experience and training which none of them can possibly possess. She knows more about politics, persons, movements, routine, than any man who may be one of her advisers. She began by learning from the least of them; she ends by instructing them and even dictating to much of the private history of men and of families, and in all her life there has been, with the exception of the Lady Flora Hastings case, of which we yet know little or nothing, no example of any mistake or indiscretion on the part of the queen. She has hated some of her advisers, distrusted some, and merely disliked others, but every one of them has testified to her perfect faithfulness to them all.—"Yoke of the Empire," by R. E. Brett.

New Blacksmithing Firm. William Allen of this city having purchased the blacksmith shop of T. B. Brown on Washington avenue, wishes to state to those needing any work in that line that he is prepared to give them the best of service at the right kind of prices. Mr. J. Q. Churchill, a blacksmith of wide experience, is in Mr. Allen's employ.

Have You Had the Grip? If you have, you probably need reliable medicine like Foley's Honey and Tar to heal your lungs and stop the racking cough incidentally to this disease. For sale at Smith & Parmla.

The one selling the most tickets for the Episcopal entertainment of May 10 will be presented with a two and one-half dollar gold piece as a prize for their good work. Tickets may be obtained of Mrs. T. P. Livingston or Mrs. G. E. Dovey.

The finest imported wines in the state, and the purest liquors, together with the premium Anheuser-Busch beer, are always obtainable at the "Casino"—Plattsmouth's lead in saloon, opposite the court house.

Kidney Diseases. Are the most fatal of all diseases. Foley's Kidney Cure a guaranteed remedy or money refunded. For sale at Smith & Parmla.

W. L. Douglas \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also \$2.50 and \$2.25 shoes for men, and \$2.50, \$2.00 and \$1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas \$3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best. If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

For sale by Joseph. Fetzer - Main Street.

Advertisement for W. L. Douglas \$3.00 shoe, featuring an image of the shoe and text describing its quality and availability.

Advertisement for Castoria, featuring the brand name in large letters and text describing its benefits for infants and children.

Advertisement for I. Pearlman, The Old Reliable Dealer in Furniture and Stoves, with text about stock and prices.

Advertisement for "Gold Coin" presents, describing various items available for purchase.

Advertisement for Specially Invited presents, highlighting the quality and variety of goods.

Advertisement for I. Pearlman, Opp. Court House, Plattsmouth, Neb., featuring text about their business and contact information.