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THE LARGEST CIRCULATION Of any Cass County Paper.

BRYAN and Hogg is the euphonious title of what some say will be the next popocratic presidential ticket, though both men profess to be democrats. The name is quite suggestive.

SOME of Bryan's enthusiastic worshippers in this city are said to be booming him for congress. This would be unfair to a crowd of fledgling popocrats who seem to think the horizon wears a pinkish shade portending victory for some of their number.

SINCE Allen offered a bill appropriating money for a new postoffice building at Lincoln—which at first the people laughed at—the old-time Lincoln sentiment of grab-everything-in-sight has come to the front, and public meetings are being called to boom the new postoffice.

JOHN REDMOND, the Irish member of parliament, who took Parnell's place as leader in the home rule ranks after his death, arrived in New York yesterday as ever and has buoyant hopes of seeing Ireland with a local self-government of its own.

CHARLES MORRILL is surveyor of customs at Lincoln by recommendation of Senator Thurston. Mr. Morrill has held some sort of a public office with rare continuity for about twenty years, and will probably not be pried loose till the grim reaper gets in his work and those more worthy have died of old age.

W. F. BECHTEL is no longer auditor of the Pacific Express Co., he having been displaced by Erasmus Young. Bechtel was a royal fellow with a heart as big as an ox and a regimen of personal friends all over the state who will be sorry to learn of the change. The re-organization of the U. P. railway is what brought it about.

THE Hawaiian annexation treaty will come up in the senate Monday, and it is said that several votes in favor of the proposition have been gained during the recess. A two-thirds majority is required to accept and ratify the treaty, and it seems a pity that near one-third of the senators belong to the cheap, narrow class who don't want our country to grow.

GOVERNOR HOLCOMB shows the utter worthlessness of reform claims from professional reformers by accepting \$1,500 as house rent from the state treasury which the last republican governor refused to touch. The actual expense of the governor for house rent is said to be about \$400, the balance is a nice little rack off which evidently tastes to a reformer as to anyone else.

IT is an old joke that the mint is the only place which can make money without advertising, but few of the people who pass it every day could suspect that this quiet looking building, where there is never any bustle of business and never any appearance of energy, turned out last year more than \$51,000,000 of money in more than 76,500,000 separate pieces. The moral seems to be that it is not always the most conspicuous business that yields the greatest results.—Ex.

A NUMBER of administration officials are protesting because the increase in the sale of liquor and beer, and if we mistake not the last republican national platform contained a plank reading as follows: "We sympathize with all wise and legitimate efforts to lessen and prevent the evils of intemperance and promote morality." The g. o. p. seems to like the habit of breaking away from its platforms.—Nebraska City News.

Nothing of the kind. The g. o. p. is only delighted to know by an unmistakable sign that its democratic friends are prosperous and have plenty of money to spend once more for recognized democratic luxuries. We lament their habits, but are glad of their evident prosperity.

W. J. BRYAN talked calamity to a crowd of banqueters in Chicago Friday night who were trying to do honor to a great man. The Nebraska statesman never appeared so little and showed up the small calibre and pettifogging nature of the man so clearly as he did in trying to prove that wages had been reduced all over the country because in one solitary instance—that of the Massachusetts cotton spinners—wages had been cut. Cotton factories in the south had increased their wages and thousands of idle cotton looms had been started all over the manufacturing districts, and Mr. Bryan seemed to think the public was so ignorant that the real facts were not known and that his attempt to distort the facts would help his cause. As a matter of fact such a speech only injures the man who makes it.

THE Dingley law greeted the country with a handsome New Year's gift in a comfortable surplus for the month of December. During the entire three years in which the Wilson law was on the statute books the monthly statements were an almost unbroken succession of deficits. During the three months prior to the enforcement of the act from the statute books the importers rushed in enormous quantities of such classes of goods as would be subjected to higher rates of duty under the new law, and thus reduced to that extent importations during the first few months under the new law. As a consequence the first month under the Dingley act produced only about \$19,000,000. The second month it rose to \$22,000,000, in round numbers; the third \$24,000,000, the fourth, \$25,000,000, and the fifth, \$28,000,000, in round numbers, producing in that fifth month of its record a surplus of nearly \$2,000,000. This remarkable growth in the receipts under this new law in the face of adverse conditions fully justifies the predictions made by its friends that it will, as soon as conditions become normal, produce sufficient revenue to meet running expenses and accumulate something of surplus again in the treasury. While it must not be expected that the January receipts will equal the expenditures of that month, because of the very large interest payments that must be made in January, and also because of other heavy expenditures in the first calendar year, there is every reason to expect that the growth in receipts which has been so marked a characteristic of the record of the Dingley law up to this time will continue, and before the end of the fiscal year the country will have the pleasure of seeing the treasury collecting easily, smoothly, and satisfactorily, with the proper distribution of the burden of taxation, sufficient revenue to meet all running expenses, a condition which did not exist at any time under the low-tariff Wilson law.

AT THE Lincoln banquet in honor of Wandering Willie's return from Mexico, many thrusts were made at the alleged prosperity of the people, but we notice that the menu of the banquet to which calamities sat down included "Blue Points on the Half Shell, Superior White Fish, Saut a Maitre d'Hotel, Salted Breast of Quail, Bards, Drawn Butter, Saratoga Chips, Champagne Punch, Filets Mignons, Glace with Mushrooms." In view of this the banquet calamities were literally condemned out of their own mouths, for these patrician viands all went down their gullets with great gastronomic gusto.—Fremont Tribune.

THE latest from Ohio is more encouraging for Hanna. Two of the votes he needed are wavering, one having expressed a determination to vote for Hanna and it is believed the other will do the same. Governor Bushnell's treachery is the chief subject for discussion among Ohio republican newspapers, and the severe castigation he gets ought to make his ears burn all the time. Just now the unenviable fame of Benedict Arnold has been eclipsed by Governor Bushnell. No language is too severely abusive to be used toward the man with an ambition which overpowered his judgment.

THE friends of the silver cause will probably be quite distressed to observe that the gold mined, the world over, during the year just ended is estimated by Director Preston of the United States Mint at fully \$240,000,000, being an increase of nearly twenty per cent over last year. The world's population increases on an average about one per cent per annum, and with gold increasing at the rate of twenty per cent per annum it would seem that nobody need be lying awake nights troubling himself about a lack of circulating medium, or struggling to find a way of increasing it with a depreciated and discarded metal.

WHILE the Bryan traveling men were giving a \$500 supper and laughing at prosperity, a traveling man of the other kind living in this city had a representative letter in his pocket reads: "It seems like old time to me, orders come into the house for car-load lots." And the article sold by this traveling man is used exclusively by farmers and land owners.—State Journal.

LET nobody think that this nation has seen its most prosperous days. We are in the vestibule of the greatest century of the world's history, which will witness amelioration of social and industrial conditions, not after the fitful and impractical theories of the nineteenth century idealists, but by the application of sound business and ethical principles.—Ex.

SINCE a man was sent to the penitentiary last week on a five years sentence for having borrowed public funds of a county treasurer, a Plattsmouth man, once of some prominence, is said to be quite nervous, as some of his notes have been found in ex-treasurer Bartley's possession—having been a borrower of the defaulting ex-treasurer.

Beatrice is being advertised all over the country on account of her bloodhounds, which seem to have more "scents" than many of the best citizens.

Henry A. Janvier and Sydney E. Brown of Bridgeport, N. J., are now

on their way to Japan to erect for that potentate who claims descent from the sun, the moon, and possibly several other heavenly bodies, three mints. Two will be located at Sychuen and one at Ching Tu.

Colonel Emil Frey, formerly president of the Swiss republic, and for five years Swiss minister to Washington, is at present director in chief of the international telegraph system of Europe. He fought in the union army during the civil war and was for a time a prisoner in Libby prison.

The mother who lost her infant daughter, taken captive by Nebraska Indians forty years ago, has just found her living in Georgetown, D. C., happily married and the mother of seven children. In this long interval she had never heard of her mother, from whom she had been taken when only six months of age. A year later she was recaptured from the Indians by a foray of United States Infantry upon the tribes in the neighborhood of Ft. Randall, and found a foster mother in the wife of the soldiers, with whom she lived till she was old enough to marry, when she became Mrs. Orlando Bradt and took up her residence in Georgetown, where she had lived prosperously with sons and daughters growing up around her. She found her mother through a persistent search of the pension records, which bore her father's name and they were thus happily restored to each other.

The State Historical society will hold forth at Lincoln Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of this week, and a big time is bound to result. Everybody is welcome.

The meanest man in the state lives in the neighborhood of Bloomington. He stole the editor's Christmas turkey, if caught he ought to be gibbeted.

The boy orator's friends seem to labor under the impression that he doesn't get enough to eat. They banquet him every time they catch him out of the house, and will have his digestion ruined long before 1900.

Professor Hicks and the entire coterie of weather prophets have been knocked out so far as Nebraska is concerned, and the glorious June sunshine with warmth and comfort beams on us as if it were the proper thing for January.

Mrs. W. L. Browne and little girl came down from Lincoln Friday and visited until the next day, guests of Mrs. J. D. McBride.—Nebraska Register.

Let us suggest to our business men that they pledge their hearty support to the local papers this year, and if any traveling fake come along give them nothing, but put down that amount for advertising and job work and throw away your cheap-John outfit of rubber stamps, which gives the house that uses them the appearance of being on the verge of bankruptcy, and see if all concerned are not better off at the end of '98. Support your home papers and they will stay closer to you than a nigger to a watermelon. Spend your money on out-of-town people and you will never get a cent of it returned to you. Which do you want to do?—Syracuse Democrat.

Henry Markel was in town yesterday with an entire new steel wagon—the first ever brought to this county—and which weighed 1,200 pounds. It looks as though it might last forever.—Nebraska City News.

Senator Thurston publicly stated yesterday that he would endorse J. B. Strode's recommendation for postmaster at Lincoln. This settles the hot contest up there and means that H. M. Bushnell will be Lincoln's next postmaster.

The first wife of John C. Watson, from whom he was divorced seven or eight years ago, died recently in Omaha and it is said she bequeathed him \$10,000 worth of property before her death which will give him quite a lift.

The Alaska Gold Mining and Developing company of Omaha paid \$105 into the state treasury yesterday for a portion of the filing articles of incorporation of the company. The company has a stock of \$1,000,000. The capital permit stock to be paid for in property as well as money. The incorporators are Jeff Bedford, William Loudon, G. N. Hicks, G. M. Winkelman and H. C. Piculel.

Persons who are troubled with indigestion will be interested in the experience of Wm. H. Penna, chief clerk in the railway mail service at Des Moines, Iowa, who writes: "It gives me pleasure to testify to the merits of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For two years I have suffered from indigestion, and an subject to frequent severe attacks of pain in the stomach and bowels. One or two doses of this remedy never fails to give perfect relief. Price 25 and 50 cents; sold by all druggists.

Rev. O'Neal is said to have preached the ablest and most eloquent sermon ever heard in this city at the M. E. church last evening. His subject was "Salvation and the Atonement." His discourse was of such interest that an effort is being made to have him deliver his lecture on Napoleon, which is said to afford a real literary feast.

Thoroughbred Poland China male hogs, eight months old, for sale. Call on or address J. G. Richey, Plattsmouth, Neb.

THE DEACON'S PIETY.

IT WAS EQUAL TO ALL OCCASIONS AND LASTED OVER EIGHTY YEARS.

Suspended Religious Services Indefinitely To Nurse the Victims of a Smallpox Epidemic—An Example in This as He Was in Devotion to the Flag.

Deacon William Trowbridge was a small farmer living near Sheboygan Falls. He went there over 50 years ago. Besides tilling a little patch of ground the deacon, who was indeed the very soul of honor and ever had the respect and confidence of all in that community, was in the habit, before regular preachers were sent there, of reading a sermon or exhorting. There was no sham about Deacon Trowbridge's piety. He was sincerity itself.

Fifty years ago the little village was visited by a smallpox epidemic—an old fashioned, widespread and spreading epidemic—and they didn't know how to scotch it as well as they do now.

The first Sunday after the dreaded disease made its appearance the deacon's congregation was quite large. At the end of the services he made an announcement in about these words: "These services will be postponed until after the smallpox disappears from the community. From this on I shall give my services to the stricken families. I shall minister to their wants, help to nurse them, and when they die follow them to the grave. It may be a long term or it may be a short term, but however long or however short, it is my plain duty to help my distressed neighbors."

The word was well suited to the action which followed. The good old deacon hurried to his home, changed his clothes, bade his family goodby and at once began his work of mercy. What a work it was! The epidemic lasted nearly all winter. Large numbers died. Few in the village escaped the disease. The deacon's example was followed by others. Men went to their homes, told their wives and children what the deacon had said and was doing, arranged their business, provided fuel and provisions, kissed their dear ones and went to the aid of the unfortunate. Like the deacon they went without reward or hope of reward. Like him they spent weeks and some of them months in that service without daring to go home lest their dear ones catch the disease.

The stranger of all this strange experience is the fact that neither the deacon, the good souls who imitated his example nor their families were overtaken by the malady, notwithstanding the fact that the watchers, helpers and nurses were almost constantly in the presence of the suffering patients and notwithstanding the fact that they laid out and helped to bury the dead.

Nearly half of the deacon's congregation had disappeared when, the next spring, he resumed services in the schoolhouse. It was a sorrowful Sunday. Those in the audience who had not lost members of their family had lost neighbors and dear friends. When the good old Christian had read a chapter, prayed and talked a practical sermon, he referred feelingly to the scenes through which the community had passed. I think every man, woman and child in the room, including the deacon, wept. At the close of the talk he asked all present to join him on their knees in asking that the community might escape such a scourge forever. What a contest it was a most earnest appeal. I believe that that prayer has been answered. There may have been a few cases of smallpox there since then, but there has never been an epidemic.

The Sunday after Sumter was fired upon, and while Deacon Trowbridge was conducting services in the Baptist church, the deacon, who had been a member for over 80 years, he and his congregation were disturbed by a great commotion in the street right in front of the church. There were beating of drums and sounds of life much out of tune. It was so uncommon a thing that most of the congregation walked or ran out of the church. Finally the deacon closed the Bible and slowly followed his fleeing flock. When outside, he asked the cause of "this unseemly disturbance on the Lord's day." Some one told him that the president had called for soldiers to uphold the honor and the flag of the nation and that they were going to raise a company right then and there.

The deacon's eyes flashed as he walked out into the street, where a young fellow was irregularly pounding a bass drum, and said: "Nathan, I know it is Sunday and that all but the Lord's work should be abandoned, but the saving of our country and the shielding of its flag from dishonor is the Lord's work. Give me that drum. And that meddlesome piety strapped on the big drum and went to pounding, greatly outdoing Nathan in two respects—he made more noise and kept perfect time. He drummed as no one before had never drummed in the little village. As if it had gone on lightning wings, word flew through the community that Deacon Trowbridge had left his piety behind him, and on Sunday too.

Within half an hour nearly every man in town and many from the outskirts had gathered around the old drummer, all cheering him, and on Sunday too. That night Nathan Cole, who had been relieved as drummer by the deacon, went to Sheboygan with enough men to make up what became Company C of the Fourth Wisconsin.—J. A. Watrous in Chicago Times-Herald.

A Great Find. Lady of the House (to servant girl applying for a situation)—You were in the service of my friend, Baroness K. Why were you sent away? Servant—Please, ma'am, for listening at the doors. Lady—Then I will take you, only you must promise to tell me all you heard.—London Fun.

Facing the Music. The spirit of this simile is used by John Bunyan in the meditation "Of the Horse and Drum," in his "Book For Boys and Girls, or Country Rhymes For Children," published in 1658. "Of the genuine Christian he says, inter alia: Let drummers beat the charge or what they will. They'll nose them, face them, keep their places still.

Notes and Queries. In some parts of South Africa much damage is done by baboons, which go in large marauding parties to rob gardens.

IT ALL WILL COME OUT RIGHT.

Whatever is a cruel wrong, Whatever is unjust, The honest years that speed along Will trample in the dust. In restless youth I railed at fate With all my puny might, But now I know if I but wait It all will come out right.

Though vice may don the judge's crown And play the censor's part, And act by falsehood's frown, And nature ruled by art, Though labor toils through blinding tears, And life wealth is sought, I know the honest, earnest years Will bring it all out right.

BEFORE THE RAILROADS.

When Philadelphia Was the Greatest City in the American Colonies.

In 1774 Philadelphia was the largest town in the American colonies. Estimates of the population, which are all we have, differ widely, but it was probably not far from 30,000. A single city now has a larger population than all the colonies possessed in 1774, and there are in the United States today 104 cities and towns of over 30,000 inhabitants. Figures alone, however, cannot express the difference between those days and our own. Now a town of 30,000 people is reached by railroads and telegraphs. It is in close touch with all the rest of the world. Business brings strangers to it constantly, who come like shadows and so depart, unnoticed, except by those with whom they are immediately concerned. It was not so in 1774, not even in Philadelphia, which was as nearly as possible the central point of the colonies as well as the most populous city.

Thanks to the energy and genius of Franklin, Philadelphia was paved, lighted and ordered in a way almost unknown in any other town of that period. It was well built and thriving. Business was active, and the people were thrifty and prosperous and lived well. Yet, despite all these good qualities, we must make an effort of the imagination to realize how quietly and slowly life moved then in comparison to the pace of today.

There in Philadelphia was the center of the postal system of the continent, and the recently established mail coach called the "Flying Machine," not in jest but in praise, performed the journey to New York in the hitherto unimagined time of two days. Another mail at longer intervals crept more slowly to the south. Vessels of the coastwise traffic or from beyond seas came into port at uncertain times and after long and still more uncertain voyages. The daily round of life was so regular and so quiet that any incident or any novelty drew interest and attention in a way which would now be impossible.—Senator Henry Cabot Lodge in Scribner's.

The Original Organ Grinder. When barrel organs, once the usual accompaniment of the magic lantern, came into use, a native of the province of Tende was one of the first who traveled about Europe with this instrument. In his peregrinations he collected money enough to enable him to purchase from the king of Saravina the title of count of the country where he was born—for which, probably, in a time of war he did not pay above 1,000 guineas.

With the remainder of his money he purchased an estate suitable to his rank and settled himself peacefully for the remainder of his days in his mansion. In the entrance hall of his dwelling he hung up his magic lantern and his organ facing the door, there to be carefully preserved till they moldered to dust, and he ordered by his will that any one of his descendants who should cause them to be removed should forfeit his inheritance and his patrimony revert to the next heir, or, in failure of a successor, to the hospital of Tende.

Only a few years ago the organ and lantern were still to be seen carefully preserved.—Pearson's Weekly.

Explained. "Who is that stout lady over there?" "That's Mrs. Spriggins of the Ladies' Whist club. She's the only woman in the club who never asked, 'What is that?'"

"Quite remarkable!" "Yes. She has some kind of an impediment in her speech that prevents her from pronouncing words that begin with t."

An Omitted Particular. "These here city folks may be pretty smart in some ways," said Uncle Benben, "but they're away behind us Fokoberry county people in one respect."

"What's that?" asked his nephew. "Why, these here guideposts you have on your crossroads tell which directions the streets is in all right, but I notice it never says how far it is to 'em."—Chicago Post.

Either Way. Mrs. Gray—You say Mrs. Greene disagreed with everything I said? Just like hell! She never is on the right side of anything!

Mrs. Brown—You understanded me. I said she agreed with everything I said.

Mrs. Gray—H'm! That's a way she has of carrying favor.—Boston Transcript.

Balmoral is a greatly larger estate now than it was when first it became a royal residence. To the original 10,000 or 11,000 acres were soon added the 6,000 acres of the adjoining Birkhall estate. Then in 1878 the forest of Balmoral was purchased—another 10,000 acres—and there have since been more recent acquisitions.

Women coal carriers at the Lisbon docks receive 3d. a day, male coal carriers 3s. 4d.

NOTICE.

BEELDING BROS. & Co., TO JAS. S. KIRK & Co., Silk Manufacturers, Soap Manufacturers. Mess. Jas. S. Kirk & Co., Chicago, Ills. We have given you "White Cloud" soap a thorough test in washing pieces of linen embroidered with our "New Process" Wash Embroidery Silks and find it entirely satisfactory. We take pleasure in recommending it as a superior article for laundering fine embroidery.

Referring to the above, we deem it important to state that this letter was entirely unsolicited by us. White Cloud Soap now has the highest authority as its endorser as being superior for fine laundry work. For the bath and toilet it also ranks first as a pure white floating soap.

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TIME TABLE

Table with columns for destinations (Lincoln, Omaha, Helena, Portland, San Francisco, All ports west) and times (Chicago, St. Joseph, Kansas City, St. Louis and all points East and South).

TRAINS LEAVE AS FOLLOWS:

Table with columns for train number (No. 20, No. 4, No. 10, No. 12, No. 22, No. 2, No. 1, No. 5, No. 3, No. 7, No. 8, No. 9, No. 11, No. 17), destination (Local express, Burlington, Local exp. daily, Pacific Junction, Burlington, Chicago and all points east, etc.), and time (9:40 am, 10:25 am, 11:53 am, 12:28 pm, 2:50 pm, 5:30 pm, 6:15 pm, 8:25 pm, 7:30 am, 8:32 am, 7:37 am, 2:22 pm, 3:43 pm, 4:00 pm, 4:59 pm).

W. L. PICKETT, Agent. Plattsmouth, Neb.

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