The Plattsmouth Journal

G. B. MANN, W. K. FOX, Publishers.

PLATTSMOUTH, - NEBRASKA

An ocean steamer of 10,000 tons burden carries in a year's steady work an average of 210,000 tons.

The average man regards his wife as an angel for two weeks—one week before marrying her and one week after her funeral.

A peculiar tombstone rests over a grave in a cemetery near Evansville, Wis. A corner of the marble slab is adorned with the sculptured resemblance of a bunch of young onions, and it hangs over the edge of the stone as if carelessly placed there. This is in accordance with the wish of the lady buried there, who was very fond of onions.

The Rev. Mr. Babcock of Converse, Ind., whose wife had been blind for ten years, brought her to a specialist in Kokomo for treatment. He left her there for a few days, but on his return his wife was absent. He went to an auction sale of lots in the suburbs, in which one lot was given free. Mr. Babcock won the free lot. When he went back to the doctor's home he joyfully learned that his wife's sight had been completely restored.

Some mischievous boys who attend a school in New Fairfield, Conn., fluttered a red rag before a bull which was quietly grazing in a lot near the schoolhouse. The animal became enraged and chased his tormentors, breaking down a fence in his pursuit. Boys, girls and teacher fled to the school, hurriedly entered, and barred the door. There the bull stood guard for several hours, butting and kicking the door and smashing the windows.

It is an interesting indication of Li Hung Chang's personal force as an element in Chinese affairs that while he acted virtually as prime minister of that empire for a long time, none of his offices entitled him to the prerogatives of such a position. At his death Li Hung Chang officially was "earl of Su-i of the first rank, tutor of the heir apparent, grand secretary of the Wen-hua throne hall, minister of commerce, superintendent of the northern trade, and governor-general of Chili."

Resolutions condemning the Rev. Dr. Silas C. Swallow of Harrisburg, Pa., for an attack on the late President McKinley in a recent issue of the Pennsylvania Methodist, of which he is editor, were adopted at a public meeting, held under the auspices of the McKinley Veteran Patriotic League of Dauphin county. The resolutions state that Dr. Swallow "deserves to be pilloried as an enemy to the United States and that his name should only be mentioned with those of Judas and Cain, Benedict Arnold, Wilkes Booth, Guiteau, Czolgosz and the other traitors, assassins, liars and vile traducers of character who have blackened the pages of the world's history."

Gen. Buller's campaigning—and in his forty-three years of soldiering he has seen much service—has been principally in Africa. Having served in the Red river expedition in 1870, he became one of the "Garnet Wolseley ring" and served under Sir Garnet in Ashanti. But his fame rests chiefly on his exploits in South Africa and in the Sudan. In Zululand, after Isandula, he largely helped to aver the consequences of defeat and took part in the battle of Ulundi. Still more notable was his record in the Sudan. When Sir Henry Herbert Stewart was wounded and Col. Burnaby killed Maj.-Gen. Buller took command of the desert column and withdrew it in safety from Gubat to Gokdul in the face of the mahdists, whom he defeated at Abu Kleathe same spot where Burnaby had been killed a month before. His record in the Boer war is fresh in every one's memory.

Since the murder of President McKinley the Italian police have directed all their efforts to ensure a strict watch being kept over dangerous anarchists. The Italian consuls in Dalmatia lately signalled the departure of a certain Natale Glavinovich, described as a violent anarchist, and said to have declared to his companions that he was going to Rome, and would not return without having first murdered the pope, Cardinal Rampolla, and, perhaps, other personages. The closest watch all along the Adriatic coast was kept, it being known that Glavinovich had left by sea, but he succeeded, no one yet knows how, in landing at Ancona, and reaching Rome undisturbed. Even in Rome he was able to maintain his incognito for a few days, and went several times to the vatican as a tourist. He was eventually recognized by the police, and arrested, without offering any resistance. On him was found a sort of poignard made out of a razor. The pope has not been informed of the plans attributed to Glavinovich.

The common cockroach has spread throughout the civilized world by means of ships. This disagreeable bug comes and goes on ships almost as freely as the rats. The two seem to live together amicably and they monopolize the hold of the ships which carry foodstuffs.

If, as is asserted, the United States is to export two million cheap watches to Great Britain this year, our manufacturers can hardly be said to have frittered away their time on foreign markets.

Tardy taxpayers are induced to shell out by a system in vogue in Cotta, Saxony. In all the restaurants and saloons of the city lists are displayed bearing the names of the delinquents. If the proprietors of these hostelries supply meat or drink to the persons who neglect to pay their taxes their licenses are revoked.

Dr. Abraham Kuyper of the Free University of Amsterdam, with the new ministry which has just come into power in Holland, becomes prime minister and minister of the interior.

If We Knew

If we only knew each other,
If we knew,
If our inmost souls, my brother,
We could view,
I believe the things that sever
Would be driven out forever,
Could the veil be drawn asunder. Now,
don't you?

If, beneath the action, gazing
On the aim,
Might we not see more for praising
Than for blame?
Might we not find much unkindness
Due to our own mental blindness,
And more sins a cause for pity than for
shame?

For this body transitory
Is a sheath,
Hiding all the spirit glory
Underneath.
Hardened man or fallen woman
Has a strain divinely human;
Cast no stones, but from Love's blossoms weave a wreath.

We are so remote and lonely;
And we reach,
Soul by soul, by one bridge only,
That of speech;
But this way we keep uppiling
With misjudgment and reviling,
When we might have given solace, each
to each.

There is so much joy meant for us,
That we mar,
So much music in Life's chorus
That we jar,
So great burdens that we carry,
Which are all unnecessary,
Could we only see each other as we are!

With an inward gleam of heaven
Each is blest,
With his portion of God's leaven
Is possessed.
Why this nobler part look over
That some fault we may discover?
Why not through the lens of mercy
seek the best?

Were my heart made plain, my dearie,
To your view,
Could you see how it grows weary
Just for you?
Then I know the things that sever
Would be driven out forever,
We would love each other better, if we
knew.

Tobe Johnson's Baby.

BY E. T. BULLOCK.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

The sun shone down hot and parching upon the lonely canvas covered wagon that slowly wound its way across the burning sands towards the village of Bear Creek. The panting horses, wet with dirty foam, labored heavily as the awkward wagon moved slowly along. A tall, lean man with short, stubby whiskers sat holding the lines, and urged on the lagging steps of the tired animals. From within the covered body came the low sound of a woman's voice as she crooned the sweet melody of some old-fashioned hymn. Suddenly the singing ceased.

"Are we almost there?" she asked, with a tired hopefulness in her voice. A head appeared from behind the flap of the curtain. It was rather a pretty head, with its wealth of dark brown hair.

"Are we almost there?" she asked again, pushing her elbows out upon the front seat. The man looked around with a soft smile.

"Yes," he said. "Do you see them low, squatty houses yonder?" The woman nodded assent. "Well, that's hit," he said, as he touched her cheek affectionately. He spoke with a slow drawl, his words dropping as if with studied weight.

In a few minutes the wagon entered the narrow, lane-like street, lined with its rough log huts. At the first sight of the white canvas in the distance the inhabitants of Bear Creek had collected to watch the growing speck and to indulge in curious speculation as to its occupants.

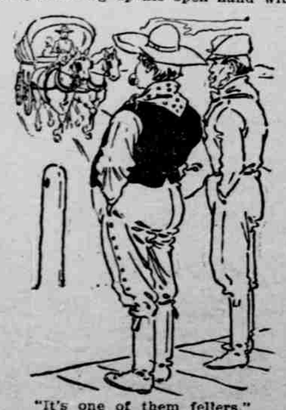
"It's one 'er them fellers ter work at ol' Jim Crawford's, I guess," said a rough-looking individual of capacious girth.

"Yes, dam' 'em! They've been 'er pilin' in here like bees uv late," responded another.

It was evident that the people of Bear Creek bore no special good-will towards "Ol' Jim Crawford."

As the horses drew the wagon along between the rows of people on either side of the street the man on the seat was greeted by many waves of the hand. He pulled his team into the rude sidewalk near a small group of men. "Ken yer tell me tner way to Jim Crawford's?" he asked politely. A frown spread over the faces of the men. For a minute no one spoke. The man on the wagon waited expectantly.

"Jim Crawford's is right up thar," finally answered a stout young fellow, throwing up his open hand with



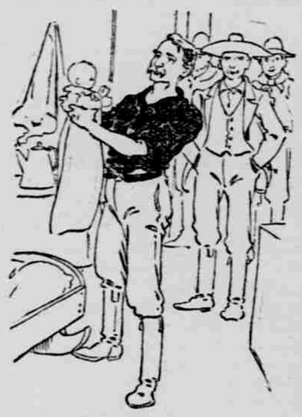
"It's one of them fellers."

fingers pointing in all directions. "And when yer git ter the fork of the road, jest take the fork hand." A laugh from the crowd greeted his rough jest. The man on the wagon showed a slight red tinge under the swarthy tan of his face.

"I ain't here to raise no row," he said, looking the short young man squarely in the eye. "But yar could be er darn sight more civil to er stranger." His peculiar drawl affected the risibilities of the crowd, and a loud laugh rang out on the air. When the rough veils had subsided a small girl stepped out from behind the men. Hers was the dark complexion of the half-breed.

"I'll tell yer wher' ol' Jim lives," she cried. The men turned around abruptly. "Jes' foller this road to ther forks and then take ther road ter yer right. Ol' Jim's is erbout 300 yards from the last cabin," she said pointing to the distant hut. The men sneered at her and one of them grabbed at her dress, but she easily eluded them and passed on up the street.

The tall man clucked to his horses and the wagon moved on. After driving a few yards he saw to his left across the street the sign of the Big Horn saloon. A sudden idea seemed to strike him. He again pulled his horses into the side of the street and got down from his seat.



"No, by Jingo, I won't go!"

"Friends," he said, "will yer all come and take som'thin' with me, jest ter show that ther ain't no hard feelings?"

The crowd was staggered at first but soon responded joyfully, concluding that the stranger was a pretty good fellow although he was going to work for "Ol' Jim Crawford."

"W'ere der yer hail from, stranger?" asked Shorty Johnson, as they lined up before the bar.

"Kentucky," answered the stranger.

The men looked approvingly at the size of his whiskey.

"Anyboddy with yer?"

A few minutes later Tobe Johnson drove slowly away from the Big Horn, followed by the lusty cheers of his newly gained friends.

* * *

It was conceded on all hands that Tobe Johnson was the best fellow that had ever struck a spade in Ol' Jim's diggings. Old Jim, himself, was a stingy, avaricious old fellow who was held in absolute contempt by the citizens of Bear Creek. He lived a short distance from the center of the town—that is, from the saloons— and, knowing that he was looked upon with no little hatred, he seldom came down from his suburban hut—if, indeed, Bear Creek could boast of anything so pretentious as suburbs. Naturally enough the hatred for "Ol' Jim" himself fell also upon the innocent heads of the men who worked under him. So that the village of Bear Creek and "Ci' Jim's Place," as it was called, were as two hostile cities encamped against each other.

But as Time rolled on Tobe Johnson failed to get his share of Bear Creek's disapproval and dislike. He was regarded as a good-hearted fellow of friendly disposition, yet with as strong a will and as firm a courage as was to be found in the two camps. Furthermore, he was a worker, and spent most of his time away from the gambling dens and saloons—something which the miners usually failed to do.

One day Johnson was informed that he was the proud possessor of a son and heir. But his boy came at a dear, dear price to the father. The frail mother, wearied and worn by the hard life to which she had not been accustomed, and without the proper medical attention to uphold her declining strength was in imminent danger of death. For days she lay in a half stupor, moaning piteously the while. Johnson staid faithfully at her side. He tried to argue himself into the belief that she would soon be well again. "She can't die," he would say hopefully. "We will nurse her back to health and strength. No, no—she will not leave me." But within the inner depths of his consciousness he was afraid. The neighboring miners did all they could to help the unfortunate husband. The gentle demeanor of the young wife had planted a touch of tenderness in their rough breasts.

But it soon was seen that the struggle would not last long. And one day, just as the bright sunlight of the afternoon began to fade into the deeper shadows of the evening, the mother breathed a soft sigh and passed to the realms eternal.

After the funeral was over and the miners had returned to their work, Tobe Johnson returned to his hut a sad and broken-hearted man. The baby who had caused his grief he swore he could never love. He never wished to see the innocent little thing again so great was his sorrow. He left the lonely cottage and walked down into the village. The little half-breed girl sat all night by the cradle waiting for his returning footsteps; but no sound broke the stillness of the night save the howl of some lonely dog outside, or the occasional waking wail of the infant in her charge. Finally, at day-break, the shambling footsteps came up the beaten path. Then a heavy boot beat roughly at the door for admittance. Hurriedly opening the door she returned to the cradle. The staggering figure of a man came in. It was Tobe Johnson, his eyes bloodshot with drink and dissipation. For a moment he gazed expectantly around the room. "Millie," he called. Then seeing the frightened half-breed beside the swaying cradle he seemed to recall the incidents of the past few days. With a dark frown on his brow, he stumbled over to the far corner of the room and fell heavily on the bed.

Tobe Johnson slept long and soundly. He was awakened late in the afternoon by the rough voices of the men with whom he had spent the previous night. Hardened wretches that they were, they wished him to return to the village—to the bar and gaming tables. For the moment he seemed ready to yield. Then suddenly from the cradle came a faint "coo." He turned quickly to meet the laughing blue eyes of his baby. He looked steadily at the little face—'twas the first time since that fatal night. Then he walked quickly to the cradle and lifted the little thing in his arms.

"No, by Jingo, I won't go!" he cried fiercely to the men. For the moment they were stupefied. Then they bowed their heads and walked slowly from the room.

"Was it the look in the soft blue eyes?" they mused. "Was it the smile of his lost love he saw?"

VIEWING CORONATIONS.

Prices Have Gone Up to £500 a Window Along Route.

"I wish to hire a window overlooking the route of the coronation procession," wrote a provincial gentleman to a London agent a few days ago, "and I am prepared to give £10 for the day." "I cannot get a window in a good position for less than £20," was the agent's reply. "That figure will be increased 50 per cent by Christmas." The demand for vantage points whence to view next year's great pageant has indeed set in with grim earnest. A colonial millionaire has signed a contract for three windows in the West End at £500 a window, says the London Express. These figures contrast strongly with the sums paid to view coronation processions in the past. Half a farthing was the price of a seat to see the first Edward wend his triumphal way to the throne. A wave of prosperity appears to have swept through the land at the time of the succession of Edward II., for as much as a whole farthing was paid cheerfully to view that monarch's progress through the streets. Edward III. must have felt a thrill of pride when he learned that his subjects valued him at double the amount of his predecessor—that is, one halfpenny. But this record was in turn hopelessly beaten by Richard II. People paid a penny to see him, though grumblers declared that "the show was not worth the money." When Henry V. came to the throne people paid as much as twopence to cheer him on his way. People were extravagant with their money at Henry VIII.'s coronation, when fourpence was demanded for a seat. When the great Elizabeth came to the throne, however, her subjects, in the exuberance of their loyalty and joy, paid another twopence. The historians of James I. dilate at great length on the growing wealth of the country, of which there could be no more stinking evidence than the fact that thousands of people on the line of the procession paid 1s. each for seats.—Saturday Evening Post.

Then Papa Put on a Spurt.

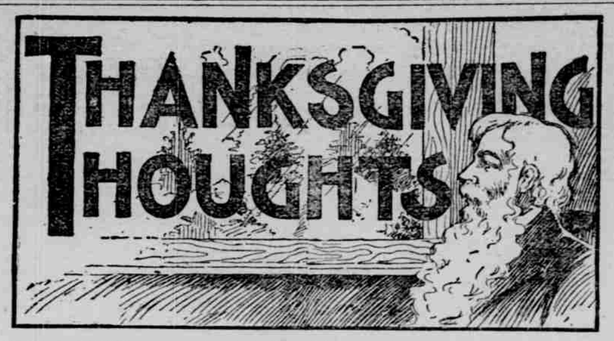
Papa was cutting Freddy's hair very well, but was not quick at the job, and Fred, who is 6 years of age, found the function very tiresome. At last he said: "Are you nearly done, daddy?" "Very near; I've just the front to do now," replied the father. "I'm 'fraid," sighed the martyr, "that the back will grow again while you are cutting the front."—Stray Stories.

Not Spencerian.

"Ah!" sighed Dremer, the clerk, "don't you wish you could write like Shakespeare?" "Not much I don't," replied Adam Upp, the bookkeeper. "You don't? Why?" "I'd be fired. Didn't you ever see Shakespeare's signature?"—Philadelphia Press.

The prosperity of a country depends not on the abundance of its revenues, nor on the strength of its fortifications, nor on the beauty of its public buildings; but it consists in the number of its cultivated citizens, its men of education, enlightenment and character. Here are to be found its true interest, its chief strength, its real power.—Martin Luther.

Your faith must be one, your actions one, and one the banner under which you combat.—Mazzini.



I've b'en countin' up my blessin's, I've be'n summin' up my woes
But I ain't got th' conclusion sum would nat'rally suppose.
Why I quit a countin' troubles 'fore I had half a score,
While th' more I count my blessin's I keep findin' more an' more.

There's been things that wa'n't exactly as I thought they'd ought t' be,
And I've often growled at Providence fer not a pettin' me;
But I hadn't stopped t' reckon what th' other side had be'n,
So I guess it wa'n't correct, the way I calkerlated then.

F r there's be'n a gift o' sunshine after every shower o' tears,
And I've found a load o' laughter scattered all along th' years,
If th' thorns have pricked me sometimes, I've good reasons to suppose
Love has hid 'em often from me 'neath the rapture of th' rose.

So I'm goin' t' still be thankful fer th' sunshine and th' rain,
Fer th' joy that's made me happy; fer th' purgin' done by pain;
Fer th' love of little children; fer the friends that have be'n true;
Fer th' guidin' Hand that's led me o'r'y threat'nin' danger through.

I'm rejoicin' in th' mercy that can take my sins away,
In th' Love that gives me courage in th' thickest of the fray.
I am thankful fer th' goodness that from heaven follers me
O! how happy and how thankful I forever ought t' be.

So jest let us count our blessin's as we're journeyin' along,
Then we'll find less time fer growlin', and more fer mirth and song
When you lift your eyes t' heaven earthly shadows flee away—
Let us learn this lovin' lesson as we keep Thanksgivin' Day.

—Ram's Horn

The annual festival of Thanksgiving Day has such tender and beautiful associations in the entire history of our republic that it is not likely to lose its strong hold upon our affections, nor to wear out the welcome which the successive generations of our forefathers have given it. The roots of this thanksgiving custom are sunk so deeply in the home life of every large section of the country that its vitality is almost inexhaustible. In the eastern states we find the earliest record of an American Thanksgiving Day. In the autumn of 1621 the good governor, William Bradford, proclaimed a day of special thanksgiving to God for the crown of goodness He had placed upon that first year of the white man's life in the new world. Though these pioneers had laid many of their comrades to rest on the barren hill near by, they were not soured nor refused to recognize the wisdom and goodness of God. In the following year, after abundant harvests, another day of rejoicing and gratitude was set apart. In fact, this festival continued three days, and among them Massasoit, chief of the friendly tribe, and his council of braves, were present by special invitation, making merry and glad. The first public official Thanksgiving day did not come, however, until the year 1631. It had been proclaimed as a day of fasting and prayer for relief," because the colonists were in sore distress; the perils of famine were imminent; a vessel laden with provisions for them and long at sea had not reached the port. But just before the appointed day arrived the ship landed safe and sound with plenty; so by official authority the nature of the services on that day were changed from sorrow and fasting to feasting and thanksgiving. This seems to have been the first great Thanksgiving day with the American people. Occasionally afterward days of special gratitude were observed more or less generally, but in 1644 Governor Kieft, of New Netherland colony, officially proclaimed "a day of general thanksgiving" for their then recent victory over the Indians; and again, at the conclusion of peace, the following year another Thanksgiving day was proclaimed. The Continental Congress set apart a number of Thanksgiving days at various times for special purposes, among them July 20, 1775; May 17 and December 11, 1776; April 22, 1778; May 6 1779; April 6, 1780; May 3, 1781, and April 25, 1782. The congress suggested these days to the governors of the several states, who usually issued a proclamation setting forth the special reason for gratitude and calling upon the people to render thanks to God. Besides these days General Washington issued orders to the Colonial army directing that December 18, 1777, and May 7, 1778, be observed as general Thanksgiving days. The first national Thanksgiving day observed by the free American people came on Thursday, November 26, 1789, and the honor of the suggestion belongs to Representative Elias Boudinot, who asked the house to request the president to recommend "a day of thanksgiving and prayer to be observed by the people of the United States, and so keenly conscious were some of the representatives of the bitter bondage from which the country had so recently freed herself that the measure was opposed on the ground that such a day might lead to the imitation of frivolities and pomps of kingdoms, and to other hurtful things. The house passed the measure, however, and the day was appropriately observed.

The custom has been observed annually in the east for more than a century and has extended to other states one by one until now there are but three sections in which Thanksgiving day is not officially recognized. These states are Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi. That the custom is growing is shown by the fact that within the past four years the states of Arkansas, Colorado, Delaware, Georgia, Oklahoma and Utah have introduced the national Thanksgiving day.

Cooking the Turkey.

To prepare the turkey for the oven, split the skin at the back of the neck, take out the neck bone, cut it close to the body. Draw the crop and the intestines; clean and wash thoroughly; fill both crop and stomach cavities with stuffing. Turn the neck skin down under the back; tie a string round and bring the two ends of the string over the wings and tie on the breast. When ready to bake put the bird in the roasting pan; add a little water, small quantities of chopped celery, carrots and onions, two cloves and a small bunch of parsley. Baste with the gravy every fifteen minutes. Cook in a moderately hot oven for about two and a half or three hours. The pressure of the thumb behind the second joint of the wing will readily break the flesh when it is sufficiently cooked. Take off strings used in dressing before serving on table. After the turkey has been taken out add a little water and flour to gravy left in pan; boil for a few minutes; strain and remove all grease that comes to the top. Serve in sauceboat.

The snow upon the hillside lay,
And thatched the cottage roof,
The web of vines by the Pilgrim's door
Was filled with icy woof.
The boughs were leafless on the trees,
Across the barren plain
The north wind swept despairingly
And moaned like one in pain.

(It whimpered like some hungry child
That clasps its parent's hand
And pleads for bread when there is none
In all the dreary land.)
Above the little Plymouth town,
Circling with empty maw,
Mocking their hunger, flew the crow,
Shrieking his "haw, haw, haw."

Patience, a blue-eyed maiden,
(Her eyes with tears were dim),
From hunger feeble, trembling knelt
And raised her voice to Him.
"Dear Dod," she said in pleading tones,
Tender, plaintive and sweet,
"We's almost 'tarved, an' won't 'oo
please
Send down some fings to eat?"

Then all day long her watchful eyes
Gazed down the village street,
Not doubting but she soon would see
Some one with "fings to eat."
And, lo! before the sun had set,
With wild fowl laden down,
Four hunters from the forest drear
Came marching into town.

And (as in answer to the prayer),
To add to all the cheer,
And banish famine from the place,
Came Indians with deer.
The joyous villagers rushed out
The ladened ones to meet,
But Patience knelt and said: "Fanks,
Dod,
For sendin' fings to eat."

In planning for our Thanksgiving dinner, our minds naturally recur to the time-honored dishes as roast turkey, pumpkin pie, cranberry sauce, baked Indian pudding, etc., and our feast never seems quite complete without them. It is not always possible, however, to have turkey and some do not care for it. Roast goose, chicken, duck, pork, or beef may be substituted for it. Another nice dish is "mock duck," or pork tenderloins baked with a bread dressing flavored with herbs and onions. A menu that is semi-old-fashioned but usually liked is oyster soup, roast turkey with mashed potatoes, turnips, baked squash, pickles—sweet and sour—jellies; a salad, mince and pumpkin pie; fruit, nuts and coffee. It is well to have some kind of light pudding for those who do not eat pie. If oysters cannot be procured, vegetable oysters may be substituted. Cream tomato is a favorite kind of soup.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.