

TART CURB-STONE JOSHINGS

And Other Items of Interest Prepared Especially for the Journal Readers.

"All the world's a stage,
And men and women merely players,"
But those who read the Journal,
And stars among the stagers.

What has become of "Jack-the-Hugger?"

Never put off until today what you should have done yesterday.

Among men as well as animals, all the tricky ones have small heads.

The Journal is now the only weekly paper published in Plattsburgh.

The gossip is the dirtiest dog that barks in the back yard of decency.

Do not try to get anybody else to help you keep a secret if you want it kept.

Another touch of winter makes the whole world ring up the coal dealer.

It never humbles an honest man to apologize for having made a mistake.

Evidently the January thaw got sorry for the ice man; likewise for the coal dealer.

How much more agreeable it would be if others would only see us as we see ourselves.

Truth is stranger than fiction and a great deal more scarce in some communities.

Chicken thieves have been working among the hen coops and the people are loading their shot guns.

Leap year has gone far enough to give assurance that most of the girls want to look before they leap.

A pointer to scandal mongers: Remember that evil reports like hornets' nests, are good things to leave alone.

Some people are too anxious to spread a report. They never even wait to learn of its truthfulness, or otherwise.

She wrote a note a dozen times
Before I was to be tacit.
Then copied it most carefully,
And signed it "Yours in haste."

There are several old maids in Plattsburgh who are thinking of petitioning Mayor Morgan to officially recognize the leap year law and pronounce it in operation.

If the marriageable maidens do not grab them a husband this year, in four years from now it may be out of fashion for women to woo. So "strike while the iron's hot," girls.

The Frenchman takes his native wine.
The Dutchman takes his beer.
The Irishman his whiskey pie,
And says it brings good cheer.
The Englishman his "alf and 'arf,"
And says it leaves no ailment,
But the Yankee always has to laugh,
For he takes the whole blamed business.

"Jack-the-Kisser" got after a big fat woman over at Walcott the other night, and she gave him a terrible beating, since which time he has ceased operations. Wonder if this is what has happened to our "Jack-the-Hugger?"

Plattsburgh is particularly well located for manufacturers, and we could get several of them, too, if we could corral a few old croakers every time a person comes here to view the situation and "talk business" with those who have the future prosperity of our city at heart.

Keep your gates closed. A citizen in Columbus, Neb., ran against an open gate one dark night recently and hurt himself, and has brought suit against the city for damages to the extent of six thousand dollars. Residents who are so careless as to leave their gates swinging over the sidewalks after dark should be held responsible for such accidents, and not the city.

A Journal reporter asked an old democratic farmer and pioneer citizen of Cass county, who was in the city the other day, who he was for president, when he replied: "I am for the democratic nominee, whoever that may be." That was the reply of a reliable democrat, and just such an one as should come the lips of every true democrat when asked a similar question.

An exchange tells of a young man who had occasion to use the phone a few evenings since and laid his lighted cigar in a chair, rung the bell, took down the receiver and just as central answered, a friend came in and was about to sit down on the chair when the young man exclaimed: "Look out, you'll burn your pants!" He tried hard to explain, and it is to be hoped that "central" forgave him, for central was in charge of a young lady.

It would do most of us a good deal of good to always keep in mind, or to be now and then reminded of, it lest we should forget, that when we leave this old town business will continue just the same, and with the exception of a few close friends, your name is never mentioned, and people soon forget that there ever was such a person. So don't you never think that Plattsburgh can't get along without you—for she can and will—and don't you forget it.

"How interesting a character to study is the man in love!" remarked an old bachelor friend of the Journal the other day, who had perhaps been jilted something less than a dozen times. "He is docile, kind, tractable, and while a trifle foolish, yet on the whole he appears at his best. His heart is in time with nature and he is filled with lofty ideals." Now, girls, when you come across a fellow that has it this bad, nab before he gets out of the notion.

Nine Thousand for a Foot.

The supreme court has decreed that the Burlington Railroad Co. must pay to Leo Krayenbuhl of Merrick county, \$9,000 for the loss of a foot. A jury in Merrick county first fixed the damages at \$18,000, but the district court cut this down to \$12,000 and recently the supreme court cut out \$3,000 more. The plaintiff had his foot cut off while on a turttable which employe of the railroad had failed to lock. Krayenbuhl is four years of age and was playing on the turttable with some other children. Matthew Gering of this city, as one of the attorneys for the plaintiff in this case, and while a reunion has been made of one-half from the original judgment, yet still it is a great victory over the railroad company in Nebraska, where they control every department of state government.

A Queer Railroad Accident.

Burlington train No. 12 jumped the track at the entrance to the Ashland on Monday evening last at about 7:30 o'clock, killing Michael J. Graybill, engineer on freight train No. 30, who was engaged in oiling his engine. The engine and mail car passed over the frog in safety, but the mail car jumped the track, tearing a number of bolts from the track and struck the engine of No. 30. Some of the bolts struck Engineer Graybill in the face. He lived but a few minutes. Several windows were smashed in the baggage coach. Part of the coaches on No. 12 left the track. Although the passengers received a shaking up, no one was seriously injured. The resistance made by the engine of No. 30 perhaps saved No. 12 from going over a steep embankment into Salt Creek. When it left the track it was near the embankment. A wrecking crew worked several hours to clear the track. Graybill leaves a wife and two children, who live at Lincoln. He was an old time engineer on the B. & M.

Leap Year Ball.

The leap year ball given by the young ladies of Plattsburgh on Friday night last is pronounced by all who attended as a grand success in every particular. This was guaranteed from the start, when it was generally known who were at the head of the affair. Everything was carried out in a most magnificent manner, the hall was most elegantly and tastefully decorated for the occasion, and the music furnished by the Parmelee Theatre Orchestra was superbly grand. The program was carried out to the letter, much to the credit of the floor managers. In fact all the committees deserve credit for their untiring efforts in so successfully performing their parts. All hail to the young of Plattsburgh, and may they live (if they don't find some charming young man to please them) to enjoy many more like events.

Eighty-Six Questions to Answer.

The new schedule to be used by the deputy assessors for the return of the personal property of the people of their districts has eighty-six questions thereon.

The questions cover nearly everything and reaches into all classes of business.

It touches your building and loan association stock, money in banks or loaned, all book accounts, judgments, tons of ice, nursery stock, all kinds of cycles, dogs owned or harbored, type writers, sewing machines and a host of other things too numerous to mention.

All of the questions on the blanks have to be answered and sworn to, and if your statement is false you can be prosecuted for perjury. When the assessors call around they will get a different answer from the ones that they have been getting in years past, for if you do not answer up promptly and truthfully the law gives the assessor power to add fifty per cent to the value of the property that he finds or is able to locate, whether given by you or some one else.

All of the property is to be returned at its actual value and assessed at one-fifth of the amount returned.

Taken to the Asylum.

Mrs. Frankie B. Richards, who was brought here last week on account of her demented condition, was examined by the insanity board and declared a proper subject for the asylum. In accordance with the decision of the board the unfortunate lady was conveyed to the asylum at Lincoln by Sheriff McBride. She is the wife of J. W. Richards, of South Bend, and the principal witness were Mrs. E. Leddy, Mrs. Minnie Hunter and Mrs. C. Richards, of the same place.

City Editor Green Weds.

Col. Frank E. Green was married to Mrs. Mollie J. Robinson, at the home of the bride in Plattsburgh last Thursday evening. Colonel Green is the Hub's city editor, and in spite of this he is a genial and pleasant gentleman, and we feel assured his good judgment served him well in the selection of a life companion. The Democrat wishes them well, and if Colonel Green will give us his number we'll place him on our exchange list.—Kearney Democrat.

TO HAVE A CANNING FACTORY

A Very Enthusiastic Meeting of Citizens at the Court House.

W. L. Langdon, of Council Bluffs, arrived in Plattsburgh on Friday last to see what our people would do in the way of establishing a first class canning factory in this city, and in company with Mayor Frank J. Morgan, he visited most of the business men and others interested in such a move. After receiving a most favorable expression for all it was decided to take immediate steps in that direction, consequently it was understood that a meeting of those interested would be held at the court house that evening.

So far as numbers were concerned for such very short notice, it was quite respectable. Mayor Morgan was made chairman, and A. W. Atwood acted as secretary. Mr. Langdon was introduced to the audience by the chairman, who submitted his proposition, which was about as follows: If the citizens would furnish him a site upon which to erect a canning factory, with a sidetrack to same, and also furnish him 1,500 acres of sweet corn this year he would erect upon such a site one two story brick building, 80x100 feet, a two story frame building, 50x100 feet, a corn shed, 60x150 feet, and a brick boiler room, 16x24 feet. The factory will be equipped with the latest improved (new) machinery, with a capacity of 80,000 cans per day, and will furnish employment to 250 persons during the canning season. The buildings and machinery will cost about \$75,000. One bushel of seed will plant five acres of ground, and the yield will be about four tons to the acre, for which he will pay \$5 per ton. The reason he desires to furnish the seed, is simply because it is the kind generally used for canning purposes.

This corn, as we understand it, is to be contracted for, or guaranteed by the citizens—they to enter into a contract with farmers near the city to furnish it. The proposition all through seemed to be so fair that the following committee was appointed to secure an option on several sites, and report their action at another meeting to be called by Mayor Morgan: R. B. Windham, A. W. White, C. C. Parmelee, Byron Clark and C. E. Westcott.

A canning factory run on business principles will do more good for Plattsburgh and the farming community in general than any other enterprise that could possibly be established in our midst and the Journal hopes that our citizens will "all pull together" in their efforts to induce Mr. Langdon to come here. And we believe if Plattsburgh people will do their duty Mr. Langdon will not be found wanting in doing his.

Send in Your Names.

Always anxious to help our city and county along we have been thinking of making up a list of Leap Year bargains—in classes. First class to contain good looking marriageable young men, green and tender. Second class to contain names of old bachelors, safe and reliable but slightly wilted. Third class—second hand goods such as widowers, divorcees and old remnants from last Leap Year eight years ago. Any one wishing to enter the list may send their names to the Journal and state which class they are to be placed in. No restriction on any one in Cass county. Send in your names boys; this may help you to secure a wife.

Now a Denver Policeman.

Word to the effect that Dud DeLashmuth may be seen any old day now, sauntering up and down the streets of Denver togged out in a policeman's uniform with big brass buttons, was received here the first of the week. Dud's friends were not at first disposed to credit the report, but later advices confirmed it as being only too true. Ye gods! Dud DeLashmuth working for \$60 per month. What's going to happen next?—Pacific Junction News.

Now, Dud needn't have gone so far away to get on the police force. If many friends in Plattsburgh had even surmised that he was "stuck on" that kind of a job, he could just as well have had a position on the force Plattsburgh.

A Pleasant Affair Near Elmwood.

One of the most brilliant functions of the season was the entertaining at which at the Towle home, north of Elmwood. The thoughts and conversation of the guests throughout the whole evening was of the scene which the leading tables were demonstrating, there being ten tables, each with its goal for the "first." Several musical numbers were given by the Misses Towle and Mrs. Leibe of Fremont.

During the intervals of the evening the guests were served to punch and nabiscoes, and at the usual hour dainty refreshments were served.

The guests from away were the Messrs. and Mesdames Thomas, Murray and Bullis, Weeping Water; Messrs. J. McHugh and J. Hill, South Bend.

A SUBSCRIBER.

If you are a judge of a good smoke, try the "Acorns" 5 cent cigar and you will smoke no other.

The Teacher's Dream.

Last evening I was walking
With a teacher 'cross the way,
Who told me of a dream he had
On the eve of Christmas day,
While dozing in his office.
A vision came to view,
And he saw an angel enter,
Dressed in garments white and new.
Said the angel: "I'm from Heaven,
The Lord just sent me down,
To bring you up to glory,
And put on your golden crown;
You've been a friend to everyone,
A working day by day,
You've honored your profession
On poor and meager pay."
"So we want you up in glory,
For you have labored hard,
And the good Lord is preparing
Your eternal, just reward."
Then the angel and the teacher
Started up to Heaven's gate,
But when passing up by Hades
The angel murmured, "Wait."
"I've got a place to show you,
But preferred to sit and gaze,
At the pile of rank old gossip,
As they lay there in the blaze,
Just then the school door opened,
Loud pealed the old school bell,
He was soon at his post of duty,
But the gossipers were in—Omaha."

He refused to go on farther,
But preferred to sit and gaze,
At the pile of rank old gossip,
As they lay there in the blaze,
Just then the school door opened,
Loud pealed the old school bell,
He was soon at his post of duty,
But the gossipers were in—Omaha.

The Durno Company.

One of the best entertainments that Plattsburgh people have seen is what the coming number of the School Lecture Course is to be. These men are not lecturers nor concert entertainers, but high class fun provokers, will make you laugh and laugh as never before. Durno makes the impossible seem possible and unnatural. He causes you to see what you do not see, and not to see what you think you see. When Durno stops to rest LeBarge will not allow the merriment to stop, but breaks in with his music, funny stories and comic songs. Oh you'll miss it if you do not go. Everybody and everybody's grandmother and the babies are going. There is a brisk demand for seats now. Buy your ticket of some high school student or a teacher and thus be sure you'll have a seat reserved for you. This attraction appeared in the Boyd theatre in Omaha Thursday of this week and is in the Oliver theatre in Lincoln on Monday night. It is without doubt one of the best things that will be at the Parmelee this season. The date is Tuesday, February 2. Admission—50c, 30c, 25c. Seats on sale Monday and Tuesday.

A Cool Bluff.

That was a cool bluff sprung by the attorneys of George L. Farley in the libel case now pending in the district court, wherein Sheriff McBride is plaintiff and Mr. Farley is defendant. Mr. Farley came into court and filed a motion asking that Sheriff McBride be suspended from performing his duties in serving papers for the ensuing March term of court, and requested that all of the sheriff's business for that term be transacted by the coroner. Undoubtedly this was intended as a joke. Surely the intelligent attorneys who are lined up for the defense had no idea that Judge Jensen would consider such a motion for a minute. The judge very promptly set down on the motion without argument by the attorneys. If your evidence is as clear that the sheriff has been robbing the county in making erroneous charges, as you claimed it to be during the campaign, don't try to side step, Mr. Farley, for the voters of the county might draw the conclusion that after all your exposure was simply for political purposes. It stands you very much in hand, Mr. Farley, if you really aspire to the position held by Mr. Roosevelt, to be very much in earnest when you make charges of this kind. If you are right you are sure to win. If you have been mistaken—well, that couldn't be, because you have examined the records.—Louisville Courier.

Two to One.

M. P. Schroeder, foreman of Newell & Atwood's quarries at Ammonia, Missouri, was recently presented by his wife with triplets—two girls and one boy. Mr. Schroeder formerly resided at Cedar Creek. May they live to be a great comfort to their parents in their declining years.

Complimentary.

John Wayman, of Wyandotte, Mich., in remitting for the Journal another year, says: "I was a resident of Plattsburgh for twenty years, and the Journal is a most welcome visitor with us. Wishing the Journal success, I am sincerely yours," etc. Mr. Wayman is well known to many of the readers of the Journal.

Uncle Sam Wants Him.

William St. John, the former Cass county man, whom the Journal mentioned week before last as being arrested in Buffalo county for sending a threatening letter to a banker named Melsner, has been taken in charge by the federal authorities on a charge of the misuse of mails. St. John bitterly protests his innocence of the charge.

Grain Wanted.

By the S. E. Wainwright Grain & Lumber Co. See O. W. Baker, at the Perkins House, or M. S. Briggs, upstairs in the Coates block, Plattsburgh, Neb.

A Genuine Sacrifice Sale!

We are offering our entire line of Children's, Boys and Mens Sweaters at a reduction of 20 per cent. on the dollar.

THIS MEANS

All 50c Sweaters, now 40c.	
" \$1.00 "	" 80c.
" \$1.50 "	" \$1.20.
" \$2.00 "	" \$1.40.
" \$2.50 "	" \$1.75.
" \$2.75 "	" \$2.20.
" \$3.00 "	" \$2.40.

THE REASONS

First; we desire to turn them into cash. Second; we need the room for spring goods coming in daily. Come and take advantage of this sale!

20 Per Cent. Off 20.

Leading Clothier... - MORGAN, - Leading Clothier...

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.

This signature, E. H. Green

Cure Cold in Two Days on every box, 25c.

COUNCIL IN CONSULTATION.

Public Buildings Must Be Provided With Fire Escapes.

The city council met in regular session last Monday evening and if the instructions of that body are obeyed, the next few months will witness a number of improvements in the way of fire escapes made on public buildings. A report of the fire and water committee was presented and adopted, and City Clerk Soenichsen instructed to notify the owners of such buildings make these necessary improvements, and the managers of the Parmelee Theatre were requested to place a fire proof drop curtain on the stage of that institution, as recommended by said committee.

The committee recommended that fire escapes be placed on the west side of the high school building from the third floor and also that the tower be removed, as they considered it unsafe. The other buildings mentioned in the committee report are the Perkins House, Plattsburgh House, Odd Fellows' hall, A. O. W. hall, Coates' building, Hotel Riley, Parmelee Theatre and Columbian school building.

The newly-elected foreman, assistant foreman and captain of the fire department were confirmed. The report of Foreman Stendyke, of the hook and ladder cart, referred to some facilities which are needed, was turned over to the proper committee.

City Attorney H. D. Travis' report called attention to the unsafe condition of some old electric wiring which has been in use for 10, these many years, which was referred to the proper committee.

The offer of Dr. C. A. Marshall to pay \$33 and costs of suit in full for the claim of \$88.65 (the city's claim against him) for light service, was accepted.

The Adams Express Company, the Western Union and Postal Telegraph companies, through their local agents, protested against paying their respective occupation tax levied by the city. The same was referred to the judiciary committee.

The fire and water committee was instructed to ascertain the condition of the new building that W. W. Coates was erecting in the rear of his buildings on Main street, and in case he was not constructing the same in accordance with the ordinance on fire-proof buildings, to stop the work. The city has an ordinance in force to the effect that property owners must first get a permit from the city council to erect buildings of that description within the fire limits, but it seems that Mr. Coates has gone right ahead with his work just the same as if no such ordinance was in force, and ignoring the power of the council.

After adjournment the members of the council accepted an invitation

from Manager Parmelee to attend the performance at the opera house.

CLAIMS ALLOWED.
John Bauer, hardware \$ 45
C. A. Wendy, repairs 2 10
Cass county, boarding prisoners 15 00
C. Heenrichsen, street work 3 75
Journal, printing 16 50
Plattsburgh Telephone Co., phone rent 2 00

What's in a Name, Anyhow?

The following from the Louisville Courier, edited by our friend Lee Mayfield, contains some things to which we fail to find any serious objection. During the civil war we answered the appellation of "major," simply because we served in the 95th O. V. I. in the capacity of drum major. This title remained with us up to about sixteen or seventeen years ago, when in company with fifty or sixty newspaper men of the Third Missouri congressional district, then represented by Governor Dockery, met in St. Joseph to organize an association. It is unnecessary to remark that some of the boys got pretty well "organised" during the day. After dinner we proceeded to Lake Conrary by carriages and 'busses (this incident occurring some time before the railroad was built to that point) the scene of more fun. Here we were christened "colonel" by being dumped out of a skiff into the lake and nearly drowned. So you perceive, Bro. Mayfield, there was some reason for calling us major, some cause for the appellation of colonel, but none on earth for "Uncle Billy," and here we wish to draw the line, because our oldest brother answers to that cognomen:

Uncle Billy Bates, the senior editor of the Plattsburgh Journal, is nothing if not a democrat. He was born in Missouri, where democrats grow on pawpaw bushes. For a great many years he conducted a newspaper in that state before coming to Cass county and purchasing the Plattsburgh Journal. It was but natural that he should feel jubilant over the success of his party in Cass county in capturing some of the best offices at the last election. He felt so good over the result that he so far deviated from his old-time custom of chewing Kentucky twist as to accept a cigar from Judge Travis the other day, and although he avers that he has not smoked a cigar in forty years, he lit this one and actually smoked it down to the wet in honor of the election of the democratic judge. With the dying embers of his cigar he began to recall scenes of his boyhood days. One scene came to him as clear as if set in bold faced type—it was away back in the days befo' de war, when Uncle Billy was known as Little Willie. The scene started with it an old barn loft where was stored the golden leaved tobacco of his forefather. Little Willie was cautioned never to touch it. He had a curiosity to know just what it would taste like so he secured a corn cob, and with an adler for a stem, made the cutest little pipe imaginable. With this in his overall pocket and a goodly supply of home grown tobacco, he fished a coal from the fire place and made for it the nearest bushes to give his first smoke. The first pipe full caused him to become dizzy so he ate a few pawpaws to settle his stomach. It was not long before Willie began to see things. He tried to get back to the house but the ground persisted in flying up and bit-

ting him in the face. He reached the house in due time and then and there made a solemn resolve never to lit the pipe again (until Judge Travis was elected) and faithfully kept his word. The repetition of the experience of those early days was again enacted when he smoked the cigar the other day given him by the judge. He has now made another resolve. Don't try to persuade him to break it, for Uncle Billy is from Missouri.

Created Wealth.

Something from nothing—a garden from a desert. Such is the history of irrigated sections. Take land that sells for fifty cents an acre, put water on it, and it sells for—what? There are quarters of land in irrigated sections of Colorado that cannot be purchased for \$20,000 and which earn a remunerative interest on that valuation. And yet you can purchase irrigated lands where the soil is perfect beyond belief, where the water supply is plentiful and inexhaustible, where climatic conditions are healthful and exhilarating, where fuel is abundant and cheap, for from \$15 an acre up.

The reasons: The North Platte Valley, extending from Bridgeport, Neb., to Guernsey, Wyoming, and the Big Horn Basin, Wyoming, have been but recently made available for settlement by the extension of the Burlington railroad into those sections. The Irrigating Companies must have settlers along their ditches and they offer substantial inducements in the shape of low priced water rights and lands.

How long will this condition continue? None may say surely, but it won't be for long, and the sooner you invest the cheaper will you be able to do so, for the advance is just as sure as has been the advance in the price of similar lands in other sections. For further information write to J. Francis General passenger agent, Burlington Route, Omaha.

A Little Spurring.

Even the best horse needs once in a while a little spurring. It shows him that he is being watched, and that he has to do his duty, otherwise the best horse will become lazy. Is it not the same with ourselves? We need a stimulus in order to perform our duties toward ourselves, and toward society. We are spurred to charity, to social and public duties, to a better life. This increased activity exhausts the bodily strength and the organs refuse to do their work. A little stimulus is needed—Triner's American Blixir of Litter Wine. Nature gives us this remedy, a pure grape wine with selected herbs. Wine's nature's stimulant and tonic, herbs are the only remedies. In maladies of the stomach, in exhaustion, in diseases of the blood there is no better remedy. It will put the body in the natural condition. At drug stores Joseph Triner, 730 South Asbland avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Wait for Durno, the man who makes you laugh.