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**"TEMPERANCE IN LOUISVILLE"**

Poem Written by Miss Dupie Frater for W. C. T. U.

The following poem was written for the W. C. T. U. entertainment given at the A. O. U. W. hall on December 4, 1908, and read to a large and appreciative audience by the author, Miss Dulcie Frater. We, the members of the W. C. T. U., wish to say that every word of it is true, that we believe that every town or city that tries Louisville's plan will join with her in saying that it is far better, both financially and morally, and we believe our voters will see to it that Louisville stays dry. Will other papers please copy.

**TEMPERANCE IN LOUISVILLE.**  
 A great deal of the product of the still  
 Was once dispensed in Louisville.  
 Street scenes were vile and rough,  
 Loafers on the corners, most always tough;  
 A lady passing down the street,  
 Many drunken men had to meet.

The unscreened doors disclosed  
 Men seated at tables, at cards disposed.  
 Some lounging and tipping, night and day,  
 An offense to all who passed that way.  
 Our boys learned to gaze without surprise,  
 At scenes not fit for youthful eyes.

The things they witnessed upon the street,  
 To their friends they hastened to repeat,  
 Then sought a convenient and secluded lot,  
 And practiced these things upon the spot,  
 And the boy who could not hold his own,  
 The others, his friendship would disown.

To smoke, to swear, to drink, to chew,  
 These were the things they learned to do.  
 Unknown to those to whom they were dear,  
 But well known to others far and near.  
 In lying and deceiving they also were wise,  
 Though they seemed dear innocents in their mother's eyes.

But there came a time when all was revealed,  
 Misdemeanors could no longer be concealed;  
 And, though dad scolded, and mother shed tears,  
 Convinced not their youth of tender years.  
 They considered dad a foggy, and mother a dear,  
 While as for themselves there was nothing to fear.

Then we elected a board on election day,  
 And an ordinance was passed without delay,  
 That every saloon must close up tight its door  
 And keep it closed for ever more.  
 Drunken brawls and hoodlums our streets must disappear  
 That our children become not imbibers of ale and beer.

And so many Louisville families rejoice today,  
 That father now brings home his pay,  
 That he walks the streets with head held high  
 And greets his friends as he passes them by  
 With the old fearless manhood as of yore,  
 E'er he had entered a bar room door.

There is food in the pantry, store room and cave,  
 Everyone is happy and helping to save,  
 To pay off the debt as fast as they can,  
 On the house they bought on the installment plan;  
 And though cold winds may blow and tempests roar,  
 The wolf troubles no more that house door.

Sons have reformed and are buying homes too,  
 Repairing fences, sidewalks and yard,  
 Improving potatoes, flour and lard,  
 Buying potatoes, flour and lard,  
 Laying in cord after cord of wood,  
 Proving without liquor they can surely make good.

There is work to do, and though in numbers we are few,  
 You can replace evil conditions by those good and new.  
 Make temperance your object; strive to dash down the cup,  
 From each and every hand that seeks to lift it up.  
 Do away with the grog shop, brewery and still,  
 And redeem your town as we have Louisville.

**Drank Embalming Fluid.**  
 From Saturday's Daily.  
 Last Friday a crowd had gathered at the raffling room in the back part of W. L. Hobson's under taking rooms and among the crowd was Del Austin who had been indulging quite freely in drink, and spying a jug he thought it was full of whiskey and so took a drink. He was mistaken for the jug contained some of Mr. Hobson's embalming fluids, formaldehyde. Will Austin, a brother, was present and when he saw what his brother had done he immediately summoned Dr. Dihel who administered a hypodermic and strychnine. It took some hard work to bring him through but after a time he came out of it and is now feeling all right. No doubt Del will be more careful in the future what he drinks.—Eagle Beacon.

**A Sudden Change.**  
 From Saturday's Daily.  
 Rev. J. H. Salsbury was this morning relating to the reporter an instance of the remarkable change of temperature which are incident to different sections of the country, citing as an instance the recent cold snap. He was in receipt of a letter from his father-in-law, Mr. Downing, mention of whose recent visit was made in the Journal, from Missouri in which that gentleman states that one day the farmers were ploughing in their fields and the air was like spring and the next day the thermometer registered fourteen degrees below zero. This is a radical change, and one calculated to discourage a man with the climate but the same thing was true in many sections of the country.

**Saloon Changes Hands.**  
 Wm. Barclay has disposed of his saloon business at Cedar Creek to Andrew Thompson who has been for some time past bartender for him there. Thompson is now in possession and Mr. Barclay is no longer interested in the concern. The new proprietor is quite well known both in that locality and in this city and bears an excellent reputation as a business man and a saloon man. The consideration for the transfer is not stated. This leaves Mr. Barclay with the saloon in this city as his only business interest, he having recently disposed of his restaurant business here.

**Bozarth to Penitentiary.**  
 From Saturday's Daily.  
 Sheriff Quinton this morning departed for Lincoln having in charge Matt Bozarth, recently sentenced to the penitentiary for life for the murder of James Dyer at Greenwood. Bozarth was handcuffed but seemed to evince no particular interest in the proceedings aside from a general nervousness. He looks very poorly, being very thin and emaciated, the natural sallowness of his face being accentuated by several months' growth of heavy black beard.

Mrs. W. M. Wiley from east of Murray was in the city today looking after business and while here called at the Journal office and renewed her subscription for the paper for another year. In addition to her own Mrs. Wiley paid the subscription of Mr. F. M. Jenkins at Hamburg, Okla., for a year. Mrs. Wiley had a very cold ride to the city from her farm.

**DYNAMITE EXPLOSION**

Young Man Badly Injured at Weeping Water

Weeping Water, Neb., Jan. 8.—A frightful accident happened here today to Albert Carter, adopted son of W. W. Carter. Albert was engaged in throwing out several sticks of dynamite when in some unexplained way the dynamite exploded with tremendous force. The calf of the left leg was torn away, the right leg badly cut by splinters of wood and pieces of tin, and the right arm badly lacerated. He is in a critical condition. Physicians were at once called and the wounds dressed. Such was the force of the explosion that the windows on two sides of the house were completely shattered and doors thrown from their places. The shock was felt for a distance of half a mile from the scene. Mr. Carter stood but a few feet away. He was thrown to the ground and his face cut by flying splinters. Mrs. Carter was at the well about fifteen feet away but was uninjured. Friends are giving such assistance as they can. Mr. Carter is about twenty-two years old.



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**C. E. WESCOTT'S SONS**  
 "Where Quality Counts."

**"BUCKS IN TIMBER"**

Make Merry at Celebration at Rock Bluffs Christmas

King Hill, Jan. 6, 1909.  
 Mr. Editor:—The Bucks in the Timber were disappointed because your paper did not give an account of the Christmas entertainment at Rock Bluffs. We think it should be mentioned in the best paper in the county.

Miss Porter of Mynard is the teacher and in the absence of a Sunday school she drilled the public school children and gave a fine entertainment. The tree was fine and well filled with presents for all the children and some of the older ones.

Our Worthy King Snipe, George Smith was chosen to act as Santa Claus and he did himself proud. For his trouble he received a stocking supposed to have been worn by Governor Sheldon the day before election (it was very large), well filled. For lack of space we cannot mention the contents except a goat, a female goat, to all appearances in fine condition to furnish the milk for the next oyster supper.

Miss Nettie Smith, the Queen of the lodge, gave an account of the meeting at Louie Kohrells for the benefit of anxious people. Among other things she said: "It was a high toned party, all the Bucks of the Timber being there. There was Mary Bennett and Wess, Bud Fitch and Jess, from Coon Hollow, Mrs. Splott and Bill from the cross roads; Mrs. and Mrs. Patterson and a good many others. Mrs. Patterson had her hair done up in scrambled eggs and wore a dress of plain corded bed tick. Mark White wore a new second hand swallow-head coat; Fred Patterson wore a watch chain made of the tail of the cow that kicked Chicago. They had dances, squawdrills, blind man's snuff. Wess Bennett got up to make a speech and said: "I am here," then he walked off on his ear. Mrs. Mark White brought her baby; the sweetest little baby with a nose like a chestnut (the baby can't help that) its head was as large as a baseball (the baby cannot help that) it crawled to the slop pail and fell in and choked on a potato skin. At supper they had cakes and pig feet, onion pie, etc. Mrs. Hunger ate so hearty she got sick and Louise said she had the colic. She tried to eat a mince pie with a tooth brush in it.

We understand that Roy Hutcherson wanted to become a member of the Bucks of the Timber. He is willing to be the official pass bearer.

After Miss Mattie's speech a conversation was overheard between her and Carl Hunger. "Carl," she murmured, with a tremor in her voice, "didn't you tell me once that you would be willing to do any act of heroism for my sake?" "Yes, Mattie, and I gladly reiterate that statement now," he exclaimed in confident tones. "Well, Carl, I want you to do something really heroic for me." "Speak, darling, what is it?" "Ask me to be your wife, we have been fooling long enough."

**'Tis True.**  
 Some of the papers are awakening to the rotten facilities in vogue at Pacific Junction, and are protesting against the distance between the depot and the actual junction. They might go further and protest against the lack of accommodation between the K. C. and the Burlington trains.—Red Oak Express.

**For Rent.**  
 An excellent 4 room cottage. See Johnnie Hatt, at the meat market.

**WORK ON CROSSING**

Progress Slow on Account of Spring and Cold Weather

Work on the undergrade crossing of the Burlington at the foot of Main street is progressing as well as could be expected, considering the unfavorable circumstances which surround the workers. Some time since the presence of a large spring under the ground was spoken of and this spring is giving the workmen no end of trouble. It has broken out afresh and as a result, the men are compelled to wade about in a mixture of water and dirt six or eight inches in depth. This is not very pleasant weather to have to handle such a mess but it must be done. This is one of the things which are holding the work back. This morning teams with sloop scrapers were engaged trying to get ooze out of the hole but were not succeeding very fast. This puddle is at the bottom of the excavation where the floor of the crossing is to go and there will doubtless have to be piling driven there to afford a foundation. On the incline to the crossing the ground is frozen and this has to be chopped out with axes, making this part of the work slow and tedious. On the whole the workmen are doing the best they can with conditions as they are. It had been hoped to have the work done before teams began crossing the tracks, hauling ice this winter but this is now manifestly impossible. Ice hauling has begun and the crossing is very far from completion. With so many working around the crossing, however, there is little likelihood of a team being caught on it, however. From present indications it will be several months before the work is finished. It must be said for the Burlington that they are doing a good job and the concrete which is being put into the place is of high grade and will stand the test of time. The true value of this crossing will not fully be realized by the people of this city until it is finished and in operation. It is valuable to the railroad company but more so to the people of the city who have been risking their lives and property over it for many years.

**A Close Shave.**  
 A funny incident occurred this morning at the depot before the crowd which was waiting for No. 19 to leave. As is usual No. 6 had come in and done its work at the depot, backing up in the yards for 19 to clear. No. 19 ran past the crossing and the depot and onto the westbound main track to let No. 6 out. One of the men engaged in scraping the mud from the new crossing believed that he had plenty of time after No. 6 passed to cross the tracks before No. 19 backed up. He got along all right until he reached the track when his scraper caught in the rail. As No. 19 was backing up at a pretty good gait, the driver became alarmed for his horses which were standing on the track and began shouting and dancing around them like a real live, red man. Fortunately one of the men working on the crossing saw his predicament and running to his aid, dumped the scraper, letting the team clear the train. It was really a close shave for both the man and the team, but it was funny nevertheless.

**For Rent.**  
 A six room house in good repair to rent. Inquire of John H. Becker.

**He Has Kneads.**  
 The following from a leading newspaper in North Dakota will be appreciated just at this time: "It is reported that one of the fastidious ladies in a neighborhood town kneads bread with her gloves on. This incident may be somewhat peculiar but there are others. The editor of this paper needs bread with his shoes on. He needs bread with his shirt on. He also needs bread with his pants on and unless some of his delinquent subscribers to this "Old Rag of Freedom" pay up before long he will need bread without a blamed thing on—and North Dakota is no Garden of Eden in the winter time.

**CRAZY BY DRINK**

Alleged Insane Man Mostly Troubled By Tremors

Geo. Buelteon, the alleged insane man, whom Sheriff Quinton apprehended a few days since at Geo. Hill's west of the city, has been languishing in jail ever since. Sheriff Quinton got into communication with his relatives, he having a brother at a small town out in the state, and found that the real trouble with the man was an excess of John Barleycorn. His brother telephoned the sheriff that he did not care to do anything with him as he had at various times, done everything in his power to break him of the booze habit but without success, and he asked the sheriff to send him to the Asylum where he could be Keeleyized. As the man was not a resident of the county, the sheriff replied that would not be done as the county did not care to take the expense upon itself which that meant. The brother told him to let Buelteon lie in jail until he sobered up and came to. He said that drinking had always affected George that way, he never could understand it, but it was a fact that after a prolonged drinking bout George always saw things and had fits and he had usually come out all right after the fits wore off. He was at a loss to know why it was but this was always so. In view of the brother's statement the sheriff decided to let the gentleman occupy a couch in the Hotel de Manspeaker until such a time as his delusions had vanished. It might be added that George the other evening became obsessed of the idea that there was a man in the stovepipe, and that he needed help. To aid the unfortunate George tore the pipe down. He was eventually convinced that his idea was wrong but it required some hard talk.

**Getting The Best of Them.**

It is evident that the country merchants are getting the best of the mail order situation. The merchants saw their trade going from them gradually and began looking around for some way to counteract it. And they have discovered a way—by letting the people know that they can sell with just as much, if not more advantage to the customer, than any mail order house on earth. In other words, the country merchants found out that the mail order houses could not exist without the liberal use of printer's ink, and when the country merchant's began the same use of printer's ink, he met the mail order house on its own ground and floored him.—Ex.

Eat at Hatt & Osborn's restaurant, the best place in town.