

Just Received!

A car of American Field Fence, all heights and all meshes

Poultry netting, all heights, diamond mesh and square mesh

Rabbit and poultry fence, barbed wire, nails, strap hinges, builders' hardware

Prices right

-G. P. EASTWOOD-

(Successor to John Bauer)

Local News

From Thursday's Daily.

C. F. Reinhart of Louisville was in the city today for a few hours visiting with his many friends here.

Mrs. Frank Boyd of Anamosa, Iowa, arrived this afternoon on No. 24 and will make a short visit here with friends.

Carry Stotler, A. L. Hammond and E. Morton of Union were in the city last evening attending to some matters of business.

Harry Crook of Lincoln, who has been here visiting his parents, B. F. Crook and wife, departed this afternoon for his home.

W. H. Wierbein and wife and Edward Duffy, father of Mrs. Wierbein, were passengers this morning for Omaha to visit the auto show.

C. L. Wiles was a passenger this morning on the early Burlington train for Omaha, where he was called to look after some matters of business.

Ed Tritsch departed this morning for Omaha, where he goes to visit his wife, who is improving nicely at the hospital, having been able to set up a little.

I. J. Decker, who has been here for a short time visiting with the Tulene brothers, departed this morning for Ohio, Neb., where he will visit relatives for a time.

In county court this morning a petition was filed for the probate of the estate of Cyrus F. Hall, deceased. The estate is in the vicinity of Greenwood and is only a small one.

William Wohlfarth, one of the good reliable farmers of near Mynard, was in the city yesterday, and while here called at the Journal office to renew his subscription to the Semi-Weekly edition.

A. S. Will was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where he visited for a few hours. Mr. Will has just returned from Mexico, and left that country when the revolution was going on full blast in Mexico City.

A. E. B. Neligh of Neligh, Neb., who has been here for some few days looking after matters of business and visiting with his friends, departed this morning for Omaha, where he will visit for a short time before returning to his home.

From Friday's Daily.

A. B. Fornoff of Cullom was in the city today attending to business matters among the different merchants.

H. C. Long of the vicinity of Murray was attending to some business matters in this city yesterday.

Mrs. F. A. Barrett of Omaha is in the city visiting at the home of County Surveyor Fred Patterson and wife.

Will Rummel defied the storm yesterday afternoon and drove in to look after some trading for a short time.

Henry Horn returned to his home at Cedar Creek yesterday, having been here attending to his jury services.

H. C. Long of near Murray was in the city yesterday afternoon looking after some trading with the merchants.

John Barr of University Place came in this morning on No. 4, being called here to attend to some business matters.

James Johnson and wife of Greenwood were in the city today, being called here to look after matters at the court house.

A. Alexander of San Francisco, who is visiting in the city for a short time, was a passenger this morning for Omaha to spend the day.

W. G. and L. A. Meisinger of near Cedar Creek were in the city today, coming in from their farms to look after some business matters.

Mrs. Wesley Barr of near Greenwood came down this morning on No. 4 to look after some matters of business at the court house.

A. A. Wetenkamp of Mynard was a passenger this afternoon for Omaha, where he will attend the automobile show for a few hours.

N. H. Mecker, the Greenwood banker, was in the city today, being called here on trial in the district court.

J. M. Hoover returned to his home at Louisville yesterday afternoon, having been here attending the Miller will contest case, serving as jurymen.

Mrs. Ed S. Tutt came up last evening from her home at Murray and visited over night with friends in this city, going to Omaha this morning to look after some business matters.

Joe Rawls and wife of Three Forks, Montana, who have been visiting here, the guests of Mr. Rawls' parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Rawls, for several days, departed this morning on the early Burlington train for their home.

L. H. Young of Nehawka, who is serving on the jury during this

term of the district court, called at this office and ordered a copy of the Semi-Weekly sent to his daughter, Mrs. John E. Perry, at Chin, Alberta, Canada, for a year.

Alfred and Ryan Williams of Norfolk, Neb., who have been visiting at the home of their uncle, C. Bengen, sr., near Mynard, for a short time, departed this afternoon for their home.

Frank Gorton, the old reliable, has accepted a position as bartender at the saloon of Lew Russel in the Hotel Riley, having taken the place of Claus Speck, who is to remove shortly to his farm, and the many friends of Frank can find his smiling countenance at the Riley bar in the future.

H. H. Weideman of Greenwood was in the city today for a few hours, being called here on the Hoenshell case, and while here had his name entered on the Semi-Weekly Journal list for a year's subscription and will hereafter receive that household necessity. We were greatly pleased to meet Mr. Weideman, as he is a very pleasant, whole-souled gentleman.

Sell your property through a little ad in the Journal.

ANOTHER NEW ADDITION TO THE LAUNDRY FORCE

From Friday's Daily.

The Plattsmouth laundry, which has been greatly improved under the management of Mr. William Barclay, has received another addition to its force, in Mrs. James Blaha, who comes to this city from South Omaha, where she has had seven years' experience in the laundries in that city. Mrs. Blaha will have full charge of the ironing room, looking after the handling and finishing of the shirts and collars and all flat work, while Mr. Bunch will oversee the work in the wash room, giving the new company two excellent workmen to assist them in furnishing the public with first-class laundry work, which will be a great relief to the patrons of the laundry, who have been compelled to put up with very poor service in the past, but the new company is determined to furnish the best of service, regardless of expense, and in securing this lady to have charge of the ironing department they have secured one who is fitted to give the best results.

Better than Spanking!

Spanking will not cure children of wetting the bed, because it is not a habit but a dangerous disease. The C. H. Rowan Drug Co., Dept. B 1063, Chicago, Ill., has discovered a strictly harmless remedy for this distressing disease and to make known its merits they will send a 5c package securely wrapped and prepaid Absolutely Free to any ready of the Journal. This remedy also cures frequent desire to urinate and inability to control urine during the night or day in old or young. The C. H. Rowan Drug Co. is an Old Reliable House. Write to them today for the free medicine. Cure the afflicted members of your family, then tell your neighbors and friends about this remedy

LOVE LETTERS OF GENERAL PICKETT ARE FINE ROMANCE

Missives Written Mid Roar Of Cannon In Bloody Civil War. He Tells of Battles and of Valor and High Ideals of Warriors.

UNDER the secrecy preserving caption of "The Love Letters of a Confederate General" a remarkable series of communications sent by a soldier to his beloved, under the most dangerous and desperate circumstances—letters written from the thick of war, ringing of love and of valor—has been running in the Pictorial Review. The letters have stirred up a controversy that has run with particular zest through the southern states, and now that the last of them is about to be printed the woman to whom they were written has consented that the anonymity be destroyed. They were written by General George Pickett to the girl who was first Lassalle Corbell, afterward Mrs. Pickett.

Mrs. Pickett is now living in Washington and has been the leader of the southern coterie there for many years. The "little general" to whom the letters refer came in after years to be a major in the United States army and died a year and a half ago, returning from service in the Philippines. His two little sons now live with their distinguished grandmother in Washington.

So Mrs. Chulita, don't let's wait. Send me a line by Jackery saying you will come "come at once, my darling, into this valley of the shadow of uncertainty and make certain the comfort that if I fall I shall fall as your husband; that you will bear my name, will have been my wife and will have all the rights of a wife."

You know that I love you with a devotion that envelops, absorbs all else—a devotion so divine that when in dreams I see you it is as something too pure and sacred for mortal touch. And if you only know the heavenly life that thrills through me, I make it real to myself, and you love me you would understand. Think, my dear little one, of the uncertainty and dangers of even a day of separation and don't let the time come when either of us will look back and say, "It might have been."

If I am spared all my life shall be devoted to making you happy, to keeping all that would hurt you far from you, to making all that is good come near you. Heaven will help me to be ever helpful to you and will bless me to bless you. If you know how every hour I kneel at your altar, if you could hear the prayers I offer to you and to our Heavenly Father for you, if you knew the incessant thoughts and longings and desires to make you blessed, you would know how much your answer will mean to me and how, while I plead, I am held back by a reverence and a sensitive adoration for you, for, Chulita mia, you are my goddess, and I am only your devoted, loving

SOLDIER.

On Road to Gettysburg.

The following exquisitely lyrical and spiritual passage was written on the road to Gettysburg:

Our whole army is now in Pennsylvania, north of the river. There were rumors that Richmond was threatened from all sides—Richmond from Old Point, Gettysburg from the north, from the south, and on and on—it that we might be recalled. It turned out to be a Munchausen, and we are still to march forward. Every tramp, tramp, tramp is a thought, thought, thought of my darling, every halt a blessing invoked, every command a loving cry, and the thought of you and prayer for you make me strong, make me better give me courage, give me faith. Now, my Chulita, let my soul speak to yours Listen—listen—listen! You hear—I am answered!

This was written the night before the charge of Gettysburg:

Well, my sweetheart, at 1 o'clock the awful silence was broken by a cannon shot and then another, and then more than 100 guns shook the hills from crest to base, answered by more than another 100—the whole world a blazing volcano, the whole of heaven a thunderbolt, the air with absolute silence, then the grim and gurgling, low spoken commands, then the forming of the attacking columns, the hurrying of the men to the position assigned to them. My brave Virginians are at attack in front. Oh, may God in mercy help me as he never helped me before!

I have ridden up to report to old Peter. I shall give him this letter to mail to you and a package to give you if—Oh, my darling, do you feel the love of my heart, the prayer, as I write that fatal word "if"?

Now, my darling, I go, but remember always that I love you with all my heart and soul, with every fiber of my being; that now and forever I am yours—yours, my beloved. It is almost 3 o'clock. My soul reaches out to yours—my prayers.

The following is part of the dramatic narrative of the battle of Gettysburg:

Ah, if I had only had my other two brigades a different story would have been flashed to the world! Poor old Dick Garret did not dismount, as did the others of us, and he was killed instantly, falling from his horse. Ketcher was desperately wounded, was brought from the field and subsequently taken prisoner. The old Lewis Armistead—God bless him!—was mortally wounded at the head of his command after planting the flag of Virginia within the enemy's lines. Seven of my colonels were killed, and one was mortally wounded. Nine of my lieutenant colonels were wounded, and three lieutenant colonels were killed. Only one field officer of my whole command, Colonel Cabell, was unhurt, and the loss of my company officers was in proportion.

I wonder, my dear, if in the light of the great eternity we shall any of us feel this to be the best and shall have learned to say, "Thy will be done!" No, the castles today, sweetheart. No, the bridges and hand-touched in this lowering gloom. Pray, dear, for the sorrowing ones.

Writes on Birth of Son.

This letter was written upon the news to General Pickett of the birth of his son, "the Little General," as he was known in the whole Confederate army:

God bless you, little mother of our boy—bless and keep you! Heaven in all its glory shine upon you! Eden's flowers bloom eternal for you! Almost with every breath since the message came relieving my anxiety and telling me that my darling lived and that a little baby had been born to us I have been a baby myself. Though I have known all these months that from across love's enchanted land this little child was on its way to our twin souls, now that God's promise

is fulfilled and it has come I can't believe it. As I think of it I feel the stir of paradise in my senses, and my spirit goes up in thankfulness to God for this, his highest and best, the one perfect flower in the garden of life—love.

Blinding tears rolled down my cheeks, my sweetheart, as I read the glad tidings, and a feeling so new, so strange, came over me that I asked of the angels what it could be and whence came the strains of celestial music which filled my soul, and what were the great, grand, stirring hosannas and the soft, tender, sweet adoration that circled around and around, warmed my every vein, beat my every pulse. And, O little mother of my boy, the echoing answer came, "A little baby has been born to you, and he and the new made mother live."

Following the failure of the peace conference which preceded General Lee's surrender General Pickett wrote:

On every side gloom, dissatisfaction and disappointment seem to have settled over all, men and officers alike, because of the unsuccessful termination of the peace conference on board the River Queen on the fatal 3d. The anxious, despairing faces I see everywhere bespeak heavy hearts—our common divisions near its close, we were gasping our last gasp and that the peace conference was a forlorn hope. Because of the informality of the conference and my knowledge of Mr. Lincoln, his humanity, his broad nature, his warm heart, I did believe he would take advantage of this very informality and spring some wise, superhuman surprise which would somehow restore peace and in time insure unity. Now, heaven help us, it will be war to the knife with a knife no longer keen, the thrust of an arm no longer strong, the certainty that when peace comes it will follow the tread of the conqueror.

Again in the same strain he writes:

Ah, Chulita mia, the triumphs might be transient, but the sufferings and ordeals for the right can never be forgotten. The sorrow and woe of my glory-crowned division near its close, may God pity those who wait at home for the soldier who has reported to the Great Commander. God pity them as the days go by and the sad nights follow. The soldier is done with tears and time, and to him a thousand years are as one.

The End In Sight.

The final letter of the series was written a few hours before the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox. It follows in part:

Tomorrow, my darling, may see our flag furled forever. Jackery, our faithful old mail carrier, bids me as I write. He bears tonight this his last message from me as "Our Cupid." First he is commissioned with three orders, which I know you will obey as fearlessly as the bravest of your division. Keep up a stout heart. Believe that I shall come back to you and know that God relieves. After tonight you will be my whole command—staff, field officers, men—all. The second commission is only given as a precaution lest I should not return or lest for some time I should not be with you. Lee's surrender is imminent. It is finished.

Through the suggestion of their commanding officers as many of the men as desire are permitted to cut through and join Johnston's army.

It is finished! Ah, my beloved division! Thousands of men have gone to their eternal home, having given up their lives for the cause in which they knew to be just. The others, alas, heartbroken, crushed by spirit, are left to mourn its loss! Well, it is practically all over now. We have poured our blood and suffered untold hardships and privations, all in vain. And now—well, I must not forget either that God reigns. Life is given us for the performance of duty, and duty performed is happiness.

It is finished—the suffering, the horror, the anguish of these last hours of struggle, of these men, baptized in battle at Bull Run, in the lines at Yorktown, at Williamsburg, where they, with the Alabama brigade of Wilcox, withstood the advance of the whole of Meade's army, driving them back at Seven Pines, at Gaines' Mill, Frazier's Farm, Second Manassas, Boonsboro, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, and the engagements in front of Bermuda Hundred, Port Garrison, Five Forks and Saylor's Creek.

The glorious gift of your love will help me to bear the memory of these days. In this midnight hour I feel the curdling blessing of your pure spirit as it mingles with mine. Peace is born.

The Battle of Seven Pines.

There follows part of a vivid and stirring description of the battle of Seven Pines:

A violent storm was raging, flooding the level ground, as I wrote you last, followed the next day by one of fire and blood—the battle of Seven Pines.

I pray that you accepted the invitation of your mountain lassie clum and that your beautiful eyes and loving, tender heart have been spared the horrors of war which this is what a part of the Long-ana zouaves in panic I managed to escape and detain one fellow mounted on a mule that seemed to have imbued his rider's fear and haste. The man dropped his plunder and, seizing his carbine, threatened to kill me unless I released him at once, saying that the Yankees were upon his heels.

HE PASSES WINTER IN BED.

Railroad Man of Danbury, Conn., is Like Groundhog.

John Hart of Danbury, Conn., a railroad man, has gone to bed to hibernate for the remainder of the winter.

Like some animals, he believes the winter should be devoted to continuous rest. He will not leave his bed until spring comes, and then whether he gets up will be guided by the groundhog's example.

Hart has followed the practice for five winters. He says it does him a lot of good. When he arises in the spring he is weak, but after a short time his strength returns.

Wireless Sent 4,400 Miles.

The wireless station at Nauen, near Berlin, reports that it was in wireless communication with New York recently. This, it is stated, is the first time direct wireless communication has been established between Germany and America. The distance from New York to the Kaiser's capital is approximately 4,400 miles.

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Week of March 2 and 16