

# V. E. PERRY'S DUROC JERSEY SALE!

## TUESDAY, Nov. 11, 1913

Sale will be held at farm, five miles southwest of Mynard, nine miles north of Nehawka, and a quarter mile north of Eight Mile Grove Church. Come early and inspect this herd. Sale to commence at 1:00 o'clock. Dinner will be served to all. All trains will be met at Plattsburgh, Mynard and Nehawka.

# 55 HEAD

34 Spring Boars. 1 Yearling Herd Boar. 1 Fall Yearling Boar. 13 Spring Gilts. 1 Sow with litter at side. 5 tried sows.

### For Reference Only:

Com. B. & C's Col. 89883  
 B. & C's Col. 80587  
 Prince of Col's 13571A  
 Love 35060A  
 Commodore 13381A  
 Baxter's Com. Miss 225912  
 Buddy's Best Babe 168884

### For Reference and Sale:

Perry's Model 143307  
 Watt's Model 66935  
 Sweet Rose II 284198  
 King's Pal 17221A  
 Col.'s Belle 2d 31000A  
 Golden Model V 87111  
 Sweet Rose 1  
 King to Be 12653A  
 Duchess Lass 30618A  
 Ohio Chief 8727A  
 Col.'s Belle 39998A  
 Golden Model II 77339  
 Melbourne Queen 168078  
 Proud Advance 23549  
 Manley's Best 82050

This offering includes 6 spring litters and three bred sows by K's Col. by Commodore B. & C's Col. Six spring litters and one young litter by Perry's model, by Watt's Model. Spring litter by Model Col. by Col. Tippy. One spring litter by Choice Advance by Advance V. One spring yearling herd boar by Watt's Model by King's Pal. One fall yearling boar by Fancy Model by Golden Model V. Two bred sows by Commodore B. & C's Col. by B. & C., Col. One bred sow (with litter at side) by Col. Tippy by Tippy Col.

### TERMS OF SALE:

Our terms are cash. Parties wanting time must make satisfactory settlement with the Clerk.

**COL. N. G. KRASCHEL, Auct.**  
 O. I. PURDY, Fieldman, Nebraska Farmer  
 G. O. DOVEY, Clerk.

# V. E. PERRY

OWNER.

SEND FOR CATALOG.

### GRIP STOLEN FROM THE BURLINGTON STATION YESTERDAY

That some tramps with a tendency toward robbery or sneak thieves, are getting busy in the city was shown yesterday when a grip belonging to a traveling man named A. J. Plantz, was stolen from the Burlington station in this city. The man, who was selling a patent tool for the moving of cars, arrived in this city on No. 4 yesterday morning, and left his grip in the waiting room beneath the seats, which in itself was a very foolish move, and then started up town to attend to the selling of his device. He returned in the afternoon to secure the grip, when he discovered that it was gone. The last seen of the grip was by the boy who is employed as messenger at the depot, when he was cleaning up about noon, but he paid no attention to the grip, thinking that it belonged to someone who was waiting for a train and no more was thought of the matter until the man returned to secure his satchel. It

was not of great value itself and contained only a few shirts and several books, and whoever secured it did not get a great prize, but the owner would like to secure the books, which are valuable to anyone but himself. It is thought that the deed is the work of tramps, and the police, after being notified, made a search along the tracks, but failed to discover the grip or anyone who might have taken it. The man who lost the grip resides at Appleton, Wisconsin.

### Notice.

Will the party or parties who took the lady's blue serge coat from the Turner hall last Saturday evening by mistake, or otherwise, please return the same to the Journal office. There are only one or two coats like this one in the city and it can be very easily located. 10-22-1fd

Henry A. Johnston, a business man of L'Anse, Mich., writes: "For years, Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs and colds has been our family medicine. We give it to our children, who like it on account of its pleasant taste. It is a safe cure for coughs and colds." It contains no opiates. For sale by all druggists.

### HENRY DOSE, BROTHER OF LEWIS DOSE DIED IN GLENWOOD SUNDAY

After a long illness, Henry Dose, a loved and respected citizen of Glenwood, passed away at his home at the hour of 4 a. m. October 19, 1913. Mr. Dose was a neighbor and friend that will be remembered by those who knew him with affection. He was quiet and home-loving, a doer of kind acts, and a patient sufferer. His funeral services were conducted at his home Sunday at 3 p. m. by Rev. I. D. Stone of the Congregational church. Interment was in the Glenwood cemetery.

Henry Dose was born in Holstein, Germany, August 30, 1836. He came to America in 1860. He moved to California, remaining there until he came to Glenwood in 1869. He has made this his home ever since.

Mr. Dose was called to mourn his wife in February, 1911. He leaves to mourn him five children: Charles, Frank and George, sons, Mrs. Emma James and Mrs. Minnie Keynoyar, daughters, and a brother, Lewis Dose, of Plattsburgh. The latter and his wife were present at the funeral.—Glenwood Tribune.

Mr. Dose will receive the deepest sympathy of the entire community in his loss of a beloved brother, and the children in the loss of their father.

### Entertains St. Mary's Guild.

The ladies of St. Mary's Guild held their regular meeting at the home of Mrs. J. A. Donelan Tuesday afternoon, at which time they were entertained by Miss Dora Fricke and Mrs. Donelan. During the early part of the afternoon a very interesting business session was held, after which the ladies devoted the flying hours to social conversation, sewing on dainty fancy work and other amusements which made the occasion a most enjoyable one. At a convenient hour the hostesses served a dainty luncheon. There were a large number of the ladies in attendance.

### Treated to Thorough Renovation.

The interior of the Hotel Riley in this city is being treated to a thorough overhauling and cleaning, and the rooms and halls repapered and repainted and placed in first-class shape for the use of the patrons. The work on the building is being done by Frank Gobelman and his force of workmen, and when completed the hotel will be in splendid shape and be placed in a clean and sanitary condition. The work will take some time to finish up, but when the workmen are through with it it will be a credit to the management of the hotel.

Mrs. J. H. Becker departed this morning for Omaha, where she expects to spend the day visiting with friends and attending to business matters. Mrs. George A. Kaffenberger accompanied her mother to the metropolis for the day.

## IN PLATTSMOUTH FORTY YEARS AGO

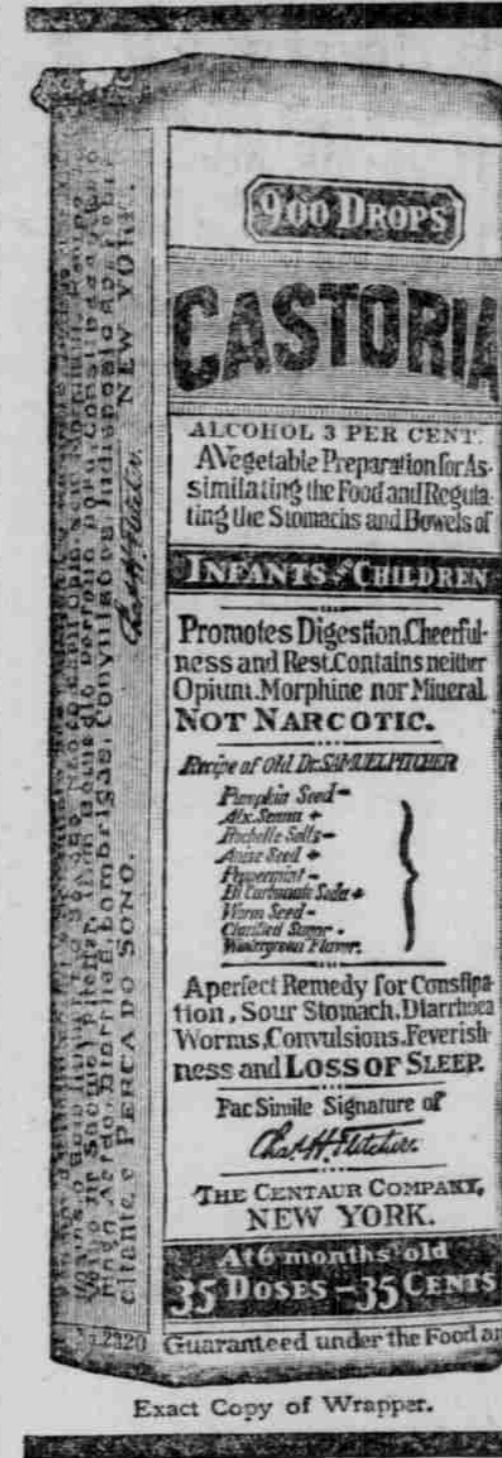
Items of Interest to Old and New Residents of City Which Were New Forty Years Ago.

Just as we were going to press this morning, about 8 o'clock, the alarm of fire was sounded. The Herald boys dropped their sticks, left the forms just ready for the press, and broke for the engine house.

The fire was in the building just east of the court house, known as Leonard's photograph gallery, and occupied below as a butcher shop. The fire caught from a defective flue in the butcher shop, and by the time the people or engines arrived there, the whole gallery was one dense cloud of smoke and flame. Volumes of black smoke poured through the roof and the cracks of the building, but for 15 or 20 minutes no blaze could be seen; then little tongues of flame crept through here and there, and licked out black and ugly patches in the weatherboards. Soon all the roof was in a blaze. The next building east and Heisel's feed store, of course caught, and the blaze from all these buildings rose high toward heaven. Now the firemen stream up over the ladders, the little Babcocks squirt and fizz, and the big engine, after some delay, sent a shower of benzine over the roof. It was no go; higher rose the flames, fiercer grew the heat. Treasurer Cummins began to pack the things from his office. Dan McKinnon and Commissioner Clark, who happened to be here, ordered the things in the county clerk's office be pulled out, and soon a huge pile of county books, records, pledges and vouchers lay in the street. The court house caught in several places, and for some time it seemed impossible to save it. Wet blankets were spread on the roof of the county buildings, and also on the roof and over the sides of Merks' hardware store, on the east. Wheeler's house was in imminent danger, and the pale faces on every hand gave token that the danger was fully realized. A bucket brigade was formed from the creek, 125 yards distant, and soon the water began to fly lively. All the wells about had been emptied before this, the soda water had given out in the big Babcock, and the red, red fiend seemed to be having a perfect Christmas holiday time of it all to himself. The firemen and citizens worked heroically to save the court house, standing in the scorching flames and packing buckets rapidly to be flung over the scorching, hissing roof. At last the two frame buildings fell with a great crash and the worst of the danger was over. The buckets did the business mainly, and we hope hereafter when a fire breaks out a bucket line will be formed more speedily than it was this morning. The machine shop boys, our town boys and the firemen all worked like nailers. Frank Stader held the nozzle on the roof as long as a single "galoot" could pass a bucket to him. Some man in a blanket on the court house kept his place firmly and passed many a bucket along. It would be useless to mention the names of all who acted bravely and well; the citizens may thank the boys in a bunch for doing the best they could, faithfully and lively, but we need more organization, better order and leaders, if we are to have many more such fires.

The Damages—Leonard saved most of his pictures, chemicals, etc., some of the meat was saved from the butcher shop, but most of it was roasted too crisp for even a grasshopper sufferer to digest. Harvey Sage lived over the auction store, but got most of his things out and moved up to Elbert Duke's. Heisel lost some of his flour, feed, etc. Frank White got his auction goods mostly out. Leonard and Parmele owned the building that caught first, and Mr. Billings the other two. No insurance on anything and the buildings a complete mass of cinders, with the exception of a few bricks in the side wall of the feed store. Loss, about \$4,000.

At 10 o'clock the streets are almost cleaned, the books are put back in the county treasurer's and county clerk's offices, Heisel is open across at Schluntz's old stand and Leonard is hunting another skylight. He expects to take a "photo" of the dirtiest fireman there was before night yet.



## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

of *Dr. J. C. Heisel*

In Use For Over Thirty Years

## CASTORIA

Mayor Livingston was on the ground working like a beaver. John Fitzgerald spoiled a new hat, and Sam Barker shouted himself hoarse.

Pottenger's old office, one of the oldest and meanest landmarks on the street, was "hooked" by the boys early in the fight and no more can "Pot" smoke on the steps even if the Mormons allowed him to return and pass his declining years in his almost native place. No one was hurt seriously—one or two got a scratch, and lots of good clothes are soaked, and now we're all glad it is no worse; if we had lost our court house, we should have been in a bad fix. Fate on the whole was kindly to us, no wind, and the actual damage is not irreparable.

### Our Surveyor's Letter.

Northern Neb., In Camp, July 18th.  
 I will have an opportunity to send a letter to the postoffice tomorrow, so I will drop you a few lines to let you know how I am getting along. We left North Platte on Saturday, July 11th, and traveled over the sand hills for about 25 miles, when our water gave out and so did the men and mules and we camped for the night. As soon as it was light we started again and traveled 10 miles before we found water. We camped and had breakfast, and remained until Monday morning. We then left our camp, which was beside a beautiful lake, and started for the Dismal river, we crossed the Loup river about five miles from the lake and here filled up our barrels and started across as dreary a waste as I ever saw, with 60 gallons of water, intending to get more at a lake that was about half way between the lake and the Dismal, but the lake was dry when we reached it and we had to travel on without water, we left one wagon and traveled until about 12 o'clock at night, when the mules could go no further without rest, so we camped for the night. At daylight we unloaded one wagon of everything but the provisions for breakfast and a few empty kegs we started for the river and found it about five miles off. The

river is called the Dismal, but a more beautiful stream we thought we never saw. The mules and horses could hardly wait till we got their harness off, and as soon as they were loose plunged down the bank and clear into the river and seemed as if they never would get their fill, and the men were not behind-hand for we were soon all in the water. After breakfast we filled up our kegs and barrel and started back to where we had left our goods. About 3 o'clock a man came into our camp looking for water, and reported a train about ten miles back without a drop. We sent a team with two barrels to them immediately and they all arrived during the night. The next morning (Wednesday) we started to go down stream and a lot of us got our guns and went ahead of the teams, when six of us, myself included, got lost from the teams and didn't get back until the next night, and we had a pretty hard time of it, only having one rabbit between six of us during that time, but we are all right now. We are camped on the Dismal river, about two miles from its junction with the Loup. We have plenty of fresh meat, antelope and deer being plentiful along the banks of these streams. "Mox" is either lost or stolen. John Leach is going home tomorrow and I will send some "cactus" plants by him. Lou Cunningham and myself were washing today and we did pretty well, only rubbing the skin off of our knuckles in two or three places. Our party divided today and Fairfield's outfit started north. Will Shryock.

Lawyer George Smith and wife left us on Saturday last for Illinois, to spend the holidays.

The Ashland Times is on hand for a division of several counties this winter. It wants a slice from Cass, Lancaster, Saunders and Sarpy counties to be made into a new county of which Ashland shall be the county seat, etc. What do our Weeping Water friends say to this? The Times man had better "look a leedle ood," Cass has something to say on this head.

We offer from our Underwear Department, sixteen dozen Ladies' bleached

## Fleeced Union Suits

that compare very favorably with a garment commonly sold at \$1.00 per garment. Our price until the lot is closed out, will be—

**69c per Suit**

We are showing a full line of the Munsingwear

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## PILES No Money Till Cured

Fistula and All Rectal Diseases cured without the knife. Permanent cures guaranteed. Write for Free Illustrated Book on Rectal Diseases and testimonials of hundreds of cured patients in Nebraska and Iowa.

**DR. E. R. TARRY - 240 Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.**