

Plattsmouth Journal.

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PLATTSMOUTH, : NEBRASKA.

A PHYSIOLOGICAL CHARADE.

An Ingenious But Easily-Solved Riddle.

Pronounced as one letter, and written with three.

Two letters there are, and only one in me.

I am double, am single, am black, blue and gray.

I am read from both ends and the same either way.

I am restless and wandering, steady and fixed.

And you know not one hour what I may be next.

I melt and I kindle, beseech and defy.

I am watery and moist, I am fiery and dry.

I am scornful and scowling, compassionate, meek.

I am light, I am dark, I am strong, I am weak.

I am sluggish and dead, I am lively and bright.

I am sharp, I am flat, I am left, I am right.

I am piercing and clear, I am heavy and dull.

Expressive and languid, contracted and full.

I am careless and vacant, I search and I pry.

And judge, and decide, and examine, and try.

I'm a globe and a mirror, a window, a door.

An index, an organ, and fifty things more.

I belong to all animals under the sun.

And to those who were long understood to have none.

By some I am said to exist in the mind.

And am found in potatoes and needle and wind.

Three jackets I own, of glass, water and horn.

And I wore them all three on the day I was born.

I am covered quite snug, with a lid and a fringe.

Yet I move every way on a terrible hinge.

A pupil I have, a most whimsical wight.

Who is little by day and grows big in the night.

Whom I cherish with care as part of myself.

For in truth I depend on this delicate elf.

Who collects all my food, and with wonderful knack

Throws it into a net which I keep at my back.

And though heels over head it arrives, in a trice

It is sent up to table all proper and nice.

I am spoken of sometimes as if I were glass.

But then it is false, and the trick will not pass.

It blows makes me run, though I have not a limb.

Though I neither have nose nor bladder, I swim.

Like many more comical, my partner and I.

At times will look cross at each other, and shy.

Yet still, though we differ in what we're about.

One will do all the work when the other is out.

I am least apt to cry, as they always remark.

When trimmed with good lashes, or kept in the dark.

Should I fret and be heated they put me to bed.

And leave me to bathe in water and bread.

But if hardened I grow, they make use of the knife.

Least an obstinate humor endanger my life.

Or you may, though the treatment appears to be rough.

Run a spit through my side and with safety enough.

Like the boys who are fond of the fruit and their play.

I am seen with my ball and apple all day.

My belt is a rainbow, I reel and I dance.

I am said to retire, though I never advance.

I am read by physicians as one of their books.

And am used by the ladies to fasten their hooks.

My language is plain, though it can not be heard.

And I speak without ever pronouncing a word.

Some call me a diamond, some say I am a jet.

Others talk of my water, or how I am set.

I'm a borough in England, in Scotland a stream.

And an isle of the sea in the Irishman's dream.

The earth without me would no loveliness wear.

And sun, moon and stars at my wish disappear.

Yet so frail is my tenure, so little my joy.

That a speck gives me pain, and a drop can destroy.

—London Lancet.

PETE BILKS' RELIGION.

The Happy Outcome of a Revival in Larksville.



NE FELLOW proposed selling pools on the chances, and the bets were about five to one that they wouldn't get him.

You see, there was a great revival in the course of eruption (if one may be permitted the expression) in the little town of Larksville, and the report was that Pete Bilks was on the "anxious seat." At any rate, he was inside of the church doors, and that was something no one had ever seen happen before.

For Pete to have been anxious about anything would have been a novelty, but for him to be solicitous about his spiritual condition was quite beyond anything yet, and the boys were very much excited over it.

Pete had been rather a wild sort always, although he never had done anything so awfully bad. He was a sort of local sport and fond of shooting and fishing and all sorts of out-of-door amusements.

He could guess the weight of a fat hog or steer to a pound, too, and he was never known to have been left behind in any "swap" of horses or anything else. Besides these accomplishments he was the fastest short-distance runner for miles around.

Matches were often gotten up to show off his powers to some admiring stranger, but Pete never claimed to be more than a sprinter, and he always frankly said to his vanquished rival: "Ef it had been ten rods further I'd a clean gin out."

The revival meetings of which I speak were held in the only church of the village, where the Methodists held forth one Sunday and the Baptists the next, and they were a sort of joint affair of the two congregations.

The church, or meeting-house, as the older residents still call it, was a one-story wooden building, painted white, and lighted by tall, narrow windows.

It was guileless of stained glass or decorations of any sort, and the pine benches were high of seat, low of back, and harder than the heart of the most unrepentant sinner. There was no carpet on the floor and the room was warmed by two large sheet-iron "heat-

ers" which stood on either side like grim sentinels.

The box-like pulpit was painted black and stood upon a low platform in one end of the room, and this was flanked by a small organ on the right and a small case of Sunday-school books on the left.

Four plain iron lamps hung from as many rusty hooks in the ceiling, and to the frame of every second window was fastened a clumsy bracket-lamp. Directly in front of the pulpit were three rows of benches, separated by a small space from those in the body of the church. These were for the "seekers."

There was a good deal of Christianity in Larksville, but it was of a volcanic sort. It would slumber very peacefully for a time, then it would burst out with an explosion which would fairly shake the pillars of the church, both literal and figurative. Then shouts and groans of repentance would rend the air, and the guilty sinner would be brought to a consciousness of his unworthiness by the combined efforts of



"I'M GOIN' IN AN' SEE THIS THING OUT."

Brother Sneed, Methodist, and Brother Judkins, Baptist.

Miss Judkins, Brother Judkins' lanky, red-haired daughter, played the organ for the Baptists, while Mr. Sneed, Brother Sneed's nephew, performed the same service for the Methodists. During revivals they "sawed off," that is, took turn and turn about at the wheezy instrument; and there were always little mysterious whispered conversations between them and Brother Buncomb, who led the singing, varied by tip-toed excursions to the pulpit and more whispered consultation with Brother Sneed and Brother Judkins.

Now, Pete was one of a set of men who usually hung about the outside door of the sacred edifice during the time that the meetings were in session, not so much to receive the droppings of the sanctuary, I regret to say, as to see the fun and make rude jests about the same. These men the revivalists at first designated in their prayers by the collective title of "the ungodly," but, this failing to have effect, the prayers grew decidedly personal, and petitions for the conversion of Peter Bilks, Andy Artz, Bill Jones and Sam Hall were wafted through the open windows to the crowd of loungers outside, where they were met by snickers and irrelevant jokes.

This sort of thing had gone on for some time, when one night Pete stepped out from the crowd and said: "By thunder, boys, I'm goin' in an' see this thing out."

He was as good as his word, for he walked boldly into the church and took a seat half way up the middle aisle.

Then it was that the boys outside began to bet on the results.

"This 'ere looks serious, boys, Pete never went in a church afore to my ken. I'm afeard they'll have him afore he's done," drawled Andy Artz.

"Fiddlesticks! he's only a guyin' 'em. I'll go you five to one that he don't jine 'em," said Bill Jones.

"Done," said Andy, and the money was put up, Sam holding the stakes. There was quite a great stir inside the church when the fact was communicated from one to another by winks and nods and sundry rolling of eyes that Peter Bilks was in the room.

"Come, ye sinners poor and needy," was the hymn given out, and Brother Judkins gave an earnest invitation to any and all "unsaved persons" to come forward and take seats.

While the hymn was being sung expectant glances were turned toward Pete, but Peter sat stolid and immovable. When the singing was finished Brother Sneed suggested that it be repeated to give those who had not fully determined to start another chance. Again it was sung and still Pete sat quite unmoved.

As the last quavering note died away Peter arose. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began in a firm voice, "I hev about made up my mind that I'd like to be a Christian, but ye all know jist how it is with me. I am by nature and habit a sprinter. I kin run a short race all right, but come to long distances an' I'm winded terrible easy. Now, I'd hate to begin this ere thing an' then peter out fast lick, an' that's what I'm afeard I'll do."

"An' so many of you 'uns here seems to be sprinters 'stead o' stayers that I see it's the natural way, an' ez I han't no notion o' bein' thet sort, I believe I won't start."

There was a commotion—inquiring glances were sent from one to another, but Pete went calmly on: "It's all very well for you, Brother Sneed, to set an' exhort an' pray now, but how long is it sense you wuz a-tryin' yer wust to git

the whip-hand in a dicker about some hogs weth old man Todd?"

"An' you, Brother Judkins, is mighty earnest now, but 'tan't two months back sense ye snuck outen yer back gate when ye seen Miss Coones' gal comin' up yer front walk and ye thought she was comin' to ast to borrow yer hoss and buggy to ride over to Haytown to see her sick pa. An' you, Sister Green, I hearn you less'n a fortnit back a-gos-sippin' an' a-runnin' down of a sartin young gal that ain't hed the prayen' done over her thet your gals hes hed."

"An' you, too, Brother Small. I seen ye fillin' yer pockets with peanuts from lame Sammy's stand when his head was turned. Now peanuts air a little matter, but lame Sammy's he hez to pay fer 'em all the same, and he han't got no bank account over to Haytown like you hev."

"There's others, too, but I'm only mentionin' of these because them's the ones I hearn a-prayin' an' a-mentionin' the names and the sins of me and Andy and Bill and us fellers outside."

"I says to myself ez I hearn ye: 'Now, ef it's right for one human bein' to speak o' the faults of a fellow-critter in public, it's right fer another; so I came in an' sat here tell I got a chance to git it back onto some on yer.' Here Pete sat down as calmly as though he had not fired a bomb—the like of which had never been heard of—right into the midst of the assembled people.

The effect was simply electrical—people fairly held their breath for a moment.

Now, when Pete had begun by mentioning Brother Sneed's name, Brother Judkins had made a move as if to stop him, but Brother Sneed had held him back, muttering: "The fellow is right, let him alone," and so Pete had gone on uninterrupted to the end.

After a moment of the death-like silence Brother Sneed arose. "Brethren and sisters, Peter is right," he said. "I did try to trade to overreach a fellow-man. For this and all my other shortcomings I ask the Lord's pardon, and yours, my dear brethren."

"And I," rolled out Brother Judkins' deep bass voice, while Sister Green's shrill treble piped up, brokenly: "And me, tew."

"Let us pray," said Brother Judkins. The people all fell on their knees, and Pete with them.

There were no howling amens and loud groans this time—there was a short time of silent, earnest prayer, then Peter's voice broke the stillness.

"O Lord, I am a-goin' to pray for myself, fur I need it more'n the rest. I want to confess that when I come in here to-night I done it jist to git even weth some I jedged hed been onfair toward us fellers outside. But now, O Lord, I am in, I am a-goin' to stay in an' do my best, an' I ast help to keep me a-goin'." I hev done meny other sinful acts, O Lord, but you hev heern' all about them from the bretherin and sisterin, so I won't mention 'em agen unly tosay I am sorry I done 'em. Amen."

As the congregation rose to their feet Miss Judkins, without any whispered confab this time, started entirely on her own hook upon "Just as I am, without one plea," and she fairly made the old organ speak. It was better for the



"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN," HE BEGAN.

artistic effect if one did not look at Miss Judkins, for her nose and eyelids were red and teary and her mouth was puckered into a funny, hard knot; but the organ pumped hard, you know, and that may have had something to do with it.

One by one the voices joined in the song, and when it was finished Brother Sneed pronounced the benediction and the meeting was over.

Well, in time they got the rest of Pete's set into the fold, but "it wasn't by hollerin', an' callin' names, an' showin' up faults they done it," to quote Pete. "It was by makin' less noise an' showin' 'em how Christians ort to act."

And, stranger than all, there was no disputing or quarreling between the Methodists and Baptists over the new converts. "Them as liked thet'n wet followed the Baptists, and them that took thet'n dry went 'tother way," to quote Peter once more. Pete himself joined the Baptists, the "baptisin' bein' more thorough like."

He proved a "stayer," too, and one of the traditions in Larksville is that Parson Sneed and Parson Judkins and Sister Green and Peter Bilks all "got religion" at the same time.—Marie More Marsh, in Chicago Times.

—But It Wouldn't—Cholly—"Hello! Dolly, what's that on youah chain?" Dolly—"That's a thermometer chain." Cholly—"Dawn't saw! Did it go down to zero when Miss Moneybags cut you?"—Jeweler's Weekly.

SAVED FROM DISASTER.

Argentine Republic Investments Imperil the Great English Banking House of Baring Bros. & Co.—On the Verge of Ruin They Are Rescued by the Bank of England and Others—Liabilities of \$75,000,000.

LONDON, Nov. 17.—The Times, referring to the financial situation, says: "The city has passed through a crisis verging on a panic. Such a time has not been known since the suspension of Overend, Gurney & Co. We rejoice that we are able to announce that the worst is over. The Bank of England has added to its historic services to the state and the commercial committee by its prompt action in averting what would have been a lamentable catastrophe. The administration of the bank not only provided vast re-enforcements to its stock of gold to meet exceptional demands in the event of a panic, but also stepped out of the ordinary routine of business to prevent the downfall of the greatest and most respected of English financial houses, which had for some days been in peril, and which, if it had fallen, would probably have brought down in widespread ruin a large number of smaller but important firms."

The great financial house referred to is that of Baring Bros. & Co. They have been helped through by the Bank of England, the Rothschilds and several London joint stock banks, who made large advances to the firm. The Baring Bros.' position is now believed to be secure.

The Bank of England has subscribed £1,000,000, three joint banks have given £75,000 each, and two others £500,000 each to assist Baring Bros. Several other houses have subscribed smaller amounts, all the subscriptions making a total of £10,000,000. This will constitute a guarantee fund for three years. It is roughly estimated that the total liabilities of the firm, including £16,000,000 in acceptances, amount to £21,000,000, while the assets, at present prices, are valued at £24,000,000. The Government has authorized the Bank of England, if necessary, to issue an additional £2,000,000 in notes, and will suspend the bank act if requisite. The original cause of the firm's trouble was Russia's withdrawal of several millions of deposits on loan of the firm's dealings in Argentine and Uruguay bonds. It is expected that incoming investors will gradually relieve the strain in the market.

CAUSED BY THE REVOLUTION.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—The Evening Post of Saturday in its financial article, says: "About three months ago, when the Argentine revolution first began to seriously cripple the financial houses which were floating the various Argentine securities and enterprises, an examination of the assets and liabilities of Messrs. Baring Bros. showed a valuation of assets which left a clear balance of £15,000,000 over and above all liabilities. The shrinkage of about \$11,000,000, or say \$55,000,000, in the three months, shows what a tremendous strain London financiers have been subjected to. As for the prospect of a resuscitation of the value of these Argentine securities, it is good. The South American countries where such great enterprises have been undertaken by English capital have natural resources of such enormous value that in a few years they will certainly pay, and with the resuscitation of these will also come the restoration of the value of all Argentine securities."

[Baring Bros. & Co. are one of the oldest and most respected banking houses in the world. The present firm was founded in the first quarter of the present century. John Baring, the ancestor of all the English Barings, came from Bremen and settled in Exeter, Eng., early in the eighteenth century. His son was Sir Francis Baring, a London merchant, who became a director in the East India Company and amassed a very large fortune for those days. Owing to his influence William Pitt renewed the charter of the East India Company in 1797. Two of Sir Francis Baring's sons married sisters, daughters of Senator Bingham, of Pennsylvania. This was about the year 1800. Their descendants are now the chief partners of Baring Bros. & Co., and besides hold four peerages in the English House of Lords. The Earl of Northbrook, Lord Wolverton, Lord Ravelston and Lord Ashburton are members of the famous Baring family. Of these peers only Lord Ravelston is now a member of the banking house. The other partners are James Stewart Hodgson, Henry Bingham Milnes, Charles Lord Normanby, Thomas Charles Baring, Honorable Francis Henry Baring, Robert Kirriam Hodgson, Thomas Baring and William Baring Hulbert.

Baring Bros. have been one of the great banking houses which have lent money to the Egyptian Government. With the failure of Egypt to pay the interest on the loans the troubles of the Barings began. Instead of retrenching the house plunged deeper and deeper into foreign loans and investment. About five years ago Baring Brothers became financial agents in Europe for the Argentine Republic. When this step was taken several London newspapers warned them of the gravity of the undertaking and expressed the belief that Baring Brothers had lost reputation in recent years through similar risky ventures. But Baring Bros. have also played a very important part in the American market through their New York agents, Kildner, Peabody & Co. The greater part of the large Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad belongs to them, or is controlled by them. When this road failed to pay its fixed charges more than two years ago it had to be reorganized. This was brilliantly and successfully done through the agency of Kildner, Peabody & Co., but the change must have resulted in a large financial loss to the Barings. Baring Bros. have lately been interested in promoting industrial companies, such as breweries and stock yards, in this country in order to launch the stock on the English market.

In 1868, when the credit of this country was fairly tried by the exaction policy of France and England in Europe, the Baring family proved themselves true friends of the young Republic. Substantial financial aid was given by them to the United States at a time when that help was badly needed.]

SANCHEZ CAPTURED AND SHOT.

Rebels Defeated in Honduras and the Revolution Is at an End.

TEGUCIGALPA, Nov. 17.—General Longinos Sanchez, who headed the recent attempt to overthrow the Government of President Bogran, and who with his forces held this city for the brief period of one week, has been captured and, with the principal leaders of his army, shot. The revolution is at an end. After Friday's fighting it was a foregone conclusion that this would be the end. Sanchez's troops had been defeated in a series of bloody engagements, and he, with the brief remainder, were penned up in San Francisco barracks, surrounded by a vigilant force flushed with victory. President Bogran Friday night had stationed a number of cannon about the barracks and early Saturday morning he opened fire. Sanchez and his imprisoned comrades, knowing that death awaited them in any event, fought with all the desperate courage of despair, but it was a hopeless struggle from the start. After a brief cannonading the walls of the barracks were almost completely battered down. There was a determined charge by Bogran's soldiers, a brief but desperate hand-to-hand fight, and then all that remained alive of the rebels were prisoners. Without the formality of a court-martial Sanchez, with several of the principal officers engaged in the revolt, were taken to one of the principal squares in the city, blindfolded, and stood in line in the presence of hundreds of the citizens. A firing party was told off. The doomed men were given a brief time for prayer, then the word was given, there was a crash of musketry, and the revolution of Longinos Sanchez passed into history. Sanchez and his men met their fate without flinching. The bodies of the dead rebels were exposed to the public gaze all day as a warning to future aspirants to the Presidential chair who desire to get supreme power by force of arms.

Sanchez was not popular with the citizens of Tegucigalpa, and the sympathies of the people were altogether with Bogran; hence, though nearly everybody was grieving over the death or wounding of some relative or friend, there was general rejoicing over the signal victory of the Government forces. General Sanchez during his brief term of power caused two of the members of President Bogran's Cabinet to be shot. One of the executed Ministers was Simon Martinez.

AN OUTBREAK EXPECTED.

North Dakota Settlers Fleeing from Their Homes—Fear of an Indian Uprising—Redskins Making Preparations to Go on the Warpath.

MANDAN, N. D., Nov. 17.—Settlers on the farms and ranches south of Mandan are fleeing from their homes, believing that an Indian uprising is near at hand. They urgently demand protection, and many a farm-house in North Dakota will soon be deserted unless the settlers receive some assurance that they will not be left to the mercy of the murderous redskins, who are now whetting their knives in anticipation of the moment when they may begin their bloody work. The Indians are trading their horses and all other property for guns and ammunition and will be well prepared when the outbreak comes. Local hardware men have sold all their ammunition to them. Joseph Buckley rode in Sunday from the reservation and says the Indian agents are harboring a feeling of false security and that the danger will be realized when it is too late. The mayor of Mandan has called a public meeting and the Government will be petitioned for guns to arm the citizens. The Indians say they will have every thing to gain and nothing to lose by an uprising. If they are beaten their rations will be doubled, as in the past. Buckley says every Indian on the reservation will shortly go on the warpath and that they have got possession of Custer's rifles, which the United States army has never found.

CAME TO GRIEF.

A New York Broker's Forgeries Cause the Failure of His Firm—He Secured \$350,000 by Fraud.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—Albert H. Smith, the junior partner in the brokerage firm of Mills, Robeson & Smith, at 96 Broadway, is a prisoner at police headquarters charged with over seventy forgeries, aggregating \$350,000. Smith has acknowledged his guilt to Inspector Byrnes, and has turned over all his property to W. A. Watson for the benefit of his creditors. The discovery of the forgeries, which cover a period of six years, was accidentally made on Saturday morning by a clerk. In his confession Smith says he used the money obtained by his forgeries to reimburse customers of the firm who had lost money on his suggestions. The loss resulting from Smith's misdoings will fall upon his firm, which has been in existence since 1872 and which has been held in the highest repute. The firm has assigned. Smith's crime is forgery in the first degree, and as he has confessed his guilt he can not escape a long term of imprisonment. He is 45 years old and a childless widower. All of Smith's forgeries are not a total loss to the firm, as about one-fourth can be recovered. The net loss will be \$27,000. Smith was arraigned at the Jefferson Market police court and was remanded.