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DAILY AND WEEKLY.

C. W. SHERMAN, Editor.

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OFFICIAL COUNTY NEWSPAPER.

CAPITAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 25, 1894.
—Say what one may there is no disguising the fact that the coming hither of Coxe's army of the unemployed is the one leading topic of thought and conversation among the thinking and reading people of this district just now, and this includes not only property-owners, office-holders and citizens generally, but members of both houses of congress and the attaches about the capital. The little tiff in the senate a few days ago, with Senator Allen on one side and Hawley on the other, was but an outcropping of much under-the-current talk one hears on every side.

"What will they do when they get here?" "How will Washington feed the army when it comes?" "Is congress going to hear their petition?" "Will they go away after they have presented their petition?" and a thousand other questions one hears asked on every hand. One fact is quite apparent, the coming of the army is no longer treated as a joke or as a fake, but is a living reality, and it must be met in a form or manner far more respectful than was contemplated a month ago, when a little straggling force of eighty-five men started out from Massillon in the snow and mud, amid the jeers and scoffs of a whole nation. Even a week ago the temper of the authorities here was different from what it is today. Then it was the common talk that if they came the leaders would be captured and imprisoned while the rank and file would be turned back or sent to the workhouse. Today these authorities are at a loss to know what to do, and have about made up their minds to treat the commonweal as if they were citizens and entitled to be heard and listened to. There is no doubt but the outpourings of citizens of Omaha and Council Bluffs, in sympathy with the ill-treated army of Gen. Kelly at the hands of Gov. Jackson and the railroads has had something to do with this change of sentiment and conduct of district officials. There is among all mankind "a fellow feeling" which on occasion "makes us wondrous kind." The spirit of liberty wells up in the heart, creating sympathy for men who are oppressed, no matter who they may be or of what condition. So the effort to crush out the California contingent has made friends for the movement all over the land, and has given it character just as the sacrifice at Lexington and the stirring scenes of the retreat from Concord gave character to the early efforts of the patriots of the revolution. Coxe and his little band will be here within a week, and if I am not mistaken the sundry plutocrats of the senate will be very much humbled in spirit when they come.

If the senate could only be induced to hurry matters along and pass the tariff bill by that time they would be doing the best thing possible toward giving these men employment—unless, indeed, it would be the enactment of a free coinage law.

The Coxe forces have a large number of local sympathizers here who are preparing to receive the army when it comes. Nightly meetings are held at their headquarters, and quite a sum has been quietly raised with which to buy provisions and provide for their well-being. Col. Redstone, a very determined and enthusiastic little man, is the head of the movement, and he is a man not to be trifled with. I met him recently and tried to convince him of the foolishness of the "good roads" idea—of the government recognizing the necessity of its providing work for men—while, in fact no such power had been delegated by the constitution, and that it was the rankest sort of paternalism. "Don't the government give charters to banks, authorize bankers to collect interest on notes, issue money to them and supervise their affairs? Is not that paternalism in the interest of the rich? Don't the government take charge of the people's postal affairs, and isn't that paternalism? Why not build some highways at public expense,

and give poor men something to do?" And with this he was off without giving me a chance to reply.

R. L. Metcalf of the Omaha World-Herald was here yesterday—enjoying a little outing, he said, after three years of hard work without a rest. There is no question but "Met" is a rising character in Nebraska journalism, and is sure to leave his mark on the history of the state. He is a fellow of rare industry and most excellent judgment in political as well as literary and editorial affairs, and Mr. Hitchcock has done well to make a fixture of him on his paper. The fact that Frank Hatton of the Washington Post, at scarce fifty, was yesterday stricken with paralysis, ought, however, I think, be a warning to "Met" not to work too hard, lest the same fate befall him. Hatton has been a tireless worker these six years past since he took charge of the Post, and no doubt owes his present affliction to that fact; for to all appearance he is physically a well man, but in nervous force must be broken. Better luck to "Met."

Business in the house goes on with scarce an incident worth mentioning these days. Last Friday night, as usual, an evening session was held for considering private pension claims, and, as usual, Mr. Kilgore of Texas objected to the passage of any bill unless a quorum voted. Of course no quorum was present, and after a call of the house, which was fruitless, the session came to a close, much to the disgust of Col. Hepburn, of Iowa, who had certain bills pending, and he declared his purpose to be hereafter to compel a quorum to vote on every question before the house, if Kilgore persisted in his course. He followed that course on Monday and compelled the vote of a quorum to approve the journal, but by Tuesday he weakened, apparently, as he was not there to object when the journal was read.

By the way have JOURNAL readers noticed anything lately emanating from that erstwhile remarkable orator from Iowa—Mr. Dolliver? It will be remembered that two years ago the republican newspapers of the west doted on him as a rising man—a perfect cyclone of an orator, who had completely floored Bryan in his maiden effort in the house. But of late he is seldom seen on the floor, and his last effort was an admitted failure. In fact he cannot begin to get the hearing today on the floor that Hepburn can while Bryan has forged so far ahead that he is not in the same class any more. Some men grow downward like a horse's tail, and the Iowa cyclone seems to be of that order.

JOURNAL readers remember, doubtless, the controversy that grew out of the use by Mr. Bryan in his silver speech last August of Miss Muhlbach's story of the drummer boy of Marengo, and some—my friend Tom Wilkinson among the number—even doubted if there was such a character. I was delving through some idyllic lore in the congressional library the other day, however, when I encountered a little poem which satisfied me not only that that drummer boy not only lived, but told how he died, and here it is. The little story was written by Nettie Paterson and is entitled:

THE DRUMMER BOY OF CARDINELL.
Macdonald's valiant soldiers marched in Cardinell that day,
When shooting avalanches stormed their wild, terrible way;
The wariest still struggled on, with hope that they might see
Napoleon gem proud France's crown with one more victory.
One drummer boy of a regiment, whose heart had hoped to play
The martial music of his drum to battle on that day,
Pressed forward just as bravely as the bravest that should wield
Triumphant weapons of a knight on Marengo's bloody field,
Nor dreamed he of his warlike days—this one should be the last;
That howling storms within the chasm declared forever past;
For while his cheek and eye in hope of victory did glow,
An avalanche went thundering down the awful gulf below.
Macdonald's soldiers, struggling with our courage to the fight,
Could hear the beating of a drum far distant in the night;
Till every sound in distance hushed had ceased to find an ear,
It beat in hope that some kind heart in sympathy would hear.
'Twas the drummer boy of Marengo with the avalanche that fell
Beating out a call for aid from the gulf of Cardinell!
Thinking that with martial music he could reach a soldier's heart,
He beat till icy fingers claimed him from the ranks of Bonaparte.
Suns that rose to light Marengo in that awful chasm deep
Warmed no pulse within his bosom, nor awakened him from sleep.
He had hoped to wake to valor with the beating of his drum
Of his drum of many a gallant comrade when the battle hour should come,
And the tales of fallen mighty in after years to tell,
But he's resting just as peaceful in the gulf of Cardinell.

CAUTION TO COMMONWEALERS.

Chicago Times.
The United States army, which is not so very much bigger than the so-called army of the commonweal, is now in possession of "Gen." Hogan's 500 train-stealing invincibles at Forsyth, Mont. Just what the real army will do with the make-believe army is difficult to tell, but at any rate Mr. Hogan's exploit in the line of land piracy will prevent his rallying with Coxe at Washington, and therefore dashes his hope of being a factor in the regeneration of society by the device of good roads, paper money, and death to interest-bearing bonds.

This is entirely as it should be. There are two fundamental principles bearing upon this industrial-army agitation, the truth of which cannot be gainsaid. One man, three men, 300 men, or 3,000 men have a right to proceed in orderly fashion along the highways of this nation whither they may wish to go. They have an inalienable right to pass through villages, towns, and cities if such lie in their path. It is the opinion of the Times that, if abstract right alone be considered, they have a right to pass over toll-roads without the payment of toll, for a toll-road is undoubtedly an unwarrantable invasion of the inalienable right of free use of a public highway. They have the right to go to the nation's capital and present there, in orderly fashion, any petition, however ridiculous, they may desire to offer.

So long as the industrial armies exercise only these rights and do so without resorting to violence and theft, any interference with them by police, militia, or regular troops would be unwarrantable and would justify resistance.

But on the other hand, the essence of the right of the commonwealers to march lies in their doing so peacefully and in their respecting public and private property. If they forage on the surrounding country they must be punished as other thieves would be punished. If they steal a train they must be captured and held to answer for the crime. The grievances of the class they represent—and they have many grievances—cannot justify recourse of violence as long as the orderly processes of law and the ballot afford hope of a remedy. Nor can the notorious, the shameful and execrable fact that many men in high social station have stolen railroads, plundered corporations, ground the happiness, the hope, and life out of the people to be coined into dollars for their own fat pockets justify a single act of violence or outlawry on the part of those who now rise in protest.

The Times knows that it is out of tune with its contemporaries, but the note which it has struck is one of entire sincerity. It has no word of denunciation or of ridicule for the men who in a vague, uncertain way are seeking a vague, uncertain remedy for ills which are neither vague nor uncertain. In a spirit of sympathy, of friendliness for those men, we urge them the vital necessity of maintaining absolute peace and order in their ranks. There is a remedy in the ballot box, and until that remedy has been sincerely sought no other should be tried. The lesson taught by history, the history of our own time, is a lesson which the commonweal should take to heart. It teaches that violent attempts to redress the wrongs of a class only increase the subjection of that class. A crime committed in however good a cause allies all the orderly, law-abiding elements of society in antagonism to that cause, and the orderly, law-abiding element in American life holds the whip today, though it does not use it at the proper time.

An eastern firm has just sold 10,000 kegs of nails for export to Australia by way of England. As the McKinley law levies a protective tariff of 1 cent per pound on nails it is likely that the Australians, who certainly purchased here because nails were cheaper than in England, got them at a lower figure than they could have been purchased by an American dealer or consumer. Be that as it may, an industry which can undersell England in an English colony and ship the goods to the antipodes is not in any crying need of protection. The Wilson bill's clause levying a tariff of one-half of 1 per cent ad valorem on nails should be stricken out.

W. J. H. TRAINOR, supreme president of the American protective association, boasts that that body now holds the key to the political situation in America. But the more liberal-minded inhabitants, fortunately, still hold the situation, and will continue to do so, key or no key.

JUDGE LAMBERT of Buffalo N. Y. has granted a dead man a decree of divorce. This curious action is the result of a suit which Sidney King, a railroad conductor, had begun. Pending decision King was killed in a collision, and as he left no will the rights

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THE CLOTHIER.

of his heirs to his life insurance became involved. The court, therefore, proceeded as though death had not intervened. It will be strange, however, if the divorced wife will not question the validity of the proceeding to carry it to a higher court.
SAN FRANCISCO authorities put an end to the proposed fight between a lion and a bear at the Midwinter exposition without much difficulty. If it had been a fight between a bear and a man or one man with another man the fight would have come off as advertised.
MR. CLEVELAND has finally decided not to visit Nebraska this summer. He has probably heard of that commonweal demonstration in Omaha last week and fears that his presence might occasion a worse one.
In an interview Madeline Pollard says: "No one knows better than I how badly congress needs purifying." So, ho! Who are the co-respondents?—World Herald.
An Odd Collection.
A man in Colorado has a quaint collection of bottles. It is divided into two sections. Section one is large. Section two is not. Section one contains hundreds of bottles, the contents of which his wife swallowed hoping to find relief from her physical sufferings. Section two contains a few bottles that once were filled with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It was this potent remedy that gave the suffering wife her health again. It cures all irregularities, internal inflammation and ulceration, displacements and kindred troubles. It has done more to relieve the suffering of women than any other medicine known to science.
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