WEEKLY JOURNAL,

THURSDAY. NOVEMBER 29. 1894.

IN AND AROUND THE TOWN.

Mrs. Walt Adams of Eagle returned home Saturday after a short visit here with relatives.

Geo. Horn of Cedar Creek, now serving on the U. S. petit jury at Omaha, was in town Saturday.

J. Q. Adams of Eagle, who has been here for several days past visiting with his daughters, returned home Monday morning.

Frank Schlater came in Monday from his ranch in Deuell county, for a short visit in this county with his parents and relatives.

Ed Murphy has returned to his labors in Wyoming, where he is finishing up an uncompleted contract of his deceased father, T. L. Murphy.

Fred Oleuhausen of the vicinity of Cullom who had his hand severely cut some days ago while operating on a bull, is improving nicely.

Fred Herrmann has returned from a visit to Chicago, where he met Will Cushing, who, he says, is holding a clerical position in the employ of the Santa Fe railroad, and is doing well.

Ed. Oliver has been putting in some spare time buying and shipping several loads of fat cattle and hogs to South Omaha. There is such a fascination to the business of buying stock that Ed. can't keep out of it, even if he has gone to farming.

Mrs. Carton, aged 89 years and the mother of Mrs. T. L. Murphy, departed from this life at 1 o'clock p. m. Friday at the home of the latter on North Sixth street. The funeral took place from the family residence at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon, Rev. Father Carney officiating.

Andrew J. Taylor has been suffering for some months from a tumor which has been growing on the inside of his right hand. Monday morning he submitted to an operation, and by the skillful use of the surgeon's knife it was removed, and Mr. Taylor now feels much relieved. Dr. W. A. Humphrey performed the operation.

The remains of Edward Higgins, who accidently shot himself in Omaha Monday night, will be buried at Columbus today beside his father, the late John G. Higgins, who was found dead on the postoffice steps in Columbus just a year ago. The elder Higgins was the democratic candidate for attorney general in '90. Young Higgins was born and raised in Columbus and was about nineteen years old.

J. H. Jones and James Dryson were killed in a mine explosion at Albia, Iowa, yesterday, and George Taylor was seriously injured. The explosion is supposed to have been caused by the accidental ignition of gunpowder or a premature blast, probably the latter. Taylor is said to be a brother of the young woman who created so much talk in this city a few years ago by reason of her relations with Jno. G. Roberts, the deceased B. & M. engineer.

The following from the Elmwood Echo is crudeness in country journalism personified: "Bird Critchfield run across a skunk at his gate Saturday night when returning home from the hunter's banquet. It had a steel trap attached to it and was raising the biggest kind of a stink about its trouble. Bird called Al Dickson up and they each fired three shots from a revolver at the pussy but didn't hit it. It was finally clubbed to death, but not until it had left its compliments."

Sheriff Huberle of Otoe county has been requested by Robert Gale, who lives near Syracuse, to look out for his (Gale's) eleven-year-old son who has run away from home. It seems that Mr. Gale took one of the "fresh air" boys from New York and gave him a good home. As the disappearance of Mr. Gale's son and the New York youngster was simultaneous, it is believed the Nebraska boy has been enticed away from home by the brilliant stories of the wonderful things to be seen in the world told by the youth from the metropolis.

It is a sad commentary on the intelligence and fairness of the people of this state if the claim of the Lincoln Journal that it has the largest circulation of any Nebraska paper, be true. There is no more corrupt or rotten sheet in Christendom than the Lincoln Journal. Its every utterance is dictated either by the corporations or by the corrupt ring which has constantly been fattened by plundering the state. In every controversy between the corporations and the people, it never fails to side with the corporations; in fact its editors seemingly possess the notion that a railroad pass will let them into heaven. As a gatherer and giver of news it is vastly inferior to either of the Omaha papers, and in fact has not one single feature to commend it to the reading public of Nebraska.

Magnetic Nervine quiets the nerves, drives away bad dreams, and gives quiet rest and peaceful sleep. Sold by Fricke & Co.

The "Plan Sifter" flour is the popular brand. Ask for it from your grocer.

Signs Of Ill-Luck.

To be struck by lightning on Monday.

To sit on a buzz-saw in motion on Friday.

To break the mirror your wife's mother gave you.

To fall down stairs with the parlor stove on Tuesday.

To speculate with other peoples' money and get caught.

To see a bill collector over your right shoulder on Saturday.

To spill salt in the coffee of the man who has the carving knife.

To see a dog over your left shoulder in your neighbor's orchard.

To call a bigger man than yourself hard names any day in the week.

To be one of the thirteen at the table when there is only food enough for six.

To marry a girl on Wednesday who practices with ten-pound dumb-bells.

To meet a detective at the depot when you are buying a tickt for Canada.

To bet all your money on a horse whose driver has bet all his money on another.

To attempt to sit in a chair that someone has removed when you were not looking.

To see your overcoat over either shoulder as you pass out of the shop of your uncle.

To offend your best girl's little brother who saw you kiss another little boy's sister.

The Contest Is Off.

There will be no contest of the election of Silas A. Holcomb as governor of Nebraska. That fact is settled. The republican state committee penned a letter the other day to Tom Majors, asking his views on the subject. Tom replies in no uncertain terms—he is forninst a contest first, last and all the time, but spoils a good, sensible letter by concluding with the statement that "in the sweeping victory throughout the state and nation, I find so much cause for rejoicing that my own personal defeat seems a mere incident." The time for filing contest papers expires today and the republican committee announces that "unless new developments come to light of great populistic frauds," nothing will be done in the premises.

List of Letters

Remaining uncalled for in the postoffice at Plattsmouth Nov. 28, for week ending Nov. 21, 1894:

Buebel, Fred	Clark, J. L
Doyle, C	Frye, Miss Anna
Lemar, E E	Spree, S M

Swanson, Hilma

Persons calling for any of the above letters or parcels will please say "advertised." W. K. Fox, P. M.

The writer of the following, an exchange editor, has most likely been there and knows whereof he speaks when he says: "After man come woman. And she has been after him ever since. She is a person of noble extraction, being made up of man's rib. It costs more to keep a woman than three dogs and a shot-gun. But she pays you back with interest—by giving you a house full of children to keep you awake all night and smear molasses over your Sunday coat. Besides, a wife is a very convenient article to have about the house. She is handy to swear at when you cut yourself with the razor, and don't feel like blaming yourself. Women are not created perfect. She has her faults—such as false hair, false teeth, false complexion, and so out. But she is a great deal better than her neighbor and she knows it. A woman may not be able to sharpen a lead-pencil, or hold an umbrella, but she can pack more things in a trunk than a man can in a one-horse wagon. The happiest period in a woman's life is when she is making her wedding garments. The saddest is when the husband comes home late at night and yells to throw out a handful of key-holes of various sizes."

An exchange says: "'Conductor,' said a lady passenger on the B. & M., pointing over her shoulder to a man who was resting his feet on the window sill behind her, 'I wish you would request that brute to take his feet down.' 'I daren't ma'am,' replied the polite but cautious ticket fiend, 'he's a member of the legislature.'"

Limberger cheese ten cents a cake at Weckbach's.

WABASH ITEMS.

Fred Hess and Ira Gordon have returned from a trip through Kansas and Missouri, but found no location.

Milton Wood and Bert Austin left last Thursday for Memphis, Tenn., to labor on the government works.

H. T. Squires has purchased the Gordon house and moved it on the Smith lot.

Some party tried to effect a burglarous enterance in the house of Mike Cavey Sunday night. After trying to force two windows they retired.

Considerable excitement was caused on Sunday night, or rather early Monday morning, when an officer entered the town and proceeded to the farm and late residence of Joseph Cunningham and foreclosed a mortgage on Joe's corn. The corn was soon loaded in wagons that had been prepared for that purpose, and amid the vigorous protest of the land owner, who claimed the corn as rent, was taken down to Elmwood. Here a surprise awaited the foragers, for a deputy stopped them with a writ of replevin. The corn was returned to the cribs and now lies in silent repose awaiting the judgment day, which will be next Saturday. We pity that corn, after that long drive, it must be worn out. We have some of the same corn and it's hard to tell whether it is corn or "gugu" peas.

P. Z. Fowler moved his goods and merchandise to Elmwood last Monday. Mr. Fowler is a Christian gentleman and we are sorry to lose him.

Old "Bally," a horse belonging to Dan McCaig, died one day last week at the age of thirty-three years. He was brought to this state by the McCaig family thirty years ago.

Mrs. Joe Cunningham left for her old home in Kansas last Wednesday.

The M. P. adjuster was in town last week and settled all claims against the railway company for stock killed.

The residence of Gottleib Dettmann, northwest of Wabash, was the scene of a pleasant surprise last Wednesday night. The relatives and friends of the old gentleman to the number of fully one hundred, with baskets filled with the good things of this life, stepped into the house and told the patriarch that as this was the anniversary of his seventy-fifth birthday, they had come to have a time, and they had it. The tables soon groaned under the load of edibles, and in a very short time the visitors were groaning from the same cause, and as the moon disappeared in the west the people returned to their homes. ***

Buy the improved Singer sewing machine. Anton Trillity, local agent, office in Unruh's furniture store.

All legal business given prompt attention, D. O. Dwyer, attorney, Plattsmouth.