

**A. H. WECKBACH,**  
—DEALER IN—  
**FANCY and STAPLE  
GROCERIES**  
**QUEENSWARE,  
FLOUR and FEED**  
ALL KINDS OF  
—VEGETABLES—  
IN SEASON.  
**FISH** OF EVERY DESCRIPTION  
ALWAYS IN STOCK.  
We are agents for the cele-  
brated **DIAMOND MILLS COFFEE**  
**PROPRIETOR CITY BAKERY**  
—WHERE YOU CAN GET—  
**GOOD, FRESH BREAD**  
At any time. Prompt attention given to orders.  
Agent for Seven of the Best  
**STEAMSHIP LINES.**  
**GIVE ME A CALL.**  
Telephone 36. Main Street.

**The City Hotel,**  
Corner Main and Third Sts.,  
**PLATTSMOUTH.**  
A FIRST-CLASS HOSTELRY  
IN EVERY RESPECT.  
REFITTED and REFURNISHED  
Special Attention Given to the  
Accommodation of Farmers.  
First-Class Bar In Connection.  
CLEAN ROOMS and TABLE  
**Rates—\$1 Per Day.**  
**H. H. GOOS, Prop'r.**

**SAM GUTMANN & CO.**  
WHOLESALE and RETAIL  
—DEALERS IN—  
Pure Wines, Liquors  
AND THE BEST CIGARS.  
Sole Agents for the Celebrated  
**MILWAUKEE  
Pabst Beer.**  
Deliveries made to any part of the  
city or shipped to any place.

**WM. NEVILLE,**  
**RESIDENT MANAGER.**  
**WATCH  
OUT**  
Whom you trust to clean or repair  
your watch?  
**IT WON'T PAY YOU**  
To employ an inexperienced amateur,  
who may ruin your time-piece.

**E. C. JOHNSON**  
Is a watch-maker of 22 YEARS' EXPER-  
IENCE IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.  
He thoroughly understands every branch  
of his business and WARRANTS EVERY  
PIECE OF WORK HE TURNS OUT. Don't  
charge any more than amateurs, either.  
Better see him about that watch or clock,  
hadn't you?  
**E. C. JOHNSON,**  
(Smith & Parmele's Drug Store.)  
819 Main Street, - - Plattsouth, Neb.

**Dr. Agnes V. Swetland,**  
**HOMEOPATHIST.**  
Special attention to Obstetrics, Diseases of  
Women and Woman's Surgery  
Office: 1923 Farnam Street, Omaha, Neb.  
Telephone 1154.

**H. D. TRAVIS,**  
Attorney and Counselor at  
Law.  
WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS.  
OFFICE—Rooms 1 and 9, Union Bldg.  
Plattsouth, - - - Neb.

**RAILROAD TIME TABLE.**

**D. & M. R. R.**  
**EAST BOUND.**  
No. 2, daily..... 5:16 p. m.  
No. 4, daily..... 10:34 a. m.  
No. 10, from Schuyler except Sunday..... 11:55 a. m.  
No. 12, daily except Sunday..... 8:25 p. m.  
No. 22, daily except Sunday..... 12:23 p. m.  
No. 28, freight from Louisville..... 7:15 a. m.  
No. 30, freight from Louisville..... 2:50 p. m.

**WEST BOUND.**  
No. 3, daily..... 3:43 p. m.  
No. 5, daily..... 9:15 a. m.  
No. 7, fast mail, daily..... 9:12 p. m.  
No. 9, to Schuyler, except Sunday..... 2:30 p. m.  
No. 11, daily..... 4:50 p. m.  
No. 21, daily except Sunday..... 7:15 a. m.  
No. 29, freight to Louisville..... 8:00 a. m.

**M. P. R. R.**  
**GOING NORTH:** Leaves.  
Passenger, No. 1..... 4:50 a. m.  
No. 191..... 5:00 p. m.  
Freight, No. 127 (daily except Sunday)..... 3:35 p. m.

**GOING SOUTH:**  
Passenger, No. 2..... 10:43 p. m.  
No. 194..... 11:52 a. m.  
Freight, No. 126 (daily except Sunday)..... 10:30 a. m.

**ONE THING AND ANOTHER.**

The destruction of THE JOURNAL'S mailing list, by or with the knowledge and consent of the Shermans, was the most malicious act in the newspaper history of Cass county. And, as Judge Beeson would say, reminds me of the story of the old darkey and the water-melons. As the story goes, an old darkey was guarding his melon patch with a bull dog and shot gun one night, when two of his young white friends approached and inquired of Uncle Rastus if he had any ripe melons. He said not, whereupon one of the boys said that he knew where a patch was located which could be easily "got at," and suggested that Uncle Rastus accompany them to the aforesaid "good patch." The old darkey's appetite for ripe watermelon got the better of his honesty, and leaving one of his dusky off-spring to guard his own melons, the party started on their errand. The boys led the old darkey for several miles by a circuitous route back into his own melon patch, and they proceeded to satisfy their appetites from the ripe luscious melons. After eating to their full capacity they selected several fine melons "for future refer-ence," and the boys suggested that they make their departure. "Hold on," said Uncle Rastus, "it won't be no fun at all unless we smash the green ones." The boys demurred to this proposition, but the old darkey proceeded to smash every green melon in the patch. Just as he had completed the job the darkey on guard unchained the dog and discharged the gun in the air, and the trio departed rather hurriedly in the darkness. The two boys went home and next morning they called on the old darkey and talked over the success of their raid on the previous night. "Yes," said Uncle Rastus, "but do you know that while I was away last night somebody got into my patch and not only carried away all my best melons but smashed the green ones. Some folkses am too mean to lib." And now if Mr. Sherman should succeed in negotiating a loan of sufficient funds to redeem THE JOURNAL from the mortgagees and once more come into possession of the plant he can gaze upon the two water pails filled with "pied" type, the remains of his mailing list, and exclaim with the old darkey, "some folks are too mean to live."

We have had our fourth Sunday rain, although it was very light and there was considerable bluster in the heavens for the amount of water that fell. The old saw about rain on Easter Sunday that it will rain seven Sundays thereafter, is holding good so far.

The thing that keeps down the newspaper business is the fact that so many people think that editors pursue their calling purely for amusement. Nothing would be sadder than to see an able journalist eating a contributed poem, for want of bread or pie. When a man has a roll of bills, he pays everybody before he remembers the amiable editor. He squares up with the butcher, the baker, the horse blanket maker, and by the time he is through he says to himself that the editor will have to wait a while. A great many editors in this world of sin and sorrow have been compelled to wait a while; they have waited until their whiskers have turned gray and their bosoms melancholy, and their hearts hard, and they are waiting yet and will wait until the sun grows cold, and the stars are old, and the leaves of the judgment book unfold. And it is all very sad, at least.—Nebraska Editor.

There was one law passed by the recent session of the legislature that has not been very widely advertised, but which appears to be one of great importance to the educational system of the state. It is the law regulating attendance of pupils from outside districts at high schools. It provides that when a pupil's education cannot profitably be carried on further in his home district, as attested by a certificate from the county superintendent, he may attend the nearest high school which shall have been determined by the state department of education to possess all the requirements as to teachers and equipments. In such case the district in which the high

school is located shall receive from the county from which such pupil comes the sum of fifty cents per week tuition, which shall be paid by the home county out of a fund levied for the purpose. This law provides, however, that when the attendance of pupils from foreign districts would necessitate the erection of new buildings by the district in which the high school is located the district is exempt from the operation of the law. This law was designed to give the pupils of every county district in the state the benefit of a high school education where desired, even though there may be no high schools in his county. It opens up an opportunity for counties in the western part of the state, and other portions, possessing high schools of the required equipments to build up educational centers that will materially aid to their growth and prosperity.

The Ashland Gazette this week gives a pretty fair picture of one of its citizens, John Johnson, who is undoubtedly the oldest man in Nebraska. He has been a resident of Saunders county since 1860 and has lived in these United States 106 years. He cast his first vote for James Madison in 1812, and could have seen and conversed with George Washington, as he was a half-grown boy when the great patriot died. Mr. Johnson's faculties are clear and he appears to be good for several years yet.

The smaller nations of the earth with seaports are trembling in their boots lest England, in these trying times of peace, might conclude that they owe her some certain sum for something or other, and proceed to collect it in the Nicaragua way. As a sample of bullying pure and simple the action of England in the Corinto affair cannot be beaten. It arbitrarily claimed a certain sum was due as indemnity for outrages committed upon English subjects, which amount was disputed by Nicaragua. The latter offered to arbitrate the matter, but England sized up her antagonist and responded a la Pullman that there was nothing to arbitrate. She then went ahead and collected her claim by force. Not another nation, not even the United States, which has for nearly three-quarters of a century held sacred the Monroe doctrine, interfered in behalf of the weaker nation; and there is nothing to indicate that England may not attempt similar tactics with other equally weak nations.

The Nebraska Editor says: The Nebraska City News and the Fremont Herald are about the only democratic dailies left in the state. The latter is said to contemplate a change of heart politically, and then the News will be left to fight the Jeffersonian battle alone. Only a few years ago every town of any consequence had its democratic organ, but the party of Andrew Jackson and Albert Watkins is in hard lines in Nebraska.

The business outlook is growing brighter all the time according to the commercial agencies, and the evidences at hand corroborate this. Local business men report trade getting better, and are judiciously stimulating it by well-arranged advertisements, properly placed and quoting low prices. There are a few business men still on earth who believe or affect to believe that they can keep their place in the race for commercial supremacy and trade by not advertising, but they are growing beautifully less—by the timely assistance of the sheriff. Advertising is the life blood of retail trade, and it can also be judiciously used in helping manufactures and jobbing. The Nebraska Editor very pertinently remarks that the manufacturers and consumers association is still endeavoring to introduce home industry products into more general favor by the old plan of giving banquets, but they could multiply returns and get better and speedier results if they would try advertising their wares.

There is a new form of entertainment known as the "peanut hunt" party. The idea is that the hostess hides from 100 to 500 peanuts in one or more rooms, and when all the guests have arrived the pursuit begins. The person who tracks the most peanuts to their lairs wins a prize, and there are so many other prizes as the hostess cares to give. It is said to be desperately exciting.

Now are the hills in green arrayed—  
Ay, all the world is green!  
And now, reclining in the shade,  
The fisherman is seen.  
And now, the bait is in the cup:  
The old woodpecker drums:  
And downward goes the cork, and up  
The squirming catfish comes!

The supreme court on Saturday allowed Marquette, Deweese & Hall \$75,000 as attorney fees in the celebrated Fitzgerald-Mallory suit against the Missouri Pacific. The work was most laborious and intricate and the case a hard-fought one. The Fitzgerald estate will pay one-fifth of it, the balance being paid by Gould, Sage, Dillon and other members of the construction company.

**WHAT'S IN A NAME.**

**Pathetic Story Concerning the Origin of Scott's Bluff.**  
Along the Nebraska river rise a succession of beetling cliffs of indurated clay and sand stone, bearing the semblance of towers, castles, churches and fortified cities. They received the name of Scotts Bluffs from a melancholy incident, relates Youth's Companion. A number of years ago, while a party was descending the river in canoes, their frail barks were overturned, their provisions lost or spoiled and their powder wet. Their rifles were, of course, rendered useless and they were unable to procure food by hunting and had to depend upon roots and wild fruit for subsistence.

They made their way on foot as best they could, suffering extremely from hunger, until they reached Laramie's Fork. Here Scott, one of the party, was taken ill and his companions came to a halt until he should recover sufficiently to proceed.

While searching for edible roots they discovered a fresh trail of white men who, it was evident, had recently passed. What was to be done? By a forced march they might overtake the travelers and thus be able to reach the settlement in safety.

"What shall we do with Scott?" said one. "He can't walk."  
For a moment all were silent. They realized that they were too weak to carry him and if they waited for his recovery all were in danger of perishing from starvation and exhaustion.

"We must leave him here," some one said, gruffly. "To wait for him means death and to try and take him along can't mean anything else."  
It was a cruel thing to do, but it was at length decided to abandon the poor man to his fate. Leaving Scott to infer that they were in search of food, the whole party set off on the trail. They succeeded in overtaking the white men of whom they were in quest, but concealed their faithless desertion of their unfortunate comrade.

The following summer some of the same party were visiting the region again. They came suddenly upon the bleached bones and the grinning skull of a human skeleton, which by certain signs they recognized as the remains of Scott. This was sixty long miles from the place where he had been left and it appeared that the wretched man had crawled that almost incredible distance before death put an end to his miseries. The wild and picturesque bluffs in the neighborhood of his lonely grave have ever since borne his name.

**Joe Connor Says Sow Rye.**

J. A. Connor, the grain dealer and farmer, has driven over Stanton county two days and concludes that winter wheat is not the crop. He found that in that part of the state the March winds had destroyed the winter wheat, and reports indicated that winter wheat in the north of the state had shared the same fate. He lost 1,485 acres of wheat and resowed it to oats. He advises farmers for a crop of small grain instead of winter wheat to sow rye. The rye in that section proves hardy and is growing well, being apparently exempt from the bad effect which the dry weather in early spring has upon wheat.

The country looks splendidly for corn, and the heavy rains, which washed out bridges in Stanton, Platte and Madison counties, have soaked the soil to a depth of three feet. Corn is half in and promises an enormous crop. He alone has 3,500 acres in one field. Oats are up in good shape.

**Chicory Factory for Louisville.**

The Papillion Times says: Chicory is a new beet with which some Sarpy county farmers will experiment this spring. The old pottery plant at Louisville is being converted into a chicory factory, and contracts are now being made with farmers for chicory beets. Lige Nicholson, in discussing the subject with the Times last Tuesday said: "They tell us that a sandy soil is the only place where the beets do well, and several of us on the Platte are going to try the experiment. We will get \$10.50 per ton for the beets, and I am told that ten tons per acre is an ordinary yield. I know very little about the business, but am willing to give it a trial. The company has contracted for nearly a hundred acres of beets on the Sarpy side of the river."

**Seth Rockwell is Insane.**

The Lincoln News says: Seth F. Rockwell, an attorney of Havelock, was found to be a fit subject for the asylum by the authorities Wednesday afternoon, but owing to the crowded condition of the asylum has not yet been admitted. Rockwell was taken by his friends. He is 56 years old, and married. He has been mildly insane for some time, and the examination showed that his mind ran altogether on getting money. He was afflicted with various delusions, imagining persons were trying to get into his rooms, and had become dangerous. Rockwell formerly lived at Louisville, and was a member of the Cass county bar.

**Money to Loan**  
On farming lands. Low rates, long times. No delay in securing loans. Inquire at First National bank. 7

**Carpets and Rugs.**

For the Spring Trade we have replenished our Stock of Carpets and Rugs at prices to tempt anyone needing goods in this line.

**We Have the Stock**

To select from in Cotton Chain 2-plys, all Wool 2-plys, all Wool 3-plys, Body Brussels and Moquettes.

Our Rugs are well selected and lower than ever in prices.

**LACE CURTAINS,  
POLES and FIXTURES  
and WINDOW SHADES.**

Newest Goods at Hard-Times Prices.

**E. G. DOVEY & SON.**

**Gorder & Son,**  
THE OLD RELIABLE . . .  
. . . IMPLEMENT DEALERS,  
Offer Special MONEY-SAVING BARGAINS for the Spring Trade which the opposition cannot touch. Particular attention is directed to  
**Our New . . .  
Moline Drill-Drop Planter, . . .  
"New Departure" Tongueless Cultivators  
. . . . And Janesville DISC Cultivators**  
THESE IMPLEMENTS CANNOT BE EXCELLED.  
**In the Harness Line . . .**  
We are, as ever, in the lead. We are still making the same line of hand-made Work Harness which gave such excellent satisfaction last year. Our Light Harness is vastly superior in quality to the factory-made stuff and the price is lower than ever. Kindly remember that we use nothing but the Genuine, old-fashioned, OAK-TANNED LEATHER.  
WE GUARANTEE to save you money on good quality Wagons, Buggies and Spring Wagons. Call and be convinced.  
**GORDER & SON,**  
509 MAIN STREET, : : : PLATTSMOUTH.

**What More Could You Ask?**

**PEARLMAN,**  
**The House Furnisher,**

Offers to buyers the chance to secure the VERY BEST in his line which the market affords, and AT PRICES WHICH ABSOLUTELY DEFY COMPETITION.

THE fact that my stock is the Biggest and Best in all Cass county, deserves the attention of people desiring something in the FURNITURE line. The three floors of my store building are full to overflowing with new goods, and everything goes at "depression" prices. Call and see for yourself.

**I. PEARLMAN, The House Furnisher,**  
Opposite Court House, Plattsouth.