

POLITICAL, PERSONAL AND PERTINENT.

E. H. Wooley has had ex-Chief of Police Cooper of Lincoln arrested for the embezzlement of the reward given for the apprehension of Hill, the murderer of Matt Akeson. County Attorney Woodward is trying to dismiss the case on the ground that it is not a criminal action. Justice Gould opposes this, and a change of venue has been taken to the county court.

Charles Brigham, who was appointed a clerk in the mailing department of the Boston postoffice when Martin Van Buren had just entered upon his term as president of the United States, is still there, after 56 years of consecutive service, bright, vigorous, and looking ten years younger than the eighty that he has seen.

For killing bugs on plants the following is recommended: Take some leaves and stems of the tomato plant and boil them in water until the juice is all extracted. When the liquid is cold it is to be sprinkled over the plants attacked by insects and it at once destroys caterpillars, black and green flies, gnats, lice and other enemies of vegetables, and in no way impairs the growth of the plant. The Fruit Recorder says that the juice leaves an odor that will keep insects off for a long time.

Even the enemies of Mr. Bryan will be forced to admit that the reception accorded the brilliant ex-congressman wherever he has appeared before the public, has been such as to make every citizen of Nebraska feel proud to remember that his home is in this state.

Elmwood has a cigar factory and Silas Greenslate, the veteran merchant, is travelling and introducing its goods. Sy. ought to make a good drummer.

Sunday's splendid rain was just what was needed to bring on the new potatoes. There'll be no shortage on that crop this year; that's certain.

The Union Ledger prints an official directory that must have been uncorrected—in part, at least—since 1892, as Messrs. Bryan, McKeighan and Kem are put down as the Nebraska members of congress. Wonder why the Ledger isn't a newspaper?

Horace Greely once said: "It is strange how close men read the papers. We never say anything they don't like but we hear of it. If, however, we happen to say a good thing we never hear of that—nobody seems to notice it. We may pay some man a dozen compliments and he takes it as a tribute to his greatness—never thinks it does him any good. But if we happen to say anything this man doesn't like, or something he imagines reflects on his character, see how quickly he lies up and gets excited about it. All our evils are charged us, but we never apparently get any credit for the good we do."

We are glad to note that our old friend Henry Westfall, who is well known in Talmage and Otoe and Cass counties as one of the best millers of the state, has been secured to run the new Elmwood flouring mills. His name and reputation is enough to know that the flour produced will be of the best.—Nebraska City Independent.

People residing in the vicinity of Nebraska City experienced a severe electric storm last Sunday afternoon. A few barns were struck by lightning and burned to the ground, while wagons and trees were promiscuously splintered. Several people were rendered unconscious by the lightning, but no fatalities resulted. Nearly an inch and a half of rain fell and one farmer had forty acres of listed corn washed out.

Jailor John Denson drove down in the country Monday on official business. He reports that the heavy rain of Sunday has done considerable damage in the vicinity of Rock Creek. All of "Big" Frank Young's listed corn is completely washed out, while the mud on the roads in some places nearly covered the hubs of his buggy, the same being washed from adjacent farms.

A foreign scientist has a new test for death. With a candle produce a blister on the hand or foot of the body, if the blister, upon opening with a needle or other instrument, is found to contain fluid of any kind there is still life in the supposed dead body.

Some people who grow weary at a sermon of more than thirty minutes will sit for hours in a crowded theatre or a circus and are sorry when it closes.

Omaha is keeping up her record for crime. Last Sunday Wm. H. Chapple, a Singer sewing machine agent was shot and killed at the residence of James Ish. Mr. and Mrs. Ish are both in jail. The woman claims that she

did the shooting, but letters were found on the dead man signed by Mrs. Ish, which lead the officials to believe that the woman and Chapple had been criminally intimate, and it is believed that Ish found the couple in a compromising position and killed the man.

The following anecdote is said to have occurred in 1861, and gives Abe Lincoln's views on the money question in 1862: One morning when Secretary Chase went to the U. S. treasury, some wag had hung upon the door the picture of a big goose eating up gold and silver and discharging greenbacks. It worried Mr. Chase and he took it down and carried it over to Uncle Abe, who looked at it for a moment, and then said: "After the war is over they will reverse the bird and have him eating greenbacks and discharging gold and silver." Every since 1873 the bird has been eating greenbacks and discharging gold only, so Lincoln was half right.

We are satisfied that farmers would make much more of their gardens if they would make a practice of growing and preserving seed for their own use in abundance. The garden needs a little of what farmers are accustomed to call "tinkering around," but it pays for all the attention it gets, and the more the attention the better it pays.

How dear to my heart are the beans that were sent us by kind loving friends in the last car of aid. The orchard and meadow and deep, tangled wildwood were mixed with the beans, and the freight wasn't paid. The old rotten beans, the worm-eaten beans, the moss-covered beans, we found them a sell. So we took Mr. Sack and the beans that were in it, and threw the d—n things into the well.—Cambridge (Neb.) Kellidoscope.

The river began cutting away the banks above Brownville last evening very rapidly and a large force of men went down to look after the same last night. The river is within four feet of the track. If it continues to cut the chances are that the track will have to be taken up and a stub train run between the break and this city.—Nebraska City News.

An irrigation plant is being put in at Pierce, Neb., for a cattle company. The plant will consist of a fourteen-foot irrigation mill and a ten-inch pump, having a capacity of one hundred gallons per minute. It will care for from ten to fifteen acres in ordinary seasons.

Editor Howard of the Papillion Times declines to be dubbed a colonel of militia as designated by the governor. He is opposed to the whole scheme of state militia and says it is never used save in the interest of monopoly and for the oppression of labor. He wants nothing to do with it.

TAKE THE BELT. About thirty inches of rain fell on our good citizens Saturday night and Sunday.—Hemingsford Herald.

The following gem, which has been going the rounds of the press without credit, should be cut out and pasted in every man's hat as a reminder of his duty when he desires to speak ill of any woman. Remember this young man—Be careful how you speak of a woman's character. Think how many years she has been building it, of the toils and privations endured, of the wounds received, and let no suspicion follow her actions. The purity of woman is the salvation of the race, the hope of future greatness and the redemption of man. Wipe out her purity and man sinks beneath the wave of despair with not a star to guide his life into a channel of safety. Think, then, before you speak, and remember that any hog can root up the fairest flower that ever grew, so the vilest man can ruin the purest woman's character.

Satan is preparing for a great summer's work, now that many ministers are preparing to take their vacations.

When Governor McKinley picks up a paper and reads of a manufacturing company increasing the wages of its employes he throws it down and declares that he won't play any more.

President Barnes has secured the services of the bands at Grand Island and Pawnee City for use of the coming state fair. The "Pacific Hose Company Band," Grand Island, is composed of thirty-two instruments. The "Pawnee Military Band" is composed of forty-four instruments. These two bands are the very best in the state, and will play music to fit the ears of the most fastidious.—State Fair Bulletin.

Some twenty-four members of the German society of ladies known as the Frauen-verein engaged two large carriages this morning and drove out to the grove of Geo. Meisinger, jr., eight miles west of this city, where they will picnic today. The party, intended having a good time, and went prepared for that purpose, having a generous supply of eatables, and hammocks

swings and all the paraphernalia necessary to make a picnic a success.

The Kansas City, St. Joe & Council Bluffs railroad company has had spotters out along the line, and as a result three of the oldest conductors in the employ of the road have been discharged, and several others are expecting the ax to drop upon their necks in a short time.

Nebraska City is infested with vandals, who are destroying the property in the parks of that city. If the perpetrators are caught they should be summarily dealt with.

Since the blowing of O. H. Wilson's safe at Dunbar ten days ago local merchants have ceased to use the combinations on their safes, as no money or valuables are left in them. It saves the burglar the trouble of blowing the safe, and the owner the expense of buying another.—Nebraska City News.

Andreas Haftas, the last veteran of the Greek war of liberty of 1821, died in Athens lately at the age of 116. One of the streets in Athens is named after him, and his funeral was a public one. He had often expressed the wish to live until 1901 in order to be able to say that he had seen three centuries.

Boys the world is wide. If you wish to be somebody "pitch in." The brave always have friends. Where others have gone you can go. If the old track don't suit, make new ones. Success is never obtained without effort. If you fail once, try again. If it's dark, strike a light. Are you in the shade? Move around; for if there's shade on one side, there is sunshine on the other. Take time, boys, don't hurry too much. Go slow, especially till you know the road or become acquainted with your own team. Mind your own business. Don't stop to retail gossip—but go right on, straight ahead, and you'll get there.

Largest Circulation in Nebraska. It isn't much wonder that the State Journal now has the largest circulation in Nebraska. It has reduced its price to 65 cents a month with Sunday, or 50 cents without Sunday; it has been spending more money for Nebraska news than any other paper; it has on its staff such men as Bixby, Walt Mason and Annin. The Journal is being pushed at every point and is climbing steadily and surely away ahead of the other state dailies. People like a Lincoln paper, especially when it is as good as the Journal.

A Word in Season. The remnant of Major McCourt's family having gone to join their mother and brothers in California, the major alone remaining to settle up his business. He expects to stay here about a month, and requests all who know themselves indebted to him to call and settle. He wants no trouble with any of his old customers, but of course must have what is due him.

FARM LOANS made at lowest rates. T. H. POLLOCK, over First Nat'l bank.

List of Letters. Remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, June 12, 1895: Hawk, Charles Wilson, J. M. Persons calling for any of the above letters or parcels will please say "advertised." W. K. FOX, P. M.

A Prominent Wholesale Grocer of Omaha Neb., writes:

To the afflicted: Several years ago I discovered a slight falling and bleeding of the lower bowel which increased and became very distressing. I made inquiry as to the nature of the disease and learned that I had a somewhat aggravated case of Hemorrhoids or Piles. Was told of several remedies and used them as directed, obtaining thereby some temporary relief. Not being satisfied with such slight relief I cast about for a permanent cure; when a friend directed the use of the famous MAGNET PILE KILLER. I used it. Immediate relief from pain followed, and soon a complete cure was effected. Very respectfully, OSCAR ALLEN. For sale by Gering & Co.

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FARM LOANS. Last fall we were told that we could not borrow money or renew loans if Holcomb was elected governor. Nevertheless, I now have money to loan on good farm security, at a less rate than ever before. Write or call and see me if you desire a loan. J. M. LEYDA, 12-3m Plattsmouth, Neb.

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

A Story & Camp organ, in first class condition, good as new, to trade for a good fresh cow. Apply to Mrs. G. F. S. Burton, Marblestreet, Plattsmouth, or postoffice box 163.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL one year for one dollar.

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

CHINESE CRUELTY.

An Eye-Witness Tells of Some Treacherous Murders Among the Celestials.

An employe of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., who was stationed at Hong Kong, gives the press a remarkable story of adventure which illustrates the fiendish barbarity of Chinese warfare. At the start the Taeping rebellion had much to recommend it to foreigners. It is supposed to have originated in a naive getting hold of and reading some stray sheets of the Bible, printed in a Chinese dialect.

The initial impulse was that of religious reform. The leaders declared war against idolatry, and set out on a crusade to destroy images. Their numbers and power rapidly increased, and, as so often happens, it attracted a baser element of adventurers to its victorious standard, so that the revolt degenerated into a mixture of fanaticism and outlawry.

A series of victories supplied the rebels with enough treasure to tempt a number of foreigners, who were of an adventurous spirit, and who accepted services in the rebel army at high pay. They for a time did much to keep the forces within decent bounds, while their knowledge of military tactics and discipline contributed largely to the success of the campaigns. The agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. was one of these.

His narrow escape he described in nearly these words:

"Things went from bad to worse and the rebels became perfect devils, without honor or compunction of any sort. I stayed because it was death to desert, but finally a scene occurred which made me feel that I must try to get away no matter what happened. We had invested a walled town, and the inhabitants had surrendered on the condition that their lives were to be spared.

"The terms were granted, and it was agreed that the inhabitants should leave the city by a certain gate without their arms or possessions, after which the town was to be sacked by the victors. Under this agreement the townspeople emerged from the narrow gate.

"The Taepings had executioners stationed with heavy swords at either side of the gate, and as the poor wretches came out these headmen would decapitate them at a stroke, when eager hands would catch up the bloody corpses and fling them on a heap on either side. I was stationed in the thick of the massacre, and I had to stand in the passage between the heaps of corpses, and there I remained till I stood in a stream of human blood nearly up to my knees.

"This so sickened me that I resolved to desert that night.

"I managed to elude suspicious eyes and got to the bank of the river, where we were at the time, several hundred miles from Canton. Here I hid in a thicket of underbrush until night. I matured a very careful plan of escape. I had found a log which would just bear my weight and my purpose was to float down the stream by night, concealing myself by day in some clump of shrubbery along the bank. Of course in such a thickly settled country as China it would be impossible for a foreigner to go over land without discovery. I trusted to luck to get food.

"I would float down with the current during the night, and at the first streak of dawn would find a thick bush or a bit of rank grass, and hide there till night again.

"I slept much of the day, though always on my guard and half awake. My chief fear was of the dogs, who hate foreigners as much as their masters do, and have even a keener nose for scenting their presence. But, as it happened, I was not molested by man or beast, and I began to believe I should get to Canton in safety.

"But the exposure and lack of food told on me very fast and I was rapidly becoming exhausted. One morning I awoke from a half sleep and half stupor and found to my despair that I had fallen asleep on my log and had drifted ashore, without awakening till broad day, in the midst of a populous town on the river's bank. What awakened me was the clamor of the villagers, who had discovered me stranded on the bank. I at once thought I had fallen into the hands of sympathizers with the Taepings, and looked for nothing but a speedy and a dreadful death.

"I was not long in doubt as to my fate. I was seized and bound and carried in triumph to the public square. Here I was put in a large iron cage, such as is used for the exhibition of criminals in China, and on this cage was inscribed the fact that I was a Taeping rebel. My sufferings from that time on I can hardly narrate. One must know the Chinese to understand the vileness of insult and of behavior which was heaped upon me.

"With the practical spirit of their nation my captors claimed me as their private booty and I was exhibited for so much a head. Of course as I was a rare beast I was worth money and on that account was kept alive, but no tongue can tell the horrors of my fate. The bystanders pelted me through the bars with all kinds of odious refuse, and climbed upon my cage and subjected me to the most indescribable indignities. I was fed only once a day and given no protection against the burning sun. Thus I lived on day after day, though I should have been glad to die, both on account of my insupportable misery and because I knew that I was being taken slowly to prison and torture and certain death.

"I, however, did not wholly give up myself to despair. I managed to communicate with some of the spectators, whom I perceived to be more sympathetic than the mass, and in this way got information started toward Shanghai of my capture and suffering. My only chance was that the foreign embassies would demand my safe keeping and a trial for treason. Even then I supposed I should be condemned to death, but, at any rate, I should die in a decent manner and be buried like a white man. Just what happened and how long it took I don't know, for my feelings upset my reason, and for a long time I was insane, but when I came to myself I found myself in a hospital at Shanghai with my friends around me."—N. Y. News.

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