

PERSONAL, POLITICAL AND PERTINENT.

Now that a good crop of small grain has been secured to the farmers of Cass county, and the corn crop is almost assured there is hardly a good reason why they cannot pay their accounts with the printer.

A corn crop of 2,400,000 bushels is now being figured on. This is 200,000,000 or 300,000,000 larger than the greatest yield of the past.

"Plattsmouth has a young lady who has gone insane over bicycling. It takes very little to turn the head of the average person in Plattsmouth."

An electrical paper suggests that good brakes are more necessary to street cars than the fenders about which so much is being said.

Darwin, the great naturalist, is authority for the statement that earthworms possess the remarkable faculty of reproducing a head or a tail in case an accident occurs to either end.

One of the singular things in college is the fact that a professor will lecture for an hour and seem deeply absorbed in his subject and the next time he meets his class he requires them to tell him what he has been talking about.

Concerning the discussion as to "What Constitutes Male Attire," it does not appear, from a review of the bicycle arena, that there is any distinctively male attire left.

Several thousand anxious American sportsmen are hoping that the Defender will give the British a harder rub than the Cornell oarsmen did.

The various Nebraska roads have begun providing the box cars with grain doors in anticipation of the big shipments of grain. These doors are necessary in the box car to prevent the grain from spilling out.

The people of Nebraska have had an object lesson during the past two years in proof of the fact that nearly all prosperity depends on the farmer.

"Three minutes for dinner!" yelled the railroad porter. "Good!" exclaimed the editor. "The last time it was three dollars."

Stevenson's pity was a very marked quality, and it extended to beggars, which, I think, to go too far. His optimism, however, suffered a rude shock in South Audley street one summer afternoon.

Gov. Holcomb has instructed the county attorney of Douglas county to report on the alleged assault of the McCarty gang on a family of emigrants named Dawson, who are British subjects.

When a man goes into a store and thickly asks the clerk for a pound of paralyzed coffee when pulverized coffee is what he wants, there is some reason to suspect that he is partly paralyzed himself.

Lincoln must have a surplus of candidates for office, judging from the

following by Col. Bixby: "A man was discovered on the streets yesterday who showed by his looks of absolute unconcern that he was not a candidate for office, and the police threatened to run him in as a suspicious character."

An Ohio professor is advocating a painless death for condemned murderers by the use of carbonic acid gas in place of electricity. The victim would simply say good-night, as usual, after an order to be called at six o'clock, and at six o'clock would be elsewhere, without an idea of how he came there.

A summer girl at Bar Harbor is described as being "attired in a very smart little coat and a very clever little hat." Two airy altogether.

The Dick Frampton mentioned in the following, from the Council Bluffs Herald, is a former resident of this city: "Ross Brown, a mulatto woman, was arrested Monday night charged with vagrancy. She was found with a colored man, Dick Frampton. When brought into court the next morning she was given a sentence of \$3 and costs, which was suspended on her promise to leave the city."

Victor Hainer, a brother of Congressman Hainer, has been missing for the past three weeks from near Cripple Creek, Colo., and as he had considerable money about him when last seen it is believed he was murdered for his money.

Every advocate of unlimited silver coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1 proclaims his belief in the inherent power of the government to give value to anything that bears its stamp and is declared a legal tender for the payment of debt.

There is nobody who would seriously dispute that statement—not even the Bee editor. He believes in the greenback and takes it unquestioned in payment of debt. The sentence which follows, however, is as mean as it is untrue.

"The logic of this article of faith is not merely that 50 cents worth of any metal can be converted into coin valued at 100 cents by the action of the mint, but that any article or commodity with little or no value, may be coined or stamped into dollars of equal value with gold and silver dollars."

This is rank falsehood. The free coinage people do believe, however, that it was the taking away of the full legal tender quality and free mintage of silver and leaving it on gold that has increased the value of the gold coin above the silver.

The Supreme court of the United States has decided that the legal tender quality given the greenback made it as good as gold in the payment of debts. Dare the Bee controvert the law?

The people of Nebraska have had an object lesson during the past two years in proof of the fact that nearly all prosperity depends on the farmer. When the tiller of the soil gets a good return for his labor in the form of a large crop, the wheels of all other industries are set in motion, and labor of every kind is employed.

The United States has, or is supposed to have, \$500,000,000 in silver and \$411,000,000 in gold in circulation, while France has \$800,000,000 in gold and \$700,000,000 in silver.

Gov. Holcomb has instructed the county attorney of Douglas county to report on the alleged assault of the McCarty gang on a family of emigrants named Dawson, who are British subjects.

The new yacht, Defender, built to defend the American cup against the British yacht Valkyrie III, recently completed for Lord Dunraven, has shown herself to be the superior of the Vigilant, in both rough and smooth water—that is, with a strong and light wind. By all accounts she is a flyer.

For years the Americans have defended the cup and it now seems that they will be likely to keep it.

The Nebraska City News is requested to join the regular democracy, Sulking and bolting when fairly beaten don't comport with the usual conduct of the News men.

SETTLERS on the Otoe reservation lands will shortly be brought up standing if they don't pay up. They have had ten years in which to pay for their lands, which they bought with the expectation of paying in two years, and now they complain about the severity of their lot.

New potatoes are selling at 30 cents a bushel in Kearney. Hitecock county warrants are worth 96 cents on the dollar.

The water plant at Sidney is owned by the Union Pacific Railway company. The pops of Greeley county will hold their convention and begin a campaign of education today.

Nebraska takes the cake on crops this year and Wayne county is in the centre of the cake, coated with sugar—beets. See?—Wayne Herald.

Two new irrigation ditches have been formed at Gothenburg, under the new state law, one the Gothenburg South Side district, comprising 100,000 acres, and the other the Lincoln and Dawson county district, comprising 300,000 acres.

Editor Gerrard of the Monroe Looking Glass is trying to purify the moral atmosphere of Columbus and Platte Center, and the Signal editor of the latter place wickedly recommends that he ought to shovel the shavings out of his own carpenter shop.

Joseph Johnson, an old settler of Madison county, was recently found dead in bed. He had worked hard the day before in the hot sun and was overheated. Mr. Johnson was fifty years of age and leaves a wife and seven children in rather poor circumstances.

No matter how much trouble you have and how many of your friends desert you, says the Scribner Rustler, no matter if the clouds of distress and grief are so black that no silver lining is visible, there is always one place where you can find sympathy, and that place is in the dictionary.

A lone woman, says the Harrisburg News, drove a prairie schooner into town and camped on the east commons Tuesday night. Hailing from Idaho, she had come through the wilds of Wyoming unmolested and nothing daunted with the loneliness and hardships of the long journey, had fixed her destination as Ohio. If the new woman is not a myth perhaps this is she.

Does Your Breath Come in Duchess Trousers? Many get theirs that way.

C. E. Wescott & Son in sales have passed the line of 4,000 pairs of Duchess Trousers.

Everybody happy in Duchess Trousers. C. E. Wescott & Son sells them, and everyone who tries them is sure to buy NONE other.

What is home without—THE DAILY JOURNAL?

A Kick From "Lover of Justice" EDITOR JOURNAL.—The parliamentary drill was not without its good influence. How does the council expunge from its records the record of the previous meeting, when it cannot legally be done if one member objects, whereas there were four. Or does the city council pose before their constituents as a body which utterly disregards one part of the people and stops at nothing to gain the desires of the other side.

For a clean, cool, sweet smoke Flor de Pepperberg, Buds and Bock's are superior to any other brands of cigars in this western country.

J. PEPPERBERG, MFR.

Remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, July 24, 1895: Berge, J W; Clary, W F; Sharp, P E; Stobbe, Joe.

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

If the rain falls upon the just as well as upon the unjust, why in thunder, asks the Tribune, does it not rain in Fremont?

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

Leave your orders for job work with THE JOURNAL, an artistic job guaranteed.

THE NEWSBOY'S STORY OF THE CROSS.

NOTE.—The newsboy and his companions are housed in an empty hoghead and they listen with eager attention while he repeats to them the wonderful story he has heard at the Mission Sunday school. He tells it in the only language he can command, or they can understand, which is the language of the gutter.—Author.]

One day there was a feller, what lived, Way back in them ole fashioned days, Whatever ye done, he forgived, My Sunday school teacher, she says.

She says that a ole widder's son Jest turned up his trotters one day, An' when the folks seed he was done, They started ter plant him away.

An' when they got part o' the way, The Savior, he happened along, Efyon hed a bin there, says they, 'They would n't a bin nothing wrong.'

An' he were as cool as could be, An' he walked right up the bier Took hole of his hand an', says he, 'Young feller, git up an' come here.'

An' he got right up on his pins, An' mooseyed along with the rest, An' took the rags off of his fins, An' praised, an' an' give thanks, like peressed.

Then Jesus was walkin' one way, Along by the side of a sea, He see a boat comin' that way, A-rookin' as bad as could be.

An' then he heard somebody shout, A begin'n o' him fer ter save, An' so he jes' started right out, An' he walked up ter them, on ther wave.

He says to ther waters 'be still,' An' they was as still as could be, 'Ther waves shall all bow ter my will, Fer I am ther Master,' ther say.

He opened the eyes o' the blind, An' he raised up a gal from the dead; An' lots a n'r rethings o' that kind, My Sunday-school teacher said.

It got to be so that a crowd, Jes' followed wherever he went, He didn't git haughty er proud, 'Ner he didn't charge 'em a cent.

But some fellers called him a fake An' made lots o' trouble an' fuss, An' they offered Judas a stake He took it the mean, sneakin', cuss.

An' when he was gone outter pray, He put ther perlice on ter him, They took him an' dragged him away, An' Pilate he humored ther whim.

A whole lot o' blokes took him up, An' fastened him on to a tree, An' made him drink out o' a cup, That was bitter as bitter could be.

An' made a big hole in his side It was mostly as big as my head, So after a while he jes' died, An' give up ther ghost, an' was dead.

An' Mary, his mother, was there, An' she waited till they took him down, She wiped off the blood with her hair, An' took off the thorny ole crown.

They put him away in ther ground, An' rolled a rock up ter ther door, An' stood up some soldiers around, An' thought that they hed him then, shore.

He stayed there a couple o' days, An' then he got up an' coe ne out, An' some o' ther fellers, she says, They met 'em a walkin' about.

He showed 'em the hole in his side, The print o' the nails in his han's, An' then they no longer den'ied, But tried ter obey his comman's.

An' one day he spread out his wings, An' sailed right away to ther sky, An' we, to ther Sunday school stings, We'll meet him again by an by.

A CHEERFUL GIVER.

NOVELIST HOWELLS DESCRIBES HIS TRIBULATIONS.

A Maimed Beggar, a Solitary Half Dollar and the Contest Between Two Consciences Unsettled—A Usually Calm Mind, but a Compromise Was Arranged.

Mr. W. D. Howells has written for The Century two papers entitled "Tribulations of a Cheerful Giver," giving his experiences with the begging fraternity. The following is taken from the first paper:

Some months ago, as I was passing through a down town street on my way to the elevated station, I saw a man sitting on the steps of a house. He seemed to be resting his elbows on his knees and holding out both his hands. As I came nearer I perceived that he had no hands, but only stumps, where the fingers had been cut off close to the palms, and that it was these stumps he was holding out in the mute appeal which was his form of begging.

I decided at once to give him something, for when I am in the presence of want or even the appearance of want, there is something that says to me, "Give to him that asketh," and I have to give or else go away with a bad conscience—a thing I hate.

I put my hand into my hip pocket, where I keep my silver, and found nothing there but half a dollar. This at once changed the whole current of my feelings, and it was not chill penny that repressed my noble rage, but chill affluence. It was manifestly wrong to give half a dollar to a man who had no hands or to any sort of beggar.

I was willing to commit a small act of incivism, but I had not the courage to flout political economy to the extent of 50 cents, and I felt that when I was bidden "Give to him that asketh" I was never meant to give so much as a half dollar, but a cent, or a half dime, or at the most a quarter.

I wished I had a quarter. I would gladly have given a quarter, but that fatal, that inexorably indivisible half dollar, the continent of two quarters, but not practically a quarter. I would have asked anybody in sight to change it for me, but there was no one passing; it was a quiet street of brownstone dwellings, and not a thronged thoroughfare at any time.

At that hour of the late afternoon it was deserted, except for the beggar and myself, and I am not sure that he had any business to be sitting there on the steps of another man's house, or that I had the right to encourage his invasion by giving him anything. For a moment I did not know quite what to do.

To be sure, I was not bound to the man in any way. He had not asked me for charity, and he had barely paused before him. I could go on and ignore the incident. I thought of doing this, but then I thought of the bad conscience I should be certain to have, and I could not go on. I glanced across the street, and near the corner I saw a decent looking restaurant, and "Wait a minute," I said to the man, as if he were likely to go away, and I ran across to get my half dollar changed at the restaurant.

I was now quite resolved to give him a quarter, and be done with it; the thing was getting to be a bore. But when I entered the restaurant I saw no one there but a young man quite at the end of a long room, and when he had come all the way forward to find what I wanted I was ashamed to ask him to change my half dollar, and I pretended that I wanted a package of Sweet Caporal cigarettes, which I did not want, and which it was a pure waste for me to buy, since I do not smoke, though doubtless it was better to buy them and encourage commerce than to give the half dollar and encourage beggary.

At any rate, I instinctively felt that I had political economy on my side in the transaction, and I made haste to go back to the man on the steps and secure myself with Christian charity too. On the way over to him, however, I decided that I would not give him a quarter, and I ended by paying 15 cents on one of his outstretched stumps.

Lepers in the World. According to Mullhall, leprosy is far more prevalent in Europe than most people suppose. He says that there are now 2,000 lepers in Portugal, 1,770 in Norway, 6,000 in Russia and about 9,000 all told in other European countries. In India there are 131,000 and in Canton, China, not less than 10,000. He does not give figures for other countries and islands, but it is estimated that the leper population of the world is but little, if any, short of 1,000,000.

The Glass Trust HAS ADVANCED THE PRICE OF GLASS 25% BUT WE ARE SELLING WINDOW GLASS AT THE SAME OLD PRICES. WOODMAN'S RAW LINSSEED OIL at 62c a gallon. WOODMAN'S BOILED LINSSEED OIL at 65c a gallon. WEST VIRGINIA BLACK OIL, for Farm Machinery, at 19c a gallon. GASOLINE at 15c per gallon. WE SELL ONLY THE VERY BEST. YOURS GERING & CO., PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

The Work of the Heart. One of the most remarkable things about the heart is the amount of work it does. Considering the organ as a pump whose task is to deliver a known quantity of blood against a known "head," it is easy to show that in 24 hours a man's heart does about 124 foot tons of work. "In other words," says a contemporary, "if the whole force expended by the heart in 24 hours were gathered into one huge stroke, such a power would lift 124 tons one foot from the ground. A similar calculation has been made respecting the amount of work expended by the muscles involved in breathing. In 24 hours these muscles do about 21 foot tons of work."

A Mob. A mob is usually a creature of very mysterious existence, particularly in a large city. Where it comes from or whither it goes few men can tell. Assembling and dispersing with equal suddenness, it is as difficult to follow to its various sources as the sea itself, nor does the parallel stop here, for the ocean is not more fickle and uncertain, more terrible when aroused, more unreasonable or more cruel.—Dickens.

Light on a Dark Subject. Rivers—Supposing it to be true that Luther did throw an ink bottle at satan, why do you think he did it? Banks—I presume he wanted to see if he couldn't make him blacker than he was wanted.—Chicago Tribune.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE. EAST BOUND. No. 2, daily, 5:16 p. m. No. 4, daily, 10:29 a. m. No. 10, from Schuyler except Sunday, 11:55 a. m. No. 12, daily except Sunday, 8:25 p. m. No. 62, daily except Sunday, 12:25 p. m. No. 30, freight from Louisville, 2:50 p. m. WEST BOUND. No. 3, daily, 3:43 p. m. No. 5, daily, 10:29 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. 91, daily except Sunday, 7:25 a. m. No. 29, freight to Louisville, 2:30 p. m.

GOING NORTH. Leaves. Passenger, No. 1, 4:50 a. m. No. 185, 9:15 a. m. Freight, No. 127 (daily except Sunday), 3:55 p. m. GOING SOUTH. Passenger, No. 2, 10:43 p. m. No. 194, 11:52 a. m. Freight, No. 126 (daily except Sunday), 10:05 a. m.

For the Campaign. The Omaha Weekly Bee Will be sent to any address in this country or Canada from now to December 31, 1895 FOR 25 CENTS. Send orders at once to The Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

F. G. FRICKE & CO., Will keep constantly on hand a full and complete stock of pure DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, Etc. Also a full line of Druggist's Sundries. Pure liquors for medicinal purposes. Special attention given to COMPOUNDING PRESCRIPTIONS. Messrs. F. G. FRICKE & CO., are the only parties selling our Alaska Crystal Brilliant COMBINATION Spectacles and Eye-Glasses in Plattsmouth. These Lenses are far superior to any other sold in this city, possessing a natural transparency and strengthening qualities, which will preserve the falling eye. PROF. STRASSMAN, H. G. LIVINGSTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, INSURANCE. Plattsmouth, Nebraska.