

The Plattsmouth Journal

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— BY —
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FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1901.

Cast your bread upon the troubled waters of Wall street, and it may make much dough. But it will probably be some other man that does your dough up brown.

Brother Bowlby of the Crete Democrat evidently mixes Egyptology and Mythology in his remarkable figure of the growing stuff springing from the ground like the Sphinx from the ashes.

If there is a country precinct in all the state that can beat that of Elmwood precinct, in the good old county of Cass, in its real and personal property valuations, it deserves to go on record.

Sampson, the herculean long distance talker of the American navy, is in a blue funk, and anxious to resign, his thin epidermis having been punctured through and through by the criticisms of the people scornful.

The county commissioners saw fit to turn down the claim of Black and Kildow of \$5.00 for catching a floater in the river. The gentlemen made their mistake in not demanding a commission from the coroner.

Over in Iowa last week some boys made a cannon of an old stovepipe, loaded with junk iron, then with a match they touched the thing off, and like the woman who persists in spurring her kitchen range with gasoline, they all flew up the flue.

A former resident of Nebraska has recently been elected senator from Utah and now another former resident of Nebraska is entered in the lists for the senatorship from Illinois. Nebraska stands ready to furnish senators for all the states in the union. — Bee.

It was a startling headline in a Lincoln paper this week that read "Ten Thousand Drunkards Come to Lincoln." A natural inference might be that the capital city is opening up a sanitarium for the cure of all the jaggeds in the country.

George Waldratt, whose family cat burned his house to the ground one night last week, is likely in the future to be a believer in the popularly accepted notion of the ominous portent of a raven hued feline mixing in the orbit of one's star of destiny.

Little by little the American government is drifting away from the old landmarks of constitutional limitations and regard for individual freedom and independence, and is rapidly becoming a despotism ruled by an oligarchy of commercial despots.

The band boys still lack \$50 of enough properly to grease their horns for the customary summer's evening street concerts. It is up to the business men who have not yet contributed to turn the scales for or against this time honored public recreation.

"The crowd was orderly" wrote an eastern correspondent in telling of the reception of the McKinley train at Sidney, Nebraska. Evidently the quill driver from the seaboard thought he had to deal with a lot of Indians out here looking for a presidential scalp or two.

The energy and cunning of the imprisoned counterfeiters who successfully made bogus \$20 bills in their prison cells under the very eyes of the keepers and succeeded in getting them into general circulation, is of such a high degree the pity is that it is not turned to some better use.

Will Plattsmouth celebrate? Guess not. People have forgotten how much they owe the fathers for the measure of freedom they enjoy. The government has rejected the fundamental doctrine that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed and are now aping the doctrines of monarchies—that force is the true source of power in government. People who endorse that doctrine cannot logically celebrate a victory over despotic power.

Ben Hempel is much perturbed over the mystery which seems to enshroud the fine lady's pocketbook which Ben found lying in his front yard early Monday morning. There was absolutely nothing in the purse, and the puzzling feature was its presence on the lawn. Ben thinks some one found it in the street, rifled it of its contents

then threw it over the fence into his yard. Owner can have the pocketbook by calling upon Gunner Hempel at his Curiosity shop and proving property.

BOER COMMISSIONER.

Would Come to Plattsmouth and Deliver Lecture.

The Journal is in receipt of the following communication from P. Louter Wessels, brother to the Boer commissioner to this country, which explains itself. The letter is given publication as a more rapid and efficient means of securing the information for which he asks. An earnest invitation is extended to all in sympathy with the brave people of the Boer republics in their gallant fight for their liberty to apprise this office to what extent they will lend their moral support to an effort to get Mr. Wessels to deliver several lectures in Cass county. The Journal would like have a list of the names of those who would be willing in that event to act as a committee to advertise the lectures, arrange for a place of meeting, and receive and welcome the representative of the Boer people whenever he might arrive.

The communication is as follows: Dear Sir—I have been commissioned by the representatives of the South African republic, Messrs. Fisher, Wessels and Volmarans, to continue my work in the United States in the interests of the distressed people of South Africa.

For the past year I have lectured in various parts of this country, and now intend to proceed westward, where I have received a number of invitations from influential people, but I desire to tour the country more systematically, and if consistent and advisable would like to pay a visit to your city. Could you assist me with your cooperation to make such a visit successful? My lectures are illustrated by stereoscopic views collected during my travels in Africa and procured during this war. They are highly appreciated wherever exhibited, and not only afford delightful entertainment, but also valuable instruction. A better knowledge is obtained by attending my lectures than could be derived from reading any book for a month.

My first lecture deals with the history of our country and people, as well as with the native and animal life, and is accompanied with fine views of the country, people and wild animals. The second lecture takes in the present Boer war, and the causes which led to it, and is illustrated with stereoscopic pictures of Boer warriors, generals and war scenes, bringing vividly before the mind's eye the desperate struggle now being carried on in South Africa by the brave heroes in defense of home and country.

I am a born Free State burgher, and am thoroughly familiar with the country and the people. I was attached to the burgher forces, but was finally commissioned to visit the United States and present the claims of my people to the right of an existence in their own country.

As I am working in the interests of an oppressed people, I charge an admission fee of 25 cents to my lectures, or 50 cents for reserved seats.

Please be good enough to let me know at your earliest convenience your views with reference to holding some meetings in your city and county. In case you should form a favorable conclusion, would you please suggest the names of some influential gentlemen, "Boer" sympathizers, who would be willing to act as a committee to cooperate with me in order to make the lectures a success?

I am accompanied by Commandant Liebenberg, the hero of Stormberg Junction, where General Gatacre was defeated.

Trusting I may be favored with an early reply, I remain, Yours very truly,

P. LOUTER WESSELS.

Three of a Kind.

Henry Eikenbary and Feenan, the Omaha monument man, started out Wednesday morning for Omaha. Both became so interested in each other, however, and spinning yarns of the old times, that when they boarded the train at the depot they did not notice they had taken the Chicago train and were going in an opposite direction from their destination. Both jumped from the moving train somewhere between the depot and Pacific Junction and hurried back just in time to catch their train as it was pulling out. This so tickled Joe Johnson, who had been a spectator of the absent-minded mishap at the train, that he walked all the way up Main street laughing with Kelly Fox over the incident, and then trended home at noon, to feed and water his horse; and not until he entered the empty stall did it dawn upon him that he had left the horse and rig hitched to a fence post down at the station.

Governor's Proclamation.

Last Monday night's session of the city council was signalized by the reading of the notification from Governor Savage apprising the city of the ac-

ceptance of the new census return which shows the municipality to have a population of more than 5,000, and proclaiming Plattsmouth, therefore, a city of the first class having more than 5,000, and less than 25,000 inhabitants, and empowering it to begin operation under the new provisions for incorporation as soon as it may see fit.

Various claims against the city were audited and allowed, the wretched condition of the walks in the various parts of the city was discussed, the communication calling attention to the incidence of interest on electric light bonds was held up, an invitation from the Grand Army post for the city officials to take part in the Decoration day exercises, was accepted and the city fathers adjourned.

Bilibid Swallows Them.

Manila, May 23.—The gates of Bilibid prison swung open tonight and admitted a mule wagon bearing three former United States officers, who reluctantly alighted and began to serve sentences in expiation of crimes in connection with the commissary scandals.—News dispatch.

To one who has ever seen the inside of Bilibid prison, the above paragraph teems with suggestions of horror too awful to be encompassed within the descriptive scope of mere words. The grim terrors of Morro, the gloom and death in life of the bastille, orthodox's horrific idea of Gehenna, are insignificant, the torture that ends in bringing death is merciful clemency of Heaven when Bilibid's gates yawn for a victim in one of America's free born citizens.

The pest house, the reeking lazaretto, are places of brightness and purity compared with the moral leprosy of the muck of the cosmos in human shape huddled like a weltering nest of writhing Egyptian vipers within the four ancient, filth-exuding, walls of Bilibid.

No shame or humiliation could be more complete, no degradation deeper than that of a sentient human incarcerated in such a noisome den. Bad enough for the Spanish inquisition; bad enough for the half brute degenerates of semi-civilized peoples, unthinkable for the moral tomb of a European. Yet, shame and horror of it all, many an American soldier knows of comrades sentenced for some slight dereliction, some petty infraction of the rules of discipline, to that ugly hole, to be cast, like the vilest felon, into the pit among the pestilential swarm of villainous Filipino cutthroats, skulking Chinese high-binders, swarthy Malay pirates, and heathenish, half-savage Moro political prisoners. Murderers, thieves, smugglers, buccaneers, American soldiers, indiscriminately mixed—a promiscuous, ostracized society of their own, shunned by all—a most gruesome travesty on the brotherhood of man.

Justice may rejoice in an opportunity to punish the perpetrators of the commissary frauds, but, although probably many times more deserving of imprisonment than many an impulsive young American soldier from the ranks, the tenets of our advanced civilization ought to decree for these officers a fate somewhat less severe than one to which in this country we would not condemn a self-respecting dog.

Weekly Crop Bulletin.

Lincoln, May 28, 1901.

Last week was cool, with heavy showers and storms in western counties and, generally, light showers in eastern. The mean temperature has averaged 5° below normal in eastern counties and 3° in western. Frosts occurred quite generally on the last days of the week. Very slight damage is reported.

Winter wheat has generally grown well, although chinchbugs have done some damage, and in places more rain would have improved crop conditions. Oats have grown fairly well, but continue thin on the ground and in rather poor condition. Grass has improved in western counties, and generally pastures and meadows look well. Corn planting is nearly done in northern counties, and some replanting has been done in southern. The cool weather has been unfavorable to the germination and growth of corn, and it is coming up slowly, but generally the stand is good. Generally the prospects of a good fruit crop are reported, but some complaint has been made that apples are not setting well, indicating that the apple crop may be light.

Cass county—Wheat and oats very good; potatoes looking well; corn good stand, but little replanting done; apples not setting well.

Otoe—Oats, grass and wheat doing well; too cold for corn.

"Your old paper is just like your bed," declared the irate woman subscriber, brandishing her brawny fists at the meek and lowly editor. "The only use you make of it is to lie in it." "Very true, madame," weakly asserted the cornered pencil pusher, "But you must admit we don't lie very long without a change of sheets."

Merchants in town report an excellent trade last Saturday, and are in a good humor generally over their spring business.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

Washington, May 28, 1901.

The pool bah of the army and the idol of pink teas, officially known as Adjutant General Corbin, has scored again. He will go to a junketing to the Philippines, and he will go clothed with authority to make any changes in the quartering or providing for the soldiers that he may see fit without referring them to Washington for approval—authority which properly belongs only to the commander of the army, and which General Miles has never been allowed to exercise. It is announced that General Corbin is to go to the Philippines as the personal representative of Mr. McKinley and Secretary Root; that he is charged by the latter with the duty of arranging a cheap scheme for maintaining the army there, which can be put in the annual report of the war office in the form of a recommendation for congressional action, and by the former with the task of finding out anything that can be made use of in his annual message to congress.

Wonderful man, that Corbin! If he had not got into the army, society and politics, he might have made a first-class confidence man.

Representative Davis of the Jacksonville, Fla., district, is here. He says the people of Jacksonville are meeting the great disaster which visited the city in the same spirit which the orange growers met the destruction of all their trees by the frost of 1895—a disaster three times as costly as the Jacksonville fire—and that the city will be rapidly rebuilt.

Col. J. G. Madison of Kentucky expresses himself very vigorously about Ex-Governor Taylor. He says: "Kentucky stands in a false position before the nation today. Within the state itself there has been almost a complete revulsion of public sentiment as was opposed to the efforts to apprehend Taylor and bring him to trial, but outside people know nothing of this, or so little about it that it has not altered the impression that Taylor is the victim of persecution. Many men who even yet hold Taylor blameless for the death of Goebel, now believe that for the good of the state he should surrender himself for trial. The testimony of former Governor Bradley and others, has tended to dispel the belief that a Goebel suspect cannot get a fair trial in Kentucky, and they concede that if Taylor is innocent he has nothing to lose and everything to gain by being brought to trial. If Taylor will surrender himself, he can have as fair a trial in Kentucky as he could in the District of Columbia, and should be acquitted, he can live in the state in perfect safety and at peace with his neighbors."

The first annual report of Governor Allen, of Porto Rico, has been made public. Naturally, he says the government of the island is the best that it could have had, and incidentally he tosses a few bouquets at congress for its part in the work. He explains the lack of progress on the island by stating the ease with which its natural products support the natives without work. This may be true, but it does not exactly square with the departure of 400 Porto Rican laborers for Hawaii, where they hope to make a better living than they have been able to do at home.

When the budding Nellys, Franklyn, Maymes, Josephyns, Marguerytes and Willyums begin to reconstruct their names for their graduating exercises, one feels a keen desire to admonish a little shyly walyln, near the seat of quickest perception—as Chaucer might have sayde.

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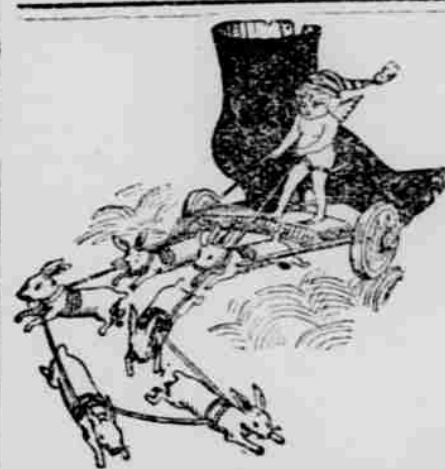
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