

# The Plattsmouth Journal

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

GERMAIN E. TOWL,

Platts. Phone. 6. Neb. Phone. 220.

Entered at the postoffice at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, as second class matter.

FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1901.

Cass county farmers should consult the United States secret service men for pointers on the weather.

Havelock has an auditorium, the idea for which was conceived in a night, and the building erected almost before the people knew what the projectors were about. When it comes to push and hustle the Havelock folks are right to the fore.

The rainstorm of Tuesday was a winner in its class. The rain came down as though the private secretary of the Lord had gone to work after a long vacation, opening up in a big bunch the accumulated prayers of the righteous and answering them all at once.

"I think I will have to cut my advertisement in your paper down and use less space," said one of Plattsmouth's merchants to the Journal man one day last week. "Quite right, sir," responded the newspaper man, "just cut the size of your ad down to whatever proportions the amount of your business will stand."

According to the annual financial report of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, chancellor of the British exchequer, the expenditures of the British government for the fiscal year recently ended, were greater than the revenue receipts by \$25,000,000. This is the rate at which old England, while laboring under stress of increased war taxation is still running behind as payment in part of her fun in South Africa.

Late press dispatches from New York say that young H. L. Bowly of Crete, Nebraska, one of the cadets recently expelled from West Point military academy, has joined an engineering party and set sail for Ecuador. Shouldn't wonder but Bowly might get mixed up in some of the revolutions down there and come out a general or commander-in-chief of the army. There's many a good chance in Latin America for energetic young fellows from the United States.

Jack Beeson has been a close and conscientious student of one of the new fangled health journals of late and the result is that he is now one of the most ardent followers of a philosophy in which he says he has been a believer since early childhood. "I have learned never to work between seven and nine o'clock in the morning," says Jack, "because that is too near breakfast. I have also learned that it is bad to work between nine o'clock in the morning and three in the afternoon because that is too near dinner. From three until nine o'clock at night is likewise a time when one should never labor, for that is too near supper, and after that it is dangerous to work because it is too near bed time."

If the Gazette were to name its first choice as candidate for supreme judge on the republican ticket this fall, it would say Judge Sam M. Chapman of Plattsmouth. He lives a long way from this part of the state, and he has no political axes to grind out this way, but Sam Chapman is an able lawyer and a cultured gentleman. He belongs to the class of men which includes Judge Mason, Judge Cobb, T. M. Marquette and others of that kind of ability, who have made the history of Nebraska. If the republicans expect to win this fall, they must nominate men who have brains and character to correspond with the position they expect to fill if elected.—Jeff L. Stone in Minden Gazette.

When shown the above clipping Judge Chapman positively declared that he is not nor will be a candidate for the place.

Why is it that farmers, when they meet together to plan ways by which they can better their condition, plan to increase the output of their product, while business men in other lines of industry plan to limit the output of their product.—Crete democrat.

There's where you've hit the nail on the head, brother Bowly. The antithesis between the farmer and the trust could not be more strikingly suggested. The farmer plays the bull and the trust the bear in this game of industrial juggling on the side of output, and vice versa on the side of prices.

Look at it from whatever point you will their ends are at variance and their efforts at opposites, and must be so as long as artificial combinations exist on one side for the purpose of bleeding everything outside.

A Faibury "tax buyer" was in town this week gobbling up the delinquent tax snags on city property, so it might

not be a bad scheme for some of our citizens to go down to the court house and find out whether or not they still own their property.

## Anent the Burlington Deal.

For some time past the Northern Pacific railway has been operated in harmony with the Great Northern Railway system over which James J. Hill is the presiding genius, and whose chief financial power centers in the office of Mr. J. Piermont Morgan, says the Review of Reviews. These interests, for the further lessening of competition and the improvement of their great traffic schemes, had practically accomplished a purchase of the Chicago, Burlington system, which it was their intention to lease to the Great Northern and Northern Pacific lines, and to bring into operating union with them. Other interests, however, headed by Mr. Harriman, the banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and associated financial interests, had recently purchased the Southern Pacific Railway system on behalf of the Union Pacific; and they apparently desired to checkmate the so-called "Burlington deal." Accordingly, they laid their plans to buy up enough of the Northern Pacific stock to wrest away control of that line from the Morgan-Hill interest. When the outlines of the project began to disclose themselves, Northern Pacific stock, which is not very valuable on its own intrinsic merits, and which a few years ago was selling for a song, began to assume a great place in the market and to rise very rapidly. The brokers for the interests seeking control were willing to buy at a large figure all the stock that anybody chose to offer. This tempted the speculators, who sold freely for future delivery at a high price. When the dates for delivery arrived, however, the speculators could neither buy nor borrow the necessary shares of stock at ordinary figures. Northern Pacific on May 9 reached \$1,000 a share; and for a few hours many men were obliged to sacrifice excellent stocks and bonds in order to get money with which to purchase Northern Pacific at fabulous prices. The corner was broken by the agreement of the leading interests to postpone stock deliveries, also by a restraining order issued by a New York judge.

## Anti-Kissing Club.

Down in Kansas, the land of Carrie Nations and Mary Ellen Leases, thirteen long suffering men and true have banded themselves together in a vow sustained coterie, and have taken a solemn oath not to kiss their wives for a year. From what we have seen of the product of Kansas femininity in the papers for some time past one is naturally inclined to believe that the men have some justification in standing by this stern measure. "We have found kissing to be a filthy habit," says the president of the anti-kissing club in a recent interview. Poor, long suffering Kansas men, perhaps if they insisted on their wives using Quaker's soap before being kissed, this objection to the habit might be removed. Still, if Kansas women all have kissers similar to those portrayed as the most prominent features of Mesdames Carrie and Mary Ellen, the justification of the men would seem to hold good.

On the other hand, we are surprised to learn that every one of the thirteen women expresses herself as being thoroughly satisfied and delighted with the innovation—hailing the action of their husbands as a relief from an odious habit—which leads one to believe that the day of the beery aroma of the masculine breath has not yet gone out of dry Kansas.

## A Husband's Mistake.

Mrs. Mabel Walker, who committed suicide at the Lindell hotel, Lincoln, Tuesday morning, spent Sunday in Plattsmouth two weeks ago, with her husband, who was stopping at the Riley. She impressed all who saw her as being a charming little woman, although inclined to do as she pleased without regard to convention. While in this city she demonstrated her ability to get away with as much beer as could be carried to her.

The husband, who is a genial, companionable sort of a fellow, explained as his reason for leaving his wife at Lincoln while he traveled about the state, that the boom companion of his college days, J. Albert Brink, lived there, and having a natty little rig, which Mrs. Walker was privileged to use whenever she pleased, made life in the capital city more pleasant for her than it would have been had she traveled about with him. But events have proven that the horse and pneumatic tires, or something else, made life not worth the living for the unhappy little woman.

## River's Ghastly Trophy.

Passengers on No. 7, going to Omaha one day this week, were treated to a startling sight in the shape of a human floater tumbling and tossing about in the turbid waters of the Missouri river. It was at a point where the tracks run close to the water's edge, and the wandering remnant of humanity was scarcely more than 25

feet from the bank. None but the passengers upon the train seemed to have seen it, and to them it appeared tossed up for the moment, a ghastly sight, silent, mysterious, blue of face, soaked of clinging garment, lolling clumsily upon the breast of the flood tide like an unguided stick of drift wood, and then was lost to view as the swiftly-flying train sped on its way.

## Some Hail Stones.

County Commissioner Zink hurried back from Greenwood in great trepidation Wednesday morning, for the report had gained currency that the tremendous hail of the night before had knocked the polished knob off the big cannon on the court house lawn.

But speaking of hailstones brings to mind the fact that a pellet the size of a hen's egg fell just within the door of the Journal office during the storm of the afternoon. This is published to give denial to the assertion of a cynical friend that this hailstone would have grown to the size of a paving stone by the time the paper went to press.

This story is not in it, however, with the one told by H. C. McMaken. He says that when he went into his back yard, about 9 o'clock Tuesday night, he fell over a heap of ice, piled up across his sidewalk as large as a chicken-coop, and that he thought his men had backed an ice wagon into the yard and unloaded it there for some reason or other. All of which goes to show that truth is often stranger than fiction.

## Too Much Infant.

The father of Beaver City's prize baby attempted suicide one day this week. The suffering and misery to which this unfortunate man has been subjected for the past five years, may better be imagined than described. At the age of five months his baby weighed more than 65 pounds, and now at the age of 5 years papa's little twenty tootsie wootsie tips the beam at more than 200 pounds.

Five years ago the doting parent was proud and happy of mind, robust of physique, a happy man and the envy of all his neighbors. Today the same man, emaciate, haggard, downcast, shattered of nerve, a hapless, hopeless anaemic wreck, seeks peace in death.

Not even Sandow himself could be expected to survive five years of coddling and night walking an operatively-inclined colley 200 pound infant. It is said that the Castoria people are anxious to get the baby's picture for advertising purposes. Then some rejuvenator concern ought to procure the father's for a terrible "before taking" illustration.

The embarrassing position in which police officers of a city of this size are often placed was well illustrated Saturday night, when the local force had to do with a gang of young midnight roysters, well tanked up and looking for trouble. Spectators indulged in a good deal of adverse criticism because the officers did not employ force, even to the point of using their clubs and revolvers and arrest the whole gang. That, however, is a course which cannot so easily be followed where police and citizens are so well acquainted as here, and the police show rare good judgment in employing their power to arrest only as a last measure, and their club and revolver "authority" only when all other means have failed. It is not a pleasant thing to jail the bellicose sons of respectable parents, and the officer who can succeed in getting them off the streets without plunging well known families into the notoriety attaching to the proceedings of the police court is a capable officer, indeed, and does more to preserve the peace and maintain law and order than one who never loses an opportunity of obtruding his "authority" before the public notice.

The contention for nomination for sheriff in the republican county convention promises to be a lively one. Carl Quinton of Avoca, and Editor W. L. Witherow of the Plattsmouth Tribune are already being pushed for the place by their respective friends, while at least six other parts of the county have their preferences which will be brought before the convention with showings of more or less strength. Editor S. A. Morrison of Eagle is being more than talked of for the nomination for register of deeds, and with Rush O. Fellows trying for something or another, as the report is current, the republicans bid fair to have their hands full of candidates from among the ranks of the local newspaper men.

Jonathan Hatt's ten year old daughter, Ina, had a narrow escape from an imminent death Monday afternoon, when the horse which she was driving alone, took fright and ran away with her down Pearl street, and up Main street, colliding with a wagon, and finally being brought to an abrupt halt by a telephone pole. Although the rig which the little girl was driving was almost demolished the child was not injured in the least, and all through the exciting episode displayed wonderful nerve and courage in holding the lines and guiding the wayward brute as best she could.

Frank Hager of Havelock was in town Wednesday. He has lately been enjoying a visit from his mother, of Columbus, Ohio.

Sheriff Wheeler was out in the county this week making levies, visiting Weeping Water, Elmwood and Greenwood enroute.

During Tuesday evening's storm the lightning struck the E. & M. switch house, near the depot, tearing the roof off in places, but not much damage was done. The only occupant of the house at the time, was Posey Messersmith, who was severely shocked.

You may as well expect to run a steam engine without water as to find an active, energetic man with a torpid liver, and you may know that it is torpid when he does not relish his food, or feels dull and languid after eating, often has headache and sometimes dizziness. A few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will restore his liver to its normal functions, renew his vitality, improve his digestion and make him feel like a new man. Price, 25 cents. Samples free at any drug store.

## To California in July.

Make up your mind to go to San Francisco in July and you will go. It's almost as sure as two and two make four.

Another thing equally sure is that you will never have a better opportunity of visiting California.

Rates have been reduced to a point within the reach of almost all. For example, the cost of a round trip ticket from Omaha to San Francisco is only \$45—less than one regular fare.

Corresponding rates from all other Burlington Route stations. The trip to California and the month spent there will prove a holiday surpassing any in your experience. With good judgment \$100 will cover every expense of the trip—railroad fare, sleepers, side trips and a month's visit.

Write for a copy of the Burlington's Epworth League folder—gives full information about the meeting, tickets, stop-overs, etc.

J. FRANCIS,  
General Passenger Agent,  
Omaha, Neb.

## NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS.

The Board of County Commissioners will sit at a Board of Equalization on the 11th day of June 1901 and continue in session not less than eight days or until the hearing of complaints against assessments and such other business as may legally come before it has been finished. All persons having complaints to make against assessment are notified to appear before said Board at their office in the Court House at Plattsmouth.

JAMES ROBERTSON,  
County Clerk.

Why not subscribe for the Journal NOW? You need it—for a dollar!

Julius Buck, a former Cass county boy, who went to Wyoming some ten or twelve years ago and became a cow boy, has become the owner of a cattle ranch, for which he has been offered \$50,000 cash, but wants \$10,000 more. He began with nothing, and worked by the month for several years, till he got a start. He is a son of John Buck, the Mt. Pleasant precinct farmer.



First and Best Fair of the Season.  
All Attractions of High Order.  
Concert Music a Special Feature.  
Grand 4th of July Celebration.  
Genuine Mexican Bull Fights.  
Everyone invited.  
Reduced Rates from All Points.  
Don't Fail to Come.

JULY 2 to 13.

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Blue Grass and Lawn Seed.  
SEED SWEET POTATOES.

It's time to think about your lawns, and high time to get to work at your gardens. Every one of our lines of seeds tested and guaranteed.

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Over the entire town, then come here and you will decide that

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