The Plattsmouth Daily Herald,

KNOTTS BROS.,
Publishers & Proprietors.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

For Supreme Judge
SAMUEL MAXWELL.
For University Regents,
DR. B. B. DAVIS.
DR. GEORGE ROBERTS.
For Judges of Second Judicial District,
HON. SAMUEL M. CHAPMAN.
HON. ALLEN W. FIELD.

UBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

For Treasurer
D. A. CAMPBELL.
For Clerk
BIRD CRITCHFIELD.
For Recorder
WM. H. POOL.
Superintendent of Public Instruction
MAYNARD SPINK.
Eor Sheriff
J. C. EIKENBARY.
For Judge
CALVIN RUSSELL.
Eor Clerk of District Court
H. J. STREIGHT,
For County Commissioner
GEORGE YOUNG.
For Surveyor
A. MADOLE.
For Coroner
HENRY BECK.

READ the republican state platform and read it every day. It is good reading and sound doctrine.

THE prohibition vote in New York though cast for St, John made Cleveland president but did not help the cause of temperance.

THE republican victory at the late municipal election in Indianapolis so soon after the president's visit shows that his trip is bearing fruit and good fruit even before his journey is ended.

THE laboring people of Pensylvania have not as good houses nor as good food and clothing as they ought to have, but the tariff is not the cause but it is the whiskey that they drink that causes the most pinching part of their poverty.

THE *Journal* admits that the republicans have nominated a stronger and better man for supreme judge than the democrats have. This is honest and we believe, sincere. We will elect him. Shake, brother Sherman.

IF the C. B. & Q. and B. & M, railroads do not speedily build double tracks along their trunk lines, many serious accidents are likely soon to happen. As it is, delays are common vexations and very unsatisfactory to the traveling public. The attempt to handle so many trains with only a single track is impracticable and dangerous and if the roads are so parsimonious that they will not, of their own accord, make their double tracks; they should be compelled to do so by law or the number of trains they are allowed to run in a given trme should be limited to a safe and convenient number.

THERE is no doubt but that the tendency of monopolies, both in this and in foreign countries is to oppress the masses and make rich the few. Hence, the sympathy of the republican party has always been with the laboring people. They emancipated the slaves, stopped the immigration of cheap labor from China, put a tariff on such articles as could be manufactured here by protecting labor. The democrats have been in power several years and have done nothing to help the poor, the laborer nor any body else, except a few rich nabobs, and it is not likely that they ever will. To the republican party all poor and oppressed people must look for redress.

A Helpful Neighbor.

The Council Bluffs *Nonpareil*, referring to the adoption of a resolution by the Pottawattomie county convention favoring Omaha as the place for holding the next national republican convention, and asking the Iowa members of the national committee to vote for it, says: "This is as it should be. Omaha is the best town west of Chicago, till we reach the Pacific coast. It can entertain the national convention handsomely, with the aid of Council Bluffs, and give the country a ticket that will be elected in 1888." Omaha appreciates these compliments from her neighbor and counts much upon its valuable assistance in her efforts to secure the republican convention.—*Omaha Republican.*

The Prohibition Party.

We are in favor of free action as well as free thought by all who honestly do what they think is right. But we would like to have all people who think as we do, act with us. Hence we cannot but regret that our prohibition friends do not endorse and vote for our ticket instead of presenting one of their own. It is impossible for them to prefer democrats to republicans, and yet in their zeal for the best of causes there is danger ot their becoming the helpers of the pronounced party of the saloons. We know they would not intentionally do this, but such is the pecular condition of the political parties in relation to the prohibition question that a third party making that the issue can hardly fail to help the democrats and hurt the republicans. There is not a doubt but that a majority of the republicans in Nebraska are in favor of prohibition and the party will, if supported by all prohibitionists at exactly the right time which is when it will carry, submit the question to a vote of the people. But if the prohibition party should either defeat the republican party or take from it the prohibition strength, then they kill prohibition in the state. For if the democrats carry the state there is no more show for prohibition than if the whole business were turned over to the saloon keepers themselves, and if they draw from the republican party the strongest and most active supporters of prohibition, of course those left will be both less inclined and less able to bring around the reform than they would be if they had what the third party takes from them. In Iowa and Kansas the republican party has given the people prohibition and it will do it sure in Nebraska if all the prohibitionests of the state come to it, stay with it and work with it. The republican doors are wide open to all good people and we believe the prohibition folks to be such. As they cannot possibly hope to elect their ticket, we trust before the election they will conclude to vote our ticket and thus help the cause nearest their hearts. Iowa would not now have prohibition if any considerable number of the republicans had gone with the third party. And as sure as time continues Nebraska will not soon have it, if those who want it do not work together. "A house divided against itself cannot stand" neither can a great reform be brought about except enough of those who want it agree and work in unison for its accomplishment.

MEN WITH MARVELOUS MEMORIES.

People Whose Brains Never Forgot—Phenomenal Powers of Recollection.

Parsons, the Greek scholar, could repeat Milton's "Paradise Lost" backwards.

A monk who resided in Moscow in the Fifteenth century could repeat the whols of the New Testament.

George III of England, though deficient in education, never forgot a name once heard or a face once seen.

It is said of Themistocles that he could call by their names the people of Athens, which city then numbered 20,000 inhabitants.

It has been written of the Bourbons that they never forgot a man's name nor his face, and this has been sometimes considered as a true sign of their royal natures.

A school teacher of London, whose name was Dawson, possessed a remarkable memory. He could repeat the book of Job and the Psalms, and on a wager of £200 he repeated, without the aid of a book, Spenser's "Fairie Queene," a poem of nearly 4,000 stanzas of nine lines each.

Houdin was once invited with his son to a gentleman's house to give a private seance, and as they went up stairs they passed the library door, which was partially open. In that single moment young Charles Houdin read all the names of twelve volumes and recognized the position of two busts.

Boone, the blind negro pianist, who has given performances through several states, has a most wonderful memory in connection with his art. From once hearing it he was able to play Liszt's celebrated "Hungarian Rhapsody" without missing a note. Blind Tom also performed similar feats.

Mozart, when only 12 years old, played a new opera from one hearing, which had been composed expressly to test his skill. A writer, referring to this incident, says: "He not only reproduced the opera from memory—which was a very difficult piece—without missing a single note, but on a second playing threw in variations in such a manner that all who heard him were speechless with astonishment."

McKenzie tells us a most interesting story about Carolan, a blind Irish harper and composer, who once challenged a famous Italian violinist to a trial of skill. The Italian played the fifth concerto of Vivaldi on his violin; then, to the astonishment of all present, Carolan, who had never before heard the concerto, took his harp and played it through from beginning to end without missing a single note

Sergt. Bates in London.

I asked what kind of a man Sergt. Bates was, who starts the show by riding round the immense ring with the American flag in his hands, and he rides as well as any Indian. "Why," said Jack Burke, "Bates is a real philanthropist, for that man is going on all day with those Indians, taking them to the tower, to Westminster Abbey or some place or other. We have to keep their minds occupied or the monotony wears upon them. Bates loves nothing better than to go around with these Indians morning and night. He has carried the American flag through all the American states and through all the British islands. When we took him up the old fellow could hardly make a living. He is of considerable use to us.—"Gath" in Cincinnati Enquirer.

DEATH PENALTY IN COREA.

Peculiar Manner of Killing Criminals in the Oriental Peninsula.

The manner of killing is peculiar and is especially obnoxious to the Catholic Christians, who are abundant in this country. An ordinary Roman cross is set up on a huge cart drawn by oxen. The man is tied to this with arms extended, and he is thus drawn through the streets. A crier precedes the procession, announcing the crime for which the man is being punished. His friends are allowed to follow and protest his innocence and bewail his sad fate, but as the punishment is usually visited upon the family if the treason has been glaring, the following of friends is apt to be rather small.

There are two places of execution at the capital. One, seldom used, is in the city, while the chief place is just outside the west gate, on a hillside, where the immense crowds upon the city wall and other high places can get a good view of the interesting sight. Whether the prisoner, in his exhausted state, has succumbed to the torture on the cross or not, on arriving at the place of execution he is placed face downward, with his neck upon a block, when, by one stroke, if it is a good one, the heavy sword severs the head from the body. The hands and feet are then cut off, and the mutilated body is carried back into the city and laid, chest downward, in one of the streets, where it must lie for three days.

It is refreshing to note that the people, and even the dogs, avoid that street for the time being, and the adjoining shops are closed. They count from the evening when the body is laid out till daylight of the third day, so that the body only lies there one day in reality. The foreigners resident in the capital, during the time following the emeute of 1884, when so many political criminals were executed, often stumbled upon these horrible sights in their journeyings about the streets. On one occasion when the bodies were near the legations the representatives combined and asked for their removal.

It should be mentioned that the humane king is opposed to this practice, which custom seems still to demand. In case the accuser should be proved an impostor and to have accused the man falsely, the prisoner or his friends have the right to demand an eye from him. Their method of obtaining the organ is quite novel, and if well performed it is more expeditious than is the modern surgical method of enucleation. The culprit is made to stoop over and is then hit with the loaded end of a flexible stick upon a spot on the back of the head, when the eye protrudes sufficiently so that it may be cut off. If, however, the people who wish the eye are not prompt in doing the cutting operation, the prisoner may quickly replace the eye and possess it thereafter in peace, all of which is said to have been done many times, but unfortunately has not been witnessed, as yet, by foreigners.—Seoul Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Poisoned by Mummy Eyes.

A weird interest attaches to mummies, and their coming to life, or exerting an occult influence when resurrected in one day, has furnished the foundation for several romances. Here is a prosaic and true story, with the scene laid in matter of fact New York, which goes far to relieve the romancers from the charge of romancing. Some time ago Messrs. Tiffany & Co. received an invoice of mummies' eyes. I do not go so far as to say that they were the actual eyes of leading citizens of Thebes and Memphis, but they were taken from the eye sockets of mummies exhumed from Egyptian tombs. They may have been the actual eyes reduced to the hardness of stone by the process of embalming, or they may have been only false eyes like those used by modern taxidermists in perpetuating the life semblance of some pet Fido or Tabby. At all events they were dubbed "mummy eyes," and the jewelers set about getting them ready for the market. They were amber colored, opaque and lusterless.

It was thought best to polish them before setting, and a workman was set at the task. Before he had been long at the work he became ill of a fever, and another man was put on the job. He, too, became ill of the same kind of a fever before he had spent much time on the job, and three or four other workmen who succeeded him were taken with the same symptoms and suffered a similar illness, although others, working on other jobs amid the same surroundings and under the same conditions, were enjoying their usual good health. Here is an excellent opportunity for the Society for Psychical Research. Were these illnesses simply a coincidence, or did the mummy eyes really exert some occult and baneful power for their own protection?—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Why Corn Bread is Scarce.

Corn bread, once a staple and common article of food, is coming to be regarded as a luxury. Not only is this true of the north, but also of the south, where Indian corn was at one time preferred to wheat for making bread. A Georgian said in explanation of the change: "The complaint that a really prime article of corn or Indian meal cannot be obtained in towns and cities is general. A country miller told me that he could not produce good cornmeal by the use of modern grinding machinery. The softest and best flavored meal is made from new corn. This the proprietors at large mills refuse to grind. To get good cornmeal the grinding must be done slowly, and it must be given time to cool properly before it is moved. This can only be done in country mills, and the supply is far behind the demand.

"Besides this, cornmeal cannot be kept long without deteriorating. It is not in the matter of bread making alone, however, that cornmeal has fallen into disuse; it is less used for cooking purposes generally. The great increase in wheat growing and the improvements in the flour making line, together with the high price of corn and low price of wheat, is in part responsible for this state of things. Few persons now use corn for economical reasons. Many, however, would prefer it for a considerable portion of the time, if a good article could be procured. The southern corn is preferred to all others, although the flint corn raised in New England is an excellent article; but it requires a large amount of cooking. Corn that grows in the prairie regions of the west is the most undesirable, and as this represents most of the cereal that is for sale it is not used to any great extent."—New York Mail and Express.

High Priced Peaches Abroad.

An American who recently returned from England says that before sailing he noticed one day a plate of fine peaches among the fruit of the dining room at the hotel. He inquired their price, and was told that the peaches were sixty cents apiece, and that they were "all or nothing" for Englishmen, as the fruit has not yet been brought in quantities which insure cheapness.—Chicago Times.

Tax Collecting in Morocco.

Muley Hassan knows how to collect taxes, anyway. Recently many of his subjects manifested a tendency to be delinquent. Thereupon he cut off the heads of a dozen or so and stuck them up in front of his palace, to encourage prompt settlement on the part of the others. It worked splendidly. Every delinquent taxpayer in Morocco settled up in full, next day.—New York Tribune.

MARK TWAIN'S YOUTH.

HOW HE CAME TO BE A PILOT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

A Chat with the Veteran Under Whom Clemens Learned the Crooks and Shallows of the Great River—First Literary Work.

Capt. Horace Bixby, of the magnificent steamer City of Baton Rouge, is the most popular man on southern waters. Capt. Bixby is a well preserved relic of the golden age of the river, and has been a constant student of currents and chutes for forty years. Horace Bixby is the man who taught Mark Twain how to steer a steamboat, and the success of his whilom cub has reflected considerable glory on the tutor. That was away back in the '50s, when Bixby was a pilot, and after all these years he is now of the opinion that a pilot is a bigger man than a captain any day, and especially on a dark night in a tight place. Capt. Bixby is now 61 years of age, and he says: "I am just nine and a half years older that Sam Clemens." When in a reminiscent mood the other day he said: "It was quite remarkable how Sam Clemens happened to become a pilot. He has written a great deal about it himself, but I don't believe he ever told it all. It was in the spring of '57. I was then running regularly between St. Louis and New Orleans and occasionally doing an outside job on the Ohio river from Cincinnati to New Orleans. It was on one of these outside trips that I first met Clemens. I was taking the Paul Jones down from Cincinnati, and he was a passenger on board. In those times the pilot house was a great loafing place for passengers and pilots out of work. They came in, spit all over the wheel, swapped lies, and then left the pilot on duty to slosh around in the debris. I didn't like it a bit, and I was mighty short with all passengers who attempted to talk with me. One morning when the boat reached Island No. 35 in the Mississippi river, and we were booming along at a good gait, a young man walked into the pilot house, and after watching me for a few minutes, said 'G-o-o-d m-o-r-n-i-n-g,' in a drawing manner."

"I said 'good morning' mighty sharp, thinking it would freeze him out. But it didn't. He said:

"'D-o-n-'t y-o-u w-a-n-t a b-o-y t-o l-e-a-r-n t-h-e r-i-v-e-r?'

"'No; don't want any boy to learn the river. What are you pulling your words that way for?'

"'I d-o-n-'t k-n-o-w, y-o-u w-i-l-l h-a-v-e t-o a-s-k m-y m-o-t-h-e-r. S-h-e d-o-e-s t-h-e s-a-m-e t-h-i-n-g.'

"I thought he was chaffing me when he said that and I looked up, but his face was just as sober as a preacher's. He then asked me if I knew the Bowens who were on the river. I told him that I did and worked with one of them in 1853. He told me that the Bowens lived next door to his father, Judge Clemens, of Hannibal, Mo. In his drawling way he told me of his plans. He had learned printing at Hannibal on his brother's paper, but it did not agree with him, and he was going to South America for his health. He liked the river, however, and would abandon his projected invasion of South America for an opportunity to become a pilot.

"'There is only one thing that would induce me to teach you the river,' said I.

"'W-h-a-t-'s t-h-a-t?' he asked.

"'Money,' said I.

"'Mone-y?' he echoed.

"'That's just it,' I answered.

"'H-o-w m-u-c-h?' he gasped.

"'Five hundred dollars,' I said.

"'We-ll, I ai-n't go-t that mu-ch,' said he.

"'Then you better get it if you want to learn the river,' I replied.

"'I've go-t e-i-g-h-t l-o-t-s up in K-e-o-k-u-k, I-owa, but I d-on't know w-hat they wo-uld bring, an' I-ve go-t 2,000 acres of l-and in Ten-ness-ee that I can get twenty-five cents an acre for,' said he summing up his assets. We talked for some time and he impressed me very favorably. It was finally agreed that he was to pay me $100 down and $75 every six months until the debt was paid. I told him that he would have to provide his own clothes and board while in port. On the river he would receive his board and lodging free. He started in as a cub on the Aleck Scott and he learned rapidly. He was then just past 21, and rather eccentric. He always had writing paper and pencil around the pilot house, and was eternally scribbling away at something. I seldom ever tried to investigate the mysteries of his manuscript, but I soon turned his talent to good account. In those days pilots made out reports of the condition of the channel, and Clemens at once developed into a brilliant and picturesque river reporter. His reports were humorous and contained all the information, and were frequently copied into the papers just as he wrote them. This, I think, was the first public writing that he did, except, perhaps, some squibs for the Hannibal paper. He was a good boy, not addicted to dissipation, and obeyed orders. He hated suspenders, and used to enjoy himself in very loose clothes, with his hair roached back. We steered together on many trips, and then he changed around and in two years received a license that made him a full fledged pilot. His first boat was the Alonzo Child, under Capt. De Haven, and he kept turning the wheel until the war broke out. His boat was then in the south, and he piloted three months for the Confederacy. Then he got through the lines and went home, but after a short stay at Hannibal he went as a volunteer for three months in the army of Gen. Sterling Price, the Missouri Confederate. He fought for the Confederacy three more months on land and then retreated in good order, with his right resting on St. Louis. His brother, Orrin Clemens, was at that time nominated secretary of the territory of Nevada, and Sam accompanied him west. Everybody knows the rest."

Three years ago Clemens accompanied Capt. Bixby down the river, and the old stories and glories were revived. The result of the trip was the book "Old Times on the Mississippi."—St. Louis Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Roulette Players' Ingenuity.

A large sum was won years ago by a smal company of players in the following manner: An ingenious mechanic having come to the conclusion that it was impossible to maintain a cylinder in such perfect working order that it should not tend a little to one side or another, and thus favor certain numbers more than others, haunted the rooms for months, and was rewarded by finding that his conclusions were right, and that certain numbers, at certain tables, appeared in the registers he kept with undue frequency. These numbers the members of his company set to work to back, and with such success that they had won very largely indeed before the proprietors discovered their secret. It is said that after a quarrel among themselves, one of the party gave information as to their mode of procedure; but, be this as it may, the cylinder of every roulette board is now removed and tested after each day's play, and no more money is to be made in the manner described.—Charles C. Welman in The Cosmopolitan.