

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald

KNOTTS BROS., Publishers & Proprietors.

JACOB SHARP, the New York hoodler, has been granted a new trial.

The president has appointed James B. Chase, of Indiana, to be United States consul at Durango, Mexico.

The Soldiers' Home at Marshalltown, Iowa, was dedicated yesterday, and is now open for the soldiers of Iowa.

The corps commanders of the army of France have sealed orders, to be opened in case an outbreak occurs following the presidential election to-morrow.

The French radicals are opposed to the election of Ferry to the presidency. Deroulede the leader of this party, threatens to march at the head of 50,000 men to the palace, in case Ferry is elected and prevent him from entering.

The democrats of the House of Representatives, meet next Saturday in caucus to select a speaker for the house, they will most likely nominate Mr. Carlisle, as he has no opposition, except a gentleman by the name Thoebe, and he has probably not been invited to the caucus.

The democratic leaders at Washington would be glad to have some one tell them two things: 1. What they can do concerning the tariff. 2. What they are going to do concerning the tariff. That something must be done they have been busily engaged for a year or two in explaining Sioux City Journal.

THE CALIFORNIA PASSION. Southern California is proving a bonanza for the transportation companies, if not for the tourists. The popular craze is carrying people to the Pacific coast in flocks, and these people are distributing a good deal of money by the way, will leave a good deal with landlords there, and be getting home again with less money and more experience.

Undoubtedly California, south or north, has its attractions; and what state or country has not? California is a good place to go for a trip, if one is circumstanced to cross the continent for a journey and for the pleasure of an outdoor nosegay in January. But as a rule California will be found too expensive a luxury for people who make their money on this side of the continent to enjoy. Therefore, the present popular thing in the way of travel will not long continue.

Undoubtedly many who are going now go somewhat with the view of striking something rich, and at least of looking over the country for themselves with a view of making a residence there if they find gold dollars quite as indigenous to the soil as rosebuds. But they will not find it so. Moreover, many will not be so delighted with the climate as the pictures they have seen of it have induced them to believe they should be. Such forms of industry, by which accumulation or even livelihoods are possible, are being greatly overcrowded, and these forms of industry are chiefly dependent upon a steady inflow of tourists for their opportunities. The country itself outside of climate and flowers and some capacity for fruit growing, is deficient in inherent strength to support a large population. This fact will appear to the coming tides, and subsidence will follow. It is not a country in which moderate home industries can be made to flourish—not a country well adapted to support home-makers and afford them the opportunities to gather the means to build. It is a better country for men who can take their money with them. As a place for pleasure and spending money, and as a refuge from the region of winter, of course it is admirable. This being true it follows it is not the place for the many—rather the place for the few.

Iowa, Nebraska and Dakota the year through and the year round, can discount southern California. Coming down to what is legitimate, what is of the real strength of the country, and this is by far the better place to be. In Iowa, Nebraska and Dakota are the solids of life, and the wealth of the soil is available to every man who has disposition and ability to work.

Iowa people, and all people of these western states, should think slowly before making sacrifices to enable them to try experiments, beyond the experiments of holidays in southern California.—Sioux City Journal.

A CLOVEN-FOOTED FAMILY. The resemblance recorded here of human beings to the old pictures of the devil would have been thought a hundred years ago sure evidence of satanic relationship—we give the story for what it is worth:

A gentleman was in our town yesterday who had just returned from Old Mexico, and had with him a boy about fourteen years of age that is almost as great a curiosity as the armless man. He is well formed in every respect except his feet, which consist of only two

long toes, each toe about six inches long. The joints of the toes appear stiff from walking on them. The toes and foot, of which there is nothing but a heel, resembling the thumb and forefinger of the hand, both toes of the same length, and he can grip a piece of coin or paper with the ends of them something as a crawfish would. He is very pleasant and intelligent. The gentleman with him said his whole family, father, mother, brother and sisters, were all formed the same way, and they claim to belong to a tribe in Central Mexico, whose feet were all formed the same as theirs.—Nebraska City (Mo.) Times.

INCOMPLETENESS. To reach high heaven, and fall in entering; To slight love in his glory and his grace, And turn back to this heavy hearted place; Ah! surely is the load of pain we bring— Desires unmet and fond hopes that cling Like ivy on our souls, still worse to bear Than all the weariness tinged with despair, That comes of knowing full how sweet a thing Love is. No perfect hour through memory Shall make hell heaven by its preponderance; The gloom shall never be raised with thinking, once Life was not so. Our hungry souls shall be Fed on ripe kisses left untouched, and see, Crying for light, no trace of any dawn But that one day we turned our backs upon.—Flora McDonald in Chicago Times.

A FLIRTING HUSBAND. A Pretty Girl's Punishment of a Married Masher—A Car Scene. Do the foolish men travel more than the others, or does it make a man silly to put him on a car and send him away from home? I ask this question because I meet so many men acting like idiots on every journey I take. Directly in front of me on a recent journey sat a pretty girl, perhaps 23 years of age, and across the way was a fine looking, middle aged man with a sweet faced wife, two lovely children and a nursemaid. This party was evidently returning for some prolonged visit to the country, and heading for "Grandma's" to stay until the holidays. The conversation of the children told all this to every one in the parlor car. Presently when mamma was deep in a new book, and nurse had the babies on a sofa at the end of the car, the scamp of a husband opened the campaign by surreptitious smiles in the looking glass at the pretty girl. During the day he flirted with her. As the Madonna faced wife beat over her novel, the man would make eyes right over to the amusement and disgust of the passengers.

Finally he went to a rack in which telegraph blanks were deposited, took one and retired. After a while he came back, walked to the opposite end of the car and as he returned he swayed with his motion and actually laid a folded paper on miss' knee. It was the telegraph blank and on it was written: "I am strangely interested in you and desire a further acquaintance. Will you write me on your return to New York? A note addressed to John Johnson, 964 1/2 street, will reach a delighted man. Give me your address before I leave (at the next station) that I may know my fate." The girl read over and over this impudent communication. Then, as she felt the eyes of half the passengers upon her, she got afraid of the result and she turned to a lady, passed the paper over and asked, "What would you do were you in my place?"

An old gentleman in front spoke up: "Give the paper whatever there is on it, to that flirted wife." "Well, bless me! if she didn't get up, cross over to the chair in which the wife sat, place the open communication on her lap, and say: 'The gentleman with you gave me that a moment ago. I don't quite understand it.' Then she would have watched the development with intense interest. Some were sorry for the wife and felt vexed at the exposure of the man for her sake, but the lady quietly read it through. She was pale as ashes, but she turned a glance of such contempt on the man that we all knew there was trouble in store for that delusion and snare. Then she faced about and said pleasantly to the pretty girl: "Thank you; you have rendered me a very great service." The cars stopped and the party withdrew, the flirting husband making a desperate attempt to look unconcerned, but the outlook for one fool of a traveler was by no means pleasant, if we could read faces.—New York Sun.

American Girls and Englishmen. Now, there is another thing upon which I would like to say a word or two. It is the marriage of American girls to Englishmen. How many of these marriages are there that we can put our finger upon, that money did not come from the lady, and a title from the gentleman? Not one. If not in present, it is in future. If the girl hasn't a fortune, she will have one; if the man hasn't a title, he is sure, sooner or later, to come into one, or be in some way related to a man or woman who has a title. It is not the way of Englishmen, of present or prospective title or high family, to marry a woman without money.

A girl with money in England is like a barrel of molasses in July. You can't count it. And then, a girl, even without money, is surrounded by the most absurd rules and regulations. Love marriages won't do. If a man is content to marry a girl without any fortune, he isn't encouraged much by her papa and mamma, unless he is able and willing to make a good settlement upon her, which must be signed, sealed and delivered before the ring goes on. Then, too, the engagement is a depressing period of existence for a man. He can't have any fun. He mustn't go about with his fiancée. He can't escort her alone to a ball, party or the theatre. A big brother, or her portly father, has to go, too! Everything is propriety run into the ground, and to the verge of nonsense. No wonder, then, that Englishmen jump with delight at the comparative ease with which (if they have a beggarly title) they get an American girl with bags full of golden "twenties."—London Cor. The Argonaut.

Remedy for Catarrh. As remedies for catarrh thousands of persons daily use snuff and other stuff whose action is to irritate the lining membrane and thus cause more catarrh. There is nothing better than common washing soda diluted in water and twice a day sniffed thoroughly well through the nostrils. Many persons use only salt and water.—New York Times.

Chimney on Fire. If a chimney or flue catch on fire, close all windows and doors first, then hang a blanket in front of the grate to exclude all air. Water should never be poured down the chimney, as it spoils the carpets. Coarse salt thrown down the flue is much better.—Boston Budget.

To get the color in black or dark hosiery, collars, scarves, etc., put a large teaspoonful of black pepper into a pail of water and let the articles lie in soak for a couple of hours.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

A RESIDENT LOOKER ON TALKS OF THE SITUATION.

Millions of Dollars Thrown Away and Other Millions Lavishly Squandered. Funeral Ceremonies—At the Hospital. Building a Dam—Colon.

To the weary and seasick traveler no more enchanting scene can be viewed from the sea than the city of Colon, with its surroundings of tall palm trees waving in the breeze. It seems like a glimpse of fairyland; but let the tourist once land and he is soon disenchanted. The city seems to be full of pestilence, and if Cologne is said to have had "seventy distinct stinks," I am sure Colon has at the least three times as many. In fact it is a wonder that the inhabitants have not all of them turned up noses. The front street has a plank over sidewalk under which the water stands and protrudes after a rainfall. The back streets of the city are mud holes, and a green scum is their principal decoration. The majority of the houses are built upon sticks, with a bed of steaming mud beneath to add to their sanitary advantages. Generally the Panama Railroad company run two funeral trains daily out to the cemetery at Monkey Hill, and carry lots of "deadheads."

The funeral ceremonies are conducted on a most economical plan. A poor man dies in the street. A box is brought and he is tumbled into it and whirled away to the place of sepulture. On arrival the body is pitched into a hole. When there are four or five bodies in this hole it is closed up. The boxes are, however, always brought back for further use. There is no hospital or aid for the sick and destitute. For the sick man there is no aid, for the dead no religious services. It is said that all are not dead who are thrown into these pits. This is immaterial, of course, as they soon die after the red mud is shoveled occasionally by a fly blister or an enema. In Colon, both American and French, the latter under the auspices of the canal company, whose head is M. de Lesseps. I have personally given the French hospital a trial of nearly a year, and cannot recommend it as a first class hotel. Poor coffee and tough beef are not, in my estimation, the most nourishing food for an invalid. These hospitals are under the control of my distinguished friend, M. de Lesseps, but he never boards at them when he chances to be in Colon. The Sisters of Charity—noble women—and a staff of some educated doctors of French extraction have the management of affairs. The principal medicines used are compound cathartic pills and quinine, varied occasionally by a fly blister or an enema.

This treatment is an eminently successful one, as is evidenced by the coffins going out every day. In the hospitals, as in everything else, the French have the preference, except in graveyard privileges. They get chicken, etc., when an American or Englishman is given tough beef cut out between the horns of bullocks whose ancestry dates back beyond the reign of William the Conqueror, who himself is old enough to be his own grandfather.

LENGTH WHEN COMPLETED. The Panama canal, or rather "The Inter-oceanique," will be, when completed, about fifty-five miles long. So far about eighteen miles have been dredged out on the Chagres, and a portion of the mountain at Culebra has been blasted out. This is all the work of contractors, not of the French. The American dredging company have done their work nobly, while the French dredges have lain idle and rusted along the shores of the Chagres. The chief aim of a French employe seems to be to drink absinthe, cognac and claret, and wear a cork hat and top boots. They are extremely clannish, and view Americans as an inferior race of animals. The canal company purpose building a dam across between two mountains near Gamboa. This they calculate will give them a lake of some twelve miles capacity, so if the Atlantic and Pacific oceans ever dry up they can turn on a faucet and fill the canal without soiling their kid gloves. This is all very fine in theory (de Lesseps), but the Chagres river rises sometimes twenty-seven feet in twenty-four hours, and should it take a notion to do so after this mythical lake is completed, it would soon show that Gamboa was not worth a dam. No profanity intended. M. de Lesseps is an imaginative man; he is a man of great ideas, but he did not "look before he leaped." Judging by present prospects the canal may be completed by the year 1876, when the second centennial of this grand republic will be celebrated. Supposing, for example only, that the canal could be completed by the French company in ten years, an investor in its bonds would be a centenarian before he received a decent return on his investment, provided he was 21 years of age today. By cooking up favorable reports on a gas stove the French management have bagged millions of dollars, but the game is nearly played out.

M. de Lesseps has built a town on a negro graveyard at Colon, which he calls Cristoval Colon. He has taken possession of the bronze statue of Christopher Columbus, which was presented by Empress Eugenie, of France, to Colon itself, and being one of the first places visited in the new world by the great discoverer. This he has erected in front of his palace, facing seaward, so as to welcome him when he sees fit to cross the waters. Here, at Cristoval Colon, are collected his faithful satellites. Most of them are like the lilies as they grow; "they neither toil, nor do they spin," yet they reap up lots of money, vermouth and gin. As an old resident on the isthmus of Panama, and a looker on at all the doings of these called canal company, I do not hesitate to stigmatize the thing it is, so far, as a deceit and a snare. Doubtless the company hope to complete the canal at some future day by aid of the "rainy seasons," but that will take some centuries. What is required is cool American brains, American energy, American capital and the thing will be a success, a thing of today, not as it promises now, to be regarded in years to come as a failure and a fossil enterprise.—Colon Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Mayor Roche's Impromptu Speech. Mayor Roche hates the very mention of George Francis Train's name. "Cock Roche" will doubtless cling to the mayor long after all his other titles to fame have been lost in the record room of time. His honor, by the way, isn't as brilliant a speechmaker as Train. Roche has all his speeches written out by his secretary, no matter how short they are. At a recent gathering, where the mayor was to make a remark of an official, a newspaper reporter asked him how long he would speak.

"I shall talk but a few minutes," replied the mayor, seriously; "my speech is quite impromptu, quite impromptu, and, if I remember right, only 375 words long."—Chicago Herald.

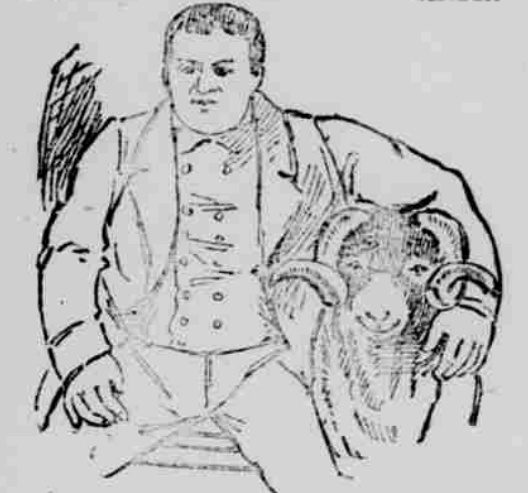
The Thistle in Chili. The common thistle, which now covers large areas in southern Chili, is said to have been introduced there by an Englishman, who imported a bushel of seed and sowed it under the delusion that the plant would prove valuable for fodder.—Boston Budget.

FARM AND GARDEN.

A FEEDING RACK THAT GIVES EVERY ANIMAL ITS SHARE, NO MORE.

A Land Measure for Use in Laying Out Irregular Fields—Hints About Caring Meat—In the Hothouse—Merino Sheep and Their Origin.

The largest importation of pure merinos into the United States was made through Mr. Jarvis, the American consul at Lisbon, in the years 1863 and 1810, from the flocks of Paulars, Negretts, Aqueirns and Montarcos, of Spain. These flocks, consisting of nearly 50,000 head, had been confiscated for political reasons and sold to the Spanish government, along with other property of the four noblemen who had owned them and whose names they bore. Of the whole number somewhat less than 4,000 were sent to this country, and as the French government had made an importation of over 300 Spanish sheep from the finest flocks of Spain in 1786, which were placed on a government farm at Rambouillet, near Paris, it is quite probable their stock was further increased by purchase at this sale.



JEAN GILBERT—PAULAR RAM.

By whatever name the merinos are called, whether Spanish, French, Saxon or Silesian, all had their origin in Spain, where they existed in large flocks owned by wealthy proprietors, each of the flocks possessing some distinctive characters that entitled it to be considered a sub-variety. Prior to the principal importation mentioned, smaller ones had been made from Spanish flocks, notably one of considerable numbers by Col. Humphreys, our minister to Spain, and followed by others, of which a part, at least, are believed to have been Infantados; also in 1843 and 1846 importations were made from the French merino flocks at Rambouillet, in France.

From these progenitors the American merino has descended, and now stands at the head of the fine woolled sheep of the world. Mr. Jarvis describes the Paulars as one of the handsomest of Spanish flocks. They were of middling height, sound limb, soft and silky to the touch, the neck—the neck of the back rising in a moderate curve from the withers to the setting on of the head—the head handsome, the skin smoother and the crimp in the wool not so short as in some other flocks; the wool somewhat longer, but close and compact, and of a rich, dark, glossy color, and the surface not so much covered with gum.

The picture of a French Paular ram with that of the propagator of the French Paular sheep—Jean Baptist Francis Gilbert, of Seine et Oise, France—here given, is from an engraving furnished by Solomon W. and sister, who has imported large numbers of these sheep into Vermont since 1850.

When a felon first begins to make its appearance, take a lemon, cut off one end, put the finger in, and the longer it is kept there the better.

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