

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald

KNOTTS BROS., Publishers & Proprietors.

CONGRESS COMMENCED TO-DAY.

WORKINGMEN need to learn, as long as they vote to sustain the saloon, they will be the tools of monopoly.

THE democrats, Saturday, had a free fight over who shall be door-keeper of the House of Representatives, blood was drawn from no noses.

As Omaha is so near the center, geographically, of the United States, we say let the National Republican Convention of 1888 be held there.

A GLIMPSE at the bright and vigorous pages of the Irish World these times, will do the soul of a Blaine man a power of good. Patrick Ford is evidently not a mug wump.

DISTRICT court convened this morning with his honor Judge Chapman on the bench, who will hold court this week, next week we learn Judge Field will dispense justice.

THE republican party should take hold of the prohibition question, it should not be content to fight on the old lines, but should grasp all the lines as fast as they come in sight.

SADI-CARNOT, is the name of the new president of France. Little is known of him in this country, but he has been an active force in French politics. He is a staunch friend of the republic, and has a good record.

It is reported that 2,000 Belgian miners have been engaged to come to this country and take the place of the striking miners in the Lehigh coal regions. The miners say that if the Belgians come there will be bloodshed, and that they might as well die fighting as starve to death.

We acknowledge the receipt of a handsome printed card asking for the National republican convention to be held at Omaha in 1888, it states that Omaha has a population of 110,000, and guarantees \$60,000 for expenses and pledges itself to accommodate 30,000 people.

The election contest is being considered and talked about a great deal on the streets and THE HERALD finds an almost unanimous opinion urged against the policy of it being done, especially on the part of Mr. Robinson; it being held by most people that Mr. Straight had a precedent on account of Mr. Robinson's first beginning the fight.

THE VALUE OF LYING IN BED.

Nineteenth Century: For those who cannot get a sufficient holiday the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation have discovered this for themselves. A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his medical man that he always went to bed for two or three days whenever he could be spared from his business, and he laughed at those who spent their holidays on toilsome mountains. One of the hardest worked women in England, who has for many years conducted a large wholesale business, retains excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing, it is believed, to her habit of taking one day a week in bed.

Peaks of Great Altitude.

Although Dr. Meyer has succeeded in making the ascent of Kibo, the highest peak on the Kilima-Njaro range, there is no occasion for any noted Alpine climber to sit down and weep because there are no other mountains to conquer. The Alps, the Andes, Mt. Cook in New Zealand and Kilima-Njaro are all giants, certainly, but they are dwarfed by some of the Thibetan mountains. Mr. Graham ascended one or two of these a few years ago, but he failed to reach the top of the Kinchinjunga, which is 8,000 feet higher than Kibo, and Mt. Everest, the highest peak in the world, is still virgin soil. In the Himalayan range there are more than fifty peaks that rise to a greater altitude than Kilima-Njaro, which Dr. Meyer estimates close upon 20,000 feet. The Alpine clubs should establish branches in central Asia.—St. James' Gazette.

For a Lost Grave.

Recently wandering through the village cemetery I noticed a granite slab leaning against the white board fence and inquired of a bright eyed, rosy cheeked 10-year-old girl, who had volunteered to conduct me safely through the cemetery, the meaning of the tombstone leaning against the fence. "That," she replied, "is for a lost grave." "But what do you mean by a lost grave?" "Oh, the story is that years and years ago a little boy died, and the family didn't have the money to erect a monument over the grave. So they drove a stake down and after a while moved away. They are wealthy now, but when they came back with the monument and were ready to put it up at the grave of the little boy they couldn't find the grave. That's the story. Isn't it a sad one?"—Toledo Blade.

Excessive Cigarette Smoking.

The unusually large number of young men who have been committed to the state insane asylum of Michigan in the last year and a half has led to the discovery that almost all of them smoked cigarettes to excess. In many cases it is said to be absolutely certain that cigarette smoking was the cause of the insanity. It is also reported that a prominent society young man in Detroit has been made deaf by cigarette smoking.—New York Sun.

NO MORE WATCHING AND WAITING.

To-night as I walk on the lonely shore, And list to the mournful surge's beat, I think the music that falls on your ear, Of the beautiful blossoms that lie at your feet. And 'tis joy to know that no grief of mine Can darken a brow so bright and fair; Yet I sometimes fancy my spirit can feel A gleam from the glorious radiance there. A boat will be shortly on yonder wave, The boatman he is drawing toward the shore; His call of warning I soon shall hear, And the soft, low splash of his ready oar. He will hear me safely, his arm is strong, Till the walls of the golden gate I see; And when I reach it your task is done, There is no more watching and waiting for me.—The Argosy.

A BARTENDER'S MISTAKE.

Why a Concocter of Mixed Drinks Lost His Place at the Hoffman House. A man who received considerable fame in the vicinity of Wall street as a concocter of mixed drinks was transferred to the Hoffman house not long since and put behind the gorgeous bar. It was the ambition of his life to get there, and he was so elated at his success that he was more or less nervous and perturbed on his first arrival. It chanced that he had just put his apron on when a distinguished party of politicians strolled in, talking confidentially about the recent appointments. In the party were several famous men, and as the bartender glanced around from face to face he was more or less impressed. Commissioner Hess, who was in the party, waved his hand and said shortly: "See what the gentleman will take," and then went on with his conversation with the men who stood next to him. The bartender asked several men in rapid succession, and they indicated their preferences in the usual curt manner. Finally, he leaned over the bar toward a man with white hair and a black mustache, who stood talking earnestly. For a long while he could not catch the man's ear. It was Edward S. Stokes, the proprietor of the Hoffman house. The bartender spoke to him a second time, and, finally raising his voice, said respectfully: "What will you have, Col. Fisk?" Stokes whirled around as if he had been shot and a dead silence fell on the group, while the bartender flushed and caught his breath. He had been thinking of the Fisk-Stokes assassination, and it ran in his head so long that he got the two names mixed. For an instant Stokes did not speak, then he turned abruptly and walked out of the bar-room, while the others pretended to continue their conversation, but all the while following with their eyes the retreating form of Stokes. An instant later the superintendent rushed excitedly into the place, glanced for a moment hurriedly around, went behind the bar, stepped to the new bartender and two men hastily disappeared. Another bartender stepped forward and a moment later Stokes returned to the group, smoking and as calm and serene as ever. But that bartender never put foot in the Hoffman house again. The proper bartender of today approaches as nearly to machine like accuracy as possible. He drinks in great haste and has little time for conversation. The less obtrusive the bartender the more his approach perfection.—Blakely Hall's Letter.

Mr. Bergh's Office.

The scene was the main office of the society, and the background was one which should by all means be chosen for the animals' friend should that famous gentleman ever have his portrait painted. Upon the wall, immediately behind him, hung the two photographs of little "Mary Ellen," whose misdeeds gave birth to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The first photograph represented her as thin, emaciated and ragged, with her bare legs and bare feet covered with gashes from the scissoring which the Connolly woman used to maltreat her. The second photograph showed her well dressed, fat and happy, and the first pair of scissors hung between the two pictures. In a glass case beneath was a snow white pigeon covered with blood, stained and mangled as it was when dying. Next it was another case, and a very hard one. It was a white bulldog captured in a dog fighting ring, with its breast, head, fore legs and left hind foot chiseled into nitric acid. It was a case of the same kind, in the first picture, and a printed list of the men who died and punished lung over it. Next it was a long case containing a great variety of articles used from time to time by thoughtless or brutal men in torturing animals. There were boots hoisted from horses by railroad switches, leather desks studded with tacks when treated meanly, spears, spears, those foolish instruments used by short sighted trainers in breaking dogs; sticks and clubs used in beating horses, headed whips, skulls of fighting dogs which had been shot, nails taken from horses' feet, and numerous other curiosities of a similar character, the whole being an object lesson in animal cruelty that told itself.—New York Times.

An Engineer's Good Fortune.

About ten years ago a certain engineer, while in reduced circumstances and almost without hope for the future, found himself in a beautiful valley of San Luis Obispo, California, and mooning as he was, a great desire crept into his heart as he observed the beauty and value of the position. "If ever I should become rich," he said, "the first thing I would do would be to come back here and buy this valley." Soon thereafter he joined a party of prospectors on their way to the San Jacinto range of Arizona. Their friends, in a spirit of satire, advised them to take their tombstones with them, for they would need them. But the reckless prospectors went on their way, and after the discovery of the wonderful lode called the "Tough Nut," which brought them their fortunes, named the town that sprang up around them "Tombstones," in derisive reference to the advice that had been given them. As soon as the engineer could realize his good fortune, he betrouth himself of the lovely valley, and going back and finding it still open to purchase, soon became the proud owner. Ever since he has been happy among our wealthy ranchmen as the possessor of the "Girl" ranch.—Ella Sterling Cummins in Cosmopolitan.

Italian Love Charms.

There are some pretty love charms in Capri. To win a girl's heart the lover must steal a hair from her head and tie it to one of his own. So long as the knot holds firm his love is returned. This resembles the charm used on the sacred hill of Monte Vergine near Naples. There betrothed pilgrims fasten broom twigs together with a strip of rag, and until the twigs part their love endures. Rags flutter on every bush along the path to the great sanctuary, and married couples often return there to examine their united twigs. If the matched pairs probably seem to renew the pilgrimages. Lovelick hands and man mix a drop of their blood in a little wine and persuade the object of their affections to drink it. This is an infallible love philter. A man may also win a girl's heart by pricking her name upon a fig leaf and letting the wind blow it away.—English Illustrated Magazine.

ITINERANT ITEMS.

Paragraphs of Interest to Almost Everybody—Clippings from the Exchanges. When the smokestack of the Allen-ton thread mill is completed it will be 227 feet high, the loftiest in the United States. As a prevention against trichinosis small quantities of pig's meat coming from Poland into Silesia are now examined at any of the toll stations at a fee of 6d. The Chicago board of education has decided to name one of the new public schools in that city "the Washburne school," in honor of the late E. B. Washburne. A tower now being erected on the highest point of the Mount of Olives by the Russians will be so high that the Mediterranean and Red seas may be seen from the top of it. Sam Jones, the revivalist, had the audacity to say before a Boston audience that he did not believe in "culture with a big 'C.'" And Boston now believes in Jones with a small "j."

There is a strange natural curiosity in Fayette county, Indiana, known as Shaky Hill. It comprises about twelve acres, and is occasionally subject to tremulous movements affecting several acres of land. This phenomenon has been noticed for fifty-seven years. An American dentist has been fined in Berlin for putting the title "doctor" on his cards. The judge said the law applied to all foreigners; he would fine even the crown prince's doctor, Dr. Mackenzie, if he attempted to use the title "doctor" in Prussia. The remains of John Oakly were disinterred and reburied near Albuquerque, N. M., recently, and it was discovered that his face and head were covered with a thick growth of hair, although when he was buried ten years ago he was both bald and beardless.

Mr. Craik was prompted to write her last book, "An Unknown Country," which discusses the condition of the poor in the north of Ireland, by overhearing the remark of a laboring man, who, when rallied upon helping a little girl across the street, replied, "Ay, but a 'nful of 'elp is worth a cartload of buty."

Poultry men say that pullets hatched by incubators and raised in brooders lay much sooner than those hen hatched and raised. A Trenton man has one of these artificial young hens that began laying when 10 weeks old, and has laid an egg a day ever since.

At a public auction of old furniture in one of the Lancaster, Pa., market places the other day, a claw foot mahogany sofa that had belonged to Thaddeus Stevens was knocked down for \$10; a three legged table that once occupied a place in "Old Thad's" office brought only \$3, and an old quaint looking glass that had belonged to him sold for \$1.50.

The Guild of the Iron Cross is a new Catholic organization having for its object the spreading of the principles of temperance, reverence, and chastity. Father Field, of Philadelphia, the guild's chaplain general, has just returned from a successful tour in the west and in Canada, and reports 2,000 members, 117 priests and 7 bishops connected with the guild.

It is stated that a German steamship recently took to Colon from Africa 700 Libians, men of gigantic stature and powerful physique. They were half naked, carried queer looking bundles upon their shoulders, and spoke a language which no one else on the isthmus understood. It is said that 1,500 more will follow, and that these men will work on the Panama canal.

Chief Drummond, of the United States Secret Service, in reporting on a band of Italian counterfeitters now operating in this country, has called attention to the existence of a formidable secret organization originating in Sicily, but having branches in New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco and several other cities. The members of this society are described as assassins and villains of the worst type, engaged in all sorts of criminal schemes, but especially in the counterfeiting business.

Debts on the Bank of Sense. The way to have a good credit is to keep out of debt. To be intelligent is to be honest, kind and good. You have as much right to put your nose into another man's pocket as your nose into another man's business. A kind word costs you nothing, and the return of it may come at a time when you need it most. Trust no man's appearance. The roughest bark covers the soundest tree and the thickest ice has the smoothest surface.

He who longs after good precepts is punished in his imagination and strengthened in his expression. The vine which grows in the sun is the fullest of sap and sweetest of fruit. A good souled child is a fortress of strength between its parents and sin. The hardest stump is beautiful when over-run by the honeysuckle. There is no such thing as a hopeless life. The soul could no more exist without hope than the body without breath. American Commercial Traveller.

Meissonier's Paralysis of the Thumb. M. Meissonier, the French painter, is suffering from paralysis in the right thumb. He was working as usual in his studio at Poissy on the great water color which is to be entitled "1870," when his thumb began to tingle, as though becoming benumbed, and remained in this state, notwithstanding hard rubbing. A doctor was sent for. He spoke as encouragingly as possible, but told the artist he was having a first warning of paralysis and had no chance but in a long rest.—St. James' Gazette.

Wind and Electricity. One of the latest attempts to harness the forces of nature for the service of man is the adaptation of a windmill for the turning of a dynamo, the electricity thus obtained being stored in suitable batteries and afterward used in lighting beacons for the benefit of the maritime interests. There is a station of this kind near the mouth of the Seine, and considerable success has been obtained.—Chicago Herald.

WHO SHALL BE FAIREST?

Who shall be fairest? Who shall be rarest? She shall be fairest. Who shall be first in the songs that we sing? She shall be fairest. When fortune is blind, Bearing through a winter the bloom of the spring; Charming our gladness, Fright'ning our sadness, Angel of life, when its pleasures take wing! She shall be fairest. She shall be rarest. She shall be first in the songs that we sing!

Who shall be nearest, Noble and dearst, Named with honors and pride evermore? He, the undaunted, Who's banner is planted On glory's high ramparts and battlements hoar; Fearless of danger, To the noblest a conqueror, Looking not back while there's duty before! He shall be nearest. He shall be rarest. He shall be first in our hearts evermore!

A COUNTERFEITER'S STRATAGEM.

His Wild Ride in the Hope of Being Able to Prove an Alibi. No man loved an alibi better than Jim Brown, known in Ohio's past history as "Chief of the Counterfeiter's of Cuyahoga." This band of outlaws dealt principally in bogus money, and their favorite way of escaping justice was by proving an alibi. The band was so numerous, so scattered, and, without a head, that any sort of evidence to show that a defendant was somewhere else at the place of the alleged crime at the time of its commission was always forthcoming from the mouths of witnesses who often stood high in the community for veracity. To prove an alibi Jim Brown once nearly hawkeed back from Pittsburg, Pa., to Boston, Putnam county, O., a distance of about 100 miles, in one night.

The officer arrived at Boston, Brown's home, a few hours after his own arrival. They arrested him. On his trial several witnesses swore that they saw him at sundown the day previous to his arrest at Pittsburg. On the witness stand Brown proved by a score of good witnesses that he was at home at sundown the day previous to his arrest, and that his horse was so fresh that day as though it had not been ridden for a month. The court held that Brown could not have ridden the distance in that time, and discharged him. But he did ride it, and afterward told how it was done. Finding himself certain to be arrested in Pittsburg, he rode a splendid animal—a bay horse—back to Pittsburg, and on his last ride of 100 miles. For the first thirty miles his horse kept bravely and steadily to his work. Then Brown noticed by the irregular reach and labored breath that the noble steed was tiring upon his faithful back.

At the next tavern Brown procured a pint of whisky, putting half of it into a small quantity of water, gave it to his horse. Then on the road again, his willing animal working more readily. At every lull he would dismount and run beside his horse till it was cooled, and then away, to stop at the next tavern to give his horse more whisky and water. In this way—gulping furiously along level ground on foot up and down hills, and consulting his steed with all the caution a skillful physician would bestow upon a patient critically sick—he reached his home before day-break, where a confederate was found to direct his entire attention to the jaded animal, while Brown purposely showed himself to no man's neighbors as possible, who, as usual as before stated.—Cleveland Press.

A Day Among Medical Books. My grandfather, who necessarily lived before the days of the microscope, was also a physician—one of the old fashioned sort, who would read and prescribe on the relatively small book and capital of a lancet and a blue bill, and who puked and purged his patients in the simple, strong and vigorous style of the old time. He had a library of books, which he tried men's souls in the days of "hot" and "cold" and consequently killed or cured in a much shorter period than is accomplished by the present more scientific and refined style of medical practice, which, in my unfortunate way of thinking, too often patters around a sick man or woman, prescribing a host of tumbler and glasses of every kind of fluid, until the patient forgets which one he did take out of bed, and consequently lives or dies together as his pleasure. My grandfather, I say, was a physician, and when he died left his library because he could not take it with him, not being able to take out of this world any more than he brought with him, if, indeed, he did as much.

Well, I, when a boy, had access to his library, and being of a studious and meditative turn of mind, at times used to pore over those medical works in order to find out what was the matter with me when I was sick, for from the age of 6 to 19 I was sick quite often, sometimes with convulsions. I ought to have had, and sometimes with complaints which a boy of that age had no business to have. But in every case when I went to my poor dead grandfather he looks I always had the complaint I was ill, and found that every symptom laid down in the book fitted the disease. I was afterwards sent to a doctor in San Francisco, California.

In the Gun of Fifty. In a shooting gallery in Louisville hangs a valuable gun, worth about \$100, which is the property of whoever will come and take it—after fulfilling one trifling condition. The condition is that he shall equal a feat in pistol shooting which is performed in this same gallery. A target was set up at the usual distance for pistol practice, and about the white a modern large ring was drawn about as wide at an angle on the circumference as a quarter of a dollar. On this ring fifty marks were made, so that the center of the target was surrounded by a circle composed of fifty white spots. These were the marks, competitors being fifty shots each. William Hamilton, one of the famous marksmen, is a great pistol shot, and some years ago succeeded in making the remarkable score of forty-nine out of fifty possible hits. This score has never been equalled, and the beautiful pistol is now a prize still hangs in the gallery awaiting an owner.—Chicago Tribune.

Improvements in Surgery. A German physician, in an article on the late Professor Lugenbeck, enumerates the most important which surgery owes to him. His methods were used during the last war with France, and thanks to this circumstance thousands of soldiers now possess their limbs in sound condition, which the doctors of the old school would have amputated.—Cleveland Leader.

Mr. Freshly's Excuse. Instructor (sternly)—Mr. Freshly, this is the third time that you have handed in only three pages of written matter, while the rest of the class hand in five. Freshly, O—Yes, sir, but I struck with a bright idea I use over so much thicker paper.—Harvard Lampoon.

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