KNOTTS BRCS. Publishers & Proprietors.

THE PLATISMOUTH HERALD is published very evening except Sunday and Weekly every Thursday morning. Regis-tered at the postoffice, Pattsmouth, Nebr., s second-class matter. Office corner of Vine and Fifth streets. Telephone No. 38.

TERMS FOR DAILY. Oue copy one year in advance, by mail....\$6 00 One copy per month, by carrier,...... One copy per week, by carrier,.....

TERMS FOR WEEKLY.

THE farmers of Kansas have sown a larger acreage of wheat this year than ever before, and the farmers of Michigan and Dakota have done the same, so if there is no unfavorable weather between now and harvest time, this year will beat all preuious records for wheat raising in 6 and 9 years, and they are all the way the Uhited States.

THE English government is in receipt of positive news os the junction of Emin Pasha and Stanley, and their march toward Khartoum. The crushing defeat of the army sent by the madhi to destroy Emin was administered by this combination, and now nothing prevents them from peacefully floating down the Nile to the scene of the assassination of Gen. Gordon. They captured steamers enough from the khalifa's army to carry them trip, bought the tickets an' carried the comfortably. - Lincoln Journal.

BISMARCK, it is now reported, actually proposes to allow the Samoans to choose their own king, uninfluenced by outsiders. This is a surprising concession from the German autocrat. Of course England will agree to, while the United States has been trying to bring this about all along. But even the liberty to elect their own ruler will not be much of a privilege for the Samoans if the ruler should be disposed at the whim of Germany, as Malieton was, or outlawed by the Germans, as Matanfa, the successor of Malietoa, is,

In looking for contrasts between Washington's time and the present let us not forget that in his day the office sought the man, while in ours, usually, the man places himself in the hands of friends, secretly hires a brass band to serenade him, slips a call in a local paper signed "many voters" demanding that he come forward and sacrifice himself for the country's good, and otherwise works night and day till he either runs the poor, distracted office to earth on election night or gets beater by the other man. Things will change in a hundred the depot, and then we'll be all right."-

THE roll of members holding certificates of election to the next house of representatives has been made up and contains one hundred and sixty-four republicans and one hundred and sixty-one democrats. On the face of this statement it would look as if the republicans had a majority of three. It would seem, however, that under the present membership of the house their majority upon a close party question will be reduced to one, due to the fact that quorum of the house as now constituted, is one hundred and sixty three. It is not likely, under the circumstances, that an extra session will be insisted upon before the election o the new members of congress from the states soon to be admitted. It is ex pected to add at least five to the work ing majority .- Bee.

THE SALOON AS A POLITICAL POWER, by Ernest H. Crosby. The saloon has presented a problem of practical politics by reason of the power it wields; growth of the saloon-keeper and of the brewer as a political factor; illustrations drawn from several states; how congressman was elected first as a republican then aa democrat by the same brewers; experiments in several states with (1) prohibition, (2) local option, (3) high license; degrees of success of each; need to lay aside quarrels about details until this corrupting power in politics is overthrown; its effects in debauching the ballot box and in encouraging the sale of office.

Mr. Ernest H. Crosby, a son of the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, has for several sessions of the New York legislature advocated a high license law, and has exerted himself chiefly to destroy the political power the saloon.

The Rey. Dr. L. W. Bacon wrote for The Forum for May, 1888, an answer to "Objections to High License."

SPEAKING of the defeat of the prohibition amendment in Massachusetts, that conservative republican organ, the Boston Journal says:

Many good citizens, who have voted together upon local prohibition as involved in the annual vote for no license, parted co npany upon this issue. For this resson the vote in fayor of the amendment can not justly be taken as an index to the temperance sentiment of the state. For this reason, also, the defeat of the amendment can not rationally be interpreted as a blow at temperance. It is only a question of method which was settled in the election; the broader unlying question of principle is undisturbed, and we look to see a continued growth in the forces which make for sobriety, good order and the thorough enforcement of restrictive laws. The ad- | meal at Heisel's mill. tf

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald. vocates of the amendment will not complain that they have not had fair play. The pledge which the republican party made to submit the question to the people has been made good by the concurrent action of two successive legislatures. The day fixed for the vote was one agreeable to the advocates of the amendment. The campaign in their interests has been ably organized and ushed with vigor, skill and intelligencee.

> Don't disgust everybody by hawking, blowing and spitting, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and be cured.

> > Two Little Travelers.

Among the passengers on the north bound train over the California and Oregon line were two very small travelers. small in stature, but feeling wonderfully big and independent over a feat which they have just accomplished-that of crossing the great American continent unaccompanied by parent or guardian. Flora and Arthur Wertheim, the travelers in question, are aged respectively from New York, where they have lived ever since they first saw the light.

"I hain't got no mother," said Arthur to a Chronicle reporter who saw the youngsters at the Oakland pier, and father's up in Porkland, where's he's been for 'bout two years."

"You mean Portland," suggested the

"That's what I said-Porkland," said the little fellow. "Sister an' I came out in a tourist car. No, we didn't have anybody looking after us," this rather disdainfully. "I was the boss o' the lunch basket, an' did everything."

The children had cleaner faces than generally come from a New York tenement house, and their clothes, though rather worn and patched, here and there, were also clean, or as nearly clean as they might be expected to be after a 3,000 mile trip.

"We came in a tourist car," the boy went on, not omitting to emphasize the "tourist." "These tourist cars ain't very high toucd, but they'll do for poor folks. Immigrants like me an' sis can't have everything we want."

"I want some peanuts," chirped the

little maiden. · She's all the time wanting me to spend money on nonsense," said the boy, ignoring the remark so far as a direct reply was concerned, "but it takes coin to travel, and you can't fool it away and have 'nuff to take you through when haven't got only just 'nuff to buy grub."

When this chunk of philosophy had been delivered the little fellow went on to say that his father had gone from New York to work at his carpentry in Oregon; that he was going to be a carpenter himself, and knew how to build houses pretty well already. He had had no trouble in getting over the road without assistance, both of two things. For the return of and thought he could easily make a trip her husband or for the approach of the around the world.

"I will get to Porkland Monday morning," said he. "Father will meet us at | It was now time she should start. She San Francisco Chronicle.

The Austrian Journalist. The Austrian journalist has the same literary methods as his German relative. but he must supply a livelier and larger paper to his readers, who are a rather frivolous lot, and he has not such amusing advertisement columns. Frequently the Austrian editor makes extensive use of his imagination, and he can invent thoroughly. Some time ago one of the best known Vienna papers published a long paragraph purporting to be a telegram from London. It was very interesting. It told how the three daughters of the Prince of Wales were walking down Whitehall when they observed that a wretched looking woman selling flowers was doing no business. They therefore took her basket and sold flowers for about three hours, making a great deal of money, which they gave to the poor woman. The story did not have the least foundation in fact, of course, and the princesses were not in London anywhere near the time the incident was said to have occurred .- Washington Star.

"Never Be Caution."

The old Jews and the old Scotch Highlanders had one feeling in common-a dread of suretyship. The book of Prov. smash 'um." eris contains several warnings of the danger that lurks in a surety bond, but none are more admonishing than one uttered by a Highlander.

proper to say:

I'll give you a piece of advice. You have got off this time, but if you ever his pocket to get his knife, biff! he felt come before me again, I'll be cautien (surety) you'll be hanged."

"Thank you, my lord," said Donald, ungratefu', I beg to gie your lordship a grit way off up the road. Gone! He had piece of advice in turn. Never be cau- thrown down his light and betook himtion for onybody, for the cautioner has self to flight. Luke by himself? Ceroften to pay the penalty."-Youth's Com- tainly by himself in the dark and a big

A Dog's Way of Asking for Soda Water. drug store a long haired pet dog came in and began to sneeze and cavortaround the soda fountain. The genial proprietor came out and said: "Ah, there, you rascal; you after a drink of soda again?" The dog at once began to sneeze, sit up on his haunches, bark and show that soda was what he wanted.

The proprietor took a mug, and, naming syrups of several flavors, asked the dog what he would have, but it was not until vanilla was named that the dog said, as well as he could, "You bet, that's the stuff." He sat up and went through all his best tricks until the foaming beverage was placed before him on the floor, and then he emptied the cup. The dog, having done this, was happy. "Does he drink that stuff often?" said the reporter. "Yes," said the druggist, "he comes around about three times a day and he never puts a nickel in the slot."-Worces

Plenty of feed, flour, graham and

KILLING A CATAMOUNT.

LUKE FAULKNER'S TERRIBLE BAT-TLE WITH A WILDCAT.

The Brute Took Possession of the House. The Negro Man Who Was Going to "Smarsh 'Um" but Didn't-Luke's Subsequent Fondness for Large Knives.

Who is that gentleman with the large gray whiskers?

This is the question often asked of an old, well known blacksmith in Berrien county, now nearing on to a ripe old

It is Luke Faulkner, the man who had such a terrible encounter with a catamount some thirty years ago. I don't suppose you would find one-half dozen men in Berrien county that would have had half the courage that this man did possess at the time I write of.

The facts and circumstances of the case are about as follows:

You will recollect that thirty or thirtyfive years ago Berrien county was very thinly settled, and consequently wild animals were more numerous than they are now. It is true there are now in these days of George Mc's and Shade Dorminy's occasionally a catamount, but they are not to be compared to the catamount of thirty years ago.

SHE THOUGHT IT WAS THE DOG. But to the subject in hand. Luke had not long been married. He lived on a little clearing near the ten mile creek famous for the number of wild cats, catamounts, etc., that roamed its banks and swamps in quest of fish or a stray litter of young pigs.

The day on which this episode took place was mill day with Luke, and as the mill was some distance off it was a pretty big day's trip, and if the mill happened to be crowded it took till in the night to accomplish the trip. And it so happened that the mill was crowded.

No one was left with Mrs. Faulkner for the day as no danger was apprehended during the day time, and Luke instructed her that if perchance he was gone till after dark she should go down at sundown to a neighbor's house, a little way distant on the road to the mill, so that she should be ready when her husband came back from the mill.

The day wore heavily away, as it does to all young wives when first left to themselves, until the sun seemed to stand still. But finally the shades of evening began to lengthen, and many an anxious glance was cast up the road to see if Luke was yet coming.

No Luke! The fuel was prepared for the night, the supper cooked, all preparations were made for the night and Mrs. Faulkner was sitting by a slow fire knitting and waiting. Waiting for the one or time when she should go to the neighbor's.

would knit around once more. Pit-a-pat -pit-a-pat. She hears the dog jump the fence and come walking in the piazza, and she turns to look, expecting to see her husband driving up the lane.

What was her fear and surprise when instead of the dog, a great big, ugly catamount walked in eved things cautiously for a moment (during which time she was afraid to move) and turned and walked under the bed and lay down on a pile of seed cotton. Can you imagine her feelings? Gently

easing up from her chair and out at the door she fairly flew to the neighbor's house already mentioned. It was distant only about half a mile, and the distance was made in quick time. This man was the owner of a slave,

a large, heavy fellow, whom she thought she would get to go and run the cat off But "No, sah! Me to 'fraid of dat warmint. Can't go." in an hour or so Luke returned from

the mill, stopped and called for his wife, according to previous arrangement, and was told the story of the cat. He'd go. Frank would go with him if he'd take the two dogs along. Yes,

they'd take them. A large hand light was procured and they started. "Now, massa, if he jump on me you

smash 'um, and if he jump on you I THE STRUGGLE IN THE DARK.

All right. They walked on. The negro kept behind like a cowardly puppy. They walked up to the yard fence and Donald had been tried for his life, and began to make preparations for a desnarrowly escaped conviction. In dis- perate encounter. The negro's heart beat charging him, the judge thought it a double tattoo all the while. Just as the light was well replenished and di-"Prisoner, before you leave the bar, vided so that each should have a light in case one got put out, and Luke reached in the weight of a big dog right in his breast and face which knocked him over and put out his light. Oh horrors! he for your good advice, and as I'm na could hear the negro's feet packing the catamount making desperate struggles to lacerate his flesh with his sharp claws, which was, however, prevented by a While The Spy man was standing in a thick new suit of jeans which he had on. It was a tight hand to hand fight, hard telling which would gain the ascendancy and win the night, as it were. Finally Lake placed his left hand on his throat and held such a firm grasp that he cat lay still with its talons burjed in his clothing. With his right hand and his teeth he managed to get out and open his knife, and with a sweeping gash cut its throat from car to ear, and the beast was made to relinquish his hold. Luke's clothing was literally torn in shreds, but he received no wound of

a serious nature. When he returned for his wife he found the negro cuddled up in the corner having a genuine dog ague. Luke did not say much to him, for he knew that was the very thing the negro would do when they started. When asked why he did not stand his ground he replied: "Wy, Mass Luke, my legs jes gin to wiggle, and I soon was back here con-

derin' where I'd dig yer grabe."

Luke got to making pocket knives after that, and to this day carries one that is a sight to behold, it is so large. I don't blame him, do you?—Valdosta (Ge.)

Times.

A Soldier's Life Saved by a Dream.

A man of the name of Joe Williams had told a dream to his fellow soldiers, some of whom related it to me months previous to the occurrence which I reate. He dreamed that he crossed a river, marched over a mountain and camped near a church located in a wood, near which a terrible battle ensued, and in a charge just as he crossed a ravine he was shot in the heart. On the ever memorable 7th of December, 1861 (battle of Prairie Grove, northern Arkansas), as we moved a double quick to take our place in the line of battle, then already hotly engaged, we passed a church, a small frame building. I was riding in the flank of the command, opposite to Williams, as we came in view of the house. "That is the church I saw in my dream," said he. I made no reply, and never thought of the matter until even-

We had broken the enemy's lines and were in full pursuit, when we came to a dry ravine in the wood, and Williams said: "Just on the other side of this ravine I was shot in my dream, and I'll stick my hat under my shirt." Suiting the action to the word he doubled up his hat as he ran along and crammed it into his boson. Scarcely had he adjusted it when a minie ball knocked him out of line; jumping up quickly he pulled out his bat, waved it over his head shouting: "I'm all right." The ball raised a black spot about the size of a man's hand just over the heart and dropped into his shoe. -Hall's Journal of Health.

The Vanity of Men.

"A man cares more about his shape than a woman," said a corset maker, and will resort to more stringent and uncomfortable measures to improve his figure. A stout woman will walk a mile for two or three days and stop eating candy for a whole week to reduce her flesh, but a man will submit to the most wearisome processes for the same purpose and keep up his effort for as many months as his trainer recommends Place a glass at the left of any public stairway, and four men to one woman will turn to look in it, and from these premises may be drawn the double conlusion that men are more vain than wonen, and that were the stigma of femininity removed from corset wearing and the custom adopted by fashion leaders men would fall in line very readily. There is no more reason why they shouldn't suffer in them than that women should be laced into them, simply because they look more trim and shapely. In 1838 and 1840 corsets were worn by men, and the fashion might be revived if a few leaders as courageous as the apostles of dress suit reform would introduce the practice."-New York Sun.

The Mediæval Housewife.

The housewife of the middle ages cooked over an open fire on a stone hearth in the middle of the room, a hole in the roof letting the smoke escape. Over this fire the people shivered in cold weather: but at a later time some of the queens had braziers or small iron furnaces in their rooms. There were no carpets in those days, and rushes and sweet herbs were spread on the floor instead, especially when company was expected. There were tapestries on the walls of the finer houses. At dinner people sat on wooden benches and stools ta heavy table of boards set on trestles, .nd this was covered with cloth. The oill of fare changed with the centuries in those days, and not much from day to lay; the food was barley and oaten bread, bacon, fish, capons, eggs and an abundance of home brewed ale, and the nobles sometimes had wine from the east.-Good Housekeeping.

Napoleon's Lost Cameos. For many years the Bibliotheque Nationale of Paris has bewailed the loss of two dozen very fine ancient cameos borrowed by Napoleon I and never returned. The emperor had them mounted in a tiara, and when Louis XVIII came to the throne they were found among the crown jewels, and were sent along with them to England for safety when Napoleon escaped from Elba. Since then they have been hopelessly lost. The curator had failed to preserve a detailed description of the gems. M. Germain Bapst, however, has been able to provide the substance of the missing document, and has published it in his "Histoire des Joyaux de la Couronne." Should the cameos ever come into the market, they may be recognized and bought back by

Comte de Chambord. - Jeweler's Weekly.

the authorities. It is generally supposed

that they are retained by the heirs of the

A Skating Princess. A very pretty story is related of the crown princess of Denmark. Prince Waldemar and Princess Marie are good skaters, and one afternoon when, after a long run across the ice, they sat down to rest, they noticed a little boy who was vainly trying to put his skates on. On seeing the royal couple he took off his hat and said: "Oh, dear Princess Marie, can you not help me to put my skates on?" The royal lady smiled, kneit down on the ice and firmly fastened the straps round the boy's ankles. - Boston Tran-

Adam's Politeness.

A mother on Delaware avenue was on Sunday giving her child, a boy of 7 years, some Bible instruction. She was telling him the story of Adam's fall. Having parrated the tale of the apple and what mischief it did, the mother asked: "Now, don't you think Adam did very wrong to eat the apple?" The little fellow thought a moment and then answered: "Why, would it have been polite to refuse the apple when the lady offered it to him?"-Buffalo Courier.

Had Him There.

blown down?

an explosion, it is blown up; if the result of a cyclone, blown down. Boy-An' couldn't the result of an ex-

John Elizzerald John R. Clark, S. Waugh plosion be 'blown down?'

Teacher-No. Poy-What's the matter with a sneeze? John Fitzgerald, President. - Drake's Magazine.

I. PEARLMAN,

FURNITURE, STOVES,

HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

In the city, which he is offering at Prices that will make them sell. A complete line of Window Curtains at a sacrifice. Picture Frames in great variety. You can get everything you need. You can buy it on the installment plan, pay so much each month and you will soon have a fine turnished house and hardly realize the cost. Call and sec.

EARIMAN,

SIXTH STREET, BET, MAIN AND VINE.

HLATTEMOUTE, NIE.

THE DAILY

PRINTS

ALL THE NEWS

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL, FOR

DELIVERED BY CARRIERS

TO ANY PART OF THE CITY

ORSE TRY MAIL

Subscribe For It.

THE DAILY and WERKLY HERALD is the best Advertising Medium in Cass county, because it reaches the largest number of people. Advertising rate made known on application. If you have property to rent or sell it will be to your interest to ad vertise in the HERALD.

IT WILL PAY YOU.

Advertise and be Convinced

BANKS

THE CITIZENS BANK

DAPPTAL STOCK PAID IN. - \$50,00 Authorized Capital, \$100,000.

PLATTSMOUTH, - NERRASKA.

FRANK CARRUTH, JUS. & CONNOR. President, Vissa President W. H. COSHING, Casaler,

-- DIRECTORS --Frank Carroth J. A. Corner F. H. Collegent J. W. Johnson, Henry Borck, John O'Richle, W. D. M. rrians, Wns. Wetercamp, W. H. Cushing.

Francacts a General Banking Business A who have any Sanking business to trace are are mylied to call. No matter have take or small the translation, it will receive our careful attention,

and we promise always cour-terus freatment. feature Cartificates of Denosits bearing inter-Buys and sells Foreign Exchange, County and City securities.

FIRST NATIONAL OF PLATISMOUTH, NECEASEA,

transaction of legitlmate BANKING BUSINESS.

....

Mers the very best facilities for the prompt

cocks, Bonds, Gold, Government and Leer! Securities Bought and Sold, Deposits received and interest allowed on time Certifi-cates, Drafts drawn, available in any part of the United States and all the principal towns of Europe.

"Is it proper to say 'blown up' or Collections made & promptly remitted Teacher-Either. If it is the result of Highest market prices paid for County Wa State and County Bonds.

DIRECTORS

D. Haksworth

Bank of Cass County C.r. Main and Fifth Sts., Plattsmouth. PARD GP CAPITAL S58, FIRTHSHOUTH.

PARD GP CAPITAL S50,000
SURPLUS 25,000

(C. H. PARMERE VIEW Confident View President J. M. PATTERNS N. Cashler

JAS FALLERS N. JU. Ass't Cashler C. H. Permele, J. St. Palteria: Field Gorder, 5, 15 Startu, E. B. William, B. S. Ramsey, Jas. Phillipson pr. A Control Calleing Enginees Tran-acted Assertable of a real Baranast missed on time and straining the last make it will be also make the all lasts were. BUSINESS DELECTORY. A French Lat. S. P. Tromes. Office in Street of the Late of the Control of the Co

Stable and Pancy of Service. Glassware and Checkery, Shorr and Pencil

The 5th St. Merchant Tailor

Foreign & Domestic Goods. Consult Your Interest by Olympy Clint w C 1 SHERWOOD BLOCK

Plantanaoun WM. L. BROWNE.

LAW OFFICE P resonal attention to all Bushes a Kotross to my care.

NOTARY IN OFFICE. Titles Examined, Abstracts Com-Red, In-surance Written, beni Estate Sold.

Better Facilities for making Farm Loans than Any Other Agency. Plattsmouth. - Arbraska