

The Plattsmouth Weekly Herald.

KNOTTS BROS., Publishers & Proprietors.

The Campaign Against Sheridan.

General Rosser, the hero who is building a barbed-wire fence around the valley of the Shenandoah to keep General Phil Sheridan out, has received reinforcements. The Charleston News and Courier has placed itself upon a war footing and will help at the fence. Fresh from assisting with all its reconstructed heart at the effusively eulogistic unveiling of a monument to Calhoun, the arch enemy of the Union, the News and Courier, now unveils its candid opinion of Sheridan, a staunch defender of the Union, in this style:

"There is no lingering trace of enmity in their hearts toward men who fought honorably and bravely on the opposite side in the great war. But the line should be drawn behind the soldiers. There is no occasion for honoring any bummer or incendiary who followed the Federal armies, or who led them. Brutal and savage in his conduct of the war, Sheridan has shown himself to be no less brutal since it ended, and the people of the valley of Virginia should not fail to emphasize in every proper way the utter detestation in which his character and shameful deeds are held, and will ever be held, by the whole people of the south."

Naturally enough, regarding the great cavalry leader of the north simply as a "bummer" and an "incendiary," the fine Bourbon organ resents the idea that he should presume to desecrate the Shenandoah by setting his foot in it. Hence it is found reporting for duty to Rosser. And now by St. Jeff the work goes bravely on. With Rosser armed to the teeth at one end of the Shenandoah, with the News and Courier brandishing quart cans of dynamite at the other end, and with a barbed wire fence protecting the entire frontier, the campaign against Little Phil wears a portentous front. We do not recall at this writing a hostile movement of uglier aspect since the Pope's bull that gave the comet to understand it ought to be ashamed of itself.

And it is all Sheridan's fault, too. He began the unpleasantness by not promptly denying the report that he had engaged summer board in the Shenandoah. Had he hastened to telegraph Rosser and the Southern press that he was not coming down, prepaying the dispatch and expressing his regret that the Shenandoah should have been made the subject of so much unpleasant gossip—why, then, the present campaign against him might have been avoided. It remains to be seen whether Rosser will order a draft for more troops. It is certainly to be hoped that the rumor crediting him with taking out an injunction against Sheridan is unfounded. We are sure that on second thought it will occur to Rosser that an injunction would detract from the dignity of the campaign.

A word to the News and Courier: Keep your eyes on Rosser. True, Sheridan states that he never thought of such a thing as a trip to Shenandoah this year; but he might change his mind. And if he should change his mind, just take out your stop-watch and time Rosser as he lights out of the valley "and Sheridan twenty miles away."—N. Y. Tribune.

Lincoln and Emerson.

The Century for May says that while Emerson did not write in verse of Lincoln, yet in prose he divides with Lowell the honor of early appreciation and fortune characterization. In "Miscellanies" will be found an essay entitled "American Civilization," which, according to a note by Mr. Cabot, is "part of a lecture delivered at Washington, January 31st, 1862, it is said, in the presence of President Lincoln and some of his Cabinet, some months before the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation." Mr. Lincoln may have been present, but his secretaries have no memorandum showing the fact, and the Washington papers of the next day throw no light on the subject; in fact, Mr. Emerson's son now believes that Lincoln was probably not present. The lecturer praised the "angelic virtue" of the Administration, but urged emancipation; and at the close of this essay, as printed, is a supplement commending the President for his proposal "to Congress that the Government shall cooperate with any State that shall enact a gradual abolishment of slavery." Next comes his address on the Emancipation Proclamation, in which the President is greatly praised for his moderation, fairness of mind, reticence, and firmness. "All these," Emerson says, "have bespoken such favor to the act, that, great as its popularity is, the President has been beginning to think that we have over-estimated the capacity of the Divine Providence to do other American in the same of but mem-

which he says: "He is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them; slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs, the true representative of this continent; an entirely public man; father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue." Again, in the essay on "Eloquence" ("Essays and Social Aims"), Emerson praises the Gettysburg speech, and in the essay on "Greatness" in the same volume he gives Lincoln as an example of the "great style of hero" who "draws equally all classes." "His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong."

Land Grabbing.

A few days ago the Supreme Court of the United States confirmed the celebrated Maxwell Land Grant of 1,700,000 acres lying in New Mexico and Colorado. It is probably the finest tract of grazing lands in all of the mountain regions. There are on this tract several important cities and towns, including Trinidad with 4,000 inhabitants, and the entire population on the grant cannot be less than 20,000 to 25,000, all of whom lose their lands and homes, or will have to redeem them from a rapacious foreign land syndicate.

A brief history of this grant will show how our public domain is being stolen from the people. In 1832 two Frenchmen by the names of Beaubien and Marandi, who were traders among the Indians at Taos, New Mexico, procured from the Spanish Government, through the influence of the Viceroy of Mexico, an immense grant of land, but which originally called for only 92,000 acres.

But by official corruption and fraudulent surveys, has been enlarged to 1,700,000 acres. Fifteen hundred thousand acres of this land grab lies in North-east New Mexico, and the balance across the line in Colorado. It includes that grand Moreno Valley, Placer Mines, and several other gold quartz mines, including the Aztec. Beaubien and Marandi obtained their grant on condition that they would liberally colonize it with French Canadians, but they paid no attention to this condition, and imported no settlers. At the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo the Government of the United States, on that territory being ceded, agreed to respect and sustain all legal grants made previously by the Spanish authorities. Marandi sold his interest in the grant to Beaubien, the latter having one heir, a daughter, who married a man by the name of Maxwell, and he inherited this grant through his wife. He became insolvent, and this grant was seized by his creditors, and was sold under an arrangement to a party of Amsterdam Dutchmen. They had a plenty of money and were great schemers, and by corruption and bribery have swelled their original grant of 92,000 to about 1,700,000 acres. Knowing the main part of this grant was fraudulent, Commissioner Sparks in 1855, forfeited a large part of it, and declared it a part of the public domain, and opened it for public entry, at least fifteen hundred thousand acres of it. But this Supreme Court decision restores it to the foreign holders, and it is presumed they will take some such course as they do in evicting renters in Ireland, or homesteaders on the Crow reservation in Dakota, to evict the residents on this Mexican land steal. And this success of the Amsterdam Company will embolden other claimants for Spanish grants for a few acres, which by fraudulent surveys and bribed officers, have been swollen to millions of acres. It is not expected the U. S. Court can decide otherwise than as the facts are presented. But by the aid of large means, the records, surveys and officials' reports have been cooked to suit the corrupt syndicates.—Iowa Register.

—And now the saloon has given another evidence of its desperate spirit by a fresh murder, that of Roderick D. Gambrell, editor of the Sword and Shield, a paper published at Jackson, Miss., which is the prohibition organ in the state of Mississippi. Meager special reports show that Gambrell's life had been repeatedly menaced by the rum-sellers, simply because he was exercising his right of free speech against the rum business. His right to do so was just as clear, just as absolute, as was that of George C. Haddock in Sioux City and Dr. Northrup in Haverhill, O., or of Elijah P. Lovejoy at Alton, Ill., in reference to slavery, and he is just as much a martyr to the cause of free speech as were they. By shedding his blood the rum traffic adds another to the list of the victims which it has slain in the desperate effort to suppress free speech and free action within the law. The bloody list of these victims is getting to be a long one. It is too long already. It is about complete in this: it is due and unmistakable notice that the liquor traffic is convinced that it must suppress free speech in order to save itself. When slavery reached that point the people had to strangle it, and they did it with mailed hand. Whiskyism seems to have reached the same stage of intolerable offensiveness.—Stow City Journal.

The Tail and Muscles of the Whale.

The power of this tremendous propulsory apparatus is almost beyond conception. The weight of a full-grown whale may be appreciated when the reader reflects that the famous elephant, "Jumbo," would have to be multiplied many times before his weight would equal that of a large whale. Yet the late Capt. Scott, royal navy, told me that when on the quarter-deck of his own ship he repeatedly saw the whales leaping in mere play so high out of the water that the horizon was clearly visible under them. Now, Capt. Scott lived to be nearly 100 years old, and when he was in active service the quarter-deck of a man-of-war was at least thirty feet above the water, and to this measurement his own height (he being rather a tall man), and the reader can then appreciate the terrible power of the animal's tail. I may here mention that its habit of springing out of the water is called "breaching" by whalers. Besides the great muscular apparatus which has just been mentioned, the whale possesses another muscle which surrounds the body; it is scientifically and happily called "panniculus carnosus"—or "fleshy rag"—and is developed in various ways, according to the animal. It is with this muscle that the dog shakes his skin when he comes out of the water. The hedge hog has it very powerfully developed in order to enable it to coil itself into the spiky ball with which we are so familiar. The manis, Armandillo and echidna also possess it and use it for a very similar purpose. Man has but very little of it, the chief vestiges of it being the muscles of the face, which give to the human countenance its changing expressions. The whale wants it for two purposes. He wants it to enable him to bend his body—a function easily observed in the dolphins as they curve their graceful course through the sea; but chiefly he needs it because by contracting it he can make his body heavier than a corresponding bulk of water. This he has no difficulty in doing, and when he wishes to seek the surface he has only to relax the pressure, when the body regains its original size and becomes lighter than the same bulk of water. By means of this same muscle hippopotamus, the elephant and the seal can sink themselves below the surface and rise again without moving a limb. For want of it man cannot perform this feat, and the best swimmers in the world are not able to sink and rise again to the surface without moving hand or foot.—Longman's Magazine.

The "Self Anointed" Contingent.

Henry Watterson in his speech before the Kentucky Democratic State convention very happily referred to the mugwumps as the "self anointed" members of his party. The title fits them well. They are the Pharisees of modern politics, boasting of their goodness and thanking Heaven that they are not as other men. They are the "self anointed" priests of political virtue and morality, claiming descent apostolic succession from the original essence of truth and right. But their anointing is not from on high, but from below. The ointment of an assumed superiority they have applied themselves. They deserve to be known as the "self anointed" contingent who have set themselves up as belonging to a higher caste than their fellows, and too good and pure to associate with common mortals. Although traveling with the Democratic party and professing to be governed by its principles, they are nevertheless, masquerading so much that the other element of the party, the "great unwashed," can hardly locate them when needed. But despite the anomaly of the association, the "self anointed" and the "unwashed" are to-day the chief hope of the Democratic party. Without either contingent, the Democratic party would have little expectation of winning an election, or exerting any marked influence upon public affairs. The third element of the party to whom Mr. Watterson alluded in general, but not specific terms, are the protectionists, whom he characterized as enemies "flying the flag of a spurious Democracy." "I had rather meet fifty enemies on an open plain in an honest fight," said he, "than one single enemy disguised as a friend." With true Bourbon fervor he declared himself unwilling to yield "one inch of the people's ground to the encroachments of innovation." All that a Kentucky Democrat needs to know about a political issue, to make him drop it in hot haste, is that it is something new. That settles it, so far as he is concerned. It becomes at once in his mind "an innovation," and he has no patience with innovations. Reform of the civil service, federal aid to education, protection to American industries, all "innovations" in the opinion of the true Bourbon, and treason to old fashioned Democracy. This sort of doctrine is accepted by the "unwashed" without difficulty, and by most of the "self anointed" as well. So the Bourbonism of Kentucky having relieved itself against the parody on statesmanship that dwells in the White House, looks upon the situation with great complacency and confidence in the future.—Register.

—Two hundred and sixty-two pairs of twins were born in Chicago during 1886.—Exchange.

An Unlooked-for Contingency.

When Mr. Jenkins went to his bedroom at half-past one, it was with the determination of going to sleep, and with another determination that he would not be interviewed by Mrs. Jenkins. So as soon as he had entered the door and deposited his lamp upon the dressing table, he began his speech:

"I locked the front door. I put the chain on. I pulled the key out a little bit. The dog is inside. I put the kitten out. I emptied the drip pan in the refrigerator. The cook took the silver to bed with her. I put the cane under the knob of the back hall door. I shut the fastenings over the back room windows. The parlor fire has coal on. I put the cake box back in the closet. I did not drink all the milk. It is not going to rain. Nobody gave me any message for you. I mailed your letters as soon as I got down town. Your mother did not call at the office. Nobody died that we were interested in. Did not hear of a marriage or engagement. I was very busy at the office making out bills. I have hung my clothes over the chair backs. I want a new egg for breakfast. I think that is all and I will now put out the light."

Mr. Jenkins felt that he had hedged from all inquiry, and a triumphant smile was upon his face as he took hold of the gas check, and sighted a line for the bed, when he was greeted by a ringing laugh, and the query from Mrs. Jenkins:

"Why didn't you take off your hat?"—The American.

Keen as a Razor.

Countryman—That feller in the telegraph office up there thought he was mighty smart, but I fooled him. Policeman—You did! How?

Countryman—Oh, easy enough. You see I went in here yesterday to send a message to St. Louis, and told him what I wanted. "All right," sez he, "75 cents." So I paid him the 75 cents, and I'll be darned if he did a thing but rap that old brass clicker of his fifteen or twenty times, and then hang the message on a hook.

Policeman—Well, do you call that fooling him?

Countryman—You just hold on, and I'll tell you. To-day I wanted to send another message to St. Louis, but I'll be gosh-darned if I wanted to pay another 75 cents. So I went up to the office, kinder polite like, an' sez I "Mister," sez I, "there's a young lady outside as sez she wants to speak to you. I'll tend office for you while you're gone." Well, sir, he bit right away. Off he went in a hurry, and before he got back I had plenty of time to clink his old brass machine all I wanted and hang my message on the hook just as he did the day before. I know they got it, too, at the other end, for the minute I got through the old machine went to clinking like blue-bazes, 's much 's to say: "All right, old man, we hear you." Oh, I fooled him good, I did. Your Uncle Peter lives in Wayback, but he ain't no fool, he ain't, not by a long chalk, no-sir ee!—Somerville Journal.

—It may not be generally known that both the war and navy departments have bureaus of information whose business it is to obtain knowledge of military progress and preparation in this and foreign countries. It happened that during the time when the fisheries dispute had assumed a somewhat threatening aspect these bureaus were uncommonly active in the search for information, addressing inquiries to Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania, among others, as to how quickly the state militia could be concentrated at a certain point, equipped and ready for service. A reply that must have been entirely reassuring to the bureau officers was sent, duly filed and pigeon-holed. The governor nursed this circumstance for weeks as a profound state secret, but feeling that all danger had passed, he a few days ago disclosed it as evidence that the country was for a time on the very verge of hostilities with England. It was a natural inference, perhaps, for the governor to make under the then existing circumstances, as he doubtless knew nothing of the existing bureau, but he would have shown discretion in making inquiries that might have preyented his being led into a confession of amusing simplicity.—Omaha Bee.

—The Argentine Republic, too, is about to increase its tariff on some commodities. The principal article to be affected is sugar. No such change will injure the United States, however. This country does not figure very largely as an exporter of that product. Louisiana, notwithstanding the aid given that State by the tariff, furnishes only about one-tenth the cane sugar which the country consumes, and this proportion is steadily growing smaller.—Globe Democrat.

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