

**The Plattsmouth Weekly Herald.**

**KNOTTS BROS.,**  
Publishers & Proprietors.

**Prohibition in Kansas.**

Let us put upon the stand John Walruff, the noted brewer, who defied the law from its passage until recently, when he gave up the fight. Under date of March 25, 1887, he wrote to Richard Katzenmayer, secretary of the United States Brewers' association:

"In Kansas the outlook is very blue, and I will be compelled to give up the fight. First, on account of my health and my age, I cannot stand the constant annoyance any longer; second, it does not pay to keep up the fight any longer. I will state to you my experience during the last four months. In November last we had a grand jury and from the make-up of it, it was certain they would find indictments against me. I, my son and my son-in-law left the state until after the adjournment of the court, when we returned and had to enter into a bond amounting to \$9,000 for our appearance at the February term of court.

The court convened on the 7th of February, and again we had to leave the state, and our bonds were forfeited. It was found out that we were in Missouri, and the governor of Kansas made a requisition upon the governor of Missouri for our delivery. I went with the sheriff from our county to the governor of Missouri in order to resist the granting of the requisition, as there was no necessity for it, because we were under \$9,000 bonds. I had the influence and assistance of two senators from Missouri, who acted as my attorneys, but of no avail. The governor granted the requisition and the sheriff brought me back to Lawrence, Kansas. My son and son-in-law, meanwhile had gone to Nebraska.

After coming home the judge raised my individual bond to \$5,000 to appear from day to day. This was on Tuesday and my trial was set for Thursday following. If I had gone to trial, conviction would have been sure, and the least fine the court would have inflicted would have been \$1,500 and fifteen months' imprisonment in the county jail. This I would not do, and I left the state again. When court was called and I did not appear, the judge raised my bond to \$25,000, my son's to \$9,000, and my son-in-law's to the same amount—\$43,000 in all.

Since February 7, with the exception of the one day that the sheriff brought me back, we have been wandering over the country, from one state to another, and so do not feel safe anywhere. We were in Missouri, Iowa, Illinois and Missouri again. We cannot stay in one place any length of time, as we are hounded worse than murderers or horse thieves. What the end will be I cannot foretell. Under the circumstances, can anybody wonder that I would throw up the sponge? I have fought the fanatics for six long years. \* \* \* Since January I have quit selling in Kansas, and opened up a depot in Kansas City, Mo., where I ship my beer, and have to find a sale from there. Our last legislature has made the law much stricter, and it will be very hard to sell any beer hereafter in Kansas.—From the Toledo Blade.

**The Royal Caste.**

An occasion like the jubilee brings out very sharply the singular social position of the royal caste of Europe. That caste which consists essentially of two families, or clans, all the Catholic and Protestant royalties being more or less closely related either by marriage or by blood, is growing numerous, is more prominent because of intercommunication, and tends to become a minute but closely knit aristocracy, claiming, and in certain ways securing, a position greatly above that of European nobility. The precedence of its members, besides being uncontested, as that of nobility is, is European instead of local, and is accompanied, and, as it were, marked by a deferential and even slavish respect, which was once paid also to the nobles, but is now in their cases slowly but perceptibly dying away. No noble is now beyond the law, as some of the princes at least—e. g., the heads of the mediatised families—undoubtedly are, a point only tested recently, when the eldest Fugger, a Jesuit priest, as a prince of the empire defied the law decreeing the expulsion of his order. It is a curious mark of grade, but it is a very real one, that on the continent of Europe a prince is the only man, except a priest, who cannot be compelled to accept a challenge. He has, theoretically, no equal, except in his own caste, and even impious military opinion acknowledges his exemption. Certain forces, too, are observed in receiving and addressing royalties which are not maintained for any other human beings, and they are waited on even by nobles as gentlemen would be ashamed to wait on the members of any other class. Though, as a rule, not wealthy, and undistinguished either by intellectual ability or service to the state to which they belong, they are everywhere treated as "the first," and maintain, without exciting envy, an exclusiveness as rigid as that of Indian

Brahmins or pious Jews. They marry only among themselves; they claim and enforce a special marriage privilege, which is, in fact, a right edged by society; and though the fortunes some of them possess are distributed with a strange inequality, and they begin to be solicitous for wealth, yet they resist with immovable tenacity what must be the severe temptation to absorb the great heiresses of European society. A Colonna may marry the daughter of the greatest of American money-makers, and the degradation is forgiven for the gain, but the poorest Hohenzollern or Bourbon may not stoop to marry the most beautiful or accomplished lady of many millions. They begin more and more to associate only with each other, roaming over Europe to avoid the tedium of a too contracted social circle; and in all ceremonial functions they supersede alike the nobles and the statesmen. In the arrangements for this jubilee, for example, "the princes," known and unknown, illustrious and obscure, are all alike in front, and the great nobles and high-placed personages of the realm, soldiers or statesmen or diplomatists, are all relegated to the crowd. No noble except Lord Lorne appeared in the procession as an invited guest, and the exception only made the rule more conspicuous.—London Spectator.

**A Midnight Spree at Vassar.**

Dearer to the hearts of all college students than all public occasions of social life are the cosy private spreads. Only a college girl knows the meaning of a college spread. It is a proof of the depravity of human nature, says a writer in *Lippincott's Magazine*, that no spread is perfect unless held after 10 o'clock, when in the midst of the hilarity each feels the influence of a prospective summons from her corridor teacher to receive a sermon on the value of law and order. Try to imagine yourself an unseen spectator at a mysterious midnight spread. You see a large room all ablaze with light, but with the blinds shut and the curtains drawn, and a gossamer waterproof draped carefully over the transom lest the rays should annoy some outsider. Within is a medley. Books are out of the way for once, and the table is covered with a miscellaneous collection of plates, saucers, glasses, and a cup or two, a few spoons, rarely a knife and fork. Among these are scattered a loaf of bread, a bag of crackers, pots of deviled ham, bottled olives, a pitcher of milk and another of oysters. Half a dozen girls are in the room, one of them anxiously inspecting the water in a tin basin that she is carefully holding over the flame of a drop-light. The rest are scattered about the room in attitudes more or less graceful. The bed, the chairs, and the rugs on the floor are equally patronized. All the girls are making frantic endeavors to evolve a theory as to the making of oyster soup, and as the theories gradually take a definite shape they are hurled at the martyr of the tin basin.

"You must heat the water first, then the milk, and put in the oysters just before it is done," remarks one sage cook from the depths of an easy chair.

"No you don't. You don't want any water—just the milk and oysters boiled together," says No. 2, coiled like a kitten on a rug.

"You must heat the oysters separately," calls the grave, oratorical voice from among the pillows.

"Girls," says the martyr, looking around with a heroic air, "you don't one of you know the first thing about it. I'm making this soup, and if you don't like it when it's done you can come and make some for yourselves. Just at the present time I have the floor."—*Ex.*

**Expensive Fans.**

A dealer in fans of the more expensive as well as cheaper sort told me that he sold about \$600 worth for the last Harvard class day, the finest being of white lace, and worth from \$40 to \$60, and the least expensive bringing from \$1 upward. The June weddings caused a good demand for the higher-priced article. The gaudy fans, which are now in such favor, seem to me very appropriate for the season and much more in keeping with warm weather than the showy fans made of ostrich feathers, which have a certain heat-look. It has always seemed to me that the Japanese excel in the picturesqueness of their fans, and how they can be afforded at such low prices is one of the wonders of the day. A few of these brilliantly colored fans placed upon the walls of a room light it up finely, and for a country house I know of no more appropriate decoration. For actual fanning, however, the old-fashioned palm leaf is the most effective in raising the wind.—Boston Post.

**The Traveler's Tree.**

A European traveler, on his way from the coast of Madagascar to the capital, Tananarivo, in the interior, had emptied his water-flask, and was suffering from thirst. He asked one of the natives of his party where he should be able to obtain water.

"Any time you like," said the native, smiling.

The European saw no signs of springs of water, but the native conducted him to a group of tall palm-like trees, standing in a cluster on the edge of the forest with straight trunks, and bright green, broad leaves growing from the opposite sides of the stalk, and shaking the tree appeared like a great fan. The white man gazed admiringly at the tree.

"You think it is a fine tree," said the native, "but I will show you what it is good for."

He pierced the root of one of the leaf-stems, at the point where it joined the tree, with his spear, whereupon a stream of clear water spouted out, which the European caught in his water can, and found cool, fresh and excellent to drink.

The party having satisfied their thirst and taken a supply, the native, who had spoken, went on:

"This tree, which is good for us in more ways than one, we call the traveler's tree."

"But where does the water come from that the tree contains?" asked the white man. "Is it taken up from the soil?"

"Oh, no," said the native, "the leaves drink in the rain that falls on them, and when it has passed all through them, it becomes very pure and sweet."

—The quality of the blood depends much upon good or bad digestion and assimilation; to make the blood rich in life and strength giving constituents, use Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier; it will nourish the properties of the blood from which the elements of vitality are drawn. S-m3

**He Was an American.**

From the Rochester Democrat.

A thin, delicate looking woman sat in a Broadway (New York) horse car one evening last week, and next her sat a native of the queen's realm. The window behind the Britisher was open, and the wind blew in on the woman, making her shiver. At last she said in a lady-like way: "Won't you be kind enough to close the window behind you, as it makes me very cold?" It would hardly have caused the man any inconvenience to grant this request, but he replied harshly: "I prefer it open; you Americans can't stand anything; you all seem to have the consumption." The other passengers in the car were astounded at the incivility, and their were many angry glances at the royal subject. Finally a gentleman arose on the opposite side of the car, and approaching the Englishman with about 220 pounds avoirdupois, leaned over him and grasping the window, slammed it down with nearly enough force to break the glass; then he remarked in a positive tone: "Now my friend, if you think all Americans are afflicted with consumption, you just raise that window again. I am an American." The little woman blushed, the other passengers smiled, the American returned to his seat, and the Briton looked out of the window and thought and thought.

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—Bishop Hurst furnishes one of the most attractive papers in the August *Harper's* upon "A Native Publishing House in India." This is a result of the Bishop's recent visit to India, and gives a surprising revelation of the Mohammedan energy of a certain typical publisher of Lucknow named Kishore. This native, although a Moslem, issues hundreds of Hindu books, as well as apologies in behalf of Islam, from his enormous establishment of low buildings, where twelve hundred men print from lithographs and type, and illustrate by hand books in Sanscrit, Persian, Arabic, English, and many Indian dialects. A daily newspaper and numerous pamphlets are added to the products, and all the possible material, even type and paper, are made under Kishore's charge. The immense editions of his literature are sold by colporteurs, who circulate through the country very industriously and obtain a gigantic patronage, from Cario and Constantinople to the Northern Himalayas.

**Give Them A Chance!**

That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air-passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them.

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**Too Much Enthusiasm.**

Charleston News and Courier.

"Teaching to me," said an enthusiastic young schoolma'am, "is a holy calling. To sow in the young mind the seeds of future knowledge and watch them as they grow and develop is a pleasure greater than I can tell. I never weary of my work. I think only of—"

"I am very sorry," interrupted the young man to whom she was talking, "that you are so devoted to your profession, Miss Clara. I had hoped that someday I might ask you—in fact, I called tonight—but I hardly dare go on in the light of what you—"

"You may go on, Mr. Smith," said the young lady softly. "I am a little too enthusiastic at times, perhaps."

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**CATARRH CURE.**

**Changed His Mind.**

New York Sun.

"I hope, my dear," said a newly made Benedict, "if I should happen to be out nights occasionally you won't be lonely."

"Oh, no, dear," she replied sweetly. "If you should find it necessary to be out I'll send for me to keep me company."

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—In the decline of life, infirmities beset us to which our youth and maturity were strangers, our kidneys and liver are subject to derangement, but nothing equals Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm as a regulator of these organs. S-m3

**A Georgia Miss! Makes a Hit.**

Nashville Union.

A young lady said at the recent meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Savannah. "Chivalry, which has fled from all other quarters, has taken refuge in the newspaper offices." It is unnecessary to state that this young lady is the prettiest and brightest of her sex in Georgia.

If you suffer prickling pains on moving the eyes, or cannot bear bright light, and find your sight weak and failing, you should promptly use Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Eye Salve. 25 cents a box. S-m3

—"Backward, turn backward, O time in thy flight, give us a frost again just for tonight; I am so weary of weather so hot, the sweat it produces would fill a big pot; weary of collars that wilt like a rag, weary of toiling away for the swag. A snow storm or blizzard would give very nice, put me on ice, mother, put me on ice."—*Atchison Globe.*

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