

The Plattsmouth Weekly Herald.

KNOTT'S BROS., Publishers & Proprietors.

Monarchism.

The manifesto of the count of Paris showing the failure of republicanism in France and urging the restoration of the monarchical form of government has been itself a failure.

In another column is printed a digest of the manifesto. He reviews at great length the cause of French politics since the execution of Louis XVI.

He argues on the same basis, that the mere delegation of powers to the head of a government does not give firmness.

These three points are the chief points of his argument because they are directly opposite to those upon which the French republic is founded.

The lover of the young western republic, the enthusiastic friend of liberal government, has now become a monarchist.

Truly this is cruel. But it may be none the less true. The divine rights of kings. The unification of executive and legislative power.

Cut without going into an examination of the statements presented by the count in support of his argument—and nearly all of them are mere statements without foundation in fact—and without looking at the basis upon which he stands, namely, that the present form of government is unsatisfactory to the French people, it may be well to say that this world is moving onward.

But the Bonapartists, whom the count did not expect to please, have viewed the manifesto with favor, so there are people in this country whose professions are in line with these ideas.

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to fix a standard of morality and compel each man to conform thereto. These are some of the monarchists of this country. It would be well for all these people to learn that government is not an engine to gratify vanity, for the maintenance of paupers or for the regulation of conduct.

Cleveland as a Trimmer.

The intimation of the Philadelphia American that the president secretly assisted Randall at the Pennsylvania state convention is not altogether unworthy of consideration. In the contest which has been waged between the Randallites and the Scott free-trade faction of the democracy, the general opinion, both in and out of Pennsylvania and among republicans and democrats, has been that the sympathy and support of Mr. Cleveland has been with the free traders.

When it is borne in mind that many, if not most, of the federal officials who took part in the convention were supporters of Randall, it is easy enough to believe that Mr. Cleveland was not so bitterly hostile to the protectionist chief as he has been popularly supposed to be.

The utterances of the democracy in the states in which conventions have been held this year were even more than usually variegated when touching on the leading national issues.

The cardinal instability reveals one of the cardinal defects of the democracy as a party. Taking the whole country together, it stands on every side of every question which has more than one side.

The political instability reveals one of the cardinal defects of the democracy as a party. Taking the whole country together, it stands on every side of every question which has more than one side.

MICHAEL DAVITT has sailed for America, and is expected to arrive next week. He says his visit is of a private nature and will be short.

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No Kicking. Two years ago a good many democrats scattered over these broad prairies and hills, were going to revolutionize in a jiffy the tariff over to a "revenue only" basis, and as a preliminary to that trifling feat they proposed "to kick Sam Randall out of the democratic party."

The goose was hanging high for the "reformers," as it were and Henry Waterson, of the Louisville, Ky., Courier Journal used language to that effect from day to day. Carlisle had just been re-elected speaker of the house, and Bill Morrison appointed chairman of the ways and means committee.

But Samuel J. Randall has the "revenue reformers" in his pocket, for by the most minute inspection of the ranks of the democratic party fails to reveal any vacancy in the place occupied by Sam Randall two years ago.

The inspection reveals certain suggestive transformations on the side of the free trade reformers. Frank Hurd, the reformer who was specially anxious to have Sam Randall kicked out, has fallen over the precipice of defeat at the polls. Bill Morrison himself, who had actually ordered a job lot of boots to be used by the reformers on Sam Randall's posterior, was hurled over the same precipice which was so fatal to Frank Hurd.

Talk of kicking Sam Randall out of the party! Why, if Mr. Carlisle should be obstreperous Sam Randall could with a straw push him out of congress. Why, if the free trade reformers should attempt to bind Randall by caucus rule to a free trade bill, he could by crooking his little finger wrench the organization of the house of representatives itself away from them.

All this goes to show that Sam Randall knew what he was talking about when he said a few days ago he "had no compromise to make with Mr. Carlisle."

The blustering of Johnny Bull about the freedom of Behring's Sea to all flags engaged in seal fishing, so long as they do not get inside of three miles of the land belonging to Uncle Sam, is not of course to be understood as militating against any similar claims of his own. The pearl fisheries of the gulf of Manar and off Australia are instances in which Mr. Bull will not be governed by this theory.

Life is burdensome, alike to the sufferer and all around him, while dyspepsia and its attending evils hold sway. Complaints of this nature can be speedily cured by taking Prickly Ash Bitters regularly.

The remotest record we have of "boodles" having been used for political purposes is during the first century. A. D., when the Roman emperor Nero, by his wanton cruelty, luxurious debauchery and heartless assassinations, had incurred the hatred of many of his subjects, and having poisoned his half brother, Britannicus, was compelled to divide his vast estates among his partisans—the senators and soldiery—for political support.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF CASS COUNTY, NEBRASKA. JENNIE ELLSWORTH, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE W. ELLSWORTH, Defendant.

SOCIAL CUTHROATS.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A COTERIE OF NEW YORK MASHERS.

Well Dressed Destroyers Who Keep Quiet About Their Villainy—The Masher with the White Lock—Daily Round of a Skillful Operator.

"He belongs to a curious set of New York men," said the judge. "They are creatures of a recent growth, and I doubt very much if similar specimens of the genus man can be found anywhere else in the world. They are called 'mashers' in a general way, but they are in no sense like the gorgeous London man who has given the word 'masher' its highest meaning.

It affords a droll study of human nature to watch the operations of the mashers. Most of their faces are as familiar to up town people as the Fifth Avenue hotel. Their mode of life is simple. Take, for instance, a cold and sunny day, and a blonde mustache, a regular profile, square shoulders and careless carriage, who has been more or less famous about town for fifteen years.

His manner of living varies little from day to day. I have had many opportunities for observing him, as we once had a revolving apartment in the same hotel, and he used to amuse himself when he had an occasional half hour of leisure from his arduous duties by turning the pictures in my room wrong side foremost, bribing the chambermaid to sew the hangings into all sorts of grotesque positions, littering my desk with violent letters, and indulging in various other cheerful and endearing pranks.

If the tattoo was loud enough the door would open suddenly, there would be a flash of light, a rattling of feet as the chambermaid scudded out of danger, and the masher would rush out into the hall clad in pajamas, bath robes, nightcap, felt slippers, and carrying a sponge the size of a bushel basket.

Development of the Trotter. Senator Daniel, of Virginia, like many other southern men, is an admirer and lover of fine horses.

Senator Daniel, of Virginia, like many other southern men, is an admirer and lover of fine horses. He was going the other day to run over to the trotting races at Hartford when he said: "It must eventually come about that the trotting races will be popular, because it is in this gait that the horse combines utility with speedly action. It is the gait that the horse is most available for pleasure and practical service. In a recent article written by Judge Hughes, of Richmond, I saw a theory advanced in reference to the development in the trotting gait which I think I have not seen mentioned before.

Absinthe in Light Opera. "In Cincinnati I took to drinking absinthe to steady my nerves, which had been all unstrung by cigarettes," said a seriocomic. "You don't inhale the smoke, do you? No! Sensible boy! But I was a cigarette fiend and had to brace up on absinthe. Ever drink the stuff? No! Don't, then, except a dash in a morning cocktail. Well, I was drinking it straight or on lump sugar till one night when I found myself out on the stage making such work as this of one of my prettiest songs: Oh, the little birds were singing in the cellar, And the moon was sitting on the sun!

In a Chicago Charitable Institution.

Here, however, is the history of a woman who had something—let us hope it was not "something"—"click" is much too brusque a term to apply to such a subtle quality. She found her way into a charitable institution of this city the other day, and, snuggling up to the matron, addressed her thus: "I hope your institution is not on the dormitory plan, madam. I think a sensitive person naturally shrinks from such an institution, don't you? Really, I don't know how I could bring myself to sleep in the room with others. I don't mind hardships. Simple fare and a plain bed will not distress me. But every lady must insist on privacy. I like to be with my own thoughts. I should deem also that your charity was remedial and not expedient. In my opinion such are much worthier. I have attended a good many lectures which had charities for their subject and have considered the most popular methods. I should conjecture that you must meet with many disagreeable people in your very disinterested work. It must be a great compensation if you now and then meet a person who is intellectually congenial. I am sure I shall enjoy my little rest very much here. Some of my friends thought it best that I should take a little rest before beginning my winter labors. It is between harvests with me now, as it were. I teach classical music, either vocal or instrumental, can do fine hand sewing, or act as rudimentary governess. Now I should esteem it a favor if I could have a room to myself."

The matron settled her white cap over her white crimps. "Madame," said she, "I slept last night with three babies with scrofulous heads, because no one else would sleep with them. The rest of the rooms are in the dormitory. Will you be good enough to give up my bed—and the babies—to you, or will you sleep in the dormitory?" It is "conjectured" that she went on in search of other charities not on the "dormitory plan."—Chicago News.

Leaving Port on a Friday. Deputy Shipping Commissioner Ferris of the master of a Maine schooner. "Guess I'll get off on Friday," he replied.

To the superstitious land lubber of a reporter present this appeared like an unorthodox statement, so he asked Deputy Ferris, himself an old sailor for many years, if modern seamen had entirely recovered from their old scare of setting sail on Friday. The reporter broke into the first stanza of the old sea song: "Twas Friday night when we set sail, And 'twas not very far from the land When the captain spied a jolly redoubt. With a comb and a glass in her hand."

"Well," responded Ferris, "I can't say that the superstition is entirely gone from seafaring men, but the great majority of both sailing masters and crews don't pay the slightest attention to that day, so anxious to tradition. When they're ready with a load they go at the most favorable wind, Friday or no Friday, but we do meet with sailors now and then who couldn't be induced to leave port on Friday, just as you still run across thousands of landmen who never undertake any affair of importance on that day. Most of these sailors hail from nations like Sweden, Denmark and Germany, where old superstitions have still a strong hold on the people; but American tars don't mind them at all."—New York Evening Sun.

I have read a great deal in the papers about slow poisoning processes, but only believed the various statements when they were brought home to me. My wife, who had been remarkable for her rugged health and rosy appearance, began to fade away. She dwindled to a mere shadow, and yet she retained statements of good health. Finally, I insisted on calling in a doctor of high standing, after an emphatic protest from our regular physician. A long diagnosis decided that my wife was suffering from arsenical poisoning drawn into the system from a cheap set of false teeth, which had been purchased about a week before the first symptoms of weakness had been observed. Arsenic had been used in the enamel to secure the glittering whiteness so much admired by women, and in the process of mastication small particles had been absorbed in the food and taken into the stomach, where the insidious work of destruction was progressing surely to a fatal termination. I don't know how many cases of the kind may exist, but from the fact that half a dozen medical men were baffled in their attempted diagnosis, I would not be surprised if thousands of women were poisoned annually in this way.—Railroad Conductor in Globe-Democrat.

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Renews Her Youth.

Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay county, Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth and removed completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, only 50c. at F. G. Fricke & Co.'s drug store. (4)

Natural gas has been found in and near Des Moines, Iowa. This is a fortunate find for the capital of Iowa and will doubtless create some excitement and cause real estate to boom.

Don't let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself. The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Boesche's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it, and "know how it is [themselves]." Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist. (4)

The organs of the present administration are trying hard to persuade the country that between President Cleveland and Gov. Hill there is none but the very best of feeling.

A Gift for All. In order to give all a chance to test it, and thus be convinced of its wonderful wonderful curative powers, Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds will be, for a limited time, given away. This offer is not only liberal, but shows unbounded faith in the merits of this great remedy. All who suffer from Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any affection of Throat, Chest or Lungs are especially requested to call at F. G. Fricke & Co.'s drug store and get a trial bottle free, large bottles \$1. (4)

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THIS GOOD OLD STAND-BY accomplishes for everybody exactly what is claimed for it. One of the reasons for the great popularity of the Mustang Liniment is found in its universal applicability. Everybody needs such a medicine. The Lumberman needs it in case of accident. The Housewife needs it for her family use. The Cannier needs it for his teams and his men. The Mechanic needs it always on his work bench. The Miner needs it in case of emergency. The Pioneer needs it—can't get along without it. The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable, and his stock yard. The Steamboat man or the Boatman needs it in liberal supply aboard and ashore. The Horse-fancier needs it—his horse's best friend and safest reliance. The Stock-grower needs it—it will save him thousands of dollars and a world of trouble. The Railroad man needs it and will need it so long as his life is a round of accidents and dangers. The Backwoodsman needs it. There is nothing like it as an antidote for the dangers to life, limb and comfort which surround the pioneer. The Merchant needs it about his store among his employees. Accidents will happen, and when these come the Mustang Liniment is wanted at once. Keep a Bottle in the House. 'Tis the best of economy. Keep a Bottle in the Factory. Immediate use in case of accident saves pain and loss of wages. Keep a Bottle Always in the Stable for use when wanted.