

**ADDITIONAL EDITORIAL.**

If Mr. Higgins will lend the county funds, does Sherman expect to borrow?

Mr. CAMPBELL'S accounts as county treasurer have always been correct. Dare Sherman deny this?

Would the funds of Cass county be safe in the hands of Mr. Higgins with Mr. Sherman as deputy?

Every dollar of the county funds is safe and will be turned over to Mr. Higgins if elected and can file the bond.

Mr. CAMPBELL'S bondsmen are not alarmed by anything the *Journal* may say, as its reputation for truth is naught.

When Mr. Sherman, or any other man, says David Campbell has loaned any of the county funds, he states what is absolutely false.

If Mr. Sherman, or any other man, thinks there is anything wrong in the county treasurer's office, he is invited to investigate.

D. A. CAMPBELL wishes it understood that when the editor of the *Journal* says that he offered him money to withdraw his opposition, he lies.

Mr. CAMPBELL is anxious to be elected says the *Journal* and therefore should be defeated. What candidates on either ticket is there that is not anxious to be elected?

The *Journal* has been making a great howl about the Co. fund being deposited in bank. In a published interview in yesterday's *Journal*, Higgins says he will do the same thing.

The national campaign will begin next June, and, at the present time, it looks as if the brightest and best man in American politics would be the nominee of the republican party.

The *HERALD* is very sorry to see so much talk about "coal robbers" and "tariff robbers" in its democratic contemporaries, after having had three years of uninterrupted democratic rule.

After three years of democratic rule the people are in splendid condition to know what they want, and, in our opinion, the republican ticket of Cass county will be elected from top to bottom.

The *Journal* lies when it says Mr. Campbell offered it one hundred dollars to keep still. Mr. Campbell did not offer Mr. Sherman any money and has never authorized any of his friends to offer him money.

Mr. BRAD CRITCHFIELD, as the republican nominee for county clerk, is meeting the hearty approbation of every section of the county. He is a worthy republican and deserves the support of every member of the party in the county.

Will C. Whopper Sherman kindly inform his readers whether he ever received a bribe before or not? and does he experience a more pleasing sensation from refusing a bribe than accepting one? We understand he has had both experiences.

There is nothing in connection with Mr. Campbell's conduct of the affairs of his office about which he would care to have anyone keep silent. He defies Sherman or anyone else to find anything wrong. Every cent collected has been properly accounted for.

BRAD CRITCHFIELD, the next county clerk, was in the city yesterday interviewing his many friends. Mr. Critchfield is a young man, very popular with those who know him, and one that will fill the office of county clerk very acceptably to the people.

GRANDPA Higgins and Anti Van Wyck Robinson were seen early yesterday morning driving very rapidly towards Tipton precinct. It made us feel sad to see the two great extremes meet and melt into one common fusion of burbon democracy.

It is refreshing to see the effect of recent boodle upon our evening contemporary. A week ago he was very cold; but a little meeting of democratic office seekers and a little interview with Mr. Sherman and a great charge is brought about.

Under the law the board of county commissioners have control of the sinking fund. They alone could use it in any way. Why don't Sherman ask them to invest or loan the money? The *Journal* knows that the county treasurer cannot do otherwise than to hold this money subject to their order.

The rotten and corrupt methods of Senator Gorman were again successful in the Baltimore elections. The *HERALD* would be pleased to see or hear of a city that has been under democratic rule for any length of time that was not rotten from stem to stern. Purify your politics and keep it pure by electing republicans to office.

The *Journal* complained, a few days ago, about the democrats failing to ap-

preciate the situation, and failing to put up. As he has bristled up within the last two or three days and howled "boodle" vociferously, it is quietly mentioned on the streets that Mr. Sherman, probably, knows more about boodle than anybody else.

Why so much croaking all at once about Mr. Higgins covering back this interest money into the county treasury by him if elected to that office. All this talk has been done by Mr. C. Whopper Sherman of the *Journal*; no one has ever heard Mr. Higgins say it, and no intelligent man would believe him if he did say it.

There will be plenty of time yet for the "select few" to work up affidavits and bring every possible pressure to bear to elect a part of their ticket and taking warning by the past we would be surprised at nothing they may do to accomplish their ends. Look out for them and don't let them "work it there this time."

A. J. SAWYER one of the democratic candidates for district judge was in the city yesterday and was chaperoned by the editor of the *Journal*. It is in the air that there is to be an effort made to beat Allen Field by creating a disaffection in the republican ranks in favor of Sawyer. This matter should be carefully looked after and let every republican see that Allen Field's name is not omitted from his ticket by a "scratch."

In a labored interview in last night's *Journal* Higgins is made to say if he could legally as county treasurer lend the county fund for the benefit of the county he would do so, at the same time he intimates the law will not permit it. In the last legislature two bills were introduced, authorizing the loaning of the county fund for the benefit of the county. Will the *Journal* please explain why Mr. Higgins made no effort to see that either of these bills passed?

We understand that J. M. Higgins, the candidate for treasurer on the democratic ticket, in accepting the nomination made this statement,—that while he might not be competent to fill the office, he could employ able help. Do the citizens of Cass county want to elect a treasurer by proxy, that is what the election of Higgins means, or, will they vote for a man like Dave Campbell, who has always done his share of the work and given his office at all times his personal supervision.

It comes from a credible source, that, at a term of court held here lately, J. M. Higgins was one of the jurors, and was elected foreman, that the jury being out in a certain case found a verdict of one cent damages,—that Foreman Higgins in making up the verdict, after three trials making it respectively, 10c, \$1 and \$10, gave up and called on another jurymen to make up the verdicts. And still, this is the man our democratic friends are pushing as being more competent to fill the office of county treasurer than Dave Campbell.

The editor of the *Journal* has got down low enough, with probably the help of the devil, to conceive abominable lies concerning the present incumbent of the office of county treasurer, and is even so bold as to publish them. He intimates that Mr. Campbell offered him one hundred dollars to stop lying about him, and it was refused. For what? For a chance to borrow the county sinking fund? We know Mr. Sherman too well to believe he ever refused any such offer. What did he take fifty dollars for last fall? Mr. Sherman's abusive articles on Mr. Campbell are entirely uncalled for and are composed, unless it be for bribes and prospective boodle, from an infamous desire to do evil. Mr. Campbell is a man of unquestionable character and his official duties have not lacked attention in the least, and any statements accusing Mr. Campbell of using the county's money illegally in any manner whatever are baseless falsehoods.

MR. CAMPBELL'S record is as clean as the noon-day sun, and his books are open not only to the commissioners of Cass county, but also to the public. There has always been a careful checking up of his books by the commissioners, one of whom is Louis Foltz, and their report has shown that they have always been correct to a cent. All thinking men of Cass county know this is true and they further know that as far as competency goes, Campbell is head and shoulders above Higgins. Campbell has made a good officer during his first term, always prompt, accommodating, clever, and correct, and is certainly entitled to a second term. What more could the people want? He has done his whole duty, notwithstanding the slurs that have been thrown at him by a man who is an eye-sore to his own party, a man when no one can trust and a man who while crying boodle is making these very attacks by reason of getting some Higgins boodle, at any rate the *Journal* was very quiet until Higgins put in an appearance in Platts-mouth.

**ST. BERNARD'S MONKS.**

**A MIDSUMMER VISIT TO THEIR FAMOUS ALPINE HOSPICE.**

The Benevolent Work of the Brotherhood—Hospitality That Knows Neither Race Nor Creed—A Look at the Dogs, The Charnel House.

A moment later, turning a bend in the gorge, we saw the hospice of Mount St. Bernard, a mass of cold gray stone against the purple sky, unutterably lonely, weird, desolate among those bald rocks, icebound cataraets and snow capped mountains. This was the middle of summer, and we were shivering from head to foot. What must it be in winter. The brotherhood consists of about forty members, the inmates of this monastery being fifteen or twenty Augustinian monks, most of them under 30. Some looked mere boys. After fifteen years of service the severity of the climate undermines their constitutions, and they are compelled to descend to milder climates below. Their office is to receive and lodge strangers gratuitously and to render assistance to travelers in danger during the snowy season which here lasts about nine months. In this work of benevolence they are aided by the famous St. Bernard dogs, whose keen sense of smell enables them to track and discover travelers buried in the snow, numbers of whom are rescued by these noble animals.

Our first impression of the hospice was of some ruined chalet. There were beggars hanging on the outskirts and paupers gathered about the arched doorway; young Italians with packs on their backs, mountaineers returned from the hunt with guns and game bags, guides, young Englishmen "tramping" through the Alps, and wanderers like ourselves, all were welcomed here by the glowing lantern which sheds its rays far into the pass on either side. I was not astonished when the young priest told me later that often they have lodged 600 strangers of a night under that hospitable roof.

"Le Pere Joseph Laisier" was in charge. Young, full of action, every written in every line of the figure beneath the long black cowl, he came forward to meet us courteously. Had he been a wealthy man of the world receiving invited guests to his own home, he could not have welcomed us more graciously. And yet, as he did so, he had not an idea where he should place us for the night. He asked us to wait a moment, and turned away, rubbing his chin with a perplexed look. He soon returned, running lightly down the stone stairs. This quick step was characteristic of the man, as was also the merriest laugh I ever heard, with which he explained his perplexities. It had stormed the two preceding days; some Italian priests on their way to France were spending a few days. Every nook and corner was full, but these priests had offered us their apartments and would lodge with the brothers. Thus it was arranged, and we found ourselves in the rooms of honor, comfortably furnished, and with beautiful St. Bernard dogskin rugs about the doors. They sent us dry shoes and stockings, offered hot drinks, and right royally received the American strangers.

But the charm of all came later, when, gathering around the flaming logs, listening to the crackling of pine cones, the Pere Laisier told us of their winter life, the dreariness of their lone vigils, the thrilling adventures of their daily search for travelers, when all the wayfarers are poor, when cold is intense, the snow of great depth, and the dangers from storms even threatening their strong monastery. We went to our rooms trembling with excitement and crept under the elder down quilts, thankful that ours was only a twenty-four hours' stay in this desolate region.

The Angels wakened us at 5 the following morning, and we heard the monks chanting their morning prayers. Later we found the chapel open and mass being said. The Italian priests were here gorging in scarlet and white lace, and a few poor wayfarers knelt on the pews, their heads on their hands. It was wonderfully solemn, and when one of the brothers, having finished his celebration in a side chapel, entered the organ loft, and the deep tones of music filled the entire monastery, I felt that his soul must indeed be satisfied, his life complete in the wonderful harmony. The vaulted corridors reverberated the chords, and long after the chapel was empty and matins over, the young priest sat as if inspired, and we heard the music still as we passed on down the path and crossed the boundary into Italy, the limit between Switzerland and Italy being marked by the two national shields cut into the rocks side by side and above a Roman column inscribed with curious figures and signs. On the adjacent Plains de Jupiter once rose the temple to Jupiter Posonium, and later the Romans erected a hospice there, about 100 B. C., on the site of which have been found many very beautiful coins and relics. This collection, in the library of the hospice, well repaid the time we gave to it, as did also the vellum bound manuscripts and rare old books we found there.

From here we went to pay our respects to the dogs, whose kennels are well worth seeing. The great awkward puppies—balls of soft yellow and white fur—were rolling about among the hay. The dogs have almost intelligent faces, great soft eyes and a gentle manner. They looked as if they comprehended their mission in life and were ready for it. Each knew his name and answered to it readily, crouching low beside his master or standing erect for service as the call directed. They were indeed glorious beasts.

The last memory of St. Bernard haunts us still. A little way from the hospice stands a small stone building surmounted by a cross. This is the morgue—the receptacle for bodies found in the snow. We supposed it to be like other morgues we had seen, a temporary resting place for the unfortunates until decent burial might be given them, and urged by our guide to visit the place we turned from our path across the snow to enter when, to our horror, we found the place literally paved with human bones; and there, in their dark, cold cells they stood erect, ghastly frozen creatures, just as they had been found, their earthly belongings still clinging to them—like cold of winter and the heat of summer alike limit them to alter their last rigid smile, till time in the centuries to come will turn them back to dust, like those of their fellows beneath their feet—the dust of mortality—fine as the finest powder, light almost as air. We shuddered as we turned away. It is so uncanny to keep them there unburied.—Cor. New York Sun.

An Echo of Papa's Thoughts. A little member of a Boston household has been greatly wrought up by the advent of a litter of kittens, and particularly exercised over the drowning of the most of them. The question as to which should be permitted to live and which consigned to a watery grave had been long discussed, and the decision had left an indelible impression on the little fellow's mind. Some days after, the family of which he is a member was augmented by the birth of triplets, and the little boy, on being first presented to the new comers, started everybody by the query: "Papa, how many is so good to drown?"—Boston Badger.

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure.

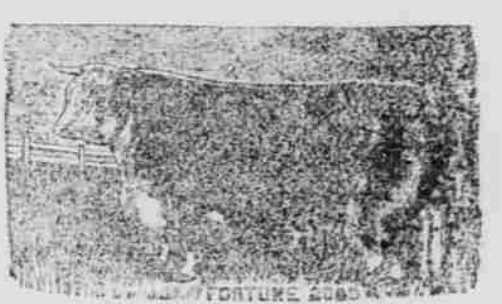


This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight adulterated powders, sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., New York.

**FOR MAN AND BEAST!**  
Mexican Mustang Liniment

- CURES**
- |             |               |               |
|-------------|---------------|---------------|
| Sciatica,   | Scratches,    | Contracted    |
| Lumbago,    | Sprains,      | Muscles,      |
| Rheumatism, | Strains,      | Eruptions,    |
| Burns,      | Stitches,     | Hoof Ail,     |
| Scalds,     | Stiff Joints, | Sore          |
| Stings,     | Backache,     | Worms,        |
| Bites,      | Galls,        | Sweeney,      |
| Bruises,    | Sores,        | Saddle Galls, |
| Bunions,    | Spavin,       | Files,        |
| Corns,      | Cracks,       |               |

**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 general family use. The Contractor needs it for his team 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—it is his 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 as long as his life is a round of accidents and dangers. The Backwoodsman needs it. There is nearly as much in 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.



**FIRST PRIZE HEREFORD HERD**  
At the great St. Louis Fair, headed by LOUIS (No. 38), by Sir Richard 3rd, SIR IVELYN 2nd, by Lord Wilton, GLOVE 4th, 1874, by The Grove 2nd, DEWEY 2nd and 1877, by Belle, half brother to Archibald. Herd numbers 75, head, send for price and catalogue. J. B. HAWES, Colony, Anderson Co., Kansas.

**PRICKLY ASH BITTERS**

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaise of all kinds yield readily to the beneficent influence of

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health. It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold every where at \$1.00 a bottle.

E. G. Dovey & Son. E. G. Dovey & Son.

**Fall and Winter Goods.**

We take pleasure in saying that we have the Fullest and Handsomest line of

**Fall and Winter Goods**

Ever brought to this Market

and shall be pleased to show you a

**Superb Line**

OF

Wool Dress Goods, and Trimmings, Hoisery and Underwear, Blankets and Comforters.

A splendid assortment of Ladies' Misses' and Childrens CLOAKS, WRAPS AND JERSEYS.

We have also added to our line of carpets some new patterns, Floor Oil Cloths, Mats and Rugs.

In men's heavy and fine boots and shoes, also in Ladies' Misses and Childrens Footgear, we have a complete line to which we INVITE your inspection. All departments Full and Complete.

**E. G. Dovey & Son.**

**FRED HERRMANN & CO.**

**FALL AND WINTER STOCK**

—NOW—

**COMPLETE.**

**Cloaks! Cloaks!**

Our Ladies' Plush Sack at \$25.00, will compare with any garment sold at \$32.00 in this City. Our Ladies' Plush Sack at \$30.00, well worth \$37.00. Our Ladies' Plush Sack at \$37.00, usually advertised at \$45.00, as a bargain.

**Ladies' Plush Manteaus at \$18. \$22.50 \$25.00 \$27. \$30. \$35. \$40.**

These goods are elegantly trimmed with Plush, Beaver, Seal and Passanterie trimmings and are decided bargains at the prices we ask for them.

**Ladies' new Markets in checks, Stripes, Glace and diagonal cloth. The newest and latest novelties at prices that will astonish you.**

**Ladies' Jackets the largest line in the city.**

**Childrens' and Misses' Cloaks, Havelocks and new Markets, the largest and finest line ever shown in this city.**

Look on stock over before purchasing as it will repay you.

**F. Herrmann & Co.**

ONE DOOR EAST FIRST NATIONAL BANK

**Subscribe for the HERALD.**