

THE ABSENT ONE.

He is gone, he is gone, but the light of his eyes... When at midnight alone, flashes ere me as if...

SOMETHING OF INTEREST.

To The People of Cass and Adjoining Counties.

I desire to say a few words to the people at large in regard to the breeding of horses. Having myself, for the last 25 years been engaged in that business...

IN HONOR OF INGALLS.

Resolutions Adopted by the Young Men's Republican Club.

The following are resolutions, which the Young Men's Republican Club of this city have sent to Senator Ingalls:

WHEREAS, Senator Voorhees of Indiana made an unjustifiable attack upon Senator John J. Ingalls in the senate of the United States, and that talented senator administered such rebuke to the dominating senator from Indiana as the nature of the attack deserved...

Resolved, That the Young Men's Republican Club of Plattsmouth Nebraska, extend their hearty congratulations to Senator Ingalls upon his display of such masterly ability in administering this deserved chastigation to the disloyal senator from Indiana...

Resolved, That our club hope and trust that the day may come when we may have the pleasure of assisting to elect him to the highest position in the gift of the people of our beloved country.

C. M. WHEEL, A. N. SULLIVAN, D. A. CAMPBELL, Committee.

From Thursday's Daily.

Many different stories are told in regard to the shooting affray of last night and we are unable to draw any conclusions from it, but we believe it would be nothing more than right, that when the excitement dies down that the Pinkerton should come back and surrender himself for trial...

From Friday's Daily.

Dr. Schildknecht received a handsome phaeton this morning from the Abbot Buggy Co., Chicago. The buggy is a daisy.

The riot night before last and the rain yesterday seems to have drove almost everyone into the house and they are afraid to get out today, consequently everything seems exceedingly dull and quiet.

We have just received the first number of Vol. 2 of the American Art Printer. The new volume starts out in fine shape and contains some of the finest specimens of colored printing we have ever seen.

Persons sending communications to THE HERALD will oblige us by sending their full name. Not for publication but as a guarantee of good faith to the publisher. It has been a long established rule among publishers to fire everything into the waste basket that comes in with out the full name and it is a rule that must be observed in this office.

Arrangements are being made for a public fountain in the city. This is a step in the right direction. The city can well afford to expend a little money for the accommodation of her people and patrons. It wouldn't be money thrown away to have several of them.

Plenty of Snakes. DEXTER, Tex., May 21.—The past week has been an eventful one. A number of venomous snakes principally rattlers, have been killed at business houses and private residences almost in the heart of the city. Several persons have also been brought to the city to be treated for snake bites. In one instance a hypodermic injection of a solution of permanganate of potash was used, and the relief was almost immediate.

Found in the River. LAWRENCE, Kan., May 21.—About 2 o'clock this afternoon while two boys were gathering drift wood along the south bank of the Kansas river, two miles above this city, they discovered the body of a young boy lodged in the drift. The authorities were notified, and the sheriff and coroner proceeded to the place and held an inquest. The body was that of a white boy about 8 years old, apparently had been well dressed, but was in advanced stage of decomposition. There was nothing about his clothes to identify him. It is reported that a boy has been missing from Wamego, and it is thought this is the one.

Hopes to Get the County Seat. ARLINGTON, Neb., May 22.—Twenty-five thousand dollars is already subscribed by representative citizens with which to build a court house if a special election votes the county seat to Arlington. The present county seat, Blair, wants the county bonded to build a court house for that place. But the subscription of the amount to build with seems to be likely to take the votes.

The Offer May be Bogus. WASHINGTON, May 22.—Five million dollars in bonds accepted Friday by the treasury department, have not yet been delivered to the department. The offer was made in the name of a well known and responsible Philadelphia firm. An investigation is now in progress and it is thought it will show the offer was a bogus one and that the signatures to it are forgeries.

IN A STEAM LAUNDRY.

HOW DIRTY CLOTHES ARE CLEANED ON A LARGE SCALE.

The First Operation—Soap Dissolved in Hot Water—Through the Wringer—In the Drying Room—Starched and Unstarched Clothing—Ironing.

There isn't much time lost in a laundry in any department. Thirty-five people, including drivers and receivers and deliverers of goods, will handle 2,000 shirts, 200 dozens of cuffs and collars and 60,000 pieces of ordinary clothing in a week, and while doing this they will take in a shirt, wash and iron it, and wrap it up for delivery in two hours and a quarter. The first operation is in the wash room. Here are seen rows of washing machines, circular, with an inner perforated revolving and reversing chamber for the clothes. The clothes are thrown into this, 125 shirts at a time, or the equal of that in other pieces, and clear filtered water run in on them and the chamber started. Making a dozen revolutions in one direction, it automatically reverses and makes the same number in the other, the clothes falling back on the ribbed sides. Bar soap is something that is almost unknown in a steam laundry. The soap used is received in large barrels of clear white shavings, and is called "chipped laundry."

One of these barrels makes eight of suds, being put into a large vat and there boiled with water until it has been fully dissolved and reduced to about the consistency of batter-milk. This is always kept in stock cool, and poured into the washers while the inner chamber is still revolving, the motion being between the perforated shell of this chamber and the water tight covering. The clothes are washed, rinsed and blued in this tub by the aid of valves, the first suds being warm, the second boiling, and the rinsing cold. The clothes are rinsed and then blued, the full operation requiring but an hour and twenty minutes. From the washer the clothes go to the wringer, though this machine gets its name simply because it performs the same service as the household wringer. It consists of a boiling kettle, though investigation shows it to be double, the inner one being perforated and revolving 300 times a minute. The clothes are thrown in this, the power put on, and being thrown against the perforated sides, are dried in a few minutes. The kettle takes in 100 large, heavy linen sheets at a time, drying them in thirty minutes. From this the clothes go up stairs to the drying and starching room. Cuffs, collars and shirts and such articles as must be starched are thrown into a revolving and reversing machine similar to the washer, and are then passed through an ordinary wringer, if necessary, or hung up to dry. The dry room is surrounded by steam pipes, the "horse" on which the clothes are hung being pulled out as the clothes are being hung, and then pushed back. It matters not whether the sun is shining and the wind blowing, or the rain coming down a bucketful at a drop. In twenty or thirty minutes the clothes come out dry. The unstarched goods go to the mangle, and the starched ones to the upper story to be ironed.

There are not many cheats about a steam laundry, but there is one in mangle which has never been detected. The mangle is a series of blanketed rolls, with a large central steel cylinder, kept very hot. The clothes are passed through this twice, coming out with every appearance of having been ironed. Two out of three ladies sending family washing to the laundry accompany it with a note directing the dry-cleaning man to starch their tablecloths or spreads. Does he do it? Not often. Instead, he takes the clothes as they come from the wringer, straightens them out and runs them through the mangle damp, giving them frequently an extra turn through the machine. They come out stiff and glossy, but without starch, and the housewife never knows the difference. The mangle is one of the greatest pieces of machinery used in a laundry. On large clothes of sheets, two girls operate it, one on either side, and in the course of an ordinary day they will run through or iron 10,000 to 12,000 pieces. On towels and napkins four girls can work at a machine very comfortably. The mangle is a measure of six or seven pounds to the inch, and if the girls ever get a finger in ahead of the cloth it is gone sure.

Starched articles of clothing go to another department after leaving the drying room. Cuffs and collars are ironed in a machine somewhat similar to the mangle; first, however passing through a dampener, two rubber rolls running over a steel roll, the bottom of which is in water. The linen is then passed and re-passed between the ironing rolls, the pressure producing the gloss. It then passes through a shaping machine, a very simple contrivance, similar to that used in other branches of trade for the same purpose. Turned down collars, however, are submitted to a different process. They are run through a smaller little machine with an upper roller, to which water is conveyed. This runs along the seam, where the bend is to be made, and passing on out the collar is bent without cracking. There is also a trick of this same kind in buttoning stiffly starched pieces, employed altogether in a laundry, and to a limited extent outside. The laundry girls call it "sticking on the backs of" in which, while used in the same way as a sad iron, cannot be called by that name. Before its use, too, the shirt is ironed so that it would be acceptable to nine out of ten men. The shirt first goes to the bosom ironer. This is a young lady attired more like a school mistress than a laundry girl. The shirt is first fastened to a board, or an iron hand printing press bed, shaped like the old shirt board, clamped down at the neck and bottom, and run under a steel roller, heated by gas from the center, the gas flame being fanned by air until it is brought to a blue heat. Passing under this roller and back again, the bosom is pretty and glossy enough for a ball event. The shirt then goes to the hand ironer, and the young lady who operates this must have considerable skill, more, indeed, than any one would imagine. Her work is simply to iron and shape the neck and wristbands between heated wheel rollers. Frequently a collar is sent back to the laundry, the owner saying it is not his, as it does not fit him. The trouble really is in the economy, and the young lady who operates this must have considerable skill, more, indeed, than any one would imagine. Her work is simply to iron and shape the neck and wristbands between heated wheel rollers. Frequently a collar is sent back to the laundry, the owner saying it is not his, as it does not fit him. The trouble really is in the economy, and the young lady who operates this must have considerable skill, more, indeed, than any one would imagine. Her work is simply to iron and shape the neck and wristbands between heated wheel rollers.

The ironing of a shirt is an interesting feature of laundry work. It is a curious point that an iron is never used except in finishing, and then only a perforated iron which, while used in the same way as a sad iron, cannot be called by that name. Before its use, too, the shirt is ironed so that it would be acceptable to nine out of ten men. The shirt first goes to the bosom ironer. This is a young lady attired more like a school mistress than a laundry girl. The shirt is first fastened to a board, or an iron hand printing press bed, shaped like the old shirt board, clamped down at the neck and bottom, and run under a steel roller, heated by gas from the center, the gas flame being fanned by air until it is brought to a blue heat. Passing under this roller and back again, the bosom is pretty and glossy enough for a ball event. The shirt then goes to the hand ironer, and the young lady who operates this must have considerable skill, more, indeed, than any one would imagine. Her work is simply to iron and shape the neck and wristbands between heated wheel rollers. Frequently a collar is sent back to the laundry, the owner saying it is not his, as it does not fit him. The trouble really is in the economy, and the young lady who operates this must have considerable skill, more, indeed, than any one would imagine. Her work is simply to iron and shape the neck and wristbands between heated wheel rollers.

NEWSPAPER NOTORIETY.

Personal Mention by the Press—What the Paragrapists Say of People. Mr. Henry Lalouchere calls Lord Salisbury "one of the weakest of mankind."

The French academy has awarded the grand prize to Carmen Silva, the queen of Roumania, for "Les Panses d'une Reine."

Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly has set out on a canoeing voyage through the Dismal swamp.

The empress of Russia is said to do a great part of her household sewing, and as she has a houseful of seamstresses, it must be that the latter are principally employed in ripping out the august lady's needlework.

Sir Morell Mackenzie, though not musical himself, is warmly interested in vocalization and everything pertaining to the human voice. He never accepts a fee from a professional singer, but doctors free of charge the throats of all public vocalists who apply to him.

Sir Edwin Arnold—for he was knighted early in the present year—the interpreter of "The Light of Asia" to the English speaking world, is not often to be seen in general circles in London, but may be found almost any day in his sanctum as editor of The Daily Telegraph, busy enough, with his working cap on, in the administration of that great daily.

Our buildings are fairly papered with eulogistic "signs." New York calls to Mrs. Harriet Webb, when she started to establish herself there as a teacher, seven years ago. "We will build on another story with merit," laughed the fair and plucky western girl. Today she is famous as a reader and a teacher, and stands in the front rank among teachers of the art of expressing ideas through the person.

Mme. Romero, the wife of the Mexican minister at Washington, is said to have no superior among the ladies of the capital as an entertainer. She was one of the first ladies of the diplomatic corps to remove the barriers of exclusiveness that hedged in that circle, and invitations to her receptions are always greatly in demand. Mme. Romero is a daughter of an old Virginia family and is a fluent converser in English and Spanish.

Mr. Nansen, a well known Norwegian athlete, is about to make the attempt of crossing the vast snow fields of Greenland on snow shoes. A wealthy Danish merchant has supplied the money for the machine enterprise, and Mr. Nansen has received many applications for permission to join him. Many persons in the Scandinavian countries are condemning the undertaking as foolhardy and desperate, but Mr. Nansen and his party—all picked athletes—believe it will succeed.

Mrs. Gould, a wealthy New York widow, has a taste for railroad enterprises that exceeds the usual limits. She subscribed the necessary funds to carry on the work of construction of the Covington and Mason road, and personally watched the progress of the work until the last spike was driven. She had a construction engine at her command, which she has been known to order out at night that she might watch the men working by torchlight. Mrs. Gould is said to be under 40, and has a daughter who is just 16.

One of the interesting figures of New York has been Miss Hampton, of South Carolina, a daughter of Gen. Wade Hampton, who is now assistant in the surgical ward of one of the hospitals. Miss Hampton has taken a very thorough course of training as a professional nurse, and it is her plan, when her studies have been completed, to open a school for the instruction of nurses in the south, and supply, if possible, a new field for work for the southern woman. She is a slender woman, with a light figure, dark hair, and a colorless but healthy complexion. She is entirely devoted to her work, an enthusiast in it, and a woman of exceptional endowments.

Mrs. Florence Kelley Westchewewsky, the sweet faced labor reformer who lectured against child bondage in New York city in the Central Labor union's hall, not long ago, is the wife of a Polish nobleman. She is also the daughter of Mr. Pig Iron Kelley, the champion of the high "protective" tariff. Mrs. Westchewewsky has had more romance in her life than most young women of her social advantages and good looks. Some years ago Miss Kelley, who had already mastered the mass of statistics which compose her father's working library, together with John Stuart Mill, Adam Smith and all the books she could find on political economy, went to Germany to pursue her studies in social science and entered the University of Heidelberg. Prince Westchewewsky, of Poland, was a fellow student. He and Miss Kelley, who had been writing very interesting letters to American newspapers to vary the monotony of her studies, fell in love with each other. They studied love and philosophy together and then got married and began practicing them.

French Treatment of Neuralgias. In facial and subcutaneous neuralgias, some surprising results appear to have been obtained in France from the combined action of the constant current and chloroform. Professor Adamkiewicz some time since constructed a porous carbon electrode into which he is able to introduce chloroform; under the influence of the current, the chloroform of the electrode, which is connected with the positive pole of the battery, penetrates the tissues, a result which may be made sufficiently apparent by coloring the chloroform with a gentian violet, and then passing the current through the ear of a rabbit. It produces a triple action—through the constant current and the burning, and finally anesthesia. Professor Adamkiewicz cites many observations where this method has proved remarkably successful, and confidently recommends it.—New York Tribune.

CLARITY HOSPITAL.

SAD SCENES 'AMONG AN UNFORTUNATE CLASS OF PEOPLE.

Mission Work on Blackwell's Island. Nine Hundred Sufferers Under One Roof—A Dying Girl—Noble Deeds of Charity—Outside Work.

The ladies of the mission gathered up their packages and papers and divided in two parties—one to visit the penitentiary and do there the beautiful work which Elizabeth Fry initiated, the other to the Charity Hospital; and with the latter I went. A small room is set apart there for the use of the mission. The tables in it were already covered with baskets of fruit, glasses of jelly, bottles of hot tea, cans of oysters, and various other delicacies. By each basket lay a number of papers and religious tracts. After brief religious services the ladies separated, each taking her own basket and reading matter to the ward she was assigned to. Here, under this one roof, are 400 human beings, in every conceivable stage of suffering. The pangs of poverty are increased a hundred fold when disease seizes in its cruel clutches the unhappy victim. Few people are fortunate enough to escape the knowledge of bodily pain. Most, indeed, can recollect at least one season of physical wretchedness. To be so near these scenes of suffering and to see the windows, skilled care and loving attentions, doctors who said pleasant things and dispensed their doses, delicious trifles that appeared by magic, and a thousand ingenious surprises to create an appetite or win a smile. With all that, something like a shudder comes over one at the thought of a repetition of the experience.

To go through a ward in the Charity hospital convinces you that the primer of misery has yet to be mastered by the rest of us. Imagine yourself on a narrow and lumpy bed, the light from a row of big windows beating in your eyeballs, the feet of the convalescents shuffling and scuffling over the bare floor, the whitewashed walls, devoid of even a wall paper pattern to be deciphered, the callous young doctor to whom you are but a bit of experience, and the food such that if well your stomach and senses would revolt at it. As to flowers, books, music and bright colors, they come only in dreams.

After all no amount of moralizing brings the truth home like a single individual case, and there was one patient in particular that made a profound impression upon me—a girl in the last stages of consumption. Illness had robbed her face of the coarseness it may have had in health. Through the veil that death is drawing over it shone splendid black eyes and a skin painfully brilliant in coloring. A heavy mass of short black hair falls over her forehead, nearly meeting the large dark brows that seem to have been painted rather than grown on the marble skin. There is something curious and shocking in this dread "makeup" of disease that reminds one of the stage, but there is no counterfeit presentment of health in the long, emaciated hands that lie so nervelessly on the bed quilt. By the side of the bed is a little stand; upon it a Bible and a mug of water—that is all.

Mary was breathing in low gasps. Her lips were parched, her eyes despairing. Suddenly she fell upon the visitor. In a moment she was transformed. When that visitor laid on the little table a slice of ordinary white bread and butter and a big orange the girl half raised herself on her elbow to look her gratitude. The luxury expressed in that slice of bread and butter no one can imagine until they look at the dark, sticky stuff greased over that is called by that name in the hospital. Then the gentle missionary read and talked to the girl, who listened eagerly. "No one else comes to see me but you," she said, simply, "and the days and nights are so long."

"Is there anything you would like?" asked the lady. "Yes, ma'am, if you please. I should so like a little mixed candy," said the dying girl. "You see, the medicine tastes so bad, and we don't have nothing to take after it." The candy was promised, and with her heart in her voice the lady uttered a little prayer and left the sufferer composed and comforted. It is a dark day in a patient's life when the doctor says she may have anything she likes—that is, that visitors choose to give her—and many and singular are the petitions showing the sufferer's idea of luxury. One sinking from the effects of an operation begs for a taste of mixed pickles, another wants "just one bologna, ma'am," a third asks for a glass of ginger ale, and an old woman begs for "a cup of real tea."

Going from one ward to another it is the same story told over and over again of suffering, for the most part dumb, of moral blindness and mental misery. It is curious, though, to note the difference of reception given to the mission visitors by the new and old ones. In the surgical wards were many desperately ill women. One of them near the door was nearly over the threshold of life. Her glazed eyes were fixed upon a child—her only one, brought to her for a farewell kiss. The little fellow crowded and cowered about merrily in the lap of the woman who held him, unconscious of the meaning of the scene. As his mother's eyelids fell he was laughing outright with delight. It would be painful and dreary to go even in a pen from one ward to another in this stronghold of suffering. It seems as if the very walls of it would weep, and the sighs weigh down the heart of the outsider.

A few of the branch charities are the loan relief, which lends rubber cushions, invalid chairs, hot water bags and bed rests to the poor convalescent; the mothers' meeting, where good advice and Bible reading go hand in hand with sewing; the Thanksgiving fund, which supplies fifty-five poor families with a good dinner on that day; the bucket trade, which when the mother is working out by the day, supplies her little ones with a pair of good hot food; the kitchen garden, where little girls are carefully taught, and the protective work, which aims to care for the female stranger from the country or abroad until she finds work.—Mrs Robert P. Porter in New York Press.

Combined Against the "Copers." It has been the custom for small vessels known as "copers," loaded with all sorts of grog, to cruise about among the North sea fishing fleets selling liquor to the sailors. Five European powers have now entered into an agreement for the suppression of this business, and have declared rum selling illegal upon the high seas.—New York Sun.

High-Pressure

Living characterizes these modern days. The result is a fearful increase of Brain and Heart Diseases—General Debility, Insomnia, Paralysis, and Insanity. Chloral and Morphia augment the evil. The medicine best adapted to do permanent good is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It purifies, enriches, and vitalizes the blood, and thus strengthens every function and faculty of the body.

"I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for years. I have found it invaluable as a Cure for Nervous Debility caused by an inactive liver and a low state of the blood."

—Henry Bacon, Xenia, Ohio. "For some time I have been troubled with heart disease. I never found anything to help me until I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have only used this medicine six months, but it has relieved me from my trouble, and enabled me to resume work."—J. P. Carzant, Perry, Ill.

"I have been a practicing physician for over half a century, and during that time I have never found so powerful and reliable an alternative and blood-purifier as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Dr. M. Mackintosh, Louisville, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth 50 a bottle.

Legal Notice. Johnson Bros., Plaintiff, vs. T. S. Corbett, Defendant, in Attachment.

T. S. Corbett will take notice that on the 23rd day of April, 1888, C. Russell, Judge of Cass county, Nebraska, issued an Order of Attachment for the sum of \$8.25, in an action pending before him, vs. said Johnson Bros. as Plaintiff and T. S. Corbett as defendant, that property of the Defendant consisting of bed and bedding, dishes, smoothing irons, and other household goods, has been attached under said order. Said case was so limited to the 23rd day of June, 1888, to be closed at 10 o'clock a. m. 1888. JOHNSON BROS., Plaintiff.

The Women in the Case.

SUMMIT, Miss., May 22.—A shooting affray occurred near this city Saturday night, in which four men were wounded one being hurt fatally. It grew out of bulldozing negroes. Mrs. Kennedy (white), visited the home of Alexander James (colored), for the purpose of collecting a bill from James' wife. A dispute arose, when Mrs. Kennedy struck the James woman with a stick. The latter retaliated, and handed Mrs. Kennedy roughly. Mr. Kennedy upon being informed of the affair, in company with others, applied to Elzey, justice of the peace, for a warrant for the arrest of the woman, but they being greatly infuriated and excited, it was thought best by the justice not to issue the warrant. They then went to James' house at night and, not finding his wife, took him out, tied him up, and began to whip him to force him to tell where his wife was. While they were whipping the negro, they were fired upon by some unknown persons who were lying concealed in the woods. Amos Kennedy was fatally wounded, and Wright Pounds and Lee Hinson badly. The negro was also wounded in the hand. The assailants have not been apprehended.

Fatalities of the Flood.

QUINCY, Ill., May 22.—Reports received today record the drowning of Samuel Moore in Indian Grove Levee district, and of two children of William Johnson of Say district. Two families living in Say district are unaccounted for. No trace of them can be found. It is probable many fatalities will be recorded when all the facts regarding the floods are fully known. Much sickness prevails among the destitute people from the inundated districts, but the relief committees of Quincy are rendering every possible assistance to those in distress. The river today is falling slowly, having declined nine inches from the highest point reached. Trains on the western roads will be resumed tomorrow and the damage to all roads in this locality will be repaired as speedily as possible.

Accidentally Shot Himself.

FARMINGTON, Neb., May 22.—Yesterday afternoon Alfred, the eight-year-old son of Senator Sprick, living at Fontenelle, accidentally shot himself and the wound is likely to prove fatal. The boy secured an old horse pistol which had been lying around the house for some time, and going to the barn was playing with it, when it was discharged, the full effect of the lead striking him in the lower part of the abdomen.

Accidentally Shot His Brother.

ARLINGTON, Neb., May 22.—Harry Hammong, aged thirteen, and his little brother, aged six, sons of Joseph Hammong, were playing with a revolver today when the revolver was discharged. The ball whizzed through the arm of his little brother, making an ugly if not a serious wound.

Postal Changes.

WASHINGTON, May 22.—Mrs. Ann E. Corbett was today appointed postmistress at Walkerville, Page county, Iowa, vice William H. Davis, resigned. The name of the postoffice at Douglas Grove, Custer county, Nebraska, was changed today to Westcott.

Constable Potts Sentenced.

DES MOINES, Ia., May 22.—Constable Potts, who was last week indicted for bribery in connection with the liquor cases which he was prosecuting, was today sentenced to five months imprisonment in the county jail, and to pay a fine of \$100. He was given three days in which to file an appeal bond.