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#### The Plattsmouth Weekly Herald

KNOTTS BROS.,  
Publishers & Proprietors.

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JUDGE GRESHAM is steadily growing in favor as a presidential candidate. If the Chicago convention will give us Gresham and Hawley, the serried phalanx of Republicans will overwhelm the cohorts of Dictator Cleveland and change his name to Dennis.

MRS. CLEVELAND has been presented with an elegant microscope by her temperance admirers, and the *Globe-Democrat* cruelly remarks that she is busily engaged with it in searching for the anti-saloon sentiment in her husband's papers and speeches.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad have sold \$7,500,000 of a loan mortgage in London, and it has changed the international exchange market in favor of the United States. For the next few days at least there will be no gold exports from this country.

The utilization of what is apparently waste material is very interesting in many of its details. The well known article "Featherbone" used for dress stays, corsets, whips and other articles needing an elastic, tough and unbreakable material is the result of a shrewd Yankee's thoughts after seeing an immense quantity of goose and turkey feathers wasted in a feather duster factory. The complicated and ingenious machinery by which it is worked up into various articles will be shown in constant operation by a corps of skilled workmen from the factory, at the Minneapolis Exposition which opens August 22nd.

The Mills free trade gang are figuring on a scheme to down Randall and deprive him of his influence in the house to command votes for his bill. As chairman of the committee on appropriations Mr. Randall has a pull in many directions until the appropriation bills are all out of the way, and hence Mills and his friends are anxious to get the appropriation bills through before anything further is done on the tariff bill. If this is done Mr. Randall will be shorn of one element of strength, and the free traders will breathe just that much easier. But from all information obtainable the Randall faction is likely to cause trouble in the democratic camp, no difference when the final vote on the Mills bill is taken.—*Lincoln Journal*.

THERE seems to be no lack of harmony among the democratic press of the state in regard to the course to pursue on the tariff question. The general verdict is to keep still; you don't want to say anything but that the tariff is a robbery and stick to it. You don't need to give your reasons, and have a republican come along and knock them all over. The tariff robs the laboring classes. It does because—you know it does, and any one that won't accept this reason don't know what he is talking about. This will be the argument of the democratic speakers and what fine argument it is. It seems to us that our friends forget that we live in a progressive age an age of reason and a statement without principles to support it has very little effect at the present time. But our democratic friends remembering that they have a very weak plank to stand on have come to this decision, that the only thing necessary is to make the statement and not to try to brace it up with principle for if you do some republican will come along with a few words and down comes your meat house. "O consistency thou art a jewel."

In three Northern States in which ballots were cast for Prohibition candidates in 1887, the vote increased as compared with previous elections, and in four Northern States the vote decreased. The States in which this vote was larger last year than before are New York, Massachusetts and Ohio, and those in which it was smaller are New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Nebraska and Iowa. The decrease of the Prohibition vote in New Jersey and Pennsylvania was due to the fact that the Republicans of those States, from which party most of the Prohibition strength in the North comes, enacted effective high license laws, which pleased all reasonable temperance men. The Republicans of New York passed a high license bill about three weeks ago, which Gov. Hill vetoed. The Republicans of New York naturally expect that their endeavors to throw all practicable restraint over the liquor traffic will lessen the Prohibition vote in that State this year.—*Globe Democrat*.

#### THE SUPPRESSION OF COLORED VOTE.

The Republican of this city is engaged in revamping Mr. Blaine's post mortem Augusta speech relative to the suppression of the colored vote in the south. The chief interest in this speech lies in the fact that Mr. Blaine was afraid to make it until after he was defeated. So long as he thought he might carry a southern state or two, he permitted the negro to take care of himself—after all the southern states had gone democratic and it was not possible to assist the negro in his struggle for suffrage, Mr. Blaine expressed indignation over the negro's wrongs.

It must be admitted that in several southern states the negro has not received the rights promised him by the great amendments. But what does the Republican propose to do about it? Its party was in power twenty years after the close of the war and if the Republican's figures show that the suppression of the colored vote in South Carolina was fully as extensive in 1884 as it had been at any previous time.

Will the Republican explain its method of securing to the negro his electoral rights?—*Omaha World*.

We hope the Republican will not do what the mugwump editor of the *World* does, approve of such crime and charge it to the amendments and the republican party. We have an insufferable contempt for mugwump apologists for crime committed in behalf of the solid south. The same class of dirt eaters used to do all the whining and lying for the dominating slave drivers and when they lost a runaway nigger they would make more fuss about it than the owner down south did. The republican party failed to do several things for which it is not to be condemned; one was to hang a few purged traitors, some of whom are today administering upon the affairs of this nation. Another was to make the present managers of the democratic party in the south have any, whatever, respect for the principles which underlie the very corner stone of one republican form of government; the whitest and most precious stone of which is the right of every citizen to cast a free, untrammelled ballot. We can understand why the average doughface democratic organ will flare up and defend any political crime committed by his party, he was educated that way. But there is no earthly reason why a so-called independent professor of political morality should always be the very first to take offense when such outrageous crimes as the *World* admits are the adopted practices of the democratic party of this nation and by which alone that party can remain in power a single day are committed.

#### DEMOCRATS IN ARIZONA.

An amusing incident is told of the Phenix convention which does not appear in any of the published reports of the proceedings of that body. A very violent storm, bordering closely on a political cyclone, was raging in the convention, when Sam Purdy, of Yuma a distinguished member of the party, who was kicked out at the back door of it about three years ago only to walk around to the front to take a leading position in the ranks, rose to speak. He had proceeded but a little way in his speech-making, when with a very pronounced dramatic gesture of his arms, he inquired, with an oratorical flourish: "Are we a mob?" A voice in the audience responded, "We are," when Mr. Purdy wilted into his seat.—*Journal-Miner*.

ORGANIZED labor in politics has not become the power that it promised. It is true that it has just held a convention in Cincinnati, and nominated presidential candidates and adopted a platform. The order of the Knights of Labor has been shipwrecked and is reported to have lost more than half the membership by factional wrangling, unwise management and unwarranted extravagance and waste of funds. Mr. Powderly has lost his grip and his influence is waning. United Labor, his official organ, has proved a financial failure. His latest utterances promise nothing for the laboring masses but what is to come through educational methods, an excellent idea but mainly applicable to the second or third generation from this. In the face of the fact that most of the benefits advocated in the interest of labor can only come through legislation, and be brought about by active political influence. Mr. Powderly distinctively ignores political action and recommends a similar policy to his followers. He surrenders his strongest aggressive weapon and extends to his adherents only remote possibilities in the dim future. Even Mr. Arthur has lost his prestige by the discouraging blow organized labor has received in the Burlington strike. When it was demonstrated that the strongest union in the country was powerless to sustain a contest upon which it entered with a confidence that fell a little short of arrogance. A review of other labor organizations would not be glowing to those who would like to see laboring people united for just protection. With rare exceptions they have been shattered by unwise direction and bad leaders. They have lost influence. In some cases they have been unable to commend even decent respect from employers with whom they have taken issue.

#### IS IT THE BLOODY SHIRT?

A MARBLE shaft is erected to the memory of the confederate dead in Mississippi; men high in power in the affairs of this nation are present to officiate; Jefferson Davis, the first representative of secession, too old and infirm to attend, sends a letter to be read on that occasion, and his daughter, the typical representative of the lost cause, is made to preside and a silver crown is presented to her for her father, the unrepentant rebel who has ever disdained to ask or accept of amnesty from the government. What does all this mean? Are the men who fought in the cause of the southern confederacy to pass down to succeeding generations as heroes who fell in a righteous cause? Are the succeeding generations to be taught that these men were martyrs to a just though lost cause? Are the youth of the south to be trained to visit these monuments erected over traitors' graves and there in the times to come study and emulate their illustrious(?) examples as heroes who did battle for southern homes and southern liberties? Unquestionably this is the only lesson the southern youth will ever learn from these monuments. Then when can this nation expect sectionalism to die out?

It was treason to attempt to overthrow this nation for the sake of a southern aristocracy founded on human slavery. It is still treason to teach that the men who engaged in that conspiracy were heroes whose names and memories should be perpetuated by marble shafts and monuments and whose praises should be sung by succeeding generations.

How would it look and sound for the descendants of *Benedict Arnold* to erect a monument to his name at West Point, on the Hudson, and crown it with flowers, and teach the coming generations, exactly as our neighbors at the South are doing, to emulate the daring yet unfortunate career of the sleeping hero? What sort of a lesson would that be for the youth of America?

If treason means anything in this government there should be a universal condemnation of this process of vindicating traitors and handing their names down to history as martyrs.

#### RAILROAD OPERATIONS IN MEXICO.

The annual report of the Mexican Central Railroad, which has just been published, taken in connection with information concerning the other roads which has been made public from time to time, shows that railway operations have been active and profitable in Mexico in the past year or two. The Central's report covers the year 1887, and gives figures for the three years immediately preceding. In 1887 the road's earnings from passengers were \$1,235,284 and from freight \$3,458,006. There has been a steady increase in the past four years in each item. The percentage of gain in 1887 was over 12.5 over 1885 and 5.7 over 1886. The gain in freight receipts last year was 95.4 per cent over 1884, 53.7 over 1885 and 37.7 over 1886.

The Mexican Central was incorporated about eight years ago, and four years later it began operations along its entire length. As the distance from El Paso, Tex., which is its northern terminus, to the City of Mexico, its southern end, is about 1200 miles, the construction was pushed forward actively. A large amount of United States capital is invested in the enterprise, as well as in the other Mexican roads running from the boundary line of this country. Much interest is taken here in these lines. When the Central was opened to through business in 1884, thus bringing the City of Mexico for the first time into railroad communication with the United States, the event was made the occasion of congratulation on both sides of the international boundary line. The interests of both countries are to a large extent identical, and the business ties uniting one to the other are yearly growing closer and closer. The flattering exhibit of railroad earnings, therefore, in the sister republic, which shows that that country is enjoying a fair share of industrial and commercial prosperity, will be pleasing intelligence to the people of the United States.—*Globe Democrat*.

In another column may be seen a wonderful description of a large aerial hand with drops of blood dripping from the ends of the fingers. Many predictions have been made in regard to the significance of this wonderful spectacle, but our opinion is that the hand represents Cleveland and the democratic party and the blood is the followers of Cleveland dropping out of the ranks, and that ere the November election rolls around they will have all dropped out and Cleveland sunken into oblivion just as the wonderful hand seemed to be.

The Democratic Club is going to attend the Democratic convention at St. Louis next week. They will wear a gray plugg hat and carry a dude cane.

We acknowledge the receipt of the program of the Chautauqua Assembly, which is to be held at Crete, Nebraska, from June 28th to July 10th, and we can say it will pay you to attend the Assembly.

#### OUR OREGON LETTER.

(Special correspondence of THE HERALD.)

PORTLAND, OREGON, May 12, 1888.

My residence of a few months in Portland has been one of constant delight and surprise. Coming, as I did, from the rigors of midwinter into the balmy air of spring, almost at a bound, as it were, I was so forcibly reminded of the contrast between the Pacific coast and the entire region from the Rocky mountains to the Atlantic, that I am not likely ever to forget it. For weeks, even months, I revelled in delightful spring weather, and with the telegraph daily informing me of cold waves and blizzards, of snow and ice, in my former home, I watched the opening of bud and flower, saw the fruit trees burst into their bloom of white and red, and heard the cheerful voices of early summer birds, as they hopped from branch to branch of the profusion of shade trees which line the streets of this beautiful city. Already (the second week in May) spring is past and summer is upon us. The lilacs have long since disappeared, and the beautiful snowballs, whose masses of white have appealed to my eye for admiration from hundreds of well-kept lawns, have given way to roses. And such roses! The yards of the rich and poor alike are a mass of bloom; carnation, yellow, pink, cardinal, flesh, saffron, and all the glorious hues assumed by that queen of flowers, greet me at every turn. The love of flowers, evidenced by their profusion and the attention given them, speaks of culture and refinement, and in my most pleasant intercourse with the people of Portland I have found them all that their beautiful yards had led me to believe. I assure you, it was a novel experience for me to see lawn mowers in active operation in March, and to behold the Portlander in April mightily handle his garden hose with all the care and apparent enjoyment the resident of Chicago or Cincinnati would display in June or July. This matter of lawn is the Portlander's pride and one of the chief glories of this most delightful climate. The sight of green grass is not absent from the eye from one year's end to another, save, perhaps, during a few days in January or February, when the ground is covered by a light fall of snow. It is only a few weeks in the entire year that the services of the lawn mower are not required, to keep in trim the constantly growing grass. This perennial green sward, with almost constantly blooming flowers, offers an opportunity for beautiful lawns and pleasure grounds, of which the people of Oregon's metropolises have not been slow to avail themselves.

One of the pleasures of the cool, early summer in Portland is that of driving on the well-paved streets, or upon the excellent roads leading along the river, or upon the hills lying west of the city. To the pleasure incident to riding behind a fast horse on a hard, even road, is added the constant presence of beautiful landscapes, glimpses, at times, of mountains, shading off in the distance from green to blue and purple, and culminating in the snowy masses of the Cascade summits. Along the river bank to the southward, and passing Riverview cemetery, one of the most beautifully located and carefully tended homes of the dead in America, is a most charming drive, several miles in length. It is maintained in excellent condition by the Multnomah Driving Association, composed of gentlemen owning fine roadsters, and in the now rapidly lengthening evenings is crowded with buggies, carriages, horsemen and bicycles. The word "Multnomah" is a favorite one here. It is the name of the county in which Portland is situated, and was the aboriginal title of the river flowing through the city, but which now bears the same name as the great valley—Willamette—through which it flows. Other drives lead back between and upon the hills, and in the particular that they open up to view grander scenes and more extensive landscapes, are of greater attraction. One in particular, leading to an elevation known as "Portland Heights," a beautiful residence place soon to be brought into easy access by cable cars, should not be neglected. From the brow of this verdant hill is presented a landscape the equal of which, I am confident, can not be found near any city on the continent. With the winding Willamette and the tree-embowered city for the foreground, the rolling hills and valleys, clad in the green raiment of forest and field in the middle distance, while the extreme distance is filled up with the varying tints of the nearer and more remote mountains, above which rise the white crowns of five great peaks covered with the snows of eternal winter, the picture is one of grand and impressive beauty. Especially at sunset does it evoke the deepest admiration, as the rich tints of gold and crimson and purple move gradually upward finally resting for a few moments solely upon the snowy peaks before fading into the gray of twilight. If you were here to see and feel what I find it impossible adequately to describe, you would agree with me that Portland is one of the most charming places of residence in the Union. L. S.

—Bring in your job work and keep us busy.