A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Sheridan Still Holds Out against the Grim Archer's Assaults.

He is Made General of the Army and Signs His Acceptance

Sends His Thanks to the President and Issues His First Order

WASHINGTON, June 1.—The bulletin issued at 8:45 this morning says General Sheridan has held his own through the night. There has been no recurring of imminent danger, but his general condition still justifies the gravest anxiety.

So severe was the patient's relapse yesterday afternoon that Father Chapelle was summoned to administer extreme unction. Only by rapid work was the crisis tided over. The sick man might have died at any moment.

Colonel Sheridan said the general had had a comfortable night, and looked very much improved this morning. "The general has had a bad time of it," he replied, "but I think he will come out all right, yet."

At 12 o'clock it was announced that General Sheridan's condition was practically unchanged.

The bulletin issued at 2:30 says Sheridan's condition shows no material change since the issue of the last bulletin. He has been sleeping quietly, at intervals, for three hours.

9:30 p. m.—The following bulletin has just been issued: The situation remains about the same. Throughout the day General Sheridan's mind has been lucid. There has been no renewal of yesterday's attack, though there is but incomplete recovery from its effects. No new unfavorable symptoms have developed. The unavoidable excitement connected with his promotion has had no deleterious effect whatever. He has slept through the great part of the day.

Colonel Sheridan called on President Cleveland this afternoon, at the General's request, to thank him for his nomination and commission of general of the army, and to hand him a formal note of thanks signed by the general's own hand.

12:30 a. m.—There has been no appreciable change in Sheridan's condition since the last evening bulletin was issued. He has coughed but little, has slept most of the time, and when awake has been clear in his mind and cheerful.

MADE GENERAL OF THE ARMY.

WASHINGTON, June 1.—The senate bill to revive the grade of general of the army has been signed by the speaker of the house and sent to the president. The president signed the bill and sent the nomination of Philip Sheridan to the senate for that position. On receipt of the nomination the senate went into executive session and confirmed him.

At 3 this afternoon Senators Hawley and Manderson drove up to General Sheridan's residence with the commission which the president had just signed making him general of the army. Senator Hawley handed it to Mrs. Sheridan. She was much moved and exclaimed: "I know he will get well now."

At 3:45 p. m. General Sheridan signed the following formal acceptance of his commission as general of the army:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES, WASHINGTON, June 1, 1888.—*Hon. Secretary of War:* Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of my commission as general of the army, to which position the president has today appointed me. I hereby accept the same.

P. H. SHERIDAN, General.

The signature was written with pencil in a large and perfectly legible hand. Soon after the receipt of the commission Sheridan took the oath of office and directed the issuance of the following order, being his first official act in his capacity as general:

General Order 37.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE. WASHINGTON, June 1.—1. The following named officers are appointed aides-de-camp on the staff of general of the army, with the rank of colonel, to date from this day: Major Michael V. Sheridan, assistant adjutant general; Captian Stanhope E. Blunt, ordinance department

2. In addition to the duties of aides-de-camp, Colonel Blunt will continue to perform the duty of inspector of rifle practice at headquarters of the army. By command of General Sheridan.

R. C. DRUM,
Adjutant General.
J. C. RELTON,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

The senate then proceeded to consideration of the Indian appropriation bill. A colloquy took place between Senators Plumb and Bate in regard to the administration of the office of commissioner of Indian affairs, the former asserting that the condition of the things in Indian Territory are worse now than they had been for many years; that never was a time when the trader so dominated the Indian, when the Indian was brought so much in debt by the exactions of the trader, and when so much liquor was sold; and that the commissioner had no experience, was advanced in years, and was unequal to the position, while Mr. Bate defended the characted, ability, honesty and efficiency of the commissioner, and challenged the senator from Kansas to prove his assertions, which Plumb promised to do.

The bill was finally yassed. Adjourned.

Louisville

Mrs. I. W. Neely who has been very poorly for a week or more is now convalescent

Mr. H. Bodecker's baby is very sick with measles. Stella Neely is also on the sick list.

Miss May Rockwell has been engaged in the organization of Sunday schools lately.

The M. E. church will be occupied again next Sunday, the repairs having been completed, a vast improvement has been made.

Mrs. Mollie Smith left town last week to visit her parents and friends in Ohio.

Mrs. Cutforth, Mrs. Yates, Miss Stander W. B. Shryock and James Stander were at Omaha this week.

Rev. Gilmore was at Plattsmouth Monday.

There will be a picnic in Mr. J. Jackman's grove next Saturday.

Miss Mary DeWitt is visiting her sister in Ashland this week.

Opera in town Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights. Alas, how thin.

SMIKE.

From Thursday's Daily.

—The Kansas City trains which run through here at 6:05 a. m. and 9:38 p. m. will after to-day be discontinued through Plattsmouth. The company having leased the U. P. bridge will run these trains by Council Bluffs to Omaha from now on.

—Omaha has been selected as the place to hold the next general conference of the M. E. church. A good selection and we congratulate our neighbor on the honor conferred upon her and feel confident that the general conference will be proud of her selection and enjoy her stay with the people of Omaha.

—Engine No. 4 which runs the Schuylar train had the pipes packed so that water could not be run from the tank to the boiler. This was done at Pacific Junction by someone who had a desire to see some damage done to the engine or some person Luckily it was found out and the packing cleaned out before any serious damage was done any where.

—A tramp was arrested last night by the Pinkerton men for building a fire in the pump house of the water tank which might have caused a great deal of damage had it not been found out in time. The weary sojourner was turned over to the city authorities who lodged him in jail for safe keeping until this morning, when he was brought forth and made to to suffer for his crime of incendiarism.

—Very commendable words can be said of the people who gathered in Plattsmouth to attend the decoration ceremonies. Considering the large number they made the least noise on the streets of any similar crowd we have ever seen. There was very little drunkenness, and the day was passed very pleasantly and in a respectable manner. The day was one of continuous respect and tribute to the dead.

—The school board met on last Tuesday as was previously announced and elected the following teachers: Miss Berry, of Beatrice, room No. 1, salary $40 per month; Miss M. E. Twomery 2nd and 3rd grades at $40 per month; Misses Lathrop and Miller were elected to positions in 1st ward at $40 per month; Miss Fulmer in 2nd ward at $40 per month; Miss Gertie Kerney and Miss Sampson were both elected to their former positions at $40 per month; Miss Kerr, of Wilton Junction, and Miss Carrie Holloway were elected to positions in West 4th ward at $40 per month; Miss Shepherd at $35 per month and Miss Woodsen at $40 per month were elected to positions in East 4th ward. There are yet four vacant places, provided that all these accept the positions to which they are elected. The remainder will be elected at the next meeting.

—Yesterday morning Mr. B. R. Hearson came to town and reported to Sheriff Eikenbary that Louis Pierce, a boy about 16 years of age, had stolen his pony, shoes, overalls and hat. The sheriff immediately offered a reward for the capture of the boy and also started out to look for him. Going to Weeping Water and learning nothing of his man, he bought a ticket for Nebraska City and boarded the train for that place but before he had gone far a man on the train informed him that he had seen a boy filling that description back at Weeping Water about 11 o'clock and that he was on his way to Lincoln. The sheriff immediately proceeded to stop the train, went back to Weeping Water, hired a team and started out after him. He did not go far until he found where the boy had taken dinner and a drive of a few hours overtook him riding along the road in a sort of cowboy trot. He offered no resistence whatever and seemed perfectly willing to go where he was commanded. His idea of stealing the horse seems to have originated from his free use of dime novels of cowboy escapades and such like. His object was to get out to Colorado among the cowboys with his pony and then he would have a good time. It is highly probable that before he gets to Colorado he will have a chance to read something more than cowboy stories and learn a better trade than riding ponies and driving cattle.

The Partridge as a Drummer.

During the time the hen was laying her eggs and setting, he often gave us the "stormy music of his drum." It was small trouble to arrange bushes on a fence near by so that one could creep up unseen and get a full view of the gallant thunderer perched on a knotty old hemlock log, mossy, and half buried in the ground; and "children of a larger growth," as well as the boys and girls availed themselves of the opportunity. Of the many who saw him in the act of drumming, I do not recall one who had a correct idea beforehand of the way in which the "partridge thunder" is produced. It was supposed to be made by the striking of the bird's wings either against the log or against his body; whereas it was now plainly to be seen that the performer stood straight up, like a junk bottle, and brought his wings in front of him with quick, strong strokes, smiting nothing but the air—not even his "own proud breast," as one distinguished observer has suggested.

Wilson thinks the drumming may be heard nearly half a mile. He might safely have doubled the distance; though, when we consider the low pitch, B flat, second line in bass staff, the fact is surprising. The tones somewhat resemble those of any deep drum, being very deceptive as to distance, often sounding near when far off, and far off when near. I would describe the drumming as a succession of thumps, the first dozen of which may be counted.

The first two or three are soft and comparatively slow; then they increase rapidly in force and frequency, rushing onward into a furious whir, the whir subsiding into a sudden but graduated diminish. The entire power of the partridge must be thrown into this exercise. His appearance immediately afterward attests this, as well as the volume of sound; for he drops into the forlornest of attitudes, looking as if he would never move again. In a few minutes, however, perhaps five, he begins to have nervous motions of the head; up, up it goes, and his body with it, till he is perfectly erect—legs, body, neck and all. And then for the thunder once more.—Simeon Pease Cheney in The Century.

Deception of the Senses.

The senses are subject to illusions in proportion to the remoteness of the information that they give from the immediate necessities of the organism. Touch, the most immediate and least inferential of the senses, is least subject to illusions, while sight is so very much so that the blind often say they have an advantage over the seeing in being free from visual illusions. The illusions of bodily motion are much nearer to those of touch than to those of sight, and yet they can under certain conditions be induced through visual impressions.

Of this the writer has recently had two interesting examples. He was standing upon the floor of a railroad depot, the boards of which were laid with a considerable open space between them; and the shadow of an electric light was moving up and down, by the swinging of the light in the wind. Looking at the floor, it seemed as though the shadow were stationary, and the floor boards moving. From this it followed that the person on it was moving too, and the writer distinctly felt the swinging sensation; in fact, his attention was called to the phenomenon by this feeling of motion. The other observation was as follows: While riding in the cars and looking out of the window, the trees and all are seen to move in the opposite direction. If, now, one looks in a mirror so situated that it reflects the passing landscape, which, however, must not be visible except in the mirror, one has the illusion of moving in the opposite to the real direction of motion, owing to the reversal of the image in the glass. In both these cases an immediate bodily sensation is induced by a more or less unconscious inference through visual sensations.—American Analyst.

Paper for Cigarette Making.

"There are three kinds of paper used in making cigarettes," explained a manufacturer of these articles. "They are made from cotton and linen rags and from rice straw. Cotton paper is made chiefly in Trieste, Austria, and the linen and rice paper in Paris. The first, manufactured from the filthy scrapings of ragpickers, is bought in large quantities by the manufacturers, who turn it into pulp and subject it to a bleaching process to make it presentable. The lime and other substances used in bleaching have a very harmful influence upon the membrane of the throat and nose. Cotten paper is so cheap that a thousand cigarettes can be wrapped at a cost of only two cents. Rice paper is rather expensive.

"Tobacconized paper is manufactured. It is a common paper saturated with tobacco in such a way as to imitate the veins of the tobacco leaf very neatly. It is used in making all tobacco cigarettes. Arsenical preparations are also used in bleaching cigarette papers and oil of creosote is produced naturally as a consequence of combustion. This is very injurious to the throat and lungs, and is said to accelerate the development of consumption in any one predisposed to the disease."—New York Mail and Express.

The Use of Spectacles.

A vast amount of popular misapprehension and prejudice exists as to the use of spectacles. Many persons who need them object to wearing them for various reasons. Some fear that it will lead their friends to suspect that they are getting old. Others think it will cause them to be suspected of wishing to appear learned or cultured. Some persons do not want to begin to wear them lest, having acquired the habit, they may not be able to leave them off or to see well without them. Others, again, object to glasses only on account of their inconvenience. I have personally met with many of all these classes of persons, but I have frequently heard of another class that I have never met with, namely, those who do not need glasses, but who wear them just for effect and to attract attention. Now, the simple truth is that there are just two good reasons for wearing spectacles, and only two. One is that we may see better, the other is that our eyes may be relieved of strain. Often both these reasons are combined in the same case.—Professor David Webster, M. D.

Gotham's Italians Becoming Civilized.

Sergeant Young of the Elizabeth street station is the authority for the assertion that the Italian colony of the old bloody Sixth ward is rapidly becoming civilized. "At one time," he remarked the other evening, "nearly all Italians in the ward had daggers and stilettoes. They were made out of rat tail files or anything that could be filed to a point. Now the pistol and razor are good enough for them. They are particularly partial to razors. When an Italian is arrested nowadays and a razor is found on him he explains by saying that he wanted it for a shave."—New York Sun.

A STORY OF EDEN.

In some forgotten chronicle of old
This story I have read,
And I have heard it said
Rosetti wept when he had heard it told

When Eve from Eden forced had turned her face
To pity them inclined
God made within her mind
Grow dim the memory of that blissful place

Then during many after days of toil
Children of earth were born
Who knew not of that morn
Before in swear they learned to till the soil

They were content—contented with their lot;
Born to return to dust,
They lived, as live they must,
Contented, for of Eden they knew not.

Thus God with mercy tempered what seemed hate,
So that men knowing not
Their former blissful lot
They should not utterly be desolate.

But after many years a child was born,
A child unlike the rest;
And when unto her breast
Eve pressed it, then she wept, a child forlorn.

"Better," she said, "this child were in its grave,
For in his longing eyes
Glimpses of paradise
And long forgotten trees of Eden wave."

And everlasting is our mother's pain,
For oft at eve or morn
Some poet child is born
Who hears those sounds of Eden once again.

—Bennett Bellman.

A Very Painful "Breaking Out."

The New England deacon of the olden time was gifted with piety, good sense and an epigrammatic way of speaking. In the "Traditions of the Bellows Family" mention is made of a Deacon Tower, of Walpole, who proposed to an aged widow by offering "to go the rest of the way to heaven with her." The offer was accepted.

One morning he rode up to the door of a lady in great haste, and told her that a neighbor, Mrs. Carter, was in sore trouble, as she had been violently taken with "a serious and painful breaking out about her mouth."

The lady at once went to the neighbor's house, and discovered Mrs Carter going about her duties, and nothing unusual on her face. Surprised, she told her of the deacon's message.

"Well," answered Mrs. Carter, "I know what he meant. When he came this morning, I was giving Ben Carter a piece of my mind for his carelessness, and the good deacon thought my temper made my speech a little unscriptural."—Youth's Companion.

Modern Improvements in Devotion.

A friend of mine has a telephone in his East End residence. Likewise he possesses a little daughter, some 4 years of age, of winning ways, sweet face, and artfully artless manners.

When bedtime came a few nights ago the mother of this little maid could not find her. She was not in the nursery, and carrying on the search her mother reached the landing on the stairs. There she stayed a moment, and, listening, heard the babe's voice in the hall below. Looking over the banisters she was surprised to see tiny Miss Mable standing on a hall chair and talking into the telephone in a loud voice.

"Hello! Hello! Hello, Central!" the child was saying in exact imitation of her father's manner. "Hello, Central! Give me heaven, I want t'say my prayers!"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

He Was Much Relieved.

A German citizen, approaching the window of a New York bank, requested that a check payable to the order of Schweitzer case be cashed.

"Yah, dot's me," he nodded reassuringly, in answer to the teller's look of inquiry.

"But I don't know that you are Mr. Schweitzerease. You must get yourself identified."

"How vas dot?" asked the German citizen, with a puzzled look.

"You must get some one to identify you," repeated the bank officer; "I don't know you."

"Ah, yah!" cried Hans, much relieved. "Dot's all right. I don't know you, neider."—Texas Siftings.

Truth in Lowly Walks of Life.

"Madam," the needy one said, with the air of a man who was telling the truth, "I do not lie to you; it has been forty-eight hours since I tasted food." "Poor man! I am sorry for you. You must get something to eat. Forty-eight hours without food!" "I tell you the truth, madam," he said, gratefully pocketing the quarter. "I have kept myself so full of whisky this past week that food has been repulsive to me; but I will now try to brace up and eat something."—Robert J. Burdette in Chicago Journal.

Was Well Suited.

Tommie was at Sunday school in his first pair of trousers, and a picture of a lot of little angels was before the class.

"Tommie, would you like to be a little angel?" asked the teacher.

"No, m'm," replied Tommie, after a careful inspection of the picture.

"Not be an angel, Tommie? Why not?" inquired the teacher in surprise.

"'Cause, m'm, I'd have to give up my new pants."—Washington Critic.

At the Modiste's.

Arabella—Why are you having the sleeves of your gowns made so full, Nellie?

Nellie—Purposely, dear. I want plenty of room to laugh in them. You know that that stupid English lord is to be one of our party this season.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Evaporated Apple Pie.

"Here, waiter! what kind of a pie do you call this?"

"Apple pie, sir."

"But there is nothing in it."

"Beg pardon, sir, but we use evaporated apples in all our pies."—Boston Transcript.

Only Temporarily Fluent.

It is not true that Demosthenes permanently cured himself of stammering by stepping on a piece of soap one night as he was going down the cellar stairs to fix the furnace in the dark. It afforded him only temporary relief.—Somerville Journal.

Things grow worse and worse in Russia. The latest outrage was at a concert in St. Petersburg, where two selections were played by forty eight pianists upon tweny four grand pianos.

The word Birmingham, so common in naming town and cities, is composed of three words, which together mean "the hill which is the home of the brugm," a small English tree.

It is not necessary for a good liar to see a sea serpent. He can describe one from the old files.

SOMETHING OF INTEREST.

To The People of Cass and Adjoinjoining Counties

I desire to say a few words to the people at large in regard the breeding of horses. Having myself, for the last 35 years been engaged in that business, believing that I am competent to give a fair, unbiased opinion of the best breeders. I drove the stallion, Little Breeches, who took the 1st premium at the first fair ever held in Des Moines, Ia. I also owned and bred the stallion, Cap Walker, who was the first horse to take a premium in Cass county and have always been handling horses for breeding purposes. I have handled and bred Printers, Morgans, Copper Bottoms, Bashous, Hamiltonians, Clydesdales, Normans and others. I have bought and brought to Cass county, a large number of horses even before the B. & M. R. R. had a rail here and among them were a Printer Stallion, a Copper Bottom Stallion, four Norman Stallions, four Clydesdale Stallions and others and have bred all these horses at different times. I have been on the horse market for 20 years and am by this time, certainly competent to [illegible] which will bring the most money in this or any other market and which are the most valuable to stock raisers my opinion is that the Clydesdale and Norman are worth more money to the breeders and it is based upon this fact, that a three year old Norman or Clydesdale draft horse is worth and can be sold in market for $140 to $200 and the smaller horses at the same age will not possibly bring over $75.

I have said this much for the benefit of breeders and in explanation, and I further desire to say that we have now at our stables in Plattsmouth two Clydesdale and one Norman horses good clean big breeders, and will more to follow, both for sale and breeding purposes.

W. D. JONES.

Plattsmouth, Neb., May 14th, 1888.

—Now is your chance if you wish a good watch send us thirty subscribers to the HERALD.