

County Seat Reflections.

From Monday's Daily
Gentle reader don't forget that the fellows like Ike Pollard, who have instigated the people of Louisville to take up the worn out county seat fight, do not have half as much interest in removing the county seat as they have in defeating the erection of a court house.

With more than one-third of the population of the county within the corporate limits of Plattsmouth City; with more than one-half of the legal voters in the county within a radius of eight miles of Plattsmouth; common sense would suggest to the electors of the county that the Weeping Water and Louisville papers know full well that the present county seat agitation is a humbug, a sham, and a delusion.

The press of Plattsmouth, and our people, have no ill feeling against the good people of Louisville. Those people know Plattsmouth is a fit and proper place for the county seat and always voted heavily for Plattsmouth as against Weeping Water. Now, if they have been humbugged by Ike Pollard & Co., into believing that Weeping Water wants Louisville to have the county seat, we have no objections.

We have a distinct recollection of the Rev. (?) Mayfield visiting Plattsmouth bi-annually when a county seat contest was brewing, on his mission for money to keep the Louisville fellows from voting for LOUISVILLE. Now that elegant apostle of morals is shouting fraud at Plattsmouth in his elegant and choice Hindoo. We violate no confidence when we say the people of Louisville know him.

Not striking a name from the late lamented petition asking for a special election for the purpose of voting on the question of the re-location of the county seat of Cass county, and adding thereto the names of seventy-five additional signers, sent in to the county clerk nearly forty days after the petition had been filed and submitted to the county board, the petition did not contain the requisite three-fifths of the votes cast at the last general election; and to have granted the request of the petitioners would have been a flagrant violation of law; yet, the county commissioners are called knaves and rascals for not calling the election.

When the county board denied the prayer of the petitioners for an election to re-locate the county seat, Mr. Wooley, their attorney, took voluminous exceptions, and gave notice before the board, and in the highways and byways, of an appeal from their decision to the courts. Everybody, almost, then knew that the appeal notice was mere bluff; even Gov. Todd saw through that and admitted that the county commissioners were right in their action. Yet, the Gov's alliance paper at Weeping Water is engaged in the elegant business of abusing good men and officials, who have simply done their duty as honest men should do.

Greenwood Trains.
Since the new time card went into effect a few weeks ago it has been impossible to buy a ticket on the evening train the 5:45 or the 6:15, for Greenwood, as the train did not stop at that point. This was a great inconvenience to Greenwood people who came down in the morning and could not return the same day. The editor of the HERALD called Mr. Latham's attention to the matter and asked him to lay the facts before General Manager Holdrege, which he did; and as a result we are confronted this morning with a bulletin requiring Mr. Latham to sell Greenwood tickets for these trains and ordering them to stop. No further complaint from that quarter can now be made.

Mrs. Sparlock and Mrs. M. M. Richardson are getting up a box of clothing etc. which they will send to the ministers in the drouth district. It turns out that the ministers, who by the nature of things are compelled to live upon the charity of their congregations, are the most destitute of any class to be found in the west. The supplies heretofore sent have not reached these people, therefore an especial effort should be made to make them comfortable. Whatever you have to send, if you will leave it at the residence of Mrs. Sparlock on Pearl street no trouble will be spared to see that only needy ministers are the beneficiaries.

Nelson Jean and wife came in this morning from a pleasant visit with Mr. Jean's brother at Silver City, Iowa.
Senator Thomas spent Sunday with relatives at Hillsdale Iowa and returned to his legislative duties this morning.
Dr. Schildknecht is on the street today for the first time in two weeks. His legion of friends are glad to see him able to be out again.

The county Treasurer and Recorder are moving into the Bank of Cass county basement this week.

Conrad Schlater is in the city and says the Louisville people are up at Lincoln in force today after the girls reform school, which it is thought will be located at Louisville or Geneva.

Judge Ramsey has issued 217 marriage licenses to date, and of this number only one has been issued to a colored couple, that being issued on Saturday last to Mr. Pearlie Frampton and Miss Helen Smith, both of Plattsmouth.

The telephone company has been putting in new instruments all over their lines, which is a great improvement. The new phone works so well that some say they can hear the men working on the new court house at Plattsmouth, can hear Judge Sullivan clap his hands as he stands on the foundation, and can hear Ed Wooley emit a volume of blue profanity, all of which makes a strange combination when it reaches Union exchange. Union Ledger.

A Flossy tramp
From Saturday's Daily.
A fair looking specimen of the genus tramp hired a gun of A. L. Coleman at Carruth's several days ago and nothing more was heard of him or the gun either until Friday when Marshall Archer was notified by telephone from South Omaha that a man had given himself up there to the officers and claimed he had pawned a gun at Pacific Junction belonging to Mr. Carruth of Plattsmouth. While the matter was being investigated Saturday his trampship gave the South Omaha officers the slip and appeared in Plattsmouth, hunted up the Marshall and gave the whereabouts of the lost gun. Mr. Carruth went over to the Junction and found that the gun had been pawned for \$2 and had been sold so he concluded not to bother with an effort to recover his property; and when they found the tramp wanted 30 days by the fire at the county's expense, he was fired out of town at a lively rate. He was too anxious to be arrested and convicted. The Marshall says he went away disgusted.

County Court.
Allen Stultz vs Robert Phillips. Suit for conversion. Settled and dismissed.
John B. Hayes vs McKaska M'fg Co. Continued by consent until parties agree upon time for trial. Gering for plaintiff, Windham & Davies for defendant.

Meyer Bros. Drug Co. vs Plattsmouth Lamp M'fg Co. Suit on account. Judgment for plaintiff for \$130.50.

District Court.
One new case filed today, that of Geo. Vashburn vs Barbara Vashburn, petition for divorce, alleging desertion. Wooley & Gibson for plaintiff.

It will be remembered that M. F. Lambert of Rock Bluffs was killed last summer by accident at Cattlesburg, Kentucky. His son Charles, aged ten, was with him. The sister, it seems, wanted to get hold of the pension money which the boy would draw, so she had a guardian appointed for him and fixed the lad out as a permanent resident. In the mean time the boy's mother, who resides at Rock Bluffs, was using every effort at her command to get the guardianship annulled and have her boy returned to his Cass county home. J. S. Mathews was retained and after about three months he has succeeded in making the mother's heart glad by the return of her boy. He made the trip alone without any trouble, arriving home a few days ago.

A. B. Taylor is transacting business in Glenwood today.

Walter White is today moving the safe from the old treasurer's office to the new quarters under the Bank of Cass County.

On account of the warm weather the river has been steadily rising, but the cold wave this morning has checked its progress.

Last night a monster revolving snow plow, weighing fifty-two tons, passed through the city from Patterson, N. J., enroute to the Denyer & Rio Grande road. It is probably the first of these plows ever brought west.

D. R. Churchill says a hen stole her nest out in a strawstack near the barn at his place south of town, in January, and came in a few days ago with a flock of young chickens. For mild winters Nebraska heads the list this year, with Florida only a close second.

The New Court House.
The bids for the contract for the erection of the court house were opened today. O. J. King, of Omaha, was the lowest bidder, and if he furnishes the required bond will probably get the contract.

HUMAN NATURE.

If life were not so sad a thing,
Who then could think of being merry!
If God's will would bear altering,
His plans we should not try to vary;
Were we once free from pain and care,
We straight would seek some cross to bear!
If upon love a seal were set,
How many souls would then be broken!
If gentle speech were hard to get,
How many kind words would be spoken!
If heaven were once denied us all,
How we should then to heaven call!
—Mary A. Mason in Youth's Companion.

THE BARBER'S MANIA.

John Rhett, the handsomest young man in the county, he of the raven locks and with the beautiful black mustache that the women adored—John Rhett walked into the barber shop in Yorkville for a shave.

It was a cold day and there were three or four of his friends, besides several tonsorial artists, standing around the stove at the time, but the man who always did his work being idle he walked directly over and threw himself into the comfortable chair.

The barber was a tall, well built young fellow by the name of Henry Casey, whom Rhett had known for a long time. The usual preparatory process was gone through with and then he sharpened his razor and went to work, but he started off in a manner that made Rhett uncomfortable from the first. This was due to the unusual and seemingly reckless way in which he handled the razor. There was entirely too much flourish about it to make one feel easy. He would whirl it round in one or two circles before it touched the face, and then take it off again in the same artistic style. This may have looked very pretty to a spectator, but to the person who formed the center of these concentric circles, Rhett thought it was anything but pleasant. At first he was inclined to think the fellow was drinking. But he soon dismissed this idea, for the work was being done well and skillfully and as no drunken man could do it. Finally he told Casey that he didn't like any such flourishes around his head, and to stop it.

But the only reply he received was the press of the barber's finger against his throat, and a short hissing "keep still." This made Rhett mad, and he started to express himself very forcibly, but when he looked up at the man who had been drawing the sharp razor over his face his anger gave way to a far more fearful feeling. The words died on his lips and a sudden chill crept over his body.

He had looked into the wild, excited eyes of a maniac.

"Don't you move or say a word; if you do I'll cut your throat," came again in a suppressed whisper, as that sharp, cunning face bent near to his.

"Do you know," said the barber as he kept on with the work; "do you know that this will be your last shave—that I intend to kill you with this same razor the moment I have finished?"
"Have long wanted to make the experiment," he continued as he went rapidly on, "just to see how quickly it could be done. Perhaps you think I am crazy, but you are wrong. I only want to do this work in the interest of science. I believe it will prove to be the most painless and quickest of all deaths. If I succeed today, as I expect to do, my method may become the public mode of execution in this country, supplanting the gallows. You see what an honor it will be to have started such a reform in capital punishment. My name will become immortal. There will be none of the suspense attending executions now; none of the terrible scenes at the gallows. You simply take the condemned man in for a shave and before he knows it he is in eternity."

He kept on talking in this rapid, excited way, and kept on shaving.

Rhett heard his friends conversing on the other side of the room, and he turned his head to see if he could tell them of his danger. But it was quickly jerked back in position, and the barber told him if he did that again or tried to get out of the chair it would be the signal for his death. And the wicked gleam of his eye more than his words showed that he was in terrible earnest. Under the circumstances, the intended victim thought it best not to move again, and so he had there as still as a statue.

But his brain was not idle. It was working with the rapidity of lightning, and well it might.

Rhett had always been regarded as a cool and brave young man; he had proved it on more than one trying occasion. And he determined in this last extremity to be himself and to meet the sharp cunning of the maniac with an equal cunning.

Then commenced a fierce and hidden game between those two—a game in which one knew the prize for him was life, and if he lost, the profit death.

"Henry," said the young man, and he smiled, though his heart was beating fast, "you shouldn't try to frighten a good customer in that way. You know you wouldn't kill an old friend like me."

"I'll show you, Mr. Rhett," half shrieked the barber, and the gleaming eye grew fiercer and the voice trembled with passion.

Rhett saw that this had only added fuel to the flame, and he began to despair of accomplishing the madman.

method will not only be quicker, but more painless."
"Just a stroke like this, and it's all over," and Rhett's heart gave a wild leap, for he thought his end had come.
Casey, however, had only drawn the back of the razor across his throat, but with such force and rapidity that it burned like fire.

The situation was growing desperate. In a minute the barber would be through with his work. With one hand he had Rhett by the hair and with the other was finishing up the job, while his lips kept muttering and his body swayed with excitement. Rhett knew with the next sweep of that infuriated arm he would meet his doom. Whatever he did must be done instantly.

"Well, Henry," he said, as lightly as he could, "sharpen up your razor well before you start, for I don't want any bungling job." For he thought when the barber turned to do this he could leap from the chair and get away.

"It's sharp enough for you, Mr. Rhett," and the madman grew madder as he spoke; "it's sharp enough for you, sir."

He had already finished shaving. Rhett's heart almost stood still.

"Now we'll see if it needs to be sharpened," said Casey with a demonic laugh, and Rhett felt a sharp sting as the keen blade cut the skin on his throat.

"But, Henry," he rapidly ejaculated, "I want you to make a success of this, for it will be a blessing to the world—but if you go on now I tell you it will be a failure."

The razor stopped.

"Why?" asked Casey.

The maniac was interested. Rhett saw that he had gained a point and he knew his life depended upon how he used it. He had been told upon the man's promise that he would not harm him now that he had not thought of it before.

"You will make a failure," he continued, "because you have told me all about it, and I have already suffered as much suspense as the criminal on the gallows. Besides, when I feel the razor giving me the fatal wound I will shriek out in agony, and the people will say that I suffered a terrible death. They will not believe you then that it would be the most painless mode of execution. So you see, Henry, you would defeat the very object you are trying to accomplish."

The barber withdrew the razor and held it motionless in his hand. Rhett breathed easier and became eloquent on the subject of the experiment.

"Now, the next man you shave, Henry, don't say a word to him on the subject, but all at once, in the twinkling of an eye, put him out. And I believe you will become a greater man than the inventor of the guillotine."

"Well, Mr. Rhett, I believe you are right about it," and he began to close the razor.

The mania was wearing off, and in its stead there came a playful and mischievous humor.

Patting his customer under the chin, "Ah, Mr. Rhett," he said, "you would look so much better without your mustaches. Now, don't you want me to take it off for you?"

Afraid to cross him in his humor, Rhett replied, though it almost broke his heart to say it:

"Why, certainly, Henry, if you think it will look better."

On went the lather, and in another minute the beautiful silken strands were no more than the withered leaves of the forest.

"Now, Mr. Rhett, if you had your hair clipped you would look splendid. Don't you want me to trim it off?"

"Of course, Henry, clip it," came from those anguished lips. He was willing to say or do anything to get that razor back into its case.

So the clippers were brought out and in less than two minutes he was slicker than a new born rat.

But if his head was light his heart was too, when he arose from the chair, and never in all his life did he feel so willing and happy to pay for a shave and hair cut.

Of course everybody laughed at him when he went out on the street, and the word blew cold about his head. To his friends, when they gathered around him, he told his harrowing experience, and he was still as pale as a ghost.

A committee forthwith waited on the barber, but they did not find anything in his words or actions to denote insanity. So some believed the story and some didn't—and the barber kept on shaving.

But never again did he put his razor upon the face of John Rhett.—W. M. Hobby in Atlanta Constitution.

A Plea for Indifference.
A little indifference to one's self, to one's food, one's personal appearance, clothes, and even one's mental and moral condition, is a wonderful aid in life. When I refer to indifference to one's moral condition I do not, of course, wish to be an advocate of license; but I do protest that it is well, having done one's duty to the best of one's ability, to await the issue with tranquility.—All the Year Round.

The Earliest Lens.
The earliest known lens is one made of rock crystal, unearthed by Layard at Nineveh. This lens, the age of which is to be measured by thousands of years, now lies in the British Museum, with its surface as bright as when it left the maker's hands. By the side of it are very recent specimens of lens which have been ruined by exposure to London's fogs and smoke.—St. Louis Republic.

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