

The Plattsmouth Herald.

KNOTTS BROS., Publishers

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THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1891.

You will be nearly two years until the next presidential election, hence the democratic tiger shows its claws and ugly feline nature without reserve. The latest display on the part of the old fossil party is its intense hatred of the colored man. The president has appointed a colored man for postmaster at Vicksburg, and notwithstanding the fact that he is honest and is the peer intellectually of his white brethren, the entire democratic party of Mississippi is up in arms demanding to know why they are thus insulted! Even their delegation in congress hasn't enough respect for the constitution to hide their ill humor over the event. Every doughface in the north is sympathizing with the late confederacy. Even our own Sherman, of the Plattsmouth Journal, who would walk four blocks through the mud on election day to tell a colored man how he loved him and how the sons of Africa were the especial care of the democratic party, gets himself and shows his true nature and feeling towards the man whose skin is black instead of white. It is a long time until the next election, but the colored man is not a fool and if he don't remember the insults that are being heaped upon him by the democratic party just now, we shall be greatly mistaken. To show just how far a northern doughface will go on this matter, we reproduce the following editorial from last night's Plattsmouth Journal. Cut it out and paste it in your note book:

"Benay Harrison shed his vindictive spirit in grand style yesterday. Enraged over the defeat of the late Col. Blaine, he poured a shot at the southerners in the shape of the appointment of a negro, James B. Hays, to the postmaster-ship of Vicksburg, Miss. Hays is the man who made an unsuccessful contest for the seat now occupied by Gen. Trenchard, and his issue at Jacksonville, Miss. When the appointment was announced it created considerable excitement among the southern delegation in congress. Gen. Trenchard roused the sentiment of all of them. He said: 'It is an infamous outrage upon the people of Mississippi. There were six white candidates, any one of whom would have been satisfactory, and yet a colored negro is given the leading federal position in the state of Mississippi!'

Yes, carpet bagger indeed! born in an adjoining southern state and raised in Mississippi, never straying from its borders for any length of time except while attending college at the north. After the recent exhibit of the deep hatred that exists against the negro by the democratic party, a colored man that would vote with them would be like the cur that licked the hand which beat him.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

Lyman Abbott appears to be more popular than any other preacher at the Harvard College chapel services for a long time. He has officiated there for a fortnight, and there is a marked increase in attendance.

Gallant old Governor Porter, of Indiana, Minister to Italy, dines not at carrying coals to Newcastle, and, accordingly, at a late meeting of the British and American Archeological Society in Rome, delivered the opening lecture on the subject of "Julius Caesar."

Ex-Senator Warner Miller will go to Nicaragua about the first of the coming month on the business of the Nicaragua Canal Company, of which he is the president at a salary of \$25,000 a year. The length of his absence has not yet been determined, but it is understood that he will return home in time to take a hand in the election of delegates to the New York Republican State Convention.

Philadelphia sends some people to its common council who have such an interest in the city's wealth that the charge of boodle could not well lie against them. For instance, a new councilman is Edward V. Morrell, whose wife was the daughter of F. A. Drexel. Mr. Morrell has to manage the income of an estate of \$14,000,000. Miss Catherine M. Drexel, who lately became a nun, is the other heiress whose fortune Mr. Morrell manages.

OUR old attorney general, George H. Roberts, is now attorney general for the new state of Idaho; while Charles Laugh-ton, an old time postal clerk from Blair, is lieutenant-governor of Washington. The Nebraskan has a habit of lighting square on his feet, no difference where you find him.

THERE is a promising sign that the supreme court is to take hold of the Boyd alien case and give it a hearing on its merits. A hearing of this kind is full of promise that Nebraska may yet have a citizen of the United States for its governor.—Lincoln Call.

THE maximum rate bill passed the house yesterday by a vote of 78 to 17. Those voting against the bill were Messrs. Ames, Bertrand, Boen, Brenner, Capek, Cornish, Felker, Ford, Gardner, Howe, McKesson, Oakley, Shryock, Strandsdorf, Vandeventer, Watson and White.

ONK by one the ross fade. The court house bonds were held good by the supreme court. The contract has now been entered into for the erection of our new court house. And on yesterday the last hope, in the form of a county seat bill, was killed in the legislature. There is no chance for a change in the law during this session.

SENATOR BOMBASTES KUROSO SWITZER, of Omaha, need not howl over the appropriation of \$20,000 to pay the expenses of the contest. His tireless jaw will cost the state (by retarding business and taking up time that ought to be utilized) more than that amount, to say nothing of the tired feeling of the other members. Give us a brief period of inertia, Mr. Switzer.

SECRETARY BLAINE'S friend and the zealous supporter of the recent Brazilian reciprocity treaty, General DaFonseca, has just been elected president of the republic of Brazil. The democratic gle shown over the possible refusal of Brazil to accept our terms seems to have been a little previous. Uncle Sam will make his point with the South Americans notwithstanding the sneers and objections of the doughface democratic press.

THE repeal of the sugar bounty by the farmers of the legislature is a sample of stupidity and mental incapacity rarely to be found anywhere. A measure that taxed the merchant in order to give the farmer a diversity of products and help him along financially, is promptly repealed by the class most to be benefited. If there was a premium on assinineity, the farmers of the Nebraska legislature would have no worthy competitors, for prize would be theirs without a struggle.

THE State Journal makes the following timely, truthful and self-evident remarks about the World-Herald which we are constrained to publish in the interest of many people who do not see Omaha's double ender in any of its fantastic tumbling:

"The Omaha World-Herald protests with a loud voice against the present system of congress for a number to get up in his seat in the heat of a debate and attack another personally as a blackguard and a villain, have it taken down in short hand, put into the record and scattered all over the country, and then the next day rise again to apologize for his undue heat and take it all back. What the World-Herald thinks a congressman ought to do is easily enough gathered from its example. It is to contradict themselves every day if they want to, without apologizing or taking anything back."

COL. CALHOUN, of the Lincoln Herald, is the brightest democrat in the state. Much fun has been poked at him on account of the congratulatory letter to Blaine, which he formulated and had endorsed by the democratic congressional convention last fall, wherein he praised Secretary Blaine's reciprocity scheme in fulsome terms. The democratic leaders at Washington, however, took a different view of the matter and voted almost solidly against reciprocity. This, at first glance, put the colonel where ill-mannered republicans smiled at his expense. But time averages all things and the latest news from the south shows that no measure in many years has been so heavily endorsed as the Blaine reciprocity clause in the McKinley bill. What Calhoun saw at a glance was the right thing, his party is gradually getting around to and ere long the able editor will again be the acknowledged leader of his party in the state, with an acknowledged foresight and acumen far beyond that possessed by the rank and file of common, everyday democracy.

SOME anxious young souls, concerned at the badness and blunders of the democratic party, want to know if this or that thing "will not kill it." Do not let your hearts be troubled, young men. Nothing will ever kill the democratic party. There isn't anything it can ever do in the future that will parallel its achievements in the past, and as it is still as alive as it ever was, it is in no possible danger. When the big end of it fought against the flag on the battle field four years, and emerged without the singeing of a hair, to claim the right of governing the restored union, and within eleven years after the close of the rebellion polled or counted as polled a majority of the voting strength of the United States, it was evident enough that the party was not born to be killed. Flatter yourself that the devil is dead, but never imagine that the democratic party has been killed.—Star of Union.

GOVERNOR PEARMAN is by reason of his office as quarter-governor, commander in chief of all the Salvation Armies in the state. The Salvation Army is composed of a fearless body of men and women, and as Indian fighters to the time of their soul inspiring music, we are confidentially advised by the governor, (who I bored with them at Nebraska City) that they are really invincible. The governor says, had he been called upon by the general government he could have taken a bold stand with his army and finished the fierce Sioux in two days. Griggs' poetry and Salvation Army music will not work together; there is no affinity between them and Gov. Pearman says it is largely in the interest of the army that he refuses to give up his seat.

THE committee appointed by the senate to investigate the state officers have secured Tom Cook for clerk. Bull beef must be at a premium in Lincoln.

A COPY of THE PLATTSMOUTH HERALD and Journal of Jan. 21, should be placed among the archives of Cass county. Weeping Water Eagle.

WE also want a copy of the fiery Eagle to put in the corner stone of the new court house.

EX-SENATOR SUTHERLAND, who two years ago was at the head of the senate combine to starve and freeze the various state institutions, was in the city yesterday, says the State Journal. "Starve and freeze" is pretty good, for a committee that saved the tax payers of Nebraska a million of dollars.

THE COUNTY SEAT.

HARRY RICE, of the Eagle makes a sorry attempt to reply to the unanswerable statement of the commissioners. Among other things he says:

"The commissioners must take into consideration another circumstance or two that has a bearing on this subject. They must remember that we have had elections in the past, notably the bond election. Now do you, ashamed officials of Cass county, pretend to say that the bond election was a legal one? The fact of the decision of the supreme court not to be taken into consideration. You would not under oath say that the last county seat election was honestly conducted by those in charge. You know, and the people of Cass county know, that base frauds were perpetrated at both these elections. Now if your first offense as public officials, had been in this last act of refusing to grant the prayer of the people for the privilege of voting on the subject, there would not have been as much said and published on the question, but as the case stands:

The bonds were voted by fraud, they are legalized by the supreme court.

You have advertised for bids to build a court house, from the sale of these fraudulently voted bonds.

You have advertised the old structure for sale.

You have sold the bonds to the state of Nebraska.

You have secured a location for the new structure.

You have disregarded the will of a majority of the people of your county. Now if you had been as careful in your public acts, as servants of the people, in all of your past career, if you had served the interests of Cass county as well as you have served those of Plattsmouth, it would not have been necessary to shut out the petition, and your explanation would be uncalled for."

"Bonds voted by fraud, yet," says Mr. Rice, "they were legalized by the supreme court." Then in the name of common sense, if the commissioners did not try the bond case, how can you blame them for selling the bonds? The highest court said the bonds were all right, and in the face of that fact would you ask a commissioner to ignore his official oath? You ought to know that by writ of mandamus, a court process the commissioners could have been compelled to do exactly what they have done. Your logic, Mr. Rice, if one can dignify such a screed in that way, would clearly show that you cared nothing for the law, you want it ignored, you would not care how many suits on their official bonds the commissioners sustained if they would only trample the law under their feet and stand with the majority as you say. If you are so sure majority rule is right, a majority of your people being poor, they had better get together and demand that Reed, Rice and a few other monied men divide their wealth among the many. When you tell Mr. Reed that a majority of the people of Weeping Water desire this, of course he will come down with the cash. Brothie Rice, abide by the law and don't try to improve on the statutes until you are able to show better reasons for the faith that is in you.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

HAPPY END OF A DUEL.

HOW A DEADLY INSULT WAS PAID WITHOUT LOSS OF BLOOD.

Two Captains of the Same Regiment Attempt to Settle a Score That Lingered from Their West Point Days—Of Course a Lady Was the Cause.

An emblematic button of the Loyal Legion adorned the lapel of a chevotant worn by Maj. Oscar Bell at the Albany.

"A story, eh?" laughed the ex-army officer, as he detached his eyeglasses from the bridge of his nose and looked in a good natured way at the expectant reporter seated beside him.

"Well, lemme see. The smoke of Allah is a chestnut now, and the battle of the Vandykes probably has been smothered from further interest by a peace (or growth) of weeds. By Jove! I can give you a little incident that has never been in type. It happened in 1863, when our regiment was in camp at a little Missouri town called Lexington. I wore a captain's straps at that time and did the shouting for Company B.

"The captain of Company D was named Henry Poor. Unknown to me he defeated me, and all because I once made a pan on his name while at West Point. Being a young man of stringent means he was mortally offended, but later seemed to have overlooked an unintentional silly of wit that I got off at his expense among a group of fellow cadets.

"Well, when we got our commissions, the loaded dice of fate threw us both in the same regiment, and when the war broke out we went to the front under the same colonel. As I said before, our regiment camped at Lexington, Mo., near Kansas City, or Westport, as it was known in those days. Among the events that transpired during the two weeks of our sojourn was a grand ball, given at the residence of a loyal northern woman, for Lexington, although a Missouri town, had great respect for the Confederate colors, and a great many of its citizens heartily sympathized with the southern cause. At the ball several of the officers of our regiment were invited—Poor and myself included.

THE CHALLENGE.

"During the evening I placed my name on the programme of one of the Lexington belles, but when I called for the dance I was horrified at the discovery that my name had been delicately erased and that of Poor substituted, evidently by himself. When Poor and the young lady started off amid the plaintive strains of the orchestra, my blood fairly boiled with indignation. Later in the evening I caught Capt. Poor in the gentleman's dressing room alone. I slipped him roughly in the face, and told him just what I thought of him. He did not resent it there, but the next day I received a challenge from him to fight a duel.

"I had never fought a duel, and I hesitated some time, but rather than be accused of cowardice I consented. The matter was placed in the hands of friends, and one bright moonlight night five dark figures sneaked out of the camp and into a neighboring wood. The fifth figure was that of a doctor of Lexington, who had been let into the secret and consented to act in consideration of a big fee for his services. To every appearance the spot was to be a tragic one, although I thought at one time I detected a slight smirk in the features of the seconds, who were mutual friends of the determined principals.

"Measure of ten paces," commanded the doctor as he wiped a tiny stream of Missouri nicotine from his chin whiskers. The doctor was to act as master of ceremonies. The space was measured.

"Bring on the weapons," was the next command. The seconds brought forth an ominous looking bundle carefully wrapped up in oilcloth. Capt. Poor shuddered. I was equally nervous. Ugh! the weapons were evidently wicked sabers, and it would be a duel from which neither principal would emerge alive. We took our places ten paces apart and stood glaring at each other, patiently waiting for the supposed swords to be placed in our hands ready to pierce each other's heart.

THE RESULT.

"Gentlemen, here are the weapons," exclaimed the doctor as two large baseball bats rolled out of the oilcloth. He advanced and placed one in the hands of each principal. "Mind, gentlemen, you are not to violate the rule to keep ten paces apart. Are you ready?" "Capt. Poor and I gazed at each other. The seconds were doubled up on the ground in convulsions of laughter. Even the doctor smiled, and to cap the climax a silvery laugh from a woman's lips broke the stillness of the air as the fair cause of the duel strode on to the dueling ground with eyes sparkling with mirth.

"Do be sensible, gentlemen, and shake hands," said she. "There is going to be another party next Tuesday evening, and I will divide my programme of waltzes with you both if you do."

"I looked at Poor, and we met half way and shook hands. The ludicrous contemplation of a duel with baseball bats at a distance of ten paces was too much for us. We laughed heartily after casting a reproachful glance at the mischievous seconds who put the job up on us."

At this juncture there was a rustle of satin near the hotel elevator, and the major arose in response to a signal from a well preserved lady. As he left the reporter he said, with a sly wink of his left eye, "I got that young lady for life, though, and Poor is up in the Sioux country now, and still a bachelor." With these parting words he disappeared into the dining room with the wife of his romance.—Denver Republican.

Spider poison appears to have special effects on certain insects, and the largest flies are not always the least affected by it. Insects over which spider poison has but little influence are usually left meshed in the web to struggle until exhausted before the spider attempts to devour them.

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