

**The Plattsmouth Daily Herald****KNOTTS BROS.,  
Publishers & Proprietors.**

DAKOTA decides overwhelmingly in favor of division. This means two more republican states at an early day.

THE Lincoln *Democrat* speaks of the republican victory in Nebraska like this, "The republican ticket carries the state by the usual brutal majority." We think by this they must mean they are sadly disappointed. Concerning Judge Field it says, "Field beats Sawyer for judge of the second district by a pitiful scratch." This shows the good judgment of the democratic voters.

A man named George Washington was arrested in Buffalo a day or two ago for malicious mischief in chopping the racks from some tan bark cars on a railroad track with an ax. His daughter, Martha Washington, testified in his favor but he was convicted. The judge said: "I hate to convict a man of the illustrious name of George Washington, who has a daughter Martha; but thank God you used an ax instead of a hatchet. Pay a fine of \$5."

THE *Journal*, not satisfied with having thrown plenty of mud during the campaign, is now keeping it up by attempting to besmirch the characters of certain democrats of this city who refused to swallow the entire democratic ticket and work zealously for it. It is with some democrats, not a misdemeanor, but a high crime, if any other fellow democrat has the manhood to step outside the party lines and work for and vote the republican ticket. It is worse than anarchy, it is treason itself, according to the tenets and belief of the hide-bound democrat. Mr. Rauen, who had been shamefully treated by the democrats of this city, two years ago, at that time said he did not propose to support the democratic nominees again, and on Tuesday he was but carrying out the resolutions that he had formed two years before; and the talk about his selling out is more rot of the worst form, to which the *Journal* has long been addicted.

It seems that the vote of the B. & M. shops, which on Tuesday last assisted materially in making the fourth ward republican, is a terrible thing in the eyes of some of the democrats of this city.

While democratic section foremen and democratic bosses, the county and state over, have not only voted their men like cattle; yet it has been a matter of pride on the part of these same democrats that such was the case. However, when the tables are turned, and republican foremen in the B. & M. shops use their influence to get out a good republican vote, or to cause democrats to scratch a part of their ticket, then it is all wrong and, according to the *Journal*, is very shameful thing. The facts are that the foremen in the B. & M. shops have never yet attempted to bulldoze or insist on any man voting anything other than his honest sentiments, and the further fact that Mr. Greusel, on election day, relieved every democrat in the shops, gave him his entire time that he might work at the polls, if he saw fit, would go still further to show that there was nothing but the greatest fairness shown the opposition on election day. Mr. Robinson and Mr. McPherson, who owe their job for the last two years, to the simple fact that McPherson, when foreman of Stout's quarry voted the men solid for Robinson would lead one to think that these two particular gentlemen cannot find cause for complaint.

**"PUT OUT THE FIRE."**

Prohibition aims at a thing, not a man. It would smite a traffic, not a personal indulgence; annihilate grog-shops, not invade homes. See how this works in other matters. A mob is a bad thing. Prohibition says, "Repress it." But to repress it, it may be necessary to seize private property and destroy life; nevertheless, the mob is what prohibition is after, not the property. A contagious disease is a bad thing. Prohibition says, "Fence it in; the house must be quarantined." But that's an interference with personal liberty. So the saloon is a bad thing. Prohibition says, "Abolish it." But to abolish it, it may be necessary to interfere with some private drinking usage; nevertheless the saloon is what prohibition is after, not the private usage.

Can interference with personal liberty be pleaded as against the suppression of the mob? No. Can the plea of individual right of the property bar the effort to stamp out a conflagration? No. Can the right to go in and out of our houses at pleasure be urged as against the restraints of quarantine? No. Neither can a private drinking usage constitute a good reason for opposing a prohibitory liquor law. If the law smites the usage in smit-

ing the saloon, it does so only incidentally. Good citizenship will willingly bear an incidental evil for the sake of an essential and universal good. Life, in the end will be more sacred if we repress the mob. Property, in the end, will have better securities if we put out the fire. Personal liberty, in the end, will have complete safeguards if we stamp out the contagion. Every interest of society and of the individual, in the end will be better shielded if once we say, determined and effectually, "The saloon must go!"

*Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson.***LIGHTNING FLASHES.**

From Golden Days.

Every one is familiar with the fact that lightning does not spring direct from cloud to cloud or to the earth, but pursues a zigzag course. This is due to the fact that the air is not equally humid throughout. Electricity always takes the path which offers least resistance in its passage.

Damp air is a much better conducting medium than dry air, consequently the lightning selects the damp air route, avoiding the drier strata and zones it encounters, and advances—now directly, now obliquely—until it reaches the opposite cloud, where it subdivides into a number of forks.

Owing to the resistance which it encounters in its path, intense heat is generated, which causes the air to expand. Immediately after the flash the air again contracts with great violence and with a loud report, which is echoed and re-echoed among the clouds.

The report reaching the ear of the listener from varying distances is drawn out into a series, and, being still further prolonged by the echoes, the roll of thunder is produced.

It is a curious fact that, although the sound of thunder is exceedingly loud when heard near at hand, the area over which it is audible is comparatively circumscribed. The noise of a cannonade will be heard, under favorable conditions, at a distance of nearly 100 miles, while the sound of thunder does not travel over fifteen miles.

The occurrence of the thunder and of the lightning is, of course, simultaneous; but as light travels faster than sound the flash may be seen several seconds before the sound is heard. The distance of thunder may thus be approximately estimated, an interval of five seconds between the flash and the thunder-clap being allowed to each mile.

Sheet lightning has the appearance of a sheet of flame momentarily illuminating part of the sky or cloud surface. It is, in reality, but the reflection of lightning flashing beyond the horizon or behind the clouds, and at too great a distance for the thunder to be audible.

But the most remarkable of all the manifestations of electricity is globular lightning, in appearance like a ball of fire moving leisurely along and remaining visible, it may be, several minutes.

**BUT ONE REMEDY.****The Duty of Church and People Towards the Liquor Traffic.**

Strike it down, cage the beasts that rend the frenzy in the only place to which they belong, the criminal cell and the kennel will disperse. There is but one remedy. The nation must put an end to transforming men into beasts by law, and must put the beasts who do it into limbo, where their sorcery will cease. The answer we make to that question determines our fate. If Christianity has no power to save Christendom, where is our hope? With what face, then can we go to the heathen? There is no devil-worship in America more degraded, more lost to all sense of shame than the demon worshiper of rum; no high priest of the sorceries of heathenism more diabolized than the minions of Christian states authorized to manufacture and vend the poison. Paganism can muster no mercenaries from all her realms more debased than the rum army; no festering pesthouse—not even the Chinese opium den more deadly to virtue than the Christian rum hole. Must it be endured longer? Must the race be doomed to go into the future with this millstone fastened about its neck by legislators of Christian states? Are our tyrants too much for us? Then farewell to hope.

Brand "felon rum-seller" on his brow; huddle him with co-followers in the criminal's dock; drive him with the gang in striped garments. The business will then cease, the earth will be delivered from his devilish sorceries. No man in his senses can say that there is any other remedy or that this is too severe. All that is demanded is concert of action. It will come. It is at the door. There are men enough not hopelessly debauched to vote such laws. They will yet unite and rid the earth of this foul monster.

It lives not because it cannot be put to death, but because we have not the will to strangle it. Let Christendom arouse, and in a single day of brave work the land will be freed of the vilest gang of criminals that has ever cursed it, and the poison will empty, and the slums will dry up, and the vicious classes will vanish, and the miseries of poverty and wretchedness will cease. If a Christian nation so will, it can be done in one day. If we will not the Moloch will destroy our homes and children. *Bishop R. S. Foster, L. L. D., M. E. Church.*

**THE BIG FOUR.**

Sterling once upon a time said, "A judge I'll make," and he picked out Sawyer as the man to take the cake. Sawyer was a man of gold, money-bags had he, and our Sterling saw at once he'd fill the boys with glee. Twelve per cent and bonds had brought, in the days of old, many a comfort to these wights, statesmen brave and bold. So to Otoe they came down from Old Arbor Lodge, and with railroaders, bums and thugs they did flit and dodge. Sterling knew the railroad ropes, he could preach free trade, and with Sawyer's money-bags he'd lay Allen in the shade. Administrator of the *News*, a thing long past and dead, he resurrected for the fight, and boldly pushed ahead. He called on all he had betrayed [ten thousand they were strong], to lend a hand and help him out and swell the Sawyer throng. Railroaders from Chicago came, Burrows from Gage came up, to see how they might help the cause of putting Sawyer up. Burrows was a man of sand and to the farmers stuck, except on certain occasions when he left them just for luck. E. Paminondas Roggen came and in his right hand strong, he had a knife for Allen Field, twenty inches long. So the battle waged and waxed hot as time passed on, Sterling always at the helm, Sawyer with the strength. But as the evening sun went down on that bloody day, Sawyer saw the blood stained Field, wrenched from him away, and as Sterling's bloody horn lay there with the dead, Sawyer thought that he had wrought on that Field so red. So the judge that Sterling made, was not made at all, and Field rode proudly into court against our Sterling's gall. Now at evening Sterling sits near his pond of fish, and sits and smiles a ghastly smile as he eats of crow his dish. Burrows to his farm has gone where he wouldn't know, a check-rower or a shovel plow from a cross-cut saw. Roggen is at a Lincoln inn where the guests are told they can eat and drink and sleep if they've got the gold. Sawyer to his home has gone with usury in his mind, and at twelve per cent a month he'll get even in due time. The *Times* looks proudly from the place where they were badly drowned and in Sterling's pond of fish the press is ducked and drowned. H. Lovejoy Wood, in the Arbor Lodge Scrap book for November.—[From Neb. City Times.]

—Real estate and abstracts.

dtf W. S. WISE.

**E. G. Dovey & Son.**

Information to Capital Seeking Investment.

**POINTERS ABOUT PLATTSMOUTH.**

It is the gateway to the great South Platte country.

It is situated on the Missouri River at the mouth of the Platte, at a point about half way between Chicago and Denver, only two hours by rail from Lincoln the capital, and forty minutes from Omaha, the metropolis of the State.

Population about 9,000 and rapidly increasing.

Has one of the finest systems of Water Works in the State.

Streets are well lighted by gas.

A street railway in operation.

Grades of the streets established, and bonds voted for the purpose of constructing sewerage and paving of Main Street, work to commence thereon in the spring of 1888.

Has a fine four story high school building and six ward school houses. Aside from business houses over 100 residences have been constructed during the year 1887.

An Opera House costing \$50,000.

Nebraska Preserve and Canning factory, capital \$13,000, capacity 300,000 cans per year and employs 40 hands.

Brick and Terra Works, capital \$50,000, capacity 10,000 bricks per day, employs thirty hands.

Plattsmouth Canning Factory, capital \$30,000, capacity 1,500,000 cans per year and employs 125 hands, turns over in one year's business about \$100,000.

Two daily papers; one Republican and one Democratic.

Schnellbacher buggy and wagon factory.

Pepperberg's cigar manufactory, employs fifteen hands, and largely supplies the trade of southwestern Nebraska.

Dufour &amp; Co.'s new Packing House.

The great C. B. &amp; Q. Railroad machine shops, round houses, storehouses, &amp;c., are maintained at this point for the use of its system west of the Missouri River, employing many hundreds of hands, and disbursing to employees monthly about \$30,000.

One of the finest railroad bridges in the United States spans the Missouri River at the Southern limit of the city.

Over 2,000 miles of railroad conveys its freight traffic into and through our city.

Ten passenger trains leave Plattsmouth daily for north, south, east and west over the C. B. &amp; Q.; K. C., St. Joe &amp; C. B. and the B. M. R. R. in Nebraska.

The cheapness of the land around Plattsmouth and its nearness to Omaha markets together with good railroad facilities, make it not only a pleasant place to reside, but a desirable place for the establishment of manufacturers.

To healthy, legitimate manufacturing enterprises, the citizens of Plattsmouth would doubtless make reasonable inducements to secure their location, and correspondence is solicited.

While real estate values are growing firmer each day, yet there is nothing speculative or fictitious about them, and good residence lots can be bought at from \$150 to \$350; land near the city can be purchased at from \$200 to \$400 per acre. Within the next twelve months our city expects to welcome the Missouri Pacific and the Omaha and Southern Railways into its corporate limits.

The above facts are given without exaggeration and the prospects for the future prosperity of our city, more than above indicated. Parties seeking investments in realty are earnestly requested to come and make personal investigation. While here you will be given a free ride to South Park, the most beautiful and desirable residence locality in the city, where lots may be purchased at from \$150 to \$200, each. This picturesque addition is accessible by either Chicago or Lincoln Avenues or by South 9th Street and may be reached in a ten minutes walk from the business center. South Park is more rapidly building up than any other part of the city. Correspondence solicited.

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