

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald

KNOTTS BROS., Publishers & Proprietors.

The French congress meets next Friday at Versailles to select a successor to President Grevey.

A whole history may be made in France in the next three days, and all Europe is watching her.

The fisheries commission appointed by the American and British governments are in session at Washington. The public will know nothing of their proceedings until they have reached a conclusion.

The United States court at Boston has rendered a decision against the Western Union Telegraph Company for \$10,600 for taxes and has enjoined the company from doing business in the state of Massachusetts until it is paid.

BUFFALO'S persistence in giving anti-Cleveland majorities on the slightest provocation has finally caused the president to remove his residence from that town to Washington. Buffalo knew him more intimately than the rest of the country did when he was elected president. If the country does not do next year what Buffalo has been doing at every election since 1884, it will be because the country's standard of political sense does not reach the high water mark maintained by Mr. Cleveland's neighbors. -Globe Democrat.

The part of the report of the Internal Revenue Commissioner dealing with the subject of oleomargarine is by no means the least interesting portion. One fact brought out is that the Commissioner has not been called upon to make any decision relative to the healthfulness of any sample of the article. He has, however, kept carefully informed as to the kind and character of the ingredients employed in its manufacture. He finds, what has probably been discovered by most people who have given attention to the subject, that evasions of the regulations regarding the marking of packages are committed much more frequently by retail dealers than by manufacturers. He regards it as desirable to encourage the sale of manufacturers' packages by retail dealers, and in order to encourage such sale he recommends that the law be so amended as to authorize the sale by retail dealers of original manufacturers' packages, or of small quantities from original stamped packages. The Commissioner's report is a more favorable one than was looked for by many who promoted the oleomargarine law. There is some likelihood that the question will be raised before congress at the next session. It is expected that the advocates of restrictive legislation will demand an amendment of the measure, as to make it more stringent, while the oleomargarine men are encouraged by the tone of the report to hope for an amendment of the law such as will make it less burdensome upon them. -Bradstreet's.

THE ATLANTIC CAMPAIGN. The negro vote in Atlanta was the bone of contention throughout the recent campaign, and in the election, according to the returns, the "wets" caught a majority of the votes of the colored men. Perhaps this whisky issue is to be the means of opening the polls of the south to the colored men. In Fulton county, Georgia, on Saturday a majority of the white electors voted the "dry" ticket. The advocates of the "wet" policy were driven to the black vote. It would be a singular thing if the rights of the colored voter in the south were finally to be secured to them through the contest of the saloon to hold its place. But such result, whatever other deplorable issue it might raise, would dispose of the issue of a solid south, and good would speedily come of it. It is noticeable, also, that a potent argument with the colored men in the Atlanta saloon contest was that the displacement of the saloon was a discrimination against poor men—was intended to keep the negroes from getting drunk while it left other channels open to men of more influence and money. Undoubtedly much of the antagonism against the saloon in the south has been borne of desire to protect the negroes from the abuses of strong drink, by which they are rendered unreliable and disagreeable, if not dangerous. The "wets" take advantage of this to use them to perpetuate the life of the saloon. So it appears that in Georgia, as in Iowa and elsewhere, the saloon at once goes to work among the ignorant and the depraved to hold them as its servants through the strength of their vices. On the other hand, appeal was made to the colored men of Atlanta to vote the "dry" ticket in behalf of their own best interests, in behalf of their families, and in behalf of the good of society generally. A Roman camp fortified by earthworks has just been discovered near Czernowitz, the capital of Rukovina. When a felon first begins to make his appearance, take a lemon, cut off one end, put the finger in, and the longer it is kept there the better.

The "wets" of Atlanta have not won a proud victory or one that gives them any security whatever for the future. They cannot hold their ground, for they are tearing down, not building up. The "drys" of Atlanta have back of their campaign all the moral force of the contest, and they represent the power which, wherever planted, will grow, and which must dominate finally. Perhaps prohibition does not prohibit in Atlanta. They have been saying that it does not, and those who have been saying so have been hoping that it might not. Prohibition of itself may be a narrow issue. But the issue of strengthening and protecting society is not a narrow issue. The friends of humanity and good government are largely on one side and the enemies of humanity and of good government are largely on the other. To be more specific, the heart and conscience of the country are on one side and the selfishness and moral turpitude of the country are largely upon the other. The saloon seeks servitude through debasement; the opponents of the saloon look for help in lifting men into the dignity of honest liberty. So men who go with the saloon have the company and direction of their way provided for them. Those who do not like the company or the way must separate themselves from the saloon desire and influence. The saloon, therefore, is digging its own grave, or a deeper and broader one. -Sioux City Journal.

KNOW ALL SHE WANTED. Washington Critic. "Where have you been, Mr. Boosby?" asked an irate wife early in the morning. "Bin out watching tekshum returns." "Humph! That's a nice occupation for a man like you." "My dear, don't you care nuzzlin' 'bout er (hie) plitical sitchslum? You ought to know 'bout zhe returns." "I know all I want to about election returns. In your case they mean return home drunk every time. No v take off your boots and keep quiet, or I'll call na."

New Treatment for Consumption. The star of Bergson's treatment waning a little, new forms of cure for tubercular patients are being found with unabated vigor, and M. Garcia comes to the front with hydrofluoric acid. This new method consists in placing phthisical patients for an hour every day in a small cabinet which contains six cubic meters of air that is saturated with hydrofluoric acid. This saturation is obtained by pumping a current of air through a gutta percha bottle that contains 100 grammes of the acid to 300 grammes of distilled water. The quantity of air pumped in is renewed every fifteen minutes, as the effect is quickly exhausted. The system has been tried for a year past in a number of cabinets that M. Garcia has fitted up in a room in his own house, and during the month of August a hundred patients were submitted to the treatment. Of this number, fourteen remained as before, forty-one were improved, and thirty-five were cured, while ten died. It is stated that under the influence of this form of medication the attack of coughing diminishes and finally ceases. The Koch bacilli cannot resist this acid, as they at first are found to diminish in number and soon they no longer segment; at last they entirely disappear from the secretions. The general state of the patients was much improved, the appetite was increased, the night sweats ceased, and some patients treated over a year ago remain well. It seems that the workmen at the celebrated glass manufactory at Baccarat had first noticed that the hydrofluoric acid they employed had good effects on the health of consumptive persons. -Paris Cor. New York Medical Journal.

Love Songs in Afghanistan. Love songs are plentiful with the Afghans, though whether they are acquainted with love is rather doubtful. Women with the Afghans is a purchasable commodity. She is not wooed and won with her own consent; she is bought from her father. The average price of a young and good looking girl is from about 500 to 500 rupees. To reform the ideas of an Afghan upon that matter would be a desperate task. When Said Ahmed, the great Wahabi leader, the prophet, leader and king of the Yusufzai Afghans, tried to abolish the marriage by sale his power fell at once. He had to flee for his life, and died an outlaw. There is no song in the world so sad and dismal as that which is sung to the bride by her friends. They come to congratulate—no, to console her, like Jephtha's daughter; they go to her, sitting in a corner, and sing: "What can we do for you? Your father has received the money. All of love that the Afghan knows is jealousy. All crimes are said to have their cause in one of the three z's—zar, zamin or zomony, earth or women. The third z is, in fact, the most frequent of the three causes. -Contemporary Review.

Last of the Pequot. A reporter met on the streets of Birmingham, Conn., a short time ago, a man who was selling clams from a wagon. An interview with him developed the fact that he claims to be the last of the noble tribe of Pequot, who, in the early days of the settlement, occupied the country about where Litchfield now stands. The man's name is Truman Bradley. He is not full blooded, but claims to be two-thirds Indian. His appearance substantiates his claim. He stands over six feet tall, is straight, broad shouldered and bronzed to a coppery hue. His eyes are black and deep set. His cheek bones are prominent, his jaws strong and powerful, his forehead low and broad, his hair gray, and he has no beard. In conversation with him the reporter learned that he claims to be the sole heir of the Pequot, and there is \$7,000 held in trust for them, which is now in the hands of a trustee appointed by the judge of the superior court of Litchfield county. He will apply to the next legislature for the \$7,000, submitting his proof for the inspection of the committee having the matter in charge. -New York Evening Sun.

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GRANT AND LEE.

PRELIMINARIES OF THE MEETING AT APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE.

Gen. Grant Almost Taken Prisoner—A Greeting to Phil Sheridan—Gen. Lee Under the Apple Tree—The Meeting at McLean's House.

Mounting his horse again, Gen. Grant rode on at a trot towards Appomattox court house. When five or six miles from town Col. Newhall, Sheridan's adjutant general, came riding up from the direction of Appomattox and handed the general a communication. This proved to be a duplicate of the letter from Lee which Lieut. Pease had brought in from Meade's lines. Lee was so closely pressed that he was anxious to communicate with Grant by the most direct means, and as he could not tell with which column Grant was moving, he sent in one copy of his letter on Meade's front and one on Sheridan's. Col. Newhall joined our party, and after a few minutes' halt to read the letter, we continued our ride towards Appomattox. On the march I had asked the general several times how he felt. To the same question now he said: "The pain in my head seemed to leave me the moment I got Lee's letter."

The road was filled with men, animals and wagons, and to avoid these and shorten the distance, we turned slightly to the right and began to "cut across lots," but before going far we spied men conspicuous in gray, and it was seen that we were moving towards the enemy's left flank and that a short ride further would take us into his lines. It looked for a moment as if a very awkward combination of things might possibly arise, and Grant became a prisoner in Lee's lines instead of Lee in his. Such a circumstance would have given rise to an important cross entry in the system of campaign bookkeeping. There was only one remedy—to retrace our steps and strike the right road, which was done without serious discussion. About 1 o'clock the little village of Appomattox Court House with its half dozen houses came in sight, and soon we were entering its single street. It is situated on some rising ground, and beyond the country slopes down into a broad valley. The enemy was seen with his columns and wagon trains covering the low ground. Our cavalry, the Fifth corps, and part of Ord's command were occupying the high ground to the south and west of the enemy, heading him off completely.

GREETING PHIL SHERIDAN. Sheridan and Ord, with a group of officers around them, were seen in the road, and as our party came up, Gen. Grant said: "How are you, Sheridan?" "First rate, thank you, how are you?" cried Sheridan, with a voice and look that seemed to indicate that on his part he was having things all his own way. "Is Lee over there?" asked Gen. Grant, pointing up the street, having heard a rumor that Lee was in that vicinity. "Yes, he is in that brick house," answered Sheridan.

Well, then, we'll go over," said Grant. The general in chief now rode on, accompanied by Sheridan, Ord and some others, and soon Col. Babcock's orderly was seen sitting on his horse in the street in front of a two story brick house, better in appearance than the rest of the houses. He said Gen. Lee and Col. Babcock had gone into this house a short time before, and he was ordered to post himself in the street and keep a lookout for Gen. Grant, so as to let him know where Gen. Lee was. Babcock told me afterward that in carrying Gen. Grant's last letter he passed through the enemy's lines and found Gen. Lee a little more than half a mile beyond Appomattox Court House. He was lying down by the roadside on a blanket, which had been spread over a few logs on the ground under an apple tree, which was part of an orchard. This circumstance furnished the only ground for the widespread report that the surrender occurred under an apple tree. Babcock dismounted upon coming near, and as he approached on foot Lee sat up, with his feet hanging over the roadside embankment. The general in chief, accompanied by Sheridan, Ord and some others, was passing along the road had cut away the earth of this embankment and left the roots of the tree projecting. Lee's feet were partly resting on these roots. One of his staff officers came forward, took the dispatch which Babcock handed him and gave it to Gen. Lee. After reading it the general rose and said he would ride forward on the road on which Babcock had come, but was apprehensive that hostilities might begin in the meantime upon the termination of the temporary truce, and asked Babcock to write a line to Meade informing him of the situation. Babcock wrote accordingly, requesting Meade to maintain the truce until positive orders from Gen. Grant could be received.

HUNTING A HOUSE. To save time it was arranged that a Union officer, accompanied by a few of Lee's officers, should carry this letter through the enemy's lines. This route made the distance to Meade nearly ten miles shorter than by the roundabout way of the Union lines. Lee now mounted his horse and directed Col. Charles Marshall, his military secretary, to accompany him. They started for Appomattox court house in company with Babcock and followed by a mounted orderly. When the party reached the village they met one of its residents, named Wilbur McLean, who was told that Gen. Lee wanted to occupy a convenient room in some house in the town. McLean ushered them into the sitting room of one of the first houses he came to, but upon looking about the premises he found them and meagerly furnished. Lee proposed finding something more commodious and better fitted for the occasion. McLean then conducted the party to his own house, about the best one in the town, where they awaited Gen. Grant's arrival. The house had a comfortable wooden porch with steps leading up to it. A hall ran through the middle from front to back, and on each side was a room having two windows, one in front and one in rear. Each room had two doors opening into the hall. The building stood a little distance back from the street, with a yard in front, and to the left was a gate for carriages and a roadway running to a stable in rear. We entered the grounds by this gate and dismounted. In the yard were seen a fine large, gray horse, which proved to be Gen. Lee's, and a good looking mare belonging to Col. Marshall. An orderly in gray was in charge of them, and had taken off their bridles to let them nibble the grass. Gen. Grant mounted the steps and entered the house. As he stepped into the hall, Col. Babcock, who had seen his approach from the window, opened the door of the room on the left, in which he had been sitting with Gen. Lee and Col. Marshall, awaiting Gen. Grant's arrival. The general passed in, while the members of the staff, Gens. Sheridan and Ord, and some general officers who had gathered in the front yard remained outside, feeling that he would probably want his first interview with Gen. Lee to be, in a measure, private. In a few minutes Col. Babcock came to the front door, and making a motion with his hat towards the sitting room, said: "The general says, come in." It

was then about half-past 1 of Sunday, the 9th of April. We walked in softly and ranged ourselves quietly along the sides of the room, very much as people enter a sick chamber when they expect to find the patient dangerously ill. Some seats on the sofa and a few chairs, which constituted the furniture, but most of the party stood.

THE TWO COMMANDERS. The contact between the two commanders was very striking, and could not fail to attract much attention, as they sat ten feet apart from each other.

Gen. Grant, then nearly 53 years of age, was five feet eight inches in height, with shoulders of a broad chest, a full beard, and hair that was brown, without a trace of gray in it. He had on a single breasted blouse, made of dark blue flannel, unbuttoned in front and showing a white shirt underneath. He wore an ordinary pair of top boots, with blue leathers inside, and was without spurs. His boots and portions of his clothes were covered with mud. He had had on a pair of thread gloves, of a dark yellow color, but he had taken one on entering the room. His felt "sugar hat" stiff brimmed with a bow thrown on the table beside him. He had a sword, and a pair of shoulder straps, all there was about him to designate his rank. In fact, aside from these, his uniform consisted of a private soldier.

Lee, on the other hand, was fully six feet in height, and quite erect for one of his age, for he was a senior by sixteen years. His hair and beard were a silver gray, and quite thick. He had a full head of hair, but a little thin in front. He wore a new uniform of dark blue flannel, buttoned up to the throat, and his side he carried a long sword of a striking fine workmanship, the hilt studded with jewels. It was said to be the sword which had been presented to him by the state of Virginia. His top boots were comparative new, and seemed to have on them some ornamental stitching of red silk. Like his uniform, they were singularly clean and but little soiled. On the boots were worn gaiters, with large pockets. A felt hat, with a color matched putty closely tied to his uniform, and a pair of long leathery gaiters by his side on the table. He asked Col. Marshall afterwards how he felt, and he said he felt as well as he could. He had been much as if they had turned out to go to church, while with the general's party, and he said to the dignified man of the "sugar hat." He enlightened us regarding the contrast by explaining that when their headquarters wagons had been pressed so closely by our cavalry a few days before, and it was found they would be unable to carry their baggage except these they carried on their backs, each one had selected the most precious he had, and he had decided to sacrifice the gods of destruction to a sacrifice of his second best. "Grant's Last Campaign," by Gen. Horace Porter, in the Century.

How Iron Becomes Brittle. "Vibrations when continued for a long time," said an expert in iron from foreign countries, "become a liability, and it becomes hardened and brittle, something like pig iron instead of being long in the grain like wrought iron."

"How do you account for this?" said the reporter. "I do not know," was the reply. "There are many theories about iron that no one can explain."

"What do you think of the chance of the elevated road having a long lease of life? Is there any likelihood of their breaking down through the iron of which they are made becoming brittle?" "Not for several years, but certainly the vibrations would affect them through time and soiling may mean they ought to be inspected every day and renewed before they get so bad that it would be dangerous to ride on them. I have known heavy iron beams go through vibrations which looked perfectly sound, and at the point of breakage were apparently as strong as in any other part. The cohesiveness was gone and the section presented a granulated instead of a fibrous appearance."

"Does that mean when they are of wrought iron become brittle also?" said the reporter. "No," said the informant, "they do not. They acquire an entirely new property, or rather they lose an essential property, that of capacity for being worked. Every blacksmith knows that a bit of wrought iron rail cannot be used if it has been run for a number of miles. The parts split into fibers when heated at a stroke, but don't weld together."

"How do you account for the iron being affected differently?" "I do not know. All I do know is that it is the case, and every intelligent blacksmith will tell you so." -New York Evening Telegram.

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