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JUDGE CHAPMAN
ON THE RIGHTS OF THE SHIPPER AND THE R. R. CO'S.
The case of Raymond Bros., of Lincoln, vs. the U. P. R. R., decided the other day in the district court of Lancaster county, is attracting widespread attention.

MISSOURI REPUBLICANS FOR BLAINE.
MARIVILLE, MO., Nov. 28.—The choice of Missouri Republicans for President is James G. Blaine. Commence in the center of the following diagram and read in any direction and the answer is the same—viz: James G. Blaine. The diagram may be read in more than 500 ways from the center.

Lincoln. If plaintiffs tendered this proportionate rate you are to find for plaintiff. In conjunction with other lines of road, as common carriers, defendants have imposed an unreasonable charge, defendants would be liable and, upon tender of a fair and unreasonable compensation. You are instructed that defendant is a common carrier subject to all the duties and liabilities of such position and bound to carry and deliver goods for a just, reasonable and fair compensation without unjust discrimination.

A DEMOCRATIC OUTRAGE.
The population of Dakota is now nearly six hundred thousand; it has to-day a greater number of inhabitants than eight of the states that have been admitted to the Union for many years; it has clamored for admission as a state; has performed every requisite act, and yet the party which throttles a free ballot in the south and becomes a party of obstructionists in the north, again throttles the will of more voters than are found in any one of the democratic states except three.

The Treasury debt statement shows an increase of the debt for the month of \$1,490,350.90. The net decrease of the debt for the past five months of the fiscal year amounts to \$38,245,684.35. The net cash in the treasury amounts to \$55,238,701.19, a slight decrease as compared with a month ago, but a considerable increase as compared with the preceding months of the fiscal year.

These peculiar statesmen who contend that the removal of a tariff duty necessarily implies a gain to the consumer would do well to study a fact suggested by Senator Edmunds. "You remember," he says, "that the tax on tea and coffee was taken off some time ago, and what was the result? The income from these products was withdrawn from the treasury; but the prices of tea and coffee remained as high as ever. The importers made the extra profit, and we lost the taxes." Such a result does not always ensue in such cases, of course; but it follows frequently enough to prove that the theory that

prices must fall when tariff duties are removed will not do to depend upon as a rule of legislative action.—Globe Democrat.
The statement of the comptroller of the currency shows that the total amount of national bank circulation outstanding Dec. 1st was \$369,649,141, which was \$2,132,133 less than for the month of October, and for the year a decrease of \$20,307,730.

OUR MONGOLIAN DEAD.
New York's Chinese Burying Ground Described by Wong Chin Foo.
There are now over 9,000 Chinamen in New York. They support thirty-two general Chinese supply stores, eight large restaurants, five barber shops, four fashionable tailors, six fortune tellers, nine doctors and four well filled cemeteries at Evergreen. One of these cemeteries at least 300 Chinamen, all of whom died within the past two years. The second largest of the quartet is probably that of the Lun (see Tong Benevolence society). It contains about 200 dead. The other two are comparatively new, and have plenty of rooms to let. In all, the dead population of our New York Chinamen is estimated at about 600.

There are about as many servants as guests and they are not as well understood as with no confusion, perfectly impassive, their expressionless almond eyes ever on the alert, their pigtail hanging behind. It is an evidence of want of respect for a Chinese servant to enter your presence with his eye twisted around his head; as unpardonable, for instance, as for your butler to present himself to wait on you without his coat. The head waiter is called "number one boy," and he sends for him in all cases of emergency. He speaks pidgin English, as does everybody. And nearly all Chinamen understand it well enough to transact business with foreigners, but in the hotels all servants are provided with note or "chit" books, and if you cannot understand the Chinese you write a "chit," which is carried about in a chair or palanquin slung on long bamboo poles, which rest upon the shoulders of the coolie bearers. A public stand for these chairs is just across the street from the hotel, arranged precisely as the cab stands are arranged in New York, with this difference, that the moment you emerge from the doorway and raise your finger to signal for a chair, not one, but the entire force bears down upon you with such a rush that you are completely engulfed in bamboo poles, chairs and coolies, the latter screaming at the top of their voices: "Take my, Missy, take my," and they only disperse when you finally fall helplessly into the first chair whose coolies succeed in tripping you up by the legs. Sometimes a policeman appears upon the scene, and then they sway off, followed by the policeman at full tilt, who, if he can, grabs the coolie by his one and drags him around the block. These chair coolies get fifteen cents an hour, and for that price they will stand, stop, stop, occasionally to patroneze a chow stand, but not to emerge from the doorway and raise your finger to signal for a chair, not one, but the entire force bears down upon you with such a rush that you are completely engulfed in bamboo poles, chairs and coolies, the latter screaming at the top of their voices: "Take my, Missy, take my," and they only disperse when you finally fall helplessly into the first chair whose coolies succeed in tripping you up by the legs. Sometimes a policeman appears upon the scene, and then they sway off, followed by the policeman at full tilt, who, if he can, grabs the coolie by his one and drags him around the block. These chair coolies get fifteen cents an hour, and for that price they will stand, stop, stop, occasionally to patroneze a chow stand, but not to emerge from the doorway and raise your finger to signal for a chair, not one, but the entire force bears down upon you with such a rush that you are completely engulfed in bamboo poles, chairs and coolies, the latter screaming at the top of their voices: "Take my, Missy, take my," and they only disperse when you finally fall helplessly into the first chair whose coolies succeed in tripping you up by the legs.

Chicago's Garbage Crematory.
The city health department of Chicago is directing considerable attention to the question of getting rid of the city garbage. Health Officer Thompson has been in the city, and he witnessed the workings of the garbage crematory in that city, of which he says: "The furnace is 18 feet long by 4 feet 6 inches wide, and has a capacity of 50 yards of garbage daily, and cost, with the building, about \$1,700. About two feet from the bottom of the furnace is a solid iron plate, and above that, and upon which falls the substance to be burned, is a heavy iron grate. In the center of the furnace is a circular hole, closed by a trap, into which was thrown, while I watched it, two dead horses, seven dogs, fifteen barrels of garbage, three loads of manure, eight bushels of rotten eggs and three barrels of rotten fish. This was all consumed in one hour, with no offensive smell from the combustion and no smoke. The furnace was cold when started.

A Mother's Devotion.
The enthusiastic devotion of a mother to her babe is something passing the comprehension of the average man. The head of the family, kind, affectionate and self-sacrificing though he may be, may approximate, but he can never attain the sublime height of the self-sacrificing love that devotes the mother's heart. To others this devotion is often a puzzle, so little do the joys of motherhood extend beyond the sanctuary in which the cradle is the shrine, and its tiny occupant the idol. But little as babies may be worshipped in this ultra matter of fact age, it is nevertheless true that a "new baby" in the home creates an interest equalled only by the lighting home of a new bride. And while the baby may be ever so unattractive in feature, sooner or later it comes to be regarded as the "loveliest baby in the world," so loving and lovable are its ways.—Herald of Health.

Queen Charlotte's Islanders.
The fire making implements of these people is a narrow piece of walrus tusk about a foot and a half long—shaped like a bow, and on which are engraved hunting scenes. To this is attached a headdress string. Fire is made by taking a turn of the string around a stick of hard wood, and by these means revolving it against another piece of hard wood; punk is placed from time to time in the hole worn in the under board, and the heat generated from the friction of the two pieces of wood causes the punk to ignite. The music of the Hydolins is an imitation of the cries of the birds, and is made by a series of whistles with which the natives become very expert. They also use the tomtom, made of walrus hides.—New York Mail and Express.

LIFE AT HONG KONG.
DINING FOR "FOREIGN DEVILS" AT ALL HOURS OF THE DAY.
"Pidgin English" and Its Difficulties.
Everybody Carried About in Chairs or Palanquins—A Lady Takes in the Sights of the City.
The European taste is catered to so far as the food, or chow, as it is always called here, is concerned. The cooks are all Chinamen, and very excellent cooks, for while they look with pitying eyes on the "foreign devil" who has the bad taste to prefer roast beef to stewed dog or triced black cats' eyes, they yet roast the beef to a turn, and run a French cordon bleu very closely in the piquancy of their sauces. The curry and rice, which might almost be called the pièce de résistance, so regularly does it appear at both tiffin and dinner, is better here, to my taste, than in India, the land of its birth. The condiments eaten with the curry constitute its charm.

There are about as many servants as guests and they are not as well understood as with no confusion, perfectly impassive, their expressionless almond eyes ever on the alert, their pigtail hanging behind. It is an evidence of want of respect for a Chinese servant to enter your presence with his eye twisted around his head; as unpardonable, for instance, as for your butler to present himself to wait on you without his coat. The head waiter is called "number one boy," and he sends for him in all cases of emergency. He speaks pidgin English, as does everybody. And nearly all Chinamen understand it well enough to transact business with foreigners, but in the hotels all servants are provided with note or "chit" books, and if you cannot understand the Chinese you write a "chit," which is carried about in a chair or palanquin slung on long bamboo poles, which rest upon the shoulders of the coolie bearers. A public stand for these chairs is just across the street from the hotel, arranged precisely as the cab stands are arranged in New York, with this difference, that the moment you emerge from the doorway and raise your finger to signal for a chair, not one, but the entire force bears down upon you with such a rush that you are completely engulfed in bamboo poles, chairs and coolies, the latter screaming at the top of their voices: "Take my, Missy, take my," and they only disperse when you finally fall helplessly into the first chair whose coolies succeed in tripping you up by the legs. Sometimes a policeman appears upon the scene, and then they sway off, followed by the policeman at full tilt, who, if he can, grabs the coolie by his one and drags him around the block. These chair coolies get fifteen cents an hour, and for that price they will stand, stop, stop, occasionally to patroneze a chow stand, but not to emerge from the doorway and raise your finger to signal for a chair, not one, but the entire force bears down upon you with such a rush that you are completely engulfed in bamboo poles, chairs and coolies, the latter screaming at the top of their voices: "Take my, Missy, take my," and they only disperse when you finally fall helplessly into the first chair whose coolies succeed in tripping you up by the legs.

Finally a curio shop attracted her attention, and wishing to stop she rapped sharply on the side of the chair and said "Chop-chop." It had great curiosity, the coolies quickened their pace somewhat and pranced gaily on. "Chop-chop," she said again with rather more energy than before, and faster the bearers trotted. She now became thoroughly alarmed, and imagining the coolies were going to take her to some out of the way place and slay her, she took out her purse and holding up a handful of Mexican silver impudently, while the tears started to her eyes "Chop-chop!" "Chop-chop!" At this the bearers broke into a run, and up hill and down dale, along the queen's road, through the Chinese quarter of the town, along the principal streets and by her back in three hours. All that while for some little time, the coolies trotted peacefully along the queen's road—my friend enjoying the novel and fascinating motion of the chair, and taking in the strange sights.

Life is a short day, but it is a working day.—Hannah More.

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