

THE PLATTSMOUTH HERALD

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TERMS FOR ADVERTISING. One copy one year in advance, by mail, \$6.00. One copy per month, by carrier, \$1.00. One copy per week, by carrier, \$1.00.

FROM what the HERALD has heard concerning the amended petition which Mr. Straight will file, and the evidence he has to back it, the JOURNAL need not have any fears in regard to Mr. Straight's giving up.

A MAN has recently committed suicide at Deadwood. There certainly must be something wrong with the economy of that city if it has become necessary to commit suicide in order to shuffle off this mortal coil.

Mr. Straight has no inclination to "give up" as the JOURNAL suggests. Mr. Straight believes that a fair vote would have made him clerk of court, and all he wants is a fair count of a legal vote, and all necessary preliminaries will be attended to.

THE JOURNAL has finally got its eyes opened. It thinks people would not be sorry if Mr. Lamar were not confirmed. We wonder what caused the change in the JOURNAL's position. This is about the first evidence that a democrat could become too rotten for the democratic press. Mr. Lamar certainly has it pretty bad.

By the way we hear very little during the past few days from our democratic neighbor about that "surplus" which so frightened the great Grover and the democratic party generally. Had it been a deficit, it would have reminded them of good old democratic days when "Jimmy Buck" and company turned over the U. S. treasury in all its Jeffersonian simplicity and emptiness.

It should be understood that every protectionist is a monopolist, and believes that the masses of the people should be taxed to make monopolists rich.

The above is the cry of the JOURNAL. Why does Mr. Sherman continue to howl that three times two makes five, when experience, common sense and the first principles of authentic prove that is not true?

LOUISIANA was not slow in carrying into effect her New Year resolutions. In the murder of a white democrat on the morning of the 1st. But like all other such resolutions it will soon be broken, and before the next election they will be back in their old practices killing defenseless negroes just as they used to. There are some new year resolutions that we would like to see unbroken.

The Plattsmouth HERALD says that the democratic press of this country is a unit for free trade. The Plattsmouth HERALD is simply mistaken. Free trade is not the issue. The democratic press is a unit in demanding that a robbing, useless and oppressive tax be lowered. This is not free trade. It is common sense.

The foregoing from the Omaha Herald pleases us. We have been misled by the numerous paragraphs in that able journal in which the theory of protection has been denounced without qualification. If the Herald means that it is opposed to too high a tariff tax or duty, we are with it, or it is with us; and we welcome it to safe republican grounds. We rather guess our neighbor has been lampooning the democratic purp over the republican mastiff's shoulders. The Herald evidently understands that the democratic party is very largely responsible for a failure to equitably re-adjust our tariff duties. As we have said before, all the issue on the tariff that we can discern is between Mr. Cleveland and his own party. A majority of that party, like Henry Waterson and Mr. J. Sterling Morton, actually believe a "protective tax" or "restrictive tax", as Mr. Waterson terms it, is "a violation of the spirit and letter of the Federal Constitution and in direct conflict with the clause of the Declaration of Independence which denounces King George for 'cutting off our trade with all parts of the world,'" while another section of the democratic party, to which belonged the Omaha Herald, when controlled by Dr. Geo. L. Miller, and with which we may now class that strong organ, and of which men like Tilden and Randall were the leaders, occupied middle ground, believing in the theory of protection, but opposing much of the high so-called war tax, which was the out-growth of the rebellion. Again we say we welcome the Herald to safe conservative grounds upon this question of tariff, and shall preserve a dignified neutrality so long as it continues to wallop the Democratic purp for its sins of omission.

—Men's velvet slippers 75c at T. H. Phillips.

GOOD DOCTRINES.

The following resolutions adopted at Indianapolis the other day have the right ring, and are respectfully referred to our democratic friends:

The continued refusal of the democratic house of representatives to admit the territories having a population of high character and intelligence exceeding in number that of several states of the union, old and new, should arouse the indignation of all true Americans who believe in home rule and constitutional rights.

We condemn the hostility of the democratic party in the house of representatives to all means for the advancement of broad, popular education, and denounce its arbitrary conduct in thwarting every effort to consider any measure for this purpose.

Reviving no past issues, we insist as a living question and an indispensable bulwark of national security upon a free, honest ballot and a fair count in all the states of the union.

We charge the democratic party with failing to provide out of the abundant resources of the nation for the rebuilding of a more efficient navy for the protection of our defenseless sea-coast, for the restoration of our commercial marine, so essential to the training of American seamen and to the extension now of American trade, and we urge the necessity of prompt and energetic measures for those important objects.

We charge the democratic administration with culpable weakness in guarding American industries and individual rights on the high seas and in foreign lands, while the vessels and property of our citizens have been seized and sacrificed in foreign ports, and information of what they were justly entitled to under our treaties withheld from them or made dependent on foreign interpretations, and we demand a more vigorous assertion of American seamaniship which shall restore the respect once accorded to the just demands of our republic.

Opium and Depravity. What connection there is, or rather why there is any connection, between the green goods game and the opium habit I could not attempt to say; but it is worthy of note that several of the swindlers picked up by the police are "opium fiends" also. In one of the places raided a complete opium layout was found, and in others there were strong indications of opium, with all that the word implies. In several instances the detectives were begged, beseeched, implored by their captives to be allowed to take some opium to the station houses, so that they might make themselves comfortable. The sharpers seemed more alarmed at the prospect of being deprived of their opium than the possibility of having to serve a term in prison. "For God's sake," one exclaimed, "let me take along just a little. I could not live through the night without it."

All the doctors say that opium produces wholesale depravity, but most of these swindlers must have been pretty thoroughly depraved before they began using the drug. They were born that way. One member of a batch captured yesterday is the son of a man who held a prominent place in the community a dozen years ago. He never would do any honest work, and the police have had an eye on him for years. Nine-tenths of the swindlers are fellows of this kind, worthless and crooked by nature, and bound to be criminals in some sense, anyway. Nearly all of them live in furnished rooms or cheap flats, and they are seldom at home except at night. Their business is carried on entirely by mail, and most of them get their letters at cigar stores and "private" postoffice boxes in other stores, where they pay for the privilege of an address. These "private" boxes are found all over the city, and they all receive a great deal of mail matter that is of color every way, and fit only for the fire.—New York Cor. Detroit Free Press.

Hon. H. W. Grady

The Statesman, Scholar and True American, set an example worthy of reflection for all True Americans. Healing wounds that no methods except those used by Heaps' Camphorated Amica Saly which is sold on its merits for any use that a salve can be used. No cure, no pay. For sale by the following druggist. Price 25c per box.

W. J. WARRICK

Who is Your Best Friend?

Your stomach of course. Why? Because if it is out of order you are one of the most miserable creatures living. Give it a fair, honorable chance and see if it is not the best friend you have in the end. Don't smoke in the morning. Don't drink in the morning. If you must smoke and drink wait until your stomach is through with breakfast. You can drink more and smoke more in the evening and it will tell on you less. If your food ferments and does not digest right—if you are troubled with Heartburn, Dizziness of the head, coming up of the food after eating, Biliousness, Indigestion, or any other trouble of the stomach, you had best use Green's August Flower, as no person can use it without immediate relief.

Notice of Sale Under Chattel Mortgage.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a chattel mortgage dated on the 7th day of December, 1887, a duly filed and recorded in the office of the county clerk of Cass county, Nebraska, on the 15th day of December, 1887, and executed by J. S. Duke to Sherman S. Jewett & Co. to secure the payment of the sum of \$200.00 and upon which there is now due the sum of \$208.02. Deault having been made in the payment of said sum, therefore I will sell the property therein described, viz: The entire stock of stoves, tinware, and shell and heavy hardware and fixtures of the store-rooms, all situated in brick building on east half lot eight (8) block twenty-nine (29) in the city of Plattsmouth, at public auction at the front door of the above described store building in the city of Plattsmouth, Cass county, Nebraska, on the 23rd day of January, 1888, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day. SHERMAN S. JEWETT & CO., W. S. WISE, Agt. and Atty. For Mortgagees.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

EXPERIENCE OF A MAN AS HE DRAWETH NIGH TO MIDDLE AGE.

A Case of Consumption Changes to Cancer—Rheumatism and Heart Disease. Haunted by Every Form of Physical Disaster—The Whole List.

A man reaches the age of 40 or thereabouts without having experienced any serious interruption in the current of his life. Some night he is sleepless; the next day he is tired. He has overworked, or overdrunk, or over-smoked, or overworried. There is an extra weight attached to his forehead, his legs are weak and he is possessed by lassitude. He recalls at once the death of a man who fell suddenly in the street, smitten by apoplexy. The weakness in his legs, is not that symptomatic of paralysis.

He has passed his prime, and does not know it. He is ignorant of the fact that he cannot labor as hard, drink as much and employ his energies as before. Nature begins to slacken in her efforts at recuperation. Night, with its rest and slumber, does not bring him a morning with all its old-time buoyancy and exhilaration. Noticing these things, he commences to examine his condition. The moment he begins this process of self-inspection he enters on the condition of the hypochondriac.

He catches a little cold and has a cough. It is consumption. The advertising pages of the newspapers catch his eye, and he sees "Consumption Cured." He reads it with avidity. Symptoms are described, and with a pang he feels that each one of them applies exactly to his case. He hunts over the record of his ancestors to find if there be weak lungs in the descent. Alas, yes, his grandmother, he recalls, with a painful shuddering of the heart, died of consumption at the age of 63! And there were two second cousins, both of whom, while quite young, fell a victim to this frightful malady. He is doomed.

A CANCER, SURE! The cough disappears. There is a sore on his tongue, and almost instantly there comes into the horrible vision cancer! He reads up the encyclopedia on cancer; he takes furtive glances into the books of medical friends, and everywhere he finds corroboration of his belief. It is cancer, sure! His broken slumber is filled with images of the hideous tumor, and he listens with intense and painful interest to the narrations of those whose experience includes the ulcer, the treatment of the patient by the knife of the surgeon, and the fearful death at last of the unfortunate victim. Finally he goes to the physician who, if he be honest, assures him that his fears are groundless, and then for a brief season he is at ease.

There comes a pain in his ankle or knees. Rheumatism. And now it moves to another point. Migratory, is it? Ah, it is moving toward his heart! It may leap there to-night, to-morrow, any moment; and again he suffers the agony of dissolution, as he anticipates each moment feeling the pang of the thrust of the deadly dart.

He rushes hastily up a stairway, and he feels an increased action in his heart. At once the dread vision of heart disease flashes into his line of vision. For months he broods over the calamity which has overtaken him. He moves about carefully; he avoids everything which will produce excitement; he is as careful of his heart as if it were a new born babe.

He has a stiffness in his nose or throat, and at once he has catarrh, combined with bronchitis. There are prickling neuralgic pains in his muscles, and he at once reads up on the matter and finds that they are premonitory symptoms of paralysis.

This self-inflicted invalid reads the newspapers. Every case of death from paresis affrights him. He learns with fresh accessions of horror of hemiplegia and paraplegia, and is certain that he is menaced with one of these forms of disaster. The age of every man whose death is reported excites in him a painful interest. If the deceased be younger than himself he experiences a poignant pang; if older, then he has a faint hope that his own end is not yet imminent.

CHOLERA SYMPTOMS. He reads that there is cholera in Nice or Sicily, or in the interior of Spain. Instantly, in his mind, he sees the horrible pestilence creeping across the continent, over the channel and Great Britain, thence in infected vessels to the American shores. On emigrant trains it crawls along the railway lines and appears in Chicago. He will be one of the very first victims. Already he feels the symptoms of the disease. He anticipates the worst. He already feels in imagination the agonies of the pain and sees himself cold, breathless, moribund in the final state of collapse.

He complains to his sympathizing friends, and they proffer him illimitable advice and remedies. "A cold bath every morning," says one; "A hot bath every night," says another; "Drink a glass of hot water when you rise in the morning," or "Drink a glass of cold water when you go to bed," is the suggestion of another. One friend mentions a cathartic, another a lotion, a third a bitter, a fourth an alterative. There is no human being of either sex that is not ready to prescribe for any ailment of a friend at a moment's notice.

He reads the scientific physiological papers. He sees it demonstrated that alcohol and tobacco are noxious, and he at once quits their use, and then reads that both are beneficial if used in moderation, and he resumes his cigar and his beer. Elaborate essays are presented that oatmeal at breakfast is an indispensable auxiliary of health, whereupon he eats it regularly until a time when he sees another scientific authority which pronounces the diet as a sure producer of dyspepsia. He takes his food with abundant water for a time, and then abjures it when another medical expert pronounces it injurious.

He is a vegetarian, a meat eater by turns; he patronizes the allopathic, then the hydropathic, then the homoeopathic, then the eclectic, and the metaphysical schools; and tries drugs, herbs, mind transference, old women's prescriptions, inhalations, mustard plasters, tonics, diuretics, sarsaparillas, health restorers, and thus runs through the entire pharmacopoeia without benefit, and then gives up all medicine with disgust.—"Polio" in Chicago Times.

Testing the Lad's Honesty. A lawyer engaged a new boy recently, and, as he had suffered to some extent from the deprivations of his former lad, he determined to try the new boy's honesty at once. He therefore placed a 25 note under a weight on his desk, and walked out without a word. Upon his return half an hour later the note was gone and half a crown in silver had taken its place.

"Boy, when I went out I left 25 under this weight." "Yes, sir; but you see you hadn't been gone five minutes when a man came in with a bill against you for 24 lbs. 6d. I believe the change is correct." "You paid a bill?" "Yes, sir; there it is all receipted. The man said it had slipped your mind for the past four years, and so—" That boy got the sack on the spot.—London Tid Bits.

MINERS' ODD BELIEFS.

SOME OF THE STRANGE STORIES TOLD IN THE CAMPS.

A Life Saved by a Presentiment—Disappearance of a Boulder—Fortune Tellers' Advice Sought by Owners of Claims—Naming Mines.

Miners are superstitious. Men who labor underground are always so, and especially those who court fickle fortune, hunting for gold and silver veins in the mountains. Often you will hear miners say that rocks are more apt to fall at midnight than at any other time.

A friend of mine was once working in the Bull Domingo mine, and saved his life through presentiment or superstitious feeling. He was working in the night shift, and late in the afternoon was awakened from his slumber and notified by the foreman to get ready for work. In telling me the story afterward he said that something seemed to be warning him not to work that night. But he threw off the feeling, ate his supper, put on his miner's suit and started toward the shaft house. He had gone about half the distance, when the same superstitious feeling possessed him, and, stopping a moment, he thought the matter over, and returning to the boarding house near by, hired a man in his place.

There was an accident that night and the man who had taken his place was killed. The shift was the main shaft deeper, preparatory to running lower levels. The water was troublesome and the cage had been lowered with a barrel, which was filled with water. When the cage began to ascend three of the men stepped out from under it, but the fourth stood in the center of the shaft leaning on his shovel. When up about 100 feet a piece of machinery broke and down came the cage, crushing the poor fellow to death. The young man who refused to work that night, in telling me of the incident afterward said: "Something seemed to be almost pulling me back that night and saying, 'Don't go down the shaft, don't go down the shaft, and I didn't go. I don't know how to account for it and never will, but it saved my life.'"

A STRANGE STORY.

One evening, while sitting around the stove in one of the hotels in the camp, a man named Fletcher, hailing from Ohio, told a strange, weird story. He was a quick, kind fellow, and not given up to springing wild stories. He and his partner, so his story ran, had been working a claim above the Verde hill, in the Sangre de Cristo range. They were prospecting for a gray copper vein. A shaft had been sunk about forty feet and then a drill was started on the vein. This drift was within twenty feet from the shaft, and the last day they had worked the claim a boulder about two feet in diameter was blown out of the vein. "It was about time to quit," said Mr. Fletcher, "and we concluded to wind up what loose work there was and popshot the boulder the next morning. Before leaving we placed our mining tools and bucket in a corner of the shaft and then went to our cabin. It was a cold night and considerable snow fell. The next morning about 8 o'clock we returned to the shaft to resume our work for the day. I lowered my partner down and was preparing to descend myself, when I heard him call, 'Fletcher, hold away.' I asked him what was the matter, but he would give me no definite answer, and in rather a husky voice repeated his request that I haul him out, which I did. After stepping on the platform, he said, 'You know that boulder?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'but what of it?' 'It is gone,' he said. 'Gone?' 'Yes, gone.'

"I refused to believe him, although I observed that his face was a little pale and he seemed quite nervous. I had him lower me down the shaft, and, sure enough, that large boulder, two feet in diameter, was gone. The tools had not been disturbed, and no one else could have possibly gone down that shaft since we left it the night before. The snow had fallen, and there was not the least sign of a track leading to or from the shaft."

"Did the mine ever pan out anything afterward?" asked one of the interested group of listeners. "Pan out! No! I have been unable to get my partner down in that shaft since. And one thing I do know—the boulder we had left that night was gone the next morning, and neither of us ever knew what became of it."

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

Some men use fortune tellers in searching for mines and developing them. The divining rod has been used on many a mountain side, and its indications followed. I recently visited a well known fortune teller in Denver for the purpose of learning something definite as to stories circulated that some mining operators seek this class to have them foretell or advise them how to seek for the precious metals.

"Certainly they do," said the old woman in a weak manner, shaking the cards. "Now, you keep out of the mines," she said, speaking to me; "your fortune is on top of the ground, yes, on top of the ground. The cards and the white of this egg I have broken show no veins of mineral for you."

There is a superstition among some about naming mines, and many seem to think that it is good luck to name a mine for a baby. Why? No one knows. A prospector once named a claim in honor of a Pullman car, which was afterward smashed in a wreck. He changed the name for fear of an accident to the mine. Another changed the name of his claim because the person he had named it for died. The finding of a vein on the anniversary of your birthday, or the anniversary of the wedding of your parents, is supposed to bring good luck. There are a thousand and one little superstitions connected with the mining in our country, searching for the buried treasures there.—New York Press.

The Perfected Phonograph.

The perfected phonograph will repeat speech in a clear and distinct manner. The first phonograph would not work successfully, and it was found hard to make an adequate impression upon the foil sheet, which received the marks from the needle carried by the diaphragm. The new phonograph consists of a revolving cylinder, and a side movement is governed by a fine thread, so that a fixed pencil would trace upon the cylinder a spiral, and the lines would almost touch. An electric motor is used to turn the cylinder, and this is done in such a manner that no noise is heard. Upon the cylinder is placed a soft substance which resonates away, and the vibrations of the diaphragm are marked upon it. A touch of a small spring will set the phonograph in motion. They are made in a convenient form, so that they can be carried around in the pocket. There is very little machinery about the phonograph, and the cost is small. It can be used for a variety of purposes and in the place of a stenographer. The mouthpiece has a condenser, which gathers in the sound from a large area. Whether the new phonograph will be of any commercial value is a question that will have to be answered after it has been given a thorough test.—Democrat's Monthly.

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MANUFACTURER OF AND WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN THE CHOICEST BRANDS OF CIGARS, including our Flor de Pepperberg and 'Euds' FULL LINE OF TOBACCO AND SMOKERS' ARTICLES always in stock. Nov. 26, 1885.

General Grant's. Fame will always grow brighter with age. Balyent's Fig Tonic requires only a trial to illustrate whether the enfeebled constitution will change to one of stout and robust form and the ruddy glow of perfect health will appear where disease once was. No cure, no pay. Price 50c. \$1. For sale by the following druggist: W. J. Warrick.

The standard remedy for liver complaint is West's Liver Pills; they never disappoint you. 30 pills 25c. At Warrick's drug store.

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BEST PREPARATION EVER PRODUCED For Coughs, Hoarseness, Weak Lungs, Whooping Cough, Dry, Hacking Coughs of long standing, and all Bronchial and Lung Affections. Try It. Warranted to Cure Consumption in its Earlier Stages. RAIL-ROAD Remedy for Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, and Neuritis. Warranted by your druggist. 25c. Box and \$1. For \$1 we will send largest size of either Cure, express prepaid. Address: RAIL-ROAD Remedy Co., Box 372, Lincoln, Neb. Trade supplied by Richardson Drug Co., Omaha, Nebraska.

Use Dr. Black's Rheumatic Cure if it don't do you any good come in and we will give you your money back. For sale by Smith & Black.

\$500 Reward. We will pay the above reward for any case of liver complaint, dyspepsia, sick headache, indigestion, constipation or restiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Large boxes containing 30 sugar coated pills, 25c. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by John O. Will & Co., 862 W. Madison St. Chicago, Ill. Sold by W. J. Warrick.

HEALTH IS

Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment a guarantee specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Weakness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, premature old age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses, and Spinal Rheumatism caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-intelligence. Each box contains one month's treatment, \$1.00 a box or six boxes for \$5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES. In every case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Will J. Warrick, sole agent, Plattsmouth, Neb.

Use Dr. Black's Rheumatic Cure if it don't do you any good come in and we will give you your money back. For sale by Smith & Black.

\$500 Reward. We will pay the above reward for any case of liver complaint, dyspepsia, sick headache, indigestion, constipation or restiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Large boxes containing 30 sugar coated pills, 25c. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by John O. Will & Co., 862 W. Madison St. Chicago, Ill. Sold by W. J. Warrick.

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We have an exceedingly large list of Realty for sale, both improved and unimproved, including some of the most desirable residence property in the city. If property is wanted either within the old town site or in any of the additions to the city, it can be had through this office. Persons having property for sale or exchange will consult their best interests by listing the same with us.

Lots in "South Park"

The loveliest residence locality in the city can be purchased at this office for \$150, in payments of one-third down, balance in one and two years; or \$25 down, balance in monthly payments. Anyone desiring to visit this locality, whether they have in view the purchase of a lot or not, by calling at our office will be driven to the Park free of expense. Remember the place,

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