

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

KNOTTS BROS., Publishers & Proprietors.

THE PLATTSBOURNE HERALD

Is published every evening except Sunday and Weekly every Thursday morning. Registered at the postoffice, Plattsmouth, Neb., as second-class matter. Office corner of Vine and Fifth streets.

TERMS FOR DAILY: One copy one year in advance, by mail, \$6.00 One copy per month, by carrier, 50 One copy per week, by carrier, 15

TERMS FOR WEEKLY: One copy one year, in advance, \$1.50 One copy six months in advance, 75

The government chemist who has recently examined thirty-three samples of beer from different parts of the United States, reports that he has found the same adulterated with acids poisonous and injurious to health. However we do not anticipate any marked falling off in the consumption of the foaming lager on that account.

A REPUBLICAN senator that would vote for the confirmation of L. Q. C. Lamar for the high and honorable office of associated justice of the supreme court of the United States, could do nothing that would so thoroughly misrepresent the republican party, and the best interests of the people. Such a senator would place himself beneath the contempt of every loyal patriotic citizen. Even the mugwump New York Times opposes Lamar's confirmation, which considering its relation to Grover Cleveland, is very good evidence of his total unfitness for the position.

The Omaha World is tearing its "innards" over the Douglas county jail, and wildly calls for a grand jury and some additional (?) judges, and all that. The very sensation the World palpably attempts to create condemns the job in our judgment. Whenever it becomes necessary for a newspaper to keep itself before the public by sensational controversies the public have discrimination enough to take the gush with many grains of allowance. The jail management in Omaha may be bad enough and can doubtless be overhauled without any such exaggerated, over-worked, florid buncomb. Rats!

Iowa politics is at white heat this week at Des Moines, over the contest for United States Senator. James F. Wilson, the present incumbent, is very anxious to succeed himself, and as he is one of the ablest men in the State nothing can be said of him on that score; but it seems in his younger days he was not so careful of his public acts as man should be, and his old record is being resurrected to plague him. The Des Moines Leader, Iowa's leading democratic paper, is very bitter in its wholesale denunciations of the doughty Senator, and while it does not espouse the cause of Col. Hepburn, it is indirectly assisting him very materially, in his fight for the seat of Senator Wilson.

JUDGE BREWER of the United States circuit court for the district of Nebraska, will doubtless wish he had never assumed jurisdiction in the case of Parsons, police judge against the mayor and city council of Lincoln. The supreme court of the United States has ordered the council released from the custody of the U. S. marshal, where they have technically been under the arrest by order of Judge Brewer for their disobedience of an absolutely void order of injunction, issued by his honor at the instigation of Parsons, police judge. Mr. Justice Gray of the supreme court announced the opinion of the court holding that a court of equity (Federal court) had no jurisdiction to step in and arrest the action of a municipal corporation when dealing with an officer of the corporation charged with the commission of a crime against the corporation; and that the action of the city council of Lincoln in removing Police Judge Parsons for misfeasance in office was necessarily a criminal proceeding with which a Federal court of equity had no business to intermeddle. This is an important decision and the city authorities are to be congratulated on the result; although, our advice to that body of gentlemen, as a general thing, would be to get rid of unauthorized orders made by the courts, in some other way than by placing themselves in contempt of court. We think those gentlemen ran a good deal of risk in the matter, besides setting a bad example to their fellow citizens; and that they could have got rid of the obnoxious order easier by pursuing the usual remedy of asking the court which improvidently granted it to set it aside.

GOOD NEWS FOR ENGLAND From the People's Journal, Dundee. A great sensation has been created by President Cleveland's message, and if the policy which it indicates be carried out it will produce almost as much effect in this country as in America. The tariff reform which the president recommends goes as far, at least, as the abolition or reduction of the duties on raw materials. Should congress give effect to this proposal its immediate result would be an enormous stimulus to English industry.

Iron, though a product of manufacture, is in one sense a raw material, and the removal of the duties on iron would stimulate the iron industry in this country. The abolition of the duty on wool, which the president mentions, would also probably lead to a great export of wool to America and a considerable rise in the price of that commodity. The first effect of the adoption of the president's policy would be a great increase in our trade with the United States, but its second effect will be to make America a formidable competitor in the markets of the world. For the present, however, the change in the American fiscal policy will be beneficial to this country, and the prospect of it has diffused fresh hope throughout business circles in the city.

SHAM REFORM.

The Secretary of the Treasury must feel flattered at the success of Democratic financing, when he goes before Congress this winter and asks for \$11,000,000 to pay for old debts. That is the size of the deficit which the Democratic party has caused by failing to make the necessary appropriations for carrying on the Government. The parsimonious way in which the Democratic House insisted on treating certain branches of the public service, although willing to squander money freely in unnecessary ways, has resulted in great detriment to the public good and compels Congress now to make up the deficit. And yet when the last Congress adjourned the Democratic party claimed great credit for having cut down the appropriations and apparently saved the Government immense sums of money. That was the sham reform and the sham economy for which this sham administration is noted. As long as the Democratic party tries to get credit for being mean and failing to do its duty, so long will the deficits occur and the public service be crippled in consequence.—E.R.

Three Groves

The sleighing is good and fair prospects of being better. William Gray is nursing a huge carbuncle on the side of his neck.

The protracted meeting that we announced at Rock Bluff some time since by Rev. Braaten is not set on the account of the cold weather we suppose.

The change in our mail route seems to be quite an improvement over the old way, as the mail gets to the railroad one day earlier than before.

Hiram and Belle Beaver from Cedar Creek, are in the neighborhood, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Holmes.

Misses Vick Young and Vannie Patton, from Omaha, and nieces of Mr. F. M. and L. H. Young, are here on a visit spending a few days. REPORTER.

How Men Die.

If we know all the methods of approach adopted by an enemy we are the better enabled to ward off the danger and postpone the moment when surrender becomes inevitable. In many instances the inherent strength of the body suffices to enable it to oppose the tendency toward death. Many however have lost these forces to such an extent that there is little or no help. In other cases a little aid to the weakened lungs will make all the difference between sudden death and many years of useful life. Upon the first symptoms of a cough, cold or any trouble of the throat or lungs, give that old and well known remedy—Boschee's German Syrup, a careful trial. It will prove what thousands say of it to be, the "benefactor of any home."

Two Sensible Ladies.

One that studies health before vanity and one that does not believe all she reads or hears, practical experience is every day teaching that the words given with Dr. Watson's Special Cough Cure, is practically relieving the physicians from advising a hopeless case of Consumption a change of climate necessary, to be left to die among strangers. The Specific Cough Cure is warranted, if directions are carefully complied with, to relieve, if not cure, the worst and most hopeless cases the world ever saw. Price 50c and \$1. For sale by W. J. Warrick.

Hon. H. W. Crady.

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 Anise Salve 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

The Public Eye

Is what troubles many—Publishing testimonials of cures, unknown is condemned by the Quaker Medicine Company and those who have occasion to use Balyeat's Fig Tonic for the blood and indigestion and Dr. Watson's New Specific Cough Cure are free to speak their experiences. No cure, no pay required. Price 50c and \$1. For sale by the following druggist: W. J. Warrick.

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 24th day of December, 1887, and executed by J. S. Jukes to Shyngas S. Jewett & Co. to secure the payment of the sum of \$800.00 and upon which there is now due the sum of \$500.00. Debit 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, 2009. All situated in brick building on east side of 12th block twenty nine (29) in the city of Plattsmouth, Neb. public auction at the front door of the above described store building in the city of Plattsmouth, Neb. on the 23rd day of January, 1888, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day. SHYNGAS S. JEWETT & Co., W. S. WISE, Agent and Attorney. Mortgagees, for Mortgagees.

TOO LATE.

What silence we keep, year after year With those who are most near to us and dear, We live beside each other day by day And speak of myriad things and seldom say The full, sweet word that lies just in our reach Beneath the commonplace of common speech.

Then out of sight and out of reach they go— These close, familiar friends who loved us so; And, sitting in the shadow they have left, Alone with loneliness and sore bereft, We think with vain regret of some fond word That once we might have said and they have heard.

For weak and poor the love that we express Now seems beside the vast, sweet unexpressed, And slight the deeds we did to those undone, And slow the words we spent to treasures won, And undeserved the praise for word and deed That should have overtaken the simple need.

This is the cruel cross of life, to be Full visioned only when the ministry Of death has been fulfilled, and in the place Of some dear presence is but empty space. What recollection of the things we were, Give consolation for the might have been? —Nora Perry in New York Independent.

SKILLFUL FOUR LEGGED MINERS.

Cunning Gophers and How They Bore Tunnels—Where They Carry Food.

In appearance, the gopher, or pouched rat, as it is sometimes called, resembles a short tailed and short legged rat, with a large head and protruding teeth. Their cheeks attract attention, having the appearance of being pushed out or stuffed with something, but this is owing to the fact that our miner has two very strange receptacles, one on each side, separate and distinct from the mouth, little ear-net bags we might call them, each lined with fur, and large enough to enable me to thrust in my thumb to the first joint. Pouches, they are sometimes and often called, and as to their use, there seems to be a diversity of opinion.

The front claws of this miner are extremely large and powerful and enable it to construct tunnels with remarkable rapidity. When once beneath the surface they construct their mines in every direction, with no great regularity, but evidently with the idea of forming a labyrinth that will carry off floods. That this is successful I have frequently demonstrated by turning a large stream of water into the mine. It would run in without overflowing for a long time, and I have never succeeded in forcing one out by this means.

It would naturally be supposed that such miners would place their nest at some distant or deep level in the mine, but the reverse is the rule, the warm nest of bits of weed being formed very near the surface, from which different mines lead away, taking any water that might come in. It might be assumed that the bags or pouches were used to carry out the dirt and stones removed, but, curiously enough, they use them for exactly the reverse, and for carrying seeds or food.

As soon as a gopher makes up its mind that its mining operations have been observed, it invariably crawls out, or partly out of the mine or burrow, and filling its pouches with sticks and sand, backs quickly in, it all seemingly guiding it to the hole with unflinching regularity, the animal never turning, but always backing, and moving so rapidly that it seems almost like the curious lizard that runs one way as well as another. The soil and material carried in this way is deposited at the entrance of the mine, and if the animal thinks that danger is imminent it bites off earth at the mouth of the burrow. Having done this for a few moments it disappears and a second later the opening closes, and a close examination shows a quivering of the earth and a repeated pushing up as if some one was patting it from below. In short, the mine has been filled up from below and so skillfully that few would notice it.

But where is the miner? Not off in some deep level hundreds of feet away, but near at hand, in a tunnel quite at the surface, that has a port hole about as large as a pea. Through this "port hole" the wily miner takes observations, and the tunnel will not be reopened for weeks if it is watched. The gopher comes out generally at night to feed, and carries seeds in its pouches, but the sand and gravel that is removed from the mine is never taken in this way, being pushed up by the animal's breast and forefeet. They are the pests of the southwest portions of the continent, and the valleys of southern California are tunneled by a maze of their mines.—Golden Days.

Jean Ingelow at Home.

Everything is interesting in the life of a talented woman, but Jean Ingelow still shrinks from notoriety, wishing, as she says herself, "to be known only as a name." She resides in London with her mother in a quiet street where all the houses are gay with window boxes full of flowers, and devotes a great part of her time to charitable work among the London poor. Three times a week she gives what she calls a "copy-right dinner" to the sick poor; those just out of the hospital and unable to work. Concerning this work of hers she says: "We have about twelve to dinner three times a week, and hope to continue the plan. It is such a comfort to see the good it does. I find it one of the greatest pleasures of writing that it gives me more command of money for such purposes than falls to the lot of most women. I call this a 'copyright dinner.' We generally have six children as well as the grown up people each time, and it is quite pleasant to see how the good food improves their health. We only have this dinner three times a week, and let our persons dine six or nine times as it seems desirable."—New Orleans Picayune.

The Terror of a First Night.

Manager Edward Aronson, of the Casino, says that one of the peculiar difficulties that an operative manager has to contend with is the terror of his company at a first night. In all dramatic performances, he says, there is a liability to nervousness upon a first night, and a liability to exasperating accidents that no care in rehearsal can prevent, and with singers it is much more likely to be troublesome than with those who are actors only.

"We find very frequently," he said, "that most experienced people, those who have the most reason to feel certain of the kindly appreciation of the public, will hesitate, forget their lines, forget their business and altogether act 'below par' upon the first production of a new opera. I have noticed during an experience of fifty years, and I think that other managers will say the same thing, that those who have to sing upon the stage are more likely to be nervous upon a first appearance in a new role than those who act."—New York Sun.

An old friend to a widow yet in tears— I presume your dead husband had made all preparations to face his maker? "He had indeed. He was insured in six different companies."—Paris Figaro.

BURIALS ON THE BORDER.

SOME THAT WERE SAD AND SOME THAT WERE LAUGHABLE.

Digging a Grave for a Man Who Refused to Die—A Funeral Party Loses the Corpse—Pathetic Story—"With Their Boots on."

Many of the border burials were pathetic in the extreme, but connected with some of them were circumstances so unexpected that their relating almost resolves itself into a kind of humor. One of the first funerals to occur at Great Bend, Kan., possessed unprecedented circumstances enough to make it humorous, if the unexpected is an attribute of humor.

An old and somewhat disliked man, Turley by name, had been confined to his bed for several weeks by a disease which baffled the skill of the would be physicians who attended him. He seemed to grow steadily worse, and his death was hourly expected. Then the cold weather, which had continued for nearly a month, was broken by a few spring like days. The citizens of the little settlement took Turley's case in mind, and decided that as his death was certain to occur in a few days at most, it was better to take advantage of the mild weather and dig a grave for him than to await his death and the probable return of cold weather, when grave digging would be extremely difficult. The grave was accordingly dug. Turley was so full of wrath at having his grave prepared in advance that he rose from his bed, and the same day left town in disgust. It appeared that he had been shamming all the time, in order to obtain free medical care. He rose from his bed, but he had not been buried without waiting for the usual preliminary of death.

The pleasant weather was soon followed by a severe storm of snow and sleet. During the first night of the blizzard a biliously inclined attorney, Godfrey by name, being, as was his wont, in an advanced state of intoxication, by out all night in the snow. Two days later he died from the effects of his freezing. His relatives were telegraphed for, and responded that they would come immediately. The storm increased in violence, and lasting nearly a week, blocked the avenues of travel in every direction.

A few days after Godfrey's death nearly the entire male population of the settlement congregated at the common pool, eat, saloon, grocery, etc., to swap stories, eat crackers and nibble whisky. When all hands were pretty well warmed up, the subject of Turley's shameful deception and unexecuted grave was freely discussed. It was decided that such a good grave ought not to be wasted, and that, in order to make use of it, Godfrey's remains should be speedily interred in it. This met the approval of all present, and with the rude coffin in one wagon, as many as could crowd into another, and a number of horsemen at either side, the funeral cortege started in falling snow.

Several times on the way a dog belonging to a member of the party started a jack rabbit, and each time the horsemen assisted in the chase. The further the procession got from the starting point the more of the mourners jumped from the wagon and aided the horsemen and dog in chasing the rabbit. The grave was reached and found to be partially filled with snow. Then another attorney, who differed but little from the one in the coffin, except that the latter was dead, proposed, as there was no minister of the Gospel present, to do his best to deliver a funeral oration. He had hardly got more than well started when some one shouted that the dog had started another rabbit.

Away went horsemen, footmen, orator, mourners, and all in pursuit of the rabbit and dog, except the coffin and corpse to take care of themselves. The chase was long and exciting, as the dog, while always seeming about to get the rabbit, failed to do it. Left to themselves, the team got tired of standing in the storm and ran away toward home. When the crowd straggled back the snow had filled the grave and obliterated the wagon tracks. As the cemetery consisted of only that one grave, and had no other marks to distinguish it from the rest of the prairie, they were by no means certain of its location in the snow. So they trudged off home in the snow, and arrived to find the team there before them. The "tailboard" was out of the wagon, the coffin and corpse had disappeared. It was not recovered till the snow partially melted, more than a week later.

Then the relatives arrived and took the body east with them, and Turley's grave went unfilled till a cow broke her leg by falling into the pit. The grave was then pronounced a public nuisance and filled up with dirt.

There is a little world of pathos in the simple story of the first burial at Lawrence, Kan. Moses Fomeroy arrived from Illinois in 1854, and set bravely to work to make a home for a dear one left behind. By dint of much labor he improved his homestead considerably, and erected a tidy but comfortable house. Then, full of high hopes for the future, he wrote for his waiting sweetheart to come.

The journey, mostly by stage and wagon, was a long one, and when she arrived the girl found that her lover had expired but the day before. He had been stricken down by a disease much like mountain fever shortly after writing her for her, and during his illness had had no thought but for his coming sweetheart. He was a praying man, and his constant petition was that he might live long enough to see her, but this was denied him, and he died literally with her name on his lips. The next day after the girl's arrival the body of her lover was borne to the tomb. The rude coffin had been taken to the grave in advance. Laid on a bed of fragrant prairie flowers, the body was carried in a lumber wagon to the little cemetery. The head of the dead man rested in the lap of the living girl, who shielded the form as well as possible from all jar that came from the passage of the springless wagon over the unworked roads.

The first burial in Cloud county was that of Mrs. Menzel and her child. This occurred in 1861. The little settlement consisted of only six houses, and there was not a lumber yard or spare piece of board within fifty miles. From those six houses the least necessary pieces of lumber were taken, and a coffin large enough to contain mother and child was constructed. One man contributed the door of his little house, and stopped the opening for a month thereafter by hanging a buffalo coat over it.—New York Sun.

It strikes us that the four quarters of the world is the almighty dollar, and the hind quarter of the world is the daily one you have left on hand.—Detroit Free Press.

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

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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, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in Insanity and leading to misery, decay and premature old age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spinal troubles caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1.00 a box. Six boxes for \$5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES to cure any 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 W. J. Warrick, sole agent, Plattsmouth, Neb.

—Use Dr. Black's Rheumatic Cure if it don't 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 costiveness 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., 802 W. Madison St. Chicago, Its Sold by W. J. Warrick.

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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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