

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

KNOTTS BROS.,
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THE PLATTSMOUTH HERALD

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On account of so many accidents New York City talks of doing away with her elevated railroads.

GOVERNOR LARRABEE'S message to the Iowa legislature contains more words than that of Grover Cleveland.

The wool men of the country are decidedly woolly; yet, this branch of industry don't know what they want or what is good for them, at least such seems to be the notion of Mr. Cleveland.

NORTH and South Dakota, Utah, New Mexico and Montana are knocking for admission. The Dakotas have a republican majority, the others would very likely go democratic by a small majority should they be admitted.

ANOTHER little dose was administered to the Cleveland combination day before yesterday in the United States senate and it was Eugene Hale of Maine, who went through the civil service sham like hot lead through an anvil hole. Mr. Hale showed that the pretender who has sounded the changes on "public office is a public trust" until it has become a veritable chestnut, has a record scarcely second to that of General Jackson in enforcing the spoils system, and that Mr. Lamar, his candidate for the supreme bench is likewise a spoilsman built upon "the Mississippi plan."

As the democratic press of Nebraska, with very few exceptions, rallies to the support of Mr. Lamar for a seat on the supreme bench and sneer at republican senators and newspapers who oppose the job, we would like some of these organs to give their readers a reason or to why Mr. Lamar ought to receive that appointment and in order to get over the natural bashfulness of these democratic lieutenants which might preclude their entering upon the task of giving their reasons at length we will venture to categorically put a question or two which may be answered very briefly and without appearance of offensiveness by our esteemed democratic press. First: Ought a man over sixty years of age to be selected for this very high and laborious position? Second: Is a man who is over sixty years of age who has never practiced his profession for any considerable length of time and who is recognized as a politician, as contradistinguished from the jurist, a fit person to elevate to this very high and honorable place? Third: Is an old man, who is known to be a second-rate lawyer a proper person to place on the supreme bench of the United States? Fourth: Is an old man who is under the control of the corporations of the country or who is biased in favor of corporate claims and demands, as against the people, a fit and proper person to place upon the supreme bench of the United States? Of course we do not ask our democratic friends to venture an opinion of the other questions which, to republicans, offer unsurmountable objections to the appointment of Mr. Lamar, viz., his bad record in times past for loyalty and a decent regard for the very principles upon which this republican form of government is based.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

In a recent after dinner speech, at Boston, Mr. Lowell developed President Cleveland as an equal of Abraham Lincoln. The absurdity of such a comparison is so evident as to excite comment from all shades of political and literary persons. To say that the wayside politician is equal to the great Lincoln borders so completely on the ridiculous as to excite mirth rather than indignation. President Lincoln and Mr. Cleveland lived in the same age and had attained mature manhood at a time and crisis in the history of mankind second to no event since the creation. Mr. Lincoln was a patriot, a great, large hearted, large brained man, who read the times correctly and with far more wisdom than the great men who figured with him upon the stage of American affairs as the champions of universal and constitutional liberty. There were other men who lived at that time, who had political convictions, who took position and acted upon those convictions, and whose true greatness must be measured by their capacity and ability to comprehend such a crisis, and their natural instincts which prompted them to act either as the champions and friends of one side or the other of the great controversy. Measured by this fair rule, where stands President Cleveland? There can be but one answer. He was a narrow, shallow partisan, with-

out the capacity to understand or appreciate the crisis in human affairs that then engaged the universal attention of mankind. Stephen A. Douglas was a great man in many respects, yet he failed to appreciate or to correctly divine the supreme struggle in which he was such an important factor, up to the very time or moment when treason threw off the mask and drove the dagger straight at the Nation's heart. Then, Mr. Douglas did comprehend the situation and go to the great Lincoln, amid the gloom that enshrouded the seat of our nation's power, and declared himself a patriot. Then the great Douglass, for he was great, did stand up among his own people at Chicago, and declared that: "The time has now arrived when a man must be either for or against his country. Indeed, so strongly do I feel this, and that further dalliance with this question is useless, that I shall, myself, take steps to join the army and fight for the maintenance of the Union." Again, in his last speech in Chicago, July 9th, Mr. Douglas exclaimed: "There can be no neutrals in this war, only traitors and patriots." Where was Mr. Cleveland then? What was his position; was he a neutral or was he a patriot? He was a democrat; he sympathized with the peace party; he was opposed to the draft; he, an able-bodied, stalwart young man, hired a substitute, denounced the war and approved every copperhead argument against Mr. Lincoln and the prosecution of the war. We will not call him a traitor then, but will say he was not a patriot. He was a man possessed of so little ability, so little patriotism, so little foresight that he did not comprehend the situation nor understand the times; yet, this is the man Mr. Lowell places on a pedestal with Mr. Lincoln. People must be surprised at Mr. Lowell; he is a flunkey. His record as Minister to the Court of St. James was un-American; he became notorious for his toadyism, his after-dinner speeches and his contempt for Americans abroad who were of the middle or lower classes. Mr. Lowell does well—I mean in his line of fiction where sentiment and love and creations of his fancy are to be created to play their brief parts in a serial story; but, as a statesman, his opinions are utterly unworthy of examination.

Iron Instead of Wood.

It appears that special attention is being paid in France and England to a more general substitution of iron and steel for wood, wherever practicable, in manufactured articles, such, for instance, as building materials, boxes and packing cases, barrels or casks, carriages, carts and other vehicles, furniture, fencing, railway work, sheds, signal boxes, telegraph poles, etc. In France there have recently come into use hollow iron window frames and doors, which are said to be light and strong, and of far greater durability than could ever be assumed of wood. There is no reason, too, it is thought, why corrugated barrels of iron or steel should not be used for liquors, since milk and preserved fruits and other articles are kept in cans. Steel is finding much favor among carriage builders, but there is still much prejudice against the metal being used in the manufacture of furniture. The general adoption of steel sleepers is warmly advocated by some, as is also the employment of iron and steel in the construction of railway cars, and the erection of wooden sheds, signal boxes, etc., by railway companies as at present, might, it is urged, be profitably and economically substituted with steel.—New York Sun.

Tea Culture in the Caucasus.

A wealthy firm of tea merchants, one of the largest in Russia, has acquired extensive tracts in the neighborhood of Soukhoun Kaleh and along the Circassian coast, on which they are about to raise tea plantations. These will shortly be placed under the care and direction of Russian experts, who have been sent to China to study the tea culture and are now about to return.

An experienced tea cultivator, formerly resident in China, and who has prospected the Caucasus, assures me that tea culture will form a considerable staple in the future industries of this region.—London Daily News.

Darwin's Recreation.

Charles Darwin found backgammon a great mental relaxation, and he was very fond of novels for the same purpose. The great naturalist did most of his writing sitting in a large horse hair chair by the fire, upon a board stretched across the arms. When he had many or long letters to write he dictated them from rough copies written on the backs of manuscripts or proof sheets. He kept all the letters he received—a habit caught from his father. When his letters were finished he lay on a sofa in his bedroom and had novels read to him while he smoked a cigarette or regaled his nostrils with snuff.—The Argonaut.

The Editor in Germany.

Newspaper men in Germany have to be very careful about punctuation. The Hofer Tagblatt, a short time ago, said a decoration had been conferred upon Count von Holstein. By an oversight an exclamation point instead of a period appeared at the end of the sentence, and for this the authorities seized the whole issue and instituted a suit against the editor for atrocious libel.—Chicago Times.

Wagner's "Wedding March."

A certain Boston pianist is likely to get himself disliked by the Wagnerians if he doesn't look out. He is reported as saying: "Take Haydn's 'Sonata in D,' opening of first movement, omit ornaments, play it faster in two-four time, and see what you get. Result: 'Wedding March' in Lohengrin."—New York Sun.

THE STONE CUTTER.

We hammer, hammer, hammer, on and on,
Day out, day in, throughout the year.
In blazing heat and tempests drear:
God's house we slowly heavenward rear—
We'll never see it done!
We hammer, hammer, hammer, night and morn,
The sun torments, the rain drops prick,
Our eyes grow blind with dust so thick:
Our name in dust, too, fadeth quick—
No glory and no gain!
We hammer, hammer, hammer, ever on,
O blessed God on Heaven's throne,
Dost thou take care of every stone,
And leave the toiling poor alone,
Whom no one looks upon?
—Carmen Sylva in The Independent.

A HIGH PRICED VOLUME.

How Edwin Forrest Secured a Copy of the 1623 Edition of Shakespeare.

"A notice which I saw the other day, that Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls are about publishing a facsimile edition of the 1623 folio edition of Shakespeare, reminds me of how Edwin Forrest bought his 1623 copy of Shakespeare," said a Philadelphia gentleman at the Hoffman house one evening. "I was connected with the auction house of M. Thomas & Sons, in Philadelphia, for a number of years, and Forrest used to come in the store a great deal and patronize the book sales. He seldom did any bidding himself, but used to tell Mr. Jennings, of the firm, and a life long friend of the actor's, to buy certain books for him. He never left any limit to his bids, but always said simply 'buy them.' If the auctioneer thought a book was bringing much more than its value, and in Mr. Forrest's interests let it go, the big actor would storm and rave the next time he came in, and declare that he would never buy another book in the place if his orders were not carried out to the letter."

"But what I started to tell you was about the famous old 1623 edition of Shakespeare. You know there are only a few copies in the world, and they are of great value, of course. Well, we had a copy for sale one day, and it was so well advertised, not only in this country, but elsewhere, that agents from libraries in England and other countries crossed the ocean to buy it. The day before the sale Forrest walked into the store and said to Mr. Jennings:

"I want that Shakespeare. Buy it."

"How high will you go?" asked Mr. Jennings.

"How high? I don't know and I don't care. Buy it. I want it."

"Then Forrest stalked out without saying another word. The next day, when the big folio was put up for sale, there was some lively bidding. The starting price was \$100 by an Englishman, and it was not long before it reached \$700.

"Seven hundred and fifty dollars!" at last shouted the Englishman who had started the book at \$100.

"And 800 I have already," said the auctioneer, with a smile.

"Who did you get the bid from?" I don't see any one else bidding now," said the Englishman.

"A gentleman left the bid with me."

"Who was it?"

"Ned Forrest."

"That settles it," said the bidder. "If Forrest wants that book there is no use bidding against him. He'd give \$50,000 for it rather than not get it. I'm through bidding."

"The auctioneer tried to get another bid, but without success, and at last his hammer fell and the Shakespeare belonged to Forrest. The actor was delighted the next day with his prize. He took it to his mansion on North Broad street and had a glasscase made for it. It was placed in this case, and the title page and no one was allowed to touch it. Forrest had a facsimile copy which he read. He gave orders that if ever his house should get on fire the 1623 Shakespeare was to be the first thing saved. He had a magnificent Shakespearean library, but the big folio he considered was worth more than all the rest put together. A curious thing happened after Forrest died. A defective line caused a little fire in his library, and about the only thing of value that was burned was that very 1623 edition that he prized so highly."—New York Evening Sun.

The Always Hungry Corean.

A Corean is always ready to eat: he attacks whatever he meets with, and rarely says "enough." Even between meals he will help himself to any edible that is offered. The ordinary portion of a laborer is about a quart of rice, which, when cooked, makes a good buck. This, however, is no serious hindrance to his devouring double or treble the quantity when he can get it.

Eating matches are common. When an ox is slaughtered and the beef is served up, a heaping bowl of the steaming mess does not alarm any guest. Dog meat is a common article of food, and the canine sidebites, served up in great trenchers, are laid before the guests, each one having his own small table to himself. When fruits, such as peaches and small melons, are served, they are devoured without peeling. Twenty or thirty peaches is considered an ordinary allowance, which rapidly disappears.

Such a prodigality in victuals is, however, not common, and for one feast there are many fastings. The Coreans are not fastidious in their eating, nor painstaking in their cooking. Nothing goes to waste. All is criss that comes to the mill in their mouths.—Youth's Companion.

Anarchy in Turkey.

It is remarked that Mussulman pilgrims returning to Constantinople from Mecca bring with them slaves of both sexes, procured by them at the request of friends. The ministry of police, notwithstanding the prohibition by the sultan, feigns ignorance and tolerates this illicit traffic. By the aid of pilgrims the regular slave traders carry on their nefarious business. It is believed that this convenient pretext of pilgrimage to holy places is largely resorted to for the promotion of slave dealing purposes, with practical impunity. This is only another among the numberless signs of the anarchy which is rapidly gaining ground in the country. In the interior there never have been such a want of authority, such lawlessness and such wretchedness among the poorer classes. It is not only the population, however, which defies the governors and officials, but the officials themselves evince a contemptuous disregard of the central authority, being well aware of the condition of things in high places at Stambul.—Constantinople Cor. London Times.

Velocity of Meteors.

The singular fact is demonstrated that, while the most rapid cannon shots scarcely attain a velocity of 600 meters a second, over 1,500 miles per hour—meteors are known to penetrate the air with a velocity of 40,000 or even 60,000 meters per second, a velocity which raises the air at once to a temperature of 4,000 degs. to 6,000 degs. centigrade.—Boston Transcript.

HIS OWN STAR.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Ponder an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate,
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.
—John Fletcher.

CAUTIONS AGAINST FIRE.

Advice as to What You Should Not Do.

The leading insurance companies of New York have published the following practical and intelligible cautions against fire:

Don't allow stoves or heaters on your premises which are not securely set on stone, cemented brick or metal, and be sure that all woodwork near the stoves or pipes is carefully protected with metal.

Don't allow any loose jointed gas brackets on your premises, which could be swung against woodwork, or any gas brackets without wire screens or globes, if any, straw, light materials or window curtains are near them.

Don't allow the electric lights or wires on your premises which are not properly protected.

Don't allow steam pipes to be in contact with wood or inflammable material.

Don't allow any kerosene oil lamps to be filled after dark. Filling lamps near a fire is dangerous.

Don't forget to keep the lamps filled and wicks in good order. When the oil is low it generates gas, which is liable to explode.

Don't allow benzine, gasoline, naphtha or explosives in your place. Your insurance policy prohibits it.

Don't allow ashes to be put in a wooden box or barrel in your building. Always have an iron ash can.

Don't allow any oily waste or rags to be thrown on the floor, but only in a metal can, with cover, and have them taken out of the building every night; they are self-igniting.

Don't allow any greasy or oily rags or papers to be mixed up with clean clippings, or a larger amount of clippings to remain in your place, even if clean and in boxes than absolutely unavoidable.

Don't allow sawdust to be used on floors or in spitoons. It causes many fires, ignited by cigar stumps or cigarettes.

Don't allow sawdust to be used for catching oil drippings from machines or elevator gearing. Sand is safe.

Don't allow matches to be kept loose, or in paper boxes, but only in metal or earthen cases. Those lighting only on the box are safest.

Don't allow smoking on your premises where any combustible goods or materials are used.

Don't fail to have your fire buckets filled, and test hose and fire appliances from time to time.

Don't allow your stairs or hallways to be blocked up or used for storage, or rubbish, hay, straw, etc., to accumulate or remain on your premises.

Don't fail to have all elevators or hoistways provided with good trap doors or hatches, and have these shut at night.

Don't forget to close your iron shutters at night.

Don't forget that neglect and carelessness are the cause of more fires than all other things, and enforce rules to guard against them.

An Incident in Cold Harbor.

I went to look you up again—not to do anything for thoughts such as yours and the thrill and ring of such poetry cannot be evoked. But I give you a fact and a suggestion. At the battle of Cold Harbor, June 26, 1862, Gen. Jackson ordered me to take the First Maryland in, and without any definite orders where to go.

I asked him which way I should move when I had broken their line. He said, "That way," swinging his right arm at full length from him. The direction I afterward found was behind McClelland's left.

Anyhow, I pushed forward toward the place where there was the hottest of the firing and pressed right into the smoke. I found a Federal six-gun battery about 1,000 yards in front and a Federal line of battle in front of the battery in a roadway out into the ground, which afforded them perfect protection. The fire every instant was heavy, more trying. On my right the troops came tearing back in the smoke and gloaming (it was just about sundown); on my left the line lay on the ground and began firing. My own line began to tremble, the men to stumble and catch their toes in the ground, and in a moment they would have been shot and shell screaming over them, and amidst balls knocking a man out every minute. I sprang out in front of the line, gave the order, "Halt! Attention! On the center dress," and then put them through the manual of arms. It was such a relief that they cheered, and at the order rushed forward at a "right shoulder shift arms," and went over the Federal line and battery without firing a shot.—Gen. Bradley T. Johnson's Letter to Col. James R. Randall.

Strategy of a Composer.

The renowned composer Brahms finds it impossible to work except amid absolutely quiet surroundings. He cannot endure the least noise either above, under or at the sides of the room in which he studies. In order to assure himself of the stillness of a lodging it is his custom on his tours to catch the porter of the house in which he thinks of taking up his abode. As it is not much use to enquire in plain terms whether the house is perfectly quiet, Brahms resorts to a piece of strategy, the character of which is shown in the following dialogue: Herr Brahms to the porter: "You must know that I am a jovial sort of fellow and like plenty of music. Tell me, now, there any playing or singing in this house?" The porter to Brahms: "Lots of it, I assure you. There is a piano in the room on this side, and another on that side, and the lady underneath is singing all day long and half of the night." Brahms to the porter: "I am so glad you have told me this; I must call again." But the maestro forgets to pay his second visit.—Pall Mall Gazette.

How Remenyi Used to Travel.

Remenyi, the violinist, was an amusing man, but something of a poseur at the same time. In traveling from place to place on his concert tours, while sitting in a car reading a newspaper, he would hold a "dummy" violin tucked under his chin. As his eyes absorbed the news his agile fingers ran up and down the strings. The passengers would stare, but he appeared to be heedless of their curious gaze. He always said in reply to any questions on the subject, that he was keeping his hand in practice; but the members of his company thought that he did it more as an advertisement than anything else, for every body said, "Who is the jolly little fellow with the fiddle?" and there was always some one to reply, "Oh, that's Remenyi."—Chicago Herald.

The buyer of a large Cincinnati tobacco house, who is paid \$10,000 a year to know good tobacco when he sees it, neither smokes nor chews.

Boat fear ain't kin'ness is love, Kin'ness is love for under folks; fear is love for yerself.—Arkansas Traveler.

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