

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald

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A QUININE SETTLER.

An American free-trader should never touch a fact or a figure, not even to condemn it; the plaguy thing will be sure to hurt him before he can let go of it. It is the duty and the province of an American free-trader to reproduce ancient European theories with solemnity, mindless that there is now a new and native school of political economy. To palaver of Mill and Ricardo, of Adam Smith and Bastiat, and to sneer ineffably when Clay and Webster, Baird and Morrill Greeley and Keeley are mentioned as authorities; to air their acquaintance with and admiration of foreign and their ignorance of and contempt toward American economists are safe things for American free-traders. But they should never, never, touch a fact or a figure.

If there were figures or facts that could be made serviceable to the free traders they would be those relative to the price and manufacture of quinine in the United States; for quinine was placed on the free list in 1879, and it is very much lower in price now than it was then; there is also much more quinine used—just twice as much now as then. These tempting circumstances have often lured free-traders into dangerous proximity to facts and figures, the New York Star being the last victim to impudence. It pleased that journal of free trade to say, on the 12th day of this month, that the United States' consumption of quinine is greater by 2,000,000 ounces a year than under protection, which is true; and also that the price is lower by \$3 per ounce, which is also true; and therefore that free trade in quinine has delivered the people of this country from a "tax to manufacturers of \$6,000,000 a year, or about \$50,000,000 since the trade in quinine was made free," which is utterly and idiotically untrue. The facts and figures here hurt the free trader, as usual.

For while quinine is cheaper by \$2.69 per ounce in the United States now than it was in 1877, just prior to its being made free, it is cheaper by 2.66 per ounce in London, where it always was free. So that the reduction in price is not due to the reduction in duty. Again, the price in London, where quinine was not taxed, was \$3.16 per ounce in 1877, and in the same year it was \$3.50 in the United States; so that the tariff did not raise the American price beyond the rate of exchange and cost of transportation. Tariff tax on quinine no more created monopoly than tariff tax on woollens has done. There was always competition to bring prices down to lowest rates. The price is now lower here and everywhere else than in 1877 simply because the supply of raw material from which it is made is cheaper, and the supply of raw material is cheaper simply because it is more plentiful, large plantations of cinchona trees in India and Java having grown to bark-producing maturity. In 1877 there was a threatened famine of cinchona bark, and prices of quinine were universally high; in 1887 there is a plethora of bark, and the prices of quinine are universally low. But the ratio of difference between American and English prices is not bettered for the consumer, present prices being about 54 cents per ounce here and 50 cents in London, against \$3.50 here and \$3.16 in London prior to the abolition of duty. The retailer makes 300 or 400 per cent more profit now than formerly; the consumer is very slightly benefited. Free traders should never touch figures.

The figures given have simply been in part misstated, and in part may not have been known to the free-trade Star; those that follow would seem to have been willfully perverted. Says the Star: "The manufacture of the drug has been vastly increased in America since that date as shown by the fact that the number of makers has increased from four in 1879 to fourteen in 1887," and then the names of manufacturers are given. But of the fourteen names mentioned, the eminent firm of Powers & Weightman says that three only are now manufacturing quinine, one of the four makers in 1879 having been driven out of the market; of the remaining eleven two relinquished the experiment of competing with the low wages of Europe; nine of the firms mentioned never made an ounce of quinine. Free traders should never meddle with facts.

The number of American quinine makers, then, is less under free-trade than under protection, and the price of the drug, as compared with foreign prices, is not lower, and is absolutely very little lower to the consumer, the retailer being the chief beneficiary. But, says the Star,

the country now uses 4,000,000 ounces a year, against 2,000,000 prior to free-trade, therefore the home manufacture is increased. But it isn't. The imports exceed the increase of consumption; so that there is less American quinine made, against a greater consumption, and without relative reduction in price. The Italian government pays a bounty on every ounce of home-made quinine exported to the United States. The quinine industry is a minor one, but it is one of the few upon which free-traders have laid hands. They have given half the home market to Europe, have not reduced prices, have crippled a trade in which wages were high. Free-traders should never be permitted to monkey with industry. Their mission is to reproduce ancient theories, and to compliment each other upon the profundity of their knowledge.—Inter-Ocean.

IF

It is coming! the celebrated tariff revision bill to be presented by the democratic majority of the fiftieth Congress, and one would think from the cackle that this is to be the first tariff legislation this country has ever had proposed by its law makers. The only difficulty to be solved is to originate some plan by which it may be handed up to Grover Cleveland without permitting the Republican members to pass an opinion or vote on the measure. There are but two plans we can suggest, the first would be "the Mississippi plan," and the second would be to submit it to a Democratic caucus and, if it passes the rapids there without breaking up, forward it to Grover without allowing it to appear in the open session of the House. Sammy Cox and Mills, of Texas, might take it up to Grover; they are both humorists.

Tan Chicago News denounces speaker Carlisle roundly for his lack of backbone. It says: "Speaker Carlisle has so little backbone that his Prince Albert coat has as many folds in its back as a three-decker accordion. What impartiality he has comes from the weak desire to offend no one, not from a moral purpose to do that which he knows to be right irrespective of consequences. One instance alone is sufficient to show Carlisle's utter unfitness for the place he occupies. Civil-service reform is one of the most important questions before the nation. President Cleveland owes much of his advancement to the faith that advocates of the reform have placed in his attachment to the principle. He has never failed to recommend it. And yet Carlisle, professing to be a friend to the administration and even to the reform itself, has appointed Judson C. Clements of Georgia, an open enemy of reform, chairman of the committee on the subject in the house."

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The savage king of the Matabele, in South Africa, has probably never heard of the game laws of civilized nations, but it has occurred to him that something should be done to save the elephants from utter extermination, and he has set about the task. He has issued an order that white men be no longer permitted to hunt the elephant in his large territory. He says the Dutch and English hunters have left very few elephants alive, and that he will not permit the noble animals to be hunted again until they are largely increased in number. The ivory trade south of the Zambezi is no longer profitable, because so few elephants fall in the way of the hunters. No part of Africa is now rich in ivory except the un hunted regions of the Congo basin.

Two young women by the name of Draper carry on a successful farm at Auburn, Mass., about eighteen miles from Boston. Two or three years ago they were teaching school, which occupation they gave up to see what they could do as farmers. They owned their place, so they began to carry out their plans as soon as decided upon. They began by raising chickens, and their eggs are famous the country round. To prove that they are fresh, each egg is stamped with the date of its birth, and for this guarantee their customers are willing to pay double the market price. Everything they raise is of the best, and is made to appear to the best advantage. To attain success they are obliged to work hard, and it is not unusual for them to begin their day's work at 3 o'clock in the morning.

Reforms in the Peerage. Earl Dunraven proposes to reform the British house of lords by creating life instead of hereditary peers, and making the legislative body elective by the peerage for a period of nine years, a third of the number retiring triennially. He would have the chamber of peers consist of only 100 or 150 members, and the un-elected peers who might be eligible would be relegated to the house of commons. The scheme is not likely to receive any important support.—Frank Leslie's.

The Lick Telescope. The gigantic Lick telescope on Mount Hamilton, Cal., is at last ready for its work of astronomical exploration. It is the greatest refracting telescope in the world, and now that its maker, Alvan Clark, is dead, there is little probability that it will ever have a rival, at least in the present state of development of the art of telescope making.—Frank Leslie's.

POSSUMS FOR SALE.

ONLY A FEW FOUND IN THE NEW YORK MARKET.

An Old Darkey Talks About the Favorite Dish That Tingles the Palate of His Fun Loving Race, and Tells How to Cook It.

A reporter was leaning against a popular stall in the Washington market recently, when a countryman came along with a small bag swung across his broad shoulders. He paused before the stall and eyed the bulky form of the ponderous marketman with a twinkle in his eye which proclaimed that he was not a stranger to the man he finally winked at. The huge butcher returned the silent greeting with the humorous stoicism of his tribe, and after a decorous pause, remarked with a satisfied blandness he did not attempt to conceal: "Ah! I see you've got 'em."

"Yes, I've got 'em," replied the countryman, "an' they's jess th' purtiest critters you ever lay y'r eyes on."

The countryman slowly shifted the bag from his shoulder to the floor, and then thrust his ample right hand into it, but with the measured slowness which denoted long practice in the art of subjecting haste to a science. Slowly he drew his hand out of the bag and held up a large animal by a long, clean, white tail. The animal looked like a pig, and it didn't. It had iron gray hair all over it in thin patches. It was remarkably fat. The countryman repeated the operation until three of the animals lay upon the stall. The butcher gazed at them with admiration. Then turned them over and over. Then held them up, one at a time, by the long tail, and finally dumped them in the scales, one at a time. When he had finished he went to his drawer and produced a silver dollar, which he handed to the countryman, who took the coin and went his way, only a grunt of satisfaction disclosing that he was amply satisfied.

"Opossum, eh?" said the reporter. "Yes, and mighty fine ones they are; plump as they can be, and first class in every way," said the butcher.

"Who buys them?" "Who buy?" exclaimed the butcher. "Why, my dear fellow, them 'possums won't hang on them pegs twenty minutes by my watch. Every colored man who comes along this way will see them 'possums the minute he strikes the entrance, and he'll make a break for my stall. There's nothing in this market in the meat line a colored man'll buy as long as one of them animals is around."

"You make good profits on them?" "Well, you see, I take all that John brings; and not all the butchers cares about bothering with 'em. They don't ornament a stall to kill, you know."

The reporter could not subscribe to this sentiment, but before he had time to remark he caught sight of an aged African bearing down upon the stall with all the expedition his years would allow.

"How much fur dis, boss?" he said, grabbing the largest opossum by the tail. "Sold!" said the butcher, with emphasis. "Sol! Great Scott!" exclaimed the African, with lamentation in his voice and consternation in his looks. "You don't sol em, eh? Too bad! I don't set my heart on dat 'possum. Y' can't lemme have 'em?"

"No, He's sold; sold him before I got him."

"But you ain't don' sol dis one?" said the customer, seizing the next in size with a look of defiance. "No; that one's for sale."

Before the conversation had proceeded further another ancient representative of Ham had come upon the scene and was waiting his turn. He looked upon the second prize with a longing eye, and the reporter could see that he was anxious to compute for the possession of it.

"How much does y'r want fur it?" asked the first customer, eyeing the second corner with volumes of distrust. "I want seventy-five American pennies with Pocahontas stamped on the back," said the butcher, with a wave of his hand.

"I'll gin y'r dollar, boss," said the second corner. "No, y'r won't do no sich, Mr. Smartie," exclaimed the first customer. "Dat's my 'possum, an' I'm gwinter have 'im, an' y'r needn't lay y'r mouff juce up ober de hopes ob gittin' 'im." The man held the opossum firmly in his strong grasp with his right hand while he skinned it in all his pockets for his money. After a while he produced the required pennies and said, with lofty mien: "Dat's y'r money, sah, Pokahontas an' all."

The second customer said nothing, but ascertaining that the remaining opossum could be had for fifty cents, paid down the tariff in shuffles, and, casting upon the first customer, however, a glance which looked like a razor in the sharpness of its direct view and in the bluntness of it in its sidewise sweep.

"Tell the gentleman here something about the 'possum, Uncle Jack," said the butcher. "Cert'nly," said Uncle Jack, with a chuckle. "I's been buyin' 'possums from y'r mouff five year, an' it's I, I guess it an' an' mighty nice 'possums dey is, ter be sho'. But they don't hol'er candle light ter 'possums in de lan' where I was foteh up. I cums from ole Virginny, w'ere de 'possums grow on de 'siamon trees."

Bronson Alcott recently passed his 88th birthday. In a private letter to a friend Miss Louisa M. Alcott says: "Father fails slowly. He no longer goes out, sleeps much of the time and takes less interest in things about him. But he still likes his books at hand and enjoys seeing a friend now and then. The twilight is closing gently in, and he may fall asleep at any moment. Thanks to the friends who hold the dear old man in loving remembrance."

Dennis Kearney was indoors when the storm broke in New York the other day, and the streets were sheeted with ice when he got ready to go out. He looked curiously at the sidewalk and asked: "What kind of weather is this? How would you describe it? He was told that it was a rain storm simply, but that the rain was freezing as it fell. "Heavens!" cried he, "and is it slippery? Why isn't that terrible!" He was advised to try it and find out. He did try it, and he did find out. Dennis is not a remarkably good skater.

Gold Dust Uncalled For. Manager Coffee, of Wells, Fargo & Co., recently said to a San Francisco reporter: "You would be surprised to see what stacks of gold coin and gold dust remain here uncalled for. When we have kept it long enough we send the gold dust to the mint and get it coined, and then credit it to the unknown. Years ago an old fellow living up on the John Day river, in Oregon, sent us a big bag of gold. We stowed it away until the bag looked like a relic of the middle ages, and would scarcely hold together. Then we sent the bag of dust and nuggets over to the mint and got it transformed into \$8,000. Eight years afterward an old, bearded looking fellow walked in and said he guessed he had some money here. We asked him his name, and when he gave it we told him yes he had, and asked him why he hadn't called long ago. Well, he said he had sent it down in advance of his coming himself, and when he got here he didn't need it, and he went on to Australia, and finally around the world, and had only just now got back. We asked him why he hadn't taken it to the bank, saying that he could have got a good many thousand dollars interest on it by this time. Yes, he said he knew that, but the banks might break, and he thought he would just leave it where it was."—New York Sun.

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Sheriff's Sale. By virtue of an order of sale issued by Willet Potter, sheriff of the Peace, within and for Cass county, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will on the 31st day of January, A. D., 1888, at 10 o'clock A. M., of said day at the Lion Tavern Restaurant, situated on lower Main street in Plattsmouth, Nebraska, in said county, sell at public auction, the following goods, wares and merchandise, to-wit: The goods, wares and merchandise of the Lion Tavern bakery and restaurant, consisting of cigars, tobacco, candies, canned fruits, confectionery, flour, oysters, ginger snaps, crackers, dishes, fruit baskets, tinware, table clothes, towels, wrapping paper, six tables, twenty-four chairs, knives, forges, spoons, two gasoline stoves, two heating stoves and stovepipes, tinware, saw and saw-back and six weighing scales, barrels and baskets, one cupboard, and all the appertinences and fixtures belonging to said restaurant or bakery the sum being levied upon, as taken as the property of Morrison & Thornburg, defendants; to satisfy certain judgments of said court, recovered by Julius Peppers, Henry Boggs, John Bros., J. C. Peterson and Bro., J. E. Cox, and John Bauer, plaintiffs, against said defendants.

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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.

Use Dr. Black's Rheumatic Cure and throw away your cane and crutches. For sale by Smith & Black.

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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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.

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Nov. 26, 1885.