

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

KNOTTS BROS.,
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LETT.—Who got left? The Democrats.

GENERAL SHERIDAN had another very serious attack yesterday and it is feared he will not live much longer.

EX MAYOR PRINCE, of Boston, a member of the democratic national committee, says the democracy will have to strain every nerve to carry New York this time or they will get left worse than they did yesterday.

SENATOR PLUMB of Kansas says the affairs of the Indian Territory have never been so badly managed as they are at present. He can easily substantiate it for it is notorious that Mr. Cleveland's Indian commissioner has permitted all kinds of abuse of authority on the part of his subordinates, and that the work of civilizing the Indians has been shamefully subordinated to that of putting money into the pockets of personal and political favorites who hold trading privileges.

UNDOUBTEDLY in nominating Fisk and Brooks for president and vice president, respectively, the prohibitionists have selected a strong ticket. Fisk will draw a good many thousand votes from the republicans of the north, and Brooks will weaken the Democrats in the south somewhat, although not dangerously. The prohibitionists have no terrors for the republican part this year, because that party at this moment is in better shape to make an aggressive and successful canvass than it has been at any time since 1872.—Globe Democrat.

THERE is to be no international yacht race this year, and the regret at the omission of a contest which arouses such deep and general interest is widespread. But our British friends probably will not leave us long in undisputed possession of the famous cup. The indications are that the next time they compete they will, so to speak, meet us on our own ground—that is, they are likely to send over a centreboard cutter to try conclusions with our centreboard sloops. This will mean an international concession of no small significance; it will also show that the people of Britain are not so slow to catch a new idea as some alert Americans suppose.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE recent General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church in selecting Episcopal residences, fixed upon Omaha as one of them. The bishops allowed to choose their residences from the list of places selected by the General Conference, in the order of their ages beginning with the oldest. Bishop John P. Newman, when the time for him to choose came selected Omaha. Bishop Newman is well known throughout the United States, and also throughout the world. For years he was the popular pastor of the Metropolitan M. E. church at Washington City, and was appointed by Gen. Grant as inspector of consulates, and his writings while in that position attracted general attention. He was the pastor, and spiritual advisor, of Gen. Grant in his last days at Mount McGregor, and was selected by the family and friends of the great commander to preach the funeral sermon, which he did to the eminent satisfaction of everybody. Bishop Newman brings to his responsible position admirable qualities, and we congratulate the church on his election, and Omaha on securing the presence of so great and good a man.

In his address the other evening on the Reason and Result of Civil Service Reform, Mr. George William Curtis enforced his plea for a constitutional amendment making presidents ineligible for re-election by saying that "even Ulysses did not dare to pass the sirens without stopping his ears against their song." The honorable gentleman, to paraphrase Daniel Webster, is fresh in his reading of his classics and can set us right if we are wrong, but, according to the best of our poor recollection, Ulysses stopped the ears of his companions with wax, but lashed himself to the mast. It is a small point, but serves to suggest that Mr. Curtis has been engaged in the last three years in stopping the ears of his followers, that they might not hear the stern and righteous condemnation which has assailed the president from every quarter of the solemn promises made in his behalf. Mr. Curtis' own ears are open. He hears the dangerous chorus of denunciation, and would, perhaps, be glad to heed it, but he has lashed himself so fast to the Cleveland mast that he cannot escape—not even to jump overboard.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Lesson in Natural History.

A city man who has gone to the country had his curiosity awakened the other day by the shrill and vociferous piping of some creatures in the neighborhood that the country folk said was tree toads. Probably everybody who has been in the country knows this high key chorus formed of 3 or 4 notes incessantly repeated. The city man traced the noise to a grove of trees, and spent ten minutes standing beneath one tree after another and looking up along the trunks and branches to discover one of the loud choristers. He had no success whatever. The noise filled the air, and seemed as likely to proceed from one tree as another, and more likely to proceed from all. Just as he was about to give up the quest he came to a little dent or hollow in the ground, and his ears were smote by such a close and loud volume of the singing that he knew he was on the right trail. There was a little water in the hollow, full of leaves, black in the middle, and scummed with green at the edges. He took one step nearer to it, and the noise ceased. He stooped down and mimicked the frog chorus pretty closely by whistling. Instantly the air was filled anew with the strange melody.

The capture was an easy matter after that. Every time he advanced toward the water the noise ceased, and he stirred it up again by whistling. Finally he found himself bent directly over the pool and engaged in close and sympathetic conversation with its denizens. Under one leaf, by narrow scanning, he perceived a throbbing or palpitation of the water. The noise proceeding directly from that spot was so loud and acute that it pierced his ear. It seemed that the musician must be of large size. He plunged in his hand and drew out—what does everybody suppose? a frog, but as small a one as nature could well build—a little black object that would scarcely cover a quarter of a dollar. It was not one-twelfth the size of a canary bird, and yet in voice was quite as loud as any canary can boast.—New York Sun.

REMOVAL OF SUPERFLUOUS DENTISTRY.
Veterinary dentistry is a new specialty treated in the practice, and some very interesting operations in this branch of the profession have been performed. A case that illustrates this particularly well was had at the American Veterinary college not long ago. It was the removal of the third molar tooth, the patient was a brown gelding. The first sign of trouble was a discharge from the right nostril. After several weeks, this not ceasing, the owner sent the horse to the country for a run at grass. Here the animal remained, doing well, as the owner supposed, until word was received from the owner of the pasture stating that the services of two practitioners had been had and that there was a question in dispute between them as to the nature of the animal's disease. One maintained that the horse was affected with glanders and ought to be killed, while the other contended it was not.

Immediately after this the horse was sent back to the city and taken to the hospital for examination. A large swelling was found on the right side of the face, involving the nasal bone. The animal roared when moved, respiration being performed with much difficulty. Placing his hand in the mouth, the surgeon found that the third molar tooth of the upper jaw was decayed and the cavity partly filled with food. To prepare the horse for the operation of having the tooth pulled, a system of dieting was first begun. When all was ready the horse was thrown down and put under the influence of chloral, then the diseased tooth was taken out by removal in two pieces. As a part of the operation the bulging nasal bone was trephined. Daily treatment followed, the tooth cavity being kept as clean as possible by washing out with water the foreign matter that daily collected. Respiration was performed with ease after the operation, and at the end of the fourth week the horse was discharged from the hospital cured.—New York Mail and Express.

A Warning.

The modes of death's approach are various, and statistics show conclusively that more persons die from disease of the throat and lungs than any other. It is probable that everyone, without exception, receives vast numbers of Tubercle Germs into the system and where these germs fall upon suitable soil they start into life and develop, at first slowly and is shown by a slight tickling sensation in the throat and if allowed to continue their ravages they extend to the lungs producing Consumption and to the head, causing Catarrh. Now all this is dangerous and if allowed to continue will in time cause death. At the onset you must act with promptness; allowing a cold to go without attention is dangerous and may lose you your life. As soon as you feel that something is wrong with your throat, lungs or nostrils, obtain a bottle of Boshée's German Syrup. It will give you immediate relief.

A Sudden Attack.

"He dropped on his knees at her feet and began the speech he had been so long rehearsing:

"Darling love I hate you—I mean, darling, hate, I love you, no—I mean!"
Here his face assumed a livid hue and began to tie itself in hard knots.

"What is it—paralysis?" she asked frantically.

"No, love," he whispered hoarsely, "I am kneeling on a tack!"—Detroit Free Press.

An Old Political Lion.

When Felix Fyatt re-entered the French parliament, "Well, old lion," said a Socialist deputy to him, "I suppose you will let us hear you roar again." "No, my friend," replied the elect of Marseilles, "at my age lions no longer roar—they groan." This is the fourth time he has been a deputy, and he hopes it will be the last.—Foreign Letter.

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EAT THE SIMPLEST FOOD.

How Jay Gould Stands the Strain of Business—A Good Dietetic Rule.
The very best living is compatible with the greatest simplicity, and the complex variety of the set feasts of today is, as a matter of fact, incompatible with really good living. Jay Gould, talking about eating some time ago, said: "I do not believe that any man can stand the strain of a large business unless he lives on the simplest food he can get. I am very fond of baked potatoes. They are about the simplest things you can eat. I do not care for what are called fancy dishes. Plain meats and vegetables, good bread, good butter and good milk are my staples. I don't mean that I do not like some dishes that I cannot eat with impunity, but I am lucky enough not to care much about them. I remember once at a public dinner I ate some dish which was very good to the taste, but I was sick for a week after it."

"Now, when I go to a heavy dinner, I take a little soup if it is plain, a piece of roast meat or game, and some plain potatoes or peas—or, in fact, any vegetable that is served without sauce. These sauces spoil the food for me. Then for the rest of the time I sit at the table, play with something on my plate, and pass the time as well as I can." Why is Jay Gould's opinion about food any better than that of any other man? Simply because he has succeeded better than most men in associating causes with effects, and is beyond question a leading expert as to causes, and food is a prime cause.

Simplicity, then, is invaluable as a characteristic of good food. It is also a characteristic of the most refined gastronomy, for there is a simplicity of elegance as well as a simplicity of coarseness. The ash cake and molasses of the Alabama field hand is a simple meal. The ash cake is merely a lump of paste of corn meal and water buried and baked in hot ashes. But a canvas back, plainly and properly cooked, with a glass or two of rare, pure old wine, is just as simple. Nothing but the best is good enough for any man who can get the best, and it is well to remember that quality being equal, the simplest food is the best.

What, then, shall we eat? There is the best medical authority for saying, "eat whatever you want." The rule, like all others, has its limitations. A man who is suffering from the gastronomic crimes of the past, who has little by little destroyed his healthy appetite and substituted therefor a morbid craving for abhorrent mixtures, may no longer go on in his sins without fresh pang for every fresh offense. "But," the reader will say, "this is a flat contradiction of the first dictum, 'eat what you want,' and the whole theory becomes an absurdity."

Not so fast. If your stomach is already ruined, you see except. But if it be ruined, you will please remember that it was not ruined by intelligent eating, or eating in compliance with the real demands of your stomach and your appetite. It may have been because you ate when you didn't want to, or did not eat when you wanted to, or from some other cause than eating. Perhaps your ancestors spoiled it for you, but don't make the mistake of supposing that nature, unless it is interfered with, will give you an appetite for any food that your stomach can't take care of.—New York Mail and Express.

Waste of Ammunition.

In the new school of the soldier, called for because of the adoption of the magazine rifle, a principal difficulty, and one not yet met, is the prevention of reckless and wasteful extravagance in ammunition. A decided inclination has been observed among old as well as young soldiers to be less saving than formerly. The German or French soldier, if he likes, may fire say twenty rounds in a minute, and the reduction of the size and weight of the bullet and powder enables him to carry half again as many cartridges as before. In times of excitement, should he lose his head, that is to say, his wits, he might empty his cartridge case and leave his handloader at short notice, so short, indeed, that when the enemy should really come up, and quick firing would be of vital moment, he would be practically powerless.

A famous American revolutionary general commanded his men to "wait till you see the whites of their eyes," referring to the enemy, and thus he made sure there would not be any ammunition wasted. After the same idea the German and French officers are trying to instruct their men, but they have discovered that a soldier fires with more or less care, according to the difficulties of loading his piece and the number of shots he has left him.—Scientific American.

An Autocrat in Social Life.

Two ladies who live neighbors on Trumbull avenue have never called on each other because, as they both moved there at the same time, they could never decide which one was to make the first call.

For the same reason they have never spoken to each other, but have waited to be formally introduced. A few days ago there arose a slight disturbance between the children of the two families, and the least ceremonious of the two ladies took this occasion to step over to her neighbor's veranda and offer an olive branch of peace.

"I am sorry that my little girl should have annoyed yours. She acknowledges that she was in the wrong. I will see that it does not happen again."

The other lady stared icily through her gold eye-glasses, and turning to the nurse girl at her side, inquired in her most supercilious tones:

"Is she speaking to me?"
The girl repeated what had been said to her mistress.

"Tell her I accept the apology," said that lady haughtily, and, turning, she withdrew to her house.

Could royalty have been more arrogant!—Detroit Free Press.

Laughing at Love Letters.

Why do people, old and young, and of all sorts and conditions, rush in crowds to the courts and almost travel over each other's heads to hear love letters read, and then go home and laugh at them as if they had found something unique in the way of fun? Why do grave men and sober women skip all the sensible reading in a newspaper if it happens to contain a love letter, and, having read that, laugh at it as if it were the latest and best of Gilbert's operatic jokes? Ten to one if all the old trunks in all the old garrets were called to give up their treasures they would convict these grave men of just such "silliness," if they please to call it so, as that which excites their risibles. The man or woman was ever thoroughly in love—and not to have been there, were we informed, is to have missed some happiness, at least—who didn't say and do "silly" things. Why, then, does everybody feel such an irresistible inclination to deride the manuscripts love making of an unfortunate whose letters get into the courts and papers? Why ridicule a universal trait?—Kansas City Journal.

"Tom and Jerry."

A Kentucky newspaper claims the invention of the drink known as Tom and Jerry for Jack Shingler, an eccentric old shoemaker, who originated it a third of a century ago and named it after Thomas Jefferson and the biblical prophet Jeremiah.—Chicago Herald.

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A valuable improved stock farm in Merrick Co., Neb., 160 acres and on reasonable terms.

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TORNADO POLICIES.

The present year bids fair to be a disastrous one from tornadoes and wind storms. This is fore-shadowed by the number of storms we have already had—the most destructive one so far this year having occurred at Mt. Vernon, Ill., where a large number of buildings were destroyed or damaged. The exemption from tornadoes last year renders their occurrence more probable in 1888.

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