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NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
BENJAMIN HARRISON,
of Indiana.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
LEVI P. MORTON,
of New York.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
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FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
GEORGE D. MEIKLEJOHN.
FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,
GILBERT L. LAWS.
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FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
WILLIAM LEES.
FOR COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC LANDS AND
BUILDINGS,
JOHN STEEN.
FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC IN-
STRUCTION,
GEORGE B. LANE.

This is a most glorious year for the republicans, as the president, Allen G. Thurman and George G. Vest are furnishing valuable campaign literature for the republicans.

GOV. HILL is as good as his party, is what the democratic newspapers are saying. We won't dispute it, for no sane person is contending this year that the democratic party is one of the choicest products of our civilization.

HAD G. M. Lambertson been a candidate for congressman backed by the Lancaster delegation he would have had hearty support from Cass county, having defined his position in the late convention that ambitious gentleman will probably see the day when he will yearn for Cass county support. Judge Allen W. Field has already had cause to know what Cass county support is worth.

THE Cass county delegation returned from Lincoln this morning in fine feather and as jolly as though they had brought home with them the congressional nomination. Judge Chapman expressed himself as pleased with the nomination and especially with the manner in which his sturdy delegation from Cass acquitted themselves and also with the manner in which the convention was conducted. There is no doubt but Mr. Chapman would have been the nominee of the convention had the Lancaster delegation done what was expected and what that delegation unquestionably should have done. Now for the democratic convention and then the jury of sovereigns in November.

THE delegates of the eighth representative district of Nebraska will meet in convention at Weeping Water, Neb., September 26th, 1888, at 7 p. m., for the purpose of placing in nomination a candidate for said representative district, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the convention.

The counties are entitled to representation as follows: Cass county, sixteen; Otoe county, twelve.

MILTON D. POLK, Ch'm.,
Cass Co. Rep. Cen. Com.

J. R. MCKEE, Ch'm.,
Otoe Co. Rep. Cen. Com.

NO NEED FOR MINOR PARTIES.

Henry George, we observe, tells all labor party men who favor free trade to vote the democratic ticket. This is good advice. All men belonging to that organization who believe in destroying the protective features of the tariff should cast their ballots for Cleveland and Thurman. In fact, every citizen in the country, no matter what his party affiliations have been heretofore, who thinks that free trade would be a good thing for the United States should array himself under the democratic standard. And carrying this reasoning a step farther, every prohibitionist and labor man who believes that the protective system is a benefit to the country should join the republicans.

There is no need for any more than two parties in this campaign. It is the tariff, and not temperance or woman suffrage, which is the absorbing issue of the canvass. The question of the prohibition of the liquor traffic and the

THE FAN IN JAPAN.

DETAILS OF THE PROCESS OF DESIGNING AND MANUFACTURING.

A Great Variety of Colors Applied by Means of Blocks of Cherry Wood—Fans for Gentlemen of Taste—The Fan's Many Uses—Etiquette.

Among the scenes of unique interest which arrest the eye of the traveler in Japan one finds one's self well repaid for a visit to the fan makers. Few of those who visit the curio shops to purchase these gaudy trifles have any idea of the meaning of their picturesque designs or the method by which they are made. Yet this handicraft does really more to advertise Japan than any other manufacture. Fans are made by thousands of independent laborers, centralized capital and labor for the manufacture of works of art and handicraft being as yet little known in Japan. The principal workers in this trade are found in Tokio, Kyoto, Nagoya and Fukui.

We have watched the operation from beginning to end—the splitting of bamboo, the cutting and pasting of delicate rice paper by the girls, the artistic, dainty picturing, the finishing and packing. They are sometimes inscribed with classic quotations, poetry, statistical tables, almanac lore, maps, pictures of noted places and congratulations. Often these are made to depict life, customs, architecture in Europe, or even Yokohama, that city being the immediate link between the Japanese and foreigners. Thus are the fans in the household, of which there are many, made to educate the family.

The design for the pictures on an ordinary flat fan is first drawn on thin paper, then pasted on a block of cherry wood and engraved; afterward printed from this by laying the fan paper on the block and pressing smoothly. Japanese books have been printed in this way for centuries prior to the late changes in the empire. The variety of colors are put on with not infrequently as many as twenty blocks. Often the picture papers have the choicest of perfumes laid before them before being pasted on the frame, then finished with ivory handles, inlaid and gold lacquered.

FOR GENTLEMEN OF TASTE.

Gentlemen of luxurious tastes have large collections of these refreshing trifles, with autograph inscriptions and pictures from celebrated artists. A very dainty custom in vogue is to exchange fans as we do photographs.

We, as foreigners, are supposed to do things upside down. In this country the large, flat fans are for the use of gentlemen, but in Japan it would be a dire breach of etiquette, as these are used exclusively by women. The gentleman always carries a folding fan in his girdle or bosom, usually elegantly decorated. If he is a scholar or author, when he invites his literary friends to his house, they go prepared to inscribe this dainty bit of refreshment offered them on arrival. A rack of silver hooks, or a similar fan holder is found in every house of the last pretension.

Japan uses the fan for a great variety of purposes, made of stout paper to winnow grain, for dust pans and charcoal fire blowers; of waterproof paper for dipping in water and as a vaporizer, for producing extra coolness to the face. There are double winged fans for the juggler, who makes a butterfly of paper flutter up the edge of a sword, for the judges at wrestling matches and for the dancing girl, who makes her fan a part of her own graceful motion and classic pose. In charming grace of manner the Japanese are unequalled, and secret though decorous love is often expressed in artistic use of the fan till consummated by openly avowed attachment.

As tokens of good feeling and polite attention Americans are not infrequently the recipients of costly fans from their Japanese friends.

On a certain special occasion, accompanying an invitation to dinner, tied with daintiest silk cord on perfumed paper, was a tray of confections and sponge cake in a lacquered box of exquisite make and a case of three rare, painted fans, each tied in silk napkins.

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Centuries have faded into shadow;

Earth is fertile with the dust of man's decay;

Pilgrims all men were to some bright El Dorado;

But they wearied and they fainted by the way.

Some were sick with the surfeiture of pleasure;

Some were bowed beneath a care encumbered breast;

But in turn, they all trod life's stately measure,

And all paused betimes to wonder: "Is there rest?"

Look, O man! to that limitless hereafter,

When thy anguish shall be lifted from its dust;

And thy love shall be severed from its lust;

When thy soul shall be sanctified with seeing

The ultimate dim thrill of the Elysian fields;

And the passion haunted fever of thy being

Shall be drifted in a universe of rest!

—Percy Somers Payne.

A Lesson in Art Criticism.

At one of the elegant homes of the city there is a daughter who is quite an artist.

Recently a gentleman called who prides himself upon being an art critic.

"O, did you know we have just purchased one of Frederic Leighton's pictures, Mr. Adelbert?" asked the young girl. "Do come out and see it," leading the way. It represented a deserted wharf, with a young girl, her draperies blown by the wind, looking out over a rough sea.

Mr. Adelbert was charmed.

"Such color! Such a curve of the arms!"

Such poise and grace in the figure! In Sir Frederic's best vein. Believe me, you have a gem in this picture."

The young lady's mother was alarmed.

She could not permit such deception.

"Why, Gladys painted that herself, Mr. Adelbert. She is just teasing you for flattery."

Exult Mr. Adelbert with a queer look on his face and with Miss Gladys biting her lips to hide the dimples that came from the laugh bubbling up from her very toes. Half the art critics are just like that, too. So much in a name. An artist does one thing grandly. Then he can sell dabs forever after on reputation.

An author gives us one good book. The rest may all be trash, but nobody knows it.

The ways of this critical, ignorant, fawning world are, indeed, past finding out.—Carrie M. Ogilvie in *Arkansas Traveler*.

Pathos of the Humorous.

"There goes my vacation!" exclaimed a Norwich working woman the other day, but no one saw it go or could comprehend the meaning of the remark until she took her plate of false teeth from her mouth in two pieces. With working people vacations hold by a very slender thread.—Norwich Bulletin.

The season wanes; we soon shall see

For whom the pennant was designed.

And happy will the umpire be

Who then alive himself shall find.

—Boston Courier.

A Reptile as Unique as the Sea Serpent.

The Python Snake.

I, alone, one day in June, was fishing on the banks of the Bayou Yuccan, under the shade of an oak, in north Louisiana, having left my sailboat several hundred yards from me, in order to escape the hot sun.

I had hardly seated myself conveniently when a dark object was seen approaching on the surface of the water. At first I thought it was an alligator, but on closer observation discovered it to be an enormous creeping serpent. When this huge monster was within a few yards of the spot where I was seated I gathered some stones about the size of goose eggs and struck him eleven times, and, strange to relate, the blows did not appear to worry him to any great degree, as he never once left the surface of the water, but continued unconcernedly at a slow pace up stream.

I immediately left my rod and reel and hastily scampered to my boat. It was only a question of several minutes before I was in midstream in hot pursuit of this object, which was soon overtaken. When within close proximity I noticed it to be blind and apparently harmless. Fearing, however, an attack, I seized my rifle, and, taking aim at its head, fired. The bullet lodged in the collar bone and broke his neck. There was a slight movement of the tail, a little slashing of the water, and all was over, the monster floating down stream. Curious to learn the species of this peculiar reptile, I made a lasso from a stout rope which I had in my boat and threw it around its body, thus enabling me to tow it ashore.

A critical examination developed the fact that I had captured a monster snake never before seen by me. It had a head resembling a long funnel shaped horn, the body being similar to small legs joined together. What made matters more queer, each leg had a bunghole (some of the bungs being on top and some on the sides). Hauling the tail on the bank (which was by no means an easy task), out of curiosity to learn the contents of the legs, I opened one of the bungholes by means of a jackknife, and found it to contain a very fine purplish oil.

Just at this juncture my uncle, who is an old fisherman and has been a member of the city council, came up, and the minute his eyes fell on the captive, with frantic gestures he exclaimed that I had captured a valuable porpoise snake, seldom seen in these waters.

The oil in the legs I found to be pure, unadulterated porpoise oil. I had twelve forty-nine gallon oil barrels sent to the bank and filled them all. The oil was shipped to the most extensive watch making establishment in this country, and brought a handsome sum.

By way of explanation, I would say that this snake obtains the oil by plumping its sharp head into the side of the porpoise and drains every drop of oil from its body.

The snake had fifty-three legs and was sixty-nine feet long.

I still have possession of the legs and bungs (the head having decayed), which I prize.

Should any one doubt the veracity of this statement, I can exhibit the legs and bungs.—New Orleans Picayune.

Clearing a Railroad Wreck.

A gentleman tells me that he has seen one of the most extraordinary pieces of executive dispatch in his life. "It was coming down the Hudson River road," he said, "two or three days ago, when the train was stopped by a wreck near Hudson. A freight train had been thrown off the track. The engine was lying embedded in a hole, one car was lying across the track; another had lost its trucks and was flat on the track, and the tender of the locomotive was also deeply imbedded.

We had waited there an hour and a half or two hours, and twenty trains had been stopped. They had yanked one of the cars up on jack screws, as if to run trucks under it, and then get it out of the way. It looked as if we were going to stay until night, and we began to think about finding a steamboat or buggy or something to get on to New York, when all at once an engine and wrecking car heaved in sight.

Before the engine had come to a stop we could hear the roadmaster's voice ringing out, giving his orders before he had seen the situation. He seemed to be as familiar with everything on the spot as if he had been there all night. There was an engine off at some distance, but doing nothing. He called out to the engineer to come up and make fast to the buried locomotive. In half a minute the engine was attached and pulling to get the other out of the hole, and at the second effort the great mass of iron came up suddenly, and was hauled out of the road.

"Pass that rope over the top of that car, and make fast to the tree round," he cried. It was done. "Now 500 of you lay hold of that rope," he shouted. The entire little army, under the inspiration of that voice, lay hold of the rope, using the trees for a purchase, and they pulled the car across the track square and out of the way by main strength.

"Come on here with that engine," he cried again, "make fast to this truck." With another tremendous pull the whole thing came out of the ground like a tree by the roots, and was rushed off. "Now start that first train," cried the man. In less than two minutes from the time of his arrival, what looked to be a week's job was out of the way, and the passengers went on.—New York Letter.

Teachers should watch the early manifestations of their scholars' eyesight and report in time to their respective parents to have their eyesight examined by Prof. Strassman, the expert optician of national fame.

Artificial Eyes Replaced.

Persons deprived of an eye can have this deformity removed by the insertion of an artificial one, which moves and looks like a natural organ.

OFFICE HOURS.

9 to 12 a. m., 1 to 4 p., and 7 to 8 in the evening.

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