

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

KNOTTS BROS.,
Publishers & Proprietors.

THE PLATTSMOUTH HERALD

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The Chicago police refused the Anarchists yesterday, to parade the streets as an anniversary of the hanging of Engel, Fischer, Parsons and Spies. This was right for it would have been indecent and unendurable too, if followed a public demonstration in honor of these men. The executed Anarchists were murderers, not martyrs.

There are in Deadwood, flouring mills that are buying wheat to the amount of two thousand bushels a day, and paying for it at the rate of a dollar a bushel. The farmers haul it in their wagons, and get their money on the spot. They do not pay a cent for Commission, nor are their minds harrowed by the extortions of any railroad company, nor have they to pay elevator charges. Plowing for winter wheat will be carried on in the Black Hills region at a great rate in consequence of the money there is in the home market.—Omaha Bee.

The eastern papers concur in reporting an active movement in all departments of trade, and in noting an improvement in most branches since the political clouds have lifted. Undoubtedly some interests were unfavorably affected by the uncertainty regarding the result of the election, which being released from doubt regarding the immediate future are already resuming full operations, and it is probable that nearly all industries are beginning to show the effects of a renewal of confidence. Among the incidents indicating this is the reported resumption of operations in the Hocking Valley coal regions and others will come to notice from time to time. On the whole trade of the country this year has been good, but the present conditions present a considerably enlarged movement during the remainder of the year and a preparation for a largely increased business next year. The opinion in eastern financial circles is that there will be no important change in the treasury policy, and none that might be made need cause any apprehension. The money circulation is forty million dollars greater than last year, and the heavy disbursements to be made by the government will still further swell the amount available to the business of the country. The prevailing trade conditions appear to be highly reassuring and the outlook as favorable as could be desired.—Bee.

The New York Times is very unhappy over the general result of the recent elections. It supported Cleveland for president and opposed Hill for governor. It experienced, in consequence, a case of what gamblers call "whip-saw"—it lost at both ends. It is now trying to blame the Irish voters, and it thus relieves itself.

We advise the democratic leaders and managers to accept it as a settled fact that hereafter they must elect their presidential candidate without the aid of New York. They ought to set out in future campaigns by putting this into the republican column, and then go about the task of breaking the republican line in the west. This must be done because there are about 25,000 legal voters in this city who do not care a rush who is president so long as they can keep their noses and their friends' noses in the public crib. These voters are mostly Irishmen. Their leaders are Irishmen, and the candidates in whose favor they habitually "sell out" the presidential candidates are Irishmen. They have a right to prefer the election of their candidates for aldermen, coronors, assemblymen, sheriffs and mayors to the election of their party's candidate for the presidency. Nobody disputes that, but the democratic managers must understand that they not only have the right, but exercise it freely. The republican candidate for president always gets many thousands more votes in this city than the local candidates of that party, while the democratic presidential candidate falls below the aggregate democratic vote. Moreover, the Irish democratic vote in this city is extraordinarily sensitive to English opinion. It makes no difference whether the opinion is forged, whether it is obtained by a republican trick, or whether it is the opinion of an English idiot. It influences the minds of a great many Irishmen in New York, and it influences their votes, even against their beliefs and convictions in regard to home politics.

TWO DAKOTAS.

The people of both North and South Dakota want division and admission as two states, and it will be the duty of the next congress to gratify them. It is possible that the present house, at its December session, accepting the verdict of the people as expressed last Tuesday, may

pass the division and admission bill of the senate, though this is hardly probable, and of course the senate will not accept any modification or qualification in the nature of a compromise. Nothing short of the immediate organization of two states will do.

The people of Dakota have been kept out of their rights under the constitution for many years. Either half of the great territory is fully equipped for statehood, and the enactment of the necessary legislation vesting both with that dignity will be the first duty of the republican party when it comes into possession.—Omaha Republican.

Getting Out a Baseball Extra.

Newspaper men and printers may be interested in knowing how baseball extras are issued so quickly. The first five innings are described in detail by the reporters, who send their copy to the office by messenger, or telegraph if the game is in another city. The result of the remaining four innings they telephone or telegraph, the latter being done by instantaneous ticker. While the last four innings are being played the printers set the type, the form is stereotyped and put on the press, and then everybody waits for the result of the last inning. The foreman of the press room stands with a mallet in his hand, and before him lie ten pieces of steel. On the end of each of these you see a figure. A man shouts down stairs, "Chicago 1!" Grabbing up a die with one blow the foreman stamps the figure upon a blank in the stereotyped page. The printer then shouts, "New York 0!" Another blow stamps that. Two or three more blows stamp the totals made by each club, the press is instantly started, and the copy is sent to the city. The couriers put up into their horses, boys run all over the city crying "Extra! all about the ball game!" and the men take on loads of papers. A driver at breakfast speed for certain extra copies, where a score of extra copies are waiting for each of them. About 45,000 of these sporting extras are sold in Chicago every evening.

Sometimes the extras appear with big red lines, "The Chicago Win," or "New York Victorious," etc. This is done by adding two stereotyped plates. In one is the line for a Chicago victory, in the other for defeat. If the Chicago's chance to win is on the first plate that the pressman stamps the result of the last inning and the totals.

While one of the three sporting editors employed on a morning paper is reporting the ball game another is at the races, while the third is taking care of other sporting events. Sporting editors are always on the lookout for midnight prize fights, and as these affairs are usually held secretly and in out-of-the-way places, they give reporters no end of anxiety. Sometimes a "straight tip" as to where a fight is to be held turns out to be a wrong tip. I remember one occasion on which a reporter of The Herald was told, confidentially, where an interesting fight was to come off. Five or six other sports told him, confidentially, that the fight was to take place in as many different spots, many miles apart. The young man was nervous about it, but he didn't lose his head. He had a reporter sent to each of the half dozen places, and was lucky enough to be at the right one himself.—Walter Wellman's Chicago Letter.

The Costumes of Ceres.

But the colors are what give the streets of Seoul such a quaint holiday appearance. White or blue predominates, and the long, flowing gowns, well starched and ironed, glisten in the sun and blend their colors together, making a dazzling picture together with the red of the children's dresses and the occasional bright silk gown of an official or well-to-do merchant. The people mostly dress in imported white cotton, victoria lawn and silks. These are thickly padded with cotton for winter wear, and then present a very balloon-like appearance. Originally they colored the cloth as a rule, but now white is the prevailing color for the common people, a custom which is accounted for by the following tradition: White is the mourning color and three years the period of mourning. Once, during a period of ten years, three kings died, necessitating a change of raiment by the whole people each time. It of course was burdensome, as a Korean wardrobe is rather extensive and quite costly. In order, then, to avoid the difficulty in the future, they decided to dress altogether in white and be ready for the caprice of their kings. Of course, the wealthy are not obliged to follow this custom, but may dress as they please.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Don't

let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself. The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Boschee's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it and know how it is, themselves. Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

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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. W. & Co., 862 W. Madison St. Chicago, and Sold by W. J. Warrick.

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The standard remedy for liver complaint is West's Liver Pill; they never disappoint you. 30 pills 25c. At Warrick's drug store.

MOODS.

Upon a mountain summit high,
A trying place of earth and sky,
Three friends once stood in silent awe,
Each contemplating what he saw.

One gazing on the landscape found
In changing scenes only sound;
To him it was a memory
Of some majestic symphony.

Another in the vastness caught
The essence of a poet's thought—
The measure of a noble rhyme
Enduring as eternal time.

The third—a stranger to those arts
That moved and thrilled his fellows' hearts—
Remembered with a nameless dread
The face of one whom he saw dead.

—Frank Dempster Sherman in Lippincott's.

THE OLD SETTLER'S YARN.

"I see by the county paper, 'Squire,' remarked the Old Settler, 'th't down in the West Virgin' woods—or up in 'em, or over in 'em, whichever way them woods may be situated—th't plenty o' paint'ers yit a pradin' 'roun' and seekin' who they may devour somebody. W't o' ye think 'bout it, 'Squire?'"

"I hain't think nuthin' 'bout it," replied the 'Squire. "An' I don't keer nuthin' 'bout it, nuther, w't's more. Paint'ers th't's way down in the West Virgin' woods hain't no gosh, for it's now, if they was a pradin' 'roun' in the woods some'r's high-her, th' mowt be some tiset o' speakin' 'bout 'em. Then I k'd go out an' tamper with 'em, an' hev some fun a ticklin' 'em. Did ye ever see a paint'er, Major?"

This unexpected query of the 'Squire's made the Old Settler gasp. After the many exploits in chasing and overcoming painters that he had in his time given the details of to the 'Squire, this query conveyed to him the idea that all those tales had been received by the 'Squire with a degree of incredulity that was not flattering to the relator. But the Old Settler replied to it more in sorrow than in anger.

"'Squire," said he, "be I to 'spect that yer recombin' n'ce is playin' ye tricks, or be I to ketch it from yer remark th't yer faith in the history o' the Sugar Swamp deestric', ez I hev 'em givin' ye p'tic'lar pints on fer twenty year an' better, hain't no bigger a mustard seed?"

"Wull, Major," replied the 'Squire, "th't's a leadin' question, an' I 'bect to answerin'. I mout criminate myself, ye know, ez we say in tryin' cases. But I'll say this much, Major, an' hope it'll content ye, an' that is th't I never recombin' n'ce hain't playin' me no tricks, not by a two gallon jug full!"

"Yer 'pology is all right, 'Squire," said the Old Settler blandly. "I only wanted to know how ye stood, that's all. Now, ez I know, I'll proceed an' answer yer question. Did I ever see a paint'er? Mountains an' mountains o' 'em, 'Squire! An' it'd be been a ripplin' good, th't fer them, I kin tell ye, if they hain't never a see me, fer I plunked 'em, an' I plunked 'em, an' I rassel'd 'em, an' I hustled 'em, till it got to be so th't it were a techin' sight to see 'em tryin' to git fer safer pastur's w'en they heerd o' me being in the woods. But a paint'er had to hev his 'arm clock set so he k'd git up very 'arly in the mornin' if he lost me, an' I struck his trail. An' an' paint'ers was o' 'quaintances in the good o' days o' Sugar Swamp, 'Squire, an' it were 'cause the paint'ers couldn't cut my 'quaintance th't th' hain't no more on 'em left in this bailiwick or any other bailiwick o' this degin' sit county. Did ye ever know Coldy Hardpate, the queer chap th't were allus a shiverin', and the warmer it were the harder he shivered?"

"Yes, I know'd him," replied the 'Squire, "or leastways I know'd o' him, an' I never know'd o' heerd any good o' him, nuther. His word w'at'n't n't a later'n some other folks's th't I used to hear, an' know yit. He were allus a shiverin' paint'er, too—to hear him tell th't, an' 'Wull, I know of his ketchin' 'em, an' all o' 'em to w'at, too," said the Old Settler. "W't he mowt be did 'erdin' to hisself I can't swar to, but about them twelve paint'ers I know'd individually an' personally, an' w'en I know a thing individually an' personally, I know it to'ldly darn sure, an' I hain't afeerd no back'ards in walkin' up to the dough trough an' aff'dayvin' to it!"

"I heerd, wunst, sumpin' 'bout them twelve paint'ers," said the 'Squire, an'—
"Ye never heerd it right, then 'gosh," exclaimed the Old Settler, "fer I hain't never even tol' Mr.riar 'bout it, an' the nat'ral history o' them paint'ers hain't know'd by no one else but me. Coldy Hardpate took to shiverin' so arter heard he'd ketch'd an' cored them paint'ers th't he shook the life outen hisself in less'n no time, an' didn't hev a chance to tell no body 'bout it, an' I were the only one ez had the secret locked in his chest. I've kep' it thar ever sence, but now I'm agointer let it out, 'cause Coldy's mem'ry's kinder ben sot on, an' I'm agointer show 'gosh, th't it can't be sot on ez long ez kin haul up history 'm Sugar Swamp deestric'!"

"I can't tell ye w't the nat'ur o' Coldy's system were 'at made its predomineerin' featur a sort o' perpet'ual ager, but he had it, an' it kin in good play, too, w'en he were rassel'n a bar or a paint'er, fer Coldy were ez strong ez a muley ox, an' w'en he clutch'd his paint'er, an' th't ager o' his got to workin', it jist shook the overlastin' belix outen 'em so quick th't they hain't time to wonder w't were movin' o' 'em. Then ag'in it were a queer thing th't his shiver never bothered Coldy in drawin' head with his rifle, an' he k'd plunk the bull's eye, or the bar's eye, ev'ry time. An' another queer thing were th't water seemed to feet his shiver, fer w'enover Coldy'd drink a tumbler o' water his hand'd shake so th't darn nigh all the water'd spill out. But contrary ways an' queerest of all were th't Coldy k'd fill a tumbler with apple juice chuck to the top an' git it to his mouth without never losin' a drop."

"Th' usen' be a cur'ous patch o' vines th't grew on one edge o' the swamp in them days, but it didn't grow long arter its oncomon pisen dyspysion were foun' out. It seemed to be kinder of a relation o' the cow-catch weed, an' shed a dust offen it th't usen' look like fog w'en it took to flyin' 'roun'. Ev'ry summer some o' the residents o' the Sugar Swamp deestric' 'd find a hog or two o' theirs, or a cow, or mebbe a boss or a dog, stragglin' 'roun' the kentry blinder th'n a hull family o' bats rolled inter one. Nobody could get it through 'em w'at sot this blindness a goin' till one day it plunked inter my o' pap's noddle th't it were the dust offen that patch o' briars, but even then nobody were sartin' an' nuthin' were did. One in July, 1833—the 9th day o' July, '33, I think—I were edgin' 'roun' in the woods lookin' fer a little shindig with a bar or sumpin', w'en I heerd the consarned caterwaulin' an' yellin' over to'rds the swamp th't ever were heerd in them woods afore or sence. I specked

over that way, an' peekin' through the bushes, see a sight ez made me almost faint. Thar, right amongst them vines, was a clection o' paint'ers o' all sizes, wrigglin' aroun' an' runnin' ag'in one another, an' actin' ez if they didn't hev no idee o' nuthin' but to tumble aroun' in thar an' yell. In a minute or two the hull citi'ation were as plain to me ez a pine knot torch on a cloudy night.

"Gosh! mighty! I says to myself, 'them paint'ers has settled the hull business. They've got inter that patch in their travels, an' that dust has blinded 'em, sure ez crickets'll squeak!"

"I'm gumm'd, 'Squire, if I w'at so sorry fer them 'leven paint'ers—th't was 'leven on 'em—I were so sorry fer 'em, 'Squire, th't I actly had to blubber like a calf an' took to wonderin' w'at I k'd do to help 'em out o' their 'arnal bad fix. Ez I stood thar watchin' 'em in sorrow, w'at did I see but a smokin' big paint'er come a tearin' inter that patch from the bushes on t'other side. He stood thar a second or two, an' then nosed 'roun' amongst them paint'ers, an' doin' o' it, in a hurry, too, I tell ye. I k'd see to wunst th't the big paint'er know'd 'daze'ly w'at were up with t'other uns, but, 'Squire, I w'at lookin' fer w'at folloed. I w'at, 'gosh, for it were a leetle the funnest p'formance I ever see, even in the Sugar Swamp deestric'. W'ile I were gazin' at the onfort nit passel o' paint'ers, I see one o' 'em ketch the tail of another in his mouth. Then a third un ketch'd the first un's tail in his mouth, an' so on till the hull 'leven was strung out, holdin' outer one another's tails.

"W'at in the name o' Sam Hill is a doin', now," says I.

"I w'at'n't long a findin' out, for the big paint'er th't had kin' a tearin' in 'mongst t'other backed hisself up agin the leader of the 'leven onfortnit uns in the line, and the leader onfortnit un grabbed his tail. Ez soon ez he had did that the big paint'er started the percession, and w'at were he a doin' o' 'Squire? Havin' his eyesight all right he were jist a leadin' his 'leven blind companions outer that patch, 'gosh, an' a marchin' o' 'em home! That were a sight, 'Squire, w'uth travelin' a good many miles to see, an' were so techin' th't the tears tumbled down my cheeks bigger'n white beans.

"Bein' cur'ous to see w'at mowt be the upshot o' this sing'lar p'int in nat'ral history, I folloed along quiet like, an' the percession march'd, ez solemn ez a funeral through the woods. I had folloed 'em mebbe a miled w'en suddenly Coldy Hardpate, who had ben skinnin' in the neighborhood for some fun with his gun, stepped out from behind a tree. The sight o' the percession of onfortnit paint'ers didn't seem to be ez tetchin' to him ez it were to me. He only looked at it fer a couple o' seconds, an' then an' idee struck him. He up with his gun an' wianged away. The first thing I see were the leader paint'er tearin' like a streak o' lightning on through the woods, an' with no more tail to him th'n a doe rabbit. Coldy had shot it off slick an' clean, an' it staid right in the mouth of the leader o' the 'leven onfortnit paint'ers."

"The percession kin' to a stop. Coldy steps up an' grabs the tail he had shot off o' the paint'er ez were leader o' the 'other uns, an' starts ahead, stiddy an' slow. The percession started arter him, an' he led the hull o' them 'leven paint'ers straight to his cabin, whay he knocked 'em on the head, one arter t'other, and put an' eend to their onfortnit state. I don't know nuther it were the accident w'at the idee o' getherin' in them paint'ers had struck him, or w'at it were, but jist arter cordin' the mist'ry o' the 'leven paint'er Coldy were hit with a shiver th't made the rafters in the cabin rattle, an' fore he k'd gether himself an' brace ag'in it, it shook the breath outen him, an' he passed over Jordan."

"Yes, ye'll never see him ag'in," remarked the 'Squire, calmly but positively, "fer ye'll pass in t'other d'rection."—Ed. Mott in New York Sun.

The Laundries of Paris.

Taking Paris and the suburbs as possessing a population of 2,500,000, and assuming 401 a year to be the laundry bill of each inhabitant, that would represent a total of 100,000,000,000 annually for the laundry industry—the half of which sum is divided between the city and the suburbs. The several monster hotels have an establishment that they support in common where 12 tons of linen can be handled in a day and by 150 "male" laundry maids.

There are 300 public laundries or lavoirs in Paris, of which 20 are floating castles on the Seine, and 53 in the suburbs, giving employment to 63,153 women and 10,663 men—the latter are experts at the smoothing iron, and others may say with Mantalini, their "life is one dem'd horrid grind" at the mangle. A floating wash house pays a river-tax of 1f. per square yard of its bottom per year. It contains 120 places, represents a capital of 72,000f., nets 41,000f. receipts, the expenses being 17,000f. Allowing for extra charges, the owners make about 25 per cent. on their capital.

Each "place" is let for about 1f. francs per day, though taken by the hour; this includes hot alkaline water and other necessities. The linen is only washed in these establishments; some have drying lofts, but after being pressed by machinery the linen is placed in a centrifugal machine and whisked into dryness; sometimes it is dried by hot air. The duties accomplished, the linen passes into the hands of the makers up. A laundress earns about 4 francs a day, from 6 in the morning till 8 in the evening, less one hour for breakfast. They and bakers supply the largest percentage of death from consumption.—Paris Cor. St John's Globe.

The Age of Trees.

Where the zone test can be applied, we know that the age imputed to the tree will not err in the way of excess. A clearly marked ring infallibly denotes a season's growth. Assuming an unfavorable season to have resulted in an unusually thin, or perhaps an indistinguishable layer, one year's credit will remain unentered in the tree's automatic ledger. On this basis of computation the following ages have been strictly verified in Germany. In that country, as in Finland and Sweden, the pine and fir have attained to the age of 300 to 700 years. The greatest ascertained age of the larch (in Bavaria) is 274 years, while the silver fir has reached 429. The oldest known specimen of the holm oak (near Aschaffenburg) numbered 410 years; while in all the common oaks about 320 years old the heart was beginning to decay.

The maximum ages of other German trees—as found by counting the rings—is as follows: Red beech, 245; ash, 170; elm, 130; birch, 200; aspen, 210, and alder, 145 years. The lime, beloved of the fatherland, generally evades this test. Probably one of the longest standing of all, it is seldom found in a sound condition at an advanced age.—London Standard.

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