

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

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TERMS FOR WEEKLY.
One copy one year, in advance, \$1 50
One copy six months, in advance, 75We will get to look at the books
again next March. Wonder if they will
balance?MILWAUKEE Evening Wisconsin:—
Grover can send back the banners and
bandanas of the campaign, but the old
flag we will keep a while longer—at
least as long as the old soldiers who
carried it live."Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's
last gleaming?"One vote was cast for Harrison in El-
berton, Ga., and the inhabitants of the
neighborhood, we are told, were so
incensed at his action in "disgracing the
town by breaking its solid Democratic
record" that they publicly cowhided him.
This sort of business the decent people of
the south should "sit on" heavily and
promptly.NEW YORK Tribune:—The "Old
Roman" is said to be taking inordinate
quantities of snuff nowadays, in a dazed
sort of way. All that the old man can
now remember of last week's disaster is
that he and a man named Cleveland tried
to cross a railroad track together, forget-
ful that a lightning express train was
due about that time.The prohibitionists predicted during
the campaign that they would poll 50-
000 votes in New York this year. The
official count has not yet been made, but
it is known that their vote will not be
above 20,000 in that state. This is but
4,000 more than were given to St. John
in 1884, while it is 12,000 less than were
obtained by their candidate for secretary
of state a year ago. The prohibition
wave is on the ebb in every northern
state.—Globe Democrat.The map of western Nebraska will
undergo considerable changes. The
people of Cheyenne county have voted
to sub-divide it. Where Cheyenne
spreads itself like the state of Massachu-
setts across the face of the map six new
counties will be created. They have
been temporarily called Denel, Scott's
Bluffs, Banner, Kimball, Brown, Rock
and Cheyenne until named by the legis-
lature. This will afford an excellent
opportunity to immortalize our state patri-
ots and statesmen.It is pretty well understood that the
conductors of Harper's Magazine always
intend to issue a Christmas number
which shall not only be complete in itself,
but arranged on plans somewhat different
from those followed during the rest of
the year; and the articles in the Christ-
mas number for 1888 were selected evi-
dently with this end in view. The result
is an issue strong and novel. The origi-
nality of its pages is, perhaps, most strik-
ing in the short stories (the serial stories
all ended in November)—as in "The
Christmas Story of a Little Church," by
Grace King, "Sorus Dismal," by W. W.
Archibald, and "The Front Yard," by Miss
Woolson—this last being a daring com-
parison of Italian and New England
natures and ways. In poetry, too, the
number is exceptionally good. Artistically,
it has never been surpassed.

A NEBRASKA LAW SCHOOL.

The question of a law school is being
agitated as an addition to the state uni-
versity. In process of time such a school
will be demanded and erected without
doubt. The most serious obstacle to the
success of a law school at present is the
lack of the statutes in respect to ad-
missions to the bar. Two years of read-
ings is all that is required and it is doubt-
ful if many of the candidates admitted
really spend that time in actual prepara-
tion for their "examination."An attempt was made in the last legis-
lature to raise the standard of admission
to the bar, but it was sat down upon
with great unanimity by the solons.
Until more than two years of study are
required by the statutes, it is impossible
for a law school to be built up that
would pay the state for the expenditure
of university funds on a law department.
The university authorities will never
consent to a course entitling a student
to graduation of less than three years.
Consequently the law students would for
the most part avoid the university
law course. Until legislation is had to
make it some sort of an inducement for
candidates for the bar to take a univer-
sity law course, it would be compara-
tively useless to inaugurate the proposed
law school.—Lincoln Journal.—THE DAILY HERALD delivered for
30¢ per week.

THE YOUTH OF NATURE.

For, oh! is it you, is it you,
Moonlight, and shadow, and lake,
And mountains, that fill us with joy,
Or the poet who sings you so well?

More than the singer are these

Yourself and your fellows you know not; and me,
The matchless, the one, will you know?
Will you scan me, and read me, and tell
Of the thoughts that ferment in my breast,
My longing, my sadness, my joy?
Will you claim for your great ones the gift
To have rendered the gleam of my skies,
To have echoed the moan of my seas,
Uttered the voice of my hills?
When your great ones depart, will you say:
All things have suffered a loss,
Nature is laid in their grave?Race after race, man after man,
Have thought that my secret was theirs,
Have dream'd that I lived but for them,
That they were my glory and joy.
They are dust, they are changed, they are gone!
I remain.
—Matthew Arnold.

Exercise in Your Office.

The restless discomfort which comes
from long stooping over a desk or
compressing one's liver for hours on
the edge of a drawing board is apt to
seek relief in skylarking or idleness,
or if the conscientious clerk or
draughtsman still sticks to his work it
is with reluctant fingers and beleaguered
brain, and the "output" deteriorates
both in quality and quantity. In such
a case five or ten minutes' rest at the
close of the clubs or chest weights will re-
fresh more than an hour's skylarking
or any amount of loafing. It has a
wonderful good effect in quickening
the stagnant circulation, and a clear
head and strong hand take up the
work with renewed vigor. It is sur-
prising what a little vigorous exercise
will accomplish if systematically
taken. A few minutes once or twice
a day, at most three times, will soon
give the most satisfactory results in health
and efficiency.—Health.

A Violin Expert's Dream.

Let me tell you what I am thinking
about—the phonograph, as it will be
perfected one of these days. Say Hart
of London has a "Steiner" or a Guar-
nerius for sale and somebody here wants
to buy it. A dealer has been to far
only able to show what it looked like.
Tone, quality, escape, description.
What he will have to do now will be
to have his violin record its own
sounds on the phonograph. He sends
you by mail the phonographic cylin-
der. You grind it off on a machine,
and there you are. We shall then be
able to compare tones, and there will
come a better appreciation of what is
musical coloring. It will be like a
cook who manufactures of a certain
dish and who sends you by mail a
taste of his peculiar plat.—New York
Times.Citizen Train's Astonishing Discovery.
One reason why world is so upside
down is from the astounding error in
"Cosmos Chronology." If Jan. 1
Anno Domini was first day of First
century, end of twelfth month, Dec.
31, at midnight, ended first hundred
years. If correct, Jan. 1, 1800, was
first day of Eighteenth century, and
yet for eighty-eight years we have
been calling it Nineteenth century,
when that does not begin till Jan. 1,
1900.—George Francis Train in New
York World.

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 con-
sumption.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.

A Change of Name.

"Dimple, have you been at the pre-
serves?"

"No, mamma," was the faint answer.

"But they are all over your face,
child!""Den, mamma, I dess ze preserves 'ave
been at me," replied the little miss
promptly.—Detroit Free Press.

"What's in a Name."

Shakespeare said there was nothing
out there is. Would Caesar have had
such notoriety if his name had been
Caleb W. Pickersgill? Think of Patti
drawing \$7,000 a night if the bill-boards
announced her as Jane Brown! The idea
is absurd. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative
Pellets is a name that has made a
record. These tiny, sugar coated pills
cure sick and bilious headache, bowel
complaints, internal fever and cos-
tiveness.It has been discovered that at least a
portion of the "great American desert" is
underlaid by a stratum of water which
may be reached by boring from 100 to 200
feet. The wells flow so bountifully that
one of them will water thoroughly five or
six acres of land.—Frank Leslie's.

\$500 Reward.

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 genu-
ine manufactured only by John O. We
& Co., 862 W. Madison St. Chicago, and
Sold by W. J. Warrick.Send your job work to the HERALD
office.The standard remedy for liver com-
plaint is West's Liver Pills; they never
disappoint you. 30 pills 25c. At War-
rick's drug store.

WINTER IS COMING!

DON'T you know it? Of course you do and you
will want warm Underwear, Blankets, etc.OUR Line is Unsurpassed by any other line in
the city. A handsomeVARIETY of Seasonable Dress Goods, Broad-
cloths, Henrietta Cloths, Trecots, etc.EVERYTHING in Blankets, Flannels, Bed
Comforts, Hosiery, Battings, that you will
want.YOU will not regret looking our Different De-
partments over before purchasing. It will
pay you.SMYRNA RUGS and a Handsome Line of Car-
pets, Matts, Floor Oil Cloths, and Linoleum at
Low Prices.

E. C. DOVEY & SON.

Weckbach's Daylight Store.

Special Sale commencing November 12th, continuing one week,

Cloaks and Ladies' Wraps

Plush Cloaks and Children's Wear, Price 20 per cent less the price
offered anywhere in the city. Examination will prove statement.

PLUSH WRAPS

We have an im-
mense line and will
discount same 25 per
cent, as they must be
sold before the end

PLUSH SHORT WRAPS

are elegant fitting
garments. We sell
them at \$14.50,
worth all of \$20.00.

PLUSH WRAPS

\$20 Plush Cloaks
we sell for \$20
sell elsewhere at \$27.
\$25 Plush Cloaks
we sell for \$25
sell elsewhere at \$35.
\$40 Plush Cloaks we
sell for \$40 sell
elsewhere at \$50.
\$45 Plush Cloaks we
sell for \$45 sell
elsewhere at \$60.

A Full Line of

Walking
Jackets
sold at the lowest
prices.

Comfortables and Blankets

A Fine Selected Line of from \$1.00 up to \$9.00 a pair. We have
the finest 15 cent Batting in the city.

UNDERWEAR

In Natural Wool, White Goods, Scarlet Stripe, Prices lower than any
house in the city, as we are over-stocked with these goods.

CALL AND SATISFY YOURSELVES.

Yours Respectfully,

J. V. Weckbach.

HERO OF THE RAIL.

DANGEROUS DUTIES PERFORMED BY
THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.Qualifications Essential to Success—What
to Do When There Is Danger Ahead.
Quick Decision—The Cloud Which Hangs
Over Engineer and Fireman.The locomotive engineer is the popu-
lar "hero of the rail," and the popular
estimate in this respect is substantially
just. Others have to brave dangers and
perform duties under trying circum-
stances, but the engine runner has to
ride in the most dangerous part of the
train, take charge of a steam boiler that
may explode and blow him to atoms,
and of machinery that may break and
kill him and try to keep up a vigilance
which only a being more than human
could successfully maintain. He must be
a tolerably skillful machinist
—he cannot be too good—and have
nerves that will remain steady under the
most trying circumstances. If running
a fast express through midnight dark-
ness over a line where a similar train has
been tipped off a precipice (and a brother
runner killed) by train wreckers the night
before, he must dash forward with the
same confidence that he would feel in
broad daylight on an open prairie. But
he does not "heroically grasp the
thrill" in the face of danger, when the
throttle has been already shut, nor does
he "whistle down brakes" in order to
add a stirring element to the reporter's
tale, but he calmly and coolly manipu-
lates the magic of the air brake he can,
with a turn of his hand, apply every
brake in the train with the grip of a
vise in less time than it would take
him to reach the whistle pull.When there is danger ahead there is
generally just one thing to do, and that
is to stop as soon as possible. An in-
stant success for shutting off the steam
and applying the brakes. With modern
trains this is all that is necessary or can
be done. Reversing the engine is neces-
sary on many engines, and formerly was
on all; this would, in fact, be done in-
stinctively by old runners, in any case,
but this also is done in a second. After
taking these measures there is nothing
for the engineer to do but look out for
his own safety. In some circumstances,
as in the case of a partially burned
bridge which may possibly support the
train even in a weakened condition, it
may be best to put on all steam. The
runner is then in a dilemma, and a quick
decision is a matter of momentary inspi-
ration. Many lives have been saved by
quick witted runners in such cases, but
there is no ground for censure of the en-
gineer, who, in the excitement of the
moment, decides to slacken instead of
quicken his speed. The rare cases of
this kind are what show the value of ex-
perience, and of men of the right tem-
perament and degree of intelligence to
acquire experience lessons readily.PROBABILITIES OF ACCIDENT.
But the terrible cloud constantly hang-
ing over the engineer and fireman of a
fast train is the chance of encountering
an obstacle which cannot possibly be
avoided, and which leaves them no alter-
native but to jump for their lives, if in-
deed it does not take away even that.
To the fact that this cloud is no larger
than it is, and that these men have sturdy
and courageous natures must be attrib-
uted the lightness with which it rests
upon them. On one road or another,
from a washout or inefficient manage-
ment, or a collision caused by an opera-
tor's forgetfulness, or some one of a score
of other causes, there are constantly oc-
curring cases of men heroically meeting
death under the most heartrending cir-
cumstances. Every month records a
number of such, though happily they are
not frequent on any one road.On the best of roads a freight train
wrecked by a broken wheel under a bor-
rowed car may be thrown in the path of
a passenger train on another track just
as the latter approaches. This has hap-
pened more than once lately. No amount
of fidelity or foresight (except in the
maker of the wheels) can prevent this
kind of disaster. There is constant
danger on most roads of running off the
track at misplaced switches, many
switches being located at points where
the runner can see them only a few sec-
onds before he is upon them; but the
change is so small—perhaps one in ten
or a hundred thousand—that the
average runner forgets it, and it is
only by severe self discipline that
he can hold himself up to compliance
with the rule which requires him to be
on the watch for every switch target as
long before reaching it as he possibly can.
He finds the switches all right and the
road perfectly clear so regularly, day after
day, and month after month, that he may
easily fall into the snare of thinking that
they will always be so. But, like other
trainmen, the engineer must be alert and
ready to fill his mind, and reflect upon
the hazards of his vocation perhaps too
little.—B. B. Adams, Jr., in Scribner's
Magazine.Whales of the Scottish Isles.
Few people would guess the etymology
of "crying" when applied to a whale,
printed as it was exactly like this in the
columns of a weekly contemporary. It
is really "crying," the Scotch for calling,
that name being given to this species of
whale from the curious bleating sound
they make. A stranded calf of whale has
a very pitiful call for its dam, which the
father answers in a harsher tone. The
name is really local to the Scottish
islands, the proper name being the de-
ductor, the whales being so called be-
cause they roam about the sea under the
guidance of a leader in the shape of an
old bull. In the early spring, just before
the breeding season, there is a very keen
competition for this office, and more
than once the contending bulls have
been known to die from the effects of
the encounter.The whale is not a very large one,
being only from sixteen to eighteen feet
long; it has occasionally been taken in
immense quantities among the shoals
and channels of the Hebrides, Orkney,
Shetlands and Fair Isles. When a herd
makes its appearance the natives lose no
time in collecting all the boats, guns and
harpoons which they can lay their hands
on. They then try all they can to get
seaward of the shoal, and if they succeed
in endeavor by advancing with blowing
trains, splashing, curs, firing guns and
shouting, to drive the terrified cetaceans
on shore. Once they are stranded a ter-
rific attack is made, and hundreds have
been slain in a single battue. The scene
is one of the most picturesque it is pos-
sible to witness in the north of Scotland.
It is quite different from the occa-
sional grounding of a Greenland whale,
the calling whale being of an entirely
different and far more gregarious species.
—London Globe.

MORTAR BEDS FOR GRANT.

A Story of the War—Abram S. Hewitt
and the Iron Men.A friend of Mayor Hewitt told a re-
porter a story of his employment by
President Lincoln at another critical
juncture in the progress of the war, and
the reporter applied to the mayor for the
particulars of the occurrence. Mr. Hewitt
said:"Let me think a minute. It was in
the winter of 1861 and 1862, just before I
went to Europe. I was at the tea table
one Sunday night—two or three days
before a company, some twenty or
thirty on such occasions—and I was at
the head of the table, when a messenger
brought me a telegram from Mr. Lincoln.
It was a long printed roll. I have the
original still somewhere, and it ran this
way:I understand that you are a man that can do
things that other men say they can't do. Gen.
Grant is at Cairo ready to move on Fort Donelson.
He has thirty mortar bombs and thirty mortars
on the way from Pittsburg to Cairo. It is now
discovered that there are no mortar beds, for the
lack of which the expedition will fail, because the
ordnance bureau says they can't be produced
under nine months. They must be at Cairo in
thirty days. Yours truly, A. Lincoln."I had never seen a mortar bed," said
Mr. Hewitt, "but I had heard that Gen.
Rodman, who was then in command at
Watertown arsenal, had completed the
model of one, and that night I placed
myself in communication with him, a
thing I had no difficulty in doing, being
at the time president of the American
Telegraph company. I was able to get
the operators to stand at the machine
while I talked to Gen. Rodman. In
reply to my question, Gen. Rodman said
that the first mortar bed had just been
completed. I asked him if he could send
it down to New York by the Monday
night boat at the latest. This was Sunday
night, you understand, and there was no
way to get it down the next day. He
said he could send it if he received orders
to do so. I told him to consider that he
was under orders for the time being,
assuring him that I would see that he re-
ceived them, which I afterward did."He sent the mortar bed, and it ar-
rived Tuesday morning by the Fall River
boat. I spent Monday running around to
the Novelty, Allaire and Cornell's iron
works, to secure draughtsmen to be
ready Tuesday morning to prepare plans
of the several parts of the mortar bed on
its arrival. I found that it weighed
about a ton and a half, and was com-
posed of several connected parts. I had
it carted to the Novelty iron works and
taken to pieces, and distributed the
pieces around among the three works I
have mentioned, each agreeing to make
certain parts and to do all they possibly
could to get them ready in time. The
material to make them was not on hand,
and had to be provided. Being in the
iron business I knew who made the dif-
ferent kinds of material. The principal
maker of an essential kind of iron re-
fused to change his rolls to make what
was wanted, and I telegraphed to Mr.
Lincoln to send an officer to take pos-
session of his works, which he did. The
work progressed with such success that
as a result I was able to send the first mor-
tar bed forward in thirteen days from the
time I received Mr. Lincoln's telegram and
the whole thirty in twenty-six days. I sent
a messenger on with each mortar bed, and
the car upon which it was loaded was at-
tached to the express trains with a
printed order of the secretary of war
pasted upon it which read as follows:This car must not be side tracked under penalty
of death. By order of the secretary of war.Gen. Grant received the mortar beds
on time, the expedition went forward,
and Donelson and Henry were taken. I
paid all the expenses of making and for-
warding the mortar beds, amounting to
over \$30,000. At the time paper money
was substantially at par, or nearly so.
When I got my pay in paper money a
year afterward paper money had depre-
ciated over a half, and I lost the whole
on the order of Mr. Lincoln, with whom
I then had my first interview. When I
was presented to him he said: 'Why, you
are not such a tremendous fellow after
all. I thought you must be 7 feet high
and weigh 300 pounds.'—New York
Times.

Gen. Sheridan and Bismarck.

An orderly was at once dispatched for
a surgeon, Bismarck and I doing what
we could meanwhile to alleviate the in-
finite sufferings of the maimed men,
bringing them water and administering
a little brandy, for the count still had
with him some of the morning's supply.
When the surgeon came we transferred
the wounded to their care, and making
our way to Reims, we went to the
count's carriage to rejoin the line's head-
quarters, which in the meantime had
been moved to Pont-a-Mousson. Our
route led through the village of Gorze,
and here we found the streets so ob-
structed with wagons that I feared it
would take us the rest of the day to get
through, for the teamsters would not pay
the slightest heed to the cries of our po-
sitions.The count was equal to the emergency,
however, for, taking a pistol from be-
hind his cushion and bidding me keep
my seat, he jumped out and quickly be-
gan to clear the street effectively, order-
ing wagons to the right and left.
Marching in front of the count, and
making way for us till we were well
through the blockade, he then resumed
his seat, remarking: "This is not a very
dignified business for the chancellor of
the German confederation, but it's the
only way to get through."—Gen. Sheri-
dan in Scribner's Magazine.

Time Wasted in Making Calls.

What do you do, then? "Lose off delectively
your miscellaneous activities." Reduce
the number of your friends. It is very
easy for a man to have too many friends.
The value of friendship is in its quality,
not quantity. Beyond a certain point, a
man's friends are his worst enemies.
They are his enemies when they waste
his time and strength, and draw him
away from the serious pursuits and lofty
ideals of life.The case is still worse with women, as
every sensible woman will acknowledge
with grief and desperation. Why should
a woman spend her life in making and
receiving calls of no real meaning or con-
sequence, and in other petty details?
The trouble is, not that she has friends,
but that she has too many of them.—
New York Commercial Advertiser.

Edison's Talking Doll.

Mr. Edison has, it is stated, devised a
doll with a small phonograph inside,
which talks when the handle is turned.
The phonograph is placed in a receptacle
within the chest of the doll, and the
handle protrudes. When it is turned the
words appear to issue from the doll's
mouth. Edison has also devised a clock
which announces the time by speaking,
the talking apparatus being, of course,
a phonograph.—Cornell's Family Magazine.