

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

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The democratic papers are now saying little on the old theme of "turn the rascals out."

UNCLE SAM (to Dakota)—"Hello Dakota! is that you knocking? What's wanted? Dakota—I want to come into the union. Uncle Sam—Come in, come in Dakota, take off things and make yourself at home. Your patriotic citizens shall no longer be denied their rights.—Beatrice Republican.

It is a pleasure to see James Crawford, our old-time county commissioner in attendance upon the district court as a juror; also, such gentlemen as Mr. Davis of Rock Bluff precinct, E. A. Kirkpatrick of Nehawka, Halverstott of Liberty, Leyda of Avoca and a number of other leading citizens of the county, whose names we are unable to recall. The court remarked in our hearing the other evening that the present was an exceptionally strong jury.

GROVER CLEVELAND, it is said, is going to reside in New Jersey after the close of his term in the presidency. There are several reasons why the president should have a sort of fellow-feeling for New Jersey. That was the only northern state, with the sole exception of Connecticut, which gives an electoral vote to him this year, and it was the only northern state, without any exception whatever, which voted as Cleveland did in 1864, and declared the war a failure.

THE Burlington Hawkeye says that Senator Ingalls in his speech in Burlington just prior to the election, indicated pretty broadly what kind of a "civil service reformer" he is. An Atchison, Kas., dispatch reports him as saying: "If I could have my way on the 4th of next March I would remove every mother's son of them. That is my idea of advance, refined civil service reform. I give notice now to the democratic office holders of Kansas that if my will shall prevail, not to stand on the order of their going, but go at once. In the same connection he uttered the challenge that if the democratic party has a worse opinion of him than he had of the democratic party, then God help the democratic party. Referring to pensions the senator said he was in favor of placing every soldier who fought for the American flag, either in the war for the union or in the Mexican war, on the pension list.

It is to be regretted that any portion of the democratic press or party, can be found in the north rejoicing over a solid south yet, such is bourbonism in all its repulsiveness. Listen to the Journal of last evening, chuckling over the supposed fact that the republicans did not carry the two states of Virginia, and thus break up the "solid south". The republicans did fairly carry both of these states and no well-informed man doubts the fact. The time has come when the democratic party of the south should be taught that the election franchise is not a thing of fraud to be used by a class aristocracy solely for the purpose of a minority ruling the majority. The Virginians present a first-class starting point for this reform. Men like Gen. Goff and Mahone have the courage and followers in those states to see that republican votes are counted and we hope it will be done. Just as soon as the confederate bulldozer finds he has to face the music with men of influence and courage after him, he will begin to recognize the new order of things decreed by the late election. The overwhelming republican majority in this country and the return of the republican party to power in the American congress means that a republican government is well as form is to be guaranteed the people of the whole union. If it must come with a revolution in the states where suffrage is made a byword and a mockery let the revolution come. We have had enough, more than enough, of rebellions, fraud and Mexican politics in the so-called Solid South. It is a fact that in the Richmond district alone, enough republican voters were coolly prevented from voting by the shameful trickery of democratic election judges who kept them standing in lines, until the polls closed, under the pretext that the act and resolution submitting a constitutional amendment had to be solemnly read to each voter before he put his ballot in the box, while in the other voting precincts the republican voters were driven from the polls. These things must cease and under the new order of things it should be attended to at once.

THE SURPLUS PROBLEM AGAIN

Two of the leading financial journals of the country have just submitted plans for the solution of the surplus problem. The New York Financial Chronicle proposes the repeal of the entire internal revenue system, and the New York Commercial Bulletin suggests that the senate pass its tariff bill, and that in conference the three principal features of that measure be agreed upon between senate and house. The Chronicle's plan would, on the basis of the receipts in the past two fiscal years, cut down the government's annual income to the extent of about \$120,000,000. To meet the objection that the receipts from customs and miscellaneous sources would not meet the expenses of the government, the Chronicle proposes the repeal of the sinking fund act also. The Bulletin's plan would cut off about \$64,000,000 from the federal income—\$20,000,000 from the repeal of certain internal taxes, \$29,000,000 from the reduction of the duty on sugar, and \$5,000,000 from the imports placed on the free list.

The Chronicle's scheme, although far from being novel, possesses, in a striking degree, the virtue of simplicity. We can not, however, discover any other virtue in it. A majority of the republicans as well as a majority of the democrats undoubtedly favor the removal of the taxes on tobacco and on the alcohol used in the arts, but not one out of fifty would contenance the abolition of the tax on whiskey in any contingency now in sight.

The Bulletin's method has the merit of being sensible and logical. The republicans can urge no weighty objections against it because it makes no alteration in the bill framed by the republican senate except in dropping that portion changing duties on metals and textiles. Nor can any objection be reasonably made to this scheme by the democrats. As far as it goes it is in line with the policy of both parties. Nevertheless there is not the slightest probability that the surplus problem will be solved by the Fifteenth congress, on this or any other plan.—Globe Democrat.

MR. POWDERLY will have his own way with the Knights of Labor for some time to come. He has paved the road for his reelection as General Master Workman on the terms prescribed by himself, and is to have a General Executive Board practically named by himself. Sweeping changes made in the officers of the order and the method of electing them were made last Tuesday. The most important of these was in the constitution of the General Executive Board. This was reduced from seven members to five including the Master Workman. The other four members are to be elected by the General Assembly from a list of eight to be presented by the Master Workman himself. This makes the controlling body emphatically a one-man power, which is desirable from some points of view but dangerous from others.

DEMOCRATIC contemporaries grow garrulous in claiming that the state election returns show the ratio of increase in the democratic vote since 1884 to be greater than the republican. The contrary is the case in Iowa, and Kansas, which goes to show that Nebraska is catching the floating population of the prohibition states. Democracy and prohibition, like weeds and blue grass are inimical.—Beatrice Express.

What Am I To Do? The symptoms of biliousness are unhappily but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough, at all events. The digestive system is wholly out of order and diarrhea or constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate. There are often hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this if not effect a cure try Green's August Flower, it costs but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

—THE DAILY HERALD delivered for 5cts. per week.

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REMARKS my private letter than to see some proud man humble himself in my presence—to see him stoop to things of low degree.—Ear Roman.

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A LUNATIC'S LIFE.

A CHAPTER FROM THE STORY OF A MAN'S MADNESS.

A Recovered Lunatic Recounts His Experience in the World of Unbalanced Minds—Truth Stranger Than Fiction—A Quick Recovery.

I was finally taken out of the regular wards and put in a place called Botany Bay, at the end of the lawn, where the maddest maniacs were consigned to strait jackets, dungeon chains and the tortures of a living hell. Wild, horrible, unearthly shrieks sounded in my ears night and day, and all the imps of pandemonium martialed in an infernal battalion could not have made more clangor to my mind. All was "like sweet bells jangled out of tune." I was turned into an open vault room to parade with the rest of the wild animals, but soon the doctors and attendants learned that I was a royal Bengal tiger and would not herd with common beasts. I immediately put to flight the biggest of the drove and made them cover before my imagined superiority. A big, burly attendant finally slipped up behind me, felled me to the floor and dragged me to a dark room, where I was chained to the wall, strapped to a bare iron cot, punished and rebuked for a poor, distorted mind that God in his wisdom endowed me with.

TAKING SAVAGE REVENGE. The blow of the attendant rankled more in my mind than body. I determined to be even with the ignorant brute who struck me. One day when I had gained a little liberty, I awaited the attendant behind the door of my cell, and as he passed by I struck him with my boot heel, the only weapon I had. I came near killing the fellow and was of course, disciplined again; but I was in my heart that the blow I struck the brute was only a partial punishment for the many secret injuries he had inflicted on my brother lunatics.

For weeks I was confined in a small basement room, with an upper grated window to admit light and air. My deer was bolted and food was poked through an aperture, as wild beasts are fed in a circus cage. All was lonely and sad until I made friends of two little mice and a family of gray spiders that sought my cell for safety. Part of my daily food was set apart for the mice. At first they were shy of my impulsive movements and shrieking voice and would dart into their hole like a flash. But finally kindness begot confidence, confidence banished fear, and in a short time they ate from my hand, played on the cot or danced around the room to a low musical trill that I whistled for their amusement. The big dark spiders would come out of their web and put the flies I caught for their meal. Sometimes they would fight for their food, but like a metropolitan policeman I came to the rescue when both were exhausted and separated them with a straw. Like a well regulated housekeeper the wife would soon go to work weaving a fine brown garb around the innumerable eggs she laid, while the "old man" would spin long yarns up and down the walls, scampering over his growing web with the mathematical precision of a scientific surveyor. He was perfect in all his gossamer lines, and the pentagonal shapes that seemingly grew out of his mouth and feet filled me with a nameless surprise. When the mice or the spiders heard footsteps near my door they would immediately stop play or work and run into their holes, meaning to know that some man was on his rounds of ignorance to enter to the insane.

Days and weeks wore away, and still my mind rambled in the briars and flowers of imagination. I would talk by the hour to imagined spirits that floated about me, and in the rapture of my fervent soul spin poetry faster than my fingers spun the web. I dashed into flights of eloquence that might have equaled the fluency of Demosthenes, Mirabeau or Patrick Henry.

HIS STRANGE COMPANIONS.

It would take a volume to describe the different kinds of lunacies and the various forms that the mind takes on in its ravings. There is the chattering type, as he walks the wards and taps the bars like a crazed leech. There is the moody, low browed man, sitting alone, counting over his finger tips or watching the flies and spiders as they buzz and weave in the sunshine. There is the general as he strides the halls, commanding large armies and fighting great battles at Pharsalia or Waterloo, who imagines himself a Caesar or Napoleon. There is the king in all his royal glory, carrying a broom for a scepter and a torn sheet for a purple robe. In the next ward can be seen his consort, imitating the strut of Queen Victoria, straws and chicken feathers in her hair for a royal crown, and a sniping smile for the poor subjects who gaze upon her pretended rank. There comes the confidential, wise inventor, who will tell you of the millions he controls, and the innumerable ships that plow the ocean for his pleasure and profit. There, too, is the self styled Jesus Christ, who preaches forgiveness and salvation, ending with a blessing and general absolution from sin and asking in return only a bit of tobacco. In fact, the very earth blossoms at his will, and the sun, moon and stars give light at his command. It is only a generous charity that keeps him from shutting up this universal world and retiring into chaos. See there—another Ophelia posturing before a looking glass, with curls in hand and tangled hair, sighing or weeping for a lover or father snatched from her warm embrace. She speaks: "They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord! We know what we are, but know not what we may be."

For a month after my arrival in the asylum I did not sleep, but finally a large dose of kudanum did its perfect work, and after a death like dream of seventy-two hours I awoke, as emerging out of another world, and the piston rod of lunacy flew back into the cylinder of reason and began to move in its accustomed groove. My hot fever, contracted by hard study at school, had gone, my nerves had relaxed, my voice resumed its natural tone, and tired nature lay like a drooping plant in the midday sun. I was soon admitted to the privilege of the lawn, walks and garden, and the 1st day of September, 1880, after a lunatic siege of two months and ten days, I was pronounced "recovered," and from that day to this have never felt the insane spell creep over me.—John A. Joyce in Chicago Tribune.

MAKING A BOOK.

The Ordinary Novel—The Scientific Book. Manuscript, Electrotyping, etc.

How is a book made? Well, it depends upon what kind of a book it is. An ordinary, every day novel is made in this way: First the manuscript is received at the literary department of the publishing house to which it is sent, and is quickly consigned to the mercies, tender or otherwise, of a corps of readers, numbering in a large publishing house say, half a dozen. A favorable opinion of a majority of the readers will in most cases determine the value of a manuscript, and if it receives that then negotiations are entered into with the author. Often a royalty is paid, and as often, perhaps, the manuscript is bought outright. Of course this depends largely upon the author's reputation, if he has any, and upon the kind of books he has written. For instance, more risks could be legitimately taken by the publisher on an author who has previously written books which had sold well than upon a novice. As naturally, also, there is a larger sale for a book on a popular subject than for one on a scientific or abstruse subject.

Sometimes the author pays for the electrotyping plates from which the book is printed, but this is not done very often, for authors are not rich as a class. The manuscript having been accepted and carefully edited, and negotiations for its use having been successfully concluded, it is sent to the composing room and then divided into "takes," as they are called, among the compositors. After it is set up proofs are struck off and sent to the author for revision. Sometimes he gets three sets of proofs before everything is all right. From the galley of type electrotyping plates, from which the book is to be printed, are made and these are fitted into the presses and the printing begun. If a large first edition is wanted a large number of presses are set to work, and vice versa if a small edition.

As the book comes from the presses it is sent in certain quantities to the drying room, where the paper and ink are thoroughly dried. From the drying room it goes to the bindery and is bound. The biggest expense connected with the making of a book is probably the cost of electrotyping plates. Few publishing houses issue but one book at a time, for by publishing several together expense are saved. Many publishers count the second edition of a book nearly clear profit, all the expenses having been reckoned as coming on the first edition. The illustrations on the covers of books are mostly made by artists whose sole business it is to do that kind of artistic work. To a publishing house like the Harper's, for instance, a special corps of these artists is attached, and they are paid good salaries. If a scientific book is to be published, instead of sending the manuscript to the ordinary corps of readers it is sent to a scientific man whose reputation as an expert in the particular science in question is high.—New York Press.

Japanese Dinner Etiquette.

When the guests arrive, say for dinner, the politeness of paradise is turned loose. With great apparent hesitation they enter, bowing low with their hands on their knees if they are men, or dropping on their knees and touching their foreheads almost to the ground if they are ladies. The first Japanese salutation corresponds exactly to the Norwegian "Tak for sidst"—"Thank you for the pleasure I had the last time I met you." This however, is but the merest beginning of Japanese greeting. A conversation something after this style ensues: "I beg your pardon for my rudeness on the last occasion." "How can you say such a thing when it was I who failed to show you due courtesy?" "Excuse me from it! I received a lesson in good manners from you." "How can you condescend to come to such a poor house as this?" "How can you, indeed, be so kind as to receive such an unimportant person as myself under your distinguished roof?"

All this punctuated with low bows and the sound of breath sucked rapidly in between the teeth, expressive of great embarrassment. At last, amid a final chorus of arigatos, the guests come to anchor upon the floor. Various objects are handed to them, to entertain them, a curio or two, a few photographs, anything, no matter what, for it is de rigueur in Japanese etiquette to affect a great interest and admiration on such occasions.—Boston Transcript.

A Jail Bird's Good Luck.

If Whittington's cat cannot be placed among well authenticated felines, many a man has attained the glory of lord mayoralty in ways fully as romantic as those of Whittington in the nursery tale. Stephen Foster was a debtor confined in the jail of Ludgate, which once stood over the gate on the hill, a very little way west of St. Paul's. There was a gate at which every day a prisoner was allowed to sit to collect alms for his fellows, and here one day Foster sat. A wealthy widow passing by gave him money, inquired into his case, and took him into her service. He saved his wages, traded successfully, married the widow, and in due time became Sir Stephen Foster, lord mayor of London. In his prosperity he forgot not his days of adversity, and founded a charity for prisoners which was long kept up in the jail of Ludgate and commemorated in his epitaph.—The Century.

Why They Didn't Come Down.

"Miss Coolbroth," said the landlady to the ancient boarder at the Sunday dinner, "let me give you the wishbone of this chicken. Of course you know that if you put it over the door the first gentleman who passes under it is fated to be your husband." "Oh, thank you," said the blushing boarder, as she glanced coquetishly at the long rows of hungry clerks at the table. "I'll put it over the dining room door, and these gentlemen will have to beware." "Dear me," said the landlady the next morning, "the breakfast bell rang half an hour ago and not one of the young men has come to the table yet. I wonder what can be the matter?" "I'm sure I can't imagine," replied Miss Coolbroth, dolefully.—Chicago News.

Would Be a Sensation.

Mrs. Duquesne—I suppose you sing or play? Miss Newcomer—Oh, no; I'm not at all musical. Mrs. Duquesne—You recite, probably? Miss Newcomer—Oh, no, indeed! Mrs. Duquesne—Well, then, I suppose you paint plaques? Miss Newcomer—Me paint! I couldn't paint a fence. Mrs. Duquesne (eagerly)—Oh, you dear girl, how lovely! You must promise to come to every one of my receptions. You'll be such a sensation!—Pittsburg Bulletin.

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