

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

KNOTTS BROS.

Publishers & Proprietors.

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The circuit court decided in favor of the republicans in the contested election in West Virginia. This gives a majority to Goff for governor and McGinnis for congress, on the face of the returns. West Virginia will have a republican governor and half its delegation in the lower branch of congress will be republicans. The Bourbons must reconcile themselves to this fact.

It appears from the published proceedings of the state senate that a bill has been introduced changing the judicial districts—re-districting—and increasing the number of judges. The average lawyer that gets into the legislature may be depended on for making room for himself if nothing else. That section of the constitution which prohibits the increase of judges and districts oftener than every four years doesn't seem to have much binding force on a Nebraska legislature.

The newspapers are having a lot of sport over the kidnapping of Gov. Thayer's message by an enterprising newspaper or two. We fail to see how any damage has been done. Our observation leads us to conclude that the newspaper that gets in a scoop on messages is wasting its time, as nobody reads that kind of a document anyway. If there were any state secrets in that paper we guarantee the Governor that a jury would acquit the purloiner on the ground that no one could be found that had read it.

SECRETARY BAYARD will leave a number of tangled diplomatic knots for his successor to untie. The Hayti matter with Spain, a dispute with Cuba, the business of diplomatic intercourse with Great Britain, and the quarrel (it has nearly become one) with Germany about Samoa, are a list of difficulties that will face Gen. Harrison's Secretary of State as soon as he gets into office. It will take a good pilot to steer safely through all these reefs and quicksands of international discussion.—Blue Valley Blade.

If James G. Blaine is appointed Secretary of State, he will make short work of it, and things will straighten up so quick that Secretary Bayard, President Cleveland and all the rest of the gang ought to go off and hide.

In asking Gov. Fifer of Illinois to pardon the three anarchists now confined in the penitentiary of that state, the Illinois state federation of labor has gone beyond the bonds which any purely labor organization ought to consider its limits. Anarchy means destruction and the people first and most disastrously affected by the ascendancy of the doctrines of anarchy would be the ones who toil and toil for the means of support. This request is in fact a positive endorsement of anarchy and hence is out of place, coming from a labor organization. The guilt of these men, as well as the ones who were hung for their crimes, is beyond doubt and the punishment meted out to them is just. Laboring men, above all others, ought to be satisfied to let the law take its course.—Lincoln Journal.

A GEORGIA "INCIDENT."

Under the heading, "Gibbs' Little Session," the Atlantic Constitution prints the following as one of the political plausibilities of the day. It refers to proceedings in the Georgia legislature:

Senator Gibbs is responsible for a little episode in the senate yesterday.

The house resolution to allow the colored people to use the hall of the house on January 1 to celebrate the emancipation proclamation was put upon its passage.

Mr. Gibbs opposed the resolution. He said:

"I am against that resolution. The emancipation proclamation is a quarter of a century old. It is stale. It was intended as a moral blow at the southern people. Its object was to destroy us. It was written by Abraham Lincoln, a man who was a bastard by birth, and a fanatic in his manhood. I vote 'No,' and I want my vote recorded with a big 'N.'"

Such "little episodes" would seem to call for rebuke, but do not receive any from the Constitution, whose editor a few months ago made a speech at Boston in which he paid a glowing tribute to the memory of Lincoln, and in his name plead for peace and fraternity between the north and the south.—

MARRIAGE ON THE CONGO.

STRANGE CUSTOMS OF A LITTLE PORTUGUESE COLONY.

A HONEYMOON SPENT IN A HUT—Importance and Power of the "Fetich Man." It Costs \$10 to Get a Wife from a Neighboring Town.

Happier than some other races of men, none of these West African tribes practice infanticide. On the contrary, it is considered a misfortune not to have children, and this desire is the source of some very curious habits and customs. Among the Bassas, a tribe further to the north, a banana tree is planted on the day of marriage, and if on the day of its first producing fruit a child should not have been born the contract is considered void and the parties marry again.

With the Kabina the bride and groom immediately after marriage are locked in a hut which must never have been occupied before, and are there kept close prisoners for three months, except that at every midnight the old men of the town take the groom and the old women the bride and escort them to the "fetich man," to whom they appeal for children. During this time, however, they are well supplied with both food and drink. At the end of the three months a great feast is held, when the prisoners are released and the hut where they have been confined is burned, and thus their honeymoon is brought to an end.

HOW A WIFE IS GOT.

The ceremony of marriage among these people is conducted by the different tribes in a manner that is common to them all.

When a native wants a wife, if there is none in his own town to suit him, he sends to some neighboring chief asking if there is a girl in his town of the age desired. If the answer is in the affirmative, he then presents his case to the old men of his town, and after a "palaver," or talk, at which there is the drinking of much rum, they agree that he may bring home a wife a woman from another town.

After securing this permission he, with presents in his hands for the propitiation of the spirit powers, visits the head "fetich man," and after listening to his many prayers receives a charm. He is then ready to seek his bride.

In the meantime the women of his town—maids, wives and widows—having been advised of his intention and being incensed by his slighting them in selecting a stranger, are prepared, as they are allowed by their laws to do, to prevent his leaving until their charms have been admitted and their indignation allayed by many presents. This custom, despite every precaution of the man, often ends in disputes which are settled only by an appeal to the "fetich man" and "susswood."

However, having overcome the difficulties of his departure, he arrives at and is received in his prospective bride's town by the old men of the place and by them conducted to the "palaver house," where the theatrical patron never ventures, and the small boy who cannot read unites with the equally illiterate goat for their speedy destruction. An afternoon's shower will erase the work of days, batter down the signs, blur the colors, and generally destroy the most ambitious bill posted. The newspaper is, in truth, the only reliable means of theatrical as it is of other advertisement. It is cheaper, further reaching and appeals to a better clientele, and the constant increase in the space occupied by the theatre advertisements in the leading papers shows that this fact is understood.

—Philadelphia Times.

The Billboards' Decline.

Theatrical managers have lately been discussing the question of the most profitable manner of advertising their shows. A few years ago the billboard was the only recognized method of communication between the manager and his patrons. Spaces upon every fence and corner were eagerly bought up by the enterprising advance agent; saloon windows were utilized to hold the lithographs, and a free pass accompanied each picture displayed. What was the result? After the agent had gone his rounds and papered the town the ticket scalper also began his pilgrimage. He bought up the free passes at a small cost and sold them afterward at a good profit to himself and filled the house at a direct loss to the original management. The scheme was a complete failure.

Later another plan was adopted and with similar results. Season tickets, admitting the holder to four performances a month and not transferable, were issued, and on each performance the door keeper was obliged to punch out one of the dates, as in a railroad ticket. The result was that the holders of these passes held on until they had accumulated a dozen or so of admissions to their credit, and then swooped down upon the theatre in their might and owned the house. In Buffalo last season one manager was forced to give away 1,700 free admissions in one week, and only saved himself from ruin by getting the differences in the price of those of his patrons who wished to obtain better seats than their passes admitted them to.

It is generally conceded among advanced theatrical managers that the newspaper is at once the cheapest and the best way of reaching the great theatre-going public. Such is the condition of Philadelphia at present the principal streets there are no places for the billboard and the lithograph.

They must be exiled to the suburbs, where the theatrical patron never ventures, and the small boy who cannot read unites with the equally illiterate goat for their speedy destruction. An afternoon's shower will erase the work of days, batter down the signs, blur the colors, and generally destroy the most ambitious bill posted. The newspaper is, in truth, the only reliable means of theatrical as it is of other advertisement. It is cheaper, further reaching and appeals to a better clientele, and the constant increase in the space occupied by the theatre advertisements in the leading papers shows that this fact is understood.

—Philadelphia Times.

The Major's Whisky Shot.

Some interesting things are remembered by Sherman's Atlanta campaign veterans in connection with Lieut. Bundy, commanding a battery of artillery, now known as Maj. Bundy, and one of the editorial writers on Deacon Shepard's New York Mail and Express.

Lieut. Bundy had a tooth for a good toddy, and one morning at Kennesaw Mountain had sampled some "Diamond B" commissary with some other officers, and reached his battery in excellent spirits. Soon Col. Geary rode that way, and, observing the lieutenant, gruffly addressed him thus:

"Lieut. Bundy, you are drunk."

Bundy answered back, as quick as a flash:

"Col. Geary, you are a d—d liar!"

Here was a situation. Geary was about to put Bundy under arrest, saying to him: "You are so drunk you don't know that gun from a hollow log."

"I don't, eh? I'll show you whether I do or not. See that bunch of rebels over there?" pointing to a group of Confederate officers taking an observation from an eminence half a mile away. "Just watch me scatter 'em."

Seizing the tail of a gun, he jerked it around, got the range, adjusted everything to his liking, gave the order to fire, exploding a four inch shell right in the midst of the group of Confederates, who hastily retired to cover, carrying with them their wounded.

Col. Geary withdrew his offensive remarks, complimented Bundy on his skill and rode away.

Lieut. Bundy was an expert artillerist, and could land a shell about where he wanted to.

The writer has often heard it said by Federalists who ought to know that he fired the shot that killed Gen. Polk.—Kennesaw Gazette.

The Dominion of Canada.

Canada is composed of seven provinces and a number of vast territorial districts, which correspond to the territories of the United States. The provinces bear a relation to the individual states. They are unequal in size, British Columbia having 330,344 square miles of area, and little Prince Edward Island containing only 2,133 square miles. Quebec has 123,355 square miles. Ontario has 107,589. Nova Scotia 21,731. New Brunswick 27,322, and Manitoba possesses 113,951. The enormous Northwestern territory, which has been subdivided into Alberta, Saskatchewan and Athabasca, comprises 1,919,502 square miles. Mewatayn 895,306, the Arctic Islands 311,700, and the islands of Hudson's bay 23,400.

Here is an area in the aggregate of 3,405,542 square miles of God's earth under theegis of Great Britain. Pugot is the population thinly scattered over the land. There are 1,200,000 Frenchmen, the Emerald Isle has contributed 925,600, and the Land of Cakes has 555,000 representatives. Three hundred thousand persons trace their near origin to Germany; there are 70,000 relatives of Taffy the Welshman, and the so called Scandinavians number about 11,000 souls. Ontario, the most thoroughly English province, has a population of 1,700,000 in round numbers; Quebec contains 1,600,000, of whom 1,100,000 are French. Nova Scotia contains 450,000. New Brunswick nearly 400,000. Prince Edward Island 120,000. British Columbia 120,000, and Manitoba approximately 170,000.—Exchange.

A Story of Bismarck.

The second volume of the memoirs of the Duke of Gotha, which has made such a stir in the social and political world of Germany, contains another anecdote of Bismarck's latest adventure to the ranks of doctors of divinity. When secretary of the Prussian legation at Frankfurt, he was asked by a lady why he objected to the appointment of Count Thun to the position of Count Thun to the position of ambassador. He replied that it was not a fit place for a man of his extraordinary talents, there being so little to do. "Then," continued the lady, "why do you retain your office?" "Oh, madam, it is another thing with me. I have always been a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, and care little for nothing save my gun. Here I can hunt as well as on my farm and enjoy my sister." The years have changed Bismarck and his ideas.—San Francisco Argonaut.

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Fox and Gound.

A fox hound belonging to Capt. Mark Percy, of Cox's Head, near Fort Popham, chased a fox for two days. The dog was seen in pursuit of the fox several times during the two days, and his deep baying was frequently heard. Finally the fox tired out, and fell to the ground exhausted. The dog, knowing that he had not sufficient strength left to fight the fox, sat down near him and watched him. In this condition the fox and the hound were found by a man who lived near, and the fox was so exhausted that the man easily killed him with a club.—Lawton (Okla.) Journal.

A Clever Salesman.