

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

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THE Lamont baby is said to be a very little one. "In this respect," says the Topeka Commonwealth, "it resembles the president's idea of civil service reform."

THE colored people are leaving South Carolina at a rate which is quite alarming to employers and land owners. As to the cause of their going, it is sufficient to cite the fact that they have nothing to take away with them save the clothes on their backs.

THE United States, according to the latest statistics, imported during the calendar year 1887, 383,836 gross tons of tin plates. From statements of Mr. P. F. McClure, in his article on "Dakota," in Harper's magazine for February, there is reason to believe that hereafter the United States will obtain its supply of tin from the Black Hill, Dakota.

WHO PAYS THE TOLL? Senator Vest, of Missouri, in a recent speech on the tariff used the following argument in an effort to prove the doctrine of President Cleveland, that the amount of the duty is added to the selling price of an imported article: I cross a bridge and it costs me five cents a pound upon my produce in order to get a market upon the other side.

St. Paul's, Boston, for Sale. An offer of \$750,000 has been refused for St. Paul's church, Boston, because the owners hope to get \$1,000,000 for it. This church is the large granite one, with a pillared portico, which stands on Tremont street, opposite the common, almost at the corner of Temple place.

Seventy Years a Thief. Mary Fitzgerald, now in prison in Philadelphia for picking the pockets of a well-to-do gentleman, is said to be the oldest sneak thief in the United States. She is 80 years old, and since she was 10 has been a thief. She was a convict before she was 12, and in recent years has not been out of jail more than five months at a time.

JURY SYSTEM ABUSES. In the course of the discussion of the jury bill on Wednesday it was developed that a great nuisance in connection with our present system was the tendency of the professional roustabout juror to "hang" juries on which he got himself placed, for the purpose of prolonging the session and drawing his two dollars a day while the jury is "hung."

time and has been adopted, it is said, with satisfactory results, in some States. The old unanimous system adopted by our fathers for the protection of the weak against the strong is no longer necessary. It used to be thought that the powerful lord or baron could always manage to get a majority by his influence, but that if it took a unanimous vote to make a verdict the weak litigant would have a better show for his side.

There is nothing in that view of the case these days. The average American citizen isn't afraid of the king, or the judge, or the baron any more, and especially delinquent "soak" it to what is left of baronial powers in the shape of great corporations, when he sits on a jury. Hence the majority can be generally trusted to do about the square thing on a jury, and the stinging tyranny of the one or two or three chaps who are hired not to agree, or who want to display their temporary importance or their natural malice, will be overthrown.

The Journal can think of no reason why any litigant in this country, or at least in this state, should fear, if his case is just, to risk the opinion of a two-thirds majority of the average jury that is called to sit in his quire. What he really fears, always, is the ugliness or ignorance of a fellow or two who from constitutional defects or corrupt influences can never agree to anything that appears fair to the other nine, ten or eleven gentlemen.

Now the occupation of the roustabout jurymen would be gone to a great extent if he had no longer the power to "hang" juries. Nine are enough for a fair verdict on any ordinary case in our courts. It is the litigant who knows he is wrong who hangs all his hopes on the twelfth man who will hold out to the crack of doom against the other eleven obstinate fellows, from pure cussedness, ignorance or the expectation of a boodle.—Lincoln Journal.

A Biblical Opinion of Man. Wife—The Bible says much in favor of women, John. I thought that the Israelites kept their women in the background, but if they did the Bible, which is their history, doesn't.

Husband—Humph! The Israelites did well by keeping their women in the background; that's where women should be.

Wife—But still the Bible says that— Husband—O, I know there are a few women mentioned in the Bible—there was Jezebel, she was a woman.

Wife—Yes; and there was Abah; he was a man. And there was— Husband—It is no use talking, Mary. The Bible is a history of men. Women are mentioned only incidentally as they had influence on the actions of men.

The book says little about women compared to what it does about men.

Wife (musingly)—You may be right, John, now when I come to think of it. There is one thing, at any rate, it says about men that it does not say about women.

Husband (smiling)—I thought you would come to your senses, Mary. What is it the book says about men that it does not say about women?

Wife (placidly)—It says all men are liars.

Then the husband arose and put on his hat and went out to see what kind of a night it was.—London Tid Bits.

How They Do It. The manners of women in public conveniences vary, but they all get off a street car in the same way. Watch any particular one. She motions to the conductor and slides to the edge of the seat, on which she sits perfectly still until the car comes to a full stop.

Then she walks calmly to the platform. On the lower step she hesitates, leans forward, peeps up the street, looks across the street, gathers up her skirts, looks down and back to see that they are not too high for propriety, glances shyly up to see if the impudent men are staring, takes the other look around at the horizon and departs. The conductor jerks the bell strap with pernicious activity, glares at the woman until she reaches the sidewalk, and then hastily scans the faces of the men on the platform. He is looking for sympathy. But he gets none. Every glance is sharpened at the fair creature who has just alighted.—Philadelphia Press.

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This church is the large granite one, with a pillared portico, which stands on Tremont street, opposite the common, almost at the corner of Temple place.

It has long divided down town church honors with King's chapel. Under its great front steps lie the bones of 2,000 former citizens of Boston. Burial there has been stopped only within a half dozen years. The total area of the property is 20,000 square feet, and its assessed valuation is \$800,000.—Chicago Times.

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Where the Timber Goes. Iron cross ties have been tried on the Pennsylvania railroad and found less desirable than those of good, honest white oak. This will be unpleasant news for tree lovers. The most relentless consumers of the forest trees are the men that must have trees for cross-ties, and nice, straight young trees for telegraph poles.

Two thousand ties for every mile of steel rails laid means a fearful gap in some far forest, and a mile of telegraph poles means a goodly grove cut down. Not until railroads can find a substitute for oak ties, and can lay their attendant wires underground, will the forests of this country stand any chance against the woodman's ax.—Chicago Bulletin.

FAITH IN THE SHAMBLES.

Sick Children Bathed in the Viscera of Newly Killed Animals.

What is known as the slaughter house cure is one of the newest freaks of metropolitan life. Its adepts are persons afflicted with tormenting bodily maladies, more especially those of a cutaneous nature, and the form of cure which they practice may be witnessed at some of the cattle slaughtering places which abound in the neighborhood of First avenue and Forty-sixth street. Strange, and what would be considered repulsive spectacles, were it not for the motive of them, are frequently presented in the places during the hours of butchering.

Mothers are to be seen with young children, troubled and sick with physical infirmities, engaged in bathing the suffering ones in the viscera of freshly killed animals, while they are yet warm and palpitating with the animal heat. The belief prevails that these manure-baths in the carcasses of animals are efficacious in restoring health and strength to crippled, weak and affected parts of the body, more particularly to the extremities, like the hands and feet. How this queer belief originated those acquainted with the subject cannot tell, but that the baths are stranger and more outre than the mud baths of the ancients may be readily understood.

It is only on pleasant days that the believers in the slaughter-house cure make their appearance at the abattoirs. Mothers are to be met with on such days on their way through Forty-sixth street and the adjacent thoroughfares, bringing their little ones with them to the cattle pens to undergo the treatment. "Give us a bath," is the usual form of request, and the permission is rarely refused by the butchers. In some special instances the applicants are favored with the privilege of bathing their young in the carcasses before they have been dressed and while they are hanging from the hooks.

The proprietor of one of the slaughter houses visited by believers in the cure for the purpose of understanding the treatment said that he could not account for the origin of the custom. It was first heard of subsequent to the mania for drinking blood, prevalent here for a long time, and which he thought might have suggested the present remedy. The notion that those engaged in the killing and dressing of cattle are a robust and vigorous lot of men may have had something to do with the belief.

The heat and vitality of the freshly killed cattle was no doubt imparted to those indulging in the singular baths to some extent, and where they were taken regularly beneficial results, he thought, might be derived.

He said that he knew of one case of a child that had been saved from death by the agency of the baths, and concluded that there were other cases of successful cure. Another butcher said that the baths were not likely to become popular and that the owners of the slaughter houses would not like to see them so, as too many demands for the cure operation would interrupt business. As for himself, he did not have much faith in it.

Most of those who partook of the baths were the children of parents residing in the vicinity, and who were doubtless attracted to the supposed cure by the possibility of the shambles, and the further fact that it cost nothing for treatment. The idea of the bath might have started with the butchers themselves, and very probably did. Both bullock and sheep carcasses were used by the believers in the strange cure, but the preference was for bovines, as they were thought to possess greater health giving qualities.

A medical man who was told of the cure thought that the belief was a mere mania.—New York Mercury.

A Substitute for Grace.

One Christmas I spent up on the mountain side with two or three others, and there we had our holiday dinner, and it was a wholesome meal, but wanting in those delicacies that a mother or wife can best prepare. A snowstorm was raging along the mountains, but with our cheerful fire and warm cabin, we cared nothing for it.

"If we had some flowers for the wish table," said one of the boys.

"We all wished the same," said one.

"Get out your old letters," said one. "We all knew what that was for, for many a flower from the old home finds its way in letters to the boys out west. One found a rose bud, another a violet, another a daisy, and then another rose was found in a mother's letter. Withered and faded were these tokens from the old homes, but never did men value flowers more than we did that withered bouquet.

"Can't some one say grace?" said one of the boys.

No one volunteered.

"The closing lines in my mother's letter," said a boyish fellow, "might do."

"Read them," was the response that came from all.

Heads were bowed around that frugal Christmas board, and the young man read:

"God bless you, my son, and God bless us all."

I then looked up and saw tears on the cheeks of weather beaten faces.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

He Couldn't Catch Up.

Pennock Pusey at one time had a tenant who was very slow in the payment of his rent. The first time the gentleman went around to collect of him he discovered this. The tenant said he had no ready money, gave various excuses for his impetuous condition, and finally referred Mr. Pusey to Judge Chandler, who, he said, would certify as to his good character and general honesty of purpose. Judge Chandler was looking back in his office chair when Mr. Pusey went around to see him regarding the tenant who couldn't pay. "That man is all right," said the judge, after hearing his story, "the only trouble about him is that he was born about \$50 behind and he has never been able to catch up."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A SERIOUS MISTAKE

How Near a Wealthy Banker Came to Being Stuffed with Straw.

A rich foreigner, named Sutherland, naturalized in Russia, was banker to the court, and in high favor with the empress. He was roused one morning by the information that his house was surrounded by guards, and that Reliev, the minister of police, desired to speak with him. This personage, entering without further ceremony, at once announced his errand.

"Mr. Sutherland," said he, "I am charged by my gracious sovereign with the execution of a sentence, the severity of which both astonishes and grieves me; and I am ignorant as to how you can so far have excited the resentment of her majesty."

"I am as much in the dark as yourself," replied the banker; "but what are your orders?"

"I have not courage to tell you."

"Have I lost the confidence of the empress?"

"If that were all, you would not see me troubled. Confidence may return—position may be restored."

"Am I to be sent back to my own country or, good heavens!" cried the banker trembling, "does the empress think of banishing me to Siberia?"

"Alas! you might some day return."

"Am I to be knouted?"

"This punishment is fearful, but it does not kill!"

"Is my life, then, in peril? I cannot believe that the empress, usually so mild, so gentle—who spoke to me so kindly but two days since—'tis impossible—for heaven's sake let me know the worst; anything is better than this intolerable suspense."

"Well, then," said Reliev in a melancholy tone, "my gracious mistress has ordered me to have you stuffed."

"Stuffed!" cried the poor banker, horrified.

"Yes, stuffed with straw."

Sutherland looked fixedly at the minister of police an instant, and exclaimed:

"Sir, either you have lost your reason or the empress is not in her right sense; surely you did not receive such a command without endeavoring, at least, to point out its unreasonableness, its barbarity."

"Alas! my unfortunate friend, I did that which, under ordinary circumstances, I should not have dared to attempt. I manifested my grief, my consternation, I even hazarded a humble remonstrance; but her imperial majesty, in an irritated tone, bade me leave her presence and see her commands obeyed at once, adding these words, which still ring in my ears: 'Go, and forget not that it is your duty to acquit yourself without a murmur any commission with which I may deign to trust you.'"

It would be impossible to describe the horror, the despair, of the unhappy banker; after waiting till the first burst of grief was over, Reliev informed him that he would allow him a quarter of an hour to settle his worldly affairs. Sutherland wept and prayed, and entreated the minister to take a petition from him to the empress. Overcome by his supplications, the magistrate consented to be his messenger, and took charge of the missive, but, afraid to return to the palace, he hastily presented himself at the residence of the English ambassador and explained the affair to him.

The ambassador, very naturally, supposed the minister had become insane, and, bidding him follow, he hurried to the palace.

Introduced into the imperial presence, he told his story with as little delay as possible. On hearing this strange recital the empress exclaimed:

"Merciful heaven! what a dreadful mistake! Reliev must have lost his wits. Run quickly, my lord, I beg, and desire that madman to relieve my poor banker of his groundless fears, and to set him at liberty immediately."

The English ambassador left the room to do as her majesty required, and on his return found the empress laughing immoderately. "I see now," said she, "the cause of this inconceivably absurd blunder. I had for some time been told that a dog which was much attached to me, called him Sutherland, because that was the name of the English gentleman who presented him to me; this dog has just died, and I gave Reliev orders to have him stuffed; as he hesitated, I became angry, supposing that from a foolish excess of pride he thought this commission beneath his dignity. That is the solution of this ridiculous enigma."—Paris Figaro.

Vanderbilt and Lord Palmerston.

Here is one of the late Commodore Vanderbilt. When Vanderbilt went abroad during the civil war he was entertained by many notables in England. Among the guests at one of the big houses beside the commodore was Lord Palmerston. The English premier was quite taken with Vanderbilt, who was one of the handsomest Americans who had ever visited that country.

But his conversation was not always carried on in pure English. In discussing American affairs Lord Palmerston told the commodore something concerning a dispatch he had sent to the United States government. The latter listened very attentively until Lord Palmerston had finished, and then astonished everybody by this advice:

"Palm, you hadn't order to write that."—New York Star.

Convenient for Travelers.

An arrangement has just been made that will considerably facilitate the movement of passengers from America who travel to London by way of Liverpool, and who are now detained at the latter port so long as frequently to cause the missing of trains. The practice is to deposit the luggage in the custom depot at the landing stage, where passengers must attend to open their boxes and fasten them up again. The new arrangement is that the examination shall be transferred from the landing stage to the London termini of the railway companies, namely: Euston station for travelers, by the London and Northwestern line, and St. Pancras station by the Midland.—New York Home Journal.

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