

**The Plattsouth Daily Herald.**

**KNOTTS BROS.,**  
Publishers & Proprietors.

**THE PLATTSMOUTH HERALD**  
Is published every evening except Sunday and Weekly every Thursday morning. Registered at the postoffice, Plattsouth, Neb., as second-class matter. Office corner of Vine and Fifth streets. Telephone No. 38.

TERMS FOR DAILY.  
One copy one year in advance, by mail..... \$6 00  
One copy per month, by carrier..... 50  
One copy per week, by carrier..... 15

TERMS FOR WEEKLY.  
One copy one year, in advance..... \$1 50  
One copy six months, in advance..... 75

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WEEKLY HERALD	N. Y. World	\$2 40
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LET submission come, and then let both sides of the question be laid before the people. Open, free and fair discussion is the safety valve to majority rule.—Kearney Hub.

THE Hastings *Gazette-Journal* plant was sold the other day under a chattel mortgage of \$35,000, held by the Nebraska Loan and Trust company. It was bid in by that company for \$15,000; there were no other bids. The stock invoiced at \$60,000.

THE firm stand taken by the United States senate on the Samoan difficulty is recognized in Washington as a severe rebuke to the weak and wavering policy of Secretary Bayard and an indication of the policy of the incoming administration. A little manhood and firmness on the part of Bayard some months ago would have averted the present difficulty.—Lincoln Call.

A FARMER in Illinois gives the following cogent reasons why he is a believer in a protective policy. He says: "I believe in the tariff because it gives me a chance to sell my produce to men who earn their living by manufacturing the things I have to buy. They are protected from foreign competition as long as they are learning their business, and as soon as they get the hang of it I notice that the prices go down, and I get my plows and shovels as cheaply as I could abroad. In the meantime I do not have to pay large freight charges to get my wheat across the ocean. That is why I am a protectionist."

**NO FREE TRADE CONSULS NOW.**

It is interesting to note the difference between the subject matter in the consular reports received at the department of state now and six month or a year ago. Then the reports teemed with free trade argument, and the bent of the effort of the consuls generally seemed to be to educate the American mind both here and abroad that that peculiar kind of tariff reform advocated in the Mills bill was the proper thing, and that the American government was tending toward British free trade. Now legitimate subjects are treated. There are no more trade arguments found in the reports—at least, those published in the special bulletins intended for representatives of the press.—Economist.

**"WHISKY CAPPERS."**

The spectacle of Edward Rosewater heading the whisky ring of this state is edifying; for an man who has frothed and foamed about railroad cappers and oil rooms in the interest of the railway corporations of the state, it is a dead give away when he constitutes himself the chief lobbyist, advocate and oil room, all in one grand combine, for the whisky trust. Mr. Rosewater is opposed to everything which endangers the saloon, even a reform in our election laws is regarded by that brass-collared lobbyist for the whisky trust as a menace to the dram shop. Mr. Rosewater's boasted thirst for purity in governmental affairs shines like a jewel in a pig's snout.

**THE VICE OF OUR AGE.**

Ruskin has, like Carlyle, whose disciple he claims to be, boldly attacked the leading vice of our age, which he would consider to be the predominance of the mercenary and commercial spirit, and a corresponding consequent lowness of all our ideals of life. Against this persistent vicious source, nothing, however lofty, however holy, can hold its ground in the estimation of our majorities as a chief incentive to action. In his drastic manner he has described the spirit of cupidity in the most powerful terms, but in none more pitiful than in the passage in *Fors Clavigera* relating to the benevolence leading to railway enterprise: "The benevolence involved in the construction of railways amounts exactly to this much and no more—that if the British public were informed that the engineers were now confident, after their practice in the Cenix and St. Gotthard tunnels, that they could make a railway to hell, the British public would instantly invest in the concern to any amount, and stop church building all over the country for fear of diminishing the dividends."—Dr. Charles Waldstein, in Harper's Magazine for February.

**TAMED BY POETRY.**

How the Young Duke of Burgundy Was Reclaimed by Fenelon.

Plato thought that boys are the most untamable of wild beasts, and his opinion has had eminent supporters. Pope probably meant much the same thing when he said that schoolboys have no character.

In view of this opinion, the story of Fenelon and the young Duke of Burgundy has a peculiar significance. There is, indeed, no more signal example of the immense importance of well conceived, well directed methods of education than the transformation which Fenelon wrought in his royal pupil.

A more intractable subject probably never exercised the wits and patience of his instructor. Before he was placed in the hands of Fenelon, the duke was in simple truth much more of a wild beast than a rational human being.

One of his chief pleasure was in kicking and biting all his attendants who approached him. At times he refused to speak a word for hours. On other occasions he would not eat, though tempted with all the triumphs of the royal cooks.

His grandfather, Louis XIV, had been at infinite pains to obtain for him the most judicious attendants and tutors; but all had given up their charge as hopeless. At length Fenelon was called in.

Fenelon was not without experience in dealing with young people, and he had already written a book on education; but his peculiar fitness for the task he had undertaken was that of a character unique in charm and sympathetic insight.

In Fenelon's dealings with his pupil he had one leading idea, to which perhaps educationists have not given the importance it deserves. This idea was that for every individual there is one poet who above all others appeals to the deepest instincts of his nature, and is therefore fitted to be one of the highest forces in educating the best qualities of his mind and heart.

Fenelon had not been long with his pupil before he discovered that with all his ungovernable passions he had a "Virgilian soul"—in other words, that in the depths of the boy's nature there was that which responded to the grace and tenderness which distinguish Virgil above all other poets.

Virgil accordingly was made the instrument through whom he sought to effect his ends. The result exceeded his hopes. Virgil did indeed become the duke's favorite poet, and the chief formative influence of his brief life.—Chambers' Journal.

**Wasted Eloquence.**

Rather an amusing episode occurred on an incoming Baltimore and Ohio train the other morning. A traveling man boarded the train about daylight at a station a few miles out of the city. Being communicative, he engaged his seat mate, a gentleman, in conversation, ascertaining before many minutes that he was just from New Haven. With all the volubility of his tribe and the enthusiasm of the average Chicagoan, he began to discourse on the wonderful growth and enterprise of the northwest in general and Chicago in particular, contrasting it with "the slow going east," to use his own phrase. "I've only lived here three years," said he, "but, I tell you, I've seen improvements enough in that short time to make your eastern flocks heads swim."

Then, as the train wound slowly along the lake shore, he pointed out numerous recent improvements, various localities that had under his observation been transformed from sandy wastes or howling wilderness to city boulevards and handsome dwellings, all the time watching his listener's face for signs of astonishment. He, however, seemed either obtuse or unappreciative, and as the train slowed up at the Twenty-second street station, gathered up his belongings to leave the car. "Have you ever stopped in the city before?" queried the talkative drummer. "Oh, yes," quietly answered the traveler. "I live right over here on Michigan avenue. I've lived in Chicago twenty years."—Chicago Journal.

**A Checkered Career.**

"I have traveled," said Col. Joyce to a Chicago newspaper man, "in every country on the globe. I have had dealings with the white, the black and the red. I speak several languages. I have seen prosperity and enjoyed it. I have seen adversity. I know what it is now. I have been in the insane asylum and in the penitentiary. I have never yet been in a corner that I didn't get out of it. I have never been broke very long, for just when the day seemed the darkest the dollar turned up somewhere. I have always been able to hold my own wherever I was. God endowed me with quick perception and abundant language. If I meet Mr. Gladstone I have the faculty of making Mr. Gladstone believe that I am his equal, or as good as he. I have it in me to read men quickly. I am getting on my feet again now. The plowshares of time are in my face, the snow is in my hair. Sometimes when I look into my mirror and think and think and think of all I have seen, and of the people whom I have met, and what has occurred and the ingratitude of men, I wonder that I am living. I wonder why I was born."—Washington Post.

**She Will Be the Richest.**

The little princess of the Netherlands, when she becomes queen of Holland, will be one of the richest sovereigns, if not the richest sovereign in Europe. The civil list of Holland, which is secured on the revenues of Borneo, is very large—£3,000,000 per annum, it is said. The Duchy of Luxembourg passes to the Grand Duke of Nassau and then becomes a portion of the German empire, but the king of Holland, not coming under the operation of the Salic law, devotes to the king's little daughter. She is a bright, intelligent, clever child, with a good deal of character and determination.—Home Journal.

**MANNERS OF THE FRENCH.**

They Seldom Swear and Do Not Talk Slang—Inclined to Asbility.

French manners are gentle. A certain mildness of demeanor, which is among us mainly confined to such individuals as do not feel the consequences of failure in self assertion, is everywhere observable. The fiercely mustachioed concierge shares it with the blind academician. It is the rarest imaginable chance to hear an oath. There is something feeble and inefficient, an acknowledgment of inarticulateness, about the intensor sort of expletives, which are wholly foreign to the French temper, accustomed to perfect facility and adequacy of expression.

Similarly with slang. French "argot" is almost a language by itself. Slang, as we comprehend the term, and as Walt Whitman eulogizes and employs it—namely, the riotous medium of the under language—is unknown. One may in a week hear more oaths and more slang in Wall street, at the seaside, in the hotel corridors and street cars and along the sidewalks of New York and Philadelphia, say, and in public generally among us, than in the length and breadth of France in a year.

There is not the same burlesque of "heartiness," the same slapping on the back, the same insistent invitations to drink, the same brutality—in fine, there is infinitely more gentleness. Their occasional savagery strikes us as ineffective and amateur, their fury seems fustian. The "expier thrusts" of sarcasm, the kind of writing and talking to which some of our newspapers apply their most eulogistic epithet, "scathing," the bitter banter to which not a few of the best bred of our young girls seem just now especially addicted, would excite amazement in France.

Persiflage there is never personal when it is good natured. In any event there is far less of it than of compliment, and this compliment is less facetitious than are our personalities of the uncomplimentary kind. The difference shows an important temperamental distinction as well as anything can. The French are as inclined to the amiable, the agreeable, the social, the impersonal, as we are to avoid being the dupe of these qualities; perhaps they are less duped than we are, and at any rate the amount of fruitless friction which they save over us is very great.

Indeed, with us this friction grows by natural selection; it is popular because, conscious of immense kindness at bottom and our own unkindness being for the moment unmasked, we like to see the galled jade wince.—W. C. Brownell in Scribner's.

**Spain's Royal Children.**

The cardinal archbishop of Saragossa, who officiated as chaplain royal at the christening of the two daughters of the late King Alfonso XII, in 1880 and 1882, came here expressly for the confirmation of the princesses of the Asturias and the Infanta Maria Theresa, now bright, pretty girls, 8 and 6 years old. The royal children are carefully brought up and educated under the eyes of Queen Christina by Spanish and foreign governesses. They already speak English, French and German, besides their native tongue. The Infanta Maria Theresa is brighter, but less docile and more delicate than her sister. The queen does not allow them to be spoiled, though the stately etiquette of the Bourbon court obliges the attendants and courtiers to treat them, and even the baby king, with singular attention. Old generals and proud ladies of the aristocracy can be seen kissing the hand of the little monarch, who is a lively, talkative, healthy looking child, 2 years and 6 months old. The royal children are only allowed to play with their little cousins, the children of the Infantas Paz and Eulalia, who are about the same age.—Madrid Correspondent.

**Women in Different Lands.**

News from the other side is to the effect that the canopy veils, upon which we are squandering our money, are in Paris dedicated to the cocottes, and that women of good form decline to wear them. However, I do not think this will affect their use here, inasmuch as we have always known that the ladies of the lake have the best styles in Paris. An American prides himself on his fortune and his ability to make it; an Englishman on his horses, the way they are groomed and the absolute perfection of his getting up; a Frenchman on the magnificent toilets and the superb carriages dedicated to her who daily drives around the lake and causes envy in the heart of every one of his companions. Curious, isn't it? No man in the world spends so much money on women of this kind as do the French; no men are so respectful to them or so much governed by them. An Englishman, no matter how well bred he may be, always feels that he can give his mistress either a mental or physical beating; but they do these things better in France.—New York Letter.

**The King of Corea.**

Just one hundred years before Columbus discovered America, the king of Corea sat upon its imperial throne and governed its cream faced, almond eyed subjects. The blood that flows in the veins of Li-Hi, the present king of Corea, is of the same continuous royal stream which has flowed over the Korean throne since 1332. During that time twenty-nine kings have reigned, and the power of each has been more despotic than that of the czar of Russia. The royal blood has not weakened in its flowing, and his majesty of today has the best qualities of his ancestors and is one of the most progressive of the Asiatic rulers.—Frank G. Carpenter.

**LEGAL.**

Notice to Lot Owners in Paving District No. 1.

Be it ordained by the Mayor and Council of the City of Plattsouth, That all lot owners in Paving District No. 1, of the city of Plattsouth, between east side of Seventh street and west side of Second street be and they are hereby required to meet on February ninth, A. D. 1885, at the block house on Main street, at 10 o'clock in the morning, the said Mayor and Council will sit as a board of equalization to hear any and all complaints against assessing and levying special taxes to pay the cost of paving the lots in said district according to the following rule to wit:

To the First one-sixth abutting upon Main street 33 1/3 per cent of one-half of the total cost.

The Second one-sixth, 20 per cent of one-half of the total cost.

The Third one-sixth, 16 2/3 per cent of one-half of the total cost.

The Fourth one-sixth, 10 percent of one-half of the total cost.

The Fifth one-sixth, 10 per cent of one-half of the total cost.

The Sixth one-sixth, 10 per cent of one-half of the total cost, and so on to the last.

Such assessment is to be levied to extend to all lots and blocks where the lots face on Main street, and to extend to all alleys and blocks to include lots Nos. 3, 12, 13, 14, and north one-half of lots 4 and 11 in block 32.

It is further ordered that this resolution be published as a notice each day until said day of hearing.

Dated at Plattsouth, A. D. 1885.

Attest: W. K. FOX, M. B. MURPHY, City Clerk, Acting President.

**Notice of Sidewalk Taxation.**

Plattsouth, Neb., January 1885.

Resolved, By the Mayor and Council of the City of Plattsouth, That all lot owners in Sewer District No. 1 of the city of Plattsouth in the following blocks to-wit: Nos. 28 and 29, be and they are hereby required to meet on February ninth, A. D. 1885, at the block house on Main street, at 10 o'clock in the morning, the said Mayor and Council will sit as a board of equalization to hear any and all complaints against assessing and levying special taxes to pay the cost of paving the lots and blocks which have been ordered built over contracts, or through said lots and blocks a cost of feet abutting upon the number of feet blocks a cost of feet abutting upon the alleys through said blocks.

Such assessment is to be levied to extend to all lots and blocks where the lots face on alleys, and so on to the last.

Such assessment should not be so made.

It is further ordered that this resolution be published each day until said day of hearing.

Dated at Plattsouth, A. D. 1885.

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Dated at Plattsouth, A. D. 1885.

Attest: W. K. FOX, M. B. MURPHY, City Clerk, Acting President.

In order to cut down our large stock of

**Dry Goods, Underwear,**

Notions &c., we are offering Unexcelled Bargains in these Goods.

We have a fine line of

**Silk and Cashmere Mufflers**

And Silk Handkerchiefs at very low figures.