Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

SECOND-YEAR | PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 28, 1889. | NUMBER 113

BOULANGER ELECTED

In the French Election He Carries the Seine Department by 80,000 majority.

HIS OPPONENTS DUMBFOUNDED

The Ministry May Resign and New Cabinet May be Formed—The Siene Seat to be Vacated.

Boulanger an Election General.

PARIS, Jan. 27.—During last night there was much excitement and considerable disorder throughout the city. Many brawls and street fights occurred, which in some cases were very serious. The disorder was particularly great in the vicinity of Montmartre and Fauborg temple, where a large number of persons were wounded. The morning opened bright and fair and the streets were thronged at an early hour. The electors were very active and all indulged in predicting the nearest figure to the actual vote shown by the returns. The Boulangists were alert and displayed surprising confidence throughout. The workingmen's vote, upon which the issue depended, was mainly cast for Boulanger. The newspapers displayed unprecedented energy in their arrangements for securing returns.

Gen. Boulanger said this afternoon that he felt sure of receiving a majority of at leat 60,000. The Boulangist organization is perfect, and the followers of the general were everywhere instructed to maintain perfect order, otherwise, the the cause of their chief would be furiously injured. These instructions have been carried out to the letter, and no disturbances have occurred. The excitement at 8 o'clock this evening, when the returns showed that Boulanger's majoritp in St. Dennis was 5,000, was very great. In the Eighth Arrondissment Boulanger polled three times as many votes as his opponent, and this announcement added to the excitement. The members of the government are astonished at the result, and bets are freely offered that the ministry will resign tomorrow. The Boulangists now confidentially expect that the general will receive 100,000 majority.

The Boulangists confidently predict the fall of the Floquet ministery, and the dissolution of the chamber. The city is carefully guarded by the police and military to prevent disturbances.

Gen. Boulanger has been elected by a majority of 81,550.

The complete returns from the department of the Seine give Boulanger 245,000; Jacques, 162,520; Bouile, 16,760; other candidates, 10,358.

Gen. Boulanger will resign his seat for the department of the Seine, to which he was elected today, and retain his representation in the chamber of deputies of the department of the Norde. It is rumored that M. Magnin, governor of the Bank of France, will be asked to form a new cabinet.

PARIS, Jan. 27.—The cabinet held a special meeting last night, in view of the result of the Seine election, and remained in session from 11 o'clock until 1 this morning. Premier Floquet informed President Carnot that the ministry was prepared to resign if the president thought such action advisable. Several ministers advocated the reconstruction of the cabinet on a broader basis. President Carnet awaits conferences with various members of the cabinet before giving his decision.

There was great excitement in the boulevards after the result of the election became known. The police were not aggressive, but their presence in strong force restrained whatever latent desire to raise disturbance that may have lurked in the breasts of the more jubilant or discomfited of the crowd. Ten thousand persons alternately sang and cheered outside the cafe Durand, especially when Gen. Boulanger appeared at a window and bowed his acknowledgments. When Boulanger, upon alighting from his carriage, passed the restaurant opposite the cafe Durand where the friends of the government were assembled, he was vehemen ly hissed by the adherents of the ministry. The Boulangists replied with a shower of stones and the hissing ceased. The singing of patriotic songs in the streets was continued until after daylight.

COUGH! and COUGH! and COUGH!

What in the world is the reason you will cough and keep coughing and still keep trying inferior medicines when BEGGS' CHERRY COUGH SYRUP will positively relieve your cough at once? This is no advertising scheme, but an actual fact, and we guarantee it. Sold by O. P. Smith & Co., druggists.

NEW YORK—MIDNIGHT.

O mighty city, is there any hour
From daybreak till another dawning comes,
When the white dove of peace can droop her wings
In sweet compassion o'er thy throbbing heart?
Is there no respite from the thund'ring wheels,
The clangor of the bells? Art thou not sick
Of too much life? Canst thou not sleep
While the calm stars a plying vigil keep?
Is there no shore in this loud, stunning tide
Whereon thy waves could break, and then be still?
Canst thou not lift thine eyes to yon blue heaven
And in its boundless placeohide thy ur rest?
Canst thou not cast the burden of thy care
On the great Heart of Love beyond the stars?
—Annie S. Swan in Harper's Weekly.

Bread in Norway.

Bread making, writes a correspondent in Norway to the London Telegraph, was another industry which we had a good opportunity of seeing while we changed horses at one of the stations. Contrary to our expectations, we found white bread everywhere, but the common bread is a heavy bread, the chief ingredient of which is rye. It is always sour; the housewife intends it to be so. They also have "flat bread," made of potatoes and rye. It was this kind of bread that the two women whom we happened in upon were making. They were in a little underground room, unlighted except from the door. The walls were of stone and the floor was of earth. They were seated on either side of a long, low table, upon which were huge mounds of dough. The one nearest the door cut off a piece of this and molded it and rolled it out to a certain degree of thinness; then the other one took it, and with the greatest care rolled it still more. At her right hand was the fireplace, and upon the coals was a red piece of iron, forming a huge griddle more than half a yard across. The bread matched this in size very nearly when it was ready to be baked, and it was spread out and turned upon the griddle with great dexterity, and as soon as it was baked it was added to a great heap on the floor. The woman said she should continue to bake bread for forty days. She had a large family of men, who consumed a great deal. They had to bake very often in consequence. In many places they do not bake bread oftener than twice a year; then it is a circumstance like haying or harvesting.

An Irish Giant.

In the year 1761 two babes, destined to become known through the civilized world on account of their ponderous build, were born in Ireland. It is surely rather a curious coincidence that gives the world two giants from one small island during the same year. Cotter, the first of these exaggerated Irishmen, came of a family who were poor, and the stripling giant at the age of 18 set out for London in search of fortune. Even at that tender age his bodily proportions unerringly pointed toward "coming greatness." He soon engaged to a showman for exhibition. His contract being for three years at £50 per annum, asking some extra favors which the manager was disinclined to grant, Cotter forthwith refused to show himself to the eager cockneys.

Starting out in his own behalf he realized £30 before the end of the third day of exhibition. His popularity with the show going people from this time forward was assured. At the age of 22 he changed his name from Cotter to O'Brien to add weight to the fiction set forth on the glaring hand bills that he was "a lineal descendant of the renowned King Brian Borochme, and in person exhibits all the characteristics of that great and grand potentate." At the age of 25 Cotter was 8 feet 8 inches high, and although he lived to be over 40 his height never exceeded the figures given. He died at Clifton, England, Sept. 8, 1804.—St. Louis Republic.

The Toll Gate in War Time.

The colonels and majors had all told their recollections of the war, and even the privates had been heard. It was the turn of the home guard.

"We didn't have much blood, but we had stirring times when Morgan invaded Indiana while you were down to the front. I was only a private, but we all served with as much spirit and zeal as if we were members of the general's staff. I remember riding about carrying the tidings that Morgan was approaching. Down on the Shelbyville pike lived an old friend of mine. Riding down to his farm, I called him out.

"'Hello, in there,' I shouted.

"'What's up?' was the reply.

"'Morgan's coming. He is this side of Shelbyville. Better look out.'

"'Great God!' the eccentric old farmer exclaimed. 'Is that so? Ride down to the toll gate just below and tell the keeper not to let him through until I drive up my shoats.'"—Indianapolis News.

Velocity of Light.

The Danish astronomer, Olaus Romer, made the discovery of the velocity of light while taking observations of the eclipse of Jupiter's satellites in 1676. He found that the eclipses of the satellites seemed to be retarded as the earth moved farther away from the planet: that they occurred too soon when the earth was nearest and too late when it was farthest away from Jupiter. The astronomer found that this retardation of the occurrence of the eclipses could only be accounted for satisfactorily by the time that the light would take in crossing the earth's orbit, and that, calculating the time occupied in accomplishing this, the velocity of light was 192,500 miles a second. The best determinations made by the more accurate observations of modern times make the velocity about 186,300 miles a second.—New York Telegram.

All Can Marry.

"Why, Jennie, what do you think?" she cried as she stopped a friend on the avenue the other morning.

"You've gone to housekeeping, I bet."

"Yes, we have! George only gets $[illegible] a week, you know, and mamma was doubtful; but it's all right. We can buy everything we want and have lots left. Why, what do you think turnips cost?"

"I don't know."

"Only a cent a pint, and I can get a small cabbage for three cents!"—Detroit Free Press.

NIAGARA'S RIVAL.

WONDROUSLY BEAUTIFUL SHOSHONE AND SALMON FALLS.

A River Running in a Channel Which Looks Like the Grave of a Volcano Robbed of Its Dead—An Entrancing Scene Poetically Painted.

The lava beds of Idaho are a marked feature of that territory. Starting near the eastern boundary they extend southwesterly for a long distance, and are from abeut 300 to 900 feet in depth. This mass was once a river of molten fire, the making of which must have succeded a convulsion of nature more terrible than any ever witnessed by mortals, and long years must have passed before the awful fiery mass was cooled. To the east of the source of this lava flow the Snake river bursts out of the hills, becoming almost at once a sovereign river, and flowing at first southwesterly and then bending westerly, cuts through the lava fields nearly in the center of the territory, reckoned from east to west, and about forty miles north of its southern border, and flowing thence with great curves merges finally with the Columbia.

The two rivers combined make one of the chief waterways of the continent, and here and there taking on pictures of great beauty. On the Snake there are several falls. The American falls, a few miles west of Pocatello, are beautiful. Some sixty miles below are the Twin falls, where the river, divided into two nearly equal parts, falls 180 feet. They are grand. Three miles further on, and nearly due south, and twenty-six miles away from the town of Shoshone, on the Oregon Short Line railroad, are the Shoshone falls, and a few miles further on the Salmon falls.

THE BRIDAL VEIL AND TRAIN.

Never anywhere else was there such a scene; never anywhere else was so beautiful a picture hung in so rude a frame; never anywhere else on a background so forbidding and weird were so many glories clustered. Around and beyond there is nothing but the desert, sere, silent, lifeless; as though desolation has builded there everlasting thrones to Sorrow and Despair.

Away back in remote ages, over the withered breast of the desert, a river of fire 100 miles wide and 400 miles long was turned. As the fiery mass cooled its red waves became transfixed and turned black, giving to the double desert an indescribably blasted and forbidding face. But while this river of fire was in flow a river of water was fighting its way across it, or has since made the way and forged out for itself a channel through the mass. This channel looks like the grave of a volcano that has been robbed of its dead.

But [illegible] between its crumbling and [illegible] disfiguration appears [illegible] picture. A river, as bridal as the Hudson or the Ohio, springing from the distant, snow crested Tetons, with waters transparent as glass, but soon as emerald, with majestic flow and ever increasing [illegible], sweeps on until it reaches the point where the grand display begins.

Suddenly, in different places in the river bed, jagged, rocky reefs are upraised, dividing the current into four rivers, and these, in a mighty plunge of eighty feet downward, dash on their way. Of course the waters are churned into foam and roll over the precipice white as are the garments of the morning when no cloud obscures the sun. The loveliest of these falls is called "The Bridal Veil," because it is made of that lace which is woven with a warp of falling waters and a woof of sunlight. Above this and near the right bank is a long trail of foam, and this is called "The Bridal Train." The other channels are not so fair as the one called "The Bridal Veil," but they are more fierce and wild and carry in their furious sweep more power.

WREATHED IN A RAINBOW HALO.

One of the reefs which divides the river in mid-channel runs up to a peak, and on this a family of eagles have, through the years, may be through the centuries, made their home and reared their young, and on the verge of the abyss and amid the full echoes of the resounding roar of the falls. Surely the eagle is a fitting symbol of perfect fearlessness and of that exultation which comes with battle clamors.

But these first falls are but a beginning. The greater splendor succeeds. With swifter flow the startled waters dash on and within a few feet take their second plunge in a solid crescent, over a sheer precipice, 210 feet to the abyss below. On the brink there is a rolling crest of white, dotted here and there in sharp contrast, with shining eddies of green, as might a necklace of emerald shimmer on a throat of snow, and then the leap and fall.

Here more than foam is made. Here the waters are shivered into fleecy spray, whiter and finer than any miracle that ever fell from an India loom, while from the depths below an everlasting vapor rises—the incense of the waters to the waters' God. Finally, through the long unclouded days, the sun sends down his beams and, to give the startling scene its crowning splendor, wreaths the terror and the glory in a rainbow halo. On either sullen bank the extremities of its arc are anchored, and there in its many colored robes of light it lies outstretched above the abyss like wreaths of flowers above a sepulcher. Up through the glory and the terror an everlasting roar ascends, deep toned as the voice of fate, a diapason like that the rolling ocean chants when his eager surges come rushing in to greet and fiercely woo an irresponsive promontory.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Acquired of a Dollar.

Dr. W. F. Kier says: Of all the professions, I think the medical must be the most exacting. No one has any idea of the amount of work a physician of any practice must perform, and the strain he must be under. In the first place, he never knows whether he is going to get a night's sleep or not, unless he simply makes a rule that he will not take [illegible] unless it is very urgent. [illegible] up in the morning, he finds a half dozen or two dozen calls, from all directions, which, in a large city like St. Louis, means a great deal of traveling. Starting out on these, he returns for office hours, works without a spare minute there, and then is out again. Then comes dinner, more office hours, another round of calls, and night office hours again, the day being filled up from early until late without allowing a moment's pleasure, or even relaxation. Such a physician should never invite company, to entertain them, unless it is of friends who will not feel bad if they have to dine alone.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Plausible Plea.

"Why, you greedy little fellow," said a frugal mother to her young hopeful, "those wafer crackers were for the Christmas dinner, and you have eaten the whole pound."

"That ain't much, ma," pleaded the young rogue; "they're so thin, you know."—New York Evening Sun.

THE LITTLE ONES.

The little ones are pests we sigh,
And lots of trouble make us;
Ere golden morning opes her eye
They from our slumbers wake us.

Nay oft ere half the night is o'er,
They start us from our dreaming,
And we must rise and walk the floor
Until they cease their screaming.

Perhaps our rashness we deplore;
Indulge in wishing, maybe,
W- had remained a bachelor
While singing, "Sleep, my baby!"

We wonder why we took a wife,
While wrath within us nursed is,
And think of all the ills of life
A squalling babe the worst is.

But when grim death is hovering high
(Far distant may that day be!)
"Take all we own, O, Lord!" we cry.
"But spare to us the baby."
—Boston Courier

Thomas Benton and the Boy.

Many years ago a slim built youth was trudging through the streets of New York, bent under the weight of a dozen copies of Benton's "Thirty Years in Congress," bound together by a strap. Entering a small park he rested on a rustic seat. Presently a large man sauntered along, noticed the boy and his load, sat down and began to question him.

"Why are you losing time?" he asked.

"I can make it up on the home trip, when I shall have nothing to carry."

"Why are you not provided with a handcart or barrow?"

"My employers provide none and I can't afford to buy one."

"Do you read The Sun?"

"At odd hours I do."

"Look in the editorial column tomorrow and see what is said of your employers."

The youth did so, and found a scathing article denouncing the firm for overloading its messengers and treating them like beasts of burden. But before the man had left the boy in the park he asked him to look at the portrait in the front part of the books and see if he recognized it. The boy complied, then hurriedly looked at his chance acquaintance and said in astonment:

"Why, it is you!"

"You are right; I am Thomas H Benton."

The boy was James Eagan, now a wealthy liquor merchant of Chicago. Chicago Times.

Facts About Immigration.

One-fifth of the immigration to this [illegible] from Europe last year was from two countries which have only recently begun to contribute to our population—Italy and Russia. The report from Castle Garden shows that [illegible] of 335,030 immigrants for the year [illegible] were Italians and 32,937 were Russians. The immigration from these [illegible] was as high as that from [illegible] and the immigration from [illegible] was just about equal to [illegible] Ireland. We are informed [illegible] very nearly the whole body of [illegible] classified as "Russians" [illegible] to the Hebrew race, and that [illegible] here so much more desirable [illegible] they found it under the [illegible] of Russia that they are encouraging their brethren [illegible] left [illegible] to follow [illegible] coming to America [illegible]

Material in a Steamer.

The amount of material necessary in the construction of a 1,200 ton steamer is simply astonishing. It takes 40,000 lineal feet of timber, 25 tons for hog chains, and in all 50 tons of iron. Besides of oakum to calk the seams, and nearly $5,000 worth of paint. The cost of such a boat at the yards runs about $90,000, to which an additional $25,000 may be added for furnishing. It takes generally about five months to put up the 1,200 ton boat, and it should last ten years with ordinary care. When the hull of a boat is finished every nook and corner is filled with salt, about 100 barrels being used for a 1,200 ton boat. This is done to prevent the rotting of the timber, and, strangely enough, the cabins and upper works usually decay much sooner than the hull. Globe Democrat.

Nitro-Glycerine for Disease.

Nitro-glycerine bids fair, say the doctors, to become an important remedy for diseases of the kidneys; and experiments are now making in cases of Bright's disease. Nitro-glycerine of a pure quality, possessing all the explosive powers of the substance, is prepared in alcohol (which removes the explosive quality) in the proportion of one part of the nitro-glycerine to ninety nine of alcohol, and is then prepared with sugar or milk in tablets. Thus prepared, it is called "Trinitrin."—Philadelphia Times.

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B. & M. Time Table.

GOING WEST.	GOING EAST.
No. 1.—5:10 a. m.	No. 12.—4:33 p. m.
No. 3.—6:40 p. m.	No. 4.—10:30 a. m.
No. 5.—6:47 a. m.	No. 6.—7:13 p. m.
No. 7.—7:30 p. m.	No. 10.—9:45 a. m.
No. 9.—9:17 p. m.	
No. 11—6:27 a. m.	

All trains run daily by way of Omaha, except Nos. 7 and 8 which run to and from Schuyler daily except Sunday.

No. 30 is a stub to Pacific Junction at 8:30 a. m.

No. 19 is a stub from Pacific Junction at 11 a. m.