

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

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Our Clubbing List. Table with columns for publication name and price.

TOMORROW is Washington's birthday.

It looks now as if the free trade democrats would defeat the scheme to repeal the tobacco tax.

The direct tax bill has gone to the president and he must either sign or veto it, and this is a situation which Mr. Cleveland would gladly avoid.

ALASKA cost the government \$7,200,000, but in the twenty-one years which have elapsed since the purchase of the company chartered by the government to secure seals in that region has paid over \$8,000,000 into the treasury.

IT IS NOT SETTLED YET.

Senator Lindsay and Representative Dempsey have taken steps to fight the submission question over the best lawyers say that the dual bill is unconstitutional, and it is their belief that the supreme court will so decide.

A GEORGIA bailiff must be credited with having originated a new idea. He had an attachment against the head of a railroad company, and, finding nothing else to attach, he proceeded to attach a train—literally.

Our sister state of Iowa is having a hard time to keep her prisons full. It is said the penitentiaries have so few convicts that it is almost impossible for them to fill the various contracts that are let for lack of workmen.

An Editor's Friend.

A country editor has a eye opened, always, in the right direction. Thus, he never misses a good chance for he learns easily what is best.

STAGE SUPERSTITIONS.

COLUMBIAN SUCCEEDED IN "HOODOOING" EVERYTHING.

She Whistled in the Dressing Room, Which Meant Discharge for One of the Company—Macbeth Must Not Be Quoted, Nor Open Umbrella Left in the Hall.

When I first went on the stage I managed to get myself disliked in more ways than an ordinary mortal would deem it possible.

One night I came to the theater in high spirits; it was raining torrents, but what cared I for wind or rain?

In spite of my wet feet and dripping umbrella I skipped hilariously into the dressing room and greeted my sister artists with a more than usually cheerful "good evening."

I took out my cosmetics and began to grease paint my face. Just as I was about to make an amiable remark to one of the girls she started me by crying out in a peremptory tone, "Stop that!"

"Don't you like that air? Well, here's another for you!" "Stop!" they all cried, in a chorus.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "What am I doing?" "What are you doing? Why, whistling Carrie out of the company," I said.

"What on earth do you mean?" I said, looking from one to the other in bewilderment.

"Don't you know that it's the worst thing you can do to whistle in a dressing room? The one next the door will be whistled out of the company."

"Is that what all this fuss is about?" I said. "Well, I'll stop whistling, but I don't see where you got such an idea."

"You don't! Well, you get whistled out of an engagement once or twice and you'll see well enough."

"May I hum?" I asked, meekly, "or will that bring down some horrible calamity on our defenseless heads?"

"You may sing all you want to, but don't whistle."

So I began humming a favorite air, and went on with my dressing.

I was heating some cosmetic, and held it in the flame too long; it melted, and a piece dropped on my lily white hand; it burned my wrist and left a big black "smooch." I scrubbed and scrubbed, but it would not come off.

"I do!" I said. I never saw cosmetic "jick" so! "Take some vaseline," said Lou. "It's no use," I groaned.

"All the perfumes in Arabia will not sweeten this little hand!" I was startled by a shriek of horror, and was amazed to see consternation in every face.

"Do you know what you said?" whispered Carrie in blood curdling accents.

"Why, yes," I replied, wondering. "I said, 'All the perfumes in Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.'"

"Stop," they screamed. "You must be crazy! Don't you know better than to quote 'Macbeth' in the theatre?"

"I breathed again. 'Is that all?' I said. 'All—it's enough. I'm not going to stay in the room with her. She'll donah every one of us before the curtain goes up. I'm dressed and I shall go upon the stage and wait,' said Carrie.

"QUEERING THE WEEK'S BUSINESS. Instead of going out she fell back with a gasp. 'Who did that?' she said. 'What?' cried Lou and I together. 'That,' pointing with a rigid forefinger.

"I hardly dared to look. I feared to see some ghastly sight. But I screwed up my courage and followed the direction of her finger. What met my gaze? Nothing in the world but my harmless umbrella set up to dry!

"I don't see anything but my umbrella," I said. "Is it yours?" they exclaimed. "Why, yes; I set it up there to dry." They looked at each other and walked away in silence.

As I stood along and said: "You must want to hoodoo the theatre, putting an open umbrella in the hall." I took it down and shut it.

I went silently about the dressing room. My high spirits were all gone now, and I felt sad and depressed.

As I went upstairs, the overture was heard and I stood listening to the music and musing on the suitability of human affairs, when I happened to remember the theatre party. "I wonder if they are here yet," I thought. I went up to the curtain and looked through the peep hole.

The house was not full, but it was not bad for a rainy night. I espied my friends just coming in; how nice they all looked. As I was thinking how well Jennie C. looked in her new theatre bonnet some one touched me on the shoulder.

"Do you want to queer the business for the whole week?" said a voice in awful accents. "You must never look through the peep hole when the orchestra is playing Monday night."

THE WEATHER PROPHECY.

Who is it teels us, when the sun is bright, 'Twill positively rain before 'tis night? And when the night has come, yet minus rain Who is it up, and looks so solemn again?

Who is it?—would you like to hear? Speak softly—hark! he's often near; That the world over, always just the same, Is weather prophet—Annals is his name.

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