

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

KNOTTS BROS.,
Publishers & Proprietors.

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The Republicans will have two majority in the senate until the incoming states choose their senators. Then the republican party will have ten majority.

The Greenfield Transcript says: "We believe a mistake will be made if the men who fought the battles of 1888 are not shown proper respect. To the victor belongs the spoils says the Bourbon democracy. To the victor belongs respect and honor we say. Since the election was over and the republican victory proclaimed, the democracy has tried to invent some ingenious method of bringing Quay, Dudley, Clarkson, Platt and such heroes of the hour into contempt, they have actually failed in their attempt. Yet, there are those, who through a spirit of jealousy claiming to be republicans, assist democracy in casting these dishonest glances. The human heart ought to contain a large amount of honesty."

AMERICAN FABRICS FROM AMERICAN DESIGNS.

General Harrison and his family believe in protection; more than that, they are patrons of home made goods. And Mrs. Harrison, in the furtherance of these patriotic ideas, resolving on a departure from precedents, decided to appear at the inaugural ball attired in an American-made dress, fresh from the looms of an American manufacturer. Mrs. Harrison accordingly invited Colonel E. D. Woodruff, president of the Logan Silk Mills, of Auburn, N. Y., to Indianapolis in consultation, and, in conversation on the subject, Colonel Woodruff suggested that the dress should be original in design, purely American in all its features. Mrs. Harrison selected and determined on the bur-oak leaf as the pattern. This oak grows in perfection in Southern Indiana and flourishes on the Tippecanoe farm.

Mrs. Harrison decided on the pattern in December, and as no oak leaf in perfect state could be found, the trees having long since lost their foliage, she summoned to her aid in this matter Miss Williamson, of La Fayette, Ind., an artist of ability. Miss Williamson supplied the needed sketch from memory and from this sketch the Logan Silk Mills worked out the design of the oak leaf and burr.

The work on the design is exceedingly elaborate, requiring four weeks of constant application of the best designer in the employ of the mills. The pattern for the skirt of the dress consists of four panels, the oak leaf and burr worked on each panel, in form and color remarkably close to the original. The effect is rich and striking. It is claimed by the makers that this is the most elaborate work ever attempted and accomplished on silk looms in America. A proof of the pattern was sent from Auburn to Mrs. Harrison at Indianapolis in January. Mrs. Harrison not only gave her approval but expressed astonishment that such exquisite fabric could be produced in this country. The material for the entire dress is the product of the Logan Silk Mills.

The dress is a combination of brocade on a satin of French gray, with a faille to match. It is made by Ghormley, of Nineteenth-st., New York. He has used a faille of the same shade as the tinge of the oak leaf, which is near an apricot, and overlaid it with a magnificent flounce of lace, both being laid in lengthwise; plaits in front of skirt and in the centre of sides to divide the two panels. The panels are seven inches wide and forty inches long, the design woven in the centre of the width to a graceful point at the top; each edge of the panel is faced with an insertion of lace and edged with a short fringe of gold and silver.

The long train, which is all of plain faille, has a slight fullness at the top; the waist is cut low, V shape back and front, then finished up to the neck with a closely fitted piece of bead work in gold and silver; elbow sleeves finished with pascamenterie in metal effect with gold and silver; the same finishes the neck, and from all hangs an effective fringe in gray, gold and silver.

MAN AND HIS SHOES.

How much a man is like his shoes! For instance, both a soul may lose; Both have been tanned; both are made tight by cobblers; both get left and right; Both need a mender to be complete, And both are made to go on feet. They both need healing, oft are sold, And both in time will turn to mold. With shoes the last is first; with men The first shall be the last, and when The shoes wear out they're mended new, When men wear out they're men dead, too! They both are tread upon, and both Will tread on others, nothing loath; Both have their ties, and both incline, When polished, in the world to shine; And both get out. Now would you choose To be a man or be his shoes? —Columbus Dispatch.

ANOTHER CASHIER GONE.

"Where's the cashier?" asked Mr. Armstock, a director of the Second Bullion bank in Chicago, as he noticed that that useful officer was missing. "I believe, sir," replied the clerk addressed, "that he left last night on a little vacation." "Midwinter is rather a curious time to take a vacation in," growled old Armstock. "Where has he gone to?" "I don't know, sir. I think he went to Milwaukee. His folks live there. The director said no more. He and the cashier had never been the best of friends, and it was rumored that on a certain occasion when Armstock was a trifle short the cashier had refused to accommodate him temporarily unless sufficient collateral were put up or orders brought to him from the president. Armstock thought it rather hard to be refused by one of his own understrappers in his own bank, or at least in a bank that was partly his, and he claimed that a cashier that was so obtrusively honest was sure to come to a bad end. So when Mr. Armstock found that the cashier had taken a vacation at such an untimely season he made a little investigation on his own account and the next day sought an interview with Mr. Vindex, the bank president.

"Mr. Brown has taken a few days off, I understand?" "Yes. He was somewhat run down and he asked for a couple of weeks and got it. Business is very slack just now, Mr. Armstock."

"It didn't strike you as a little unusual that he should ask for leave of absence in the depth of winter, did it?" "I can't say that it did."

"Do you know where he has gone?" "I did not ask him where he was going. I believe he went to Milwaukee. Not sure, though. Did you want him?" "I hope we shall not all want him. Would you be surprised to know that he bought a ticket for Montreal and that he is undoubtedly a member of the great American colony there at this moment."

"Montreal?" exclaimed the president, looking a trifle taken aback, for he had every confidence in Mr. Brown.

"Yes, Montreal. Doesn't the name strike you as a trifle ominous? There are quite a number of financial operators in that city!"

The president sat a few moments in silence. Then he said: "Did you wish to make any proposition, Mr. Armstock?"

"Yes. I wish to know how the books stand. I think a meeting of the directors should be called at once."

"Very well. Supposing we act on your first proposition. I think you will then find we need not act on the second. I might say that it is advisable not to say a word about this to anybody until we are certain that there is something to say."

"It seems to me that the directors ought to know without delay what has happened."

"Well, what has happened? What have you to lay before them? Young Brown is in Montreal, that's all. I have every confidence in Brown, but still I quite see that perhaps it is better to have a look at the books. But until something more definite is known I must insist that nothing that might jeopardize his reputation be said."

The expert speedily made his report. Everything was straight if they knew where a bundle of government bonds were. This bundle amounted to \$360,000.

"Do you know anything of these bonds?" asked Mr. Armstock.

"They are in the cashier's private drawer in the safe," replied the president.

"Have you a key?" "No, I have not."

"Then I propose that the drawer be burst open. If the bonds are there I will pay for setting the drawer right again."

The drawer was burst open. It was empty.

There was a rather serious meeting of the directors that afternoon, and it was agreed that if possible all publicity should be avoided and that the president and Mr. Armstock should proceed at once to Montreal and see if it was possible to get back any or all of the bonds.

The rotunda of the Windsor hotel in Montreal presented a strange sight to the two gentlemen from Chicago on the night of their arrival there. Such a sight could probably be seen in no other place in the world. Everybody seemed to be in snow shoe costume, and some even had on their broad snow shoes and were clamping awkwardly over the tiled pavement in this foot gear, which, however useful on the snow fields, seemed somewhat uncouth in a big hotel. A dozen clubs were represented with a dozen different costumes, some like the rainbow in color, others almost pure white with a dash of red in the stockings and a touch of blue in the toque.

"Is there a Mr. Brown stopping here?" asked Armstock of the busy clerk.

"There are seventeen Mr. Browns here."

"From the United States?" "Eight are from the United States."

"This is Mr. Brown, of Chicago." "There are five Browns of Chicago."

"It is Mr. James Brown we want to see."

"There are two James Browns from Chicago."

It seems useless to try to see any particular man in this hurrying crowd. So the two men thought they would wait until the different clubs had started out on their tramps. This hotel is the headquarters of most of the snowshoe clubs and the tramps usually begin and often end there. As the two men watched the stirring scene they were suddenly accosted by a man in snowshoe uniform. "Well, I declare! When did you get in? Why didn't you let me know you were coming? But now that I recollect you did not know that I was here. I'm mighty glad to see you. This is the spot where life is worth living."

"Mr. Brown," said Vindex solemnly, "I never expected this of you."

"Why not? They all do it."

"I regret, to say that very many of them do, but I thought better of you."

"I don't see why I shouldn't have a good time as well as anybody else. Seems to me I have worked hard enough in Chicago for the last five years to have earned it."

"Oh, that is the way you look upon it, is it?" broke in Mr. Armstock.

"There is little use of talking to you, I can see that. Nay, of course, you cannot bring back to Chicago all the money you took with you?"

"Of course, I can't. You don't think I can live here for nothing, do you?" "Haven't you any sense of shame at all, Mr. Brown?"

"Shame?" said Brown, looking down at his blanket. "Look here, I have every respect for the opinion of you two estimable gentlemen, but don't you think you are a little ridiculous? Not to put too fine a point on it, might I ask what business it is of yours, anyhow? A person would not appear in a Chicago hotel in this costume, but here it is a different matter. It is the custom of the town."

"We are here to know," said Armstock, "what terms we can make with you. How many of the bonds will you give us back if nothing more is said of the matter?"

"Bonds? What bonds?" "Bonds to the amount of \$260,000 that were in your private drawer."

Mr. Brown gave a long whistle. "Oh, ho!" he said. "I see how it is. I am a defaulter, am I? Say, Armstock, has anything of this got into the papers?"

"No, luckily for you, it has not."

"Luckily for you, rather. You did not suppose that I would leave bonds to that amount in a drawer in a safe that would be open every day while I was away. Any person of a prying turn of mind and a chisel could break into that drawer. The bonds are in the vaults of the Safe Deposit company of Chicago. I'm here merely to enjoy the carnival, and not to join the American colony of defaulters."

Mr. Brown is now back at his place in the Second Bullion bank of Chicago, and speaks in glowing terms of the good time he had in Montreal.—Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.

A Heavy Expense.

One of the items of expense of running a hotel, from which there is no direct return, but which is as much of a necessity as the maintenance of furniture itself, is that of paper, envelopes, pens and ink used by guests. This amounts to not less than \$1,500 per annum in the Laclede hotel. Another item is that of soap and toilet paper, which would foot up to \$500. A very inconsiderable portion of the paper used in the writing room falls into the hands of loungers and dead beats. Their only chance is to grab the odd sheets of stationery left by guests on the table, who have secured what they asked for at the desk. As to the frequent complaint made by hotel men of the expense of maintaining the public toilet room, that is offset by the receipts from the boot blacking privilege.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Cold Out.

When the Blaines were living at Washington, some lady heard that their cook was an unusually good one. The lady had an ambition to possess one herself that she might give good dinners, and she promptly went round, rang the bell at the front door, and asked to see Mrs. Blaine's cook, and offered her higher wages than she was then receiving. Afterward this lady and Mrs. Blaine met at dinner. The lady was introduced, was sugary in her manner, mentioned her own name to make sure Mrs. Blaine should remember it, and was making pleasant speeches of all sorts, when Mrs. Blaine looked at her and said: "Oh, yes, I remember you—you called on my cook," and refrained from adding any word of explanation. It was rather embarrassing for the other lady.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Water Cures.

How water is the best thing that can be used to heal a sprain or bruise. The wounded part should be placed in water as hot as can be borne for fifteen or twenty minutes, and in all ordinary cases the pain will gradually disappear. Hot water applied by means of cloths is a sovereign remedy for neuralgia and neuritis pains. For burns or scalds apply cloths well saturated with cool alum water, keeping the injured parts covered from the air.—Good Housekeeping.

The Other One.

"Boy, you have tears in your eyes," he said to a little chap who was slipping along Woodward avenue. "Yes, sir."

"Father dead?" "No, sir; last summer's dead, and I'm awfully cold."—Detroit Free Press.

Pansy Points the Way.

Three-year-old Pansy asks her mother to read a story. Mother replies: "My eyes ache. I cannot read today." Pansy—Don't read my eyes; read my mother's.—New York World.

Here is a thought suggested and illustrated by the sugar trust swindle:

"People who float a worldly enterprise by which they hope to gain advantage through the utilizing of other people, commonly keep a private boat swinging astern."

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GOING W. T.	GOING E. ST.
No. 1.—4:36 a. m.	No. 2.—4:29 p. m.
No. 3.—5:51 p. m.	No. 4.—10:30 a. m.
No. 5.—7:47 a. m.	No. 6.—7:30 p. m.
No. 7.—6:55 p. m.	No. 10.—9:45 a. m.
No. 9.—6:17 p. m.	

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

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