

The Plattsburgh Daily Herald.

KNOTTS BROS.,
Publishers & Proprietors.

THE PLATTSBURGH HERALD
Is published every evening except Sunday and Weekly every Thursday morning. Registered at the postoffice, Plattsburgh, N.Y., 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

Our Clubing List.

WEEKLY HERALD AND N. Y. WORLD.....	\$2.40
" " N. Y. Tribune.....	2.50
" " Omaha Bee.....	2.50
" " N. Y. Press.....	2.25
" " N. Y. Post.....	2.20
" " Harper's Magazine.....	4.00
" " Weekly.....	4.75
" " " " ".....	4.75
" " " " ".....	2.75
" " " " ".....	2.75
" " " " ".....	3.10
" " " " ".....	3.50
" " " " ".....	6.00
" " Lincoln (Sun.) Call.....	2.50
" " " " ".....	1.00

THE CONSTITUTION'S CENTURY.

In the celebrated letters written by Thomas B. Macaulay to Henry S. Randall, the biographer of Thomas Jefferson the distinguished British statesman and historian painted a dismal picture of the future of the United States. "Your Constitution," he said in one of the letters, "is all sail and no anchor." The existence of a republican system of government, he was convinced, is utterly impracticable for any long period of time, except on the small scale in which it is seen in Switzerland, or in which it was attempted in the ancient Grecian commonwealths. "Either the poor would plunder the rich," he declared, "and civilization perish, or order and prosperity would be saved by a strong military government, and liberty would perish."

A third of a century has elapsed since these letters were penned, and the man who wrote them and the man to whom they were written have long ago passed away. The probabilities for the fulfillment of the prediction, however, are far more remote than they seemed to be at the time the prediction was uttered. Less than half a dozen years from the time Macaulay's lines were penned the constitution was put to a test more rigid and exacting than that which the great Whig publicist had conjured up. For the eight or ten years beginning with 1861 the vitality of our constitutions was subjected to a strain such as no other representative government had ever met successfully.

The United States constitution has now been tried by a hundred years of the most diversified and rigorous experience which a commonwealth has ever encountered in any age of the world. It has stood the test of two foreign wars, has borne the strain of an agitation on the slavery question which has withstood ten changes in the politics and policy of the executive branch of the government, has undergone the stress and storm of the most gigantic conflict in the world's annals, has emancipated and enfranchised a whole race, besides assimilating many millions of aliens, and carrying civilization and enlightenment across a continent. It has passed successfully through every crisis which has been encountered. Weaknesses in it have been remedied as time has revealed them. Whenever and wherever new conditions have arisen it has been changed to meet them. All this the constitution has done without endangering either civilization or liberty, and it has never seemed so strong, adequate or beneficial as it is at this moment, when the first century of its active existence has closed.—Globe Democrat.

OUR HIGH SCHOOL.

EDITOR HERALD:—Why are not the graduates of the Plattsburgh High school entitled to admission to the Freshman class of the State University the same as Beatrice, Fremont and Nebraska a CITY?

The HERALD answers that if such is the case, it is for the reason that the course of study pursued in our High school is not far enough advanced to entitle a graduate thereof to such admission. The HERALD suggests that if such is the case, it is about time our school board was looking into things and placing the Plattsburgh High school on a par with the schools of Beatrice, Nebraska City and Fremont.

The citizens of Chicago are making an effort to reform the abuses of the system of primary conventions. A bill is before the Illinois legislature which if enacted and enforced will give the voter the same rights in a primary that he enjoys in the general election. The reform is one of supreme importance to the cause of honest politics, and should be enacted in every state. It is needed badly in Nebraska, for upon the primaries rests our whole political frame-work, yet no means has been devised for the proper regulations of these important meetings. The bully the thus and the man with the loudest voice, backed by the most vociferous and desperate gang of shouters, can today practically control the

ward primaries of any party, and until the ward boulders are killed off, the individual voter can never feel sure that his rights will not be violently wrested from him. The voting at primaries should be done by ballot under official supervision.

WHEN the democrats came in, four years ago, there was a good deal said about "looking at the books." The necessity for an inspection of that sort is certainly as great now as it was then, and the country will look anxiously for a full report in the case.

"Woman! be fair, we must adore thee; Smile, and a world is weak before thee!"

But how can woman smile she is suffering untold misery from complain from which we men are exempt? The answer is easy. Dr. Pierce's Fav orite Prescription is an infallible remedy in all cases of "female weakness," morning sickness, disorders of the stomach, nervous prostration, and similar maladies. As a powerful invigorating tonic it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. As a soothing and strengthening nervine it subdues nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria spasms, and other distressing nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency. Sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, to give satisfaction.

Is It Catching?

Why should intelligent persons, as they were parrots, adopt and utter certain phrases and exclamations? I sat by Mrs. Blank (her husband is a clergyman) in the street car a few days ago, and after we had exchanged greetings I said: "My Cousin Angeline sails from Liverpool today." "Is that so?" said Mrs. Blank. "Yes," I said, rallying as well as I could, "for this reply takes all the spirit from me." "Is that so?" said Mrs. Blank again. A pause followed. How can one continue to pay out the coin of conversation if not even the interest comes back.

I was glad to get out of the car and meet pretty Amy Dexter. I had a bit of news for her. Amy is in the high school, and I told her at once that Miss Cummings, who taught her botany last year, was to be married soon. "Is that so?" returned Amy. I love Amy, but I do not like "Is that so?" and I hastened on to get out of her way; but as I went Frank Sullivan overtook me, and will you believe that when I asked Frank if Mr. Stockton had really promised to answer the question, "The Lady or the Tiger?" he exclaimed, "Is that so?"

Later in the day I told Mr. Emory that his playing of the organ last Sunday had been much complimented, and he smiled and murmured, "Is that so!"—Wide Awake.

An Electric Crane.

Steam cranes are dangerous in wood yards and other places where combustible materials are stored, hence the recent adoption of an electric crane at a well known timber yard in Limehouse. The power to make the crane travel on its rails, hoist the load and slew it round is derived from a dynamo, also used to light a wood factory. The current is conveyed by copper tubes laid along the tramway on which the crane travels, and it is conducted by contracts to the electric motor attached to the axles of the crane for the purpose of chucking her under the chin and planting a kiss upon her pretty cheek.

This latter effrontery was more than Delta cared to put up with, and dropping her stock in trade she planted a stinging blow between the eyes of the foolhardy sailor that sent him reeling over the deck as if struck by a marlinspike in the hands of one of his own shipmates.

A LITTLE BUTTERCUP.**SHE IS QUEEN AMONG THE JACK TARS AT THE NAVY YARD.**

Miss Delia Robinson, the Yankee Bumboat Woman, Who Has All the Virtues and None of the Foibles of Gilbert and Sullivan's Little Buttercup.

When Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan first introduced their nautical comic opera of "Pinafore" to an American public one of the most taking characters that aided toward the success of the distinctively English production was that of Little Buttercup.

Little Buttercup was represented to be what, among the hardened tar of the queen's navy, is commonly known as a bumboat woman, whose mode of obtaining a livelihood is by going aboard the different war vessels and supplying the crews with tobacco or knicknacks of general use from a stock carried in a basket or receptacle upon each arm.

The idea of a lone woman venturing among an army of sailors and blasphemous followers of these to sell her little wares and run the risk of meeting with no polite treatment, as the bumboat woman was pictured, seemed quite a novelty for Americans who saw the opera of "Pinafore." Thus, it may come as somewhat of a surprise and an interesting point of information to be made known that of late the navy of progressive Uncle Sam has not only become identified with a veritable bumboat woman, but with a Little Buttercup whose avocation is that of the identical Buttercup of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's characterization.

HER PATRONS RESPECT HER.

The modern bumboat woman who is now gaining local fame and any number of ready patronizers to her stock in trade, can be seen at present almost any day upon her rounds among the ships of the United States navy anchored in the navy yard in Brooklyn. She usually appears about midday with a basket on each arm filled with palatable pies and cakes and a good supply of bottled beer and temperance drinks, which she readily dispenses of among the crew of the war ships, and to all is simply known as "Little Buttercup."

It is said "Little Buttercup's" profit easily amounts to five and six dollars a day alone from the sales of her good things among the jolly tars of the warship Boston, who number over 350, irrespective of the officers.

From Commander Francis M. Ramsey down to the most ordinary seaman, "Little Buttercup" instead of being the butt of the ship's crew and target of their unfeeling jokes, as might be supposed, is recognized and looked upon as one of the most worthy of her sex.

The income derived from her occupation goes to support her aged mother and father, who reside in a small house in what is called Irishtown, a quarter mainly inhabited by natives of the Emerald Isle and lying just on the outside of the navy yard.

"Little Buttercup's" real name is Delia Robinson, and her father, who lost one of his legs in the late war, had a small pension granted to him that will barely go to secure him a comfortable subsistence. When Delta first went to the navy yard to sell her wares some of the more hardened members of one of the crews attempted to take liberties with her. They hantered her upon her good looks, attempted to purloin a pie or bottle of beer when her back was turned, and one Jack Tar in particular even ventured to approach Little Buttercup for the purpose of chucking her under the chin and planting a kiss upon her pretty cheek.

This latter effrontry was more than Delta cared to put up with, and dropping her stock in trade she planted a stinging blow between the eyes of the foolhardy sailor that sent him reeling over the deck as if struck by a marlinspike in the hands of one of his own shipmates.

SHE GIVES THEM CREDIT.

From this out "Little Buttercup" has never had occasion to expect affront, ill treatment or disrespect at the hands of any of Uncle Sam's tars, whether high or low, and her coming is as eagerly looked for in the navy yard as the stroke of the bell announcing all hands to dinner. If any of the Bolton's crew have not the money at hand "Little Buttercup" is not the one to refuse them the pleasure of enjoying her pies, cakes or beer on trust. The bumboat woman relies upon their honesty and knows that when the paymaster makes his customary visit her accounts will not be overlooked. In fact, there are no bills paid by the sailors at the navy yard before those of poor "Little Buttercup."

"Little Buttercup," while disposing of her wares among the marines, sailors and officers at the navy yard, in dress and bearing is strictly the commonplace appearing bumboat woman of business, with a pleasant smile for one customer and a friendly greeting for some tar who has returned from a week's furlough. When at home or in social circles, the identity of the "Little Buttercup" of Uncle Sam's navy is completely lost in the personality of Miss Delia Robinson.

Instead of the matronly conditioned individual of Messrs. Gilbert & Sullivan's characterization, one beholds a really handsome young miss of 19 years, with classical features, natural blonde hair, a full and strikingly symmetrical and compact figure and manners appropriate for a duchess.—New York World.

Eloped in a Storm.

For some time past William D. Hayes, of Prairie View, a young son of a prominent citizen of that place, and Miss Eliza Seltzer, a 16-year-old daughter of George Seltzer, a wealthy banker of Fairland, have cherished a fond affection for each other, but the stern parents of the girl have all along warned the young man to cease paying his addresses to her. Not to delay matters longer, young Hayes stole his intended bride out during the absence of her parents, and, placing her in a buggy, drove through the storm a distance of over fifteen miles to this city, where they were married by Elder Thomas Edwards. The girl was almost frozen after her long ride, but bravely faced the wind and weather and returned in the same manner she came, but a happy bride.—Tuscola (Ills.) Cor. St. Louis Republic.

Puir Father.

Having lost his wife when his little girl was but 6 years old, Sandy McPherson married again. His new wife was very kind to Maggie, the little girl, but ruled Sandy with a rod of iron.

An old lady meeting Maggie on her way to school, kissed the little mite warmly, bought her a big poke of sweets and said:

"Puir wee lassie, ye're only a stepither the noo, eh bit I'm gey sorry for e, dearie."

"Ye're no' needin'," said Maggie, solemnly, "but I'd like ye tae feel awfu' sorry for ma puir faither."—Youth's Companion.

BANKS**THE CITIZENS BANK!**

PLATTSBURGH, - NEBRASKA.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID IN, - \$50,000.
AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$100,000.

- OFFICERS -

FRANK CARRUTH, JOS. A. CONNOR,
President. Vice-President
W. H. CUSHING, Cashier.

- DIRECTORS -

Frank Carruth J. A. Connor, F. R. Gutmann
J. W. Johnson, Henry Boeck, John O'Keefe,
W. D. Merriam, Wm. Wetmore, W.
H. Cushing.

Transacts a General Banking Business. All
who desire to bank business are
invited to call. No matter how
large or small the transaction, it
will receive our careful attention,
and we promise always cour-
teous treatment.

Issues Certificates of Deposits bearing interest
Buys and sells Foreign Exchange, County
and City securities.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF PLATTSBURGH, NEBRASKA.

Offers the very best facilities for the prompt
transaction of legitimate
BANKING BUSINESS.

Stocks, Bonds, Gold, Government and Local
Securities Bought and Sold, Deposits received
and Interest allowed on same. Certifi-
cates of Deposit available in any
part of the United States and all
the principal towns of
Europe.

Collections made & promptly remitted

Highest market prices paid for County War-
State and County Bonds.

DIRECTORS :

John Fitzgerald, D. Haworth
John R. Clark, F. F. White,
John Fitzgerald, H. Waugh
President. Cashier

OFFICERS :

C. H. Parmelee, President
Fred Gorder, Vice President
J. M. Patterson, Director
Jas. Patterson, Jr., Asst Cashier

DIRECTORS :

C. H. Parmelee, E. M. Patterson, Fred Gorder,
F. B. Smith, K. B. Windham, B. S. Ramsey,
Jas. Patterson, Jr.

A General Banking Business Transacted

Accounts Solicited, Interest allowed on time
deposits, and prompt attention given to all
business entrusted to its care.

Bank of Cass County

Cor. Main and Fifth Sts., Plattsburgh.

PAID UP CAPITAL.....\$50,000
PAID UP.....\$25,000

OFFICERS :

C. H. Parmelee, President
Fred Gorder, Vice President
J. M. Patterson, Director
Jas. Patterson, Jr., Asst Cashier

DIRECTORS :

C. H. Parmelee, E. M. Patterson, Fred Gorder,
F. B. Smith, K. B. Windham, B. S. Ramsey,
Jas. Patterson, Jr.

A General Banking Business Transacted

Accounts Solicited, Interest allowed on time
deposits, and prompt attention given to all
business entrusted to its care.

MIKE SCHNELLBACHER,

Wagon and Blacksmith Shop.

Wagon, Buggy,

Machine and Plow

REPAIRING.

Horseshoeing

A Specialty. He uses the

NEVERSLIP

Horseshoe, the Best Horseshoe for the
Farmer, or for Fast Driving and City
purposes, ever invented. It is made so
anyone can put on sharp or flat forks
as needed for wet and slippery roads, or
smooth dry roads. Call and Examine
these Shoes and you will have no other.

J. M. Schnellbacher,

5th St., Plattsburgh, Neb.