

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

KNOTT'S BRCS, Publishers & Proprietors.

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Our Clubbing List.

Table listing various newspapers and magazines with their respective prices, including Weekly Herald, N.Y. World, N.Y. Tribune, etc.

EUROPE does not like Harrison because he is American, his cabinet is American and his address was American.

THE first official act of President Harrison was to discharge the inebriate servants and replace them with good sober ones.

Gov. SWINEFORD, of Alaska, has handed in his resignation and it will be accepted without delay. His name alone is enough to insure its acceptance.

It is reported that there are no more Mugwumps. The last of the breed were drowned in the big rain under which Mr. Cleveland retired from office.

It is now reported that Chili and the Argentine Republic have appropriated large sums of money to defray the expenses of immigrants from Europe. Never-the-less the United States will get the most of the desirable class of aliens. The other class we do not want.

A SENSIBLE and efficient president is at the head of the government, a strong working cabinet has been selected and confirmed, and the party to which these officials belong is also in power in both branches of congress. The second century of the republic starts out auspiciously.

THERE is much evidence leading to the conclusion that England wants the earth. Having usurped the dominion of India, established a military despotism in Africa, holding Australia and Canada, and a foot hold in South America, the latest feature of territorial aggrandizement is the seizure of Point Barria at the mouth of the Orinoco in South America. This point of land has always been conceded to be Venezuelan property and rightly so, as the Orinoco is a Venezuelan river. The control of the mouth of this river so held by England practically amounts to a domination of the commerce entering the river and is a standing menace to the political existence of Venezuela. That England has her commercial eye upon the trade of South America is not sufficient explanation of the seizure of Point Barria. The acquisition of new territory in the Americas by European nations, as menacing the future peace of the continent, cannot be viewed with anything but disfavor by the United States government. —Beatrice Express.

POSTAL REFORMS.

The new postmaster general will probably be called upon to introduce at least three innovations in the postal service. The first of these and one that needs immediate attention is to reduce the price of letter postage to one cent an ounce. Next is the establishment and maintenance of a system of "parcels post" similar to that furnished by European governments. It is demanded by the people, and is in the line of a legitimate extension of postal facilities. The last but not the least is the total abolition of postal charges upon newspapers.

The dissemination of intelligence among the people is to be fostered in every way by the government. Mr. Wanamaker as a business man will see the need of all these and as an energetic and conscientious servant of the people do all in his power to see them established.

THE ELEVENTH CENSUS.

Work will soon be begun upon the compilation of the eleventh census. The delay incident upon the publication of the last census has led congress to limit the new one to seven volumes, instead of twenty-two, which the vast scope of the tenth census made necessary. Despite this limitation the new enumeration of the inhabitants of the United States and their industries, will deal with all necessary subjects of inquiry. Population and social statistics relating to the products of manufacturing, mining, agriculture, mortality and vital statistics, valuation and public indebtedness, and statistics relating to railroad corporations, express, telegraph and

insurance companies are all upon the list.

The statistics of the growth in the population will be looked for with particular interest. It may reasonably be expected that the United States will be shown to contain 65,000,000 people. And the eleventh census will not be complete unless it further demonstrates the fact these people are most intelligent, best educated, thriftiest, wealthiest and happiest people on the face of the earth. —Kansas City News.

They "Swore like our Army in Flanders."

may be said of many sufferers from biliousness, headache, constipation, indigestion, and their resultant irritability, intellectual sluggishness, ennui, etc. The temptation to thus violate a sacred commandment, however, is speedily and permanently removed by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—tiny, little, sugar-coated anti-bilious granules; nothing like them. Ooo a dose. Druggists.

DOROTHY Q.

Dorothy Q is a dainty maid. As forth, I sills and lace arrayed, She comes upon the hall room floor. Father to me than Helen of yore. For surely no taint of the times gone by E'er loved their lady so truly as I. And now as she fits in the mazy dance With another man, her slightest glance At her partner fills me with deep distrust And gives my weak heart a rancorous thrust. For oh, my passion's so hard to control Since Dorothy's mistress of heart and soul. Why is it, you ask me, I don't declare My love to one who's so debonaire. And thus put an end to my fearful doubt. Even though my vows she may scornfully scout? Why is it I end not my heart's jealous strife? If I must tell the reason—she is my wife. —Detroit Free Press.

LADY AND THE PANTHER.

We were anxious to leave Bombay for two very good reasons. First, on account of the great heat, which had been intensely uncomfortable this season, while the rainfall had been very deficient in quantity; and, secondly, because of an almost unheard of visitation, a regular plague of mosquitoes. The pernicious culex was of a much larger size than we have been accustomed to, and their bite venomous in the extreme, so that I gladly accepted an invitation from our friends, the S—s, to visit them at a picturesque spot situated a short distance from Khandala. This arrangement suited us admirably, as we had already made up our minds to proceed as soon as I could get away to Matheran, a delightful hill resort, with a fine bracing air, situated in the Ghauts, and which affords an agreeable relief during the hot season to a large number of jaded Bombay officials.

On my arrival at Belle Vista, I found that some other of S—s' friends had unexpectedly asked to be put up, and were indeed occupying the spare room of the bungalow. I therefore insisted that no change should be made in the family arrangements on my account. At my earnest solicitation I was allowed to have my way, and take up my quarters in a cool, inviting tent erected about thirty yards from the house, and which I found mine host was using as a study. The removal of his books was the work of a few minutes and these were quickly replaced by the necessary furniture of a bedroom. I soon found everything arranged to my mind, and I congratulated myself upon having secured the coolest and most delightful sleeping apartment in the place. The outlook from the door was one of exceptional beauty. The moon shone out clear and soft over the whole landscape before me. Having done a great deal that day, I was very tired, so I soon prepared for bed. My little fox terrier Fidget, my only companion, took up her usual place at the foot of my bed. I crept under the mosquito curtains and sank into a sound sleep. In about an hour I was awakened by the growling and barking of Fidget. I looked sleepily up and thought I saw an animal of some kind standing at the foot of my bed. I roused myself a little, clapped my hands and made a noise. This made the beast hurry away. I turned over and was once more fast asleep. I was not, however, permitted to enjoy this very long; faithful little Fidget soon set up a fiercer bark than before. I started up and shouted, and I soon had the satisfaction of seeing what I now thought to be either a wild cat or a pig dog slink out through the chink left in the tent. I must have been very sleepy, as I never for a moment thought I was in any danger, and again I lay down and went off to sleep. But my little dog was on the watch, and for the third time I was awakened and startled by her loud barking.

This time I became wide awake directly, and by the light of the moon I caught sight of a big animal standing in the doorway of my tent. I had no longer any doubt as to my midnight visitor; it was a huge panther. Its eyes were flashing fire, and it was lashing its long tail furiously to and fro, as if it really meant mischief. In a moment more it seemed on the point of making a spring at me, and I could no longer doubt that it was bent on making a meal on my dog and myself. I in no way, however, lost my presence of mind, as I commenced shouting with all my might, which caused the beast to retreat. He walked slowly toward the open door by which he had entered, but only to walk around the outside of the tent and enter by another opening, which brought him somewhat nearer to the bed. I stretched out my hand and clutched at my candles and matches and quickly struck a light. This, together with my shouting and the dog's barking, startled the animal, and he again disappeared. I also took in my traveling clock, thinking that if the worst came to the worst, I could at least give the creature a good blow. I looked at the time to see if it was near day, and found to my horror that it was only a quarter to 2. I felt my

ear would turn gray if I sat all night shouting at a panther every five minutes; besides, he seemed so unusually daring I was not certain that he would stand such trifling any longer, so I felt courage was required, and I must either get help or do something to pass the rest of the night in safety; but the worst was I had to come out of my protective curtains to do so, for a tent is such a dead-end of sound I knew no one could hear me from there. So out I jumped, securing Fidget well under the curtains, and ran to the brightest doorway, and screamed first for one and then the other at the top of my voice. I put my hand to my mouth; I called in every way I could think, but not a soul heard me.

The servants were too far away, and the S—s, whose room looked on my side, were too fast asleep, with their windows shut. So I made up my mind I could stay there no longer, as any minute I felt the beast might return. So I made a dash for my dressing gown, slipped into my slippers, tucked my dog under my arm, and ran for my life. Unfortunately, I could not tell where the animal was, and the dark shrubbery, with trees overhead, looked just the place for him to hide; but I had to take my chances, and I felt I had more in making a run than staying where I was. I shall never forget that run. I ran as if fifty bulls were behind me, leaving my slippers on the path, and tumbling up the steps, I ran into the veranda panting. I rushed to the door, which was locked from the rest of the house, and, knocking loudly, called out "Mr. S—, there is a panther in my tent." You can imagine the commotion; every one was about in a few seconds; the gentlemen all seized their guns, and ran out to see if there was any chance of a shot and I was made a great fuss of; every one said what a wonderful escape I had had.

They saw no more of the panther, but the next morning we heard that he made for the house of another friend some distance off, and there he attempted to carry off a big English bulldog, which he found asleep in the inner veranda. Fortunately the cries of the dog brought the servants to the rescue, but not before its throat and face had been frightfully mauled. My friends are all of the opinion that the mosquito curtains saved my life. The beast was evidently very hungry, and was at one moment preparing to spring upon us, but he was puzzled at my surroundings and probably took them for some kind of a trap. But I never for a moment lost my presence of mind; this and the watchfulness of my little dog enabled me to beat a safe retreat and escape the jaws of my midnight visitor. —A. in The Queen.

A Provencal Wolf Story.

An old wolf who had become deaf and blind from weight of years, having occasion to make a journey through a forest, caused one of his young ones to go before him, taking the young one's tail in his mouth to guide him. In this way the old wolf made very good progress through the woods; but a passing hunter, seeing the strange procession, fired at the young wolf.

The shot missed his body, but cut off the young wolf's tail, and the animal, greatly frightened, ran off as fast as his legs could carry him.

The old wolf, who, of course, had neither heard nor seen anything of the affair, stood wondering what the young one was waiting for. Whereupon the hunter came up, and taking the young wolf's detached tail in his hand, started home with it.

The old wolf trotted along contentedly after him, and the villagers, seeing the hunter enter the village with the beast in tow, were greatly astonished.

The wolf was placed in captivity, and died soon after. And the villagers have ever since repeated to strangers the story of this wonderful adventure—which the strangers are at liberty to believe or not, as they please. —Youth's Companion.

Why a Lobster Is Red.

In all crustaceans, as, indeed, in almost everything in nature, there is a certain per cent. of iron. Upon boiling the lobster the iron is oxidized. This effect is largely due also to the percentage of muriatic acid which exists naturally in the shell. The chemical change which takes place here is almost similar to that which occurs in the burning of a brick. In boiling a lobster its coat ceases to be a living substance, and to a certain extent it takes a new character. It is as a brick would be after burning. This effect can also be produced by the sun, but necessarily not so rapidly, as the heat of that luminary, although more intense, is not concentrated sufficiently to produce the result. The sun also exercises a bleaching influence, which consumes the oxide almost as fast as it is formed, leaving the shell white or nearly pure lime. —Washington Republic.

Puns and Punsers.

Both Hood and Hook—perhaps we might add Porson also—were punsters by profession. But there are puns extant by unknown authors which either might have felt a pride in owning. A Cambridge fellow, walking with a visitor, met by chance the master of St. John's on horseback. "Who is that?" inquired the visitor. "That," replied the other, "is St. John's head on a charger." We are given instances of puns which have only one defect, they are too witty to be used. Thus "the heir of the duke of Penthièvre died in 1764, ruined by an attachment to an opera singer, Mlle. Mire." The wits of Paris made his epitaph of five notes of music—"Mi re fa mi la."—"Mire has brought him there." —San Francisco Argonaut.

Buffalo Bill's Ranch.

"Buffalo Bill's" ranch is located on the North Platte, in Nebraska, and contains nearly five thousand acres of fine land. Mr. Cody has about two hundred head of thoroughbred horses and two to three thousand head of cattle. His residence is a big frame house near the railroad, on the roof of which is painted in large letters, "Col. W. F. Cody's (Buffalo Bill) Scouts' Ranch," and over it every day there floats a big American flag. —Philadelphia Times.

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S. & M. Time Table. GOING WEST. No. 1.—4:30 a. m. No. 3.—6:01 p. m. No. 5.—7:47 a. m. No. 7.—6:50 p. m. No. 9.—6:37 p. m. GOING EAST. No. 2.—4:29 p. m. No. 4.—10:28 a. m. No. 6.—7:13 p. m. No. 8.—6:55 a. m. No. 10.—9:34 a. m. A train runs daily by way of Omaha, except Nos. 7 and 8 which run to and from Schuyler daily except Sunday. —THE WEEKLY HERALD sent one year free to anyone sending us two yearly subscribers to THE WEEKLY HERALD.

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