

## Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

KNOTTS BROS.,  
Publishers & Proprietors.

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DEMOCRATIC editors are harping upon the "clean sweep" that Mr. Clarkson is making in fourth-class postoffices, but not one of them has taken the pains to explain to his readers that the "clean sweep" is only of those postmasters who were appointed by his predecessor after that party had really been thrown out of power and appointed contrary to all rules of courtesy. Over a thousand of these appointments were made, and to fill these places and places made vacant by the expiration of the term of office is the only work Mr. Clarkson has been doing. This constitutes the "clean sweep."—Lincoln Journal.

THE HERALD is again reminded by madam rumor that another newspaper is to be established in Plattsmouth for the purpose of meeting out punishment to all individuals supposed not to be working in the interest of one of our very prominent citizens and politicians. THE HERALD welcomes an adventure of this nature, and being in possession of a voluminous bundle of rare and rich personal items touching the well-being of the persons about to enter this new field of journalistic "rewards and punishments," longs for the day when the washing can be hung upon the public clothes line for comment and criticism. Speed the day.

THERE appears to be ample evidence that the murder of the negro, Smith, near Plummerville, Ark., the other day, was a direct sequence of the assassination of Colonel Clayton. Smith had made himself obnoxious by working up evidence against the assassins, who are said to be known. So the simple method of getting rid of him by shooting him down as he was going home, was resorted to. How much longer are the law abiding people of Arkansas going to permit these deeds of violence? The Clayton murder should have been avenged before this. To supplement it with another like crime shows the political weapon of the south.

## TRUSTS AND THE TARIFF.

Truly, the free traders have most winning ways to make people hate them. They are persistently affirming that protectionists naturally delight in trusts and other combinations to fleece the public, but are moved to denounce them only because convinced that they tend to render the protective system unpopular. This is, of course, an indecent slander, for protectionists, at least as ardently as any other citizens, desire the welfare of the community, and are more willing than others to make some personal sacrifices in order to secure permanent benefits for all consumers. The believe that protection does encourage the development of home industry, and consequently increased competition among home producers, and therefore sure and more lasting benefits to consumers than can by any other mode be secured. The free trade does not believe this, and has a right to his delusions. But he has no right to falsify the record by pretending or implying that protectionists, who consent to sacrifices for the public good, do not desire that end as much as free traders, who selfishly refuse to make temporary personal sacrifices for lasting public benefits.

The sincere advocate of protection is one who honestly believes that the highest advantages in the end for all the people of the country are to be attained by duties which develop home production and competition. The free trader can only discredit himself by denying to his opponents honesty of belief or sincerity of purpose on this point. But it necessarily follows, from the root idea and controlling aims of the protectionist, that he must be uncompromisingly hostile to any and every process by which home production is checked to the disadvantage of consumers, or home competition restricted for the purpose of plundering them. He could not be a genuine protectionist if he were not zealous to see home production developed and home competition increased, so that the objects of protection may be fully and speedily attained. Even a temporary agreement to restrict production, because of an actual deficiency of demand, he naturally views with distrust, because, first of all, it cuts down the demand for American labor and tends to depress wages, and second, it is exceedingly apt to be prolonged and extended as a means of extorting from consumers unnatural prices.

No other attitude of mind for the protectionist is logical, or consistent with his zeal for the welfare of the peo-

ple or the uplifting of labor. It is therefore a most unjust perversion to present him as the friend or ally of combinations which have no other object than to defeat the ruling aims of his economic philosophy. The slander is only a little more dishonest when the trust or combination in question is notoriously made up of persons who are hostile to protection, who owe no advantage to the protective policy, and who use the money and influence they possess to defeat the policy. The trusts which have been aided by protective duties, if any such exist, do injure the cause in the public estimation, and that is an additional and honorable reason for opposing them, but no such additional reason is needed. They kindly publish in agitation against the men who abuse opportunities granted for the public benefit and strive to turn them into instruments of private greed. But sincere protectionists require no such stimulus to oppose methods which have no other object than the practical defeat of their aims and principles.—New York Tribune.

## Shunned.

What are the feelings of a man or a woman who has risked life itself in an effort to save people from a pestilence, and is then shunned by everyone, even after the danger of contagion has passed? What could have been the feelings of a poor woman who lived not far from Count Tolstoi's estate, whose story is told in "The Truth about Russia?"

The villagers had been greatly excited by the fact that several persons had been bitten by mad wolves. A widow lived in a cottage with her daughter-in-law and her little grandson. One day a wolf came out of the forest and attacked one of the widow's dogs. The lad, thinking the wolf a strange dog, picked up a stick and struck it to make it leave the dog.

Instantly the wolf left the dog and seized the lad. His cries brought out his grandmother, who saw him in danger of his life, and ran to save him. The wolf left the boy and rushed at the woman. As he came at her open mouthed she thrust her naked hand down his throat. His teeth lacerated her arm, but she held him until the wolf choked.

The boy, at her bidding, ran into the house for a knife; but it was some time before he could get it. The woman held her hand down into the wolf's mouth until the boy came with the knife, and then killed the brute.

The wolf had been the scourge of the neighborhood, and the peasants assembled with joy to see its carcass. Suddenly a great fear suggested that the wolf might have been mad, and that the woman might also go mad.

Weak as she was from loss of blood, and suffering from her wounds, they seized her and shut her up in an out-house without attendance, without water, without food and fire. For twenty-four hours she lay there, almost delirious with fever, not knowing but that she might have been bitten by a mad wolf.

At last she was allowed to go at large, as she showed no signs of hydrocephalus, but all her dogs were killed. She asked for either a dog or a man to protect her from other wolves. The peasants heeded not her request. She recovered, but for months the peasants shunned her house, saying: "Who knows but that she may suddenly go mad?"—Youth's Companion.

## Hatching Crows for Bounty.

An ingenious agricultural person who lives not very far from Boston has hit upon a new and decidedly profitable industry. There has recently arisen a demand for crows' heads, hitherto deemed valueless, and it is his purpose to supply it. Ten cents apiece the county authorities have offered for the crania of these interesting birds, from whose destructive propensities the farmers' crops have been suffering seriously of late years. Under ordinary circumstances this bounty would not leave a very large margin of profit for the recipient. It costs something, you see, to kill a crow. There is the ammunition, in the first place, which is expensive, and one cannot count upon slaying even a single inky feathered fowl for each charge of shot and powder. Besides, the sportman's time must be reckoned in the account.

But the enterprising speculator above referred to has devised a scheme by which a maximum percentage of gain is to be secured without any risk worth speaking of. He has set up a chicken incubator of the most approved pattern, in which is placed as fast as laid the product of about 100 hen crows that have been trapped and confined, in company with perhaps a dozen cock crows. With in fifteen days the little creatures are hatched, and a fortnight later they are ready to be decapitated. For it be understood that the head of a crow chick is worth just as much as that of an adult of the same species. At the uniform rate of ten for a dollar, dead, they pay the producer.—Albany Argus.

## A Communistic Settlement.

I recently visited the Amina settlement in Iowa, where there are about 4,000 people living in common. I found that the community system works better among them than among any other in the country. However, there was this to be observed, that most of the communists were middle aged or old men. Learned that the younger generation which has grown up wants to own something as individuals and leave the community as soon as possible. There are several villages Amina being the principal, and this has a pretty hotel. The landlord receives the money from his guests and every day turns it over to the treasurer of the community and receives his supplies from the commissary department. It is the same throughout every branch of business in which these people engage. It is like the general government, only no salaries are paid. Every family has a house, built at the general expense. They are all alike.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## DIMINUTIVE BABIES.

Children Who Have Weighed Less Than One Pound at Their Birth.

In the spring of 1880 Mrs. J. B. Marvin, of Atchison, Kan., gave birth to a girl baby, perfectly developed, strong and healthy, but weighed but 11 pounds. The tiny skirt prepared for the prospective arrival completely enveloped the little stranger and served well the double purpose of skirt and gown.

This was, perhaps, an attempt to outdo Mrs. Sangay, of Oakland, Cal., the mother of the justly celebrated 12 ounce infant Albert, which is the name of the Sangay sample package, was born May 28, 1879, but was not weighed until June 1, when he weighed exactly 1 pound. The 12 ounce figures given above are only estimates based on calculation made by all the old ladies present when it was first weighed, who unanimously concurred in the opinion that it had gained at least four ounces during its three days' stay in the big, wicked world. If it had gained more than four ounces it stands to reason that it must have weighed less than 12 ounces when born.

The smallest baby ever born in the United States was a little son born to Mrs. and Mr. D. C. Miller at Candalaria, Nev., Oct. 27, 1882. When it first saw the light of day it weighed, according to the birth certificate of the attending M. D., eight and three-quarter ounces.

The father and mother were both healthy, well developed people, weighing 190 and 160 pounds respectively. A silver dollar laid over the face entirely hid it from view; the mouth was not larger than the diameter of a common Faber lead pencil. The nose was as perfect as that of a grown person, and in that particular was different from the usual little warty nose worn by babies in general in place of a nose. The finger nails were perfect, and the grasper head was entirely covered with hair. I have tried to get on the track of this remarkable baby, but have heard nothing of it since the summer of 1883, when it was becoming quite portly, weighing over three pounds and a half.

Jan. 5, 1885, there came another addition to the world of nature's freaks when Mrs. Charles Tracy, of Kingsbridge, N. Y., gave birth to a son weighing exactly eleven ounces. The length of the child was six inches, and the feet were so small that the mother's engagement ring easily slipped over them up to the knee of the little one. Prior to the advent of this little elf three children had blessed the union of the Tracys, all of regulation size. The head of this little wonder was about the size of a horse chestnut, the face about like a quarter dollar piece, the mouth, which was entirely too small to grasp the nipple after the usual fashion, was stretched to its utmost capacity over a goose quill fastened in the neck of a two ounce bottle filled with milk. A man of ordinary grasp could clasp his hand around the body of little Tracy and meet the thumb and index finger. For many days the little wonder was the pride of Kingsbridge.

Tennessee also claims honor in the small baby line. The Chattanooga claimant was born in March, 1883, and weighed but one pound and eight ounces. The father, Mr. Marion Poe, was a prominent merchant of that city at the time, and above the average in height, being over six feet. Mrs. Poe is a healthy woman, weighing 125 pounds. The pride of the Poos, and the wonder of Tennessee, had a head aptly compared in size to a billiard ball, but unlike the Tracy midget provided with mouth that was large enough to take care of the body which enabled it to take nourishment after the usual baby fashion. Mrs. Poe when exhibiting her treasure to admiring friends followed the example of all mothers with diminutive offsprings, and often slipped her ring to the little one's elbow.—John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

Ducks in a Cyclone Pit.

Capt. Ingraham is a well known citizen of a thriving little town on the Huntsville branch of the Birmingham Mineral. Conductor Smith, of the Village Springs accommodation, tells the following story on the captain:

The captain has a deep cyclone pit as a place of refuge in time of dangerous storms. The pit has a trap door which opens when touched and closes itself. Some time ago the captain purchased seven ducks and two chickens and placed them in his yard. The next day they were nowhere to be found. A careful search for the missing fowls failed to give any clue to their whereabouts, and, thinking they had been stolen, nothing more was thought about the matter.

Just nineteen days after the fowls disappeared the captain had occasion to open his cyclone pit. The first thing that met his gaze were the seven ducks and two hens. They had stepped on the trap door and had been dumped into the pit, the door closing behind them.

The wonderful fact of it is that though they had been in the pit nineteen days without food or water they were alive. After the fowls were removed from the pit it was noticed that they walked very awkwardly. A careful examination revealed the fact that they were all as blind as bats.—Birmingham (Ala.) News.

## An Old Testament Mistake.

A Parisian paper calls attention to a singular mistake in the revised version of the Old Testament, or rather to the perpetration of an old error. It occurs in II Chronicles xxii, 1, where Ahaziah is described as, at the age of 42, having succeeded his father, who died at the age of 40. Seeing that another, and a perfectly possible account of the same circumstance is given in II Kings viii, 26, it is surprising that the obvious error should have escaped correction. According to the Book of Kings, Ahaziah's real age at his accession was only 22. At the time of Ahaziah's birth, therefore, his father was 18—a fair age for a Syrian father of a firstborn. This particular error is older than the art of printing. It dates back to some ancient Hebrew copy of the Book of Chronicles. It is reproduced in the Douai version of the Old Testament.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## PRECIOUS WATER.

Ascension Island cannot be a very desirable place in which to live, if one may judge from the following description of the difficulty of procuring fresh water. A. B. Ellis at the island meets an old friend, who shook hands, reached down a coat from a peg and put it on, saying: "Excuse my not putting on a shirt, will you?"

"Of course, of course. Take off more of your clothes, if you'll feel more comfortable."

"I know, it's not that, but the fact is that I haven't a shirt clean enough to put on."

I could only murmur my surprise at this strange circumstance, and endeavor to look sympathetic. He went on: "I dare say you think it odd that I don't have them washed?"

I thought perhaps he had had some difficulty with his laundry, had not paid her bill, but I could not say that, so I inquired: "Why don't you?"

He unfolded a horrible tale to the effect that the water supply of the island consists principally of what is distilled by a condenser, a small quantity being obtained from Dampier's Drift and Brandreth Wells. That water was always so scarce that it was served out like a ration of rum, only more sparingly, the allowance in prosperous times being two gallons a day per man.

When clothes were sent to the wash, the water for washing them had to be sent with them. That the condenser had now been out of order for some nine or ten days, and everybody on the island had been put on short allowance, so that they had not enough for drinking, much less for washing either themselves or their clothes.—Youth's Companion.

## Tomatoes in England.

Americans, accustomed to see tomatoes in some shape on the table nearly every day of the year, will scarcely appreciate how nearly that familiar vegetable comes to being a rare delicacy in England. Ten years ago it was an exception to find this delightful fruit on the tables of any but the wealthy; but today they are to be found in most houses during the season, their extensive cultivation having brought down the price so as to make them come within the reach of all. The tomato, or love apple, as it was formerly called, originally came from South America, but it was not until the climate of the United States was found to be eminently adapted to their growth that they came into general use, the taste for the same spreading to Europe.

It is, in addition to its valuable hygienic qualities, one of the most profitable fruits to cultivate, and we know of one private gentleman who sends no less than one ton to market daily in the early season, the price paid for the same averaging \$1. per pound, all of them being grown under glass. Few come to perfection in the open air, owing to the short duration of sunshine in England. Like the olive, it was a long time before the people became accustomed to the peculiar and delicate flavor, but each day they grew in popularity, so much so, indeed, that Cape Town has been requisitioned for a supply of the same when they are out of season here.—London Tattler.

## Punching His Ticket.

They were telling experiences the other night, and Col. Granniss told one of his. He made the trip through the southern country here just after the road had been opened. The festive cowboy had just begun to enjoy the sport of running the train in the rough region, and at one of the stations a formidable specimen of that tough human board the cars. The conductor came along punching the tickets, and this cowboy did not pay any attention to him. At last the conductor laid his hand on the cowboy's shoulder and said, "Ticket please." The cowboy turned in true cowboy style, pulled out his revolver and pointed it at the conductor.

"Here's my ticket."

The conductor walked on and punched everybody else's coupon. Then he disappeared. The little incident had been forgotten by almost everybody on the car. The cowboy was in a quiescent state and the car was quite still when the conductor came in. He walked leisurely up the aisle and suddenly stopped before the cowboy, placed a great big knife dangerously contiguous to his vital parts, and said, quietly:

"Lemme see that ticket again."

The cowboy paid his fare.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## A Wise Dog.

The possession of an intelligent dog in the family may be a very useful means out of emergencies. Not long ago some members of a family returning from an evening entertainment were unable to gain an entrance into their house. The key had been forgotten and the servants were evidently asleep. Ringing the door bell produced no response. The only sound indoors was that of the dog's gently thumping against the rug, but after a time that ceased. The dog had recognized his friends and refused to bark. When all efforts to enter seemed fruitless, the door was opened by a sleepy servant accompanied by a very wide awake dog. It seemed that this friend of the family had made his way to the servant's room and had gently awakened her to a realization of the situation. As he had never been permitted to enter the room before it is evident that his sense of the needs of the occasion had shown him that he should not wait for a ceremonious invitation.—Boston Journal.

## What Our Weather Costs Us.

The United States pays \$900,000 a year for its weather service, Great Britain \$80,000, Germany \$56,000, Russia \$65,000, Austria \$10,000, Switzerland \$6,000, France \$50,000. And, though no European nation attempts to do as much as we do, or takes general observations more than once a day, the percentage of verification of predictions is rising there, which is hardly the case in this country. Our weather service, with its great cost and thorough organization, ought to be the best in the world.—Detroit Free Press.

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