

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

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SOUTHERN PROTECTIONIST MOVEMENT.

Scarcely a month passes without recording some new movement, or a renewal of some old movement, to break the partisan solidarity of the Southern states.

The latest partisan project, however, is more feasible and sensible than the others which have been referred to. It is a scheme to bring all the Southern protectionists into one party.

A CANARD.

This morning our city was thrown into great excitement by the report that ex-President Cleveland had been assassinated by a negro, and everyone regardless of politics were expressing their views.

A NEW YORK paper calls attention to the fact that the page of the bible which Washington kissed when he took the oath of office a hundred years ago includes this significant verse: "Benjamin shall raven as a wolf; in the morning he shall devour prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil."

Gov. HUMPHREY, of Kansas, has named Tuesday, May 21, as the day for a special election to choose a successor to Congressman Ryan, recently appointed minister to Mexico.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures when every other so-called remedy fails.

Fine Job Work Cheap at THE HERALD.

If that lady at the lecture the other night only knew how nicely Hall's Hair Renewer would remove dandruff and improve the hair she would buy a bottle.

LIFE'S WANDERER.

Pass on, O tired wanderer! Upon thy lonely way, Thou must not pause a moment, Till the closing of the day.

THE DESERTER.

It was the last year of the civil war—a year full of anxiety, suspense and privation of every kind. Down here in Louisiana we were beginning to realize that our cause was hopeless, and that the Confederacy was near its end.

New Orleans, in possession of the Federals, had quieted down to a certain extent, but the country parishes were in a ferment, occupied as they were in turn by Confederate and northern troops.

This district, it is true, was occupied by Federal troops, but they were well disciplined and committed no outrages. After the terrors and uncertainties of the "debatable ground," there was a comfortable feeling of security in finding ourselves within the lines and not in danger of capture.

Beautiful Adela Maxwell was our host's young daughter-in-law. She had only been married a week when her husband, who had enlisted in Gen. Taylor's army, was compelled to leave her.

She was a lovely, irresponsible child—a spoiled one, too. At 16 years of age she had married Theo Maxwell, who was not then 20. It was due to the recklessness common at that period that the marriage of the young pair was sanctioned by the two families.

Theo was grave and thoughtful beyond his years; brave, as were all the Maxwells, almost stern in his ideas of duty, and only weak where his beautiful little bride was concerned.

Most southern women were brave and high spirited, ready to make any sacrifice for a cause they considered sacred, but Adela had not a grain of patriotism in her soul. She did not care a straw which cause conquered so that the war might end and Theo return home.

"I can't stand this," she cried. "I never closed my eyes all night thinking of Theo. I can't eat, I can't sleep, and I shall die if Theo doesn't come home! I must see with my own eyes that he is alive and well."

"But how can you expect him to come?" cried Dora Maxwell, the judge's daughter, a sensible, spirited girl, who had not too much patience with her sister-in-law's childish ways.

"Look at Mrs. Rogers," she continued. "Her husband is in constant peril, and she how brave and cheerful she is! She says that is the only way in which she can imitate him."

"Don't talk to me of Mrs. Rogers!" Adela looked like a small fury. "Do you pretend to compare my love for Theo with hers for her husband? Easy enough to be quiet when she doesn't care a picayune for him! Didn't she actually hurry him off last week, when he hadn't been with her for more than an hour? Don't compare us and set that cold hearted thing up as my model!"

"I don't compare you," Dora said dryly. "Mrs. Rogers is utterly unselfish, a noble woman, to whom the honor of her husband is as dear as his life. She hurried him off because she knew if he waited until daylight his risk of being made a prisoner would be great. Besides, he had promised his captain to be back that night and he was in honor bound to keep his word."

Adela burst into a flood of angry tears. "Honor! honor!" she repeated, petulantly. "I just hate the word! Honor made T. go into the army and leave me here to be wretched! Honor keeps him away! Some day honor is going to leave him on the battle field with a bullet in his heart. What will it do for me, if I lose him I'd like to know? Nobody here

feels for me. Nobody loves Theo as I do!"

She hurried from the room, but stopped on the threshold and turned her pretty, tear stained face to us.

"Theo shall come back to me in spite of you all!" she cried.

Dora sighed deeply as the door closed behind Adela. "Poor Theo!" she said, softly. "He always seemed to feel such a contempt for women! Yet that girl can make him do anything!"

"She is such a child!" I interposed. "Yes, and that makes her so unfit to be a wife. We are going to have an opportunity of sending letters through the lines today, and Heaven only knows what Adela will write to her husband! Enough to make him wretched, I dare say, for she won't spare him a single tear of hers. He'll fancy her pining to death, and before night, I dare say, she'll be laughing and singing."

But for once Dora was mistaken. Adela complained of a violent headache, and after writing her letter went to bed, and did not make her appearance until late the next day. Then she wore a subdued, rather frightened look, not natural to her. She appeared like a mischievous child who had done something naughty and was afraid of being found out.

For the two following days she was in a state of perpetual excitement almost hysterical. She would rush from door to window, or to any place which commanded a view of the long front avenue. At any unexpected sound she would spring up, listen breathlessly, and then sink back in her seat with a sigh.

"I am afraid my little girl is getting nervous," said Judge Maxwell on the second evening, putting his arm affectionately around her. "Come, it won't do when Theo returns for him to find a wife with her nerves unstrung. The women of our family were as brave as the men, and I can't have a Maxwell a coward."

"But I'm not an out and out Maxwell," she answered with a hysterical laugh; "and I'm an awful coward. Oh, why don't Theo come home!"

This was followed by a violent burst of tears, and she rung her hands as if in despair.

"Dora, you had better take your sister to her room and make her lie down," the judge said, gently. "Adela, my dear, you must try to control yourself. Remember that your tears will not bring your husband back one day sooner. You are only injuring your health and for Theo's sake you must take care of that."

After they left the room, the judge and I sat silently until the lamps were lighted. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, for we heard the hurried steps of a man on the long veranda in front of the house.

Then the door was violently thrown open and Theo stood before us. Theo pale, wild eyed, and covered with dust. He looked in our faces strangely, inquiringly and uttered a deep groan. His parched lips strove to speak, but the words died in a gasp.

"My son! what is the matter?" cried the judge, taking his hand. "Adela, my darling! Is she dead?" the son managed to articulate. "Am I too late?"

"Adela? Why, she is in perfect health—never has been ill. She was in this room five minutes ago.

The judge stopped suddenly, terrified by his son's look. He had grown ghastly pale and sank into a chair.

He covered his face with his hands, shaking as if in an attack of ague. In a moment he controlled himself and tried to speak calmly. "Read that," he said, drawing a letter from his pocket, and handing it to his father, "and tell me if I could have stayed away?"

Months afterward I read the letter. In it Adela told her husband she was dying and he must come to her immediately if he would see her alive, but, ill as she was, no one should write to him but herself. If he loved her, come! The letter was written in faint, tremulous characters, as if the hand was too weak to hold the pen and the eyes too dim to see the lines.

Judge Maxwell's face was very stern when he laid down the letter. "It was an unjustifiable deceit," he said, "but you must try to forgive her. You must not let it embitter your visit."

"Father, do you not understand?" cried the young soldier. "I asked for permission to visit a dying wife, but the general positively refused. They expect a battle at Pleasant Hill, and not a man was allowed to leave. I came without permission."

"A deserter! you, Theo Maxwell!" cried the judge, looking stunned.

"Yes, a deserter on the eve of battle," Theo cried, with a bitter laugh. "I've done for myself now, father." There was a hurried step in the corridor, and in a moment Adela was in her husband's arms, crying and laughing hysterically.

"I heard your voice, darling," she cried. "Why hadn't I been called? Didn't I tell you all he should come back to me? And now I've got him! I've got him! I've got him!" her voice rising shrill and strained with excitement.

But what is the matter, Theo? Why do you look at me like that? What is the matter with you all?"

"The matter, madam," cried Judge Maxwell, sternly, "is disgrace to my son and your husband. By your falsehoods you brought him from his post—made him a deserter. Do you know what that means? A disgraceful death! Yes, that is what you have brought upon the man you professed to love."

He got no further, for Adela's head fell back on her husband's shoulder in merciful unconsciousness. He strained her to his bosom and pressed a kiss upon her white lips.

"Dora, take her to her room," he said. "Be gentle with her for my sake, sister. She is only a child and did not know what she was doing. I must get away from here before she revives." He tightened his belt and pulled his cap over his eyes.

The old judge laid a trembling hand on his son's arm. "Theo, my son," he said, tremulously, "don't go back! There is a squadron of

northern soldiers camped just back here in Miller's field. You can be taken prisoner by them, you know, and you'll be safe from, from."

He stammered and choked. "I understand you, father," Theo said, quietly. "You mean if I am taken prisoner I will escape a deserter's fate. It would add cowardice to desertion. No, sir, I will get back the soonest I can, and bear my fate as your son should. I had to run a cordon of Federal troops coming here, and I fear it will be hard work getting back through the lines."

"But Gen. Taylor is my friend." The old man's speech was growing inarticulate. "I will write to him, I will go to him. He must listen to me. No court martial could condemn you under such circumstances."

Theo smiled sadly. "I hope for little leniency. I left on the eve of a battle, you must remember. Farewell, father! Be kind to my poor little wife, Dora, don't unman me." She was clinging to him and sobbing convulsively. "If you love me you will go back to Adela. Do not tell her what may happen to me. I leave her to you all as a sacred charge," he added, solemnly, and before any one answered had gone.

"I will go myself," stammered the judge, trying to rise from his seat. "I will explain to Gen. Taylor. My boy shall not be sacrificed." A convulsion passed over his face, his feet refused to support him and he sank back in his chair.

We knew well what was the matter. A year before he had had an attack of paralysis, a slight one, and his old enemy had him once more in its relentless grip. For three days and nights we watched beside him until the end came.

A week afterward our cruel suspense as to Theo's fate was over. In trying to pass the Federal pickets he had been shot.

"Thank God!" sobbed Dora, "he was spared the ignominious fate of a deserter. I think he wanted to be killed."

Adela's grief at first was violent. She soon returned to her father's house. In a few months I saw her there as lovely, as irresponsible and as gay as if she had not caused the disgrace and death of the man who had loved her more than his duty.—Marie B. Williams.

Washington Society.

Perhaps you think I exaggerate. I don't mean to say every woman makes forty calls a day or every day. But the congressman's wife above quoted said to me: "I often make thirty or thirty-five calls in an afternoon. The greatest number I ever made was thirty-eight. I think I could make more if I had a better driver. I've heard of ladies making forty-five or fifty." Mrs. Fuller, the chief justice's wife, says she has made thirty-one calls between luncheon and dinner, and that she knows of a senator's wife who has made forty-eight in two hours. Mrs. Fuller could not keep up with her obligations, she says, if she didn't have four lively daughters to help her. She has 300 or more callers every Monday. The cabinet ladies have found it simply impossible to return calls, having often as many as 1,500 cards in a day, and last December they concluded to give up returns except their calls of etiquette on the wives of the supreme court justices and senators.—Washington Letter.

British Red Tape.

It is doubtful if anything in the "red tape" line can excel two instances recently brought to public notice in connection with the military service of England. So minute are the reports required that Sir Evelyn Wood, commander at Aldershot, recently had occasion to record the momentous fact, with all the paraphernalia of imposing official document seals and the like, the thrilling fact that a private soldier had fallen over a stone and skinned his nose. Another instance of puerile inefficiency is seen in the case of a soldier who, while in Egypt in 1884, had an overissue of rations amounting to seventy cents. This has been the subject of a vast amount of official correspondence, involving reams of paper and rolls of red tape, and it has finally been settled by the discovery that the soldier held a certificate in full for the provisions in dispute.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Niagara Falls Measurements.

The following are the latest statistics concerning the cataract. The outline of the American falls is about 1,000 feet, and the height about 165 feet. The descent in the rapids above the American fall is about 40 feet to the half mile. The outline of the Horseshoe fall is about 2,600 feet, the height about 158 feet, and the descent in the rapid above about 55 feet to three-quarters of a mile. The volume of water passing over both falls is about 15,000,000 cubic feet per minute, or about one cubic mile per week, or 64 cubic miles per year.—Buffalo Courier.

Brought Them Out in Sections.

One of our county physicians, who lives at Tazewell, was called to see a very tall gentleman who lives in the neighborhood of Brantly, and who was sick with the measles. On account of the exceeding height of the man the doctor advised him to paint a ring around his body with iodine and he would proceed to bring the measles out on him one end at a time, as it would be impossible to accomplish the whole job at once. Our informant states that the ring was drawn and the measles brought out in sections.—Buena Vista (Ga.) Patriot.

An Old Family.

Mr. De Pink—My dear, I've found a husband for you.

Miss De Pink—Does he belong to an old family?

Mr. De Pink—Yes, indeedly. All his brothers are over 80 and he's gray headed himself.—Philadelphia Record.

Mr. Winks (looking over the paper)—Cheap Drug & Co. are selling all sorts of patent medicines at half price.

Mrs. Winks—Just our luck. There isn't anything the matter with any of us.—New York Weekly.

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Notice to Contractors. Sealed bids will be received by the Chairman of the Board of Public Works until noon on the 17th day of April, 1883, for Bidding the oil-creek bed at the following places to-wit: Contract No. 1, 1.378 cu. yds. more or less on West side between 6th and 7th Sts. Contract No. 2, 21,025 cu. yds. more or less on Pearl St. between 6th and 7th Sts. Contract No. 3, 468 cu. yds. more or less on E. st. of 2d St. between Main and Pearl sts. Contract No. 4, 744 cu. yds. more or less on east side of 4th St. between Main and Pearl Sts. Two classes of bids will be received for said work: Class "A," the Contractor to furnish earth from private grounds; Class "B," the contractor to take the earth from such places in the public streets as the Chairman of the Board of Public Works may direct. Engineer's Estimate Contract No. 1, Class A, 12 1/2 cts per cubic yard. Engineer's Estimate Contract No. 2, Class B, 25 cts. per cu. yd. Engineer's Estimate Contract No. 2, Class A, 12 1/2 cts per cu. yd. Engineer's Estimate Contract No. 3, Class A, 12 1/2 cts. per cu. yd. Engineer's Estimate Contract No. 3, Class B, 25 cts. per cu. yd. Engineer's Estimate Contract No. 4, Class A, 12 1/2 cts per cu. yd. Engineer's Estimate Contract No. 4, Class B, 25 cts per cu. yd. Work to be completed within thirty days from the letting. Contract to be let to the lowest and best bidder. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids. For particulars enquire of the Chairman Board Public Works. J. W. JOHNSON, Ch'm Board Public Works.

S. & M. Time Table. GOING WEST. No. 1, - 9:06 a. m. No. 2, - 8:16 p. m. No. 3, - 8:01 a. m. No. 4, - 7:28 p. m. No. 5, - 9:00 a. m. No. 6, - 8:06 p. m. GOING EAST. No. 2, - 8:41 a. m. No. 4, - 7:59 a. m. No. 8, - 9:00 a. m. No. 10, - 8:54 a. m. All trains run daily by way of Omaha, except Nos. 7 and 8 which run to and from Seligman daily except Sunday.