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WHEAT AND OFFICIAL STATISTICS.

The logic of events is hard to answer, as the wheat speculators are learning. After putting up wheat to \$1.20 last October, they persisted for months in the assertions that there was not enough of the grain to go around, that the official reports of the bureau of agriculture were ever so much less trustworthy than their guesses.

The attempt to persuade people that a scarcity was inevitable, that government statisticians were crooked and that the millers knew all about it, has been kept up ever since this began. When the bureau represented the quantity remaining in farmer's hands, that was also pronounced an utterly untrustworthy statement.

The price obtained in markets east and west indicates pretty clearly that the holders, traders, and possibly purchasers, have all come to substantially the same conclusion, that the official reports were entirely correct and trustworthy—or, at all events, more trustworthy than any of the other so-called statisticians published.

Whether wheat will mount up today tomorrow at Chicago, or sell for \$2 a bushel before July, it is not the province of a public journal to prophesy. What can properly be said is that there is not now, as there has not been for since exports were arrested by the advance last year, any reason to fear a scarcity of wheat, unless the weather should prove exceptionally unfavorable.

WHEN an African king dies a number of his followers are beheaded in order that the royal spirit may have company on its journey. The same rule is applicable to democratic office-holders when their president goes hence.

The election in Rhode Island the other day settled the political complexion of that state, the republican vote on joint ballot was increased to 57 (55 being the majority). This also determines that the principal state offices will be filled by the republicans for the coming year.

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

Plenty of feed, flour, graham and meal at Heisel's mill.

Millet for sale—Enquire at F. A. Burke's implement store.

HUSBANDS, STAND UP! AMBER THINKS IT IS TIME SOME ONE TOOK YOU IN HAND.

Two Ways of Acting When You Come Home—Things You Should Do and Those You Should Not Do—Of Course This Don't Mean You, but It Fits Your Neighbor.

There is so much excellent advice given to wives, suppose, for a change, we turn around and read the husbands a nice little manual of correct behavior. It is high time some one took them in hand; but, although I have had my eye upon them for a good while, I have been bothered to find a ripe opportunity.

In the first place, to plunge right into the midst of things without further waiting, how do you go home to your wife at night? Chapters have been written as to how she ought to receive you; now let me say a word about the other side of the question. When you find a tired little woman who has been so hard at work all day with five babies and an incompetent girl, callers, and miscellaneous jobs of mending, pastry making and pickling, that she has found no time to curl her hair and put on her best gown to meet you, what do you do?

Do you, like a dear old sympathizing fellow, take her worn face into a warm embrace and whisper in her ear: "Never mind, dearie; I have got home, and we'll share the cares for the rest of the day. You go and rest yourself while I put Johnnie and Trot and baby to bed?" Do you see that she sits in the easiest chair while you skip around and minister to her wants? Do you keep silent while she reads the evening paper (to herself), and are you mindful of draughts and slamming doors while she takes her ease in slippers and content? Do the stars dance the Newport, and does the moon sing psalm tunes? Just about as much as you do all this. You expect the hushed home, and the siesta with the paper, and the slippers for yourself, to be sure, and if you don't get them you think you're terribly abused, and ten to one flounce off to the club to escape the noise and confusion, but you never take it into your head to consider that the day has been just as long, and just as busy, and a thousand times more full of petty cares for her as for you.

You bolt into the house, and the first thing you say is: "Why isn't supper ready? I'm as hungry as a hound!" "Great Scott! Can't you keep that child quiet?" or, "What's the use of burning so much coal? Turn off the damper; you are enough to ruin a Vanderbilt!" That's the keynote of the song you sing, and yet you think it is dreadful if she ever makes a remark harsher than the bleat of a lamb. Suppose you had been a hansom cab driver, a board of trade man, cook in a restaurant, cash boy for a dry goods house, a kindergarten teacher and a hospital nurse all combined for the whole day long, wouldn't you be more tired, and wouldn't there be more excuse for your irritability than when you have simply attended to a single systematized branch of business.

A woman is required to be everything from a reception committee to receive calls in the parlor, to a nurse in the nursery, and a chief executive in the kitchen, while a business man devotes himself to a single trade or profession.

DON'T BE AFRAID OF "SPOONING." And next, how do you entertain your wife evenings? If you were invited into a neighbor's house to spend a couple of hours with his wife and daughter, how would you entertain them, I wonder? Why, you would put a cosy in your but, tinkle, and slick up your hair, and blow a little perfume out of the atomizer all over yourself, and throughout the evening you would overflow with bright anecdotes and be so racy and charming that after you had gone away everybody would say: "What a perfectly delightful man Mr. Perkins is! What good company!"

Now let us see, sir, how you entertain your wife. You stand in front of the fire and pick your teeth with a wooden toothpick until she starts to put the children to bed, and every now and then you make a few cheerful remarks about the scarcity of money and the general carelessness of children who run through shoes and clothes so fast. When the time comes that all is still and everything nicely adapted for a chat or a game, you draw out your miserable newspaper and begin to read. And you read that paper all to yourself, word for word, and line for line, straight through from editorial to market report, as if it contained the secret of youth, wealth and eternal salvation! In the same way one might drink soda water by the pailful, or consume caramels by the ton!

Newspapers, read by husbands in selfish solitude, are answerable for many wifely heartaches. How many good stories and racy anecdotes do you tell your wife to make her laugh? How many roses do you pin on your coat and how careful are you of your appearance in the long evenings, when there is nobody by but her to be captivated by your charms and bewitched by your manly beauty? There is just exactly as much excuse for her (and a little more, it may be,) if her dress is slatternly and her hair untidy as there is for you, and there is precious little for either of you.

You excuse your indifference and neglect and the withdrawal of fond and tender attentions, just as dear to her at forty as at twenty, with the thought: "O, well, she knows I love her; what's the use of 'spooning' at our age?" By and by there will come a time when you shall see her lying in her coffin, perhaps, and you would sell your soul that day to be able to shine away long years of cold neglect with the manifestation of the love that was always in your heart, certainly, but carefully kept on ice. Call it "spooning," if you like, or any other name of contempt, but I tell you there is nothing so sad in all life's history as the vanished opportunity to manifest a love for which some friend went hungry through slow years of undemonstrative and stupid reserve.—Amber in Chicago Tribune.

The Coral Islands.

It has long been the opinion of geologists that the curious atolls of the Pacific and Indian oceans, the circular coral islands, inclosing a shallow basin of the sea, were to be explained as was first suggested by the late Charles Darwin, through the long continued subsidence of the sea floor on which they rested. The idea was that the coral first found foothold around the shores of a volcanic or other mountain peak projecting above the sea. It was further supposed that the subsidence of the ocean floor gradually lowered the original island below the level of the sea, while the coral reef, growing steadfastly upward, remained about the mountain had disappeared to mark its original site.

Alexander Agassiz and John Murray have recently held to the doctrine that the greater part of our atolls at least are not thus formed, and that the central cup of the atoll is not due to the fact that it occupies the position of a subsiding mountain, but that it is brought about by a process of solution by which the coral rocks are dissolved away.

Dr. H. B. Guppy, a competent observer, has, during a recent sojourn on the Keeling atoll in the Indian ocean, been enabled to confirm the opinions of Messrs. Murray and Agassiz. It therefore seems probable that wherever coral reefs attain the surface of the sea the circular basin will naturally be formed, and that if Mr. Darwin's explanation has any truth in it, it is to be accepted only in rare and, as yet, unascertained cases.—Boston Herald.

The Young Folks' Friend.

A pleasant faced old gentleman, who looks as if he had forgotten as much as some people know about editing newspapers, comes over from the peaceful shades of Newark now and then to mingle in the busy metropolitan whirl of which he was once an important figure. He is Noah Brooks, long time an editor of the Tribune, a conspicuous journalist in San Francisco during vigilante times and one of the most popular writers for children who wield quills today. Mr. Brooks is a tall, well built man; his white hair has thinned out on top, his eyes keep their light, and his short, white side whiskers and mustache give him a venerable appearance. He is well over sixty and carries his age "like a major." As editor of The Newark Advertiser Mr. Brooks continues the active intellectual work which has characterized his life. He has given that journal—one of the oldest in the country, by the way—a standing it was unlikely to get otherwise. Besides, in St. Nicholas and such periodicals, where one looks for the lighter touch and the finer fancies, his name is always welcome, not only to the editors, but to hundreds of the little ones who have learned to look forward with eagerness to his stories for children.—New York World.

Water Tight Match Box Wanted.

Bishop, who made a thousand mile voyage in a paper canoe, says that R. B. Forbes, of Boston, once gave him a water tight pocket match box, that he lost it, and was never able to find another. Thousands of hunters, canoeists, and others have hunted and longed for a match box that would be water tight—one that would preserve its contents dry even though the owner was compelled to take a swim with the box in the pocket of his pants, and the pants on the swimmer. An upset in the wilderness or on the coast, away from dwellings, often destroys every match a man has with him, and places him in a position of great danger.

Though match boxes are made in innumerable styles, we have never been able to find one which was suitable for carrying matches in the pocket and would at the same time protect them from water. There are some difficulties in the way of inventing such an article, because when carried in the pocket the air within the box is rarefied by the heat of the body. When the box is plunged into cold water a partial vacuum is formed, and this aids in forcing water through the joints.—Scientific American.

Napoleon.

The duke said: "After the retreat of Bonaparte from Leipzig, he never, in fact, had any hope of getting over his bad fortune. Mole, then minister of war, told me that shortly after Napoleon's return at that time to Paris he was playing at billiards with him when he became thoughtful and, laying down his cue, began talking to him of the impossibility of ever reviving the spirit of the nation sufficiently to expel the northern powers. Had these reverses, he said, occurred in the first days of the republic, there would have been a freshness of spirit that might have saved the game, but that spirit was how worn out and never could again be expected to revive. Yet, with this depressing conviction upon his mind, he went through his wonderful campaign of Champagne with an activity perhaps unparalleled in his former wars." The duke's invariable comment on Napoleon was: "He was not a gentleman."—Personal Recollections of Lady de Ros in Murray's Magazine.

Two Smart Maine Women.

Two spinster sisters up in Maine who run a sixty-five acre farm, are credited with being the smartest women in the state. One of them chops every winter the year's supply of fire wood, going into the woods early in the season and remaining until the work is completed. She works in the hayfield in summer and digs from seventy to one hundred bushels of potatoes yearly and puts them in the cellar. The other sister is the caregiver of the family and has added all manner of improvements to the farm.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A white tongue is said to denote a febrile disturbance; a brown, moist tongue, indigestion; a brown, dry tongue, depression, blood poisoning, typhoid fever; a red, moist tongue, inflammatory fever; a red, glazed tongue, general fever, loss of digestion; a tremulous, moist and flabby tongue, feebleness, nervousness.

JIM RILEY'S COME TO TOWN.

Jim Riley's come to town, boys, he's now at Parker's place. His Hoosier verse to read us, with its quaint and touching grace. He's billed at Tremont temple—oh, how Brown- ing's stock goes down, As 'tis repeated on the street, "Jim Riley's come to town!"

How dear his homely measure that is more than wordly art, And takes the very shortest cut to reach the human heart. The fashioners of tawdry verse upon his muse may frown; A fig for all their tinsel phrase—Jim Riley's come to town!

The gold of human nature through his verses glints and shines, And human heart beats are the stops that punctuate the lines; Enough the surety that his of well deserved renown; Enough of joy for us to know, Jim Riley's come to town.—Boston Budget.

Concerning the Centipede. The centipedes that live in the United States, certainly the northern states, are, for the most part, harmless. But the same cannot be said of multitudes of the race residing in the West Indies and other warm climates. In these places the bite of the centipede is not only very painful, but often dangerous. Like some other animals, the appearance of the centipede is against him.

Centipedes are quite ready to stand on the defensive when they are attacked, and when they consider themselves in danger. Their disposition to bite renders them rather troublesome bedfellows. When they get into a bed, the least movement of the sleeper over whom they may be crawling, and who can hardly fail to be disturbed by their sharp, pointed feet and claws acting on his skin, is almost sure to provoke a venomous bite, which will be frequently repeated if the midnight visitor is not removed from the bed.

The bite of the centipede is exceedingly painful for the moment, and is followed, unless the wound is taken care of in season, by great inflammation and high fever. If the insect is a large one, and the bite is severe, life is not infrequently lost, especially if the patient is of a delicate constitution.

Bishop Heber speaks of centipedes as being very large and poisonous in different parts of India. These insects have occasionally been brought to this country in cargoes of hides from countries where they are abundant, and where their bite is poisonous. Some years since, a man who was employed in unloading a vessel in Boston, lost his life in consequence of a bite received from a centipede brought to the country in this way.—Boston Budget.

A Tenacious Memory.

Up in North Georgia some years ago there was a young farmer who was as poor as Job's turkey. He was very ignorant, and did not even know his letters. One day a tourist paused to rest under a tree where the farmer was eating dinner and recited a pretty poem. The young man was pleased with it, and the stranger gave him a written copy. But it was useless to a man who could not read, and the traveler had to go over it with his finger, pointing out each word and letter. After his friend left, the countryman went home and took his first writing lesson from the written poem. One letter was missing—the letter Z. The next day he walked five miles to see a neighbor who showed him how to make it, and then he was master of the alphabet. He got a spelling book and a reader, and studied them by a pine knot fire. Two years later he visited Mercer university, at Penfield, during vacation time, and the professors showed him through the building. "Ho questioned me for an hour," said the professor of chemistry, "and went away knowing more about the science than some young men who have studied it two terms." "And I talked with him an hour," said the professor of English literature, "and he extracted from me enough information to fill a volume." The young fellow had a wonderful memory. It stuck to everything. He entered the university and became noted for his strong, clear style and his varied attainments.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Must Have Thought Her Funny.

A Bangor man has a bright little niece, over whose head but a few years have rolled, and who when saying her prayers the other night repeated a line in the Lord's Prayer, "Harrowed be thy name." The little one was kneeling by her mother's knee, and the latter said: "Why, darling, you don't mean 'harrowed.' Harrowed means broken up and 'harrow ground.' You should say: 'Hallowed be thy name.' Hallowed means holy." The little girl thought for a moment and then her face brightened and she said with a smile: "Well, mamma, the Lord must think I'm awful funny, for I've said 'harrowed' for ever so long."—Portland Argus.

"Shoot the Lion."

A minister once announced as his text: "The slothful man saith, there is a lion in the way." As he paused he heard a loud in the gallery whisper: "Shoot the lion." With ready wit he turned to the boy and said: "You have given in three words the sum of my sermon, and that all may remember, I will repeat your summary." Then turning to the congregation he said: "The slothful man saith there is a lion in the way." After a pause he went on: "My young friend in the gallery says, 'Shoot the lion.' This is the exact thing to do. Let us pray."—St. Louis Republic.

Mary Anderson's American Castle.

Mary Anderson, the actress, owns a valuable farm of 820 acres on the Lafayette township knobs, about five miles from New Albany. On the farm is a fine orchard and a building site, from which can be had a magnificent view of the Falls cities and the distant Ohio. It is said that Miss Anderson contemplates at some time erecting on the summit of the high hill a magnificent country residence, similar in style of architecture to some of the castles she saw during her stay in Europe.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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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, 1889, for filling the old creek bed at the following places: Class A, Contract No. 1, 1,378 cu. yds. more or less on Vine street between 6th and 7th streets. Contract No. 2, 21,625 cu. yds. more or less on Pearl St. between 8th and 7th Sts. Contract No. 3, 268 cu. yds. more or less on E. of 5th 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. 1, Class B, 25 cts per cubic yard. Engineer's Estimate Contract No. 2, Class A, 12 1/2 cts per cubic yard. Engineer's Estimate Contract No. 2, Class B, 25 cts per cubic yard. Engineer's Estimate Contract No. 3, Class A, 12 1/2 cts per cubic yard. Engineer's Estimate Contract No. 3, Class B, 25 cts per cubic yard. Engineer's Estimate Contract No. 4, Class A, 12 1/2 cts per cubic yard. Engineer's Estimate Contract No. 4, Class B, 25 cts per cubic yard.

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 inquire of the Chairman Board Public Works, J. W. JOHNSON, d301 Ch'm Board Public Works.

B. & M. Time Table. GOING WEST. No. 1—9:36 a. m. No. 2—4:44 p. m. No. 3—10:29 a. m. No. 4—7:23 p. m. No. 5—8:11 a. m. No. 6—10:50 a. m. No. 7—7:35 p. m. No. 8—9:58 p. m. No. 9—8:54 a. m. No. 10—9:54 a. m. All trains run daily by way of Omaha, except Nos. 7 and 8 which run to and from Kearney daily except Sunday.