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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

It is pleasant to read of a man recently appointed to a Federal office in Texas. "He served in the Union army during the war." In not a single instance did Cleveland appoint a southern man of whom such a thing could be said.

An understanding has been arrived at between the governments of the United States, England and Germany, in consequence of which each power will keep but one man-of-war at Samoa pending the decision of the conference. It is a pity this common sense arrangement was not made when the conference was first decided upon, in which case four vessels and many lives would have been saved from destruction.

As there are more people camped now on the borders of Oklahoma than there is land enough for and more people are on their way, it looks as if there will be a great rush on the 22nd inst, as rafts are being constructed to float down the Arkansas river; relays of fast horses have been arranged to carry claim-seekers in every direction. It looks as if there would be bloodshed in the adjustment of conflicting rights and a number of eastern papers have made arrangements and sent special correspondents there to publish the whole story as it will occur.

PROSPEROUS SIOUX CITY. It is admitted, we believe, in all hands, that the prohibitory law is better enforced in Sioux City than any city in Iowa. Yet we read in yesterday's Omaha Republican an interview with Hon. John A. McShane in which he is represented as saying that "Sioux City is booming ahead at a wonderful rate and has been for two years past. In the same column Mr. McShane's statements are corroborated by Mr. Mahoney of Sioux City who says the city has more than doubled in population in the past two years. Will Mr. Rosewater of the Bee please make a note of this. He might also state that Davenport, Dubuque and Burlington where the sale of liquor is unrestricted, there is no activity in real estate and business dull. On the other hand in Des Moines and in Sioux City where the law is enforced real estate transfers are numerous and business is lively.

THE SOUTHERN REPUBLICANS. The republicans of the south are manifesting a disposition lately to enter upon the work of building up the party in that section with more energy and intelligence than they have displayed for a good many years. It is very true that they have not had much to encourage them; but it is equally true that they have not as a rule made the best use of their opportunities. They have permitted themselves to be practically deprived of all political power without making a properly courageous and determined resistance. Instead of asserting their rights and insisting upon fair and decent treatment, they have to often tamely submitted to injustice and humiliation thus disparaging their own cause, and inviting additional outrage. It is not to be believed that if they had stood up resolutely for their principles and their legal privileges, the democratic party could ever have secured such a complete mastery of all the southern states. They have looked to the north for service they should have rendered as a matter of personal duty; and consequently they have been overcome at every point by their more self-reliant and aggressive opponents. In short, they have their own folly and carelessness to blame for much of the misfortune which has befallen them.

There is still a chance for them to regain what they have lost, and to secure a position which will enable them to exert a definite influence in southern politics. They must make protection the basis of their operations, of course; that is the only issue upon which they can hope to organize an effective fight against the democracy. But the logic and virtue of protection alone will not be sufficient to insure their success. They must do something more than to point out the fallacy and danger of free trade. Their efforts must include a certain degree of bravery and perseverance with regard to other things. They can accomplish nothing so long as they submit to fraud and violence in elections. The most important step of all is to make voting safe for every citizen, and to redeem the ballot box from systematic corruption. This does not imply an appeal to force as the only cure for the prevailing disorder; but it does imply a manly and positive form of resistance under the law, to an evil which has reduced popular government to a farse and mockery in the south. It will not do to say that this enormity will correct itself in time, and that it must be patiently endured while protective tariff leagues are being instituted. Such an argument is a mere absurdity. The republicans of the south can never make any headway by conceding, directly or indirectly, that the democratic policy of suppressing votes is in any sense or for any purpose justifiable or excusable. They must plant themselves squarely upon the ground that such a policy is infamous, and permit nothing to deter them from the employment of all available means for its overthrow. To do less than that is simply to court defeat—and to deserve it.—Globe Democrat.

Why do I Suffer So with headache and vertigo, doctor? I have a bad cough, too, and dull aches under the shoulder-blades, I am losing weight, and am bilious all the time." The courteous physician answered: "If you inquire what is the cause of all this mischief, it is a torpid liver. That organ, you are aware, is the largest gland in the body, and its office is to carry off the waste of the system. When it fails to do its proper work, the refuse of the body is re-absorbed and goes circulating round and in the blood, poisoning, not nourishing, the tissues. But why you continue to suffer in this way I am at a loss to understand, since Dr. Pierce's Medical Discovery would give prompt relief, and future immunity from such attacks."

Let Down a Notch. The street car wit is named legion. He delights to stand on the platform and make remarks which he believes are funny. The other day one of them stood among the smokers on the front end of an Indiana avenue car and waited for an opportunity to be comical. It soon presented itself. At the corner of Twenty-second street stood an old organ grinder who was grinding away on his aged instrument. The funny man saw him and his face lighted up. He was about to be funny. "Is it not wonderful," he said, "how that old man there can play those tunes wholly by ear and without the use of notes? He must be a trained musician." And then he looked around at his fellow passengers for the expected laugh. No one even smiled, and the driver looked around at him as if wondering whether or not he was clothed in his right mind.

This awful silence pained the street car Touchstone, and the iron was ground deeper into his soul by a young man who stood next to him and who turned and said: "You are mistaken, sir, about that musical instrument. It is a mechanical device, and one who is not a musician can play it." Then he went on to give the funny man a description of the hand organ, and wound up by saying: "Your mistake is perhaps natural, but when you have lived here in the city longer you will learn all about these things." The funny man alighted at the next corner, and the smokers all shook hands with the young fellow who had picked him up so neatly.—Chicago Herald.

Wedding Fees. Said a well known clergyman the other day: "I think the clergy have too much to say about the smallness of some of their wedding fees. There is no earthly reason, in the first place, why a clergyman should receive any fee for his services on such an occasion. If fees are to be given at all, they would be much more appropriate when a clergyman is asked to officiate at a funeral, which in some cases may consume several hours of his time. But, granting that a wedding fee is allowable, my experience is that such fees are as a rule too large rather than too small. I have officiated at the weddings of a great many mechanics and workmen, and in a large majority of instances the grooms have given me \$10. Some of them have given \$15 and even \$20.

Now, the lowest of these sums is out of all proportion to the average income of a mechanic. It is much more than they can afford for a service which a Christian minister should be glad to render for nothing. And in my own practice I have always returned the fee in such a case, unless the groom was so foolishly proud as to refuse it. But in doing so I admit that I am running counter to the almost universal custom of the clergy. My own personal opinion is that in an age like this, when the world is so ready to find fault with the clergy, it would be wise to abolish wedding fees entirely. At the same time I do not assume to decide the matter for any one but myself.—New York Tribune.

Use Both Hands. Recently, from my close attention in many years' capacity at the circuit court, I have been suffering from partial or incipient paralysis of the right hand, and what is otherwise known as pen paralysis, the result, of course, of constant writing with that hand. With so little use of that member, I am beginning to make my left hand very useful, and I find it is a much more important feature than we usually imagine. I think the habit of cultivating the service of the left hand should be more general and taught from early childhood; in that way the flexibility would be established and the right hand saved from the great strain upon it. It is not at all necessary to be what is termed "left handed" to be enabled to use that hand. I know one young lady artist who is not at all so, yet who can use the left hand as well as the right perfectly by cultivation. She can draw with the left hand as easily as she can with the right one, turned toward the right. My case should be a warning to writers especially, not to leave all strain to one hand, but to cultivate the service of the other, or at least its assistance. I now have to do much of my writing with my left, and accomplish it quite as well as with the right, and I am by no means "left handed."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE NEWLY WED.

A Pullman Porter Tells How He Spots Them—Evils of the Rice Habit. It is a Pullman porter, who is talking to an attentive scribe. "Hardly a week goes by," says the porter, "that I don't see a bridal couple just starting out on their honeymoon. I don't exactly know how I can tell them, but they are as plainly marked to my eyes as if they had the words 'bride' and 'groom' stamped in big letters on their foreheads. There is something about them that gives the whole situation away: a kind of a cling-right-next-to-me-darling air. Of course, I have made a mistake now and then, but it is very seldom I do, and I've often found out, after changing my mind two or three times, that I was right after all, though certain appearances were against it. We generally have a test which never fails, and when a doubtful party comes along we spring it on them, just to be sure, you know.

"What's the test? Well, I'll tell you. Not many weeks ago a couple got into my car and sat down very quietly in their arm chairs as if they had been used to it all their lives. These didn't seem to have the bride and groom air about them at all, and from external appearances they might have been brother and sister or married for years, but still there was a something there that made me suspicious, so when I saw them together I went to the news company's boy and I says: 'Bill, here's a doubtful party; get out the sample copies.'

"So Bill got his tests and started through the car. He handed books to everybody, and when he came to the suspected party he took out of his pile two little books, and said, so nearly everybody could hear him: 'Very useful books, sir; hints on housekeeping and hints to newly married people. Only 25 cents.'

"That did it. The girl got as red as a rose and the man blushed and said a weak sort of 'N-n-n-no.' Then they looked at each other and sort of snickered, and I caught him full in the eyes and smiled a sweet smile, giving him a respectful wink at the same time. It was all settled in a minute, and there was no doubt about it. Well, he took it very good naturedly, and asked me afterward how in the world he had given himself away—he couldn't imagine. I believe we could always tell, and talked so nicely he gave me a dollar when I got through with him.

"There are plenty of other giveaways by which I can spot a bride and a groom, and they are safe generally as the test. One day a couple came in the car—which, by the way was jam full—and the moment they entered it was plain as day that they were newly wedded. I passed by them once or twice, and then went in my closet and got the dust pan and brush. I walked right up to where the bride was sitting and dusted up a painful rice that lay on the floor around her in a complete circle. Well, if the people in that car didn't laugh, I'm another.

"The custom of throwing rice after a bridal couple always makes it unpleasant for the party, as lots of rice is almost sure to stick to their clothes, hats and in their hair. About the funniest rice thing I ever saw was that which happened in my car just two or three weeks ago. A couple came in, and the test revealed to me that they were bride and groom. They didn't seem to take kindly to it, however, and we couldn't get any satisfaction out of them at all. By and by the man said to his wife: 'Seems to me this umbrella is not rolled up very nice.'

"Then he carefully unrolled it, and, being out came three or four pocketfuls of rice all over the seats and floor. Their friends had rolled up a lot inside the folds of the umbrella, and next to the young man I heard tell about who, when he went to sign his name in a hotel register, dropped a lot of rice on the book when he took off his hat, it was the most binding thing I ever knew."—Philadelphia Record.

Correct Pronunciation. I heard the other day that a prominent clergyman recently lost a call to a leading church because when preaching a sermon on a candidate he pronounced a single word incorrectly. "Oh, doctor, that was a lovely sermon you preached this morning," said a lady recently to her pastor in a large New England town, "but if you will pardon me for mentioning it, its effect was very much impaired by a little slip in pronunciation; you placed the accent on the second syllable of the word 'obligatory' instead of on the first." The lady in question was one of those dangerously intelligent women to be found everywhere in New England, and was a member of a ladies' chess party which made life a burden to everybody in the town. Knowing this, the clergyman tried to keep up with all the recidive pronunciations in vogue, but once in a while he made a slip. In the above instance, and at once heard from some of the good ladies. Correct pronunciation is of course desirable, but it is a little absurd to make a fetish of it.—New York Tribune.

Not Inquisitive. There was dust on his back and grime of two weeks' standing behind his ears, and as he stood on a corner, yesterday, he was heard to remark that he was from Lansing. "What is the fare from Lansing to Detroit?" queried a dudish looking bystander, looking waggishly at an acquaintance. "I dunno," was the reply. "Don't know!" echoed his questioner, incredulously. "Young man," returned the tramp, impressively, "when I want to go to a place by rail get quietly on the train, and when it gets there I step off again, without asking any blooming fool questions."—Detroit Free Press.

Method in His Silence. "Edon told me he had borrowed some money from you. I was surprised, because I never heard you say anything about it." "No; I still hope to get it back."

A HAPPY TRYST.

With Madge the miller's daughter, While song birds were a-wing, I wandered 'mid the waving corn, With its golden tasseling; And down the crest of hillside swept The yellow sunlight's tide, And O! the gray old world looked bright As we walked side by side.

A Pretty Little Scene. A boy carrying a large bouquet of roses, some phlox, heliotrope and pinks entered a Cottage Grove avenue car yesterday. Among the passengers inside was a little girl of possibly 6 years of age. The little one was as pretty a blondinette as one can see, and her woeless dress, spotlessly white, set off her juvenile beauty perfectly. Everybody was admiring the child. No sooner had the flower boy entered than the car was filled with the perfume of the roses and heliotrope. The little girl soon discovered it and quickly gave up her observation from the car window. She approached her mother and began teasing for some of the flowers. Finally when she found out that her mother could not procure any of the much wished for roses the child went right up to the boy.

"Will 'oo dive me tum flowers?" she asked. The chances were nine to ten that the boy wouldn't give any. But it was, perhaps, because the little girl was so sweetly charming that he detached a couple of handsome red roses and gave them to her. Triumphantly she returned to her mother. The roses were pinned to her bosom. At Twentieth street the boy got off. Quickly the little girl jumped on the seat. But it was on the wrong side from that on which the boy was. She jumped off, went to the other seat, and looked out of the window. She saw the boy, and he, noticing her, waved his hand. Then she, putting her rosy fingers to her mouth, threw him two, three kisses. It was so sweetly, gracefully done. Then she settled down and inhaled her flowers.—Chicago Tribune.

Their Deaths Foretold by a Ghost.

Robert Withers, M. A. Vicar of Gately, England, in 1706, relates, in a publication of that time, the following singular story of the supernatural: "Mr. Gross went to see Mr. Shaw on the 2nd of August last. As they were talking in the evening Mr. Shaw says: 'On the 21st of last month, as I was smoking a pipe and reading in my study, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, in comes Mr. Naylor (formerly fellow of St. John's College, but who had been dead for four years). When I saw him I was not much affrighted, and I asked him to sit down, which, accordingly, he did for about two hours, and we talked together. I asked him how it fared with him. He said: 'Very well.' Were any of our old acquaintances with him? 'No' (at which I was very much alarmed), 'but Mr. Orchard will be with me very soon, and you not long after.' As he was going away I asked him if he would not stay a little longer, but he refused. 'No, he had but three days' leave of absence, and he had other business.'

A National Flower.

More than ten years ago the writer made a suggestion concerning a national flower and referred to the favorites of other nations. It attracted the attention of a few botanists at the time and there the matter rested. Of late the subject has been revived and various flowers have been mentioned. Many of them have only a local reputation, or are to be found only in small quantities and in certain sections of the United States. Like Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose poem all must remember, I desire to recommend the Golden Rod.

It is found in all parts of the United States, and the botanists tell us, in a hundred varieties. The Golden Rod is far from being the "coarse looking herb" which Webster defines it, but is beautiful in every type, from the tall spikes in our wave washed shores to the delicate fern like blossoms which defy the artist's skill. As America is called the "Land of Gold," and is rich in resources, why not take this royal blossom for our floral emblem? It represents strength, beauty, brilliancy, and infinite variety, with powers of endurance calculated to challenge admiration.—Detroit Free Press.

A Disinterested Friend.

The man who never owned a dog doesn't know what it is to have a devoted and disinterested friend. Do you know any creature half so faithful as old Gin, or Nero, or Bruno, or Fido, or Towser, or Battler? When young you maltreated him dreadfully. You rode on his back, you pulled his ears, you twisted his tail, you kicked him and cuffed him. But he bore your abuse patiently and was always ready to lick the hand that smote him. He bore no grudge against you, but forgot and forgave everything. When you left home he was the last one of the family to say good-by; when you returned he was the first to give you greeting. In youth he was your comforter and protector; now he is your companion and friend.—New York Tribune.

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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 place: A. FOWLE Contract No. 1, 1.375 cu. yds. more or less on Vine street between 6th and 7th streets. Contract No. 2, 1.625 cu. yds. more or less on Pearl St. between 6th and 7th Sts. Contract No. 3, 600 cu. yds. more or less on E. side of 4th 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 cu. yd. Engineer's Estimate Contract No. 1, 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. 2, Class B, 25 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.

B. & M. Time Table. GOING WEST. No. 1, 9:00 a. m. No. 2, 6:16 p. m. No. 3, 8:01 a. m. No. 4, 7:25 p. m. No. 5, 6:00 p. m. GOING EAST. No. 2, 4:34 p. m. No. 4, 10:29 a. m. No. 6, 7:25 p. m. No. 8, 10:00 a. m. No. 10, 9:24 a. m. All trains run daily by way of Omaha, except No. 7 and 8 which run to and from Schuyler daily except Sunday.