

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

KNOTTS BROS., Publishers & Proprietors.

THE PLATTSMOUTH HERALD Is published every evening except Sunday and Weekly every Thursday morning.

TERMS FOR DAILY. One copy one year in advance, by mail, \$6.00 One copy per month, by carrier, 50

Next Monday Massachusetts will vote on the question of constitutional prohibition.

The President has forbidden any saloons in Oklahoma; consequently the man who invests his money in a drug store will be most likely to reap a satisfactory profit.

Mr. Blaine is right in assuring the Spanish Government that the United States does not wish to buy Cuba; and it may be added that a proposition to make us a present of it would not be regarded with any particular favor.

Brains. Sometimes intellectual strength manifests itself in literary attainments, sometimes in state craft, sometimes in military and inventive genius.

The Bond Election. Plattsmouth is enacting the role of hog in elegant shape. They are not content to abide by the action of the board but rush off to Lincoln to compel by mandamus the fulfillment of their wishes.

There now deny if you dare Editor Race that you are the greatest man in the greatest county on earth.

How delightful the idea! how burning the investive that we are acting "the hog in elegant shape." How ungrateful to be dissatisfied with the "Board" and what amazing impudence to dare to invoke the aid of the courts.

The farmer's eye twinkled again—he continued, "This man Race told me that during the farming season the population was increased among the farmers, and their chances of getting the county seat required the calling of the election on that day" and he was right.

We asked why the great editor now says that it is unfair to call the election about the same time.

The farmers eye twinkled again and he said: "O, he is only lying!" Such an imputation upon our best ideal of greatness and goodness made the blood tingle in our veins and we said sternly: "Farmer—, I will stop your subscription unless you pay in advance."

"The farmers want this thing settled" said he, "and blatherskite Race will find they will be on hand on election day"

The farmer turned on his heel and started for the door and as we closed it we thought he said in a low voice, "Damn a phool!"

Never Heard of "Davy Crockett's Coon?"

That's queer! Well, it was like this: Col. Crockett was noted for his skill as a marksman. One day he leveled his gun at a racoon in a tree, when the animal, knowing the Colonel's prowess, cried out: "Hello, there! Are you Davy Crockett? If you are, I'll just come down, for I know I'm a gona coon."

CAR DRIVERS' REASONS.

Why They Won't Wait When You Want Them to and Will When You Don't.

"Oh, how mean!" That's what a lady on Fourth avenue looked as if she was saying the other day when she signaled a street car, and the driver, instead of stopping, whipped his horse and swung past on the run.

"Some of 'em swear," said the driver to a man smoking on the front platform. "Yes, sir, women, and pretty women, too. They swear right out so as I can hear 'em sometimes, when I whip up and leave 'em standing on the crossin'."

"Why didn't you stop and let her on?" asked the man in a somewhat indignant tone. "If you cast your eye back you'll see another car not more'n a block behind. It'd be worth my position to stop for Ben Harrison under those circumstances. Them's the orders, sir, and if a spotter sees you break 'em you get your walkin' papers. We don't leave people in the lurch for fun, you know."

"I wonder if that was the Widow Palmleaf I saw gathering blackberries into a basket by the south wall of the cottage garden?" "Kind of slim and tall?" "Yes."

"Blue eyes and hair as shiny as satin?" "Yes."

"And a little white parasol, lined with pink?" "Yes."

"Reckon likely it was," said Jotham. "But," persisted the puzzled land owner, "she doesn't look at all like a widow."

"There's a much difference in widows as there is in other folks," observed Jotham, dryly.

Mr. Wiggleton was silent for a moment or two. "Jotham!" he finally said.

"Well?" "Has she sent to borrow anything?" "Sent yesterday forenoon—asked if we had a screw driver to lend—the hinge was comin' loose on the garden gate."

"And what did you tell her?" "Said my order was contrary wise to lendin' or borrowin'."

"Jotham, you are a fool!" "Tain't the first time you've said so, and tain't the first time you've been wrong," said Jotham, with a calmness of demeanor that was beautiful to behold.

"Hard words is considered in the wages, and I ain't the man to find fault. I only did as you told me."

"Yes, but Jotham, never mind; the next time she sends let her have whatever she wants."

"Said somethin' about wantin' a man to come and hoe them early potatoes. Be it to go?"

"Certainly—of course. Neighbors should act like neighbors, especially in the country."

And Mr. Wiggleton sighed, and wished that he was not too corpulent and unused to labor to hoe the Widow Palmleaf's early potatoes himself.

But he did the next best thing; he went over to look at the field after Jotham had hoed it, and gave the widow good advice concerning a certain rocky, up hill bit of sheep pasture that belonged to the cottage.

"I'd lay that down in winter rye if I were you, ma'am," said Mr. Wiggleton. "I am so much obliged to you," said the widow, sweetly. "Since poor, dear Jotham was taken away I have no one to advise me on these subjects."

And Mr. Wiggleton thought how soft and pretty her blue eyes looked as she spoke.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Jotham, leaning on the handle of his hoe, "winter rye ain't the sort of crop for that spot. Spring wheat's the only thing to grow there."

"Hold your tongue, Jotham!" cried his employer, testily.

"Yes, sir, I will," said Jotham, with a broad grin over Mr. Wiggleton's shining bald head.

"And about these hyacinth beds, ma'am," said the latter, recovering his equanimity. "I'll come over this evening, if you will allow me."

"I shall be delighted," interrupted the widow, with a smile that showed a set of teeth as white and regular as pearls.

"This evening, ma'am," repeated Mr. Wiggleton, with a bow, "and we'll sketch out a diagram. Hyacinths have to be humored, Mrs. Palmleaf."

"So I have always heard," said the widow. That evening, after Mr. Wiggleton had returned from discussing the momentous question of sandy soil, bulbous roots and cressets and circles, he found Jotham on the front porch contentedly breathing the flower-scented air.

THE MAIDEN'S OATH.

Saith she: "My hand takes; bear the oath My lips to make are nothing worth Wait for you, love? As if I could Aught else do even though I would!"

"Suppose that Time should mimic Fate, Using Fate's hopeless phrases, 'Too late' What does you, love that he could do To wear my heart from thought of you?"

"Or say your absence were so great That Death should whisper, 'Be my mate,' In the mere madness of Love's ire I'd seem to yield to his desire."

"Yet when he'd wrought his utmost will, Oh, think you not I'd be yours still? Think you I should not for you wait Before Elysium's beryl gate?"

"Or say that God could make a hell Wherein unshrunken souls must dwell, And that you had been down hurled there To pace the treadmill of despair."

"With glances weaving holy spells, Like to the blessed Damosel's, I bending o'er the heavenly steep, Would snatch you, tear you from that deep!"

"Uplift you, with sine unconfessed, Uplift you, press you to my breast, Close as the clasp that angels know Whose loves to one sweet soul thro' grow!"

—William Struthers in Home Journal.

WINNING A WIDOW.

"Jotham!" quoth Mr. Wiggleton, to his chief farmhand. "Well, what's wantin'?" lazily responded Jotham Harcastle, with a half masticated straw between his teeth, as he looked up from the bit of harness he was mending.

"The Widow Palmleaf has taken the cottage at the foot of the lane."

"Tell me something I didn't know afore," said Jotham, with more freedom than reverence in his manner.

"And if she sends up to borrow the rake, or the hoe, or the spade?" "Well, what then?"

"Tell her she can't have 'em. Women are always borrowin'. I knew Hobart Palmleaf when he was alive; he was a chronic borrower. I don't want anything to do with his widow."

"All right," observed Jotham, philosophically, and his master resumed the perusal of his newspaper once more.

"Jotham?" said Mr. Wiggleton, about ten days afterward, as he came in heated and out of breath from a walk. (Mr. Wiggleton wasn't as spry as he had been before his five-and-fortieth birthday, and the Locust Hill was a pretty steep ascent.)

"Well, what now?" "I wonder if that was the Widow Palmleaf I saw gathering blackberries into a basket by the south wall of the cottage garden?"

"Kind of slim and tall?" "Yes."

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talked to the gate posts if Jotham hadn't happened to be there.

"Well, nobody doubts that, as ever I heard of," said Jotham, with his elbows on his knees and his face complacently turned toward the full moon.

"And she can't be over thirty," "So I should a-said myself," assented Jotham.

"I'm glad she has taken the cottage on a long lease, Jotham," pursued Mr. Wiggleton. "I like good neighbors."

"Most folks does," observed Jotham. And he got up, shaking himself like a great Newfoundland dog, and went into the house, leaving Mr. Wiggleton to the companionship of his own cogitations.

There are times in which solitude is said to be the best company; perhaps this was one of these special occasions, in the estimation of Jotham Harcastle.

The summer went by; the great maple in front of the Wiggleton mansion began to glow as if its leaves had been dipped in blood and melted gold, the waters reared their purple torches along the stone wall by the cottage under the hill, and any acute observer might have perceived that Mrs. Palmleaf had laid down the rocky bit of up hill ground in spring wheat instead of winter rye.

"Jotham!" said Mr. Wiggleton to his farm hand one evening; it was the first time they had had a fire on the wide, old-fashioned hearth.

"Well?" "I—have concluded it isn't best for you to live here at the house any longer."

"What's goin' to happen?" said Jotham. "You ain't goin' to hire another hand, be you?"

"No; to be sure not. You suit me admirably, Jotham, only—and Mr. Wiggleton shot the words out with an effort—"I am thinking of getting married."

"Oh!" "It's rather late in life, to be sure," said Mr. Wiggleton, conscious of looking extremely sheepish, "but you know, Jotham, it's never too late to do a good thing."

"Certainly not."

"You ought to get married, Jotham," added his employer, speaking in a rather rapid and embarrassed manner.

"Think so?" "Certainly. You might live in the little house beyond the peach orchard; it wouldn't take much to fit it nicely, now that paint and paper are so cheap."

Jotham stared reflectively at the fire. "And your wife could take care of the cream and butter, and all that sort of thing, for us. It isn't likely Mrs. P.—ahem!—it isn't likely, I mean, that my wife will care for such things."

"Humph!" "I'd advise you to turn the thing all over in your mind, Jotham," said Mr. Wiggleton.

"Yes, I will," said Jotham, with a little cough.

The next morning Mr. Wiggleton attended himself in his best suit and went to the cottage.

Mrs. Palmleaf received him in a charming wrapper with ribbon to match.

Mr. Wiggleton wasted no time in useless preliminary chitchat.

"Mrs. Palmleaf, ma'am," he began, a little nervously, "I have concluded to change my condition."

"Indeed!" said the widow, smiling like an open rose. "I am so glad to hear it."

"And I am here this morning to ask you to be my wife!" pursued our hero, boldly.

"You are kind, sir," said Mrs. Palmleaf, blushing, and looking prettier than ever, "but I—I really couldn't."

"And why not?" demanded Mr. Wiggleton, fairly taken aback by this unexpected answer.

"I am engaged!" owned up the charming widow, playing with the ribbons at her belt.

"Bright I dare to ask—that is!" "Oh, certainly," was Jotham Harcastle.

Mr. Wiggleton stammered out a sentence or two of congratulation and took his leave.

And when the "spring wheat" reared its green tassels on the hillside Jotham married the pretty young widow, and Mr. Wiggleton is single yet. He always felt as if he had been ill treated, but he never could tell exactly how.—True Flag.

A Youthful Courtier.

One very charming little incident on the queen's arrival at Biarritz is told by a correspondent of a French contemporary.

After the queen had received the golden key of the Villa Rochefoucauld, and while the band behind the arbutus bushes were playing "God Save the Queen," the little son of the Comtesse de Rochefoucauld walked up to her majesty and presented her with an enormous bouquet in the shape of a sunshade, composed entirely of Neapolitan violets, roses and carnations.

"Long live the queen!" shouted the boy, enthusiastically, as he withdrew, and then his little sister, black eyed and beautiful, came forward and presented to Princess Beatrice a bouquet of white and dark red flowers, for which she was rewarded with a kiss from the royal lady.—Fall Mall Gazette.

The times are hard and nobody has any money, yet \$50 has just been paid in a London auction room for an unused example of the rare 4 cent blue stamp of British Guiana, issued in 1856, and \$37 was given by the same enthusiast for a used specimen of that issue.

The philatelist is a strange product of civilization, and his divergences have never been quite understood of common mortals. But perhaps he has worldly wisdom on his side after all. The \$50 stamp may very possibly be worth \$100 in ten years' time, and it may not be more imprudent to lock up one's money in rare stamps than in choice wines.—St. James' Gazette.

The Secret of Contentment. One man sees so much to condemn in others that he cannot see his own faults; another reflects so much upon his own shortcomings that he does not observe the faults of others. It will be noticed that the former generally appears the more contented and happy of the two.—Boston Transcript.

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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:

R. E. WINDHAM, JOHN A. DAVIES, Notary Public, Notary Public, WINDHAM & DAVIES, Attorneys - at - Law.