### The Plattsmouth Daily Heraid.

KNOTTS BRCS. Publishers & Proprietors.

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TERMS FOR DAILY. One copy one year in advance, by mail....\$6 00 One copy per month, by carrier,..... One copy per week, by carrier,..... TERMS FOR WEEKLY. 

NEXT Monday Massachusets will vote on the question of constitutinal prohibi-

THE President has forbidden any sa loons in Oklahoma:; consequently the man who invest 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 propasition to make us a present of it would not be regarded with any particular fayor.

### BRAINS.

Sometimes intellectual strength manifests itself in literary attainments, sometimes in state craft, sometimes in military and inventive genius. But Editor Race of the Weeping Water Eagle manifests his teeming brains by burning thoughts in his great newspaper. Some men are so modest that they deny greatness; but we have the evidence of Editor Race's greatness beyond all doubt. He gives it and cannot now deny the greatness that his utterances prove. Listen to the burning, gurgling, rippling, scrintillating thoughts.

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 compei by mandamus the fulfillment of their wishes. The extracts from the HERALD and Journal, which we publish below, gives a statement of the case as it now stands. The people of Cass county are liable to have this vote forced upon them at a time when they are busiest with their they wouldn't swear at us so much. farming operations. That is what these vultures down there want. They care not a cent for the farmer and his crops, then resut night waiting for a load. Some provided they can get what they want | three or four cars will be bunched in out of the public treasury, to inflate their front of the Metropolitan Opera house or own town.

Let the people turn out in force when the time comes, and show these traitors to the best country on earth, that the world was not created especially for them, that the rest of the people have a few rights that must be respected by Plattsmouth, Italy and the whole canine

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 inyoke the aid of the courts. The nebl "editor" trembles when he foreshadows the dangers of having an election forced upon the dear people, while the farmer. "unhappy wretch, is toiling in the field." As the HERALD was reading this passage the tears torced their way down our cheek and dimmed our vision we were convulsed with emotion. Comatose condition an old farmer entered our sanctum. We unbosomed our grief to the intruder who said, with a twinkle in his eye. "That man Race has changed his views about holding elections. He was one of the foremost advocates of the county seat election held on the 14th day of May 1878.

The farmer's eye twinkled again-he continued, "This man Race told me then 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 beau ideal of greatness and goodness made the bland tingle in our veins and we said sternly: "Farmer -, I wi'l stop your subscription unless you pay in advance."

of command, "do not act rashly, I will explain further: If Race and the gang with whom he acted had been successful in their corrupt efforts to get the county seat last fall, we would have the election called ere this for about \$200,000 to build the court house. Because the call comes from anothee sourse he calls you valtures; Race's sympathy for the farmer is as sincere as the kiss of Judas Iscariot. His wail to the people to turn out in force and 'show these traitors to the best county on earth the world was not created for them' etc., is simply the assine bray of a wounded ass. With the instinct of a hypocrite he opposes a measure he has advocated for years simply because the much needed court house is not to be crected where he wants it.

"The farmers want this thing settled" said he, "and blatherskite Race will find they will be on hand on election day" and with a twinkle in his eye, "they will decide whether 'the best county on carth' shall have a court house. If Race's creed was accepted as sense it would go a great way toward proving that 'the greatest county on earth' was peopled with irreclasmable idiots."

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 gone coon." Just take a dose of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, and see how quickly your biliousness and indigestion will emulate the example of "Davy Crockett's coon," and "climb down." They are specifics for all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

### 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 horses 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 oraway in the last issue of his great paper | ders, 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. We get lots of hard looks and hard words for doin' it, and that without our deservin' 'em. The people don't understand that if there's a car closs behind it's orders to go right along and not stop for no one. We leave it to the ear behind to pick 'em up.

"Sometimes, too, we've got to leave folks when we're a little behind time. You know that we try to run horse cars on exact time, and as a rule succeed pretty well. If we get in from a trip half a minute late we've got to explain. If we're a minute late there's the devil to pay If we're two minutes late we've got to give mighty good reasons for it or we're suspended for three days. Didn't know that, did your People generally don't, or

"But," said the smoker, "I've seen Broadway cars stop several minutes in front of the Paleser's waiting for a load of passengers from the fleatre. This delay often facon

reniences passengers who are in a hurry." "They ain't quite so strict about time on Broadway," said the driver, "owin' to the frequent blocking of the streets, which makes exact time impossible. At the same time, drives and conductors who lay in front of the theatres like that run great risks. No company'll let the cars stop except when they have to, and if spotters should see 'em-standin' there they'd be music, I tell you."

"But what possible object could they have in waiting for a load at a risk to themselves? The size of the loads they carry don't make

any difference in their earnings, does it "
"it's this way," said the driver. "Every car has a certain 'book.'-that is, it has taken in a certain amount of money a day on the iverage, for years, maybe. It is spoken of s s 622 car, or \$23.50 car, or a \$25 car, or whatever its average or book is. Now, you co. If any car falls below its book the company asks questions. They want to know if the driver makes a habit of not stopping for folks to save himself the trouble, or they ask whether the conductor gobbles the fares. Suppose, for instance, a \$25 car drops to \$22 or Sal. That driver and conductor are under suspicion and liable to be laid off for other men who can keep the car's book up to the scratch. Anyway, a spotter is liable to be put abound to see if all is straight, and then ook out for trouble. Even if he finds every thing straight, keep your eyes open. It's the spotter's business to make trouble, and he

generally minds his business." "Does a small book generally mean that a conductor doesn't ring fares up?" asked the man with the cigar.

The driver winked knowingly. "It pretty generally means that very thing," said he. "I had a conductor on with me once whose book got about \$5 a day below the average. They put a spotter on the car, and, by Jove! they found that he was puttin' the whole \$5 into his own pocket. He got his walking papers, and, sir, he had cheek enough to go up afterwards, bold as you please, and demand an explanation of his discharge from

" We didn't think it was perlite for us to allow the stockholders in the road to run the cars,' was all the super'd say to him."-New York Sun.

### Singing by Proxy.

"It," said Mrs. Langtry in a recent inter view, "has been eight years since I went on the stage; it was necessity that brought me there, I like bread and butter, and had not the money to get it. When Mrs. Labouchers came to me and suggested that I should make my first venture in amateur theatricals for the benefit of a charity I was just making up my mind to start a market garden, for I fell sure I could succeed in that, and I had a "You hold" said the farmer in terms | vaguo idea that cabbages and cauliflower and asparagus, having the stamp of my special attention, might be given a short vogue in Covent Garden market. I went on the stage determined to accept criticism from whoever offered it, and I do believe that the orchestra and stage people are far the best critics, for they see all sorts and conditions of acting. I will tell you something funny that happened to me at my first professional appearance, which was in January, 1882. I was to play Blanche Hay, and, if you remember, she has a song in the second act. I do not sing, consequently it was necessary to have some one behind the screen to sing for me while I played the accompaniment and imitated all the movements. The first night it was a great success, so much so that Clement Scott insisted that I was doing all the singing, but the second the singer bad either gotten so intoxicated with her own melody or had looked too often upon the wine when it was red, for long after the time for her to stop she kept | Palmienf, Jotham," said the employer; on singing, and, though she was conducted from off the stage, the audience could still hear her warbling away as she was taken out the stage door,"—Chicago Herald.

### THE MAIDEN'S OATH.

Saith she: "My hand take; hear the outh My lips to make are nothing tout! Walt for you, love? As it I sould Aught else do even though I would

Suppose that Time should infinic Fate, Using Fate's hopeless phrase, Too late! What deem you, love that he could do To wean 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 unshriven souls must dwell, And that you had been down hurled there To pace the trendmill of despair.

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

"Uplift you, with sins unconfessed, Uplift you, press you to my breast, Close as the clasp that angels know Whose loves to one sweet soul throb grow!" -William Struthers in Home Journal.

### WINNING A WIDOW.

"Jotham!" quoth Mr. Wiggleton, to

his chief farmhand. "Well, what's wantin'?" lazily responded Jotham Hardcastle, 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 han 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 chronic borrower. I don't want any- thing." thing to do with his widow." "All right," observed Jotham, philo-

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 | that paint and paper are so cheap." the Locust Hill was a protty steep ascent.) "Well, what now?

"I wonder if that was the Widow Palmleaf I saw gathering blackberries cottage garden?"

"Kind o' slim and tall?"

"Blue eyes and hair as shiny as satin?"

"And a little white parasol, lined with

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

"There's as 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 in we had a screw driver to lend-the hings was comin' loose on the garden gate."

"And what did you tell her?" "Said my order was contrary wise to endin' 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 lemeanor 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-I to go?"

"Certainly - of course. Neighbors should act like neighbors, especially in the country. And Mr. Wiggleton sighed, and wished | Flag.

that he was not too corpulent and unused to labor to hoe the Widow Palmieaf's early potatoes himself. But he did the next best thing; he

went over to look at the field after Jotham had heed it, and gave the widow good advice concerning a certain rocky, up hill bit of sheep pasture that belong a 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 Hobart 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 rve ain't the sort o'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'um," 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

That evening, after Mr. Wiggleton had returned from discussing the momentous question of sandy soil, bulbous roots and crescents and circles, he found Jotham on the front porch contentedly breathing the flower scented nir.

"A very pretty woman, that Mrs. not because there was any special congeniality of soul between himself and his farm hand, but because he could have

talked to the gate posts if Jotham hadn't

"Well reduced doubts that as ever I great on "send doubts that as ever I heerd on," smil Jotham, with his elbows on his knees and his face complarently turned toward the full moon.

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

"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. said to be the best company; perhaps this was one of these special occasions, in the estimation of Jotham Hardenstle.

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 asters 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 but 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 Jetham. "You ain't goin' to hire another hand,

"No; to be sure not. You suit me admirably, Jothans, 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 are always borrowing. I knew Hobart extremely sheepish, "but you know, Palmleaf when he was alive; he was a Jotham, it's never too late to do a good

"Certainly not." "You ought to get married, Jotham." sophically, and his master resumed the added his employer, speaking in a rather rapid and embarrassed manner. "Think sor"

"Certainly. You might live in the lit-

"And your wife could take care of the cream and batter, and all that sort of thing, for us. It isn't likely Mrs. P .into a basket by the south wall of the 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 attired himself in his best suit and went to

Mrs. Palmleaf received him in a charming wrapper with ribbon to match. Mr. Wiggleton wasted no time in use-

less 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 here.

"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 charm-

ing widow, playing with the ribbons at her belt. "Might I dare to ask-that is"-

"Oh, certainly. It's Jotham Hardeas-

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 Jetham married the pretty young widow, and Mr. Wiggleton is single yet. He always selt as if he had been ill treated, but he never could tell exactly how .- True

### 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 tushes were playing "God Save the Queen," the little son of the Comtesse de a 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 camellias. "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 .- Pall Mall Gazette.

### Philatelomania.

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 divagations have never been quite understanded of commoner mortals. But perhaps be 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 improdent to look up one's money in rare stamps than in choice wines.-St. James' Ga-

The Secret of Contentment. One man sees so much to condemn in | Highest market prices paid for County War others that he cannot see his own faults; another reflects to much upon his own shortcomings that he does not observe the faults of others. It will be noticed John Pitzgerald that the former generally appears the John R. Clark, S. Wanch. nore contented and happy of the two .-Loston Transcript.

## PEARLMAN.

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### EARIMAN,

SIXTH STREET, BET. MAIN AND VINE.

PLATTSMOUTH, NEE.

THE DAILY

PRINTS

### ALL THE NEWS

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL, FOR

## the house beford the peach orchard; it wouldn't take much to lit it nicely, now that paint and paper are so cheap." Jotham stared reflectively at the fire.

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sectivity is called laterest allowed on time assessed, and prompt theutral given to all business entrusted to its care.

Notice to Contractors. Seeded bids with becace'ved by the Chairman of the Sound of Saude Vores and noon of the 17th day of April 1882, for filling the old creek bed at the following places towal:

Contract No. 1, 1378 cab, yds more or less on Vine street between 6th and 7th street. Contract No. 2, 1,235 cab, yds more or less on Pearl St. batween 6th and 7th St. Contract No. 3, 888 cab, yds, more or less on E at of 5th St. between Mala and Pearl Sts. Contract No. 4, 744 cub, yds, more or less on east side of 4th St. b dween Mala and Pearl Sts. Two classes of bids will be received the sudd work: Class "A" the Contractor to binness 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. Scaled bids will be received by the Chairman. may direct.
Engineer's Estimate Contract No. 1, Class A,
12% ets per e ble yard.
Engineer's l'athinate Contract No. 1, Cinsa B. 25 cts, per cab. grd. Fachacer's Estimate Contract No. 2, Class A. Findinger's Estimate Contract No. 2, Class A, 125 cents per cub, ved.
25 cents per cub, ved.
Engineer's Estimate Contract No. 3, Class B, 25 cents per cub, ved.
Engineer's Fatimate No. tract No. 3, Class A, 125 let, per cub, ved.
Engineer's Fatimate Contract No. 3, Class B, 25 cents per cub, ved.
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Attorneys - at - Law. Office over Bank of Cass County. PLATISMOUTH, NEBRASEA