

The Sorrows of One Administration.

Sorrows have accumulated upon this administration to an extent greater than any other in the history of the country. The little son of President Pierce was killed in a railway accident on the trip from New Hampshire to the inauguration. Mr. Lincoln lost a son while he was president, and was assassinated at the beginning of his second term, and the same fate befell President Garfield. A number of distinguished people, including one or more cabinet officers, were killed by an explosion of a cannon on board a ship on the Potomac during Mr. Tyler's administration.

No administration, however, has had so many sad surroundings as the present one. It will be recalled that the house of Secretary Tracy was destroyed by fire and his wife and daughter were burned to death in the ruins. After a long illness the wife of Mr. Halford, the president's private secretary, died. While Mr. Blaine was secretary of state, his favorite son, Walker, was stricken down and never recovered, and soon after his retirement from the cabinet, within a week or two another son, Emmons Blaine, died almost without a moment's warning. His daughter, Mrs. Coppinger, also died while he was a member of the cabinet, and one of his sisters, Secretary Windom, of the treasury department, while in New York to make a speech at a banquet, died at the table. The chief usher at the executive mansion, Mr. Dinmore, has died within a year.

In the president's own household sorrows come thick and fast. A sister of his wife has died within the past year or two. Mrs. Harrison, after patient suffering, breathed her last in the White House and was followed a few days after by her venerable father.—Washington Cor. Montgomery Advertiser.

Visitors to the Great Fair.

According to present indications there will be large transfers of population between New York and Chicago next summer. The Chicago women who are not identified with the various movements that their sex are undertaking are beginning to anticipate with dismay the hospitalities the great show will entail. These propose to let their houses in Chicago for the summer months, and take lodgings in this city or occupy cottages at the seaside. When these opportunities have been made known such of the New York people as expect to visit the fair have availed themselves of the chance of escaping the crowds at the hotels and the chances of boarding houses, and engaged these vacated houses. A group of people divide the time among them, succeeding one another in such installments as they may arrange, and with their own servants live as comfortably as if at home. Many New Yorkers would gladly avail themselves of such opportunities if they could be made known. If some convenient exchange of properties could be established it would be mutually beneficial.—New York Evening Sun.

Pronunciation of Two Names.

It may seem like trying to gild refined gold or paint the lily to suggest the possibility of an improvement in the pronunciation of proper names adopted by Mr. Daly's company of players, but I have always imagined that the heroine in "As You Like It" was Rosalind, with the accent on the first syllable, and that Shakespeare made a humorous point in the stretching of the pronunciation in Orlando's love verses. This point is entirely lost by pronouncing the name Rosalind, with long "i," and equal stress on first and last syllables, all through the play. The first intimation that the melancholy Jacques was a ruralized prototype of the Chatham street character also comes from Mr. Daly. George Clark is addressed in his "As You Like It" role as Jakies. Is there any authority for either of these novelties?—Cor. New York Advertiser.

A Great Bald Eagle Killed.

The largest bald eagle ever killed in this vicinity was shot in the town of Concord, a few miles west of Oconomowoc, Wis., recently by Richard Yates. It measured 7 feet 3 inches from tip to tip, and weighed eleven pounds. The talons, measured along the convex surfaces, are nearly two inches in length and very strong. It was perched upon a elm, when Mr. Yates discharged a .45 caliber shotgun at it simultaneously, after which the bird flew a few hundred feet and suddenly fell to the ground dead.

A golden eagle, measuring nine feet from tip to tip, was captured by Johnnie Spahn, a sixteen-year-old boy, a few miles south of West Bend, Wis., on the same day.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Rough Fragment.

"Well, Rastus, how did Christmas treat you?" "Chris'mus done treat me well enough, sah, but de Christians dey's been harassin' in of me." "How was that?" "I gibs yar my word, sah, a great fat plump chicking done flewed into de winder of my home de day befo' Chris'mus, sah, and I was arrested on Chris'mus day, sah, for habin dat chicking in my possession, sah. Said I stole her from Majah Yancy, sah, 'nd jes' because I couldn't prove what dey calls a yallerly when Mose Thompson said he seed me at de coop do night befo' dey fined me fo' dollars, sah."—Harper's Bazar.

A Gift to Gladstone.

There has been forwarded to Mr. Gladstone from Barmouth an album mounted in gold plate in commemoration of his visit to Snowdon and Barmouth. Engraved upon the large gold plate is a shield bearing the arms of Merioneth and the Welsh leek, and around the edge of the plate are the words, "Made of Welsh gold from Clogau mines, Barmouth, North Wales."—New York Press.

Voice of a Philosopher.

The man, be he editor or reader, who imagines that the public feels the faintest degree of interest in his envious, jealous, complaints, grumbings or quarrelings is an idiot.—Pasagonia (Miss) Magnet.

A Youngster's Killing.

A young terrified man living on a fashionable street who wanted to make himself of some use in domestic affairs bought a live turkey for the family Christmas dinner and undertook to chop off its head. As the weather was cold, instead of killing the turkey out of doors he took it into the kitchen and with block and hatchet heroically decapitated it. The whole household had been summoned to witness his skill as an executioner. No sooner was its head off than the decapitated turkey gave chase to members of the family.

Out of the kitchen into the dining room, and up on the table, and into the sitting room, and into the parlor, and onto the furniture and against the curtains, and out into the hall, where, in an exhausting effort to climb the front stairs, it yielded to the inevitable, turned over on its back, gave a few last protesting kicks, and died. But there wasn't a drop of blood left in that bird's body. It had bled copiously, and had literally painted the lower part of the house and a good portion of the furniture and the carpets and the curtains and the wall paper a genuine turkey red. That young married man has a long life before him and a lovable wife to share it with him, but she has now this terror hanging over him:

"John," she said, "if ever you again do such a thing as to cut off the head of a live turkey in the house I'll—I'll look for a more sensible man when I marry again."—Saratoga Cor. New York Sun.

A Fine Collection of Butterflies.

The California Academy of Sciences contains one of the finest collections of butterflies and moths in the world—certainly the finest on the Pacific coast. This collection was made by Dr. H. H. Behr, who began the work in 1844 and who has been steadily adding to it ever since. Quite recently Dr. Behr presented to the academy, which means the people of California, the accumulated riches resulting from his labors of nearly half a century.

Previous to 1844, Dr. Behr made another collection which he presented to the Duke of Saxony-Anhalt. It is now in the museum at Kothen, Saxony. The oldest butterfly in Dr. Behr's later collection was caught in Batavia in 1844. Since this date the enthusiastic scientist has pursued his researches in Europe, the East Indian archipelago, Manila, the Sunda islands, the Cape of Good Hope, the Isthmus of Panama, Brazil, Mexico, Australia and the United States. By exchanging with other collectors he has obtained specimens from all parts of the known world. Some of the finest and rarest are from the Amoor river. The collection includes nearly 20,000 specimens, of which about 6,000 are still unclassified. The number of determined species is 4,901. Of these 1,300 are Californian.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A New Postoffice Experiment.

Let no man say that St. Martin's le Grand has not taken enterprise to its bosom. That much criticized department has just begun to experiment with a sort of automatic postoffice, and the front of the Royal exchange has been selected as a likely place for it. It is a further extension of the great principle of the penny in the slot. You drop in your penny, and in return you get an envelope and a correspondence card. At the same time a bell is automatically rung in the nearest postoffice.

You write your urgent message on the card, put it into the envelope with the fee, at the rate of threepence a mile, and drop the communication into the letter box. A messenger arrives in a few minutes and takes the letter to its destination by omnibus, railway or cab. This is a capital idea, likely to be especially useful in so busy a locality as the Royal exchange. But if it succeeds there, it ought to be, and no doubt will be, extended to other places in London.—St. James Gazette.

The World's Fair in England.

A foretaste of the Chicago exhibition was given this week by Mr. Dredge, at the Society of Arts, when this gentleman gave a lecture, to the accompaniment of the magic lantern, on the exhibition as it is and will be. So many romancing tales of the greatness of the show have been exported from America that a feeling of doubt as to where fact left off and fancy began has been in many minds. Mr. Dredge's lecture and Mr. Dredge's magic lantern slides, however, put it beyond a doubt that the show will be almost as big as it is painted. The buildings themselves appear to be even more substantial than all accounts have made them, and there is no doubt that the exhibition will really be "the greatest show on earth."—London Court Journal.

Sunday Opening of the Fair.

"How do you stand on the question of opening the World's fair on Sunday?" said Representative Butler, of Iowa, to Representative Crain, of Texas, on the floor of the house yesterday. "I am in favor of it, so as to allow the workmen an opportunity to see the exposition," was Mr. Crain's reply. "Well," said Mr. Butler, "I have been making a canvass of the house on the subject and you are the 275th man I have asked. So far the vote stands 3 majority for Sunday opening."—Washington Post.

Maine's Winter Song Birds.

Now that the mud digger has left Back Cove the gulls are left in peace, and they have great times in at low tide feeding off the flats. There were thirty or more crows assisting the gulls yesterday, and all together made the air full of sweet music.—Eastern Argus.

A London paper says that a worshiper of the late poet laureate, who lives in the Isle of Wight, is planning to have a Tennyson garden next summer into which shall be garnered every tree or shrub mentioned in the poet's writings.

The barbers of Trenton, Mo., attempted to charge Republicans twenty-five cents for a shave on account of the fact that they were for several days after the election.—Exchange.

The Moral in Doubt.

Rather an odd accident happened to a young woman on Park row on Friday. She was handsomely dressed, wearing for a wrap one of the new double-decked, balloon rigged capes of velvet, trimmed with fur and lined with colored silk. She was about crossing the street when two men seized her and began pulling and patting the precious cape with their hands.

The woman was badly scared, turned as white as a sheet, and simply stood helpless, gazing at the antics of the men who were dancing about her, and who she thought were highwaymen trying to make off with her new winter wrap. Presently the men tipped their hats and explained that the garment they had been treating seemingly so roughly had been ablaze. Sure enough, there was a big ugly, black hole eaten out of the velvet of one of the front folds. Probably the wearer in passing some smoker had caught a spark from a cigar or pipe. She thanked the gallants who had come to her rescue and then went on her way, hiding as best she could the damaged part of the garment. It is a question whether the moral of this story is that men should not smoke in the street or women should not wear the new fangled cape.—New York Times.

It Wouldn't Work.

Something impressed him with the belief that a Republican family lived in the house, and with a cunning smile he shuffled up to the kitchen and knocked. "Good morning, ma'am," he said to the lady who appeared. "Good morning," she replied pleasantly, "what will you have?" "Lady," he said meekly, "my name is Harrison—Benjamin Harrison—and I called to see if you couldn't give me a bite of breakfast." "Harrison? Harrison?" repeated the lady inquiringly. "Yes, um; Ben Harrison they call me fer short, an 'tain't sitch a bad name after all, is it, mum?" "Oh, no," she answered brightly; "it's an excellent name, but the owner of it will have to get out," and she began to call the dog.

"Tigh," he growled as he dodged through the gate, "I might 'a' knowned by that cheerful look of hern she wuz a Democrat," and he sat down in an alley to think up a better gag with which to work the unwary.—Detroit Free Press.

Why the Great Eastern Failed.

Referring to the failure of the Great Eastern, which at the time was attributed to her size, in comparison with the success which now attends boats of nearly the same dimensions, how plain now to naval architects, vessel owners and in fact everybody possessing even a limited knowledge of the requirements as to power in large steam vessels is the main cause of failure in the Great Eastern. Her power was entirely out of proportion to her great length and other dimensions. The dimensions of Atlantic liners are now approaching to nearly the size of the Great Eastern. The length of the Great Eastern was 680 feet and her horsepower 7,650. The new Cunard liner Campania is 620 feet long but her horsepower will be 30,000, and it is said that the boat which the White Star line proposes to build at Belfast, Ireland, will be 700 feet long. It is the difference of power to which attention is called, however.—Marine Review.

Daniel Lamont Can Sleep.

I met Colonel Dan Lamont on upper Broadway Monday. He was looking like his old self again. "I'm feeling that way, too," said he. "When I began to suffer from insomnia I felt scared. While in Washington I always slept soundly. No matter how hard I worked I could go to bed and sleep like a child. All at once I found that power gone. It is a terrible thing not to be able to sleep. As I say, I got scared, and I took good advice, cut business and went abroad and rested my mind with new things. I came back all right, just in time to be in at the political death. "Wasn't that a grand result, though?" And the ex-presidential private secretary and present railway magnate smiled pleasantly and stepped into his comfortable coupe.—New York Herald.

Too Prompt in His Application.

One of the most interested parties in the late Connecticut River road deal was a former superintendent of the Central New England and Western. When it was first reported that the River road had gone into the hands of the consolidated road this gentleman sat down and wrote President Clark asking for the superintendency of the new acquisition. After mailing the letter he bought a newspaper and read of the unexpected turn affairs had taken and the control of the road passing into the hands of the Philadelphia and Reading, the company that had ousted him once. Now he's sorry he wrote.—Hartford Post.

An Error.

It was either the precise telegraph operator who objected to abbreviations, or the intelligent compositor or telegraph editor who failed in the omission of the unintelligent operator, but the Butte Inter-Mountain the other day paraded Mgr. Satolli before its readers as "Manager Satolli," and thus set him forth in heavy black display type at the head of the column too.—New York Sun.

Statistical.

A stranger from Michigan asked a citizen a few days ago what crops were best adapted to the soil and climate of this section. The citizen's reply was, "Rabbits, free niggers and mortgages are the surest crops in this country."—Vienna (Ga.) Progress.

A landslide at Stielacoom, Wash., is said to have revealed a number of coins ranging in denomination from five to twenty dollars. It is supposed that the money was buried in the bank some years ago by a man named John Lock.

A woman has applied for a separation from her husband on the ground that he married her while she was under the influence of hypnotism.

A Crude Idea of the World.

When Mr. Warburton Pike was hunting in northern Canada he had for guide an old French half breed by the name of King, who proved to be not only a first rate guide, but an interesting character. Mr. Pike says:

The ignorance of these people is extraordinary, considering how much time they spend at the forts and how many officers of the Hudson's Bay company they have a chance to talk to, besides the missionaries.

It was difficult, for instance, to persuade King that the Hudson's Bay company does not rule the whole world, or that there are countries that have no fur bearing animals, which in the north furnish the poot man the only means of making a living.

He was much interested in stories about the queen, though he could never believe that her majesty held so high a rank as the governor of the company, and quite refused to acknowledge her as his sovereign. "No," he said, "she may be your queen, as she gives you everything you want, good rifles and plenty of ammunition; and you say that you eat flour at every meal in your country. If she were my queen surely she would sometimes send me half a sack of flour, a little tea or perhaps a little sugar, and then I would say she was in deed my queen.

"As it is, I would rather believe Mr. Reid, of Fort Province, who told me once that the earth went round and the sun stood still, but I myself have seen the sun rise in the morning and set at night for many years. It is wrong of you white men who know how to read and write, to tell lies to poor men who live by the muzzle of their guns."

David E. Hill in the Senate.

Mr. Hill's influence in the senate is very much greater than is generally believed, though it may not be strong enough for a contention with the administration. In a measure Hill has taken the place of Gorman in the senate. All the friends that Gorman lost in Chicago Hill gained, and this gives him sufficient power in the senate to make himself quite disagreeable to the administration if he desires to do so. The assumption, however, that he is going to put on a coat of war paint and carry a bowie knife in each boot and a brace of six shooters in view does not give sufficient credit to his discretion and skill as a political wirepuller.

Notwithstanding the bitterness of feeling which is provoked by the New York senatorial fight, it may be depended upon that Mr. Hill will not appear in the senate in the attitude of an open opponent of the administration. There is good reason for believing that Mr. Hill will not only decline to pose as the leader of an opposition, but in spite of all the affronts he feels have been put upon him he will support the administration in most matters. Where trouble is looked for by those who are skimming over the surface is with relation to the confirmations. There is a notion of some people that Hill will make a fight at every opportunity. They are probably mistaken. Men who are pretty familiar with the situation and know Hill very well believe that he will follow no such line of policy, but will approve everything and every person passing his test of Democracy.

It is believed the only thing Hill has in view is to stand on guard to prevent the preferment of Mugwumps. His test of party qualifications will not be personal support of himself. But he hates a Mugwump.—Washington Star.

A Supposed Cholera Victim Alive.

In the beginning of September a doctor went from a small German town to Hamburg to assist among the cholera patients. Five days after arriving there he reached his home that in following his profession he had fallen a victim to the deadly disease. His previous thrifless career was immediately forgotten, he was mourned as a martyr and all sorts of laudatory compositions were dedicated to his memory. A lady to whom he had been betrothed was among the mourners.

A sensation has been caused in town now by the news that the young man's mother has received a letter from America in which the son who was supposed to be dead informs her that he is very well, and explains that while at the hospital in Hamburg he had placed his card in the pocket of a man who had died of cholera, and who, resembling him in features, was buried as the doctor.—London News.



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