

THE HERALD.

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We are sorry to say that we can not be furnished with a letter from "Bill Quoin," this week. He says he's "got ter plant his punkins."

It is fun for us fellows all over the state to berate and belittle Rosewater, but "he gets there just the same." When he goes after a thing he most always gets it in spite of all odds.

We intended, before the legislature adjourned, to have them appropriate money for organizing a cannery factory to preserve the current of the Missouri river. It slipped our memory.

The many triumphs gained by the republicans in the spring elections show that the party still preserves its courage and resolution, and is quick to improve every opportunity of promoting its fortunes.

"How can we get a whack at the loaves and fishes?" was the leading question before the democrats who assembled in this city Thursday evening. The latest advices from Washington indicate that the key to the larder is in possession of Messrs. Boyd and Morton.—Bee.

The maximum rate bill has passed both houses and is about to become a law; impeachment proceedings have been commenced and is being vigorously pushed; Hitchcock's bill, praying that the saloon men may lawfully publish their application notices in his pamphlet, has been killed and the legislature has adjourned with the self confident feeling of a duty well done.

It strikes us as rather queer that Hon. W. J. Bryan, a man equal in popularity and statesmanship to either Kem or McKeighan, would come here to help convict an innocent man of what turned out to be a farce shooting affair. Mr. Travis was well able to conduct the case and there was surely no object in Mr. Bryan getting into it unless, as we suspect, there is a strong political pull somewhere around the little village of Eagle.

This is the modest manner which the Madison Independent of South Dakota describes the coming condition of Chicago and nearly everybody seen to be of about the same opinion: Carter Harrison was elected mayor of Chicago by a very large majority. It won't make very much difference now whether the World's fair is opened or closed on Sunday. The city and all its suburbs will be one broad expanse of hell for the next two years anyway.

St. Louis has elected the entire republican ticket, except one officer; that of city treasurer, and enough democratic fraud has been discovered since, to insure his election. This was almost more than could be expected. The idea of the leading city of the south coming out for the republican ticket in the face of such odds as was displayed by some unprincipled democrats of that city, is more than we can understand. Other surprises are sure to follow.

The Missouri Pacific railroad deserves credit for the celerity with which they removed the dead cattle from the Platt river, spoken of in last week's HERALD. It seems that the employees threw them in the river without the authority or knowledge of the railroad officials and as soon as it came to their notice they removed them at once and the era of good feeling is again established between the railroad and the citizens of Plattsmouth.

In the proposed investigation of Roach, the occidental senator from North Dakota, it is urged by some members of that eminently respectable body that they ought not to go into the business of washing their dirty linen in public. That is something that they will have to settle for themselves. If they can stand the presence of an embezzling bank cashier in their "millionaires club" we suppose they have a right to indulge their taste for curiosities. Nobody can purify the senate, but the senate itself.—State Journal.

Daniel Webster in speaking of protection to small industries, March 15, 1837 at New York, says: "I am in favor of protecting American industry and labor, not only as employed in large manufactures, but also, and more especially, as employed in the various mechanic

arts carried on by persons of small capital, and living by the earnings of their own personal industry. Every city in the Union, and none more than this, would feel the consequences of departing from the ancient and continued policy of the government respecting this last branch of protection. If duties were to be abolished on hats, boots shoes and other articles of leather and on the articles fabricated of brass, tin and iron, and on ready-made cloths, carriages, furniture and many other similar articles, thousands of persons would be immediately thrown out of employment in the city and in other parts of the Union. Protection in this respect, of our labor against the cheaper, ill-paid, half-fed and pauper labor of Europe, is, in my opinion, a duty which the country owes to its own citizens."

In a small way Webster had won some reputation as "The expounder of the constitution," but never even dreamed that protection was unconstitutional. It is too bad that he was not under the tutelage of Waterson and our democratic platform carpenters.

Hon. John A. Davies, our bright, energetic and whole-souled representative, gave us a pleasant call last Monday evening. He is as eloquent in conversation as he is on the rostrum and he left us feeling several degrees better toward ourself and the world in general. The following is a clipping from the Sunday Lincoln Call: "No man ever came to the Nebraska legislature and in a single term made such an excellent record as Representative Davies of Cass county. Clean, bright and able, he has commanded the confidence of his fellow members and their respectful attention at all times. As an eloquent and forcible speaker he has earned all the applause that came so readily whenever he spoke upon a measure and he has gone home with a record of strict integrity that none can question. The state ought to have more use for men like John A. Davies."

It is announced that the authorities of North Carolina have succeeded in "stamping out" that terrible secret society known among men and angels as "Gideon's Band." They now say that this organization was formed for the purpose of defeating Grover Cleveland for president. There was a Gideon's band in Nebraska, but it wasn't organized to beat Grover exactly. Its providence was to secure the officer for the members of the band through the farmers' alliance machinery, but it was so unsuccessful the we might as well consider it stamped out in Nebraska also.—State Journal.

Since 1875 the inter-island trading fleet of Hawaii has developed from a few schooners and one small steamer to twenty-two steamers, beside a number of sailing vessels. This increase is due solely to the increase of trade caused by the treaty. During the period mentioned there have been built in the United States and sold to Hawaii, nineteen steamers and twenty sailing vessels for the inter-island trade, costing \$1,000,500. During the same period there have been built in the United States, and are now regularly engaged in the Hawaiian foreign trade, under the American flag, three steamers and twenty three sailing vessels, costing \$2,186,000. In addition to this there are about twelve other American vessels built before the treaty, representing an invested capital in round numbers of \$50,000, besides a number of transient charters made each year during the sugar season. American ship builders have therefore built thirty-nine vessels for the inter-island and twenty-six for Hawaiian foreign trade, a total of sixty-five, which would not have been built but for the treaty, and for which they have received the sum of \$3,189,500. A minimum profit on these transactions would be 10 per cent, amounting to \$318,950.—North American Review.

There must be an immense amount of money made by life insurance companies if it be a fact that, as a correspondent of the Mutual Underwriter says, a general agent of the New York Life, Mr. William L. Meeker, has sent out a circular offering a brokerage of 70 per cent for surplus business. If the remaining 30 per cent is sufficient to pay salaries, ranging from \$50,000, 25,000 and \$12,000 down, to an army of employees, with the risk attending the insurance besides, the public eye will be wider open in the future even than it was in the past.—New York Recorder.

Sheridan—My dear, do throw out that rosewater, some other will smell as sweet.

"Why so hubby?" S.—(Looking absent mindedly out of the window) O' its too suggestive.

A FAIR SPECIMEN.

Brigham Young, jr. says that politics is as important to the Mormons as religion, which is equivalent of course, to telling them that they ought to go on voting the democrat ticket.—Globe-Democrat. It is a significant fact that, as a rule, every Mormon votes the democratic ticket, and yet every man with any amount of thinking material whatever, knows that Polygamous Mormonism has always been a penitentiary offence and was only allowed and tolerated on account of their overpowering strength and masterful, high handed manner in which they ruled the weaker but lawabiding, honest citizens. Who can forgive or forget the wanton murderers of the "Mountain Meadow Massacre," which put savage Indians to shame, or the countless thousands that have been murdered in the mountain fastnesses by the so-called Avenging Angels, or in more forcible language, "the hired butchers" of the chief revelator, Brigham Young. At the time that Lee, the leader of the Mountain meadow massacre, was hung by the United States authorities, Brigham Young would have taken the same route to the throne of his omnipotent judge and maker, whose name he had defamed and polluted during his villainous career, had he not already been dead. Although by the late "revelations" (5) to one of their leading lights, polygamy has been discontinued, the same sentiments and feelings and the same hatred for the Gentiles is still cherished in the hearts of Mormons and the Mormon church. The names of the most villainous and reprehensible leaders are perpetuated in their temple at Salt Lake City by marble statues, and are worshiped and held up as examples to the younger generation as models of manhood and priestly grace. Can one sit quietly by and praise their valor and the magnificence of their godless temples when you stop and think of past depredations, or the sufferings of the many wives and the hellish designs practiced by Mormon elders upon young and innocent girls who were transported to that vortex of Mormon misery? If so, you should read and study the sermons preached on Mormonism by that most estimable woman, Ann Eliza Young, one of Brigham Young's wives. Sometime in the near future, perhaps during Cleveland's administration, Utah will be admitted as a state, but it is the great desire of liberty-loving people in that country to keep it as it is, a territory. As the Mormons are greatly in the majority, should it be admitted as a state, all the offices would fall into their hands and people who love liberty and progress do not want to be governed by that class, who have held the territory back for fifty years. As soon as Utah is admitted it will go down in political history as a democratic state. We do not desire such votes in the republican party.

Arbor Day Proclamation.

Governor Crouse has given out his Arbor day proclamation. It reads: STATE OF NEBRASKA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, LINCOLN, NEB.—The 24th day of April is Arbor day. I trust the spirit which inspired the institution of the day and had it set apart as one of the legal holidays of the state will be kept alive by a becoming observance of it upon its recurrence this year. To that end I would ask that the day be given generally to the planting of trees, shrubs and vines, to the adornment of homes and highways and the beautifying of parks and public grounds. Especially would I recommend the observance of the day by the public schools of Nebraska by such exercises and ceremonies as shall be in harmony with the occasion. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the great seal of the state. Done at Lincoln this 24th day of March, of the state the Twenty-seventh and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and seventeenth year. LORENZO CROUSE, Governor. Attest—JOHN C. ALLEN, State Secretary.

Secretary Hoke Smith has received the following telegram from Agent Bennett, at Muskogee, I. T.: I am reliably advised that both factions of the Choctaws are being strongly reinforced. The presence of military alone will prevent a conflict. Troops should be sent to Autlers as quickly as possible. I will go there when advised that troops have started." A telegram just received from Atoka says: "A hundred men are going to the location of the troubles if the government does not interfere." As requests have already been made to the war department to send troops no further action can be taken. The request of Agent Bennett was telegraphed to General Miles, who replied that Captain Guthrie left Fort Reno for Autlers on Saturday, with a company of infantry, and expected to reach his destination today. The officers at the war department are inclined to think that the trouble is not as serious as the dispatches of Agent Bennett indicate.

The Melancholy Office Seeker.

Jim Jones, was a candidate for office—so he was; He'd been workin' clean from daylight on the democratic cause; He'd heard about the salary an office holder draws— So he went in for an office in the mornin'! He brushed his old black beaver an' he polished up his boots; He got him twenty packages of Georgia-made cheroots. An' they missed him from the village an' politice disputes— For he went in for an office in the mornin'! But the office wasn't comin' an' they told him for to wait; The road was kinder crooked when he thought it kinder straight; But Jones—he kept a-swingin' on the democratic gate, "For," said he "I'll ketch the office in the mornin'!" Soon the congressman had smoked up every one of his cheroots, An' the mad had worn the polish from the leggins of his boots, An' the office jes' got mixed up in politice disputes. An' Jones—he kinder, weakened in the mornin'! So he boarded a freight train that was runnin' by the rail, For he didn't have a dollar, an' was feelin' like a fool; An' then he went to plowin' with a mortgage on his male— An' he cussed out every office in the mornin'!

FACING A GRIZZLY.

On their return journey, they heard that a bear had been seen in the country to the southwest of the Spillamacheen Valley, and at Snooks's request they walked into the wood where he was supposed to be, "keeping touch" with each other; for, as S. remarked, he couldn't be expected to tackle a bear for the first time all by himself. Tom said he was quiet ready to support him, and all three kept on, giving low whistles to assure each other in the thick brush that help was at hand. "You don't think he would go for me at sight?" Snooks had nervously asked. "No; he'll go for us first, and keep you for dessert," Scott had encouragingly replied. The little man became confident as time went on and nothing appeared. They had come to a great piece of fallen timber. The side branches stretched upward and all about at right angles to the huge trunk. Snooks mounted one to get on to the main stem as it lay prostrate. He was going to swing himself down on the other side, when, lo! in front of him arose a vast brown pillar, as it seemed to him, with two big arms, and, with a faint cry, Snooks dropped back among the branches on the side of the tree remote from the bear—for bear it was, and a huge one—and crouched, breathless, his heart thumping in his throat and his limbs perfectly nerveless. The bear had had only a brief vision of the intruder, and apparently concluded Snooks must be a bad dream, for he grunted, lowered himself, and took no further notice as far as Snooks could learn, for he heard nothing, saw nothing, and felt only an intense desire to shout, but could not. But the bear thought it might be worth while to see what had become of his bad dream, which had left a suspicious odor behind it. So he slowly raised himself again, and got up upon the fallen tree trunk. This made him visible to Tom, who raised his rifle and fired. With a noise something between a hiss and a grunt and a groan, the bear jumped down almost on the top of poor Snooks, but did not touch him, and went for Tom "at sight." Tom tried to shin up a small tree, leaving his rifle below; for he had no time, as he thought, to sling it round him. But the bear was too quick for him, and clawed his legging, T's foot escaping claws and teeth. At this instant the hero of the day, in the shape of Scott, came up, fired, and the bear fell, tearing down Tom. Another moment and he had given him a nasty munch in the side, but again his jacket saved Tom; Scott fired once more, and followed the shot up by driving a long knife into the grizzly's heart. It was most gallantly and cleverly done, and the thanks of both the young men were very earnestly expressed. But it was a narrow shave, and, as Snooks observed, "might have been much worse had not he [Snooks] insisted on their keeping together."

The news of a most diabolical and revolting crime at Alexander, Mo. has reached here. George and John Evans went to the house of Jerry Shelton, and at the point of the pistol forced him to leave home. Both men then assaulted his 17 years old wife. Shelton gave the alarm and the entire community was soon on the hunt. The woman is in such a plight she cannot give an account of the horrible affair. Her reason is dethroned and she talks wildly and hysterical. This has added to the already inflamed condition of the community and made it certain that the Evans brothers, if captured alive, will be given a swift and sure death.

The Operator.

I stepped upon the platform at Baisemoyen-Cert station, where my friend Lenfleur waited with his carriage. While on the train I suddenly recollected something that required immediate attention at Paris. Upon my arrival at Baisemoyen-Cert I went to the telegraph office to send back a message. This station differed from others of its class because of the total lack of writing materials. After a prolonged exploration I finally succeeded in capturing a rusty pen, dipping it in some colorless, slimy fluid. With heroic efforts I succeeded in daubing down the few words of my telegram. A decidedly unprepossessing woman grudgingly took the dispatch, counted it and named the rate, which I immediately paid. With the relieved conscience of having fulfilled a duty, I was about to walk out when my attention was attracted by a young lady at one of the tables manipulating a Morse key. With a slight hauteur she turned her back toward me. Was she young? Probably. She certainly was red haired. Was she pretty? Why not? Her simple black dress advantageously displayed a round, agreeable form, her abundant hair was arranged so as to reveal a few ringlets and a splendid white neck, and suddenly a mad, inexplicable desire to plant a kiss upon those golden ringlets seized me. In the expectation that the young lady would turn around I stopped and asked the elderly woman a few questions anent telegraph affairs. Her answers were not at all friendly. The other women, however, did not stir. Whoever supposes that I did not go to the telegraph office the next morning does not know me. The pretty, red haired one was alone this time. Now she was compelled to show her face, and sapis! I could not complain. I purchased some telegraph stamps, wrote several messages, asked a number of nonsensical questions and played the part of a chump with amazing fidelity. She responded calmly, prudently, in the manner of a clever, self possessed and polite little woman. And I came daily, sometimes twice a day, for I knew when she would be alone. To give my calls a reasonable appearance I wrote innumerable letters to my friends and telegraphed to an army of bear acquaintances a lot of impossible stuff. So it was rumored in Paris that I had become deranged. Every day I said to myself, "Today, my boy, you must take a declaration." But her cold manner suppressed upon my lips the words "Mademoiselle, I love you." I invariably confined myself to stammering: "Be kind enough to give me a 3-sou stamp." The situation gradually became unbearable. As the day for my return approached I resolved to burn my ships behind me and to venture all to win everything. I walked into the office and wrote the following message: "Coquelin, 17 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris: "I am madly in love with the little red haired telegraph operator at Baisemoyen-Cert." I tremblingly handed her the telegram. I expected at least that her beautiful complexion would effulge. But no! Not a muscle relaxed! In the calmest manner in the world she said: "Fifty-nine centimes, please." Thoroughly nonplussed by this serenity, I fumbled about in my pockets for the coin. But I could not find a sou. From my pocketbook I took a thousand-franc note and gave it to her. She took the bank note and scrutinized it carefully. The examination terminated favorable, for her face was very suddenly wreathed in smiles, and she burst into a charming ripple of infectious laughter, displaying her marvelously handsome teeth. And then the pretty young mademoiselle asked in Parisian cadence, "Do you want the change?"—From the French of Alphonse Allais in New York Journal.

My Sweetheart's Face—that's my wife's you know—wears a cheerful, life-is-worth-living expression, ever since I presented her a box of KIRK'S WHITE RUSSIAN SOAP. She is always recommending Kirk's soaps to her friends—says she is through with experiments—has just what she needed to make labor easy, and ensure perfectly clean clothes. She knows what she's talking about—don't forget it. JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

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