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JUGGLING THE ELECTION RETURNS.

Secretary Porter Gets Himself in a Very Close Place

He Opens the Sealed Election Returns—Declares the Law Now in Effect is No Good—Sends the Returns Back to the County Clerks to Have Errors Rectified.

LINCOLN, Neb., Nov. 23.—The secretary of state is still this week as he was last week the most conspicuous before the public of all the officials at the state house.

Last week the secretary got himself into an awkward situation by opening the sealed returns of the late election. When the newspaper reporters questioned the secretary as to the unlawfulness of his act, he pointed out to him the law which prohibits anyone but the canvassing board from opening and examining these returns, the secretary declared, "That law is no good. It is obsolete like a good many other laws. We can't have reform unless we have reform."

The proposition that reform consists in setting aside law and that the officers who are charged with enforcing the election laws should openly violate them and should whenever they see fit, declare them "obsolete" and "no good," was so startling that Secretary Porter by the assistance of some of the other state house officials was able at last to realize dimly that he had got himself very close to a hornet's nest.

It is absolutely impossible for Secretary Porter to comprehend fully the complications that would have arisen by his acts if this were a close election so that these returns would be challenged in a court of law when they came at last to the canvassing board. He has sent back the returns of some thirty or forty counties for the correction of errors which he pretends to have discovered, although he has no more right to pass upon the correctness of these returns than has the janitor who sweeps the office for the carrier who handles the mails between the postoffice and the state house.

The question now arises, what shape will these returns be in when they get back from the counties to which they have been sent for correction? Who will make the corrections which this law-breaking secretary has ordered to be made? Will the county clerks do it? They have no right to change a single figure, letter or syllable of these returns except in the presence and by direction of the county boards, which made the returns in the first place.

It will not avail for these law breakers when their acts are challenged to cry out "Down with the courts and down with injunctions." Such anarchistic talk may be catchy among nervous people who do not stop to consider, but there is in this Nebraska community a deep seated law abiding sentiment which is and always will be strong enough to dominate the state when it is fully aroused, and this element of our society is not yet ready to tear down courts, to set aside the election laws, and to have them declared "no good" and "obsolete" by a swaggering secretary of state whose prior business experience was limited to a dismal failure in the management of an eighty-acre weed grown farm in Merrick county, where pigs roared at will around the neglected treeless house, while the owner, loaded with unswilling transportation which he had wrong from the corporations, was chasing the country over in search of office as a reformer. There was a time, not long ago, and it may not yet be fully passed, when ignorant, bluff, swaggering, loud talking men with the audacity and impudence of Secretary Porter, having light regard for law, could make themselves popular with the masses by reason of these very characteristics. The confidence of the people had been changed into contempt for public officials and for law, and being themselves in straightened circumstances where they dreaded the operation of law some of them cried out "Down with the constitution, down with the courts and down with law and legal technicalities."

But the people are dying of their debts. They are becoming the owners of un-mortgaged homes and property. As these conditions enlarge, the sentiment for law and order will grow. They will learn to detect the perflavering, flattering, farmer friend, who rails against the corporations while his pockets are bulging with fee passes and meal tickets, and the people will demand, for the public honors which they bestow, and for the salaries which they pay, that the public officials shall respect the law, respect the reforms which they have promised and bring with them into public office such qualifications as will make the law and those who enforce it respectable, giving the people a state government which will not occasion constant humiliation and apology.

I have seen an ill-favored and friendless dog with tail between his legs, yelping through the weeds of a vacant lot, dodging tin cans and brick bats, in this alley and that, while the big oys roared with laughter at the spectacle. I meet men every day here in Lincoln who practice their

witticisms on the secretary and regard his fantastic capers as a good joke on the state. I admit that his actions would be funny if his position did not render them serious. I admit that there is strong provocation for jokes and laughter to see the awkward secretary dodging the newspaper reporters, explaining one day, "That law haint no good," explaining the next day that "It was the deputy and the clerks who opened the sealed returns," explaining the next day, "It don't make no difference no how, 'cause you fellows, you republicans done the same thing," and then at last, after tampering with the returns from nearly every county, admitting that he reckoned he hadn't ort to do it. "An' if there's goin' to be so much shootin' off and rag chawin' 'bout it, I won't open up no more of 'em."

It may be funny to see a dog pelted with tin cans. It may be laughable to put a bull into a china store and to see him smash the wares, while the storekeeper prods him with a pitchfork. But it is expensive entertainment when a secretary of state indulges his itching curiosity by opening sealed returns contrary to law and then amuses the public with his dodging explanations.

It was by just such men as Secretary Porter, and by just such lawless acts as his and such methods as were adopted last winter in the recent fraud that Mississippi, Arkansas and other southern states, over thirty years ago went into a system of election frauds from which they have not yet recovered and which still hangs over their communities like a pestilence.

No man wants to settle or live in a state where ballots and election returns are tampered with and where the law is flippantly set aside by the highest officials in the state.

J. W. JOHNSON.

HARRIS EVIDENTLY A BAD MAN.

Was a Professional Burglar, but His Love for Liquor Queered Him.

The colored man in the county jail who plead guilty to avoid the publicity of a trial on the charge of breaking into the Missouri Pacific depot, and who drew a prize in the form of a year's sentence to the penitentiary, seems to have been a bold, bad man.

The Missouri Pacific detective and Chief Fitzpatrick have unraveled quite a bit of his personal history. He usually gives his name as Harris. His chief rendezvous has been Cincinnati, and along the Ohio river. It is said that he is thirty-two years of age and that he has served sixteen years in different penitentiaries. Harris is a member of a gang now operating in the west and he admits that the intention was to blow open the safe in the Missouri Pacific depot, but he was too drunk and his pals got frightened away and left him to his fate. Gregory, one of his partners, was caught and landed in jail and Detective DeLong is trying to have the overalls which he wears identified as a part of the goods stolen from the car at Louisville recently. Sufficient evidence may be obtained to send Gregory over the road and from all accounts it would be a lucky thing if it could be done, as he is undoubtedly a desperate character.

The jail will be carefully guarded as these men no doubt have confederates on the outside who would help them to escape.

The Missouri Pacific car robbers at Omaha, who escaped from the jail at that place last night, according to Harris' own statement, is part of his gang.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW.

Was Largely Attended and Highly Enjoyed by the Crowd.

The Presbyterian church was thronged Tuesday evening by music and flower-loving people of our city who assembled to listen to the fine program and admire the beautiful flowers on exhibition.

The opening number, a piano solo by Mrs. Merges, was executed in a faultless manner and was a most brilliant composition.

Miss Terry and Miss Campbell sang two duets that showed most perfect and artistic training, while the solo numbers of both ladies were enthusiastically endorsed. Miss Terry's fine and perfectly trained voice was heard to the best advantage in the beautiful solo, "Softly Sings the Voice of Evening," while Mrs. Campbell's, "Oh that we two were Maying," brought out her lovely contralto voice to the great delight of the audience.

Miss Myrtle Coon was heard for the first time in Plattsmouth, but met with an enthusiastic reception well merited. Little Miss Merges was revealed in her quaint recitations and received great applause, which was well deserved. Mr. C. F. Tucker of Glenwood, performed the difficult part of accompanist in a most pleasing manner.

The chrysanthemum, made a beautiful show and sold well, and taken as a whole, it was a most artistic and delightful entertainment.

HIGHT CASE DRAGS ALONG SLOWLY

Examination of Witnesses For the Defense Has Been Begun.

State Thus Far Has Presented a Strong Case—Unfortunate Peter Curtis' Condition Remains Unchanged, and It Is Yet Uncertain Whether or Not the Young Man Will Recover.

From Wednesday's Daily.

The trial of Charles Haight drags slowly along. The state rested at 3 p. m. today after the examination of ten witnesses. It is generally conceded that a strong case has been made against the defendant and more interest will be taken by the public in what can be said in defense of the rash act which took away a human life. The physicians yesterday testified that the death of William Haight resulted from the wound on the head, where he was struck by the plane and the cross-examination divulged nothing different. The only sensational testimony was that of Robert Henderson who was in jail and heard Mat Gering talking to Charles Haight. Henderson swore that Mat asked Haight if he intended to kill the old man when he struck him, and Haight responded that he did. Mat then coached him not to say that—it would hurt his case, etc. He mentioned several matters that did Haight no good. Gering tried to shake Henderson on cross-examination, but without effect.

Court will adjourn this evening over Thanksgiving until Friday morning, so that the case will probably go to the jury on Saturday night.

PETER CURTIS STILL UNCONSCIOUS.

His Condition Remains About the Same as Last Reported.

Sheriff Holloway saw Peter Curtis at the hotel in Union last evening, where he is staying. The boy is still unconscious and sleeps a great deal of the time. While the sheriff was there the boy yelled out to his father, "You g—d—s— of a b—, give me back that \$5.10 you took of me or I'll kill you!" As this is the exact sum stolen from him, as near as can be learned, it seems to be on his mind, and his talk shows that his head is far from clear.

Parties from Union today reported no change from yesterday, so that no one can tell with any degree of certainty whether he will live or not.

Death of Robert Van Cleave.

From Wednesday's Daily.

Robert Van Cleave, well-known in this county, where he was married to Emma, eldest daughter of W. J. Hesser, about fifteen years ago, died at his home in Lincoln yesterday morning of heart trouble. He leaves a loving wife and a little boy about eleven years of age to mourn his demise.

The funeral will occur under the auspices of the G. A. R. at Lincoln tomorrow at 2 p. m. Mrs. Hesser and her daughter, Mrs. Albert Churchill, went to Lincoln last evening.

Referring to Mr. Van Cleave's death, the State Journal says: "Mr. Van Cleave was at home all evening. He retired early, but remained awake talking to his wife all night, telling her continually that he was going to die."

"About 3 o'clock he arose, dressed himself and complained of cramps in the stomach. A neighbor was called in and Mr. Van Cleave told him that he expected to die. The neighbor tried to cheer him up, but his words were unavailing. The neighbor then went to his own home and telephoned for a physician. When he arrived Mr. Van Cleave was dead, having expired in a chair. City Physician Finney declined to issue a death certificate because he was unable to tell of what the man died. Coroner Hoyoke was called and arrangements were made for a post mortem examination."

"Mr. Van Cleave came to Nebraska in 1879. He became a mail carrier on July 1, 1890, and continued in the service of the government for seven years, ending his service on April 26 of the present year. He was a member of Farragut post, G. A. R. He carried \$3,000 insurance in the Carter's fraternal organization. He leaves a wife and little son."

"City Physician Finney conducted a post mortem examination of the remains of Mr. Van Cleave yesterday afternoon and found that he had died of fatty degeneration of the heart, his right side being affected. The physician says the condition of Mr. Van Cleave was such that his death might have been expected hourly had it been known."

Nebraska Veterans Attention!

On Wednesday and Thursday, December 3 and 4, 1897, there will be a reunion of all Nebraska veterans at Ashland, Neb., at which time and place you are all earnestly requested to meet and enjoy a social and business reunion with old comrades. Good speakers will be in attendance. Other veterans are cordially invited.

JOHN Q. GOSS, Secretary.

It Hits the Spot.

When suffering from a severe cold and your throat and nose feel sore, take a dose of Foley's Sore Throat and Nose Remedy. The soreness will be at once relieved, a warm grateful feeling and healing of the parts affected will be experienced and you will say: "It feels so good, it hits the spot." It is guaranteed. Smith & Parmelee.

B. A. GIBSON IN THE TOILS.

Sad Downfall of a Once Prominent Resident of This County.

The following dispatch from Butte, Mont., recently appeared in the Denver News:

"The sheriff and city marshal are telegraphing all over the country to discover the whereabouts of one B. A. Gibson, the lawyer and ex-banker of Lincoln, Neb., and later of Denver and Salt Lake. He is wanted here for a swindle perpetrated on Colonel Emmet Callahan, an attorney of this city, by which he was defrauded out of \$160. "Gibson came to Butte a month or six weeks ago, and through mutual friends met Colonel Callahan. Gibson was hard up financially, and about two weeks ago he offered to sell Colonel Callahan 300 volumes of the American law reports for \$390. He said the books belonged to R. A. Givens of Salt Lake. Mr. Callahan was suspicious of the bargain on account of the cheapness of the books, but finally said he would take one set for \$150. A few days later a telegram came from Salt Lake signed Mrs. R. A. Givens, stating the books would be shipped last Monday."

"On Wednesday Gibson presented Colonel Callahan with a bill of lading issued by the Short Line at Salt Lake for a box weighing 295 pounds. He also had a letter from the alleged Givens authorizing him to collect the \$150 for the books. On account of Gibson's representations that he was hard up and needed the money, Colonel Callahan paid the money on the strength of the bill of lading."

"A few hours later Gibson left for Denver on a scalper's ticket, without paying his bill at the McDermott hotel. Last evening Mr. Callahan received his box from Salt Lake, and upon opening it found that it contained not the 100 volumes of law books, but eight sacks of corn meal and a big red apple. The box was marked from R. A. Givens, Salt Lake. "The colonel was furious, and today he put the matter in the hands of the sheriff, who is trying to locate Gibson for the purpose of bringing him back to Butte to answer to a charge of swindling, for it is supposed he had a confederate in Salt Lake."

INFORMATION AND OPINIONS.

It is said that wild horses have infested the northern part of Arizona to such an extent that it has been asked of the authorities that they may be legally slaughtered. That vicinity has been overrun with several large bands, hundreds in number, unbranded by anyone. They have rapidly increased in number, and have become wild and fierce. The matter has been referred to the live stock board.

There are but fourteen envelope factories in the United States, and one of these is located in Omaha, but it is said a tempting bonus has been offered by an Illinois town and that the Omaha factory will probably move eastward a little nearer the paper supply, and nearer the center of demand.

The Wesleyan University of Lincoln lined up with the Ottawa, Kan., University football artists yesterday and a hot game ensued which resulted in a score of 24 to 12, in favor of the Nebraskans.

Bushnel & Seacrest, after owning the Auburn Post for about six weeks, sold it out to the former proprietors, Stowell & Kent, who are again at the helm.

The Maid of Honor.

THE NEWS will open a voting contest in a few days to see who the real maid of honor to Queen Polaris shall be. Our preferred candidates are Oswald Gutman and Mat Gering, and we shall expect a hot time in the town when their friends get awakened to the importance of the position. Oswald is not so nimble on his feet as Mat, and cannot wait so well, but he will stand on the "records" and can make some good points that the valiant Mathew can't touch. While our individual sympathies in the race are with Oswald, we shall see that the contest is strictly fair, and if the people want to see Mathew shine as maid of honor to the Queen of the Aurora Borealis, all they have to do is vote their sentiments.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. HENRY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists.

Old People.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old people find it just exactly what they need. Price, 50 cents and \$1 per bottle at F. G. Fricker's drug store.

A Great Natural Curiosity.

A perfect face of a delicate Jewish cast was discovered in a small stone about as large around as a 10 cent piece found lying on the railroad grade near Junction City, Ore. Not only are the brow, hair, beard and beautiful aquiline nose perfectly shaped and distinct on the stone, but the neck and shoulders are vignettted off into the delicate agate like tracery of the background as it would have been done by an artist.

Not only is the face as delicately beautiful in line as one stamped upon a Greek coin of the reign of Alexander, but in this stone are reproduced the colors of life. The face is white, with a blending of flesh tones, growing deeper in the shadows of the neck and shoulders. The hair in the dark shadow at the back is a rich auburn, just the color associated most often with the ascetic Jewish type to which the whole face belongs. It is perhaps the strangest part of this extraordinary coincidence of forms that each feature, from the cavernous eye and delicate hollowed cheek to the high, narrow brow and wavy auburn hair, is in accord with a familiar type of the Christ. In this respect the Oregon stone is infinitely superior as a work of nature's art to the "Stone Man of Sorrows," about which a book was published in London. This head, in a stone a little larger than the recent discovery, was picked up at Oberammergau as a mere casual memento of the spot, because of its associations with the passion play, and eight years afterward, being held in a certain position, was seen to reveal the face that was somewhat sentimentally supposed to resemble the face of Christ.—Boston Transcript.

If Water Never Froze.

The whole economy of nature would undergo a startling change if water never froze. The world's climates would be revolutionized. The icebound polar seas would cease to exercise their chilling influences, and consequently the currents of the ocean might either cease or be turned aside in different directions.

Thus the gulf stream would seek other shores than those of Britain, and the climate there might be subject to the extremes of heat and cold noticeable in other countries of the same latitude. The icebound rivers of the north, notably those of Russia and Siberia, would be open for navigation, and Russia's activity as a sea power and a commercial nation might alter the whole world of commerce.

Canada would become another country altogether. An immense tract of land would be available for cultivating hardy plants, and Greenland might be what its name indicates. The absence of icebergs off the coasts of Newfoundland and Iceland would result in a much warmer climate in those islands, where now the crops often fail.

Ice, too, plays an important part in the economy of nature. Thus, if water never froze, snow, hail and hoar frost would cease. The loosening of soils and the disintegration of rocks by the frost and many other now vital effects would be lost. In short, the absence of ice would be on the one hand an incalculable disaster, on the other hand a great boon.—London Globe.

A Great Authority on Evolution.

There is a sketch of "A Great Naturalist," the late Edward Drinker Cope, in The Century. It is written by Henry Fairfield Osborn. Professor Osborn says: "His pioneer exploration came early in the age of Darwinism, when missing links not only in the human ancestry, but in the greater chain of backboneed animals, were at the highest premium. Thus he was fortunate in recording the discovery in northwestern New Mexico of by far the oldest quadruped known, in finding among these the most venerable monkey, in describing to the world hundreds of links—in fact, whole chains—of descent between the most ancient quadrupeds and what we please to call the higher types, especially the horses, camels, tapirs, dogs and cats. He labored successfully in recording the reptiles with the amphibians, and the latter with the fishes, and was as quick as a flash to detect in the paper of another author the oversight of some long sought link which he had been awaiting. Thus in losing him we have lost our ablest and most discerning critic. No one has made such profuse and overwhelming demonstration of the actual historical working of the laws of evolution, his popular reputation perhaps resting most widely upon his practical and speculative studies in evolution."

A Day's Journey.

"A day's journey," as the expression is used in the Scripture, means from 10 to 20 miles. The "Sabbath day's journey," frequently mentioned in the Bible, was 2,000 paces, or about three-quarters of a mile. The Jews were forbidden to travel farther than this distance on their Sabbath, but often evaded the prohibition by taking a small quantity of food and burying it in the ground at the required distance from their homes, whereby this spot became technically a habitation, and they could proceed from it another Sabbath day's journey on their way.

Hard Up.

Dad—You are a regular rolling stone, my son. Did you know that a rolling stone never gathers any moss? Son—Yes, but the rolling stone would like to raise a little dust just now, dad, for a change.—Boston Courier.

Wifely Devotions.

"Poor old Mummyrich! With one leg in the grave."
"Yes, but his young wife is pulling valiantly at the other one."—Indianapolis Journal.

On June 12, 1755, upward of 2,400 salmon were taken above the bridge in the river Tyne and sold in Newcastle at 1d. and 1½d. per pound.

Most of the canal barges in the south of England are worked by women.

Insure in the German American. Fred Ebinger, Agent.

Five's Perfect Purple Fanny Perfume The latest fad. At all druggists.

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In and inspect the best selected stock of Silverware in the city before you buy? We know you will not regret it if you do. Every piece is new and of the latest design. We also carry a fine stock of everything to be found in a first class Jewelry establishment. There is no possible chance of getting old and undesirable goods, as everything is up to date.

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JOHN T. COLEMAN,

THE JEWELER.

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THEY carry the largest and most complete line in Cass county. Everything fresh and new. They pay cash for our goods and give their customers the advantage of special discounts. A complete line of canned goods always in stock. The only place in the city where you can get all kinds of fresh Cheese. Call and see us.

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A Short Talk..

...Is all we expect to make. Just want to mention the fact that we have just received a beautiful line of Sterling Silver Novelties. All other lines are complete and prices were never lower. It's a pleasure for us to show goods. You are welcome.

Watch repairing a specialty.

B. A. M'ELWAIN,

THE JEWELER.

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