

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald

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FROM all appearances now, the doubtful status in 1888 for president are the two Virginias, North Carolina, Tennessee and Alabama with the chances in favor of their going republican.

THE selection of the 19th of June as the day for the meeting of the Republican National Convention of 1888 has decided historic appropriateness. It was on the 19th of June, 1864, that the Kearsarge demolished the rebel pirate, Alabama. And it is worth remembering also, that Capt. Semms was helped to escape by a British yacht, on the same theory of hostility to the interests of the United States which now animates the British free-trade applauders of Cleveland's message.—Globe Democrat.

THE Blaine nightmare has again paralyzed the average democratic editor. Mr. Cleveland handed in his message to the fiftieth congress and Mr. Blaine, as an American citizen, pronounced judgment upon it. As it happened the subject was one Mr. Blaine was familiar with, and one which Grover Cleveland is not familiar with. The message treats of but two subjects, viz: Tariff and surplus funds in the United States treasury; all other important subjects are left out of this singular message. The fishery question, which has completely nonplussed the present administration ever since it came into power, is not mentioned; although the English commissioners who are here in this country to stay, at Mr. Cleveland's request, were sitting in sight of the White House all the time Mr. Cleveland was writing his tariff message; yet, he dare not even mention that subject or refer it to congress to act upon, or intimate to the treaty making branch of the government what was being done between Mr. Chamberlain and Bayard and their understrappers; and that too, in the face of the fact that the English commissioner was demanding the earth, as well as the sea, of Mr. Bayard, while at Plattsburgh is completely unable to cope with his lordship. So that, Mr. Cleveland's administration is left precisely where it was two years ago and the subject is of so little importance that the attention of the American congress is not even called to it. This may be state-manship, but if it is, it is democratic state-manship, the principal ingredient of which is incompetency. Mr. Blaine in Europe is evidently far better posted on American affairs than Grover Cleveland at Washington. The message however, which Mr. Blaine comments upon is a curious conglomeration of commonplace utterances; when analysed it amounts to about this: an oppressively high tariff is too high, a reasonable tariff is a reasonable tariff, when a tariff is too high it ought to be made lower, a tariff upon articles which injures American industries ought to be taken off; exorbitant taxes are not good for the people, hence a reasonable tax is better; a large surplus in the treasury is not needed, unless it is necessary to protect our credit as a nation, and if that is unnecessary the people ought not to be oppressed by high taxes to pile up this surplus. Hard times and a panic are not good for the country hence, good times are preferred and recommended. And this is swallowed by the average democrat editor for a free trade document and for statesmanship. Gentlemen you will not see this democratic party adopt free trade as the policy of this government. It has neither the courage nor the ability to do so. Yet, four fifths of its rank and file think or believe they are in favor of free trade.

AT the end of forty hard years' work, at the age of 64, Bonner retires from active business with a fortune of several million dollars. He is surrounded by all the luxuries of life. In his stable he has the peerless Maud S., Dexter, the king of the turf, the famous Ratus, and the magnificent Edwin Forrest. In his stock farm at Tarrytown he has the finest animals in the world. And this immense fortune was made out of a weekly story paper! It is enough to take a matter of fact man's breath away, but the next thing to a gold mine is a paper filled with popular fiction. Bonner is not the only man who has grown rich in his line of business. Moses A. Dow, another poor printer, started a weekly called the Waverley Magazine, in Boston, and made several millions out of it. The Munro brothers, two young farmers from Nova Scotia, reached New York some years ago with almost nothing. They commenced publishing cheap novels and story papers, and soon became millionaires, with fine town and country residences, fast horses and fleet yachts.

ALL this shows, not only that there is big money in fiction, but that the people of this country are the greatest story readers in the world.—Atlanta Constitution.

spectacle to make devils laugh and angels weep." The average citizen easily observes things of this kind, and they are not at all calculated to give him a favorable impression of the sincerity and intelligence of those who have the interests of Christianity in charge. He can understand why some persons prefer the rules and forms of one sect, and others a different one; but it is very difficult, in fact impossible, for him to see why such rules and forms should be regarded as of more importance, apparently than the fundamental and vital principles of religion upon which all sects are agreed.

These divisions are now so marked and so tenacious as they have been in the past, to be sure, but they are still sufficiently distinct and forcible to operate as a serious drawback to religious enterprise and conquest. It would not be strictly correct to say that we have too many churches, but it is certainly true that an increase of churches is by no means an assurance of corresponding gain to the cause of Christianity, since denominational contentions too often come in to refute the logical conclusions of such a state of facts. There are undeniably too many churches organized and sustained upon considerations of sectarian pride and prejudice rather than upon the broad grounds of love and charity for all men and sound devotion to the general spiritual welfare of society. The faith may be there, but the works do not follow it. Competition takes the place of co-operation, as declared by Bishop Harris, and time and strength are frittered away in attempts to circumvent rival sects, while the true and profitable harvest goes ungathered. The tendency toward a better policy in recent years is not to be denied; but it needs to be materially quickened and enlarged if the church is to recover its forfeited strength and improve its vast opportunities in an effective and satisfactory way. It is with the churches as it is with other agencies of civilization striving in the direction of a common end: they must work together, or their labors will not bring forth proper fruits, and decay will ensue where there should be a steady gain in vigor and in victory.—Globe Democrat.

Fortunes in Story Papers. At the end of forty hard years' work, at the age of 64, Bonner retires from active business with a fortune of several million dollars. He is surrounded by all the luxuries of life. In his stable he has the peerless Maud S., Dexter, the king of the turf, the famous Ratus, and the magnificent Edwin Forrest. In his stock farm at Tarrytown he has the finest animals in the world. And this immense fortune was made out of a weekly story paper! It is enough to take a matter of fact man's breath away, but the next thing to a gold mine is a paper filled with popular fiction. Bonner is not the only man who has grown rich in his line of business. Moses A. Dow, another poor printer, started a weekly called the Waverley Magazine, in Boston, and made several millions out of it. The Munro brothers, two young farmers from Nova Scotia, reached New York some years ago with almost nothing. They commenced publishing cheap novels and story papers, and soon became millionaires, with fine town and country residences, fast horses and fleet yachts.

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For a Child's Cold. This being the season for hard colds, I must tell you how I keep them pretty well at bay. When a child sneezes, saying he can't breathe through his "nose," I toast him at the fire. Not only the feet, but the spinal column, is well warmed. Then he must persist in sneezing from the ammonia bottle till he has no difficulty in breathing, the ammonia having penetrated the air passages, causing more sneezing and a copious catarrhal discharge. Then, before tucking up in a warm bed, I give him from three to five drops of camphor on a little sugar, with all the water desired as a drink. I thought my ammonia cure for a cold was wholly original till a friend told me of curing her catarrh of several years' standing with its use, merely inhaling very freely of it both night and morning. Its pungent odor I have found very beneficial when suffering from an attack of tic-douloureux.—Fanny Faushaw.

Unser Fritz's Courage. Dr. Morell Mackenzie has a high opinion of Unser Fritz's courage. He personally broke the news to the unfortunate prince that his throat trouble was the result of malignant cancer. "It was received with the most perfect calmness," says Mackenzie. "The prince, after an instant of silence, put out his hand with his usual winning smile, and, grasping mine, said: 'I have been lately fearing something of this sort. I thank you, Sir Morell, for being so frank with me.' At dinner that evening he was the most cheerful of the party. In all my long experience I have never seen a man bear himself under similar circumstances with such unaffected heroism."—New York World.

CRIPPLED CHILDREN.

LITTLE ONES WITH MERRY HEARTS AND WITHERED LIMBS.

Sunshine and Shadow, Mirth and Pathos in a Hospital for Unfortunate Children. How They Forget Pain in Play—Scenes in the Wards.

Only a crippled newsboy, swinging himself along with the aid of a crutch. Ah! Its hard lines for such a lad! But there is a place in this city where there are scores of such children even more helpless than he. It is the Crippled Children's hospital on Forty-second street.

They look bright and happy enough at first glance, as you see them at play in the big hall at the top of the building, with its four great wide windowed towers. They are laughing and shouting and playing as if they were as strong and as healthy as the children in the streets. As they swing high in the air in high backed chairs suspended from strong ropes or play ball and seek around the pillars, in the depths of the big windows and behind the screens. And they are very happy and bright when, for awhile, they forget their pain and quivering nerves, and shout with laughter, and as if many of the little heads and crooked backs were not bound up in hideous iron frames. And they trudge around the room after a runaway ball with as much zest as though the halting, tedious step and clanking braces did not hold them back at every turn.

Hark! What a rattle! Look down to the end of the hall. There is a great clatter going on, and out from the crowd fly half a dozen tricycles abreast, each manned by a girl of ten or thereabouts. With swiftly working feet and hands and shining eyes they roll down the long hall side by side. Evidently they are running a race. At the further end they wheel round and roll back again more slowly, guiding with expert hands their wheels through the seats or rows of advancing riders who had followed in their wake.

PAIN AFTER PLEASURE. All is not play, however, much as they enjoy it, and pretty soon some pale faced girl draws out to the side, and unfastening the straps that hold her foot in the step, she raises it on her knee and chafes it with her hands, while she moans with pain. Every afternoon the children come up here, and the paralyzed and lame remove one or both shoes and go through these exercises to strengthen their diseased limbs. It is all done under the eye of a skillful professor, who tempers every exercise to the condition of the little one. Sometimes when he fastens the straps of the tricycle the child utters a quick cry, and he must be lifted off the machine, being too tender to endure the exercise for that day.

There are the bars for paralytics at one end, where the child seats herself and with her hands on the opposite bar works herself with a swinging motion back and forth. This is to try to bring life back into the withered muscles, and after weeks of practice it sometimes succeeds. After play hour comes the hard part of the day, when the little ones gather in their wards, each in his or her own little chair, and wait for the surgeon to come and bandage them. Four o'clock is their dark hour, and it is with fearful faces and many a sigh that they wait the coming of the house doctor.

The nurses go from one to the other, loosening braces and straps and unwrapping bandages, and then with a quick step and business-like air, albeit with a kindly touch in his skillful fingers, the surgeon comes in and begins his work. And then there are pallid cheeks and clenched fingers and heavy struggles to hold back the cries that seem as if they would come out, and there are tears and moans from the little ones, whose baby hearts cannot understand the suffering they have come into.

WAITING FOR BREAD AND MILK. After an hour or so he finishes, the last bandage is fastened, the last brace firmly set in place and the last strap buckled down, and then the children move about a little while, putting away the doctor's utensils, picking up the scraps he has left and getting the room ready for their evening meal. They take their chairs again and, placing them in a row, one directly behind the other, sit down to wait until the waitress brings in their bowls of milk and heaping trays of bread.

The ward is divided into two sections, with a double row of tables in each. The children are stretched out in two rows in the rear of the tables. At the top of the nurse's bell, the first row rises and proceeds in an orderly manner up the side of the table till each child is opposite her place. They go pushing their chairs in front of them, but a few of the little ones could walk without this support.

When these were all in places the nurse tapped the bell again as a signal to those in the other section. There was a rush of wheels and a shrill, scraping sound. And then the bell tapped again, and instantly each tiny hand was folded and each head bowed, and in low, regretful voices these words sounded through the room.

"Our heavenly Father, we thank thee for giving to us this food, and we humbly ask thee to bless our strength to thy service Amen." And then there was a rattling of spoons, and each child fell to eating with as much enjoyment as though there were no such things as disease and braces and surgeons in the world. When the meal was over and the dishes removed the tables pushed back out of the way, and the girls brought out the bandage boxes and proceeded to roll bandages for the next twenty minutes, till every one was ready and packed away for the next day's dressing.

At 7 o'clock the little ones went to bed. There was much bothering over inconvenient back buttons on aprons and dresses, a sudden gleam of baby arms, so thin and wasted, unlacing of shoes and adjusting of braces and straps by the nurses, and then cool white night dresses obscured the bright heads for a moment ere they were buttoned into their places.

A Successful Missionary. One of the most successful missionaries in Oromiah is a blind Armenian from Harpool, Turkey. He knows the Bible thoroughly, and riding on a miserable little donkey, which is led by a one-eyed deaf man, he goes boldly from village to village preaching the Gospel. His blindness protects him, and the people crowd to see the wonder—a blind man reading.—Chicago Herald.

A visitor at a church in a big northern city, whose members are almost all rich and aged, and therefore conservative, described it as the "Church of Retired Christians."

A polar bear recently brought to San Francisco is treated to a bath of ice water every half hour to make him feel at home.

Lieut. Zaluski's Dynamite Gun.

A reporter happened to meet Chief Engineer George H. Reynolds, of the Pneumatic Torpedo Gun company when he was dilating upon the recent successful experiments, and it was evident that he had lost nothing of his well known enthusiasm. The peculiar Yankee smile of triumph overspread his handsome visage as he exclaimed:

"Yes, the newspapers and everybody else, on both sides of the water, have found out that the gun is a thing that has come to stay now! 'Nothing succeeds like success,' does it, in this world, eh? There is one thing about our gun, though, that the papers haven't got to understand yet, and that is what we can do with an iron shell. Now I don't care how many feet thick the plates are on the sides of a vessel, that's all right, we are going to shoot. The shot that did the business, for that schooner, exploded into splinters the other day exploded right under her, didn't it?—Just where Lieut. Zaluski meant that it should, and if I had her body out of the water, if he had wanted to hit her deck he could have done it by slightly elevating the range. Now the heavier the armor upon the sides of the ironclad the less she will be able to carry on deck and on her bottom. Take one of those big foreign war vessels, 400 feet long and seventy feet wide, what a target it would make for our gun. 'We wouldn't shoot at her sides; her deck and her bottom, where her plating is necessarily thin, would be where we would explode our shells; and whether the shell exploded on top or underneath, the result could only be destruction. Great Scott! what a smashup there would be! I tell you, boys, that ship would go to land the fish in a hurry, and all the people aboard would have to go along!'—New York Tribune.

A Louisiana Sugar Plantation.

A sugar plantation is divided by main ditches and runs into sections known in some parishes as "bous," in others as "strips" and in still others as "bleches." These have names familiar to all the people on the place. At Magnolia they talk of the "Polly Garden strip," the "Molly Shanty strip," the "North Front strip," the "Big Oak strip," etc. Each of these sections is subdivided by small ditches into fields containing an average of about twenty-five acres. Every well managed plantation is carefully mapped, and the planter, razing his eye over the map in his office, will tell you just what fields are in plant cane, in stubble cane or in cow peas. He plans his operations on his map as a general does a campaign. It is a stirring, fascinating business, which keeps a man on the alert, mentally and physically, and develops the most intelligent type of the country gentleman to be found in the south.

The cane cutting season begins the 1st of October. It would be advantageous to wait longer, for the canes are constantly sweetening their juices, but the danger is that the crop may not all be harvested before the frosts come. In Cuba, where there is no frost, the planter can continue to cut and grind until the new sap begins to flow in the stalks. Not infrequently it happens that a Louisiana planter raises more cane than he can work up in his mill before the cold weather of January sets in. The next year he reduces his acreage. The amount of land he can cultivate must depend on the capacity of his mill.—E. V. Smalley in The Century.

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