

CALLED TO MEET AT OMAHA.

The Third Party Nominating Convention to Assemble at the Nebraska Metropolis.

From Friday's Daily.

The joint committee in whose hands the matter was placed by the industrial conference in session at St. Louis, after an all day session selected Omaha, Neb., as the place for holding the nominating convention of the newly born third party, July 4. A formal call was issued. It repeats the platform adopted yesterday and urges all citizens who support the demands to meet the last Saturday in March, in their respective towns and villages, hold public meetings to ratify the demands, and take steps to organize preparatory to electing delegate to the national convention. It calls upon all duly qualified voters of the United States in favor of these principles, to send delegates to the national convention. The basis of representation is four delegates from each congressional district and eight delegates from each state at large, making the total number 1,773.

The address, in conclusion, says: "We call upon all citizens of the United States to help us make our principals triumphant. We believe that if the voters neglect their duties this year it may be impossible in any future canvass to protect the rights of the people, the homes of the land and the welfare of all future generations. We call upon all honest men to come to our support in this great contest."

A Surprised Zetetic.

Another of those pleasant gatherings that make the hearts of those who participate in them, feel that it was good to be there, was held last Thursday noon at the residence of Mrs. Ingersoll, who, with the assistance of her Zetetic sisters had caused to be spread an elegant lunch, in honor of one of their brightest and most worthy members, Mrs. H. D. Travis, who was about to leave their social circle and take up her abode in the city of Plattsmouth.

This good lady was lured from her home by one of the tribe, and transported among her friends surrounded by good things prepared in her honor and as a token of their love and esteem for her. After disposing of the good things in sight Mrs. S. C. Treat, president of the Zetetic, presented on behalf of her associates and herself, a beautiful souvenir spoon of solid silver, inside the bowl of the same the word "Zetetic" was engraved, while the handle was decorated with lilies of the valley and the letter T and 1892. This took the lady completely by surprise, but she attested her appreciation of the gift in a touching and pleasing manner.

The afternoon was spent in social chat and plans for the future welfare of the society they all so much enjoy before they bid a final adieu to one of their members whose association they will always remember with pleasure.—Weeping Water Eagle.

Engineer Geo. Ballance and Fireman, Lester Vivian, left this morning with engine No. 275 for New Castle, Wyoming. The engine is one of the large ones bought by the B. & M. and can be used at a better advantage on the New Castle division than on this end. That division now has all of the large engines.

Left for Blair.

Plattsmouth will now be represented in the Keely institute at Blair. This morning Billy Mostin and Selwin Kinkaid boarded No. 5 with tickets in their pockets for Blair, furnished them by the representative of the institute.

From Saturday's Daily.

Louisville is to have a new school house to be built by steam.

Mrs. F. A. Murphy, came in from Cedar Creek, to spend Sunday.

Miss Dora Fricke left last evening on the flyer for Glenwood, Iowa.

C. A. Manker, cashier of the Bank of Louisville, was in the city today.

Judge A. N. Sullivan is confined to his bed with an attack of the grip.

W. H. Royal, a leading farmer of Rock Bluffs precinct, was in the city yesterday.

Judge Ramsey issued a license to wed today to Benj. O. Tucker and Miss Edna L. Norris.

The referee sale of the inheritor estate took place today at the foot of the stair leading up to Rockwood hall.

L. G. Todd, one of Cass county's oldest citizens, is reported dangerously ill at his home, with a slight chance for recovery.

Mrs. Henry Hoffart and children departed this morning for their future home in western Nebraska. Mr. Hoffart having preceded them thither about a week previous. Mrs. Hoffart's sister, Miss Elizabeth Horn, accompanied them for short visit.

THE Y. M. R. CLUB.

A Rousing Meeting Held at the Council Chamber.

ANNUAL ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Thirty-five New Members Added to the Roll of Honor—a big Crowd in Attendance.

Pursuant to call of the president the young men's republican club met last night at the council chamber for the purpose of the election of officers. The meeting was called to order by the president, O. C. Smith.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. President Smith then stated the purpose of the meeting. On motion the club proceeded to the election of officers which resulted as follows:

President; J. L. Root, first vice president; W. J. Streight, second vice president; L. C. Stiles, secretary; M. N. Griffith, treasurer; S. P. Holloway.

The club then proceeded to the election of a board of control which consists of five members, one being elected from each ward: The following were chosen: First ward; L. E. Skinner, second ward; D. K. Barr, third ward; Wm. McCauley, fourth ward; Washington Smith, fifth ward; A. J. Graves.

Thirty-five new names were added to the already large list and at the next meeting thirty-five more will be added.

In accepting the office President Root made a neat and appropriate speech, which was received with applause.

Short talks were made by several prominent republicans, and they were unanimous, on one thing, and that was with the proper work the republicans would elect the entire city ticket.

The club then adjourned until Friday March 4th, at 8 o'clock, p. m.

They Will Miss Her.

Mrs. Bertha Swearigen and little son Thomas departed Tuesday noon to join her husband in their future home at Plattsmouth. The writer does not know of one single person in Elmwood who would be missed more than Mrs. Swearigen. Her home from her childhood has been here, and as she grew into womanhood her influence in charitable and christian work has been left. The choir at the christian church will seem wanting without her inspiring soprano voice, the church will miss her and her absence will be noted with regret at every social and charitable gathering. The Echo joins in wishing her, and her worthy husband and little son a life of happiness and prosperity in their new home.—Elmwood Echo.

Governor Boyd's Staff.

Adjutant-General Vilquin yesterday announced the personnel of Governor Boyd's staff. In nearly every case those formerly named were retained, including Hon John C. Watson, of Nebraska City. The staff comprises the following: Frank P. Ireland, Nebraska City, colonel, quartermaster, and commissary general; J. E. Summers, West Point, colonel, surgeon-general; Henry B. Mulford, Omaha, lieutenant colonel, inspector general; John C. Watson, Nebraska City, major, judge advocate general. The aides with the rank of colonel are J. E. Shervin, Fremont; W. H. Cowgill, Holdrege; J. S. Lebew, McCook; T. J. Hickey, Lincoln; W. E. Cody (Buffalo Bill), North Platte; James Holland, Broken Bow.

Harschman Won.

About 200 people were at Blinn's Hall, South Omaha, last night to see the wrestling match between Dan Leahy of Wisner, and Floyd Harschman of Avoca, Neb., for \$250 a side. The match was an old fashioned side hold, best three falls out of five. Leahy was the heavier but Harschman proved to be his superior in science and agility.

Leahy won the first fall in five minutes. The next was by far the prettiest fall of the evening. Harschman suddenly caught the "grape vine twist" and Leahy went down with a force that jarred the windows. Then each man had a fall apiece, and time was called for the fifth and decisive struggle.

It was hard fought throughout, but at the end of six minutes Harschman succeeded in sending the Wisner man to grass and was declared the winner. Billy Cushi of Omaha was referee.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict on the shooting of Myron Van Fleet at Hastings, by A. D. Yocum. The verdict ends saying that Van Fleet was killed by a pistol charged with powder and certain leaden bullets held in the hand of Aaron D. Yocum, being fired and discharged purposely, with premeditated malice by Aaron D. Yocum.

BROWNED IN THE PLATTE.

Mike Childs, of Louisville, While Hunting is Drowned.

Report comes from Louisville that last evening while a party of Louisville citizens were out hunting one was drowned. A party consisting of H. J. Baker, Ben Teodorski, Fred Metzger and Mike Childs, were hunting geese on the Platte near South Bend, the boat was overturned but they all escaped except Childs. His body has not as yet been recovered. He leaves a young wife to mourn his loss.

A Narrow Escape.

A Mr. Hoffman, a Bohemian employed in the B. & M. shops, had a narrow escape from a horrible death yesterday morning. While working under a car that had been raised from its trucks—being supported by large wooden blocks—one of the blocks gave way in such a manner as to pinion Mr. Hoffman's head between the car and one of its supporters. The poor man's cries attracted some of his fellow-workmen, but it was fully five minutes before the man could be removed. He was conveyed to the city and placed in charge of a physician. It was certainly a miraculous escape from death for if another block had fallen out his head would have been crushed to a jelly.

A Fatal Runaway Accident.

Peter Huffman, a well known Ote county farmer, received probably fatal injuries in a runaway yesterday. He was driving a light spring wagon when a runaway team attached to a heavy spring wagon came up behind. The runaways jumped clear over Mr. Huffman's wagon, alighting on the backs of his team. The heavy wagon was lifted in the air and settled down on its wheels, crushing it like an egg shell. Mr. Huffman was struck by the wagon tongue and knocked senseless. When taken from the wreck an examination showed three ribs broken and a bad gash in the head. His son, who was in the wagon with him, escaped unhurt.

A motion was made before Judge Archer to set aside the verdict in the Ellenbaum-Bilstein cow case, plaintiff has until next Saturday to produce affidavits.

The pile driver will be through work on the bridge this side of Pacific Junction and will leave tonight for other parts of the road. The B. & M. is fixing the bridges all over the road.

Dr. Chas. B. Manning, of Lincoln, filed his bond yesterday in the sum of \$10,000, with Thomas Cochran, John H. McClay, E. N. Cook and J. H. Hutchins as sureties and assumed charge of the asylum. He is, however, still rustling for the proper credentials to practice medicine in this state, with but a small chance of getting them.

Real Estate Transfer.

Following are the real estate transfers compiled by Polk Bros., abstracters and publishers of the Daily Report:

N. T. Mager and wife to Wm. Withing, w. d. \$2,000 w. s. of s. w. 4 and s. w. 5 and n. w. 3, 11, 10.

Albert Hewhall to John Rothwell, guardian, w. d. \$2,500 s. w. of s. w. 4, 10, 10.

O. H. Balfour and wife to Samuel Adams, w. d. \$2,000 lot 31, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

WAVERLAND.

A TALE OF OUR COMING LANDLORDS.

BY SARAH MARIE BURHAM.

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All things must change. Nothing that is new comes without a struggle. The sun today is yesterday's moon. The broken pot shards of the past. And all are ground to dust at last.

It was a day of mingled joy and sadness for Stella. To her, this new revelation of her father's early life was a source of infinite pleasure, but it was mingled with regret because of her great loss in his death. With Melvorne the past was full of precious memories, and with thoughtful kindness he anticipated Stella's slightest wish. After lunch and a ramble over the velvety lawn and through the fragrant park, we returned to the city. In the evening papers we read the announcement of our arrival and they also gave a lengthy description of a double wedding soon to take place.

When we parted that evening I bade Stella good-night, saying:

"Good-night, my darling, when we meet again I shall claim you as my own. No more separations then. It is only for a short time, still it looks long and tedious. You will write to me often, Stella dear?" I asked, as I held her to my heart in a close embrace.

"Yes, Lloyd, I will write often, for letters help to make time pass more quickly. But I hate to let you go," she said clinging to my arm.

"You know I must go to make Waverland ready for its illustrious little mistress!"

"Dear old Waverland, I shall soon see it once more! Kiss Myrtle for me. Bring her with you when—?" then she paused as though afraid to say more.

"Yes, dearest, I will bring her with me when I come to claim my bright, my bonny bride," I said, giving her a parting embrace.

It was a beautiful morning when I reached Waverland. I immediately set men to work repairing the place. The lodge at the gate I had taken down and set workmen to rebuilding it after the plan of one I had seen in Colorado. I had the lawn mowed, the walks re-graveled, the trees and shrubs trimmed and the old fountain once more gurgled forth its glees in silvery sprays. The sound of saw and hammer made music to my heart from every quarter, for I was preparing to receive my fairy star—my Stella!

The next day after my return I rode over to Sir Wren's to get Myrtle. When I came up the avenue I saw her in the poultry yard feeding the chickens, ducks and pigeons. The pigeons were flying about her, some of them even alighting on her head and shoulders.

What a picture of innocence and trust the group formed. Myrtle, with her sunny curls floating about her neck and shoulders, her rosy cheeks and laughing eyes and surrounded by the contented flock feeding from her gentle hands. But when she heard the horse's hoofs on the hard walk she turned, and seeing me, down went the little apron full of seeds and she came running toward me. The pigeons flew away in alarm, the ducks waddled off with a quack, quack, and the turkeys gobbled their disgust at being disturbed at meal time.

"O Lloyd!" cried Myrtle, putting her arms about my neck as soon as I had dismounted, "have you come for me?"

"You are very happy here I see," I said, taking her in my arms.

"I have had such a nice time. But do you want me to go home?" she asked, as though afraid of offending me.

"Yes I want you home if you are ready to go. Where is Annie?"

"She is in the house," said Myrtle, running on to tell the news. As she opened the drawing room door she exclaimed, "O Annie, Lloyd has come!"

I had followed her into the room where Annie lay upon a sofa. She seemed but a shadow of her own happy self.

"Why, Annie," I said, going to her, "are you ill?"



"You are very happy here, I see," I said, taking her in my arms.

"No," she said with a languid sigh. "But I am not very strong this summer. Papa says he is going to take me to Italy to bring back my roses."

"Why, why Lloyd, old boy, are you home?" said Sir Wren, coming into the room. "I just heard that you were in London, and that Waverland is to have a new mistress."

"Yes, I found my lost friend in the new world among the mountains of Colorado with Lady Irving. They had been traveling together for some months."

"What is it, papa?" asked Annie, looking first at her father and then at me.

"O, I remember now, my pet," said Sir Wren tenderly. "You have not heard the news yet."

"What news?" she asked bewildered.

"Why Lady Irving is to be married again, this time to her old friend, the Duke of Melvorne, and Sir Lloyd Waverland to Miss Stella Everet, grand-daughter of some English earl," he said. "But I thought this Miss Everet was your mother's governess," asked Sir Wren, turning to me with an inquiring look.

"So she was, Sir Wren," I answered, "but her grand-father was the late Earl of York."

"Then how came she to be in such a position in life?"

"Her father, Charles Edward Everet, married against his father's wishes and he disowned him for that cause," I explained.

"How does she become to be known and recognized now?"

"The Duke of Melvorne in some way discovered that she was his cousin. Then Stella's father left her as a part of his will a cryptogram, which when deciphered, explained who he was and where he came from. Melvorne has reinstated her to her rightful share as if her father had not been disowned."

"Strange," said Sir Wren, colloquizing, "that I never thought of that. I knew Melvorne's mother was an Everet. And now I come to think of it, Stella looks very much as Melvorne's mother did at her age. You know we were great friends at that time and I remember very well the time Charlie left home," said Sir Wren, becoming excited with the news.

"Have you found Stella?" asked Myrtle, who had been standing at my side listening very attentively.

"I have found her pet, and she will soon be with us at Waverland again," I said.

"Then I want to go home," said she.

"And leave your pet pigeons?" I asked. Her face clouded for a moment, then she said:

"Yes, for Stella would get me some more."

"Are you willing to leave Annie, when she has been so kind to you?"

"No, I will take Annie with me," she said, going to Annie as she spoke.

"Never mind me, dear," said Annie, in such a wailing tone as though life was a burden, "papa and I are going to travel."

"Well, Lloyd," said Sir Wren, taking my

hand in his, "I am glad Waverland is going to be reopened. Annie has been pining away ever since the old house has been closed."

"I am having some improvements made. It will be quite a respectable place when I get it finished."