

WHAT SHALL WE MAKE OUR SUNDAY?

That is to be the fate of our Sunday no one can tell. Its fate ought to be fair even noble when one thinks about the growth of common sense.

NEW PROOFS OF THE BENEFITS THE MCKINLEY LAW.

A correspondent from Buffalo writes as follows of the effect of the McKinley law on one industry in that city:

I called this week at the Tift Iron Works, this city, where are manufactured engines, boilers, and machinery of various kinds on an extensive scale but almost exclusively for the home market.

Mr. Charles L. Whiting, who is the manager of the works, said that they were up to their eyes in business, running every department to full blast at the present time.

He thought that the increasing demand for their goods from South America was largely due to the reciprocity clause of the McKinley law, which gave us a great advantage in Southern hemisphere would soon be a vast and rich market for the products of the American factory.

Mr. Whiting further added: "That in his dealings and other observation in business he has heard no criticisms of the new tariff law either from friend or foe of protection, and business men generally who are opposed to protection on general principles would be opposed at this time to any to any revision of the tariff."

The voter of Dutchess county, N. Y., had their opportunity Tuesday to pass judgment on the democratic party's action in stealing the seat of Senator Deane and they did it by turning out the democratic supervisors and electing republicans in their place.

In a republican form of government it is difficult to get away from this highest court of the people. Dave Hill captured the New York legislature by stealing several seats which belonged to republicans. That theft has enabled him to take snap judgment on his own party and take a new and partisan census of the state, but in every country where he stole seats in the legislature and robbed the people of their reputation he has been rebuked by having his agents in the boards of supervisors defeated in the recent elections. It is a warning to Hill and the democratic party. They can not defeat the will of the people for long, and in the theft last fall Hill but exposed his hand and allowed that his political methods are those of men who have in the past been punished by imprisonment rather than rewarded with office.

MILITARY OFFICERS AS INDIAN AGENTS.

The action of the house in passing an amendment to the Indian appropriation bill providing that the president may detail officers of the army to act as Indian agents whenever vacancies occur is a move in the right direction. There can be no dispute about the need of improvement in the Indian service, and experience has proved that the substitution of soldier for civilian is calculated to produce such an effect.

There is a point still in the case, and that is the fact that the Indians have a profound respect for military officers, and comparatively little or none at all for civil ones.

HOW OUR ROADS MAY BE IMPROVED.

I would have each state by a legislative enactment do at once two or three things in the direction of his movement, viz: procure and disseminate information by establishing a bureau where the facts relating to the expense, mechanical construction, care, durability, use and extent of the different kinds of roads shall be known and ascertained; than I would have some kind of state supervision and advisory assistance by a competent engineer and engineers appointed by the state in aid of road and bridge building and repairing upon scientific principles and upon a comprehensive and economical plan for the whole state; thirdly, I would have the state either own or control and maintain some through highways, connecting the principal towns in the state, and connecting these with the principal towns of neighboring states, where they are most needed, either for great public exigencies or for the great general use. The state would thus promote the equalization and the general reduction of expense of construction and maintenance of these main roads, and would give a profitably example and a strong incentive to the adjunct towns to construct better contributory roads as feeders to the main ones. I would have the state divide the expenses of this scheme of road betterment in the tax levy, so that part of it should be apportioned to the whole state, part to the counties through which the roads ran, and part to the towns. And, further, I would have this tax levy kept small and the investment adequate and quickly made by the business man's method of borrowing the money on long loans. It would thus be easily paid out of the profits by those shuring them.

RISING OF THE STORM.

From the small town of Charlotte Monroe county, N. Y., comes a story that shows the desperate device to which the democrats of that state are ready to resort. When the polls opened at the recent election for supervisors the republicans found that the name of their candidate had been entirely omitted from the official ballots which the law compels all voters to use and that of his democratic competitor inserted in it instead; not only that but the names of the republican inspectors of election were also left off these so called official ballots, which were printed in the job office of a leading democratic organ of Western New York, published in Rochester.

But the game was not successful. Hardly had the polls been opened when the rascality was discovered and the democratic election officials were compelled to allow the republicans to use pasters so that they could vote for their candidate. It was by methods akin to this that the legislature of the state was made democratic at the election last November and Mr. Flower became governor. So swiftly has come the revulsion against democratic outrages in the legislature that the party in full possession of the state government for the crime will hardly dare, even at the command of David B. Hill, to venture upon taking of a state census and basing upon it a redistricting of the State for the election of members of the State Senate and Assembly in such manner as to make both branches of the Legislature Democratic for the ensuing decade. That is the purpose of Hill; that has been his design ever since he rose to supreme power within his party in his State. There is nothing in his public career to render it possible that he will desist from his purpose because of any consideration for the rights of the people or public decency. With him in politics the only question has been whether a thing can be done and whether it will be for his immediate personal benefit to do so. At present it is plainly his opinion that his personal interest demand a State census and a new apportionment of Senators and Assemblymen among the sixty counties of the State, and he is not likely to be turned from his design by the rebuke he and his party have just received at the polls in the spring elections. Some of his followers may hesitate in the Legislature but they will speedily be forced into line.

It is, however, consoling to know as is learned from the late elections that the people of New York are at last aware of the danger with which they are threatened and that they can undo at the next election whatever of damage Hill and his tools can now do. They will require a majority in the Legislature large enough to overcome an executive veto, but if these spring elections are any indication of popular sentiment they will be sure to have it. While Hill is hunting in the South for delegations to the National Democratic convention, the people of his State are nursing the wrath which is to destroy him and his schemes, as his prototype Aron Burr was destroyed.—Inter Ocean.

Iowa's Democratic Reformers.

Iowa's democratic senate has 78 servants to wait on its members that are paid regular salaries out of the state treasury, while the republican house has only 56 and yet the republican senate has just twice as many members as the democratic senate. Iowa's tax-payers thus have a conspicuous illustration of the economy and "Jeffersonian simplicity" of the reformers who have been so industriously howling for reform while frantically struggling to reach the state treasury. The Register will be pleased to hear from the taxpayers of the state in this regard. While Iowa has been almost steadily republican, has no debt and low taxation, Indiana has been as constantly democratic, now has a state debt of \$9,000,000, and has always had higher taxation than Iowa. The Register has constantly warned the tax-payers of Iowa of the threatened dangers of democratic government, and the warnings have now been verified in the profligacy of the "reform" democratic senate, the very first opportunity democratic "reformers" have had in over 30 years to get both hands and both feet in Iowa's treasury. Such is "reform" by Iowa's "reform" democratic "reformers."—Register.

DAVID B. HILL can not break into the white house with a jimmy, says Governor Peck, of Wisconsin. The governor then adds, so that he may not be misunderstood, "He and the other political burglars associated with him will come to grief before election day." This is strong language and we are very sorry that Governor Peck did not speak sooner, when the republicans were drawing their indictment against

"the political burglars" who stole the state of New York. But all that time the Wisconsin humorist, like most democrats, thought it was extremely funny to see Hill steal a seat for the party. Since Hill has refused to divide, and it is clear that he stole New York only for himself, the Cleveland democrats see the reverse side, which is no funny at all.

ELMIRA's election returns constitute the first piece of good news that Cleveland has received since 1892 began.

Sr. JOHN is trying to rejuvenate the prohibition party with a view of course to securing another contract with the democratic national committee as a campaign speaker at the rate of \$50.00 per day.

Real Estate Transfer

Following are the real estate transfers compiled by Polk Bros., abstractors and publishers of the Daily Report: Daniel McCurdy and wife to J. J. Shannon w. d. \$500 pt lot 13k 13, Eagle. K. B. Dunken and wife to K F Schulte, w. d. \$1,200 e 1/4 sw 1/4 1/2-13-9.

Ample Amusement.

Wardner has been favored to a week of delightful dramatic performances that has been rewarded by generous support from our citizens, as crowded and delighted audiences have been in attendance every evening. The pieces presented embrace drama, comedy farce and a spice of the modern sensation play that appeals to both eyes and ear, making realistic the work of the actor in many ways besides in the mere rendition of his lines. To produce the pleasing results obtained and to mingle in charming harmony, genuine pathos with as loud and joyous laughter as ever rang through the halls of a theatre, we have been introduced to those goodly representatives of art, mirth, and melody, Eva and Felix Vincent. Both Mr. and Mrs. Vincent are artists in the fullest sense of the word, and the rendering of the various characters they assume leaves nothing to be desired. Where so diversified a repertoire of pieces has been offered it is difficult to particularize, and in following the joys and sorrows of "Old Phil Stapleton," the native simplicity and arch naivete of the "Bonnie Fishwife," the vicissitudes of "Chip" of the ferry, the quiet but unctious humor of "Silent Bill," for in each and every instance the Vincents have proved themselves equal to the best artists of the day. With out wishing to appear invidious the News cannot refrain from making special mention of the charming rendition of the comedy of "Our Boys." Mr. Vincent was so truly natural as Perkin Middlewick, the actor was forgotten and nothing was seen but the old buttermilk. His support throughout was of the best and set in an appropriate frame what may be considered one of the very best specimens of American dramatic dramatic art. Similar comment is due to Eva Vincent for her glorious performance of the "Bonnie Fishwife," her Scotch dialect is perfect and we almost fancied ourselves within the limits of the "Saut" market when hearing her charming rendition of "Caller Herring."—Wardner News.

Brown & Barrett were successful in securing the agency for Nebraska of the only house in the U. S. who make a specialty of new designs of wall paper for city trade. The people of Plattsmouth should call at their store and see the new things just out in the wall paper line.

HELPLESS. Chicago, Ill. I was confined to bed; could not walk from lame back; suffered 5 months; doctors did not help; 2 bottles of ST. JACOBS OIL cured me. No return in 5 years. FRANCIS MAURER. "ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

The Triumph of Love! Happy and Fruitful Marriage. Every MAN who would know the GRAND TRUTHS, the Plain Facts, the Old Secrets and the New Discoveries of Medical Science as applied to Married Life, should write for our wonderful little book, called "A TREATISE FOR MEN ONLY." To any earnest man we will mail one copy entirely free, in plain sealed cover. "A Refuge from the Quacks." THE ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

WAVERLAND. A TALE OF OUR COMING LANDLORDS. BY SARAH MARIE BRIGHAM. Copyrighted, 1886.

"No! No! came in a deafening roar from the excited crowd." "Well, then, hear who my candidate is, and stand by him. I have for my candidate the name of Lord Waverland!" (Cries of, "No landlord!" "No dictation!" filled the air. For a time it was a maddened and defiant crowd.)

As the meeting closed the waiting people gathered about to shake hands with their hero. He is young, tall, slender and possessing in his manners, his looks declare him to be a perfect gentleman. He cannot be called eloquent, but he impresses his hearers with the feeling that he is thoroughly in earnest, and in sympathy with their cause. When he shook hands and spoke to everyone who could possibly approach him, he sent each one home feeling that he was their friend, and would stand by them with his life if need be.

When I reached home Stella met me at the door saying: "I know all!" "How did you hear?" "I was at the village and had communication brought me every half hour. Do you think I would stay at home and know you were in danger, if a riot should take place? No, I must be near and know the worst, at least," she said, as she gave me a welcoming kiss.

"Then you were going to be my guardian angel and watch over me, were you, little woman?" I asked, leading her into the house. "Yes, Loyd, if there is such a thing as holding a charm over another's life, I would exercise that power and always shield you from harm."

"You do hold a charm, my sweet, precious wife. Your love for me gives me power to resist evil, and for your sake I am ambitious. To-day has brought out possibilities that will call forth all the untapped energies of my nature, and I need your help and advice to give me courage to overcome the difficulties that lie before me."

"Dear Loyd, you know you always have all the encouragement I can give you. I am proud of my noble husband!" she said, with confiding love. "But do you think Mr. Parnell will elect his men?" "Yes, I believe he will. He has now gained his point in one of the worst counties in all Ireland! I think every man went home in sympathy with him and ready to work as he directs. Here comes the Colonel; he'll tell us how quietly they conduct such meetings in America," I said, welcoming the Colonel with a cordial hand shake.

"I think that if a crowd of Americans had been determined to fight as your people seemed to-day, it would have taken more than Parnell to have quieted them; though he is a wonderful man, I must confess, so calm, so quiet and yet possessed of so much magnetic force that he can command the obedience of all who come within the power of his voice. What a general he would make in the army! I do not wonder now why England is uneasy. If he holds to his purpose and can elect his men to stand by him, he will be a power she may well fear and strive to conciliate."

"No, it is against her principles to admit that she is in the wrong. If she grants any request she will try to put such a mortgage on coming generations that you will never dare to ask anything more," he said. "But Parnell will never bind our people by any iron clad mortgages that will trammel the liberty of Ireland," I said, as we went in to dinner. CHAPTER LIV.—THE PICNIC. "It is such beautiful weather, let's have a picnic to-day," said Stella, one morning at breakfast. "Then it's the very last chance we will have while Col. Haynes is with us. Are you really going day after to-morrow?" she asked of him. "Yes, Lady Waverland, I must go; then, I will stay and see Lord Waverland elected."

which will take place to-morrow, the most near myself away. But I am to picnic to-day," he said, with animation. "A picnic!" cried Myrtle, innocently eited, for, to her, a picnic represents fairy world. "Who shall we ask to join our party?" asked Stella. "We'll stop for the St. Clair's. They always play for pleasure. You remember them; the girls were those good arch that were here the night of our return, explained to the Colonel. Then the Johnny O'Rock. We must ask him Annie's sake. He thinks she is the girl worth looking at in all the world." "But wait," said Stella. "I must see there is anything in the house fit lunch," and away she tripped as happy as a lark. "Waverland, you are the most fortune man alive in having your own such a glor wife. If I could only find such a dear li woman to brighten my life, I should be happy as a king."

"You may well say that. I have the women of all the world that could n be so happy. But there are other, fr whom you may choose one just as dear yon." Soon the arrangements were completed. The old family carriage came to the door. Myrtle was inside eager to start. The lunch basket, fishing tackle, some bows and arrows, a croquet set and any and everything that could possibly add pleasure to the party, was placed in a light wagon with a number of servants to accompany us. With happy hearts we started for Sir Wren's.

As we passed through the little tenant village we saw many a pleasant face, eager for a smile from the "swate ladydy!" "Are you doing anything to help my sense in the coming election?" I asked of Stella. "Only remembering old acquaintances and making a few new ones," she said. "I can see a great change in the condition of the people on your estate since last year."

"I know they are more comfortable and I think more contented. But who could blame them for being discontented? Hunger and cold would affect even my placid temperament," I said, laughing. "Yes, the old adage that 'if you give an Englishman a good dinner, then nothing can harm him,' holds good the world over," said Col. Haynes.

"Here we are at St. Clair's; you are the proper one to invite them, I think," said Stella to me. Away I went, like a school boy on a holiday, nearly falling over the shaggy little pug, that came barking at my feet. I rang the door bell and Miss Sarah came herself to answer the call. I made known my errand and found that four would join us. At O'Rock's we found three. So we were to have quite a party. When we reached Sir Wren's, Annie came running down the steps to meet us, exclaiming in a gay voice: "What mischief is on foot now? You all look so happy!" "A picnic!" cried Myrtle, eager to tell the news.

"The St. Clair's and O'Rock's will join us," said Stella, as we entered the hall. Sir Wren entered into the pleasure with the young people and declared he was going too. When the company had gathered, we all started for the lake. The St. Clair girls were fine looking, sensible and full of life. George, their brother, was just budding into manhood, and was preparing for admission to the bar. Nellie O'Rock was a lively brunette, saucy and ready for mischief. Johnny was the wit of the party, making us laugh at his original witticisms in spite of ourselves. The young lady who was visiting the O'Rock's was a fashionable belle and a languid beauty.

When we arrived at the lake we left our carriages in the care of the drivers, giving orders for our provisions and implements of pleasure to be brought to the Turk's cottage in about an hour. We entered the yacht, cruised about a while to enjoy the scenery, then landed at the cottage. There we separated into groups as best suited us, and began to ramble over the beautiful grounds. I was very much amused to see the way the Colonel and Johnny O'Rock maneuvered to gain Annie for a companion in their walks. But Annie was ready for mischief, and putting her arms about Stella's waist she led the way to the old abbey that had been a ruin so long that the ivy had mantled its broken walls and made them an object of beauty, and the tall yew trees in front shaded it from the sun.

"What a delightful place this must have been! Such a quiet retreat from everything that could vex or annoy!" said Annie, with half serious and half comic expression. "Just think," said Nellie O'Rock, "here once stood a grand old cathedral with holy men and women reverently kneeling before their sacred shrines; but now the solemn eye and web-winged bat hold their nightly revelries here and conduct the service." "Just see," said Stella, "how nature has covered these brown and broken walls and windows with twining vines whose tiny rootlets creep and cling among the crevices from nave to transept." "Nature always loves the beautiful and hastens with her offerings to cover all things repulsive or disagreeable," said the Colonel, as we stood looking at the old ruins. From the abbey we walked through the cloister, whose broken pavement seemed still to echo the tread of ancient friars, telling over their heads and mingling with their prayers the loves of their early days. Continued on Seventh Page.