

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald, KNOTTS BROS., Publishers & Proprietors.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENT'N. Call for the Meeting at Lincoln in October.

The Republican electors of the state of Nebraska are requested to send delegates from the several counties to meet in convention at the opera house, in the city of Lincoln, Wednesday, October 5, 1887, at 8 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of selecting delegates to the national convention...

THE APPOINTMENT. The several counties are entitled to representation as follows, being based upon the vote cast for Hon. John M. Thayer, governor, in 1885, giving one delegate to each county, one delegate-at-large to each county, and one for each 150 votes and the major fraction thereof.

Table with columns: COUNTY, VOTES, COUNTY, VOTES. Lists counties and their respective vote counts for the Republican State Convention.

It is recommended that no proxies be admitted to the convention except such as are held by persons residing in the counties from which proxies are given.

WALTER M. SHELLEY, Secretary, GEORGE W. BURTON, Chairman.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

- For Treasurer: D. A. CAMPBELL. For Clerk: BERT CRITCHFIELD. For Recorder: WM. H. POOL. For Superintendent of Public Instruction: MAXNARD SPINK. For Sheriff: J. C. EIKENBARY. For Judge: CALVIN RUSSELL. For Clerk of District Court: H. J. STREIGHT. For County Commissioner: GEORGE YOUNG. For Surveyor: A. MADOLE. For Coroner: HENRY BECK.

Commissioner Foltz must run this time on his merits. The county seat rack can't be worked this time Mr. Foltz!

When Higgins and Co. (i. e. Sherman) get to be county treasurer of Cass county, we are going to have free lumber!

Mr. Showalter for clerk of district court and Dr. Siggins for coroner are the only nominees from the east end of the county and Dr. Siggins is so recent he can't count.

It is said that Field Marshal Sherman is very proud of his county treasurer. If there is any one thing our neighbor does on, it is finances. How would Bro. Sherman do for deputy treasurer, any way?

Wiggins for weather, and Higgins for treasurer! It seems to us, speaking in a Pickwickian sense, that about all there is left of the democratic party in Cass county is Higgins and Wiggins.

Shall we have free whiskey or free lumber? is the question. The republicans want the former, democrats the latter.—Journal.

The head of the man who penned the foregoing piece of idiosyncrasy is hereby tendered the democracy of Cass county, free from any duty, except that it be used to found the prohibition soukey.

The Louisville Courier-Journal announces that "the democrats must prepare to fight the labor vote." The labor vote can not consistently be given to any principle or purpose which the democratic party now advocates or ever did advocate, and it looks as if it would be the democrats only alternative to fight the labor vote.

Outings leads off this month with a thoroughly technical and authoritative paper on Fencing. In A BOY WITH FOOLS, Mr. Eugene Van Schaick, President of the Knickerbocker Fencing Club, and one of the most expert amateur swordsmen in this country, presents the exercise in clear and scientifically explanatory language, useful alike to the tyro and the proficient. The text is further assisted by illustrations taken from instantaneous photographs of matres d'armes and every position, lunge or parry may be relied on as absolutely correct.

Hyar's de Coon for Yer Money.

John! long hyar, joooon! over thar, Hear what I tell ye when I deela. Hyar's de nig for ye, honey! Withless yer wails, Beck up yer boots, Do all yer chores till ole Gabriel toots. Hyar's de coon for yer money.

When de country rimeans under light ob moon, Set de dogs-a-john on de track ob coon, cind a log all rotten boardin' e but pak; Quet and break in open-golly, and skank! Hyar's de coon for yer money!

Henry Watterson, writing to the Louisville, Ky., Courier-Journal, from New York, where he has spent a week studying the political situation, talks with characteristic plainness. The following is an extract from his letter:

If the leaders of the democratic party had possessed the wisdom and the courage honestly to meet the issues which have given vitality to this labor movement we should not now be menaced by it, but should have it for an ally. It should never have ceased to be an associate. The timidity and self-interest which have characterized democratic leadership in the east are responsible for its disaffections, and, at the same time, for a delay of ten years in popular education. There is now, however, no help for it. The democratic party must fight its battle next year with the labor vote cast in the scale against it. To do that with any show of success it must put itself right in the coming session of congress with the true interests of labor, whether the laborer sees it or not. It must boldly proclaim the truth. It must boldly stigmatize and expose falsehood and fraud. It must yield nothing and fear nothing. The issue is low taxes against high taxes; cheap living against free whiskey; manhood against monopoly. Nor can we begin too soon, having delayed already too long. We must show by our acts as well as our words—that the truth—that we are the workingman's only hope, his only friend, his shield and buckler, with brains to know his wants and sympathy to be impressed by them, and no foolish terror at being called by any name for his and for our own sakes. Unless the democratic party be a party of the people, bound and sworn to save the people's country from the money devil, it is a mere bundle of factions, good only for an occasional bonfire.

The Quaker Medicine Company Respectfully ask some very plain questions: Can Consumption be cured or even benefited? Can a Cold be cured or even stopped? Can you expect to be even relieved by any medicine or physician?—No you cannot, if you simply change the temperature of your body three or four times a day—for every change you add to your cold—Mothers, your children's health and your future happiness demands of you consistent love. Shall vanity make your life miserable, ending only in death. Dr. Watson's New Specific Cough Cure is the result of science. Price 50c and \$1. It is warranted by the following druggist. W. J. WARRICK.

Vices of Our Home and School Education.

Bishop Huntington, in the Forum for October: The Prussians have a saying, that whatever you wish to have appear in the life of a nation, you must put it into its schools. Will the republic be ennobled, then, by the citizenship of a generation taught in childhood to believe that as soon as children can be taught to go alone on their feet they should be permitted to go alone in their judgment, their manners, and their principles? A pleasant aphorism of a German poet, that a wise age reverences the dreams of its youth, appears to frighten parents from setting up a rule in their own houses. The children are consulted as to what they like, which is well enough; with the important limitation that a large part of the divinely appointed business of their fathers and mothers is to teach them what they ought to like. It is reckoned despotic to coerce nature, as if we did not bring into the world our nature, a great deal of which, unless somebody does coerce it, ruins us. Earlier and earlier the reins are tossed on the neck of juvenile inclinations, till that period of beautiful and blessed subjection which Saxon heroes once knew as boyhood and girlhood is eaten away by a premature and offensive self-assertion, and instead of boys and girls, we have only little men and little women. Some futile attempts are made, too late, to hire or bribe the virtues which might have been healthily grown under a sturdier nature. Indulgence ends in misery. Sharper cruelty can hardly be done to a child than to leave him to himself in those things in which God ordains the parent

to act over him and for him. Whenever we come to be a lawless land, we certainly shall after four or five lawless nations have grown up in it, this "great country" will be a great grave of true freedom of manly virtue, and a pure peace. Where the young are brought up to obey, not coaxed or supplicated to obey, in explicit allegiance to a dominion in the family, the foundation is laid for a social fabric. From home legislation the first transfer was to school. The same firm hand of law, strict and merciful, and merciful because it is strict, is meant to take him up there too, holding him and guiding him. The whole apparatus of education, from top to bottom, fails unless it chastens and moulds the mind to orderly methods. Not more self-reliance but more intellectual humility, is now our national want. Orators forget that the reaction from mental tyranny finally achieves its object, and that it is small gain if we escape from the terrors of the single tyrant only to encounter the terrors of the mob. To create in the scholar a patient, modest and obedient action of the whole intellectual nature is a benefit that lasts on in the personal experience and makes an abiding element in character, opening the soul to all the light of truth. Of two graduates from college, one carries out a store of things learned, the luggage of his mind. Another carries the secret how to learn, which is the better part of wisdom, and faculties set in the order of the Maker's plan. Which will be the master of his place and the master of other men in the fight of after years, who can doubt?

Mourning for a Chief.

Sunnatonna is dead. His life passed peacefully away at noon on Sunday. Sunnatonna held two important and lucrative posts. He was an Otee chief and a policeman. His mercenary friends dressed him three times for the grave, thinking, no doubt, that this would hasten his death. When the agency people learned this they had him brought in from camp, dismissed his covetous friends, and coaxed him back to life again; but his fate seemed sealed from the first, and the white flag waves over one more grave on the hillside, and one less is there to receive ration.

Sunnatonna was a clean, tasteful Indian. He had a pleasant face and a smile for every one. The clerk had given him a pair of alligator slippers in exchange for a pair of moccasins. Sunnatonna's wife had made him a dressing gown out of certain calico; and what with these signs of civilization, and his cleanly habits and genial disposition, Sunnatonna was beloved by more than the wife whom he left to mourn for him, and he will be missed by others than his immediate kinsfolk.

Around Sunnatonna's deathbed stood his wife and some near and distant relatives. When it was known that he was dead his wife mourned quietly but sincerely. She took the scissors and clipped a piece of her long black hair and placed it under her husband's head. Then she gashed her face with the scissors. The other women were loud in their lamentations, especially one, who seemed frantic. The reporter learned later that the one who mourns the loudest receives a gift of something. However, his wife seems sincere in her grief. She is beside his grave early in the morning and late in the evening. She wanders through the agency like one bewildered. Her simple belief points to a meeting in the Indians' happy hunting grounds.—Otee Agency Cor. New York Sun.

One of Mrs. Langtry's Admirers.

One day a youth of great frankness and good humor was introduced to Mrs. Langtry. He looked into the cool depths of her clear gray eyes for a moment, and then said: "You had a tremendous effect on me the first time I saw you, Mrs. Langtry." "Did I?" said the Lily, musically. "Overwhelming. I was strolling down town on a very clear and snappy November day two years ago, ruminating on the chance of the stock market, when I glanced up suddenly and met your eyes. They were looking directly into mine. You wore a green velvet gown and your cheeks were red from the brisk breeze. I halted involuntarily and gazed a thousand miles into your eyes, and then pulled myself together, and made an awkward apology for my rudeness. I didn't know anything during the next ten minutes, but when I came to, I was about half a mile beyond, and thrashing ahead in a style that would have dismayed an express train. I was almost on a run, and I swept people aside as though they were so much chaff"—he stopped half breathlessly, and then added: "I'm rushing ahead rather fast now, eh?" "Rawther," said the Lily amusedly. "Well, my object in telling you about it is to apologize for staring at you so hard." "I remember the incident very well," said Mrs. Langtry, "and it doesn't require an apology at all. Women adore such affronts as that." She kept smiling at the man as she talked with such an air of thorough good nature and good fellowship, that she reduced him in a twinkling to the same extraordinary condition that had characterized him when he made the run after he had looked a thousand miles into her eyes that November day.—Blakely Hall in The Argonaut.

On the Aghianistan Frontier.

The modus operandi of manipulating the khalian likewise comes in for a slight modification here. The ordinary Persian method before handing the water pipe to another, is to lift off the top while taking the last pull and thus empty the water-chamber of smoke. The Tabbasites accomplish the same end by raising the top and blowing down the stem. This mighty difference in the manner of clearing the water-chamber of a hubble-bubble will no doubt impress the minds of intellectual Occidentals as a remarkably important and valuable piece of information. Not less interesting and remarkable will likewise seem the fact that the flour-frescoed proprietors of these queer little Tabbas greek mills are nothing less than the bazaar mark between that portion of the water pipe smoking world which blows the remaining smoke out and that portion which inhales it. The Afghan, the Indian and the Chinaman adopt the former method; the Turk, the Persian and the Arab the latter.—Thomas Stevens in Outing.

PLAYING MESSENGER BOY.

How a Young Chap Managed to Hear a Famous Parliamentary Debate.

"I would like to have been in London on Jubilee day," said a prominent business man. "It would have been great fun to have studied the people who made up the tremendous crowds on the streets that day. I was in London on the day that the Gladstone ministry resigned, a year or two ago, and I had some odd experiences. I wanted very much to be present at the session of the house of commons, because every one believed there would be extraordinary excitement. I went to Mr. Waller, the American consul, and secured a letter to Mr. O'Connor, the consul, however, assuring me that the chances were against me. He thought that if I could get the letter to Mr. O'Connor's hands I would succeed, but he did not believe that I could get the letter to Mr. O'Connor.

"I went to the parliament house to find a great crowd of prominent and distinguished people endeavoring to gain admission. The difficulty I soon discovered was to have the three or four lines of policemen give any attention to the letters carried by persons who presented them. I noticed, however, that messengers and telegraph boys came through the lines without being questioned or detained. I am not a very large man, and I at once determined to go through the three lines of policemen in the character of a messenger. I buttoned my coat, put my hat on the back of my head, ran around until I got into a fume, then taking O'Connor's letter in my hand made a dash for the door. To the first policeman who attempted to check me I showed the letter addressed to Mr. O'Connor and made vehement and hurried explanation to the effect that the letter must be in Mr. O'Connor's hands before the session opened.

"The next man along to the next line and the hustled man hustled me to the next, and I went through the three lines of policemen by the man who stood on guard. Once inside I asked for Mr. O'Connor, presented my letter, explained how I got in, and he, laughing pleasantly over the incident, gave me a good send-off, and I heard the famous debate to great advantage. I was one of the few Americans who gained admission that day to the house of commons, and I did it by playing messenger boy. On adjournment I fell back into my old part because I had noticed that each one of the members had written his name on a card and placed it in the seat he occupied, and it occurred to me that these would be interesting as autographs of the distinguished members. I gathered an assortment of many of them, and they make a very curious collection.—Chicago Inter-Ocean "Christstone Crayons."

Charity in Paris.

I have been trying to calculate how much charity the opera suffers from. The Opera Comique fire should get from the various relief funds which have been started. The task has proved too hard for even approximate accuracy, but I take it every victim will be able to buy a cottage and a cow, and at least the indispensable three acres. There will be enough left to keep the male victims in cigars for life, and to present each female sufferer with a pair of diamond earrings. I should explain, however, that this rough estimate makes no allowance for the cost of "administration." I dare say half of it may be swallowed up in "expenses." Poor victims! They will have to do without the cigars and the diamonds. Really, one cannot help indulging in savage jokes of this kind if one watches the comedy that is being played here. This charity? Well—of a kind it may be. But it is both the cheapest and the dearest kind I have ever seen, and it will be strange indeed if it "covers a multitude of sins." Two or three fates and balls are pretenses for puffery, vehicles for vanity. Actors and actresses, journalists and generals, duchesses and demimondaines, have all been beating the drum on the back of charity. The newspapers have opened subscription lists to show the public how much more support they have than their rivals. A dresses organized a theatrical performance because the moment is favorable for introducing the unknown works of her literary proteges. Miss Sky-lark, the singer who was hooted off the stage so cruelly, gets up a matinee. "Why?" "She wishes to wrap her appeal for the pardon of the public in a 200-line note." The military fête at the Opera degenerates into an excuse for shouting "Vive Boulanger!" If I wished I could go on explaining away this "charity" for half an hour.—Paris Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Is It "Neither" or "Nether"?

The pronunciation of the word "neither" is very generally considered to be a matter of taste. Most dictionaries give both pronunciations, but good speakers invariably give the long e sound, although the long i sound is generally supposed to have no more serious objection than being somewhat affected, and is a pronunciation often adopted by clergymen, especially Episcopalians. It is however, incorrect, as its origin will show. It is well known that the German pronunciation of e is long, as "das feid," the enemy, while the English rule is to pronounce the diphthong as long e, as "receive." The long e sound was invariably given in "neither" by their rivals. A dresses organized a theatrical performance because the moment is favorable for introducing the unknown works of her literary proteges. Miss Sky-lark, the singer who was hooted off the stage so cruelly, gets up a matinee. "Why?" "She wishes to wrap her appeal for the pardon of the public in a 200-line note." The military fête at the Opera degenerates into an excuse for shouting "Vive Boulanger!" If I wished I could go on explaining away this "charity" for half an hour.—Paris Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Hebrew Capital in New York.

On all New York commercial exchanges the Hebrews are seen among the most influential members. In banking their capital is set down at \$100,000,000. The clothing trade is almost entirely in their hands. From Canal street to Union square, of the 1,200 Broadway firms over 1,000 bear Hebrew names, and the adjoining side streets are filled with their places. On a Jewish holiday that part of the city seems deserted. Max Weil is the richest Jew in the city, his figure being estimated at \$5,000,000. Following him are forty other millionaires of the same race. The Hebrew capital in the Cotton Exchange is over \$6,000,000, and of city real estate they hold at least \$100,000,000. An estimate of the annual transactions of the wholesale trade of New York done by Hebrews puts the figures at \$302,000,000. It is a strange fact that there are comparatively few Jews in Brooklyn.—New York Star.

Working a Commission.

The state dairy commission is in a pickle. Commissioner Ives some time ago made the statement that no cow's milk, under the legal test, would go above 6 per cent. After this he went to the Farmers' institute, at Farmington, and while there was presented with a sample of milk that under test went 11 per cent. The eyes of the commission and the grangers bulged out at this and will remain so until they read this and learn that the sample was carefully extracted from sheep owned by Carl Judson. Commissioner Ives will understand the miracle then.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Mrs. Patrick Briody, who recently arrived in New York with her husband and four daughters, is a grandniece of Daniel O'Connell, the Milesian patriot.

\$150 SOUTH PARK \$150

For the next few weeks choice of lots in South Park may be had for \$150. Purchaser may pay all in cash; or one-half cash, the other half in one year; or, one third cash, balance in one and two years; or \$25 cash, remainder in monthly installments of \$10; or, any one agreeing to construct a residence worth \$2,500 and upwards will be given a lot without further consideration.

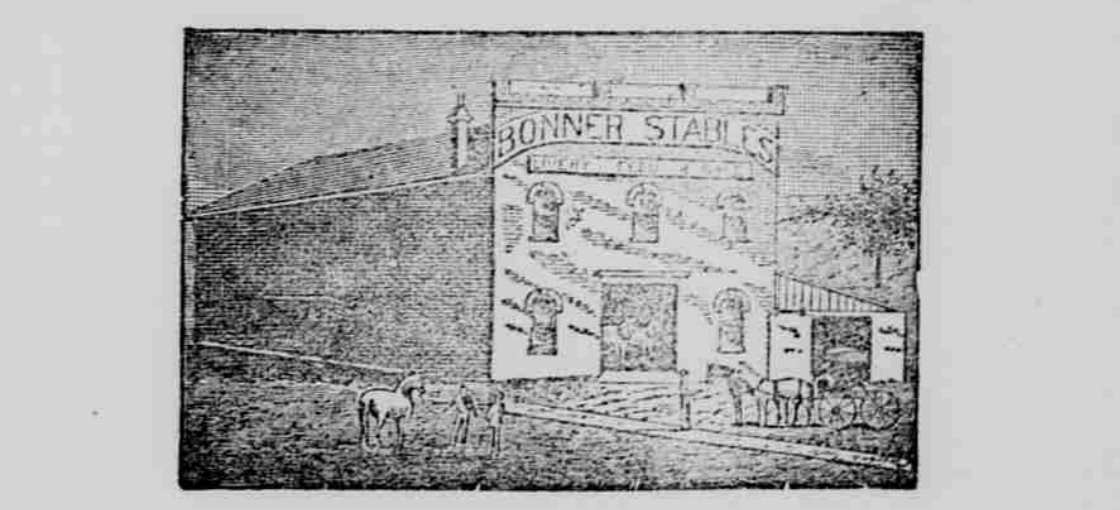
NOW IS THE TIME to select your residence lots, even though you should not contemplate building at once. One visit to South Park will convince the most skeptical that it is the most desirable residence locality in the city, and we will add, that the most substantial class of buildings of which Plattsmouth can boast for the year 1887, are now being constructed in this handsome addition.

Beautiful Shade Trees OF MOST EVERY DESCRIPTION ADORN THE LOTS. PLEASANT DRIVES around and through the entire tract.

Any one desiring to construct a cottage or a more pretentious residence in South Park, can examine a large selection of plans of the latest style of residences by calling at our office. Any one desiring to examine property with a view to purchasing, will be driven to the park at our expense. South Park is less than three fourths of a mile from the Opera House. It can be reached conveniently by either Chicago or Lincoln Avenues, or south on 7th street.

CALL ON R. B. Windham or John A. Davies, OVER CASS CO. BANK.

BONNER STABLES



Have anything you want from a two-wheeled go cart to a twenty-four passenger wagon.

CARRIAGES FOR PLEASURE AND SHORT DRIVES,

are always kept ready. Cabs or tight carriages, pull-bearing wagons and everything for funerals furnished on short notice. Terms cash.

W. D. JONES, Proprietor.

LUMBER! LUMBER!

RICHEY BROS., Corner Pearl and Seventh Streets.

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

Lumber, Lath, Sash, Blinds, MIXED PAINTS, LIME,

Cement, Plaster, Hair BUILDING PAPER.

Lowest Rates, Terms Cash