

The Plattsmouth, Daily Herald

KNOTS BROS., Publishers & Proprietors.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

For Supreme Judge, SAMUEL MAXWELL. For University Regents, DR. B. B. DAVIS. DR. GEORGE ROBERTS. For Judges of Second Judicial District, HON. SAMUEL M. CHAPMAN. HON. ALLEN W. FIELD.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

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

The Republican State Platform.

The republican party of Nebraska, while ever careful of property rights, and holding no sympathy with those who would divide or ruin the state, yet with the marchists destroy, re-asserts its determination that the great railway corporations of the state which hold the reins of power, shall be held to the same standard of justice as the people shall be. The fair and equal treatment of the state and nation shall continue until all cause of complaint of exorbitant rates and unjust discrimination in favor of individuals or localities shall cease to exist. Assuming the responsibility which fairly belongs to it of having originated all legislation looking to railroad control and the creation of those tribunals of commission which have been endeavored to strangle with corrupt power, the republican party will see to it that by all needed enlargements of power these commissions, national and state, shall be armed for battle and for victory. While favoring such a change in the constitution of this state as will permit the railroad commissioners to be elected by the people, it hereby voices its confidence in the existing board of transportation, and commends its efforts to obtain for Nebraska the same tariff of rates for freight and carriage of passengers as is accorded to neighboring states similarly circumstanced. It is grossly unjust and a grievous wrong that Nebraska should pay more for the transportation of her products and the carriage of her people than do Iowa, Missouri, Minnesota and Dakota, with its 3,000 miles of easily constructed and cheaply maintained lines of railroad, and the republicans of this state will not cease their efforts until all wrongs be righted.

We reaffirm our adherence to the American system of tariff, under which, with its broad protection of American labor, our country has prospered beyond any other. As the business of the country now demands revision, the republican party, in the name of every material interest, will see to it that such revision shall be made at the earliest practical day. We condemn the action of the democratic majority in congress in that after repeated pledges of tariff reform, it has utterly failed, while having a large majority in the house of representatives, where tariff bills must originate, to bring about such reform, which must come from the party that has ever been the friend of the American laborer and producer. The grateful thanks of the American people are due to those who defeated the union in the late war and we are in favor of providing suitable pensions for soldiers and sailors who were disabled in its service or who have since, without their fault or vice, become objects of public or private charity and to the widows and orphans of those who fell in its defense.

We heartily sympathize with the patriotic and efforts of the patriots of Ireland in their endeavor to obtain for their country the blessings of free institutions and local self-government. We recognize in Charles Stewart, Parnell and the Rt. Hon. William E. Gladstone worthy champions of the Declaration of Independence.

We condemn the action of the president in his attempt to return the trophies won by bravery on the field of battle. We condemn the narrow, intolerant and partisan action of the democratic party in excluding from the privileges of state citizenship the half-breed people of Dakota, solely on the basis of race and indefensible ground of a difference in political views. Not content with their efforts to exclude the negro from the franchise, they now seek to proscribe an intelligent, patriotic and patriotic people because of their political opinions.

We view with alarm the abuse of the veto power by the president of the United States. A power from the use of which England's sovereigns have abstained for two centuries; a power used but six times during the first forty years of our national history; a power by which the people intrusted to the president for the purpose of preventing hasty legislation, has by the present incumbent been used to prevent the laws of the United States from being enacted. He has, in one-half of a single term of office, used the power more times than all the predecessors combined. He has sought by all the precedents of the executive branch of the government to himself a co-ordinate branch of the national legislature. He has frequently exercised this "pocket veto" by which important measures have been defeated without any reason being given for withholding its approval.

This is ideal weather and everyone should put the finishing touches on their work. The celebrated Cleveland weather has played out in the south, the president having found it raining very hard on several occasions.

Our brother over the way is endeavoring to make the people believe that he has, for some time, been a Van Wyck republican, instead of a moss-back democrat, judging from the amount of hog wash he has been dealing out to the ex-senator.

BROTHER SHERMAN seems disposed to grumble because his democratic brethren do, not put up more liberally. The man at our elbow suggests, that probably the democratic campaign funds are being used to better advantage, (ie) by buying up mugwump (t) papers.

A THIRD term for W. C. Showalter, who held the office of district clerk for eight years, is a very proper thing; but a third term for J. C. Eikenbary, who has held the office of sheriff for four years, is a very, very bad thing.—Sample page of Sherman's consistency.

BROTHER SHERMAN says the country wants free lumber, but it does not want free whiskey. It looks like some folks who try to run democratic newspapers

did not know a democratic doctrine when they saw it. The demand for free whiskey has always been a democratic war cry, and to-day the bulk of the democratic party are insisting upon it.

Just so certain as the democratic party adopts a tariff-for-revenue-only platform, just so certain will the party go down to defeat.—[Augusta (Ga.) Chronical Dem.

This sort of talk does the country good to hear. But it would be more impressive than it is now if the talkers would, so to speak, occasionally crystallize some of their talk into acts. A year ago the Georgia democrats nominated ten "revenue-only" candidates for the lower branch of congress, and if the protectionist newspapers of that party made any serious attempts to send it "down to defeat" on that account, the country has not heard of the circumstance.—Globe Democrat.

WE have noticed of late, in several democratic newspapers a great deal of complaint about hard times, which has been charged up against a protective tariff. Although we have a democratic president and have had a democratic congress for eight years; yet, it seems we are having hard times, a thing that was not expected, if any creature had been given to the promises of the democratic orators, four years ago. We opine, however, that by the time the four years trial trip of the democracy has closed, the people will be only too ready and willing to change back to republicanism and prosperity, which have always went hand in hand.

PAN ELECTRIC GARLAND, President Cleveland's choice in all the democratic ranks for attorney general, and a man that had been a republican and been guilty of the same offenses that he has been guilty of as a democrat, would have been kicked out of office long ago, is now having a little row with secretary of state, Bayard. It is to be hoped that the speculative mind of Mr. Garland may be turned in other directions. While Mr. Cleveland may need him very badly, it is very clear to us, that the people are in safer hands with some other scion on the confederacy in charge of the attorney general's office.

THE republicans of Cass county owe it to themselves, as republicans, and as good citizens, to support the republican ticket from top to bottom. The idea of scratching off a republican and electing a democrat only strengthens the democratic party. The successful democrat in office becomes a part of the democratic machine that is used to defeat your best candidates at your next election. Every time you elect a democratic officer you place a club in the hands of an enemy that is likely, at any time, to be used against you. Let us take a lesson from the past and for once elect a straight ticket in a county that is republican by four hundred majority.

New Motive Power.

Yankton Press and Dakotian: Whenever the artesian system can be utilized for mechanical purpose as successfully as it has been at Yankton, it is superior to the natural gas system of any country. The force is nature's free gift. There is no construction of appliances required to bring this force under subjection, as is inevitable in the combustion of natural gas, which can only be utilized as fuel for steam-producing purposes. There is no danger to individuals, communities or property in the use of artesian power while in the employment of natural gas. Life and property is held in continual jeopardy. An artesian well and an iron turbine wheel will outlive the generations of earth, while a plant for the production of steam-power from burning gas yields rapidly to the intense heat evolved, and must be replaced many times during one generation. For economy, utility and simplicity there is no motive force equal to that of the artesian well, which flows on forever, unaffected by drought and flood or any natural or artificial causes. It is always there, and a turn of the valve puts the wheels of manufacture in motion or causes them to halt. The longer we contemplate this simple force in nature and its application to mechanical purposes the more firmly fixed is the conviction that it is destined to become an important factor in the future of this section or the west. Yankton gave to Dakota its first artesian well—an experiment and a success, which has proved a boon to scores of thriving communities. Yankton gives to Dakota the first experiment in the utilization of artesian power for manufacturing purposes—and it also is a success.

Procrastination.

"Time once gone can never be recalled," is the remark only too often said by those who neglect themselves. Dr. Warner's new Specific Cough Cure Comes to the world's rescue And denies death of its rightful due. Please report your experience to your druggist and neighbor, that the world may have proof—no cure, no pay required—Price 50c and \$1. For sale by Will J. Warrick.

—Warrick has a very nice line of birthday cards.

FORTUNES IN FICTION.

WHAT POPULAR STORY WRITERS EARN BY THEIR PEN.

Grinding Out a Library of Five Cent Literature at the Rate of \$40 Worth Each Day—Salaries of Noted Writers and Editors.

To have pointed out to you "the most popular American author," and then not to recognize him either in the flesh or by any portraits you have seen, is a trifling surprise if you had previously thought you knew the faces and figures of all the American authors you ever heard of. The man who was pointed out as the author of the city hall of Brooklyn, apparently waiting for that carriage which the poorest of us keeps—a horse car. He was a short man of medium build, dressed in a suit of blue serge, wearing a fashionable white straw hat, tilted a little over the ear, and carrying a cane. He looked rather like a shrewd commission merchant or grain broker than like an inspired ward of literature.

"Where Howells never heard of," said my friend, "the fame of Longfellow has not yet reached and where Robert Louis Stevenson is as if unborn, that famous author is admitted, if not revered. He makes \$10,000 a year by his writings." "Vexed at my ignorance and with my curiosity keenly whetted, I inquired his name only to learn that it was Harland P. Halsey, a name I never had heard in my life. The whole truth was grudgingly delivered by my informant, who at length freed his mind in this wise:

Halsey, the writer who signs the nom de plume "Old Sleuth" in one of the popular weeklies, fifteen years ago wrote a serial story called "Old Sleuth, the Detective," and it achieved a success so great that afterward he adopted the name of the hero for his own pen name, and ever since he has been reading out stories, always about "Old Sleuth," until he has now written something like 200 volumes of this literature. Wide as is his circle of fame he desires to widen it by the production of more ambitious literature, and to that end, or as an approach to it, has just finished a temperance tale.

How strange this all is! We have never read of Halsey in the magazine articles upon literary movements in New York. I have not seen his portrait in similar articles upon the spirits of the Authors' club. Yet he is the leading writer for a paper that boasts of 250,000 circulation and four times that number of readers—1,250,000 a week. It seems quite likely that, as my informant said, "his books are to be found in the cells of the locomotives, in the gavels of the sewing girls, in the kitchens of the land, and the factory hands of the average New England mill town would rather see him than Bismarck or Tennyson."

And \$15,000 a year! That is almost \$300 a week. Why, I may be unlocking a secret, but it is none the less a fact that the prince of novel consumers, William B. Howells, is paid only \$10,000 a year by Harper & Bros., and he is considered fortunate to get that sum, though in order to do so he had to surrender all chance of earning extra money by means of a contract in which he agrees to give all his gifted creations to that firm. And Rev. Edward F. Roe, petted favorite of the middle class of novel consumers, the man who is supposed to press one of his metaphorical heels on the neck of the reading community, does not earn a penny more than \$10,000 a year and did not more than begin to make that much until his publishers tried the experiment of printing "Barred Aways" in twenty cent form in a limited edition of 100,000 volumes. I say "limited" because they destroyed the plates when that number was printed, to force the public to buy the higher priced edition of old at \$1 a book, I believe in case it wanted more after the twenty cent books were sold. This was followed by a strange experiment with "He Fell in Love With His Wife." Both succeeded perfectly, and now Dominic Roe makes \$10,000 a year.

Who else does as well as that with his pen? Editor Stone of the old Journal of Commerce of this city draws exactly that sum for his salary, but then he controls the paper and pays himself, and he is no novelist. What about Mr. M. W. Hazeltine, the man who is supposed to press one of his metaphorical heels on the neck of the reading community, does not earn a penny more than \$10,000 a year and did not more than begin to make that much until his publishers tried the experiment of printing "Barred Aways" in twenty cent form in a limited edition of 100,000 volumes. I say "limited" because they destroyed the plates when that number was printed, to force the public to buy the higher priced edition of old at \$1 a book, I believe in case it wanted more after the twenty cent books were sold. This was followed by a strange experiment with "He Fell in Love With His Wife." Both succeeded perfectly, and now Dominic Roe makes \$10,000 a year.

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I have not mastered the secret of Mr. Halsey's story telling, unless it be that there is an adventure in every 1,000 words, an arrest, a shooting scrape, a surprise or a ruse. But the style is easy to analyze. It is that of the repeating bang, bang, bang, as fast as you can pull the trigger, with pauses for reloading at the end of each short chapter. It might be called the Gating gun mode of writing.

It is a sign of the times and a good omen for the country that in this author's works there is no word or suggestion, plot or theme, that could stir a timely appetite or bring a blush to a pure woman's face. It is not so much a sign of the times that this author is no Bohemian, but a solid, practical man of affairs, of family and of high repute. Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., lately departed, was all of this, and he was the king of popular writers, just as Mr. Halsey is now. Cobb never earned more than \$100 a week, but he lived in the country, where such a sum goes a great way. His home was a pleasant cottage, and he drove a horse that Mr. Bonner gave him. He lived well, though modestly, and neither in his life nor works offered a wrong example.—New York Star.

Burdette Homesick at Bryn Mawr. How people who move away from Iowa get homesick once in a while is exemplified in the close of a letter on another subject by our Hawkeye humorist to Dr. Magoun the other day: "I expect to spend the rest of my 'traveling days' in my Bryn Mawr home. It is very beautiful here. But once in a while I get a little tired and homesick, and I want to look over a long, wide, billowy stretch of prairie, shut in only by the ceiling sky and seen in the wind whisper and sing through the wild grasses, and feel as though the world was 1,000 miles wide and reached from Albia to Aekley. And see!—just thinking of the prairies inspired me to write you, a busy man, a letter as long as a wire fence! 'Finally, brethren.'—Des Moines Register.

A Yankee has patented a fork to hold hot corn with impunity.

HUNTING JACK RABBITS.

ONE OF THE MOST EXHILARATING SPORTS KNOWN OUT WEST.

Racing Greyhounds and a Light Fall of Snow Are Necessary—The Jack Rabbit an Expert at Dodging—Description of a Hunt.

One of the most exhilarating sports known in the west is jack rabbit coursing on the plains. A brace of racing greyhounds held with a leash, followed by a score or more of boys of the sports start on a morning, when there is a light covering of snow on the ground, for the places where the jack rabbits are wont to congregate. The jack rabbit is unknown in the eastern part of this country. He is the counterpart of the English hare. He is larger than the common rabbit or "cotton tail." He has long legs, and in a race is a runner worthy the attention of the fastest of greyhounds. The courser search in the snow for a fresh jack rabbit track and follow it up. When the rabbit is spied the hounds are let loose and rush after him. The whole crowd of spectators follow after, whooping and yelling and urging on their horses to the top of their speed.

The hounds do not attempt at first to catch the rabbit. They are too wary for that. They simply try to run him down. The jack rabbit is an expert at dodging, and the hounds try to head him off whenever he attempts to make a sharp turn. At last, by superior strength and the advantage of two to one, they succeed in tiring him out, and he falls an easy victim. Every time a hound heads a rabbit off it is a point in his favor. Two points are placed to the credit of the dog which catches the rabbit. A referee, mounted on a swift, sure horse, leads the followers of the dogs and marks the points. In this way it is decided which hound wins the race. Stakes of from \$25 to \$100 are usually won on these races.

AN EXCITING TIME.

Mr. Alonzo Williams, who spent several years in Colorado and is an enthusiastic lover of the sport, tells the following story of his last coursering experience on the plains: "We were riding along a dry bed of an arroyo, and were just coming around a corner of rocks when we heard a sharp bark from a Bill. There, not twenty feet ahead of us, was a big jack rabbit sitting up in front of a little cave or niche in the rocks. He saw us and was off like a white streak over the rocks. In an instant Bill struck the lead from the straining, panting dogs. With a dash they were off, and the whole wide plain was after them, appearing on their horses at the top of the fastest.

"The country was unusually hilly right there. One minute we would be dashing over a sharp bluff and down a steep hill. Again a high hill would shut off from sight for a moment the dodging rabbit and the dogs. Up the hill we would rush pell-mell and would get a better view from the top of the spruce chuffs. That was a run long to be remembered. The old rabbit was an unusually large one, and was apparently possessed of great toughness of muscle and strength of lung.

"He led the hounds a noble chase. It was fully five miles before they caught up to him at all, although they were straining every nerve. Flora was bounding over the snow with long leaps, her great trust down almost to the ground. Both was dashing along, with head erect and every muscle at its greatest tension. The old rabbit was bounding along on its hind legs, looking like nothing but a streak of light brown on the snow.

"Finally they caught up with him. Then the fun began. He dodged and dodged and doubled on his trail time and again until we began to think they never would catch him. Now they are right on to him. The old rabbit makes a sudden dash to the left. Flora is too quick for him. She wheels and drives him back to his former course. He scored one point for Flora! Everybody cries out. Nobody pays any attention to the cry, but the riders keep up the constant shouting and yelling, probably as a vent for the excitement of the moment. On they go, the rabbit trying all the moment of dodges to shake off his pursuers. Now he tries the doubling dodge, and whizzes around and comes back between the two dogs toward the horsemen.

NEARING THE END.

"With a few strides he is ahead of him and sends him back about his likeness. The rabbit is now beginning to show signs of fatigue. He does less running and more dodging. The dogs are apparently as fresh as ever and can run all around him and head him off wherever he starts to go. But they can't catch him yet. He is too artful and sippy for them. He won't last long. His struggles to get free are becoming weaker and weaker. He and the hounds are running, turning and twisting in every direction. According to the referee's count Flora has now scored six points and Bill five.

"Suddenly the world seemed to turn around and I found myself lying on my back with what seemed to be about forty hoofs wailing over my head. The saddle and I turned around on the little bronco's stomach. He ran off about twenty yards and began to kick wildly at the saddle, which had now fallen down on to his hind legs. A moment later he had sent the saddle flying into the air, and was off over the plains at a bounding run. "I heard a shout from the men at the foot of the hill. I jumped up and, forgetting my bruises and vanishing pony, saw the flash of the prettiest race I ever saw. My good fortune to witness. The rabbit had made four dodges and each dog had scored two points, making the score 8 to 7 in favor of Flora. Just as I looked up Bill had made a charge on the rabbit, thrust his long nose under his left fore leg and thrown him in the air. The two dogs pounced upon him as he fell and in an instant the race was over. Bill had won by a score of 9 to 8."—Philadelphia Times.

Indians Increasing Under Civilization. At the meeting of the Friends of the Indians the other day it was said that the 4,000 Indians who still live on reservations in this state are increasing in number. The popular impression that our Indians are dying out is, in fact, incorrect so far as it relates to Indians who have abandoned migratory life and become partly or wholly civilized. The Cherokees of the Indian territory have nearly doubled in number since 1870, and the remnants of the Six Nations now settled on farms in Canada, numbers 8,000 souls, and has been steadily growing since the tribes abandoned their wild habits and took to agriculture. To quit the war path and be a "good Indian" nowadays is conducive to longevity and to the perpetuity of the red race.—New York Sun.

A Lavatory for Yachts.

One of the most convenient pieces of yacht furniture yet devised is the folding lavatory seen in several of the imported entries. The outfit includes a tank for water, a washbasin and a second tank below for waste water, all in one frame, the dimensions of the largest size being 3 feet 8 inches high, 1 foot 6 inches wide and 8 inches extreme depth. The basin folds up when not in use, emptying the water as it does so. When open the water faucet and dishes for soap and brushes are seen inside.—New York Mail and Express.

\$150

SOUTH PARK

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.

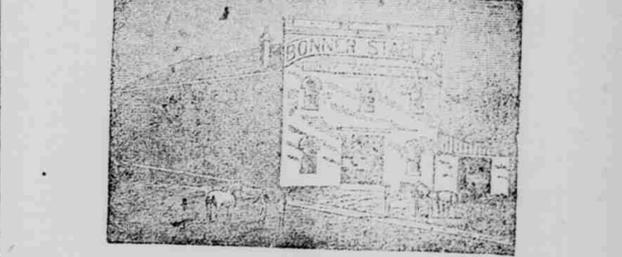
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Have anything you want from a two wheeled go cart to a twenty-four passenger wagon.

CARRIAGES FOR PLEASURE AND SHORT DRIVES,

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

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