

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

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REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The Republican electors of the State of Nebraska are requested to send delegates from the several counties, to meet in convention, at the city of Omaha, Tuesday, May 15, 1888, at 8 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing four delegates to the National Republican Convention, which meets in Chicago June 19, 1888.

THE APPOINTMENT.

The several counties are entitled to representation as follows, being based upon the vote cast for Hon. Samuel Maxwell, supreme Judge, in 1887, giving one delegate-at-large to each county, and one for each 150 votes and major fraction thereof:

Table with 4 columns: COUNTIES, VOTES, COUNTIES, VOTES. Lists counties and their corresponding votes for the Supreme Court election.

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

GEORGE D. MEIKLEJOHN, Chairman. WALT M. SEELEY, Secretary.

It is a wonder to us that some one who has the means does not build a number of good cottages in the city, as there is a demand for such dwelling houses.

Two men were in the city yesterday looking for houses to rent. They said they could not find a desirable house to rent in town. We think it would pay some one of means to erect a few nice cottages.

In the dispute between Manitoba and the Dominion Government the plucky little province triumphed. Manitoba may build its projected road to the United States line at any time it desires, without any opposition from the central authorities. This is a big blow to the power and pretensions of the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

CHURCH OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

The most beautiful church I ever saw—or ever expect to see, until I worship in the "house not made with hands"—is not a full grown church; it is only a chapel—a small, low building, put up at the expense of about a thousand dollars. It is beautiful, because the cellar-wall is a free-will offering, from poor farmers who had a right to claim a winter's rest after the busy harvest season; because timber of the frame-work represents hours of hard toil in aprons and holders, by the sale of which to raise a few dollars—hours needed for rest of some mother's weary head and tired hands; because every claspboard tells of a pipeful less of tobacco for the father; every shingle, a cup of tea less for the mother and the daughter; and every nail, a stick of candy less for the child. It is beautiful in containing an organ, while there are no organs in the homes of the givers; in having pictures on its walls, though theirs are blank; in its carpeted aisles, while the floors of the donors are bare.—Alvan F. Sanburn, in The American Magazine for April.

THE B. & M. flyers are running once more, and are on time.

Now that the new city officers have all been sworn in let the work of improving the city begin at once. The first thing that should be done, is the grading of the streets.

We notice the democratic papers are all saying Judge Thurman would be just the man for Chief Justice, if it were not for his advanced age, but they carefully omit all references to the fact that he recently made one of the most vigorous speeches of his life in the prosecution of the Ohio tally-sheet forgers.

To show how W. W. Corcoran's known benevolence subjected him to all kinds of impudent begging letters. There was one which he received with his large mail one morning, which made him laugh, and he showed it. The writer said she was a young girl who had never had a silk dress, and that she had heard of his kindness and generosity, and she would be so happy if he would send her a blue silk dress. He had it bought and sent, although he felt the impudence of the request, yet he could not resist the pleasure of imagining the girl's delight in owning and wearing a blue silk dress.

A. C. Hobbs, of Bridgeport, a well known Connecticut horseman, used to be better known as the "Yankee Lock Picker." He picked the famous Bramah lock at the World's Fair in London in 1853 in the presence of the queen and the Duke of Wellington. Bramah had offered 200 guineas to any one who would pick his lock. The same year Mr. Hobbs opened a French lock in London in five minutes and set it to a combination that baffled the maker himself. The improvements in locks in late years, particularly in this country, have revolutionized safe making and produced locks which even the Yankee lock picker can't pick.

Senor Canovas, the Spanish statesman, is short, awkwardly built, ugly featured, squints violently, and is popularly known in Madrid society as "the monster." Moreover, he is exceedingly passionate, strong tempered, and sarcastic, and makes no pretense of disguising his unmitigated contempt for men whom, no matter what their rank may be, he treats as inferiors. In a land where all are eloquent, his oratory stands forth pre-eminent, and as historian, author, litterateur and critic, he is without a rival in Spain. Although he has frequently filled the office of prime minister, yet he remains a comparatively poor man.

It is related of the late "Tom" Potter, the railroad magnate, that during the war, as sergeant of a cavalry company, he was detailed to take a prisoner from the camp to Fort Leavenworth, and in company with a private started with his charge. There were only two horses to the three men, and on reaching a swollen river it was something of a problem just how to get across with the prisoner. Finally the private plunged in on one of the horses, the prisoner holding on to its tail, and Potter on the horse in the rear. "You see," he said, "I commanded the situation. If the fellow let go I could have shot him as he went down stream."

An Albino's Eyesight. A young German boy living near Altoona, Pa., has many characteristics of an albino, his hair being very light, his eyes small and of a pinkish hue and his skin as soft as velvet. He is unable to see by day, but at night his sight is perfect. He frequently plows all night, and the darker it is the better he sees.—New York Evening World.

The latest result of the youthful prodigy craze is the publication of a little book entitled "School Room Cogitations," written by a 14-year-old boy of Newark, N. J.

Begg's Cherry Cough Syrup. Is the only medicine that acts directly on the Lungs, Blood and Bowels, it relieves a cough instantly and in time effects a permanent cure. Sold by O. P. Smith & Co., druggists. j25,3mo,d-w.

How Men Die. If we know all the methods of approach adopted by an enemy we are the better enabled to ward off the danger and postpone the moment when surrender becomes inevitable. In many instances the inherent strength of the body suffices to enable it to oppose the tendency toward death. Many however have lost these forces to such an extent that there is little or no help. In other cases a little aid to the weakened lungs will make all the difference between sudden death and many years of useful life. Upon the first symptoms of a cough, cold or any trouble of the throat or lungs, give that old and well known remedy—Boschec's German Syrup, a careful trial. It will prove what thousands say of it to be, the "benefactor of any home."

An observant metropolitan barber says that he can tell one's physical condition by the state of his hair!

Dr. Schliemann has gone to Alexandria with Professor Virchow, and will spend several months in Egypt making explorations.

Begg's Blood Purifier and Blood Maker. No remedy in the world has gained the popularity that this medicine has, as a hold on family medicine. No one should be without it. It has no calomel or quinine in its composition, consequently no bad effects can arise from it. We keep a full supply at all times. O. P. Smith & Co. Druggists. j25-3mo&d-w

If Diogenes lived today he would be out with a lantern looking for a Democratic lawyer who hasn't been mentioned for the office of chief justice of the supreme court.

Begg's Cherry Cough Syrup. Is warranted for all that the label calls for, so if it does not relieve your cough you can call at our store and the money will be refunded to you. It acts simultaneously on all parts of the system, thereby leaving no bad results. O. P. Smith & Co., Druggists. j25-3mo&d-w

A CASTAWAY DOG.

LUCK OF A CUR WHILE DRIFTING IN LAKE MICHIGAN.

Tender-Heartedness of a Chicago Real Estate Man—Afloat on an Ice Cake. Rescued by a Tug—An Unfortunate Predicament.

"Come, Towser, my boy, and tell me how you feel," and Mr. Gross snapped his fingers at a shaggy dog of the Russian setter variety that was blinking owlishly before a grate fire. The dog jumped to his feet, ran up to the gentleman, and laid his head on his lap with a plaintive whine. Then he raised his big brown eyes and looked into Mr. Gross' face and placed one paw on his shoulder and the other on his knee. "I'm blessed if I don't think a dog is nearly human, after all," exclaimed Mr. Gross, throwing his head back a trifle to escape the affectionate attentions of the brute. "Towser has acted this way ever since I got him off that cake of ice in the lake. I'm glad he can't talk, for he is so grateful that I know he'd bore me with his expressions of gratitude; but he is evidently sorry that he is dumb, and is trying to make up for the shortcoming by caressing me."

The dog did not remove his brown eyes from those of his master once during the little speech, but at the conclusion of it he straightened out his ears and gave vent to a short bark as if he understood every word.

Towser is the castaway that was afloat on a cake of ice half a mile from shore one wintry forenoon when S. E. Gross, the real estate man, was making his daily observation of the lake through a pair of marine glasses. The dog was seated on his haunches, and his eyes were fastened on the receding shore in a helpless fashion. Mr. Gross took a long look at him to satisfy himself that he was not dead, and then he called his hostler and ordered him to get a boat and go to the rescue of the castaway.

"Bring the boat up here, John, and I'll go with you," said the real estate man. "We must do something for that poor creature, or it will perish in this storm before long if somebody does not go after it."

Mr. Gross put on his coat and hat and went outside to take a closer observation of the dog, and found at least 100 other persons on the shore driveway intently watching the object of his solicitations. Some of them joined the hostler in his search for a boat, and others gathered around Mr. Gross to discuss the dog's chances of staying on the cake of ice, but none of them seemed to care particularly whether the castaway was swept safely through the grinding, crushing ice or went to the bottom. Presently the hostler came back all out of breath from running, with the information that there was not a boat to be found anywhere on the shore.

"But we've got to save that dog," declared Mr. Gross.

"Well, there ain't no boat here," was the answer of the man.

"But there's a tugboat in the river," was the quick retort, and the next instant the real estate man was hurrying toward his stable. The hostler trotted close behind him and the crowd simply stared. It took Mr. Gross, and his man just five minutes to hitch his fastest horse to his lightest buggy and perhaps another minute more to swing out on the drive and start south at a terrific clip. When the horse reached the Chicago Tug company's office he was panting and steaming, but Mr. Gross did not stop to attend to him. He ran up to Manager Crawford's office and demanded that a tug be placed at his disposal at once.

"Where do you want to go?" the tugman asked.

"Out in the lake," was the reply.

"It will cost you \$20," said the tugman, and the real estate man threw a glittering gold eagle down on the manager's desk. He was sent aboard of the tug Hackley, which happened to be lying near the office, and within twenty minutes after he left his house he was plowing through the muddy river. A stop was made at the life saving station to take aboard a small boat and then the tug was headed out into the snow covered ice fields, which were grinding and roaring like a catarract under the influence of the wind and sea. The run through the ice was a series of collisions with big ragged cakes, and as the boat was going wide open it seemed as if her timbers would be crushed in. Instead, however, her iron stem shattered the cakes and sent the remnants flying in every direction. They loomed in sight of the dog at last. He was seated bolt upright in the center of a cake about six feet square, that was widely separated from the main body of ice, and so far as the watchers aboard of the tug could discover to the contrary through a pair of marine glasses, he was dead. As they approached nearer, however, the freeman declared that he could see his ears wagging, and Mr. Gross afterward confirmed this report and volunteered the additional information that he was sure the dog had winked twice.

"Come, old doggy," said the captain, extending his arm toward the castaway in a reassuring way, while the freeman busied himself to find a spot to fix his boat hook. Contrary to his expectations, the dog did not move when the captain spoke, but merely turned his brown eyes around in a helpless fashion.

"What's the matter with him?" the freeman asked. "Well, I'll be hanged if his tail ain't frozen in the ice!" was the engineer's answer after a long observation from the midship thwart.

The freeman was equal to the emergency. Releasing his boat hook, he sprang upon the cake of ice with it, cautiously made his way over to the dog, and dug the imprisoned tail out of its cold bed. The moment he was free the dog leaped into the boat and the freeman followed him and then the rescuers and rescued started for the tug. As soon as the dog got aboard he sunk around to the engine room and curled up on the engineer's seat, paying no attention whatever to the joyful antics of his rescuers. He was too nearly frozen to do anything else, and the crew had too much sympathy for him to disturb his warm rest. After the tug landed at Well street the dog was wrapped up in a blanket and carried ashore by Mr. Gross' man, and then a cab was summoned and the two got into it and were taken to Mr. Gross' home, on Division street. He is not a handsome dog, nor does he belong to any valuable breed, but Mr. Gross is satisfied from what he has seen of him that he got him dirt cheap. "I'm satisfied with my bargain, if Towser is," he said. "He's so grateful, you know, that it's a pleasure to get near him. How did I come to take so much trouble to keep him from drowning or freezing? Well, I couldn't see either fate befall him while there was a chance to save him. No, sir, it's not my nature. When I couldn't get a boat on the beach I just hired a tug, but I think it's the best money I ever spent. Don't you?"—Chicago Herald.

A Sound Opinion. Wife—What do you think about this little Josef Hofmann affair, John? Husband—I think the public has been overworked, and ought to have a rest.—The Epoch.

Real Estate Bargains

EXAMINE OUR LIST.

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—IN—

South - Park.

21 lots in Thompson's addition. 40 lots in Townsend's addition. Lot 10 block 138, lot 5 block 164. Lot 1 block 6, lot 6 block 95. Lot 11, block 111, lot 8, block 61. LOTS IN YOUNG AND HAYS' ADDITION. Lots in Palmer's addition. Lots in Duke's addition. Improved property of all descriptions and in all parts of the city on easy terms. A new and desirable residence in South Park, can be bought on monthly payments. Before purchasing elsewhere, call and see if we cannot suit you better.

LANDS.

5 acres of improved ground north of the city limits. 5 acres of ground adjoining South Park. 2 acres of ground adjoining South Park. 1 1/2 acres of ground adjoining South Park. 20 acres near South Park: See § sec. 14, T. 10, R. 12, Cass county, price \$1,800, if sold soon. nw § sec. 8, T. 12, R. 10, Cass Co., price \$2,000. A valuable improved stock farm in Merrick Co., Neb., 160 acres and on reasonable terms.

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Consult your best interests by insuring in the Phoenix, Hartford or Etna companies, about which there is no question as to their high standing and fair dealing.

TORNADO POLICIES.

The present year bids fair to be a disastrous one from tornadoes and wind storms. This is fore-shadowed by the number of storms we have already had—the most destructive one so far this year having occurred at Mt. Vernon, Ill., where a large number of buildings were destroyed or damaged. The exemption from tornadoes last year renders their occurrence more probable in 1888.

Call at our office and secure a Tornado Policy.

Unimproved lands for sale or exchange.

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I have just received Neufchated Cheese, Edam Cheese.

Bosnia Prunes, Macedonia Prunes, California and Turkish Prunes.

Celery Relish; Clam Chowder; Beef Tea—very fine.

Fresh Dates and Figs; Oranges, Bananas, cheap.

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One, two, five and ten-acre tracts for sale on reasonable terms. Apply to Windham and Davies. d-w-1m.

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