

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

KNOTTS BROS., Publishers & Proprietors.

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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 columns: COUNTIES, VOTES, COUNTIES, VOTES. Lists counties like Adams, Antelope, Arthur, Blaine, Boone, Box Butte, Brown, Buffalo, Butler, Cass, Cheyenne, Colfax, Cuming, De Witt, Dawes, Dawson, Deuel, Dodge, Douglas, Dundy, Fillmore, Franklin, Frontier, Furness, Gage, Garfield, Gosper, Grant, Greeley, Hamilton, Harlan, Hayes, Hitchcock, Holt, Howard, etc.

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. MEIKLEJON, Chairman. WALT M. SERLEY, Secretary.

CALL FOR REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

The republican electors of Cass county are hereby called to meet in their respective wards and precincts on Saturday, April 28th, 1888, for the purpose of electing delegates to meet in convention at Weeping Water, Neb., on May 5, 1888, at 1 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing sixteen delegates to the republican state convention which meets in Omaha, May 15, 1888.

Table with columns: Precincts, Delegates. Lists precincts like Tipton, Salt Creek, Ames, Weeping Water, Plattsmouth, etc.

Primaries will be held in the various wards and precincts on the 28th of April at the following places:

Tipton at Eagle 7:30, Greenwood at Cornish school house 7:30, Stove Creek at Elmwood village 7:30, Elmwood at Center school house 7:30, South Bend at South Bend 7:30, Weeping Water at Union Hall 3 p. m., Center at Manley 3 p. m., Louisville Fitzgerald's hall 3 p. m., Avoca at Hutchins School house 2 p. m., Mt. Pleasant at Gilmore's School house 4 p. m., Eight Mile Grove at Heil's School house 3 p. m., Liberty at Holden's School house 3 p. m., Rock Bluffs at Berger School house 4 p. m., Plattsmouth precinct at Taylor's School house 3 p. m., Plattsmouth City 1st ward county judge's office 1 to 7 p. m., 2nd ward at 2nd ward school house 1 to 7 p. m., 3rd ward at Sullivan's office 1 to 7 p. m., 4th ward at Rockwood Hall 1 to 7 p. m.

REPUBLICAN CONGRESSIONAL CONVENTION.

The republican electors of the First Congressional district of the state of Nebraska are requested to send delegates from the several counties to meet in convention at the city of Ashland, Thursday May 10 1888, at 8 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing two delegates to the national republican convention which meets in Chicago, June 19, 1888.

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

Table with columns: Counties, Delegates. Lists counties like Cass, DeWitt, Douglas, Gage, Johnson, Lancaster, Nemaha, etc.

It is recommended that no proxies be admitted to the convention except such as are held by persons residing in the counties from which the proxies are given. D. G. COURTNEY, Chairman. T. D. COBBEY, Secretary. Lincoln, Neb., April 12, 1888.

OUTING for May is a handsomely illustrated and carefully edited number of that popular magazine of Recreation, Travel, Adventure, and of gentlemanly sport. The new management of OUTING is evidently determined to give its patrons a magazine such as no lover of outdoor life can afford to be without. Fishing, Ball Playing, Hunting, Driving, Tramping, Bicycling, Yachting, Camping, Canoeing, and kindred sports, are the subjects of special articles, and yet the magazine possesses the literary character of The Century and Harper's, and for the parlor table and the family circle is as indispensable as its admirably conducted contemporaries. De Meza, Remington, Beard, Moessner and Knickerbocker are the contributing artists, and their names suffice to show that excellence in illustration is one of the features of the number. The poetical selections and literary sketches are by the best writers of the day. The Rev. Dr. Black is a piece of fiction of unusual merit, and is worthy of republication in book form. The opening of the fishing season is appropriately remembered by a well written and handsomely illustrated article on Trout and Grayling, and every lover of piscatorial sport who reads the May OUTING will sigh for a week's tramp along the waters of Michigan. Old Battles on the Baseball Field, from the pen of that well-known writer on sports, Henry Chadwick, is a reminiscence which will give pleasure to every veteran of the national game, as well as to the juniors who now handle the bat. The articles by the late General Macey, while they have a particular value for the hunter, are so well written as to prove interesting to every lover of adventure; and the articles by Thomas Stevens, Around the World on a Bicycle, which have hitherto been a feature of OUTING, interest not only the cyclist, but every reader anxious to learn of the nations in the far East, whom Stevens saw under advantages rarely enjoyed by any European traveler in China and Japan. An Outing Near New York suggests fishing and hunting grounds, within three hours of the great metropolis, and is as timely as it is full of good points for those who, housed in the big cities, sigh for a breath of fresh and pure air. Captain Coffin's article, The Death-Blow to International Yacht-Racing, will command attention not only in America and England, but wherever a yachtsman touches land and can buy a copy of the May OUTING. How We Drove to Galois is a very readable story of a Summer's outing in a buggy, enjoyed by two ladies. Our Canoe Cruise is a sketch of amusing sport enjoyed by several gentlemen. The records present an epitome of the prominent sporting events of the month, while the editorial chat and amusing sporting gossip helps to complete this choice number of the magazine. Send your order to your Newsdealer to supply it regularly, or write to the new office of OUTING, 239 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The following letter was written by General Grant in 1863, to General Sherman, and gives his reasons for his accepting the Republican nomination for the highest office in the gift of the American people. The letter is historical and full of interest to the every loyal citizen of this great Republic: "Headquarters Army U. S., Washington June, 1863.—Dear Sir: Your kind favor written from New Mexico is received. You understand my position exactly; it is one I would not occupy for any mere personal consideration, but from the nature of the contest, since the close of active hostilities, I have been forced into it in spite of myself. I could not back down without as it seems to me, leaving the contest for power for the next four years between mere trading politicians, the elevation of whom, no matter which party won, would lose to us largely the results of the costly war which we have gone through. Now the democrats will be forced to adopt a good platform, and put upon it a reliable man who, if elected, will disappoint the capricious element of their party. This will be a great point gained if nothing more is accomplished. I feel very grateful to the officers of our army, whose military achievements made my reputation as well as their own, to know that they support me in this new field. I do not expect or want active support, but merely the satisfaction of knowing what your letter assures me of on your part. Officers who expect to make the army their home for life have to serve under successive administrations and should not make themselves obnoxious to any party likely to come into power. I shall not ask you to come to Washington until after November, and probably not then. For myself, I expect to be away from here most of the time, but I shall keep within telegraph, and being within the limits of my command, will exercise it. Yours Truly, U. S. GRANT."

The sentence, "I could not back down, without, as it seems to me, leaving the contest for power for the next four years between mere trading politicians, the elevation of whom, no matter which party won, would lose us largely the results of the costly war which we have just gone through," is something for the American people to consider at the present day. Give us a nomination for this office once honored by a Lincoln and a Grant that will be above the mere "trading politician"—a man of national reputation

without a spot or blemish upon his political life, and the glorious Republican party will once more unfurl its banner only to be followed by victory all along the line. Another thing in this remarkable letter, and one showing the extreme modesty of the great commander, is this: "I feel very grateful to the officers of our army whose military achievements made my reputation as well as their own, to know that they support me in my new field." Could anything be more modest and simple than this—the greatest General of this or any other age giving all the credit and glory of his magnificent career to his inferiors in command—but such was Grant in war or peace.

A Warning. The modes of death's approach are various, and statistics show conclusively that more persons die from disease of the throat and lungs than any other. It is probable that everyone, without exception, receives vast numbers of Tubercle Germs into the system and where these germs fall upon suitable soil they start into life and develop, at first slowly and is shown by a slight tickling sensation in the throat and if allowed to continue their ravages they extend to the lungs producing Consumption and to the head, causing Catarrh. Now all this is dangerous and if allowed to continue will in time cause death. At the onset you must act with promptness; allowing a cold to go without attention is dangerous and may lose you your life. As soon as you feel that something is wrong with your throat, lungs or nostrils, obtain a bottle of Boshsee's German Syrup. It will give you immediate relief.

Effects of the Climate. Tradition tells of a young English recruit who was sent out to Garrison in Ceylon soon after his enlistment, and beheld with great amazement having never seen a colored man before) the first native who boarded the transport when she cast anchor in Colombo harbor. "Who's that black chap, Bill?" asked he of a comrade. "What! don't you know him again?" answered the other, who was a bit of a wag; "why, that's our old chum, Harry Thompson, that you used to know in the old country. He's been out here five years, you know, and the sun's toasted him black." "The sun's toasted him black?" echoed the greenhorn, staring in open mouthed horror at the supposed transformation: "Do you mean to say that I'll be like that when I've been here five years?" "Of course you will, Dick," replied his tormentor, with heartless cheerfulness, "and so'll I too, and so'll all of us. Look at that chap," (pointing to a passing Chinese boatman), "he's only yellow you see, because he hasn't got more than half toasted yet, but in another year or two he'll be as black as your boots."—David Ker in New York Times.

The Last Half Century. Men of science who live today have almost created a new world. To go back fifty years is to go back to the slow processes of thought and labor, that in this rushing time seem incomparably tedious and slow. The last half century has witnessed the greatest of American inventions—the mowder and reaper, the rotary printing press, the sewing machine, the India rubber industry, the horse shoe machine, the sand blast for carving, the grain elevator, the gauge lathe, the telephone, the electric magnet. Strip the world of these today and how greatly progress would be retarded!—Albany Journal.

Plenty of Peach Blow, Early Rose, Clark's No. 1, and Colorado Rose Potatoes at 31 LEINHOFF & SONNICHSEN'S. Southeast quarter section 14, township 10, range 12; price \$1,800. Northwest quarter section 8, township 12, range 10; price \$2,000. WINDHAM & DAVIES.

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Another Victim. "Who is that ugly looking woman over yonder?" "That is my wife, sir." "Indeed! Here is my card, sir, I'm the most successful divorce lawyer in the city."—Town Topics.

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. Druggist. j35-3med&w

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

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A NIGHT WITH DICKENS.

AN ENGLISH REPORTER TELLS AN INTERESTING STORY.

The Famous Novelist Points Out the Places Where He Found His Characters—Meeting Dick Swiveler and Bill Sykes—Little Nell.

"Dickens! Yes, in his way he was a Shakespeare!" And Lloyd wheeled around in his chair, and faced me with unnaturally bright eyes and a flushed face. "I knew that Lloyd was an Englishman, and I heard that had given him a good position on a London paper when he came to this country, but he has told me very little about himself. How the name of Dickens cropped out in our conversation I cannot now remember, but when it was mentioned Lloyd became enthusiastic. "I spent a wonderful night with him once," he said, lighting a fresh cigar, "and when you mentioned his name it all came back to me. It was in '78 or '79. At that time I had the police department on The South London Journal. Without stretching it at all, I think I may say that I had made some little reputation for myself. "Well, to cut a long story short, I was working away at my desk one evening, when Inspector Davis came in. "What do you say to going the rounds with me to-night?" said the inspector. "Thanks," I replied, "but I am rather busy and cannot very well go." "Sorry," responded the inspector; "I am to take Mr. Dickens along, and I took it for granted that you would want to go." "Charles Dickens!" I shouted. "Is he really going with you?" "That is the arrangement," said the inspector. "Can't you meet us at Bull's at 11?" "You may rest assured that I promised. I wrote several notes to my reporters, and some minutes before 11 I turned up at Bull's, a third rate restaurant on Oxford street. Inspector Davis and another gentleman had just finished their supper. Of course, the other gentleman was Mr. Dickens. When I was introduced to him he drew me aside in a pleasant way. "Newspaper man?" he said. "Well, I like all newspaper men. I ought to, you know, for I had a devil of a time myself as a reporter." "I made some sort of an answer, but Mr. Dickens went on to say: "After all, you newspaper men, you reporters, are the real novelists of the day. Your realistic stories of the comedies and tragedies of life cannot be surpassed." "Now is the time to catch 'em," said the inspector, looking at his watch. "The programme for the night embraced a ramble through some of the by streets between High Horn and Oxford streets. Without the inspector it would have been a dangerous trip. The first place we visited was a thieves' lodging house. Fully 100 men were stretched on the floor, most of them asleep, but some were wide awake. One of the lodgers seized Mr. Dickens by the lapel of his coat. "D— you!" he growled, "what do you want here?" "Ask me that question to-morrow and I'll answer you," said Mr. Dickens, with a laugh, and he handed the fellow his card. "Blasphemy!" exclaimed the man. "Well, sir, you are among friends here. I say, Mr. Dickens, may I send out for some ale or something?" "No, we can't wait," replied the inspector, "we must visit other places, and you wouldn't like to bother Mr. Dickens." "Divil a bit of it!" exclaimed an Irishman, who had overheard the conversation, "but I must shake hands w' you." "After a few more handshakes we left and went out into a purer atmosphere. A gin palace stood in our way and a sudden thirst overcame me. "Come in, boys," said Mr. Dickens, "if we are going to make a night of it we must prepare for it." "We had a jolly time inside. Mr. Dickens chaffed the barmaids, and they giggled like anything. Inspector Davis, too, was at his best. But when he left, the inspector must have whispered something, for one of the barmaids ran after us and gave Mr. Dickens a little flower, saying, 'Oh, sir, you have done so much for us!'" "The inspector nudged me, and I thought about it, and I am thinking about it yet. "At one place Mr. Dickens was in high glee. He pointed out a young fellow in a tawdry suit of clothes, and asked us if he was not a regular Dick Swiveler, and the man did seem to fill the bill exactly. "There is Bill Sykes," he said at the last place we visited, a low cellar, in the very worst quarter. "The man was the very picture of Bill Sykes, but he overheard Mr. Dickens, and came forward in a belligerent way. "Stand back there!" said Inspector Davis, "don't you know me?" "I know you," answered the ruffian, "but I am going to mash this fellow's nose." Mr. Dickens, this is Mr. Chick Dyke," said the inspector, laughing. "Not our Charles Dickens!" exclaimed the other. "The same," was the answer. "Well, that Bill Sykes fellow almost hugged Mr. Dickens. And they were all that way. "Once Mr. Dickens pulled out his purse, the inspector stopped him, and promised to call in the daytime. He said that it was dangerous to show money in that quarter at night. "In the last house we visited there was a little golden haired girl curled up in the arms of an old man. "There is little Nell, I broke out. "You are right," Mr. Dickens answered, as he pressed my hand. "We must look after her to-morrow, and after seeing her we had better go. I feel broken up." "I was glad to get away and so was Inspector Davis. We went back to Oxford street and had a high old time at a chop house until the morning. Mr. Dickens was as jolly as a man could be. He gave us no end of good advice, and even approved of my scheme of going to the United States. "I like those Americans," he said; "they like me." "Human nature, wasn't it? Shortly after that I left England, and I never saw Charles Dickens again. I know that you will think my little glimpse of the man a very unsatisfactory episode, but you were not there. You did not see the man. If you had felt the pressure of his hand, and looked into his clear eyes, and heard his cheery voice, you would feel as I do now when his name is mentioned. Lloyd puffed away at his cigar, and I soon convinced him that I thoroughly understood him. A night with Dickens is something to be remembered with delight, and it is no wonder that Lloyd felt proud of his little adventure.—The Critic.

Japan's Largest Paper. The largest and most influential newspaper in Japan, The Nichi Nichi Shunbun, or Daily Times, of Tokio, has a circulation of 16,000 copies daily. Its columns are filled almost entirely with short stories and political essays, with very little, if any, news matter.—New York World.

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