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NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT, BENJAMIN HARRISON, of Indiana.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR, JOHN M. THAYER. FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR, GEORGE D. MEIKLEJOHN.

CONGRESSIONAL TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS, (First Congressional District), W. J. CONNELL.

COUNTY TICKET.

FOR STATE SENATOR, MILTON D. POLK. FOR FLOAT REPRESENTATIVE, JOHN C. WATSON.

On November 7, the day of the great Democratic wake, Thurman will have the laugh on Cleveland.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND vetoed another widows pension bill on Friday, and thus reiterated his well-known opinion that the surplus should not be reduced by voting money for the support of women whose husbands went to the war and got killed, instead of sending substitutes.

With a cup of free coffee I drink to the health of the democratic party.—[R. Q. Mills.]

Who made coffee free? What party took the duty off coffee? The republican party. If the democrats had their way a duty would be again placed on tea and coffee, the sugar duty would be increased, and the duty on every article produced in this country—that is to say, every duty that protects any American producer or worker—would be cut down below the revenue point, or swept away altogether.

The London Iron and Coal Trades Review recently said: "Our tin plates are chiefly sent to the United States, which in fact takes two thirds of all we send abroad, and it is a source of much bitterness of spirit among the rank protectionists of the states that the government will not there put on such a prohibitive duty as will effectually exclude British tin plates and enable American manufacturers to carry on the production of the manufacture is confined to South Wales and a few mills in Staffordshire, and in the first named district the business has seen a wonderful development of late years."

This "wonderful development" has all been at the expense of this country. When did the fathers of the American republic announce the doctrine that it is the business of our government to enact tariff laws which will build up English and Welsh industries and prevent the development of American industries?

We clip the following from the report of Consul Hotchkiss, of Ottawa, Canada, made to the state department, Aug. 31st, 1888; which shows that if the tariff is taken off of lumber it will not be any lower than it is at present:

There is no dispute that the American manufacturer controls the making of prices. In doing this he is not influenced by the Canadian supply in any degree. If the duty of \$2 is removed it will not affect the American price, because it has never been a factor and will still be unaffected. No lower price will prevail in the United States than heretofore, and no different results will be experienced by the manufacturer.

market at \$2 less per thousand, and will obtain for it the same as the American does, so that the net result of the Canadian manufacturer will be a clear gain of the \$2 which the American Government has remitted. This additional net result to the Canadian manufacturer will, however, be of very brief duration.

I am confident that not a May pay-day will pass before a public notice will issue in effect that a further increase in annual and timber dues has been made an order in council, in sums sufficient to absorb the \$2 per thousand into the provincial treasuries.

WHAT THE "SOLID SOUTH" WAR COST IN LABOR.

It may be assumed that at a minimum the cost of suppressing the rebellion was \$8,000,000,000. It was, therefore, \$1 135,000,000 a year for seven years. It has been held that the maximum product of each person occupied for gain in 1880 could not have exceeded \$600 worth; labor and capital were at least one-third more effective during and since the year 1880 than during the period of war and reconstruction. If then we value one man's labor from 1861 to 1868 inclusive at \$500 a year, the work of war required the unremitting labor of 2,170,000 men for seven years, either in two armies or in sustaining them. At \$400 each, an estimate probably nearer to the mark at that time, the measure would be the constant work of 2,837,500 men each year for seven years. The average population of that period was 35,000,000, of whom not over one in five could be considered an able-bodied man of arm-bearing age. The cost of liberty, therefore, consisted in actual arduous work at the risk of life for seven years of one man of arm-bearing age in every three.—Edward Atkinson in the October Forum.

"I wonder Grimes has any friends— His manner grows so surly; No matter where we chance to meet, Or whether late or early, 'Tis just the same; he cannot stay, And barely answer a 'good-day.' " Now this is a sad case of misconception. It is not Grimes' disposition which is at fault, but his liver. He can't appear jolly when he feels miserable. If he would take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great liver, stomach and bowel regulator, he would soon be the same happy fellow as of old.—Greendale to himself and the world generally.

What Am I To Do? The symptoms of biliousness are unhappily but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough, at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and diarrhea or constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate. There are often hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this if not effect a cure try Green's August Flower, it costs but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

Neat Laundry Work. All parties desirous of having the neat and cheapest laundry work done, should leave it at this office Tuesday night and it can be secured again Friday evening. The Council Bluffs steam laundry, where the work is done, has put in all the latest improved machinery, and their work cannot be surpassed. The finest polish. W. A. DERRICK, Ag't.

The standard remedy for liver complaint is West's Liver Pills; they never disappoint you. 30 pills 25c. At Warwick's drug store.

FOR SALE TO FEEDERS! Steers and Heifers, One, Two and Three year old, near Kiowa, Kansas; suitable for Feeding or Rounding. Also Stock Cattle. Will sell on time to parties making first-class beef. R. G. GRIMES, Kiowa, Kas., or W. B. GRIMES, Kansas City, Mo.

JULIUS PEPPERBERG, MANUFACTURER OF AND WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN THE choicest Brands of Cigars, including our Flor de Pepperbergo and 'Buds' FULL LINE OF TOBACCO AND SMOKERS' ARTICLES always in stock. Nov. 26, 1888.

G.M.D. Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good direction, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

WINTER IS COMING!

DON'T you know it? Of course you do and you will want warm Underwear, Blankets, etc.

OUR Line is Unsurpassed by any other line in the city. A handsome

VARIETY of Seasonable Dress Goods, Broadcloths, Henrietta, Cloths, Trecoths, etc.

EVERYTHING in Blankets, Flannels, Bed Comforts, Hosiers, Battings, that you will want.

YOU will not regret looking our different Departments over before purchasing. It will pay you.

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WHICH is a reliable, active, and able exponent of Republican ideas and doctrines. AS A NEWSPAPER it is unexcelled by any publication in the West.

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Published in Chicago, and PROTECTION IS NOW THE REPUBLICAN ISSUE. Every friend of true Republicanism ought to help swell the tide of its growth.

THE WEEKLY HERALD

ONLY \$3.10 FOR THE WEEKLY HERALD AND Demorest's Monthly Magazine, A WONDERFUL PUBLICATION. Many suppose DEMOREST'S MONTHLY to be a fashion magazine. This is a great mistake.

HIS HUMANE HOBBY.

A LOVER OF HORSES PREACHES AGAINST THE CHECK REIN.

Carrying an Oil Painting in His Hand He Goes About the Streets Lecturing Drivers, and Showing Them the Cruelty of High Checking—Experiences.

"Down with the check rein!" Such is the war cry chosen by a gentleman of Scandinavian extraction whose name is C. W. Petersen. On Sundays, and on week days, too, he may be seen at various street corners talking to coachmen, teamsters and owners of horses.

"Laugh at me, take me for a fool," Mr. Petersen says, "but I will stick to my business, and shall denounce the check rein whenever there is a chance."

"Fashion is the curse of this age," said Mr. Petersen; "people will follow it regardless of comfort. They will put mountains on their backs and call it the bustle. They will torture themselves in order to comply with certain forms declared to be the fashion."

"That is the way I begin my conversation with the people handling horses and using the check rein."

"I tell them that this check rein is not only disfiguring the horse but also injuring his health. It robs him of comfort, it makes him nervous, and he can't see anything, because of being forced to look upward into the sky. Then I point to the swan, and ask the coachman what that noble bird would look like if a check rein would be put over her head."

"How would you feel, man? I say, 'The first few minutes you would probably endure this constraint without much complaint. But then you would begin to kick. In a short time your neck would begin to ache, and your mouth would be filled with blood from the fruitless efforts to get the head down. You would become restless and begin to toss your head just as your horse is doing it now. How would you feel, while the sun were blinding your eyes, with a burden to draw or carry, unable to see where to step, you were whipped into a run, into a ditch or depression in the rough street pavement? Would you feel comfortable? That is why you often see fine horses harnessed to elegant carriages paw vigorously, clamp the bit, toss the head, and turn the neck. They want to loosen the check, lower the head, and get a rest."

"The driver smiles or laughs, or starts something. He thinks I am a queer fellow, and goes on to explain that he would not mind loosening the check, but the people who employ him were opposed to it, want more style, and so on."

"Well, then," I say, "call your people's attention to the fact that the horses are being tortured by the check rein. Tell them that the horses would be killed in a short time because of the silly fashion."

"I thus go on lecturing. Often the drivers and coachmen really follow my advice and remedy the thing. But often the people are stubborn and do not care to listen to what I say."

"I have discovered that my painting helps me a good deal in my work. I took it one Sunday to the People's church at McVicker's. There was a long row of carriages with fine horses standing in front of the theatre. The horses were all checked up. I showed the picture to the coachmen. They laughed and cried at me all kinds of silly remarks. Finally a young couple drove up in a carriage to the theatre. The horse was restless. I showed my picture to the young gentleman and explained to him the cruelty of the horse's restlessness. The young gentleman thought he had a fool from the insane asylum before him. The uniformed coachmen stood around grinning and awaiting developments."

"Well, I gave them a practical lesson right there on the spot. I unchecked the horse, and there he stood quietly and comfortably, showing no signs of being unmanageable. The check having been loosened the horse dropped his head. His neck assumed its natural arched form. He at once became an object of admiration for all the drivers. The young gentleman thanked me for my advice, and the lady that was with him thought that my picture was the best scheme devised for the welfare of horses."

"It is only a few weeks since I began to use my picture, and I find it much more eloquent than words. Some time in the near future I shall also have other pictures copied and painted. I'll show them a horse in its natural position; a pair of horses, one checked and another loose; a span of horses, easy and graceful, because of their not being overchecked; and a pair of work horses with check reins on. The pictures will be more telling than words, and the crusade against the check rein will make rapid progress."

A Bad Memory. When a Cincinnati husband was asked in court if he had ever seen his wife in a journal.

What It Means to Keep the Army's Immense Stomach Filled—The Glory. "There is one feature in active military operations," said an old Union veteran in the course of a long war reminiscence, "that the general run of people little realize, and that is, what it means to feed an army, and especially an army pushed far in advance of its base of supplies. An army is a terrible creature to feed. It fights occasionally; it feeds all the time. It is an immense stomach with thousands of mouths always crying for more. It can't be put off or ordered not to be hungry. With 20,000 or 30,000 men in a thinly settled, mountainous country—an enemy in possession of a part of the only rickety railroad running through it, and his cavalry gallivanting around, you know not exactly where, between you and the place you draw your tons of supplies from, your only means of getting these tons on tons of bread and salt beef or pork and other things is to have them hauled over this half made mountain road, which a man brought up in a finished country would hardly dare to travel on anyway."

"You have creeks to cross or rickety bridges, or you find the bridges destroyed. You have small rivers to ford, liable to be swollen at any time in a few hours by rain. You have only a single wagon track to travel on, running up and down hills and mountains, or along their sides, not kept in repair, and if a wagon breaks down your whole procession of vehicles is stopped until it can be got out of the way. You don't know at what moment in this country, new and strange to you, a squad of guerrillas, to whom every road and pass has been familiar from their youth, will swoop down or fire from an ambuscade upon some portion of your long drawn out, straggling train of wagons, all of which, from the narrowness of the road, it is impossible fully to guard. You must drive along as fast as possible, a herd of half wild, half starved cattle, which will dash off or stray off in the woods through which they are passing at every chance they can get."

"You have sixty or eighty miles of this sort of country to pass through before you can reach the 30,000 hungry men, living now on a cracker per day. You may advance ten miles a day. You may twenty. You may make only five. Distances in an up and down country like this are very uncertain. You can't go at a gallop with a wagon train. And you are the officer in charge of this slow, lumbering, long drawn out, clumsy procession. You are responsible for its safe delivery to the hungry army. You've got your hands full and your head full of work, you've bossed road repairs, built bridges, pushed everybody and everything to keep them moving, and then, half worn out and half dead through care and the strain of the responsibility, you get your trait through in safety, and for a few days more feed this collective stomach which otherwise would have starved, how much glory awaits you?"

"Well, search our pictorial military annals and see how much of the pomp, circumstance and sensation of war you find illustrated about a wagon train. But society would tumble to pieces today without cooks, kitchens and beef cutting men with white frocks and cleavers, and all the epauletted figures on horseback about an army dwindling down, man and beast, to very poor creatures in a very few hours if they've no crackers to nibble on or lay to chew. I tell you, war means feeding as well as fighting, and there's a great deal of unrecorded glory due the quartermasters and sergeants who had to look after the bread and beef which gives men strength to stand on their legs and pull triggers."—Prentice Mulford in New York Star.

The Chinese in California. Speaking of the variety of work done here by the Chinese, they are employed in many of the factories. They are the porters and cleaners of the city to a large extent, and they compete with the sewing girls and the chambermaids in the palaces hotel, where I am stopping, the Chinese seem to do the greater part of the work, and I see queer, almond eyed, yellow skinned men in blue gowns cleaning here, scrubbing there and brushing in a third place all over this big house. They do work that an Irish servant girl would refuse to do, and I saw a half dozen of them today creeping along the narrow ledges outside the great galleries of the rotunda washing plates. A minister would have surely killed them, and you could no more get a negro or an Irish servant girl to take such a risk than you could fly.

I visited several of the Joss houses here and watched the Chinese at worship. They do not seem to be a severely religious race as far as those of America are concerned, and the richer among them have an idol or so of their own whom they pray to in their own houses. There are, however, half a dozen big Joss houses here, and each of these has its idols by the dozen. One idol especially worshipped is the god of medicine, who is represented as holding a golden pill and who is supposed to be able to cure diseases, and another also much worshiped is the god of wealth. The god of wealth is named Tsoi Poh Shing Koon, and all of the Chinese in this country have come here to make their fortunes, he never lacks votaries. The worshippers bring him offerings of food, tea and wine, and the incense always burns before him. The Chinese worship here without ceremony. They chat together as they pray, and often do not take their eyes off the pipes out of their mouths while praying through their forms of worship.—San Francisco Letter.

A King and His Will. De Lannay, Italian ambassador at Berlin, served for a time as the private secretary to Charles Albert, king of Sardinia, and after his resignation was his companion in his retirement at Operto. A few days before the death of Charles Albert his trusted friend approached him and said, "Perhaps it would be well for your majesty to give your last wishes in writing, and make your will." A melancholy smile passed over the monarch's face as he answered, "My will—you are right; I had not thought of it—tomorrow." On the following day De Lannay appeared in the ante-chamber with the proper persons, expecting that the king would dictate his will to him. He knocked at the door of the bed chamber. "Is it you, my friend?" inquired Charles Albert. "Ah! I had quite forgotten! My will. Close the door so that no one shall hear us. Come to my bedside." The king then whispered into De Lannay's ear: "I do not own a single centesimo. What sort of a will shall I make? I have lived in poverty, and in poverty I shall die. Thus it behooves the king of the house of Savoie to make a journal."