

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

KNOTS BECS, Publishers & Proprietors.

THE PLATTSMOUTH HERALD is published every evening except Sunday and Weekly Thursday morning. Registered at the postoffice, Plattsmouth, Neb., as second-class matter. Office corner of Vine and Fifth streets. Telephone No. 23.

TERMS FOR DAILY. One copy one year in advance, by mail... \$6.00 One copy per month, by carrier... 50 One copy per week, by carrier... 15

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT, BENJAMIN HARRISON, of Indiana.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT, LEVI P. MORTON, of New York.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS

H. C. RUSSELL, Coffax county. GEO. H. HASTINGS, Saline county. M. M. BUTLER, Cass county. CHAS. F. IDDINGS, Lincoln county. JAMES MCNENEY, Webster county.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR, JOHN M. THAYER. FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR, GEORGE D. MEIKLEJOHN. FOR SECRETARY OF STATE, GILBERT L. LAWS. FOR TREASURER, J. E. HILL. FOR AUDITOR OF PUBLIC ACCOUNTS, THOMAS H. BENTON. FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL, WILLIAM LEESE. FOR COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC LANDS AND BUILDINGS, JOHN STEEN. FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, GEORGE B. LANE.

CONGRESSIONAL TICKET.

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

COUNTY TICKET.

FOR STATE SENATOR, MILTON D. POLK. FOR FLOAT REPRESENTATIVE, (District No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100) JOHN C. WATSON. FOR REPRESENTATIVES, N. M. SATCHEL, EDWIN JEARY. FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY, ALLEN BEESON. FOR COMMISSIONER, 1ST. DIST. AMMI B. TODD. FOR SURVEYOR, HERMAN SCHMIDT.

JOHN C. WATSON together with Messrs. Jeary and Satchel in the house will take care of Cass counties interests in the next legislature and Milton D. Polk will preside in the senate and our democratic friends may just as well reconcile themselves to this condition of affairs for it will surely come to pass.

Don't whine about the fellow that fooled the British minister into showing his hand. That hand has been steadily steering Mr. Bayard and Mr. Cleveland. It probably suggested the celebrated message against Great Britain and it unwittingly exposed itself to the California correspondent. The American people and the Irish voter are not interested so much in who fooled Mr. West as they are in who is running Mr. Cleveland's administration.

Mr. McShane, the boddler, wants to buy up a legislature in this state does he? His statesmanship is embraced in the enquiry: Can MONEY be used to influence your voters? This is a pretty statesman to put up to defeat Governor Thayer. I want the legislature what will it cost? is his platform. When Gov. Thayer had the law against gambling in his hands for approval this beautiful specimen of political honesty wanted that measure vetoed. He was for the gamblers.

LORD SACKVILLE WEST has placed the democratic party in an embarrassing position. Mr. Cleveland's administration has been an English administration from first to last and no amount of lying by the democratic leaders could disguise the fact. Mr. Cleveland's retaliation message was a democratic fake intended to pull the wool over the eyes of the Irish voters. The action of the British Government since the promulgation of that message shows the understanding between Her Majesty's government and Mr. Cleveland's administration. Had a republican president issued that message the world would have witnessed bluster and threats from Mr. Bull without limit: As it is, the message came from Mr. Bull's partner, Grover Cleveland, and meant simply a blind to fool the Irish. Minister West let the cat out of the bag and no amount of blabbering by Mr. Cleveland and his cabinet can cure the expose. That British influences have dominated American affairs since Mr. Cleveland went into power is clear and certain. That it must stop is also certain and Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, will veto it.

GEN. HARRISON'S CHARACTER.

Every speech which General Harrison has made during the campaign has added to the strength of his position, because he has been able to let his personality take care of itself and give his attention to the important issues before the people. It is not every man who can do this, for most of those who have held the high offices by which he has been honored have some record which has to be justified or defended.

The people at large appreciate the certificate of character which this fact involves. Many statesmen of sterling integrity, who chanced to be in public life with him, have been unable to avoid calumny, though they did not take part in the great measures by which the republican candidate earned his prominence. They have had to live down slanders, which never were pointed at General Harrison, because the false witnesses, however ingenious, have always realized the impotence of their weapons against a man of simple, unassuming honesty.

Clear-hearted, straightforward of mind and purpose, he has been able to dispense with the defensive weapons which less fortunate statesmen are often obliged to keep in stock. By this fact he is able now to talk to the issues on all occasions, and, later on, if he is elected, he will not be distracted from public business by the necessity of defending his private character. It is this fact which commends him to the people as a trustworthy man, for there is no guaranty of good conduct equal to an unassailed and unassailable record extending over many years of activity.

WHY THE SOUTH HATES PROTECTION.

The true motive of Southern attacks upon the protective features of the tariff was disclosed in a speech by Mr. Morgan, of Alabama, during the tariff debate in the United States Senate in 1883. He asserted with surprising candor that he did not want a high tariff which might lead to a high rate of wages, because it might be a damage to Alabama's planting interests. He feared that under high protection great manufacturing establishments would spring up and that the high wages paid employees would attract laborers from the plantations to the shops.

That is the position of the Southern free traders. They do not want to have labor well paid. They desire that the negro shall remain practically a slave after the law has freed him, and they desire to push down the poor white man to the same level. They believe in luxury for the wealthy and squalor for the poor.

There are no plantations run by semi-slave labor in the North. Here public sentiment holds that "the laborer is worthy of his hire." The United States must never have a "peasant class" or "surf population," such as breed anarchy and misery in Europe.—Albany Journal.

TAX FOREIGN PRODUCTS.

Why shouldn't this country tax the foreign product? Can any Democrat raver or reformer tell wherein it is better for the American people to tax their products than to tax some one else's? The Republican protective tariff thinks a good deal more of men than it does of merchandise. There isn't a market in the world like our great American market. Before we talk of foreign markets let's possess our own markets. We haven't them yet. We imported last year \$740,000,000 worth of foreign products, among them \$50,000,000 worth of iron and steel. This latter would have given American workmen, if produced at home, 300 days work for 35,600 men. Let's get our own markets first.

MAJOR WATSON.

The Journal need not worry over Hon. John C. Watson for float representative. The people of Cass county know and remember the able fearless prosecutor from Otos county who performed his public duties honestly and scrupulously. The record made by John C. Watson in this judicial district, is a certificate of character which no political abuse can wipe out. Mr. Watson will be elected and our people will be ably and honestly represented.

Mr. Polk, the Journal says, is canvassing, while for men Gilmore is ranching, or words to that effect. The long suffering people of Cass county well remember how Mr. Gilmore, with his prototype Mat Gering, tramped the dog-fennel of Cass county into the mud during the entire summer organizing democratic clubs, and fencing against Hon. Frank E. White, for the senate, oh no! the Hon. Joe never electioneers? Had Mr. Gilmore paid more attention to the weeds on his farm during the long seasonable summer he would have more time now to pull the voter.

JOE. The One Price Clothier, who has come to our city lately, is a real wide-swade business man and is a great benefit to our town. He has filled a jar with beans, and invites every man and woman in the county to come in and guess the number of beans in the jar. The one coming the closest to the number, he will give them a \$20 suit of clothes.

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, Trecoats, etc.

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

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

SMYRNA RUGS and a Handsome Line of Carpets, Mats, Floor Oil Cloths, and Linoleum at Low Prices.

E. C. DOVEY & SON.

The Daylight Store!



We continue to offer SPECIAL PRICES! and Extra Good Bargains in Ladies', Children's and Misses' WRAPS Seal Plushes, Short Wraps, Cloaks, Newmarkets, Plush Seques, Etc., Etc.

Flannels, Dress Goods

Winter Goods

Is very complete. Remember we offer a Special

15 Per Cent Discount

On All Woolen Underwear. A Call Will Convince You.

J. V. Weckbach.

CARE OF THE EYES.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE DURING THE TIME OF CHILDHOOD.

Parents and Teachers Must Exercise an Oversight—Carelessness of Nurses—Cause of Squinting—A Critical Period—A Couple of Good Rules.

Many persons yearly make the very sad mistake of neglecting their eyes until they begin to see the mist before them, until the object they are looking at must be brought very close to the eye to be discerned, or until the print in the book they are reading becomes all blurred, and then, when in many cases it is too late to repair the injury that has been caused, they begin to seek advice. Every year there are hundreds of cases that come under the oculist's care that could have been cured if a few rudimentary principles had been known to or observed by the patient. These things everybody should know, but, perhaps, of all persons whose special duty it is to know them, the mother has the greatest need of it. She, at least, of all persons, should know that the human eye of the child whose infancy and the first few years of its tender childhood are especially entrusted to her care, for very often it is in infancy, when the child is yet but a few months old, and has not left the nurse's lap, that its little eyes are injured for life.

It is natural that, when we have arrived at middle age and begin descending the hill of life, our sight should come to us as long as it is possible. First, by having our competent mothers and nurses take care of them for us while we are yet infants. In a day or two after birth it will perhaps be noticed that the lids are swollen, and perhaps that some irruptive mother or nurse will do well not to try to be doctor as well as occupying the trying position of either mother or nurse. A skillful practitioner should at once be called in to see the child, that is, if the symptoms become at all serious, because it is at this very time that the sight of the child may be seriously affected, and perhaps permanently impaired. Above all things don't in such cases try mother's milk; neither be overanxious that the child may be hungry, and thereby overfeed it. Remember, first of all, that a low diet must be given in such cases; this is imperative. The child should at once be taken from a place where there is a strong light and kept in a room where the sun or artificial light has been subdued. A conscientious physician will in most cases be able to effect a rapid cure and save the child from untold agony, which it might have to endure when it grew older if neglected now.

CARELESSNESS OF NURSES.

Nurses frequently allow the child to lie in their (the nurses') laps, and in such a position that in order to gaze about it, the infant must roll its eyes until sometimes it is staring at objects over its forehead or with its head tipped back it is looking at objects upside down. The careful nurse and the thoughtful mother will never allow the child to recline in this position, or if they do, will place it so that there will be no incentive for it to look over its head. Sight is impaired in many children in this way. When the child is teething is a critical time for its eyes, and later, when it is beginning to learn to read, be careful then that it does not acquire habits which, when it matures, cannot be easily eradicated. Observe how it holds its book: don't let it hold it up to its face and squint at it. Be careful also that it uses both eyes at the same time, because many children acquire the habit of using one eye and leaving the other unused, causing it in time to grow exceedingly weak. Primers and first readers should invariably be in large type, and the child should be made to sit up straight. Constantly leaning over a desk or a piano has a bad effect upon the eyes of children, which is fully equalled by a misfortune which befalls little girls, and that is their tresses falling down over their faces. It is supposed that squinting is caused in the brain, but it is well known that children inherit it. Many of these surrounding influences are indirectly the cause of squinting, and they should be most zealously guarded against. Always see to it that children have plenty of fresh air in the school room, and do not excite the child's imitative faculties. Many a child has been a squinter for life, made so by imitating a nurse or a companion who squinted for fun. This is a most pernicious practice, and one that is oftentimes indulged in by those who have the care of children because the child is so smart it mimics so well.

ANOTHER CRITICAL PERIOD.

The next very critical period is when the child has grown into a youth or maiden. Their constant study, or the too close application to an exacting occupation, will work incalculable injury. The young man or woman who is fortunate enough to discover this in time has reason to be thankful for the skillful oculist may, if he has the patient in season, be able to do him some temporary good; but, alas! for those who are not aware of their true condition until they are frightened some day by the specter of luminous objects and black specks floating before them. They see undulating lights and objects that appear to be composed of a misty substance. When this state of things arrives the wise youth or maiden will at once show himself to a physician and get medical advice. If the defect to the eyes in its first stages the doctor will not be in any hurry to have you wear glasses. This is not so desirable as many suppose. Glasses are annoying to those who are forced to wear them, and if there is any way to avoid it, no one should be in any hurry to put them on. In the first place, a person who notices himself afflicted with these symptoms will seek rest. If he is a student, let him temporarily give up the companionship of his books and seek the companionship of nature. Always it will be found that good sight is dependent to a great extent upon good health, and one should never, under any circumstances, neglect his general condition, no matter how trifling the circumstance or symptoms may appear to be.

A good rule to remember in caring for the sight is: Never read in bed; and another very good rule to observe (it is disregarded by almost everybody) is never to read on the cars.—Boston Globe.

Barking Up the Wrong Tree.

Magistrate (to base ball umpire charged with being drunk and disorderly)—It is simply outrageous, your conduct, the condition in which you are brought before me. You are a disgrace to the great national game. Umpire—Wh-a-t! That'll c-h-o-s-t you twenty-five (hie) dollars, judge. No back-t-talk (hie) t-to me, or I'll fine you the limit.—New York Sun.

Anecdote of "Old Hutch."

One evening, after a day of unusual excitement on the old board, "Hutch" sat by a window in the Corn Exchange bank. The room was quiet, for business was over, except that of the bookkeepers. One of the old gentleman's friends came in. He was in a happy mood. He didn't see Mr. Hutchinson when he entered. The friend is an excellent tenor and fond of letting the world know it. As he bustled about the room he pitched his fine voice to that sweetest American air:

Way down on the Swanee river.

The bookkeepers stopped their work and listened and looked. The singer, who was engaged in something else, did not notice that he had an audience until he turned about. Mr. Hutchinson had arisen from his chair and came to the end of a high desk. He was resting his chin in one hand and listening to the old song. The gentleman who had thus entertained him unawares said: "Hello; I didn't see you."

Mr. Hutchinson replied: "Don't let me interrupt you. Keep right on."

"That's all there is to that."

"Sing it again," said the old man.

"No; I'll sing you 'The Old Kentucky Home.'" And he did. When he had finished Mr. Hutchinson was still standing at the desk. "What do you think of that?" asked the tenor.

"I like the other," was the reply. "Sing me that again."

"Way Down on the Swanee River" was sung again in the room where available before there was a commercial treaty of the fiercest sort. The melody of the plantation soothed the man who had been the most active participant in the day's business. When it had been sung again and the tick of the clock on the wall sounded clear and sharp in the silence of the room, Mr. Hutchinson said:

"I'd give all I am worth if I could sing like you. I like them old songs. Why don't everybody sing them?"

In less time than a minute he was on the street, pushing along in the darkness, bound somewhere. He never sits or stands anywhere very long.—Chicago Times.

The Man Who Has Money.

The keeping of money is a harder job than the earning of it. The old adage may not always be true, that any fool can make money, but only a wise man can save it. Those who save money frequently cannot keep it, for their very thrift frequently becomes blind. There is perhaps no fact so quickly known as an individual's possession of more money than he requires for his living. Men who save are frequently vain of their success at thrift, and let out the fact that they are further ahead of the world than somebody else says or supposes. In a little while, especially in our metropolitan society, so called, the man who has this money is mysteriously waited upon. A bright minded man is pursued. He is entreated to come out a little more into the world and enjoy himself, and not let his exceptional wit and ability be hid under a bushel. Perhaps in the course of a few months his own wife will acquaint him with the fact that there is a great deal of money in some stock, mine, mortgage or scheme; the piper and stealer have got around the blindest side of the man and made his wife believe that her husband can suddenly become three times as well off as he is if he would only take a sure chance, as if any chance can be sure. Individuals of his family will brighten up and say: "Well, Jones, if I had your money I would not let it lay out at 5 per cent. I know a thing or two myself."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Hoodlum of London Slums.

The children even of the slums and cellars are fat and rosy. But the bloom doesn't last long. The class of which I am speaking is not long lived. They decay prematurely. The hoodlum of the London slum is often at 20 peaked in visage, sallow as to complexion, and of some stock, mine, mortgage or scheme; the piper and stealer have got around the blindest side of the man and made his wife believe that her husband can suddenly become three times as well off as he is if he would only take a sure chance, as if any chance can be sure. Individuals of his family will brighten up and say: "Well, Jones, if I had your money I would not let it lay out at 5 per cent. I know a thing or two myself."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Like all fungus growths, he lacks stamina, strength and endurance.

He is a vicious beast in a crowd, and in gangs of half a dozen has a fashion of charging through a mass of men and women in single file, a sort of co-operative battering ram and angur combbed, and as he boxes his way along he works his elbows in a peculiar fashion, digging into the sides of those near him, and even at times breaking ribs. This is a device to aid pocket picking. If on any public occasion you are in a carriage, waiting in the locked mass of vehicles for the royal procession to pass, this creature at night will thrust his visage, pipe and all, into the carriage door, and comment audibly on the appearance of the ladies with you. London street "chaff" is at first surprising and unendurable to an American, but the upper class on such occasions mind it no more than they would a sparrow's chirp, and sometimes it is a subject for repetition and after-dinner table talk, when it has been so plentifully fired at, that as they drove to and from the Derby.—Prestice Mulford in New York Star.

What Might Have Been.

Speaking of the Princess of Wales, Le Figaro, of Paris, remarks: Her friends say that often as night falls, in the large hall of Sandringham, she remains for hours watching the coals reddening in the immense fireplace; she does not see what passes around her; she listens to nothing that is said to her, neither the calling of the Princess Maud, nor the jokes of Prince Albert. "Her highness sits," say her attendants. They deceive themselves. Her highness meditates on the little Alexandra, who believed herself destined to marry a petty German prince, very domestic, very faithful, and who would have died very happy after having had many children.—Foreign Letter.

An Unfortunate Meeting.

"May I call on you occasionally, Miss De Lancey?" said Bjones after the dance. "We seem already as old friends. Have I not seen you somewhere before?" "Yes," was the cutting reply, "you saw me hanging on to the car strap one day last week while you were sitting down."—New York Evening Sun.

Both Agreed.

Crosshead—If you're going to light that cigar I guess I'll get on the windward side of you. Litetop—Don't like cigar smoking, eh? Well, I thought every one liked to smoke a good cigar; I'm sure I do. Crosshead—So do I.—Yankee Blade.