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WAVERLAND.

A TALE OF OUR COMING LANDLORDS.

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On the first evening of our visit at Blue Ridge there was a grand concert in which some of the most celebrated musicians from London took part. It was a grand treat to me and as I listened I thought how Stella's eyes would sparkle and her expressive face respond to the soul inspiring melody, if she was here.

One day as the colonel and myself were having a quiet game of chess in the duke's private parlor, a favorite resort for gentlemen not otherwise engaged, the duke came in, saying:

"Lady Hortense has just been asking me to find some one to take the part of Uncle Sam in a theatrical play they are getting up. I promised to urge you, Colonel Haynes, to take the part."

"I fear I should be a failure," said the colonel, but after a little thought he consented to try.



"I fear I should be a failure," said the colonel.

When the evening came the great hall was brilliantly lighted, and the stage that had been erected at one end of the hall was draped with artistic skill. The play was "Uncle Sam's advice to Johnny Bull."

The first scene opened with Johnny Bull, a sturdy, corpulent old fellow, dressed in waistcoat, leather breeches, and a three-cornered hat, with a stout oaken cane in his hand, seated on a throne surrounded by lords and ladies in rich apparel.

At the same time a chorus of voices was heard in the distance advancing singing "Hail Columbia." The characters marched on to the stage in front of the throne, still singing. Uncle Sam came first, dressed in striped pants, swallow-tail coat and white stove-pipe hat. The goddess of liberty, a tall, beautiful woman, draped with stars and stripes, was at his side. They were followed by a company of girls dressed in white, carrying American flags. As they crossed the stage, Uncle Sam helped himself to a chair, crossed his legs, took from his pocket a clay pipe, filled and lit it and commenced smoking, without saying a word a salute to Johnny Bull on the throne, while his supporters formed a semicircle about him.

J. B. (angrily). What have we here! A mimicking monkey without brains enough to salute a king!

U. S. Well now, Johnny, I just came in for a friendly call. You need not stand on ceremony, I'll excuse you.

J. B. Excuse me! The donkey, what does he mean? (Speaking to his court.)

U. S. I mean you had better come down from your high throne and view the world as others do.

J. B. Yes, I'll come down, but it will be to teach you numbers. (Shaking his cudgel vigorously.) Why, man, you are mad!

U. S. Oh, no, Johnny, I'm not mad, but this tobacco is poor stuff. (Trying to make his pipe draw.)

J. B. (To the courtiers.) I'd like to flog this fellow for his impudence. (Then to U. S.) Well, what do you want?

U. S. Now, Johnny don't get excited. I just came to tell you that the Russian Bear is about to pounce on you unawares, and strangled Ireland is being brought to life by her exiled sons across the sea.

J. B. (Leaves the throne and rushes from one side of the stage to the other at mention of Ireland, shaking his cudgel in U. S.'s face, while U. S. sits calmly smoking.) Yes, you are sending aid to Ireland to defeat our government if you can, but we'll show you that it can't be done!

U. S. No, no, we're only watching.

J. B. You call it watching, do you, when millions of dollars are coming from America to help the lazy Irish to resist law and order?

U. S. Now, Johnny, do be reasonable. You never seem to fret when millions of pounds come to help pay the English landlord.

J. B. O, that is private funds!

U. S. Just so, Johnny. So is this private funds!

J. B. Be careful or you will find your public funds in danger.

U. S. Just so. I remember you were careful of your private funds a few years ago, when you sent aid by the ship load to help defend our nation. Every dog has his day, Johnny.

J. B. Take care what you say! I'm in no humor to enjoy a joke (shaking his cudgel with renewed vigor at U. S.).

U. S. (smoking calmly). Now, Johnny, just keep cool. I know you hate to have us talking about you, calling you robbers and murderers, but you are too high, Johnny. Come down to the level of mankind and view things as we do; then you'll see these things for yourself.

Just then a commotion rushes into the hall, crying, "We are all going to be murdered! London is all blown up!" The tower is destroyed! The Queen is dead, and no one is safe.

Everyone is panic-stricken. Uncle Sam forgets to smoke, Johnny Bull forgets his wrath, and disorder reigned supreme. The man who brought the report had not seen anything; but the frightened people in the streets of London, he said, were running and screaming with terror, as though all England was about to be destroyed with Irish dynamite. We could not gain any definite knowledge of any source, and the night was passed in dread and suspense.

Now over the entrance to Westminster Hall was shattered to fragments, and the floors were covered with broken glass and masonry. The lobby of the House of Commons in the Parliament building was completely destroyed. The strangers' gallery was thrown down. A chip was taken from the speaker's chair, and Mr. Gladstone's chair was in splinters. The very extremity of the building was a complete wreck.

But the tower was the most perfect example of the power of dynamite. The doors were completely destroyed. The explosive substance had played mad pranks with the many hundred stands of arms, twisting the rifles into the most fantastic shapes, and scattering them into wild confusion.

Londoners who heard the explosion describe it as most terrific. It was an awful shock, striking at the heart of English pride and power, and resounding through every land and clime with warning notes.

Returning to Blue Ridge the details of the explosion were commented upon at great length. Each guest had some theory to advance as to what would come next, and why this atrocious crime had been perpetrated.

"It all comes from this confounded agitation that Parnell is keeping up," said the duke, as we were enjoying a comfortable half-hour by ourselves in his rooms.

"I do not believe Parnell is to blame. The Irish people think they can only obtain a hearing in some such way. If England would deal candidly with the Irish people as she does with Canada and her other colonies, men would never resort to such desperate means."

"Talking about that explosion yet?" exclaimed Colonel Haynes, as he came into the room. "I'm glad my home is not in England."

"You'll be having the same trouble in the United States before long," I said. "If your careless way of disposing of public lands continues."

"I did not know we were careless. Our laws are liberal but well defined," said the colonel. "No one can buy our lands of the government in large tracts, and the good West is reserved for homestead and pre-emption laws for actual settlers only. Surely that is a safe policy."

"Hi, hi," laughed the duke. "Are you an American and know so little of the doings in your own country? Why, I own an estate or ranch, as it is called there, larger than any man owns in England; all in one body, too. And surrounded by a barb wire fence, that is proof against everything, even your boasted homestead and pre-emption laws!"

"How did you get it?" asked the colonel, amazed.

"Why, I bought alternate sections of railroad lands, and then sent in different names as settlers to enter pre-emption, homestead and timber claims to secure the government sections."

"But they must be different men," protested the colonel. "One man can preempt only eighty acres, or, at a higher rate, one hundred and sixty. So, how could you get a whole section?"

"Oh, I see you are not a politician," said the duke, much amused. "You have not yet learned the ropes, as they say in your country."

"No, I confess I am not initiated," said the colonel.

"You seem to know the workings of the ring," I said turning to the duke.

"Yes, I was interested. Many of the politicians in America, as elsewhere, allow a good deal to cover doubtful points. If you should go to Washington and examine the records, you would, if you could trace it out, find millions of acres held by fictitious names. Then, too, the railroads, large as their grants have been, have nearly doubled their lands when sold. Here is a statement which I received from a friend of mine at Washington, that will prove what I say is true," he said, taking a paper out of his pocket and laying it on the table where we could examine it.

"There, you see the railroads claim to have grants amounting to 237,000,000 acres; while by ascertaining what the different roads have actually ended, we find it to be less than one-fourth of their claims. That is a grand success, you see, for the railroads."

"I do not see how that is possible," said the colonel, "when their grants are defined by metes and bounds."

"They are defined on the maps, but when the lands are surveyed they exceed the limits from 500 to 600 acres to the mile. The reports say you have 20,000 miles of completed railroads. An average of five hundred acres to the mile gives a total gain to the corporations of some 10,000,000 acres more land than they have any right to."

So it is stated in your official reports from the land office in Washington. Besides that there are immense quantities of lands claimed along lines that are not built, and that cannot now be built, under the laws making these grants, yet the corporations claim the lands and are selling them as fast as they can."

"Now I do not wonder where the wealth that seems to flow in upon the railroad corporations comes from," said the colonel. "I can now see how men can become millionaires in so short a time."

"Yes, that is grand," said I. "The government makes donations to corporations to build railroads. They double the gift, then charge the people exorbitant rates for the roads."

"Waverland, you are slightly sarcastic," said the duke.

"Well, it seems to me that people are very ignorant or very careless to allow such schemes to flourish," said I.

"It would be hard work for men like Jay Gould, the Vanderbilts and other railroad dignitaries, if all the American people were alive to the legalized robbery that is carried on among them. They would, if they had any of the spirit of the revolutionary times in their bodies, arise in mass and crush out the villainous schemes," said the duke. "But I am glad they are blind to their own interests, for it helps us capitalists to secure a firm footing in the New West."

"Well," said the colonel, "I have often heard that men can learn more of themselves through other people's eyes than through their own. I thank you, Melvorne, for having shown us some of our weaknesses, and where some of the dangers to our nation lie. I never knew that our American lands were being gobbled up so fast, or that vast estates are being made of the very lands that our American farmers will need to make homes for themselves and their children."

CHAPTER X.—A SACRED TRUST.

One morning as the colonel and I were leaving the breakfast room a message was handed me. I opened it and read that my mother was very ill. I found the duke and explained my message to him. During our conversation he asked me to visit America with him in the spring. I promised to do so if possible.

"I shall look for you in May or near that time to go with me," said the duke, as I was leaving for the train. The colonel went with me to the city and saw me start on my homeward journey.

I reached home without accident and found Myrtle on the watch for me.

"How is mother?" I asked, as I took her in my arms and started upstairs.

"She is very ill and had been asking for you all day."

As I opened the door the physician who was standing by my mother's bed placed his fingers to my lips to indicate silence, but her quick ear caught the sound. She turned her head and saw me standing in the door. A glad smile lit up her pale face as I went to her bedside. I kissed her lips saying:

"Are you better, my dear mother?"

"About the same," she said in a whisper, "but I am so glad you have come, my son, my darling boy."

"Now, you will get well again, and I will take you with me to see new scenes that will cheer your life."

"My son," said my mother, "I shall never get well again, and it is best so. I want you, my son, to forgive me the pain I caused you when Stella left us."

"Oh, don't say that," I said, while tears rolled down my cheeks, for with the words had come the thought of the utter loneliness that must follow. "What can we do without you?"

"But say you forgive me, my son," again pleaded the whispering voice.

"Yes, darling mother, I forgive you freely, and I beg you to forgive my cruel neglect in seeking my own pleasure and forgetting you, I said, bending low beside her bed with keen regret in my heart.

"If you ever find her tell her how I missed her, and remember you have a mother's blessing in seeking her boys. I was in the wrong. Rank and position are of little value when seen from a bed of death. You will be kind to Myrtle. Poor

little one, she has been my greatest comfort," said my mother, placing her hand upon the head of the weeping child.

The physician administered to my mother her potion and felt her pulse. I knew by the look on the kind old face that the dear one who had filled my life with a halo of light from the heavenly world, would soon be beyond the reach of pain or sorrow. How frail she looked as she lay with closed eyes, breathing so quietly her life away.

"Oh, mamma, mamma," moaned Myrtle.

My mother opened her eyes in answer to her baby's call. The mother's heart was both to leave her darling. She reached her hand out to find us, and asked:

"My son, are you here? Myrtle, darling, God bless you," came in a whisper so faint that I could hardly catch the words. Then she fell upon the lips that had only uttered words of love and tender counsel. The physician said:

"Rest in peace." And, as I looked at the sweet face now beautified with a hope of eternal glory, I could only say, "Yes, rest in peace."

It was only the swinging open of the golden gates, I could not weep. I could only stand and look at the dear, dead body. It was only the empty casket, the precious jewel was not there. Taking Myrtle by the hand, I led her to my room where I soon had a comfortable fire.

Poor weeping Myrtle. She was such a few frail child, though ten years old. So young to miss a mother's love. But I had promised my mother to guard her from harm.

What a sad home coming this had been to me. I did not anticipate much pleasure, but I had always found my mother ready to welcome me home with loving words and tender care. Now life was desolate indeed! "No one to love, none to caress!" I thought of the words, "No one is ever quite miserable who has the love of one small child." I had that at least. Myrtle clung to me with a tender, trusting love. How my heart yearned for the intelligent sympathy Stella would have given! She could have been a sister to Myrtle and a comfort to me! Where was she now? Had she forgotten us, or was her heart ever turning toward the past with fond remembrance of us all? Even my mother had longed for her in the solitude of sickness. I was glad to know my mother's wish for in my heart it was resolved to win Stella's love if I should ever meet again, and I had strong hopes that sometime we should meet.

How dull were the days that followed. We were lonely and full of sorrow, my little sister and I. Thoughts of other days would come to mock me with vanished joys. Days when my mother was my friend. Then, days when sunshine was shed throughout the dull old house at Waverland by our sweet friend. Would happiness ever again take up its abode at Waverland?

Days pass; the beautiful dead was laid to rest, and Myrtle and I took up the burden of life again. She was a quiet child and accustomed to amusing herself. I soon learned to love her very dearly; her very helplessness was a call for love and tenderness for me. Soon after my mother's death Annie Wren urged Myrtle to go home with her, but she chose to stay with me and was always by my side. As I look back to those days I feel very thankful for the little sister who kept me from despair.

When the joyous springtime came with birds and flowers, renewed life sprang up within my heart. It was near the time for me to start for London if I wished to visit America with the duke of Melvorne.

What had I better do? I could not take Myrtle with me, and to send her away among strangers seemed a cruel thing to do. I was still undecided, when one morning we had been out riding and called at Sir Wren's. Annie met us at the door and persuaded Myrtle to spend a few days with her. When the time for Myrtle's visit to end came, I went to bring her home. Still what to do with her during my absence was an anxious puzzle. When she saw me she came and putting her arms about my neck, said:

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should stay a little longer with Annie! We have some nice things piled out together, ready to eat, and watching the babies as they sleep."

"Yes, Myrtle, I said, "I am glad to know you are happy. If you and Annie can't find anything for you to stay here a few more days, I will visit Virginia with the Duke of Melvorne. You, my dear, will not be a day's journey from me. I asked, turning toward her as I spoke.

"I would be delighted to have her with me! My company is rare, and she is such good company and so little trouble! Please let her stay, Lord," said Annie with animation.

"I am glad to find it so agreeable to you. It has been a troublesome question what to do with her while I was gone. But I feel well pleased to have her in your care. Here is some thing to meet your expenses with," I said, handing her a bank note.

"I am to use this as I please!" she said, taking the note.

"Yes," I said, taking her hand at parting, "and I thank you more than words can tell."

As I took her hand it trembled and her face grew very white. She kept her eyes turned toward the floor. What could it mean? I kept asking myself all the way home if I had won this fair girl's love. I did not know. We had been friends from childhood, and I loved her with a brotherly love, yet no words of such deep friendship had ever passed between us. She was to me like a sister nearly my own age. Did she know of my mother's wish? A thousand strange fancies came into my mind. I could not fathom the white face with its strange expression.

A few days after, when my preparations were all completed, I rode over to Sir Wren's to say good-bye. Annie was not at home, but Sir Wren gave me a hearty God-bye, and Myrtle clung to my neck, sobbing most piteously.

She was comforted by my telling her that I was going in search of Stella. That was a magic word. She ceased weeping and began to plan how else it would be to have Stella at Waverland once more.

"Would I find her?" was the oft-recurring thought as I rode away from the gate at Sir Wren's.

CHAPTER XI.—AMERICA.

I was at last ready to start for America. The land of heroes. Land of God's planting! The beacon light of hope! A land of free churches, of free schools, and free men! Would my grand ideal be realized? Would I find there all the noble aspirations of a nation fulfilled?

When I reached my lodgings in London, I sent word to the Duke of Melvorne that I was at his service and ready whenever he wished to start on our western tour. The answer came in person of the Duke himself.

"You were in earnest," he said, giving me a cordial hand-shake as he spoke.

"Yes, sir," I replied. "I want to see the land where a man can make a million in a month or two."

Our preparations for the voyage were quickly completed. Our passage was secured on the "Fulda," and soon we were plowing the waters of the deep, leaving behind us a line of white foam, soon lost in the distance. I thought how like our life is this path, very real and full of life it seems at first, and then it is lost and forgotten.

The docks were crowded with many company. Some were going home, after years of absence, to greet the dear ones waiting to welcome them. Others, like myself were going for a first look at the new world. Our voyage was made after the president of the United States had issued orders for the great cattle companies to take their herds from some of the Indian reservations. A corpulent old man was making himself very disagreeable over the news which had just reached him.

"Why are you so vexed with the president's order?"

"If it is carried out it will cost nearly all my cattle are worth. They are not in a marketable condition," he said, grumblingly.

"How did you obtain permission to put your herds there?" I inquired.

"We got leases from the Indian chiefs," he said.

"Why, I thought the Indians were wards of the nation, and had no right to sell or lease their lands."

"So they are thought to be. But through the secretary of the department we obtained the lease for a large tract of the best stock raising country in the west. Plenty of good water, grass in abundance, and a mild climate," he said, warming up with his subject.

"There is a man with his toes pinched," I said to the duke a few moments after, as we heard the old man still grumbling when any one would listen to him.

"Yes," said the duke, "that order of the president's will pinch a good many toes if it is carried out. But it will not be enforced. There is too much money in it. The order amounts to nothing. It is only a blank cartridge fired for effect."

"Can you think delays will be winked at, and that nothing will be done to enforce the order?"

"And, as a rule, my young friend, that money wins every time," said the duke, bending me full in the face with an amused expression on his handsome face.

"What a fine looking lady that is sitting yonder watching the sunset, with the young lady at her side," remarked the duke, changing the subject abruptly.

"I wonder if they are Americans?" I asked, as we strolled along the deck. "Have you met them?"

"Yes, to both your questions. I have met them and they are Americans. The elderly lady is the mother. The young lady is one of the finest violinists of her age in the world. They are now returning home from Europe. The daughter has just completed her course of study and will now begin to reap her reward as an artist."

"I hope she will favor us occasionally with some of her skill," I said, as we passed in to supper.

Evening on shipboard is usually a delightful time. Every one is willing to be agreeable. There were several good musicians on board who kindly favored us with music. And glee clubs were formed from the merry company. Some paired off for a quiet game of whist, the only game allowed on board by order of the captain.

[Continued Tomorrow.]

Gentlemen would not use "Blush of Roses" if it was a paint or powder, of course not. It is clear as water, no sediment to fill the pores of the skin. Its mission is to heal, cleanse and purify the complexion of every imperfection, and insures every lady and gentleman a clean, smooth complexion. Sold by O. H. Snyder. Price 75 cents.