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5/8 HORSE BLANKETS ARE THE STRONGEST.

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THE 5/8 LABEL. Made by Wm. Ayres & Sons, Plattsburgh, who make the famous Horse Brand Blankets.

THERE are 4,427 new post offices that have been established during the present year. No year of the Cleveland administration came anywhere near equalling it.

The worst advances caused by the McKinley tariff bill is the advances made upon the citadel of truth by a united democratic press. A lie twice told becomes a palpable truth, is now the most popular democratic motto.

Another objection to the McKinley bill is the fact that large numbers of working men have been discharged from factories in England and Germany on account of the effect over there of the new measure. Of course the market will be supplied, but it will be at the hands of the American workman, and in the words of Bryan at Weeping Water, "too much has already been done for the shop man." How do wage workers like the democratic doctrine.

The third party prohibitionists in Kansas have suddenly been awakened to the real situation in that state. The recent decision of the courts which nullifies the present law and makes necessary the passing of a new one, has sent the third party crowd scampering and clamoring to get in out of the wet; they have already abandoned their high moral plane, and will elect a straight republican governor and legislature, as that is the only way for prohibition to succeed in Kansas.

The condition of trade. There is a very pronounced gain in the volume of trade distribution. An enlarged trade is reported in dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes, groceries iron and steel." The above are the headlines of the commercial column in the World-Herald of Sunday. The editorial columns of the same day give a doleful picture of how we are robbed, and an indication of the bankruptcy that is near at hand. The two editors should get together and the commercial editor with his facts and data should enlighten the darkened soul of the editor in chief.

The old adage that "when rogues fall out, honest men get their dues" is being experienced in a striking manner in South Carolina. The democratic ranks have been divided; two democratic tickets are in the field, and as a result the old time methods of intimidation and bulldozing of the bourbon faction will not work, and as a consequent result, things are assuming a caloric temperature, uncommon even in South Carolina. The threats of violence and intention to ignore the election laws by the bourbons is met with a firm front by the opposition and a determination to have for once a square deal.

The Oxford sugar factory only pays \$4 a ton for beets. The governments, state and national, pay him \$7.13 for working them up. Ought to be a snap. But it would be only reasonable for Oxford to pay the farmer as much as the bounty. Gratis material would seem to be the reasonable encouragement for the most infantile industry.

So says our esteemed friend Calhoun of the Lincoln Democrat. It is all right for a fellow to be a free trader when he is built that way, but for him to let partnership run away with his good judgment and make him throw mud at one of the most promising industries for Nebraska that has ever been fostered by a government is indeed unfortunate. For every dollar the state advances to the sugar industry in its infancy, the great state of Nebraska will receive hundreds of dollars in return. Let us not tear down; let us build up.

FALSE IN ONE, FALSE IN ALL.

The Herald has had occasion to mention the Bryan grist of chestnuts several times lately; but at Omaha the other night he stated with all the impressiveness that he could command that the McKinley bill placed a bounty on silks that the rich might not be taxed and that it placed a tariff on all woolsens that the farmers had to wear. He repeated the same statement at Weeping Water Saturday. Now a man must have a superabundance of gall to make a statement whose truthfulness can be so easily disproved. But Bryan appears to have a plethora of gall with a minimum of brains. The fact is there is no bounty on any silk material of any description whatever, and the tariff is as follows:—

"Silk partially manufactured from cocoons or from waste silk, and not further advanced or manufactured than carded or combed silk, 50c per pound.

Thrown silk, not more advanced than singles, tram, orgazine, sewing silk, twist, floss, spun silk, and silk threads or yarns of every description, 30 per cent ad valorem.

Webbings, gorings, braces, beltings, bindings, braid, galloons, fringes, cords and tassels, any of the foregoing which are elastic or non-elastic, buttons and ornaments made of silk, or of which silk is the component material of chief value 50 per cent ad valorem.

Laces and embroideries, handkerchiefs neck ruffings and ruchings, clothing ready made, and articles of wearing apparel of every description, including knit goods, made up or manufactured wholly or in part by the tailor, seamstress or manufacturer, composed of silk or of which silk is the component material of chief value, not specially provided for in this act, 60 per cent ad valorem.

All manufactures of silk, or of which silk is the component material of chief value, not specially provided for in this act, 50 per cent ad valorem; provided that all such manufactures which wool or the hair of the camel, goat or other like animals is a component material, shall be classified as manufactures of wool.

On the free list is found raw silk, silk cocoons, silk waste and silk worms' eggs.

The bounty business is like much other stuff which the windy Bryan imposes upon his hearers whom he seems to think are unable to read.

When young Mr. Bryan said he was tired of hearing of laws made for the benefit of men who work in shops he probably hoped to make himself solid with the farmers who composed the bulk of the crowd that he was addressing. But the farmers of Nebraska know better than to attack the prosperity of the men who consume a larger part of their products, and will not be wheedled into the support of a system of tariff that will forever make them the slaves of foreign manufacturing nations. They know that the farm, the truck patch and the factory should be as near together as possible, in order to facilitate an exchange of commodities without making necessary the payment of large sums for long hauls to distant markets. Farmers who have been in Nebraska for ten years know how much they have been benefited by the establishment of pork packing houses in Omaha, Lincoln and Nebraska City. These establishments have paid them practically as much for their hogs as the Chicago packers, and the saving to the farmers has been the difference between the haul of a few miles to the home markets and the haul of 500 miles and more to Chicago. A leading eastern financier ascribes much of the prosperity of the state of Nebraska to the building of these home factories which save to our people the cost of double transportation on many commodities, and cause to be paid out in wages large sums that formerly went to enrich the city of Chicago.

The republican national policy is a broader application of the same principle. Bring over the factories to this side of the water whenever we can manufacture here to as good advantage as on the other side. It will save freight, make the nation richer, and contribute to the wealth of every man who owns land or tills it for his subsistence.—State Journal.

CALL.

"The ring of railroad politicians that have controlled this state have thoroughly disgusted the people," says the Plattsouth Journal and yet that organ supports Mr. Bryan, junior member of the firm of Talbot & Bryan, the Lincoln attorneys of the Missouri Pacific railway and opposes Connell, the leading lawyer of Omaha, that has always been arrayed against railroad corporations, especially the Union Pacific. Don't attempt to work any anti-railroad racket on us this year. Mr. Sherman, your candidates from the state ticket to the legislature can not afford to invite criticism of that kind, and you may depend upon it you will be called down on any attempt to pettifog and deceive the people. Gall may be a good thing but you are overloaded.

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Girl, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

E. A. STOPPER is an easy winner. His opponent will be more than 300 votes behind him.

P. S. BARNES is a good republican that ought to be, and we believe will, be elected to the legislature.

The outlook for the election of a republican ticket in this county never was better than at the present time.

Mr. BRYAN of Illinois is a very promising 3-year old and may pan out all right after he becomes acquainted and identified with Nebraska interests.

I endorse the sugar bounty as one of the best laws ever passed.—W. J. Connell at Weeping Water.

Yes, and so does every other public spirited patriotic citizen who is not a hide bound narrow minded partisan that thinks more of the English money furnished him by the Cobden Club than he does of the prosperity of his own country.

A PARAGRAPH from the London Times telegraphed to the New York Herald, mentions a significant result of the McKinley bill. Two directors of the silk plush firm of Listner & Co., of Bradford, which has a capital of \$10,000,000, gives employment to over 5,000 men and maintains works whose walls are over a mile in circumference, took passage this other day for the purpose of looking up a site for a new mill in the United States. All over the kingdom the wealthy manufacturers who have been hit by the new duties are preparing to take the same course.

A CHICAGO traveling man for a whole sale tea house called on M. B. Murphy the other day and tried to sell him some tea. He carried a nice line of samples, but prices were higher than heretofore, to which Mr. Murphy objected, and enquired the cause. "It's entirely on account of the recent passage of the McKinley bill," earnestly remarked the drummer, "which increased the tariff on teas." Mr. Murphy could not stand that, he said to the tea man that "when you take me for a sucker you make me tired; you want to enquire what a man's politics are before you spring that chestnut on him. I know, and you ought to know, that tea has been on the free list for years, and I would not buy any of your tea now at half price; you want to go somewhere else and catch a chump." The drummer could say but little and soon started for greener pastures. He probably sold a small quantity of his tea to Sherman of the Journal.

LOUISVILLE LETTER.

From Saturday's Daily.

The farmers alliance and Knights of Labor joined hands at Louisville the other evening and listened to a speech from the Moses of Douglas county who is anxious for the job of leading the farmers of Nebraska out of the wilderness of "despondency and want." To hanker and run after so difficult a task beset on every hand with temptations and hardships by a man so old and feeble seems very strange indeed. That sterling old democratic war horse Sylvester Johnson presided at the meeting, but you need not put him down as voting anything but the democratic ticket. Sylvester may mean all right and a week or two before the election might talk alliance but we know him too well; he will be one of the hardest workers for democratic success at the polls on election day, and his tendencies just now went fool anybody. Allen Root and L. G. Todd should be harnessed up together, they are two of a kind and make the same speech trying to pull out dead issues that have been settled and acquiesced in years ago. He spends much of his time fighting the national banks, which the old time bitter enemy of those institutions, the democratic party has ceased to object to, and now defends. Those who heard Mr. Root and Mr. Bigler, of unbiased minds, were of opinion that they had better remain on the farm if they could give no better excuse of the faith that was in them than they gave here. They do not turn a single vote. The general outlook for republican success in this precinct never was better, though a few of the guiding spirits in the last republican convention will not support the entire ticket, but as they never have, it can not be considered as a loss. Yours for success.

Ayer's Pills, being convenient, efficacious, and safe, are the best cathartic whether on land or sea, in city or country. For constipation, sick headache, indigestion, and torpid liver, they never fail, try a box of them; they are sugar-coated.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Girl, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE OCTORON.

(Continued from Third Page.)

OWN hand, even though she had this haunt of crime were to cling to me in death; but I will not die without a struggle. However the tension of this hour may be, there may be one amongst them who yet retains one spark of pity—there may be one who would not hear a woman's voice uplifted in distress without one attempt to succor."

As she spoke she perceived a gathering look of alarm in the face of Augustus Horton. The look determined her.

"Come the worst," she cried, "I will make the appeal!"

"Beware!" he cried. "The people here are not scrupulous."

"I care not!" she answered. "I can but die!"

"But you shall die in silence!" exclaimed the planter, springing toward her, and grasping the hand which grasped the dagger.

He was too late. Her voice rang through the building in a shrill and piercing scream.

In the deadly silence of the night that sound seemed multiplied by a thousand echoes.

It vibrated in the furthest corner of the edifice.

To the planter's terrified ear it seemed as if the whole city of New Orleans must have been aroused by that one woman's cry.

Desperate and infuriated he snatched the dagger from Camilla's grasp, and placing his hand upon her mouth, was about to bury the weapon in her breast, when the door was broken open by a tremendous blow from without, and three men rushed into the room.

These three men were Captain Prendergill, of the schooner Amazon, the sailor who had carried Paul's letter to Camilla, and Paul Lisimon himself.

"So," exclaimed the Captain, "we're right, are we? This is what we mean by your thundering landlubber? How is it that a gentleman can't take a fling at the dice without being disturbed by a woman's squeal?"

Before Augustus could answer, Paul Lisimon pushed aside the Captain and clasped Camilla in his arms.

"My Camilla," he cried; "my beloved, how is this that I find you here—here, in a gambling-house at this hour of the night?"

"Ask me no questions," muttered the Spanish girl, "only take me from this place. My mind is bewildered by what I have undergone."

"But this man—has he dared to insult you—to entrap you?" asked Paul, pointing to Augustus Horton, who stood at bay, while the Captain and the sailor threatened him with their drawn cutlasses.

"He has,"

"You hear this fainting girl," exclaimed Paul, still holding Camilla clasped in his left arm, while with his right he felt for a pistol in the pocket of his waistcoat.

"Prendergill—Joe!—you are witness of the place in which we have found the only daughter of Don Juan Moraquitos! There is some foul plot here, and that man, Augustus Horton, is the mover of it. Tomorrow, sir, you shall account to me for this."

The planter laughed mockingly. "Account to you, Mr. Paul Lisimon, to you—a thief! an escaped felon! The citizens of Louisiana do not cross swords with such a you. You would have done wiser to keep clear of New Orleans. Above all it would have been better for you had you refrained from crossing my path."

He touched a bell in the wall behind him, and it rang through the house with a shrill peal.

"Now, Mr. Lisimon," he said, "we are quits."

A party of about twenty men crowded into the room. The bell had summoned them from the gaming-table.

"Gentlemen," cried Augustus Horton, "I call upon you as citizens of New Orleans to secure the persons of these three men who have this moment made a murderous attack upon my life, and endeavor to carry away this lady, who is here under my protection. One of them is an escaped felon from the jail of this city."

The gamblers, who were almost all in some degree intoxicated, made a rush at Paul and his companions, but they were many of them unarmed, and those who carried knives flourished them without aim or purpose.

"Prendergill—Joe!" exclaimed Lisimon, "follow me. Remember, it is for life or death."

Then flinging the slender form of Camilla across his shoulder, the young Mexican flung himself in the midst of the infuriated crowd, and pistol in hand, cut his way to the door.

This point gained, he stood upon the threshold with his back to the passage, defending the ground inch by inch, until joined by Prendergill and Joe.

The rest was comparatively easy. The three men fought their way backward along the passage, down the winding staircase to the street door. Here they were for a moment baffled by the mystery of the spring which closed the entrance.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HE bullet wound which had prostrated Gilbert Margrave in the forest at Iberville, was a very serious one.

For many days and nights he lay in one of the apartments of the Pavilion near Lake Pontchartrain, in a state which was not entirely without danger.

But he had the best medical attendance which New Orleans could afford, and the tenderest care which affection can secure for the object on which it lavishes its wealth.

Night and day Cora Leslie and the mulatto slave Toby watched beside the pillow of the wounded man.

It was they and they alone, who listened to the wandering accents of delirium; they who soothed and comforted in the hour of suffering; they who cheered and animated when the danger was past, and the first faint glimpses of returning health re-illuminated the cheek of the invalid.

Gerald Leslie was away from home. When the boat carrying the Margraves, Cora, Martinez and Toby reached the Pavilion, the planter had already departed for New York, leaving a few brief lines addressed to his daughter, telling her only that urgent business had called him from the South.

The father and daughter had therefore never met since that hour in which the Octoroon had accused Gerald Leslie of being the cause of her mother's death.

The two months for which the bill, for a hundred thousand dollars due to Silas Craig, had been renewed, were rapidly gliding away, and every day rendered the position of Gerald Leslie more alarming.

Cora knew nothing of these pecuniary troubles. She thought that her father had deserted his home rather than to endure her reproaches, and she bitterly upbraided herself for the cruel words she had spoken to one whose faults were rather those of circumstances, than inclination.

Gilbert Margrave recovered; but he still lingered beneath Gerald Leslie's roof; for the planter had written to him from New York, thanking him earnestly for his championship of Cora, and imploring him to remain at Lake Pontchartrain until his return.

Gilbert waited, therefore, until the presence of Mr. Leslie might enable him to make the necessary arrangements for his marriage with the Octoroon.

It was now upon the eve of the date upon which the dreaded bill of exchange was to fall due, and at eleven o'clock upon the night preceding the fatal day, Gerald Leslie returned to the Pavilion upon the borders of Lake Pontchartrain.

Cora had retired to rest when her father arrived, but Gilbert Margrave was walking along upon the terrace, overlooking the lake upon which the moonbeams shed their soft luster.

He was, therefore, the first to welcome Mr. Leslie, and he was not long in perceiving that some heavy trouble was weighing upon the mind of Cora's father.

"You must be fatigued after your long journey, Mr. Leslie," said Gilbert. "I feel called upon to play the host under your own roof. Pray let us go in. Toby will prepare you some refreshments."

"No, no, Mr. Margrave," answered Gerald. "I want nothing. I am too much excited to require even repose. Let us remain here—here we can converse freely. Toby is a faithful fellow, but he knows too much already of my misfortunes. Where is Cora?"

"She has retired to rest."

"That is well. Poor girl! poor girl!" He sighed heavily, and relapsed into silence.

The two men walked side by side up and down the terrace for some minutes without uttering a word. Gilbert Margrave was the first to speak.

"Fardon me, Mr. Leslie," he said, "but I fear you have some cause for unhappiness. Remember how dear you and yours are to me, and do not scruple to confide in me, do not hesitate to command my services. They are yours to the death."

"My noble boy, you have already proved that," exclaimed Gerald Leslie. "Gilbert Margrave, I am a ruined man. My journey to New York has been a useless one. I went to endeavor to raise a sum of money which would free me from my embarrassment, but I found trade in a state of convulsion from the threatened war between the North and South, and my mission failed. I have now but one hope. The house of Richardson, of Broadway, have promised, if possible to advance the sum I require. The money is to arrive by the next steamer. But even this is a forlorn hope, for when I left New York, dark rumors were afloat of the approaching bankruptcy of that very firm. If this should happen, I am utterly lost. I shall remain to the very last to struggle against evil fortune, but I must remain alone. Tell me then, Mr. Margrave, do you still persist in your proposal for my daughter's hand?"

"Can you doubt it?"

"With a perfect knowledge of her story—remembering that she is the offspring of a slave—that she is an Octoroon?"

"I remember nothing but that I love her, and would have her no other than she is."

"I was not mistaken in you. Gilbert Margrave," replied Mr. Leslie, with suppressed emotion, "you are a man of honor, and it is to that honor I confide. You must fly from New Orleans with Cora. We must not expose her to the violence of a popular riotous against her because of her fatal birth—because she is a slave. The word does not cause you the horror it inspires in me, yet you

[To Be Continued.]

St. Jacobs Oil
Cures PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY RHEUMATISM.

For 20 Years.
Pilot Knob, Mo., September 3, 1888.
I suffered with chronic rheumatism in my knees and ankles for twenty years and had to use crutches. I was treated at times by several doctors, but was finally cured by St. Jacobs Oil. Have had no return of pain, in three years.
HENRY P. TRAVERS, Chronic Cases 20 Years' Standing Cured.

THE GOOD OFFICE OF:
St. Jacobs Oil
Is well illustrated in the case of neuralgia, the chief symptom of which is an intermitting pain which follows the course of the nerve affected. St. Jacobs Oil applied frequently, will cure NEURALGIA.

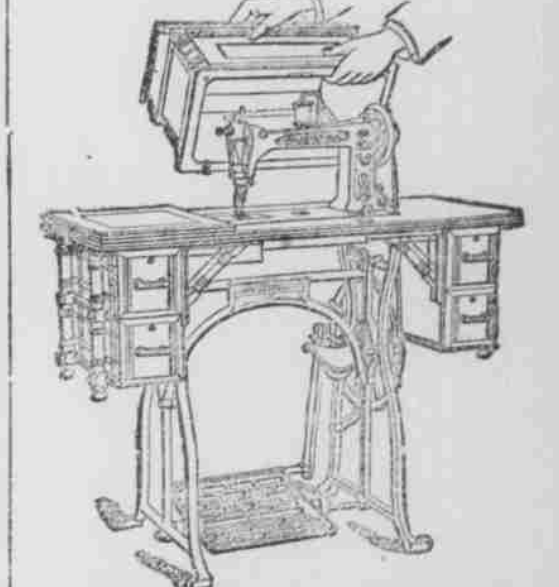
106 Sackett St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 31, 1889.
I was taken with neuralgia in side and suffered 6 months. I was given up by doctors, but was cured by St. Jacobs Oil.
MICHAEL McGINN.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

THE FIGURE '9.'
The figure '9' in our dates will make a long stay. No man or woman now living will ever date a document without using the figure '9'. It stands in the third place in 1890, where it will remain ten years and then move up to second place in 1900, where it will rest for one hundred years. There is another '9' which has also come to stay. It is unlike the figure '9' in our dates in the respect that it has already moved up to first place, where it will permanently remain. It is called the "No. 9" High Arm Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine.

The "No. 9" was endorsed for first place by the experts of Europe at the Paris Exposition of 1889. After a successful trial with the leading machines of the world, it was awarded the only Grand Prize given to family sewing machines, all other exhibits having received lower awards of gold medals, etc. The French Government recognized its superiority by the decoration of the "No. 9" with the Legion of Honor.

The "No. 9" is not an old machine improved upon, but is an entirely new machine, and the Grand Prize at Paris was awarded it as the grandest advance in sewing machine mechanism of the age. Those who buy it can rest assured, therefore, of having the very latest and best.



WHEELER & WILSON CO'G CO., 185 and 187 Wash St. Chicago. Dealer Wanted.

CLARK'S HOG REMEDY



Clark's Poultry Remedy.

BEST IN THE WORK. For sale by O. H. SNYDER, Druggist, Plattsouth, Neb.

BEFORE YOU BUY A STEAM ENGINE OR BOILER

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE AND PRICES

ATLAS ENGINE WORKS, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

WILDMAN & FULLER

Keep Constantly on hand a full line of DRUGS; MEDICINES; PAINTS; OILS; etc And a full line of Druggists Sundries. Careful attention given to the prescription Department.

WALL PAPER

Great care has been given our Wall Paper department. We have placed our order with one of the largest Eastern Factories for our Spring stock and we guarantee you all the latest styles and designs.

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