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# 5/A HORSE BLANKETS ARE THE STRONGEST.

NON GENUINE WITHOUT THE 5/A LABEL. Mfg'd by W.M. AYLES & SONS, Philadelphia, who own the famous Horse Brand Blanket.

## A Disastrous Wreck.

From Tuesday's Daily. A disastrous collision occurred about five o'clock this morning on the main line of the B. & M. near Orepolis.

The Herald neglected to mention the verdict in the case of Beeson vs. the Omaha Southern railway rendered last week.

Sam Shumaker shot and killed a possum in his yard last evening; and the query naturally arises, where could it have come from?

Paul Vandervoort Delighted and entertained a large audience at the opera house last night in an address replete with good republican doctrines.

Demorest Contest The Demorest contest was held in the M. E. Church last evening. The house was well filled and were well entertained by a good program.

Farmers Cut a Figure INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 3. [Special]

County Court Hearing of claims against the estate of Benj. Macy, deceased. Geo. I. Lloyd, administrator.

Weather Report Mean temperature 53.1°. Maximum temperature 76°, 11th.

Registration finished up Saturday lacks over 400 of getting out the full vote of the city.

Some boys had the hardihood to take the bell clapper from the M. E. church bell last night so that the ladies had to hire a boy to get up in the belfry and do the tolling with a hammer.

John R. Cox came in this morning from Denver, to visit friends for a few days; his wife accompanied him as far as Council Bluffs.

John Askins, the electrician, is in the city today.

Al Stulz is doing some nice work for Pacific Junction people.

Mrs. Walter Halliday of McCook is visiting her aunt Mrs. Ed Dudley.

C. W. Sherman was in Omaha yesterday looking after the financial situation.

Dr. Cook, we are glad to say, is able to be up and around again, though he is very weak.

Great preparations are being made in Omaha, especially at the Bee building, for election bulletins.

Mr. Bothwell, the former secretary of the Y. M. C. A., was in the city yesterday shaking hands with old friends.

Maeshal Archer sports a fine new uniform today with gold buttons that gives him a stylish and metropolitan appearance.

The Aid society of the Christian church meets at the home of Mrs. C. S. Twiss, Thursday afternoon. All are invited to attend.

Benjamin Beeson and wife of Eureka Springs, Arkansas, were the guests last week of their cousin, Allen Beeson of this city.

Mrs. Lydia Beeson of Ames, Iowa, an aunt of Allen Beeson, is quite sick with la grippe at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Babell.

The long looked for new chairs for the opera house arrived this morning. They are very neat, upholstered in leather and will be in place, we are told, in time for the Charles Gardner entertainment at the opera house Saturday evening.

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# THE OCTOORON

A STORY OF SLAVERY DAYS. BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

"Remember it," answered Pauline, "I have good reason to remember it. That day was the turning point of my life."

"And of mine, reckless and desperate, I strode through the streets of Paris, with my breast rent with contending love and hatred. Love for you, hatred for the conventionalities of rank, which elevated an insurmountable barrier between genius and beauty; for I felt that I had genius, energy, patience, to conquer fortune—all the gifts which help to make men great, and which the haughty talents does not despise, since they are the fruit of the aristocracy. The very air of France seemed hateful to me, for I despised the country in which difference of rank could part those whom Heaven had created for each other. I sailed for America, determined that in a free country I would attain success, and success might entitle me to sue for the hand of a duke's daughter. So enraged was I against the fate that separated us, that I threw aside my old name, and what ever small degree of distinction might be attached to it, and called myself Forester Downditch."

"Under that assumed name I won considerable eminence as a portrait painter, throughout the United States, and seven years after having conceived and executed a considerable number of paintings in my native country, resolved, if I found you still true to me, to make one more appeal to the duke, and falling in obtaining his consent, to persuade you to agree to a clandestine marriage. On reaching Paris, my first act was to go to the home of my native country, resolved, if I found you still true to me, to make one more appeal to the duke, and falling in obtaining his consent, to persuade you to agree to a clandestine marriage."

"But they never loved me," murmured Pauline. "No, dearest; it was an heir for a haughty title, and not a father's affection, that they sought."

"This story is very terrible," she said, solemnly. "I had long ago forgiven their wrong to me, in casting me from home and shelter; but I had never forgiven them for parting me from him I loved."

"Dearest Pauline, the ways of Providence are indeed inscrutable. I left Milan, after vainly endeavoring to ascertain whither you had gone after leaving the ducal palace. My inquiries were vain, and my only thought was to find you in Paris, to which city I imagined you would have fled. I remained in Paris for three months, during which time I inserted numerous advertisements in the papers and applied to the police in order to discover your retreat. At the end of that time I began to despair of ever finding you, and was seized with a gloomy conviction that you had committed suicide in the first moments of your anguish. I left my fortune in the hands of my mother, in whose care it has been accumulating year by year, and with a heavy only sufficient to pay my voyage to America. I once more turned my back upon my native country."

"You returned to America?" "I did, but I was an altered man. I had no longer a purpose to uphold me—the motive for industry was gone—I traveled from city to city, earning a pittance of money by my art, but spending it recklessly; and, forgive me, Pauline, wasting it often to the transient excitement of the gaming-table. I was too restless to remain in one place; I sought for change of scene and for a life of action, for I was forever haunted by the memory of your unhappy fate; and one day I found myself in San Francisco, homeless and penniless. I had flung away my last dollar at the gaming-table. It was then that I resolved on accumulating a second fortune and returning to France in order to see you. A sudden inspiration seemed to take possession of my mind; I felt that in all I had done, I had not done enough, and I determined to redouble my efforts and devote the remainder of my life to the search for you."

"And you have succeeded?" "Ay, Pauline, in so unlooked for a manner, that I almost doubt now if this is not some strange but rapturous dream."

"You have arrived at New Orleans in time to assist at my wedding?" "Your wedding?" "Yes, this day I become the wife of a wealthy Spaniard."

"Pauline!" "Armand!" She held out her hand to him as she spoke, and in the expression of that one word, "Armand," there was enough to tell him that he had no cause for fear. He lifted the little hand to his lips and covered it with kisses.

He was interrupted by the entrance of the maid, Peppita, who brought a sealed packet addressed to Pauline Corsi in the hand of Elias Craig.

"Pauline took the packet, and glanced carelessly at the address. 'Has Mr. Lisimon arrived yet, Peppita?' she asked."

"He has, mademoiselle; he is in the drawing-room."

"Very good, Peppita; and Donna Camilla, where is she?" "In her own room, mademoiselle."

The maid retired. Pauline broke the seals of the envelope, and took from it a parchment document folded in an oblong form. Upon the flap of the envelope were written these words— "I send you that which you required of me. The advertisement appears in today's paper.—S. C."

"Come, Armand," said Pauline, "I have changed much since you first knew me; the bitter wrongs of my youth had a terrible influence upon my womanhood. I have been ambitious, heartless, mercenary, designing; but with your return my old nature comes back to me, and the fresh feelings of my girlhood revive."

"My dearest Pauline! but this marriage—that bridal wreath." "Shall be worn by me, but not to-day. Tell me, Armand, do you still love me, the nameless orphan, the spurious child, as you did, when you thought me the heiress of the peerless. Armand? Have your feelings for me undergone no change since you learned that secret?"

"They have, Pauline, a very great change. "Armand!" "Yes, my beloved, and the change is that you are ten times dearer to me today than you were ten years ago; for I have known what it is to lose you."

"You remember the day upon which the Duke B— dismissed me from his house?"

"Remember it," answered Pauline, "I have good reason to remember it. That day was the turning point of my life."

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"They descended to the drawing-room, where Paul Lisimon was seated in company with two of the most fashionable men in the city; guests who had been invited to witness the intended marriage ceremony."

"Every citizen in New Orleans had seen the advertisement in that morning's paper, an advertisement which declared the entire innocence of Paul Lisimon of the crime imputed to him, and described the whole affair as a practical joke."

"The young man rose as Pauline Corsi entered the room, and averting his face, said to her, 'I received your letter from the hands of Captain Prendergill, and am here in answer to your summons.' "And you have seen the advertisement?" "Yes; tell me in Heaven's name—how did you work so great a miracle?"

"Pauline smiled with arch significance. "When a woman has a powerful will, there is scarcely anything she cannot accomplish. When last we met, Paul Lisimon, I made you a proposal, which you rejected with scorn. In spite of my anger I honored you for that rejection; I am now about to avenge myself."

"How, mademoiselle?" "I no longer address you as Paul Lisimon; that name is in itself a lie; Paul Crivelli, read this document; it is the genuine will of your father, Don Tomaso."

As she spoke, she placed the parchment which had been sent her by Silas Craig, in the hands of the bewildered young man. This brief dialogue had been spoken in so low a tone as to escape the ears of the two visitors standing by the chimney-piece. It was only overheard by Armand Tremley, to whom the entire conversation was unintelligible.

At this moment a young mulattress entered the room, and announced "Captain Prendergill."

Jack Denson arrested two tramps who were carrying off dried peaches in boxes that they had stolen at the wreck this morning. Denson was called to Orepolis and Marshal Archer came down and took the men to jail. They were afterwards discharged by order of the company.

Absolutely the most artistic and neatest job of fancy printing ever done in the county was completed in the Herald job rooms in this city last week, for Secretary Sheafor of the Y. M. C. A. It is a little book for general circulation, brim full of profitable reading matter, gotten up in an attractive manner. A glance at the book would convince the most skeptical that any one desiring job work performed in the best and latest styles can be accommodated here at the Herald office.

Cleanse the scalp from scurf and dandruff; keep the hair soft and of a natural color by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sillian hair renewer.

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 Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The floating island in Sadawga lake, in the town of Whittingham, Va., is one of the most remarkable freaks of nature and one of the greatest curiosities in the world. The island contains over a hundred acres, and it actually floats upon the top of the water.

Francis Wilson's Success. "To what do I attribute my success in burlesque opera? Well, I imagine that it is principally due to the manner in which I work. I like the stage and love to act. From the moment I appear I enter with zest into the fun of the performance, and the humor is all from the heart. And what comes from the heart is always convincing."—Francis Wilson in Kato Field's Washington.

Insurance your property against fire, lightning and Tornado, in the AMAZON INSURANCE COMPANY. Of Cincinnati, Ohio. Commenced Business October 1871.

CASH CAPITAL \$300,000.00

Stockholders individually liable, under the constitution of the State of Ohio which together with the present net surplus is a net guarantee of about \$700,000.00 to policy holders. Losses paid in nineteen years, (since organization) nearly four million dollars.

J. H. BEATTIE, Secretary. Wm. L. BROWNE, Resident Agent, Plattsmouth Nebraska

M. B. MURPHY & CO, DEALERS IN

Staple and Fancy Groceries, CROCKERY, CHINA GLASS

We make a specialty of fine China and fine Lamps and sell at low prices. We are also agents for the New American Sewing Machine which we guarantee to be as good as any machine in the market. We except none and sell them at one half the price of other machines.

Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

"Do you wish for Railway Cars. In consequence of the decided addition to the comfort of travelers of double sashes in passenger cars by reason of the prevention of the admission of cold air in winter and dust in summer several railway companies have decided to use double windows at a later date, and this course has probably been hastened by the fact that many of their best day coaches and chair cars rival special cars in the richness of their finishes and interior decorations, and they cannot afford to leave such fittings rapidly destroyed by the dust."

The numerous cases with which a car fitted with double windows can be heated by water is also a consideration. They not only prevent cold air leaking in where it is not wanted, but they also interpose a layer of comparatively still air between the warm air in the car and the cold atmosphere outside, thereby preventing the loss of considerable heat by conduction and convection.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Dentist's Wages. Dr. Anderson, the Fifth avenue dentist, who plugs up the molars of the Poor Hundred, says that he has made \$500 in a day, but only once. A lady came to him who wanted diamonds put in a gold filling of her front teeth. "It was evident," said Dr. Anderson, "that she had just come into her inheritance. She seemed so anxious to spend money. I didn't approve of the diamonds, and told her so, but she would have them, and I humored her to such an extent, that my day's work netted me \$500. What do I make ordinarily? Well, I charge \$20 an hour, and I rarely work more than five hours. People don't care to come before 10 in the morning, and late in the afternoon the light is not good. One hundred dollars a day is about the extent of what a dentist can make, and it is the most exacting of all the professions."—New York Press.

A Salamander Clock. That a clock would continue to run in the midst of roaring flames for any length of time few people would believe, yet that such was the case in the fire which destroyed the Sycamore villa near Troy has been proved conclusively. From the ruins of the building was taken a small calendar clock. The hands had stopped at 1:30 o'clock, or nearly an hour and a half after the fire broke out. The calendar dial showed the hand at Sunday. The clock was destroyed by the heat and flames beyond all hope of repair. It must have continued to run long after the villa was a blackened ruin. It was found in the center of a pile of debris.—Albany Express.