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ARE THE STRONGEST. NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THE S'A LABEL Manurd by WM. Armes & Sons, Philada, who wake the famous Horse Brand Baker Plankets

A Disastrous Wreck. From Tuesday's trariy

A disastrons collision occurred about five o'clock this morning on the main line of the B: & M., near Oreapolis. An east bound freight, with engine 84, manued by Engineer Lewis and Fireman Hayes, collided with the consolidated engine 201, in charge of Fred Miller, enginee, which was pulling a heavy freight bound for Omaha. The trains are said to have been running about twenty miles per hour when the two engines came together at the junction switch with a crash that shook the earth. The engineers jumped, but Fireman Ha es was caught in some manner and had two ribs broken and was otherwise bruised up, He was brought to town and Dr. T. P. Livingston called, who made him as comfortable as possible. The engines are a mass of ruins, the woodwork being on fire; some fifteen box cars loaded with general merchandise and coal were completely wrecked, their contents being promisenously scattered all around. The damages to the company will reach up into the thousands. The blame could not be fixed definitely, though railroad men seemed to think that Engineer Lewis would have to take a vacation. It will probably take all day to get the track cleared in shape for the running of trains. About eleven o'clock a transfer of passengers was made around the wreck so that travel might not be entirely blocked.

LATER.

T. J. Alexander, the operator at Oreapolis, got scared this morning, and fearing that some one might blame him for the wreck and lynch him, he deserted his post and struck across the hills for Plattsmouth. As he was not to blame he came around to the telegraph office and got a pass for Lincoln, where he went this morning. A car of lime next to the engines took fire and burned up.

Farmers Cut a Figure

Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 3. [Special] -In Indiana the farmers' mutual benefit association is a factor new to the politics of the state and its uncertain strength makes it impossible to predict with any degree of certainty the result of Tues day's election. It is generally conceeded, however, that the coming legislature will be democratic by a small majority and this will insure the re-election of Senator Voorhees as his own successor in the United States senator. No governor is to be elected this fall in Indiana, but a secretary of state, auditor, treasurer and other minor officers are to be chosen and both parties claim the sure election of their state ticket. The democrats claim the traditional "off year" means democratic success, but the republicans rely greatly much the strength of the administration to carry their state ticket to victory. As no governor is to be elected the interest is naturally confined principally to the congressional and legislative contests, which most vitally affect the party at large. In the congressional fight the republicans have derived a decided advantage in several districts by fortunate combinations with the farmers' allian. The new election law goes into operation and its effect on the result no one can determine. It is probably fair to say that the best indications point to continued democratic control of the legislature, but a gain of one or two congressmen by the republicans.

as Council Bluffs.

John Askins, the electrician, is in the

Al Stul'z 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. The store are all closed this afternoon, n obediance to the mayor's proclama-

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

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

Mr. Botliwell, the former secretary of the Y, M. C. A., was in the city yesterday | are to speak freely.' shaking hands with old friends.

Maeshal Archer sports a fine new uniform today with gold button that gives him a stylish and metropolitan appear-

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

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

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

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 houseSaturday eve-

The HERALD neglected to mention the too corrible! verdict in the case of Beeson vs. the Omaha Southern railway rendered last week Mr. Beeson appealed from the \$400 allowed him by the board and the jury gave him a verdict for the neat sum

Sam Shumaker shot and killed a possum in his yard last evening; and the query naturally arises, where could it have come from? None of the old settlers ever heard of a possum in Nebraska. Mr. Shumaker took the "varmint" down and gave it to "Uncle Ned," and the way his mouth watered as he turned it over and thought of old "Souf Carliner" sweet potatoes and possum, Sam says, fairly made him hungry.

Paul Vandervoort

Delighted and entertained a large audience at the opera house last night in an address replete with good republican doctrines. Mr. Vandervoort's well known loyalty to the republican party and his eloqent and able discussion of the leading political issues, always insures him a good audience.

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. The speakers all did well but the medal was closely contested for by Bertha Kennedy

Maud Mauzy and Olga Martin. The audience and judges were not unanimous in awarding the medal as the contest was very close. The judges award ed the medal to Olga Martin who in deed did well. The program was interspersed with fine music by Mrs. Niles and daughter Jess, Miss Nannie Moore and Mrs. Ed. Burris. Mrs Burris' songs were especially pleasing and she was compelled to respond to a hearty encore. Another pleasant feature of the program was a recitation by Minnie Sharp of

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

Louisville a medal winner of that place.

Jacob Grassman, Polk Bros. attys, vs. Julius Swobada; case for failure to cancel chattel mortgage; judgment by de fault for \$50,

Final settlement, estate of Michael Sheenan, administratrix, hearing. Weckbach & Co. vs. A. Baldwin; case

continued until November 7 at 10 a. m.

Weather Report

Mean temperature 53.1 °. Maximum temperature 76 °, 11th. Minimum temperature 20 °, 20th. Total rainfall 9 inches.

Light snow 30th, depth .001 inch First heavy frost 31st.

Thunder storms 8th, 9th and 11th. Miscellaneous phenomena:-The 4th as a model October day.

The registration finished up Saturday lacks over 400 of getting out the full vote of the city. The number registered in the different wards of the city is as

ollows:—
irst ward
econd w rd
hird ward
ourth ward
ifth ward

Total..... 1,323 Some boys had the hardihood to take John R. Cox came in this morning the bell clapper from the M. E. church from Denver, to visit friends for a few bell last night so that the ladies had to days; his wife accompanied him as far hire a boy to get up in the belfry and do the tolling with a hammer.

A STORY OF SLAVERY DAYS.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

Geservou bureer "This is a little better than the diggings, eh, Brown?" said Smith. His companion seemed scarcely to hear him.

"That girl's figure reminds me-"he muttered, "but pshaw! what foolish fancies have addied my brain! She is far away on the shores of another con-

"What are you muttering about over there?" said Smith, who was evidently in high spirits; "come here, and drink a tumbler of claret and let's talk of our plans. Tonight has brought us to the end of our journey. The time for silence is past, the hour has come in which we

"It has. "Remember, I ask your confidence from no spirit of idle curiosity, and, unless you can give it as freely as I shall give you mine, withhold it altogether.' Brown held out his hand and grasped

that of his companion. "Friend, brother," he exclaimed, "there shall be no longer a secret be-tween us. I will be the first to speak, light your eigar, and till your glass, for the story I have to tell will be a long

It was past three o'clock, when the two men retired to rest; they had talked long and earnestly, and the reader will soon learn the purport of their conversa-

But late as they sat up overnight, the two friends breakfasted together early the next morning. They were too much excited to sleep

A New Orleans paper, published that morning, lay on the breakfast-table. Smith opened the journal, and ran his eye hastily over its columns. It contained a full account of the slave

anction of the previous day. The gold digger's face blanched as he

read the paragraph. "Gracious Providence," he ejaculated. solemnly, "how mysterious are Thy ways! I have but come in time. Cora, the beloved daughter of Gerald Lesile, sold in the public auction room! It is He put on his hat, and after a few

words with his friend, hurried downstairs to the bar of the hotel, where he ordered a vehicle to be got ready for him, without dal --dently anxious to depart, he preferred

waiting for this vehicle, to walking through the sunny streets. He had, no doubt, some powerful mo-

tive for this line of conduct. In ten minutes, a close carriage was at the door, and slouching his hat over his eyes, the gold-digger hurried from the bar to the vehicle, into which he sprung, after giving a brief direction to the negro driver.

Meanwhile his companion lounged over his untasted breakfast. The New Orleans papers appeared to possess little interest for him. He looked at them for a few moments and then threw them carelessly aside.

He had shaved off the bushy whiskers

he had worn in the California solltude, and his face was only adorned by a small brown mustache. He was about five-and-thirty years of

age, but so slim and elegant in figure, as to look considerably younger; and it was easy to see that he was not a native Half an hour after the departure of his friend, the waiter brought him a note which had been left at the hotel by an

elderly mulattress. At the first glance at the superscription on this note, the face of the man who called himself Brown, was convulsed

by a tumult of emotion. The letter was addressed to "Monsieur Armand Tremlay.'

He tore asunder the envelope, and perused the few lines it contained, then snatching up his hat, he rushed from the house, to the alarm of the waiters, who were inclined to think the stranger had suddenly lost his senses.

A quarter of an hour afterward, he was at the Villa Moraquitos. It was now ten o'clock, and eleven had been appointed for the performance of the marriage ceremony, but neither the bride nor bridemaid had as yet assumed the attire prepared for the occasion and the elderly bridegroom, Don Juan Moraquitos, paced uneasily up and down his

solitary chamber. The gold-digger was admitted by the mulattress, Pepita. It was she who had carried the note to his hotel. She conducted him to the elegant boudoir, usually occupied by Camillia Mora-

quitos and Pauline Corsi, but which was now unteranted. The stranger gazed around him in bewilderment, but before he could ask a question of Pepita, she had hurried from

He took the note from his walstcoat pocket, and once more devoured its brief

contents. "If Armand Tremlay would ascertain the fate of her whom he once loved, let

him call without delay at the Villa Mora-He read and re-read these words, during the brief interval he had to wait, be-

fore he heard a light footstep approaching the door of the room. The door opened, and Pauline Corsi stood before him.

Another moment, and she was clasped

in the stranger's arms. "Pauline," he exclaimed, "my beloved, my darling, what magic is this? How is it, that after thirteen weary years I find you here in America?"

"Because I came hither to see you, Armand! But tell me, before I say another word, have you been to France during the past thirteen years?" "Seven years ago I was in Paris-seven

years ago I returned to my native country, wealthy and distinguished, to fling all at the feet of her, whom I dared to hope might still be faithful. A bitter blow awaited me on my arrival.

"Stay, Armand," said Pauline, laying her hand lightly upon her lover's lips; "tell me all as it occurred from the

She pointed to a sofa and seated herself by the side of Armand Tremlay. Upon a table near her lay the bridal wreaths which were to be worn by herself and Camillia. The Frenchman perceived the floral coronets, and asked

"These orange blossoms, Pauline, for whom are they intended?" "You shall know that by and by," she answered, with an arch smile; "not another word, until I have heard your

An observer would have wondered at the transformation which the presence of Armand Tremlay effected in Pauline Corsi. She was no longer the cold and ambitious woman, but a loving and gentle girl, with the tender light of affection beaming in her blue eyes.

You remember the day upon which the Dune B- dismissed me from his

"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 tarilling dare not desnise, since they are the root of an aristocracles. The very air of France seemed hateful to me, for I despised the country in which differences 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 such eminence as 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 whatever small degree of distinction might be strached to it, and called myself Forester

you was fruitless," said Pauline; "but

"Under that assumed name I won considerable eminence as a portrait painter, throughout the United States, and seven years after leaving France, had amassed a considerable fortune. I returned to my native country, resolved, if I found you still true to me, to make one more appeal to the duke, and failing in obtaining his consent, to persuade you to agree to a clandestine marriage. On reaching Paris, my first act was to go to the house you had occupied with your supposed father and mother. I was told that the family had removed to Milan. I lost not an hour in traveling to that city, and there I heard from the doke's steward, the story of Jeannette's deathbed confession, and the heartless way in which nearly seventeen years had caressed you as their only child.

"No, dearest; It was an heir for a haughty title, and not a father's affections, that they sought. Providence punished their ambition, and terrible retribution overtook them for their cruelty in visiting upon your innocent head the crimes of others. The duchess died, broken-hearted at the discovery of her guilty deception, and the duke was stabbed by an assessin in the streets of was his kinsman and the heir to his

Pauline bowed her head in silence. "This story is very terrible," she said, solemnly; "I had long ago forgiven their wrong to me, in easting 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 inquirles 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 I 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 ac cumulating year by year, and withdraw-ing 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 uphoid methe motive for industry was gone. I traveled from city to city, carning plenty 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, home-less 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 once more to seek you. A sudden inspiration seemed to take possession of my mind; I feit 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

"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 mulattress. Pepita, who brought a sealed packet addressed to Pauline Corsi

in the hand of Silas Craig. Pauline took the packet, and glanced

carelessly at the address.
"Has Mr. Lisimon arrived yet, Pepita?" she asked. He has, mademoiselle; he is in the

drawing-room. "Very good, Pepita; and Donna Camillia, where is she?" 'In her own room, madem diselle.

The mulattress 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 envelop, were written these words-

I send you that which you required of me. The advertisement appears in today's paper .- 8. 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 re-

"My dearest Pauline! but this mar-riage—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, Have your feelings for me undergone no change since you learned that secret?"

"They have, Pauline, a very great

"Armand! "Yes, my beloved, and the change is that you are ten fimes dearer to me to-day than you were ten years ago; for I have known what it is to lose you.

They descended to the offwing-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

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 Prendergills, and am here in answer to your summons,

"And you have seen the advertise-"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 occomplish. When last we met, Paul Listmon, I made you a proposal, which you rejected with scorn. In spite of my anger I honored you for that rejection; I am new about to avenge my-

"How, mademoiselle?" "I no longer address you as Paul Listmon; that name is in Itself a lie; Paul "And it was thus that my search for | Crivelli, read this document; it is the genuine will of your father, Don To-

As she spoke, she placed the parchment which had been sent her by Craig, in the hands of the bewildered

This brief dialogue had been spoken in so low a tone as to escape the ears of the two visitors standing by the chimneypiece. It was only overheard by Armand Tremlay, to whom the entire conversation was unintelligible. At this moment a young mulattress entered the room, and announced "Captain Prenderwills

(To be Continued.)

Jack Denson arrested two tramps, who were carrying off dried peaches in boxes you had been treated, by those who for that they had stolen at the wreck this morning. Denson was called to Oreano-"But they never loved me," murmured | lis and Marshal Archer came down and | about the extent of what a dontist can took the men to jail. They were afterwards dicharged by order of the com-

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, Milan. It is thought that this assassin 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

> Clense the scalp from scurf and dandruff; keep the hair soft and of a natural color by the use of Hall's Vegetable Si ilian 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 Custoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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 winter and dust, in summer several railway companies have decided to use cable windows at a pother in the future, ad this cor line a has probably been astened by the cast that many of their lest day conches and chair cars rival pecial cars in the richness of their links and interior decorations, and bey carnotallord to have such fittings

applily destroyed by the dust. The compar live case with which a medited with double win low-can be heated in weater is also a consideration. They and only prevent cold air leaking in we self a tell wanted, but they also interpose a layer of comparatively still air between the warm air in the ear and the cold atmosphere ontside, thereby preventing the loss of considerable heat by conduction and convection,-New Orleans Pleavane.

A Dentist's Wages.

Dr. Anderson, the Fifth avents denast, who plugs up the metars of the Four Hundred, says that he has made 500 in a day, but only once. A lady ame to kim 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. he seemed so auxious to spend money. didn't approve of the diamonds, and old 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 nade, 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 tricks of rearing flames for any leasth of time few people would believe, yet that such was the case in the fire which destroyed the Sycaway villa near Troy has been proved conclusively. From the ruins of the building was taken a small calendar clock. The hands had stopped at 11:10 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 continned to run long after the villa was a blackened ruin. It was found in the center of a pile of debris.—Albany Ex-

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 Kate Field's Washington.

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

sidered his best play. going to write next," he s ment of profound thought

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Plattsmoutn,

Nebraska.