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GRACE CHURCH in New York City is having a door put into the edifice which costs \$4,000, a sum of money large enough to build a fine church in this country.

JAMES R. GARFIELD, son of the late President Garfield, was married today to Miss Helen Newell, daughter of John Newell, president of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad.

According to the World Herald species of logic, since its editor has shown himself such a warm friend and admirer of Sitting Bull, he must at the same time have exulted in the massacre of Custer and be a friend of villains generally.

THE HERALD, this morning received a three column letter for publication, written by L. D. Richards, in which he scores Edward Rosewater in a way that will be felt by that galvanized American. The letter will be published simultaneously throughout the state. As it is too long for publication in full, we will make copious extracts from it tomorrow.

THE World-Herald is opposed to postal savings banks, because Post Master General Wanamaker is the friend of Mathew Quay, and Mathew Quay is the friend of a Pennsylvania banker, who recently failed under circumstances which reflect on the banker's integrity. Peculiar logic, yet a fair sample of what the double-faced Omaha organ exhibits on its editorial page every day.

This immaculate democratic press has had much to say about Assistant Post Master General Clarkson and President Harrison; criticizing them severely for the rapid removal of post masters, while the actions of the great Grover, were always loudly extolled. Yet the record for the first two years of both administrations shows that there were 2,025 more removals under Cleveland than under Harrison. The democratic press can't be honest, they are not built that way.

THE Fairbury Democrat changes its name to the Liberator at the opening of the new year. It does this because the old name indicates adhesion to the democratic party, which the publishers emphatically disclaim. The editor says: "As the democratic party of the nation is in the clutches of Wall street money kings and powerful monopolists; as the same party in this state is throttled by a combination of whiskey dealers and railroad cappers, . . . this editor has determined to withdraw from all semblance of connection with them and change the name of his paper.—State Journal.

SECRETARY WINDOM thinks that with three little amendments the proposition of Senator Stanford and the alliance people for loaning the money of the government at 1 or 2 per cent to farmers would be generally accepted. One amendment he proposes is to loan it on all kinds of property, as one citizen heeled with property, is as good as another before the law. The second amendment is that if a man has brains and no property he should be loaned money on his brains. The other amendment is that if a man has neither brains or property and needs a loan worse if anything than all the other sorts of men, he should have a chance to borrow the money of the government on his title as an American citizen. This would equalize the thing and make it fair all around.

A RARE NEW YEAR GREETING.
Among greetings for the new year the heartiest and happiest come from the January number of the Ladies' Home Journal. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Geo. William Curtis, James Whitcomb Riley, George W. Childs, and Will Carleton join with Henry M. Stanley, John Wanamaker, Ruthford B. Hayes, Joseph Jefferson, Lawrence Barrett, Dr. Talmage, Bishop Newman and many other well known men, to weave for the women of America a garland of good wishes for 1891. It is a perfect treasury of kindly words and bright thoughts, and every woman should read what these great men wish for her. If this number is a fair index the present volume of the Journal will be an especially rich one. Besides the opening chapter of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's new serial, "A Golden Gossip," there is the second part of Sarah Orne Jewett's Christmas story, and the conclusion of Anne Sheldon Combs' "Pasquale." Mme. Albani-Gye affords us a charming glimpse of Queen Victoria as a guest and friend in her article "Queen Victoria at My Tea Table"; Julian Hawthorne contributes a clever description of our sea-coast in winter. "Pretty Things for the Table," beautifully illustrated, tells and shows how to dress a table prettily, and the novelties which are used; while Charles H. Steinway tells how to care for a piano. A clever series of portraits and articles—"Unknown Wives of Well-known Men"—is begun with Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, who is certainly a remarkably pretty woman. Gen. Lew Wallace, Herkiah Butterworth and Robert J. Burdette make the boys' page very attractive. Kate Tannatt Woods, Junius Henri Browne, Elizabeth R. Scovil and Lucy C. Lillie are among others whose good things appear on a particularly tempting bill of fare. Issued at one dollar a year by the Curtis Publishing Company, 435 Arch street, Philadelphia.

The most beautiful frontispiece ever produced in an American magazine, appears in the January number of the Cosmopolitan. It is a reproduction in colors of Francois Flameng's famous picture, "The Cake Seller," and can scarcely be distinguished from the imported photograph which is exhibited in the dealers windows, at the price of \$7 a copy. It is one of the most charming of subjects, and is well worth framing and preservation. The Cosmopolitan has become noted of late for its frontispieces and this very much exceeds its previous efforts.

The Cosmopolitan ran up from a 16,000 edition at the close of 1888, to 100,000 copies December, 1890. This remarkable increase has kept pace with the change in the character of the names which appeared upon its table of contents. Among those for January are Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Frank Dempster Sherman, Henry George, Wm. H. Rideing, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, Edward Everett Hale, Gertrude Franklin Atherton, Marat Halstead, John J. a'Becket, Col. Charles W. Larned, F. O. C. Darley (posthumous), Elizabeth Island, probably as strong a collection of names as ever appeared in any number of an illustrated magazine in this country.

The number contains the first two parts of Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger's new novel, "Madenisell Reseda," pronounced by critics who have read it, the best of her work. Mrs. Cruger is a woman who is intimately acquainted with fashionable circles both in this country and abroad. She writes in a realistic manner, without any of the offensiveness of the average realist. The next article in importance is from the pen of Miss Island, describing a visit to the People's Palace in London. A most interesting paper by F. O. C. Darley, with his own illustrations, is also given. a'Becket's clever story, Don Gracius, is illustrated in a novel manner, the well-known actors, Sothorn and Miss Harned, having consented to pose for the situations of the novel, the results being reproduced in photogravure.

The newspapers of the state have been full of opinions as to who would be governor, on the generally accepted theory that Boyd was ineligible. If Boyd is ineligible as a candidate, it seems to us he would not be in the race at all; the votes which he received would not be considered any more than if they had been cast for Queen Victoria or some other alien. Hence the fight would simply be between Messrs. Richards and Powers, the only eligible candidates before the people. The one of these gentlemen who received the most votes should therefore be made governor. According to our way of thinking, Boyd is not in it. The legislature however is the power that declares the choice of the people, and from present indications Mr. Boyd will be counted in as governor; whether rightfully or not is another question.

"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious" by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This wonderful medicine so invigorates the system and enriches the blood that cold weather becomes positively enjoyable. Arctic explorers would do well to make a note of this.

ROSEWATER has probably suffered enough for his treachery to Richards and the republican ticket, as it is very clear that he will never again be allowed to take an active part in republican politics. You will not see him on the committee on resolutions in the next state convention, while his paper is nowhere respected as a republican sheet. The opportunity for printing the leading republican daily west of Chicago has been spurned and Nebraskans must look to the State Journal as the leading republican paper of the state, and give it the hearty support, which its course as an ably edited republican journal so well deserves.

From Mondays Daily

It Has Caught On.—The officer had interfered and broken up a row among a lot of boys in Essex-st, and he then called to one and said:

"Now, then, tell me what this ruction was about."

"Well, replied the boy, "me and Wounded Knee were coming along here, and we met Man Afraid of His Horse. He struck us for ten cents. Just then Man on a Buffalo came up and give us—" "What on earth do you mean?" interrupted the officer.

"And then Mud on His Back, Man Who Talks, and Fire on a Hill cum along and put in their gab, and—"

"Who are all these boys?" demanded the officer in great astonishment.

"And the first thing I knew, Walk Down a Hill he hawled off and hit White Crow on de Chin, and den Little Antelope he guy it to Bear in the Night on the eye, and we was retreating to the Rosebud when you cum up and skert the life out of every Sioux and Cheyane in the pack. It's all over now, and me'n Horse Who Limp and Sore on His Nose is going up to Pine Ridge Agency to train for a wrestling match."—(Detroit Free Press.

A Pleasant Party.

Last Saturday evening Miss Mollie Ballance entertained a large number of her friends at her home on the corner of Rock and Sixth streets. After many pleasant games were enjoyed by all, a delicious repast was served by the hostess. Those present were Mollie Ballance, Rose Myers, Jennie and Lottie Cooper, Edith and Edna Shipman, Sue Mathews, Anna Sullivan, Minnie White, Alice Peterson, Nettie Waybright, Margaret Davis, Bessie Geiger, Clara Green, Beuh Elson, Susie Hutchison, Lulu Smith, France Ballance, Joseph Knotts, Ed Ballance, Frank White, Henry Snyder, Wendell Foster, Luke Wiles, Harry Miller, Oliver Young, Ralph White, Tom Chapman, Claude Butler and Byron Elson. The company broke up about eleven o'clock and all went home with pleasant remembrances of a delightful evening.

Contesting Boyd's Citizenship.

The Omaha papers of yesterday say that a supplementary notice of contest has been served on Governor elect Boyd. It is signed by John H. Powers, the independent candidate, and recites:

That under the constitution and laws of the State of Nebraska, you were not eligible to the office of governor of the State of Nebraska at the time of your alleged election; neither are you now eligible; but on the contrary, you are expressly named from assuming and discharging the duties of that office, because you had not been a citizen of the United States and a resident of this state for the two years preceding the general election held on the 24th day of November, 1890.

The notice recites that it was not served earlier for a lack of knowledge and proof of the allegations and also that depositions in support of the notice will be taken before B. E. Johnson, at the equity court room, Lincoln, beginning on December 23, at 9 o'clock a. m.; and before E. E. Thomas at the real estate exchange, New York Life building, Omaha, December 29, beginning on December 29, at 10 o'clock.

"Merr y Christmas" is the burden of thousands of letters this week, that to the tired post masters all over the country is better termed "Weary Christmas."

F. M. Young jr. gave an oyster supper at his residence Friday evening, south of town, where sixty-five guests were cared for and entertained in a hospitable manner.

Clif Shepherd undertook to board a fast moving freight train Saturday in order to catch a ride up into the stock yards, and was thrown violently to the ground. No bones were fractured but a very painful injury to his knee was sustained which will keep him indoors for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. David Young, living six miles south of the city, entertained a large number of friends and relatives last Sunday. At 2 p. m. the company of some forty guests were invited to the dining room where a most inviting feast was spread that contained everything in the way of eatables that the appetite could wish. After the dinner hour was over, the balance of the evening was spent in a most enjoyable manner in chatting until late in the day when all dispersed for their homes feeling well repaid for their visit with Mr. and Mrs. Young.

A Review.

Rev. Reid, at the Christian church yesterday, presented a "Review of the Year."—By request we give the extract concerning the deaths in that church:

OUR DEAD.
Here we tread on holy ground, but we would not disturb their rest—would only note here and there a page of mourning in the book of the year—only a vacancy in our numbers and in our family circle—write an "Epitaph, Fallen on Zion's Battle Field"—and fill up the roads—for other conflicts. Though dead, they each speak to us living lessons.

The first to the summons was Grandma Todd—full of years and good works. Early in the year she went to rest. She was the oldest of our numbers, a charter member, and a servant of God. Long before this city was born Grandma Todd knew why she believed. Her knowledge of God's word and of Christ's religion was indeed wonderful. Her inner life grew stronger as the outer grew weaker. But our mother in Israel received her discharge 1890. Her pew in this church she left for some one else. Her sun sank behind the hills after a long, useful day—she sleeps in Jesus—blessed sleep from which none ever wakes to weep.

From age to youth, Death next did leap.

Frank Bates was one of our boys—his name was on our Sunday School register—he was just reaching a period of usefulness—had reached the age where he was not so much a care to his parents, but rather ready to care for them. No thunder crash from the clear sky could equal the shock that struck the father and mother, and indeed the whole community, when it was announced Frank Bates had dropped dead. But 1890 claimed him and his sun went down in the morning. Frank was a good boy, well raised. His associates say his habits were good and he was loved by all.

I was called to preach the funeral of Mr. Perry. He was not well known to many in this church, but was loved and respected by those who knew him. He was a man in his prime and strength, but in the conflict with the grim monster he had to surrender—his plans and purposes were cut short in the noon of life—a warning to all that death may come when we little expect it.

The next to be called was the mother from her home and her children. It seems hard to find any place in life where we can spare our loved ones, but hardest to tear the mother from the arms of helpless children. Sister Oria C. Smith was well known to all the older members of this church, and being the mother of our children here, we all felt we loved her. She had her family cares and frail health, which prevented her in later years from often attending church. But her heart was here—her faith was firm and precious. She rests from her labors, and her works follow her. We are glad her family are following her example and are preparing to meet her.

The last of our numbers was Sister Mattie Rounds Higgins. As the flowers of spring began to wither, Sister Mattie began to grow pale, and when the leaves were falling, she fell too. Sister Mattie was right among us—a girl among our girls—a young lady among our young ladies—ready in every good work. She was an orphan girl and demonstrated that a girl by her own energy and prudence can make of herself all that is meant by a "true lady." She became an affectionate young wife—but, ah! how short the time. She faded away like a tender flower. We laid her to rest in youth's bright morning. It is written on the pages of 1890. Death is no respecter of persons.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is an effective remedy, as numerous testimonials conclusively prove. "For two years I was a constant sufferer from dyspepsia and liver complaint. I doctored a long time and the medicines prescribed, in nearly every case, only aggravated the disease. An apothecary advised me to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and was cured at a cost of \$5. Since that time it has been my family medicine, and sickness has become a stranger to our household. I believe it to be the best medicine on earth."
—P. E. McNulty, Hackman, 29 Summer st., Lowell, Mass.

FOR DEBILITY, Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is a certain cure, when the complaint originates in impoverished blood. "I was a great sufferer from a low condition of the blood and general debility, becoming finally, so reduced that I was unfit for work. Nothing that I did for the complaint helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a few bottles of which restored me to health and strength. I take every opportunity to recommend this medicine in similar cases."
—C. E. Vick, 12 E. Main st., Chillicothe, Ohio.

FOR ERUPTIONS

And all disorders originating in impurity of the blood, such as boils, carbuncles, pimples, blotches, salt-rheum, scald-head, scrofulous sores, and the like, take only

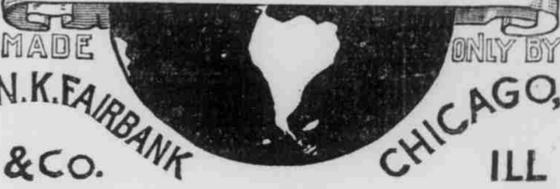
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DID you say that you did not know what to get your sweetheart, Father, mother, wife, husband sister, brother, aunt, uncle or friend for a Christmas or New Years Present. Well I can tell you, nothing will please them more than a nice pair of shoes or slippers.

It will make their heart delight; and we have just received a large invoice "SPECIAL" for the holiday trade and shall sell them at unusual LOW PRICES.

W. A. BOECK & CO.

THE BONNER STABLES.

W. D. JONES, Proprietor.

HAS THE FINEST RIGS IN THE CITY

Carriages for Pleasure and Short Drives Always Kept Ready.

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Will keep constantly on hands a full and complete line of pure DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, & OILS. DRUGGISTS SUNDRIES.

PURE LIQUORS. Prescriptions Carefully Compounded at all Hours.



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These Lenses are for superior to any others sold in the city. Possessing a natural transparency and strengthening qualities which will preserve the failing eyesight.

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