

The Crazy Ball.
Street peddlers have a new catch-penny device on their trucks that is quite an amusing thing for old as well as young folks. They call it the "crazy ball," and it is well named. For ten cents you can buy one of these things and see the laws of gravity defied. It looks like an ordinary wooden ball, about the size of a tennis ball, but you can't roll it in a straight line to save you. Of course the secret of the thing's queer actions lie in the fact that it is loaded on one side. This makes every movement of the ball eccentric. It will roll up hill of its own accord, and it will refuse to roll down hill. If you try to roll it from you it will perhaps start out all right, and then turn around and roll back, or maybe it will go off sideways and describe a wobbly circle around you. All its movements are jerky and spasmodic. Give it to a kitten to play with and the chances are that the kitten will go mad, while a baby will cry with vexation over its eccentricities. A grown person who is not up in spherical geometry will assure you that it is wonderful. It is not. It is only some sharp fellow's way of gathering in the dimes. Nevertheless, ere long the city will be flooded with these "crazy balls."—New York Herald.

An Artist's Mansion.
Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., P. R. A., is at present enjoying himself in the beautiful town of Perugia, the air of which is most invigorating. Electric light is being laid in the president's house, in Holland Park road. The splendid eastern hall, paved with tiles from Damascus, with the fountains and couches of exquisite workmanship, will now be lit by the electric light. So will the drawing room, with its fine specimens of Corot's paintings representing the seasons, and the handsome dining room. The large studio, with its priceless treasures, will be properly illuminated. The fountain at one time had no railing. One evening after one of Sir Frederick Leighton's epicurean feasts, the hall not being sufficiently lit, several of the academicians stepped into the fountain and got thoroughly wet; a popular painter had to borrow a pair of the president's trousers, much to the amusement of his brethren of the brush, as the garments did not fit him; but the strong electric light will put an end to any more of these uncomfortable adventures.—London Star.

A Dust Storm in Simla.
A curious phenomenon occurred in Simla recently on two successive nights. This was nothing less than a dust storm in the midst of a downpour of rain, or rather, to speak more correctly, a shower of mud. A column of dust seems to have been carried up into the higher atmosphere from the plains and to have been caught and forced down by the heavy rain. In the morning, as a result, all the plants and flowers in Simla were found to have received a thick coating of mud. There could be no doubt that the mud had been rained down, for it was freely sprinkled on plants away from the hillside and at a great height from the ground. Moreover a deposit of mud was found in the rain gauges in various parts of the station. It is a common thing to see the atmosphere in the hills during the hot season thick with dust from the plains, carried aloft by a strong wind. But the conjunction of rain and dust is an accident of which, it is stated, there is no previous record.—Exchange.

The Smallest Snake.
J. C. Conch, who lives a mile south of Fox Postoffice, has brought us what is probably the smallest snake ever captured in Ray county. It was caught about two weeks ago by his stepson, Theodore Jackson, and is of the black-snake species. It is only three inches in length, and at the thickest part of its body is only three-sixteenths of an inch in circumference. It is a perfectly formed reptile, but with an extra large head. Mr. Jackson accidentally killed it by spilling a few drops of petroleum on it. This snake could not teach school or plow corn like some of his kinsmen found in Colonel Jim Denton's neighborhood, but Mr. Jackson is just as proud of his find as the colonel ever was over any of his discoveries.—Richmond (Mo.) Conservator.

A Child Killed by a Pig.
While "playing funeral" in Kiota, Kan., Johnny Denner, aged six, met a strange fate. He and his eight-year-old sister had dug a hole and Johnny sat in it. When she had covered him with earth up to the neck, an old sow drove her off and then attacked the little boy. Several times the animal sunk her teeth in the lad's head, and when friends came to his rescue they found him dead.—Exchange.

Silk Weaving by Electricity.
An interesting trial has been made in Germany with silk weavers' looms worked by electricity. By a cable of 100 feet in length, a one-horse power electric shunt motor, with 100 A. and four amperes, was put in motion, and the transmission for the weaver's looms was restricted by a communicator to twenty-two revolutions. Two weaver's looms were put in motion, the result being that the working by electricity was more satisfactory than that by means of caloric engines or gas motors, and the swinging masses, otherwise necessary for the working on a small scale, can be dispensed with. The German papers think the results named show that house industry could easily be made to flourish by the transmission of electric power, and this all the more as electricity can be transmitted equally well under any temperature.—New York Telegram.

The Revival of the Popularity of Brass Work.
The revival of the popularity of brass work has created a new industry and set thousands of men at work making beautiful brass goods for domestic utensils, fancy goods and ornamental work.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Knotts depart this evening for Weeping Water where they will spend Thanksgiving with friends.
THE HERALD will not be issued to-morrow, as the entire force from quill-pusher down to the devil, will take a holiday. We confess, we are presuming considerably upon the vitality of our readers to assume that they can prosper one day without the regular visit of THE HERALD, but trusting to the protecting care of providence and invoking the aid of the fat turkey we shall try the experiment.

THE eastern people will no longer claim that the west is the home of cyclones and tornadoes, but will admit that they have come to stay with them.

WHILE Omaha was unsuccessful in getting the republican national convention set for Tuesday, June 7, 1891, at Minneapolis, Minn., she is willing to recognize the fact that the choice was well made.

Oysters,
Celery,
Cranberries,
Mince Meat,
Sweet Cider,
Nuts,
Figs,
Raisins,
and many other nice things for your Thanksgiving dinner can be had at
BENNETT & TUTT'S.

Some of the most startling, interesting discoveries of the life and customs of buried Egypt are now being made through extensive excavations. These discoveries are exciting a great interest. Many discoveries are, however, being made in our country that are remarkable, among which we may mention that of Haller's Pain Paralyzer which effects entire relief, and in many cases a complete cure of that terrible disease rheumatism, and which also relieves pain of all kinds. For sale by all druggists.

THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

Over the Ocean of Being,
Till the wind fails,
Fast on their venturesome voyage
Speed the white sails!

But from the ships that have foundered,
Laboring slow,
Hardly abreast of the billows,
The rough rafts go.

Thereon the stranded from shipwreck
Painfully lie,
Lead seems the water around them
Brazen the sky.

Cruel the ships that in safety
Steadfastly speed,
Cruellest souls that aboard them
Heck not nor heed.

Nay! for across the wan water
No appeal fails!
Nay! for the tiniest signals
Stay the white sails!

Some from the ship will come speeding
Eager to save,
Heirs to one glory of living,
Heirs to one grave.

But if the bearers of succor
Find not the track?
If to the hall of the helpers
Nothing come back?

What if the wash of the waters
Brown the heart throbs?
If the wild winds in their courses
Stifle the sob?

Say, shall the true hearts of comrades
Vainly be stirred?
Thou who so sorrowless, answer?
Some one has heard!

—L. M. Little in Academy.

The Sacred Books of Ceylon.
There are three books regarded as sacred by Buddhists of Ceylon. The first, called the Mahavanso, is the most highly venerated. It has been very carefully handed down from generation to generation, the most ancient copies not varying in the least from those of modern date. The Mahavanso contains "The Doctrine, Race and Lineage of Buddha," besides the authentic annals of Ceylonese Buddhism.

Next to the Mahavanso in point of veneration is the "Learned Priest's" history of Buddha, called the Rajaratnawali. This book also contains extracts from other antique works, besides a record of the erection of the various temples and shrines of the island and a history of the kings from the year 540 B. C. The third of the Ceylonese sacred books is called the Rajavali; or "Light Giver;" it is simply a modern supplement of the other two and brings the records down to date. The main portion is given up to recording events in Ceylonese history since the advent of the Dutch, especial attention being given to that portion of the work which tells of the expulsion of the Portuguese.—St. Louis Republic.

The Swamp Angel.
The Swamp Angel was an 8-inch, 200-pounder Parrott rifle gun, mounted by the Federal troops in a morass on Morris island, Charleston harbor, in 1863. On Aug. 23 and 24 the city of Charleston, five and a half miles distant, was shelled, the gun bursting at the thirty-sixth shot. After the war the Swamp Angel was sold for old metal and conveyed to Trenton, but having been identified, it was set up on a granite pedestal at the corner of Perry and Clinton streets in that city.—Detroit Free Press.

For Honest Men's Rights.
That is a rather fine point of law which holds that a man with burglar's tools on his person, who goes up the steps of a dwelling house where he has no lawful business, has made an attempt to commit burglary, but it is good law for the protection of the community. The steps of a dwelling are private property, and one who trespasses upon them with unlawful purpose has committed an unlawful deed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Unusual Position.
Photographer—If you'll hold your chin a little higher, sir, I can take a better picture.
Mr. Henpeck—Hold my chin higher? Why, man alive, I've been married twenty years!—Texas Siftings.

And This is Boston.
It was autumn. He was a Boston book agent. The front door bell rang. The kitchen girl answered the peal.
"Good morning, ma'am."
"Humph!"
"Is the lady of the house in?"
"She is."
"Can I see her?"
"You can."
Both stand in motionless silence expectantly.
"You said I could see the lady of the house?"
"I did."
"Well, why don't I see the lady of the house then?"
"You see her."
Girl looks down frigidly.
Agent looks up paralyzed.
"Then I would like to see the personage who owns the property."
"At Lenox."
"Then I want to see the man, woman or child, lady, gentleman, dowager, old maid, bachelor or heir at law who rents this property from the Lenox owner."
"Oh, you want to see the woman that assists me with the work! Why didn't you say so in the first place? This vulgar carelessness of the use of the word 'lady' is very aggravating."
"Yes, I expect so—is she in?"
"No."
"When will she be in?"
"Won't be in."
"Why not? Where is she?"
"I gave her a week's vacation to spend with her husband at Marblehead, so's she could rest up ready for the fall house cleaning. You didn't think I was going to do it all myself, did you?"—Boston Globe.

His One Foolish Act.
The young woman had secured permission to speak to the good looking young convict. It was just a feminine fancy—a desire to learn something of his story.
"You don't look like a criminal," she said abruptly.
He smiled at the rather uncertain compliment.
"I never did but one criminal thing in my life," he said.
"Only one?" she said, in rather a disappointed tone. She had expected to find a man steeped in crime. "Why, your sentence is for ten years, isn't it?"
"Yes, miss. I got it for that one criminal act."
"What was the cause of that one?" she inquired curiously.
"Just a whim, miss—a youthful whim," he replied rather bitterly. "I thought it manly to carry a revolver."
"And you were attacked some night?" she asked quickly. "And you?"
He shook his head.
"And you're here just for that?" she said.
"Like others, just for that," he returned quietly. "I quarreled with a friend, lost my temper, and—I'm here, miss. That's all."
He suddenly turned away and went back to his work.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

How Coconuts are Harvested.
The busy season on a coconut plantation is when the nuts ripen, which they seem to do all at once, and every hand is engaged in gathering and conveying them with carts to the drying ground, which is always in close proximity to the bungalow, so as to be as much as possible under the eye of the manager.
Here they are split in half, longitudinally, with an ax—a feat which is dexterously performed with one blow by the man appointed for this duty—and then spread out to dry. The intense heat of the sun rapidly shrivels the kernel, which curls up into a ball the size of your fist and detaches itself from the shell.
This is now what is called "copra," and is shipped to the nearest point of landing in sacks, where it is either transported in bulk to Europe or more generally made into oil, the refuse—oil cake or "poonak"—being sold locally for feed for cattle.—Frank Leslie's Monthly.

How They Learned to Make Perfumes.
What the French know about perfume making is not all the result of their own experience. The traditional history of the art is that the Hebrews imparted the little they knew to their captors, the Egyptians, who in turn gave their formulas to the Greeks and Romans. The Moors then took a hand at improving these crude efforts, and when they invaded Europe left their art in Spain, whence it soon reached France. There it found its home and resting place, and today no nation can compete with France in the science and art of perfume making.—New York Evening Sun.

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PLACES OF WORSHIP.
CATHOLIC.—St. Paul's Church, 5th, between Fifth and Sixth. Father Carney, Pastor. Services: Mass at 8 and 10:30 A. M. Sunday School at 2:30, with benediction.
CHRISTIAN.—Corner Leavitt and Eighth Sts. Services morning and evening. Elder J. K. Reed, pastor. Sunday School 10 A. M.
EPISCOPAL.—St. Luke's Church, corner Third and Vine. Rev. H. B. Burgess, pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 12:30 P. M.
GERMAN METHODIST.—Corner Sixth St. and Granite. Rev. H. T. Pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 10:30 A. M.
PRESBYTERIAN.—Services in new church, corner Sixth and Granite sts. Rev. J. T. Baird, pastor. Sunday-school at 9:30; Teaching at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.
The Y. R. S. C. E. of this church meets every Sabbath evening at 7:15 in the basement of the church. All are invited to attend these meetings.
FIRST METHODIST.—Sixth St., between Main and Pearl. Rev. L. F. Britt, D. D., pastor. Services: 11 A. M., 8:00 P. M. Sunday school 9:30 A. M. Trays meeting Wednesday evening.
GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN.—Corner Main and North. Rev. W. H. Pastor. Services usual hours. Sunday school 9:30 A. M.
SWEDISH CONGREGATIONAL.—Granite, between Fifth and Sixth.
COLLEGE BAPTIST.—Mt. Olive, Oak, between Tenth and Eleventh. Rev. A. Roswell, pastor. Services 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—Rooms in waterman block, Main street. Gospel meeting, for men only, every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Home open week days from 8:30 A. M. to 9:30 P. M.
SOUTH PARK TABERNACLE.—Rev. J. M. Wood, pastor. Services: Sunday school, 9:30 A. M.; Teaching, 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.; prayer meeting Tuesday night; choir practice Friday night. All are welcome.

Does Your Little Girl.
Need a cloak this winter? If she does you will make a great mistake if you do not call and examine the childrens cloaks that we are offering before buying.
We have just received from a large Cloak Manufacturer his full line of
Childrens Sample Cloaks.
For children 6, 8, 10 and 12 years old, consisting of 149 garments in all. NO TWO ALIKE, on which we were given a discount from regular wholesale price so that we are able to sell them at actually
Manufacturer's Prices.
CALL IN and let us prove the truth of the above statement, and show you at the same time our FINE LINE of Ladies and Misses Reclerf Sacques and Jackets.

SECOND SALE OF SAMPLE SH OES
Another opportunity to buy shoes at
FACTORY PRICES
We take pleasure in announcing to the people of Plattsmouth and surrounding towns that we have succeeded in getting another fine line of sample shoes. Our success with the last line was phenomenal and hundreds were disappointed because they came too late to secure some of the bargains that we offered. This line is better if anything than the last, being Walter H. Temmy & Co., of Boston, Mass., full line consisting of Ladies, Misses, Childrens, Mens and Boys shoes of all kinds and of all descriptions. Among them is 300 pair of boys and Mens boots, in which we can give the best value for your money that you ever "laid eyes on."
Don't think that because we don't ask high prices for shoes that the shoes are not of any high quality. We have among these shoes that are as fine as any shown in the city, everything extrinsic is stripped away and the shoes that you buy of us stands on their intrinsic worth. We dig at the root of values and give you the worth of your money.

We are Still Giving Great Bargains in Underwear
HERE'S A FEW OF THEM:
25c Childrens Natural Wool Color Shirts and Drawers All Sizes.
25c Childrens all Wool Shirts & Drawers—All Sizes.
39c Ladies Fine Merino Silk Trimmed shirt and Drawers.
39c Mens Extra Heavy Ribbed Shirts and drawers.
WM. HEROLD & SON.
507 Main Street Plattsmouth, Neb.



When you go to a shoe store your object is not only to buy shoes but to procure for what you spend the best that your money will buy. Less than this will not content you; more than this you cannot, in reason, ask. Our methods are as simple as your desires. We do not lift your expectations to the clouds, but we realize them whatever they are. We will never sacrifice your interests to ours and nowhere else can you get a fuller and fairer equivalent for your money. An especially profitable purchase for you is our etc.
BOOTS, SHOES OR RUBBERS
R. SHERWOOD.
501 Main Street

TO CLOSE BUYERS
BEAR IN MIND THAT
JOE
CAN SAVE YOU MONEY
OVERCOATS AND SUITS,
FOR MEN AND BOYS
FOR LESS MONEY THAN EVER HEARD OF BEFORE
Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Trunks, etc. at Jobbers Prices
It will pay you to come fifty miles to trade with
JOE
Who will show you better makes, quality and for less money than you can buy west of Chicago.
A CHILD CAN BUY AS CHEAP AS A MAN
JOE Has Only One Price,
NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.
OPERA HOUSE CORNER, PLATTSMOUTH.

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