

Real Estate Transfer
Following are the real estate transfers compiled by Polk Bros., abstractors and publishers of the Daily Report:

Frank Svella and wife to David Rice w. d. \$550, lots 25, 26, b 9, Thompson's Add to Plattsmouth.
C. M. Chase and husband to E. S. Barrett, w. d. \$7,000, pt lot 4, b 70, Weeping Water and lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, b 3, 6, 7, Chase Add to Weeping Water.
Minne C. Clarke and husband to Joseph Aschenbroner, w. d. \$300, lots 7, 8, 9, b 10, Duke's Add to Plattsmouth.
Frank Ingueere and wife to Thos. W. Caker, w. d. \$260, pt lot 1, b 18, Eagle.
James J. Hendricks to Samuel Murray, w. d. \$300, 1/2 of sw 1/4 32, 10, 10.
Catherine Reichart to Chas. D. Grimes, q. c. d. \$100, lot 1, b 48, Plattsmouth.
D. L. Clapp and wife to James Clizbe, w. d. \$1,750, lot 5, b 3, Park Add to Weeping Water.
Henry Kirkham and wife to John E. Kirkham, w. d. \$300, same description.
Chas. D. Grimes to Plattsmouth Gas and Electric Light Company b. c. d. \$1.00 lot 10, b 48, Plattsmouth.
D. F. Rice and wife to Frank Svella, w. d. \$550, pt nw 1/4 of ne 1/4 29, 12, 4.
P. M. Akenson and wife to Wm. H. Metz, w. d. \$3,000, w 1/4 lots 205, 206 Louisville.
M. A. Baldwin and husband to J. G. Shoeman, w. d. \$3200, same description.
J. Chase, trustees to Garry Treat, w. d. \$125, lot 14, b 15, Noble Heights Add to Weeping Water.
Daniel Burris and wife to Bennett & Tut, w. d. \$220, lots 3, 3, 4, 5, in Burris sub. in se 1/4 of ne 1/4 24, 12, 13.
J. T. Hoover and wife to J. Pettit w. d. \$30, lot 646 Louisville.
J. Pettit and wife to A. Vogle, q. c. d. \$30, lot 574, Louisville.
J. T. Hoover to A. Vogle, w. d. \$53, lot 574 575, Louisville.
A. J. Brendle and husband to John Shaw, w. d. \$740, pt s 1/2 of n 1/4 23, 11, 13, U. S. to D. L. Beaver, patent ne 1/4 of s 1/2 35, 13, 12, same to same patent w 1/2 of se 1/4 and se 1/2 35, 13, 12.
United States to Addison Luce patents, s 1/2 nw 1/4 and sw 1/4 of ne 1/4 32, 11, 11, Lillian T. Thompson and husband to Garry Treat, q. c. d. \$1.00, pt e 1/2 of ne 1/4 35, 11, 12.
Kansas Town Land Co. to Louis Neitzal, w. d. \$150, lot 9, b 13, Hurdock.
Geo. Schneider and wife to A. Kaufman and wife, w. d. lots 8, 9, b 2, Cedar Creek.
Albert Ernest and wife to John C. Kurtz, w. d. \$3000, e 1/2 of nw 1/4 20, 10, 10.
Wm. H. Metz and wife to Wm. T. Ferguson, w. d. \$2,100, w 1/2 of lots 205, 206 Louisville.
Mary L. Blakely to Mary E. Burnett, w. d. \$460, lots 12 17 Frost's Add to Greenwood.
C. Coleman and wife to E. G. Dovey & Son, w. d. \$1,200, lot 3, b 21, Plattsmouth.
John W. Martin and wife to M. A. Jones, w. d. \$125,00 pt of sw 1/4 of se 4, 33, 11, 9.

THIS FALLS ELECTION.

Six Congressional Districts Instead of Three—Six Congressmen be Elected This Fall.
This year will be a stirring one among Nebraska politicians. The state will be entitled to elect six United States congressmen instead of three, and the aspirants for congressional honors are already coming to the front by the score. Prior to the meeting of the last state legislature there were but three congressional districts in the state.
The original first congressional district comprised the counties of Douglas, Sarpy, Saunders, Cass, Lancaster, Otoe, Nemaha, Johnson, Richardson, Pawnee and Gage.
The second comprised all that portion of the state west of the first district and south of the Platte river.
The third included all counties north of the Platte not included in the first district. The south line of Washington, Dodge, Colfax, Platte, Merrick, Hall, Buffalo, Dawson, Lincoln, and Perkins counties formed the boundary between the third district and the first and second, and the big Third includes everything in the state north of that line. In territory the third district was twice as large as both the first and second, but in population it was not equal to the first and was about 70,000 greater than the second. But the legislature in accordance with the census of 1890 divided the state into six congressional districts.
The first district is made up of the counties of Cass, Otoe, Lancaster, Nemaha, Johnson, Pawnee and Richardson.
The second comprises the counties of Douglas, Sarpy and Washington.
The third includes Merrick, Nance, Boone, Platte, Colfax, Dodge, Burt, Cumming, Stanton, Madison, Antelope, Pierce, Wayne, Thurston, Dakota, Dixon, Cedar and Knox.
The fourth district includes Saunders, Butler, Polk, Hamilton, York, Seward, Fillmore, Saline, Thayer, Jefferson, and Gage.
The fifth district includes the counties of Clay, Nuckolls, Webster, Adams, Kearney, Franklin

Harlan, Phelps, Gosper, Furnas, Red Willow, Frontier, Hayes, Hitchcock, Dundy, Chase and Perkins.

The big Sixth comprises the counties of Buffalo, Dawson, Lincoln, Keith, Custer, Sherman, Howard, Greely, Valley, Wheeler, Garfield, Holt, Rock, Brown, Keya Paha, Loup, Blaine, Thomas, Hooker, Cherry, Grant, Logan, McPherson, Arthur, Deuel, Sheridan, Dawes, Box Butte, Cheyenne, Kimball, Banner, Scott's Bluffs and Sioux.

Edwin Jeary, president of the state bank of Elmwood, received the sad intelligence Tuesday of the death of his father at the age of 75 years in England. His aged mother is also lying dangerously ill with the disease that his father died with—a grippe. Mr. Jeary's old home is a long ways off and he cannot reach it in time to be of any aid.—Elmwood Echo.

Fred Murphy of Cedar Creek is in the city today.

S. L. Furlong of Rock Bluffs called on THE HERALD today.

Samuel Ryan of Alvo is in the city today. Mr. Ryan is administrator of the Wolfestate.

Judge Ramsey yesterday granted license to George Kelly and Miss Rosa Rauth, both of Murray.

The city schools will be closed Monday as will also the banks on account of Monday being a holiday—Washingtons birthday.

The friends of Dr. E. W. Cook very greatly surprised him last evening. Dr. Cook expects to leave next week for Chicago and his friends concluded they would give him a surprise before he went.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Streight, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Carrigan, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McMaken and Geo. F. Niles returned last evening from Columbus where they had been attending the G. A. R. encampment.

John Wagner's team was run into by a freight train at South Bend Saturday, breaking up his wagon and throwing him violently to the ground. He was crossing the track and the engine struck just between the horses and the front wheels. The horses were not hurt.—Courier Journal.

Nicholas Halmes, one of the prosperous farmers of Plattsmouth precinct, made a pleasant call on THE HERALD today.

Miss Hattie Sullivan left this morning on the Missouri Pacific for Weeping Water where she will visit over Sunday with friends.

John A. Davies went to Omaha this morning to attend the state republican central committee which meets at the Millard hotel this afternoon at 2 o'clock. Mr. Davies is a member from this district.

WAVERLAND.

A TALE OF OUR COMING LANDLORDS.

BY SARAH MARIE BRIGHAM.

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Your mother wanting a governess for your little sister. She was very kind and secured the place for me. Our old house keeper went to live with her brother. She had saved a little of her wages each year, and being quite old she decided not to go out to service any more. It was a sad day when I handed the keys of the place we had called home for so many years to a stranger. I visited my father's grave; then, with the fifty pounds and a few private papers, I started out to seek a place for myself in the world.

"At Waverland I know what you did," I said, with tenderness. "You taught me that a life worth living must be an active one. And you also taught me that my life was not worth the living unless I could do some good."

"At Waverland I also learned that there is a love that is deeper than the love for a parent. The hardest task I ever had was to leave Waverland without seeing you once more."

"I am glad to hear that," I said, in my selfishness. "But where did you go after you left there?"

"I visited the little school first, and then went to the depot."

"Yes, darling," I said, "I know all that. I followed you as far as I could."

"I found but little money in my purse."

"No," I interrupted, "I know that you paid the housekeeper's wages. I am in debt to you for fifty pounds. How much interest are you going to charge?" I asked playfully.

"How do you know that I advanced my own money?"

"I found the entry in your account book the morning after you left. But I found no account of a settlement with yourself."

"I never paid myself though I might have done so."

"But what made you pay Ingram?" I asked.

"Because she would not obey orders. I told her to leave and she said she would not stir one step until she was paid. She tauntingly told me there was not money enough in the Waverland mansion to pay her wages. I asked her how much it was and she said fifty pounds. I went to my room, took the money my father gave me and paid her, saying, 'Now, leave Waverland! She was astonished but finally left. I was relieved. She had defied my orders in everything, and was ruling your mother with a high hand.'"

"You were a brave girl," I said. "But where did you go from the depot?"

"To Dublin. In my hurry to leave Waverland I forgot to take the money from the funds I had in my possession, so I only had enough in my purse to take me there. When I left the train in that great city I was bewildered for a time. As I was walking along the street a little girl came running up to me and taking my hand, said, 'Come see my mamma, she is so still! The child was a ragged, half starved little

on a bed made of leaves and straw lay a woman, dead! I went into a house near by, and asked the woman who came to the door if she knew anything about the dead. She told me that the dead woman was a widow. She had tried to get work but failed, and she had probably starved to death. The child had a pinched and shriveled look, but no doubt the mother had denied herself to save the child. The priest was sent for. I washed the poor woman's face and combed her hair. When the priest came he seemed surprised to see a stranger there. He asked who I was that I should take such an interest in this poor woman's death. I told him I was a stranger in Dublin but the child had led me to her mother. I also told him I was without money or friends, and would like to get a place somewhere as governess. He asked me to go with him to his sister's house until I could find some other home. I found his sister a kind, gentle woman of considerable culture and good common sense. Her whole aim and object in life was to be of use to her brother, who was her hero.

"The child lived very plainly. Miss O'Hone said her brother would not allow himself any luxuries when there were so many that must suffer. Their food was of the simplest kind, but I was made welcome to share it with them. The little room that Father O'Hone used for his library was emptied of its books and made into a sleeping room for me. His books were piled on a box in one corner of the living room. This faithful woman never tired of telling how her brother would go through rain and mud in summer or winter if he could be of service to some poor suffering creature. Nothing could happen among his people but that he was called on to bear a part of their burdens. He was their pastor, doctor, lawyer and friend all in one. Father O'Hone was a large, powerful looking man. He had a pleasant face, was well educated, had a good share of common sense and a large heart full of sympathy. While I was staying with Miss O'Hone she tried earnestly to find me a position. I had about decided to advertise, when one day, Bishop Welch gave a public address. Miss O'Hone and I went to hear him. He told the people that the time for religious controversy had passed. Now they must unite and act in unison and Charles Stewart Parnell would lead them to victory. It was at that public meeting while I was standing on the walk that a closed carriage stopped near us. Lady Irving opened the door and called my name. I went to her surprised beyond measure at seeing her there, while she was equally surprised to see me. I sat with her in her carriage for a while giving her as much of my history as I deemed necessary. Then she offered me three hundred pounds a year to be her traveling companion. I can never forget the pleasure of that hour. Here was food and clothing and a chance to see the great world that I had so longed to see. Lady Irving handed me a gold coin to pay the kind hearted people who had so generously given me a home for nearly a month. When I went to bid Miss O'Hone good-bye I slipped the money into her hand. She smiled her thanks and with a hearty 'God bless you' bade me good-bye."

"I bless the kind Father for watching over my little friend," I said, with fervent heart. "What would you have done but for Lady Irving's timely visit?"

"I do not know, but some way would have been provided. My father taught me to do the best I could and trust the rest to God."

"Did you ever think of Waverland and feel sorry that you left?"

"I often thought of that place but was not sorry for leaving. Though I was nearly tempted to advertise and sign my own name, thinking if you wished to find me you would in that way be able to do so."

"I thought you might do that, and from the time you left Waverland until I found you in Denver, I never picked up a paper without looking through the list of advertisements. But I never found the name I longed to see."

"I had a very happy time with Lady Irving. She has proved to be all that I anticipated on the first evening of our acquaintance."

"But did you still hope to see me again? Or give any thought to the lonely old home that you had deserted?"

"Yes, I thought of you and Waverland very often, but I always tried to crush the thought you were engaged to Annie Wren?"

"Annie! What made you think that?"

"Because you were fond of her, and then your mother said you were to marry her."

"And did you think that I could ever forget my little sunbeam who had filled my heart with warmth and gladness?"

"I did not know."

"But you did know, or you would never have fled from Waverland. You know the wicked lie when no one pursueth. That one act made me sure that you loved me. And the knowledge of that love gave me courage to struggle out of the despair I felt when I first found that you had gone."

"When you came into the parlor at Denver my heart answered that question almost unconsciously, and it was a hard task to teach myself composure. I kept saying over to myself your mother's words. No is to marry Annie."

"But he is not to marry Annie! never! never! as I told my mother on that evening. But darling, when will you become my bride and bring joy and happiness to the old home at Waverland?"

"Not yet, Lady, not yet," she said.

"But Stella dear, why need we wait? You have no one to ask, I have no one to care, we have none in all the world to please but each other."

She only shook her head and remained firm. As we were returning to the hotel we could hear Melvorne pleading earnestly with Lady Irving to set their wedding day. But that lady was as obstinate as Stella had been.

Melvorne came to my room that evening with a gloomy face. He gave vent to his disappointment by saying:

"I always knew women were headstrong. Lady Irving has promised to be my wife, yet she will not name our wedding day."

"I tried to gain the same object this evening myself! Do you think they have made some arrangement to make us wait?" I asked.

"I don't know, but we seem fated. We must wait the will and pleasure of our self-willed angels," he said, as he bade me goodnight with returning cheerfulness.

CHAPTER XX.—THE MYSTERY REVEALED.

The morning found our party ready for new sights and scenes.

"What have you on the programme for today, Lollard?" asked Melvorne.

"The famous springs, six in number, are among the first objects," he answered.

"Either to-day or to-morrow I want our party to visit my ranch and see my fine herd of cattle. The ladies have never seen a cowley yet," said Melvorne, in good spirits at prospect of a change.

We started out to visit the far famed

"Cousin Stella," said Melvorne, with a lingering tone, as if to catch the melody of the new words, "have you never heard that your father was an English nobleman?"

"Yes, my old nurse told me that he was, one day when I was helping her with the housework," Stella replied.

"But did your father never tell you of it?" he asked.

"I think not. But I remember once, not many years ago, my father came to me, and putting one hand on either side of my face said, 'You look so much like her!' and, with a deep sigh left the room. When I asked the nurse if he meant my mother, she said no, it was of his sister he was thinking."

"I think you must look very much like my mother. That made the charm your society had for me. I have often tried to analyze it," said Melvorne thoughtfully.

While the duke and Stella had been talking I had taken from my note book a little white envelope; the time had now come to understand its meaning.

"Melvorne, was your mother's home at Raven's Park, England?" I asked.

"I have something here," I said opening the note that held my translation of the cryptogram, and handing it to Melvorne. As I handed it to him Stella caught sight of the card and exclaimed:

"O, my lost treasure!" reaching her hand out for it. "Where did you find it, Lollard? I looked everywhere for it when I left Waverland, but could not find it."

I explained how I happened to find it and how I came to learn its meaning. Stella stood like one in a trance. Then with tears of joy she thanked me for revealing its contents.

"I have spent hours in trying to read that little hidden message. That and the fifty pounds I told you of I found in an envelope addressed to me and a little note inside were these words: 'A father's will to his darling child,'" said Stella.

"This is indeed a revelation," said Melvorne. "We need no further testimony than this translated message from the departed. 'I am Charles Edward Everett, Son of Edward Everett, Earl of York, from Ravens Park, England,' read the duke with emotion."

"How strange that this message should have remained hidden until now," said Lady Irving.

"It was like my father to provide in some unexpected way for my learning of his birth and rank," said Stella, holding the precious cryptogram as though it could take wings and fly. "How strange it seems to know that I have one relative in all this world of people," she continued, going to the duke and offering her hand.

"You are my very own cousin. My father's words have proven it!"

"You are not sorry, are you, little cousin?" asked Melvorne, seeing the tears glistening in her eyes.

"O, no, cousin James, but glad! so glad!"

"Well, now, I have something else to do besides visiting boiling springs," he said, turning to us. "And I want your aid, so all follow me." And Melvorne led the way back to the hotel, keeping Stella by his side.

At the hotel he paused a moment, then started down the street, still keeping Stella's hand upon his arm.

At a place where a lawyer's sign swung to and fro in the summer's breeze Melvorne paused, and opening the door, asked us to enter. The room was large and fitted up in the most approved style for an office. It was a sort of combination law office and real estate business room.

After entering, Melvorne asked if Lawyer Jones was present.

"Yes, sir," answered a gentleman, "that is my name. What can I do for you?" he asked, making an easy bow to the ladies.

"I wish some important papers made out and sent to England," said Melvorne in a business way.

Then followed the tedious legal process of a transfer of property. Melvorne had decided to divide his grandfather's estate as it would have been divided had Stella's father received his rightful share. At first Stella objected to receiving it but the duke was determined.

While the lawyer was busy with Melvorne's papers, a man entered and asked if Mr. Sharp was in. A gentleman from the other desk answered to the same, saying:

"What can I do for you, sir?"

"Have you money to loan?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, sir, that is my business," answered Mr. Sharp.

"I want to borrow a thousand dollars on that property," said the man, handing a document to Mr. Sharp as he spoke.

Mr. Sharp, a keen, shrewd business man took the paper and after reading it over carefully, said:

"I know the property your deed describes, and can loan you the money secured by a mortgage on that land."

"What per cent must I give, sir?" asked the man.

"Ten per cent for five years time," said Mr. Sharp.

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ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
REMEDY FOR PAIN
Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Swellings,
PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY.
CURES RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA.

CLANING UP
SALE
OF - DDS - AND - ENDS.

IN OUR VARIOUS DEPARSMENT.

Chips from our last years business that must be swept away Sweewing reductions on all old goods. Very low prices-on the new goods that we are receiving every day.

NEW SPRING
GINGHAMS, OUTING CLOTH, SPRING DRESS FLANNEL,
BEDFORD CORDS, CHEVERON SERGES, HENRI-
EETAS, CASHMERE, MUSLIN UNDERWEAR
HAMBERG EDGING, ETC.

Having just finished taking stock we find that we have hundreds of

REMNANTS
Of dress goods, dress gingham, calico, and all pieces containing less than eight yards, we have put on our remnant counter to be closed oeatredution in pieces.

Remnant of 10, 15 and 20 cent Gingham, outing cloth, etc., to close at 8 cents.

Remnants of 7 and 8 cent prints to close at 5 cents. Standard prints and fast colors, our 5 cent grade for 3 1/2 cents.

Remnants of dress flannels, cashimere Henriettas broadcloth, serges, etc., at a reduction of from 25 to 50 per cent from regular price. Just the right length for childrens' wear.

BOOTS AND SHOES,
AT HALF PRICE.

Every pair of shop worn boots and shoes, together with all sur- plus styles that we do not wish to carry anooteer season. The size of these lots will be somewhat broken, but those who can be fitted can secure some of the greatest bargains ever offered.

WM. HEROLD & SON.
507 Main Street
Plattsmouth, Neb

EXPERIMENTING WITH COLD

The laboratory of Prof Pictet, at Berlin, is designed for the investigation of the effects of cold. The refrigerating machinery, driven by several powerful engines, keeps the objects under observation at any temperature between 20° and 200° below zero c. as long as may be required. The cooling is effected by the evaporation of liquids, and is divided into three stages, each with its special apparatus. For the first stage is used the mixture of sulphurous and carbonic acids known as "Pictet's fluid," which is condensed at a pressure of about two atmospheres in a spiral tube cooled by water. Oxide of nitrogen laughing gas is the liquid chosen for the second stage. It is condensed at a pressure of 10 or 12 atmospheres in a tube kept at about 80° below zero by the action of the first circuit. For the third stage air is employed, and passes into a liquid state at a pressure of 75 atmospheres when the temperature is kept at 125° below zero by the other circuits. The evaporation of the liquefied air gives a cold of about 210° below zero. Absolute zero is placed at 273° below zero c., but Prof. Pictet regards 255° below zero as about the lowest attainable artificial temperature. One of the effects of great cold has been the conversion of quicksilver into beautiful fern like crystals. Glycerine also has been crystallized; and cognac has been given by freezing the peculiar mellowness commonly attained only by long keeping. The most important result thus far, however, has been the purification of chloroform, the crystals that form in the

Commercial Chloroform at about 68° below zero being almost absolutely pure.

Weeping Water Items.
From the Republican.

Ex-Mayor Barnes has been appointed administrator of the Decker estate. He gave a bond of \$50,000.

Mrs. G. W. Noble sang a beautiful solo at the Congregational church last Sunday morning. Her many friends greatly appreciated it and it added greatly to the services.

David Jones met with quite a painful accident last week. He was shoeing a horse that was hard to manage and it got him down and stepped on his leg and left the print of the shoe through his boot.

Frank Day last Thursday brought eight hogs to market that weighed 3,800 pounds. The largest one weighed 740 pounds and after subtracting the dockage of 80 pounds the hog brought its owner at \$4.15 the neat sum of \$27.39. This is the largest hog we have ever seen in Nebraska. His age was four and one-half years. Another one in the lot weighed 660 pounds. These two made a load, they filled the wagon box, Mr. Day thinks it pays to grow poland Chinas. He has some of the finest in the country.

Mrs. Martha Mayfield mother of Geo. W. Mayfield, senior editor of the Louisville Courier Journal, died at the home of her daughter, near Greenwood February 12, aged 89 years.

D. A. Campbell, clerk of the supreme court of Lincoln, was in the city over night.