

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

KNOTTS BROS., Publishers & Proprietors.

THE PLATTSBOUTH HERALD is published every evening except Sunday and Weekly every Thursday morning.

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Why is it our esteemed contemporary has let up on the "Quinine racket." Did those figures in the Inter Ocean prick the free trade bubble?

It is said that our English premier, Mr. Bayard, whose views have all along been so un-American as to call forth severe criticism from patriotic people, is now in favor of giving the Canadians free access to our ports, thus making it more profitable for fishermen to live in Canada.

The recent elections in England have returned Tory members by increased majorities.

Although Gladstone is a very old man, yet he seems never to give up the fight for the success of the Liberal party, with home rule for Ireland as one of his party tenets.

Speaking of the Republican party the Journal of this city says:

It is perfectly willing to make whisky cheap and plenty, if it can continue the exactions that make fuel and clothing dear and house rent high.

What a "grand old hypocrite" that would give utterance to the above, when there is not the first scintilla of evidence on which to base such an assertion.

A WRITER in the current number of the North American Review puts it very well when he says: "Pulses beat more quickly, the joy of battle lights up many faces, and it is a dramatic moment when the vessel chased as a merchantman opens its hatch for her devilish crew to swarm on deck, drops the seeming stripe and discloses shotguns, and runs up the black flag.

We have a surplus, it is true, of many millions, yet the false economists who parade as financiers in the management of the Government, are short on the current expense account in the sum of eleven millions.

This is a theory of democracy, "Let the country suffer but spare no pains and go to any extent to make a little cheap capital for the party as a reform organization.

While the democratic party very effectively destroyed the surplus in 1860, it is the opinion of thinking men that if they had full control for four years the surplus would disappear in a manner that would excite the admiration of the celebrated confederate cross-roads postmaster.

NEBRASKA'S PROSPERITY.

With more than half a million in its school fund and nearly a million clean cash in its treasury, there is no reason why Nebraska should not be counted among the most thrifty of the constellation of states.

Yes, a republican state government and a protective tariff usually produces the above results.

The standard remedy for liver complaint is West's Liver Pills; they never disappoint you. 30 pills 25c. At Warrick's drug store.

A SPECIMEN FILE-TRADE ARGUMENT.

One of the favorite arguments of the free traders is that the abolition of the tariff would make the price of what he consumes cheaper to the American working man. This argument ignores the fact that nothing is cheap for the would-be purchaser that is beyond his purchasing power.

Professor Thurston, of Cornell University, states the case very well when, in replying to the free-trade arguments of certain college professors, he says:—

"The farmer would not be likely to think that if he could get his family housed and clothed at lower prices he might gain in the end, even though the market for his grain and his vegetables, his milk and his butter, were removed to the other side of the Atlantic by the transportation of the industries which gave all his customers their ready money, and while he might be restored to the primitive and stimulating, though somewhat unpleasant, condition of his grandfather in the days of agriculture only for revenue. The mechanic would certainly not any the less strongly believe that if our markets are supplied with manufactured products from Europe at such prices as now there prevail, he and his fellows, if able to get work at all, must content themselves with precisely these low rates of compensation and correspondingly miserable methods of living, or of prolonged dying, rather, as are to day witnessed in many parts of Great Britain and on the Continent, father, mother, and children—babies almost included—working all through the hours of daylight to get the scanty food and clothing, the wretched habitations and the privilege of barest existence, for which industry rather than reason compels them to struggle so hopelessly.

The above argument is easily grasped by the dullest intellect. To a man who has a fixed income free trade would be a benefit, because it would enable him to purchase more with his money than he can now. But to the seventeen millions and more of producers in this country who depend upon what the products of their labor bring in the market, free trade would mean the diminution of their compensation for their labor which would necessarily entail the lowering of their standard of living.—Irish World.

Two Sensible Ladies.

One that studies health before vanity and one that does not believe all she reads or hears, practical experience is every day teaching that the words given by Dr. Watson's Special Cough Cure, is practically relieving the physicians from advising a hopeless case of consumption a change of climate necessary, to be left to die among strangers. The Specific Cough Cure is warranted, if directions are carefully complied with, to relieve, if not cure, the worst and most hopeless cases the world ever saw. Price 50c and \$1. For sale by W. J. Warrick.

The Public Eye

Is what troubles many—Publishing testimonials of cures, unknown is condemned by the Quaker Medicine Company and those who have occasion to use Balyeat's Fig Tonic for the blood and indigestion and Dr. Watson's New Specific Cough Cure are free to speak their experiences. No cure, no pay required. Price 50c and \$1. For sale by the following druggist: W. J. Warrick.

Who is Your Best Friend?

Your stomach of course. Why? Because if it is out of order you are one of the most miserable creatures living. Give it a fair, honorable chance and see if it is not the best friend you have in the end. Don't smoke in the morning. Don't drink in the morning. If you must smoke and drink wait until your stomach is through with breakfast. You can drink more and smoke more in the evening and it will tell on you less. If your food ferments and does not digest right—if you are troubled with Heartburn, Dizziness of the head, coming up of the food after eating, Biliousness, Indigestion, or any other trouble of the stomach, you had best use Green's August Flower, as no person can use it without immediate relief.

Notice of Sale Under Chattel Mortgage.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a chattel mortgage dated on the 7th day of December, 1887, a duly filed and recorded in the office of the county clerk of Cass county, Nebraska, on the 10th day of December, 1887, and executed by J. S. Duke to Sherman S. Jewett & Co., to secure the payment of the sum of \$800.00 and upon which there is now due the sum of \$808.92. De sult having been made in the payment of said sum. Therefore I will sell the property therein described, viz: The entire stock of stoves, tinware, and shelf and heavy hardware and fixtures of the store-room. At situated in brick building on east half lot eight (8) block twenty-nine (29) in the city of Plattsmouth, at public auction at the front door of the above-described store building in the city of Plattsmouth, Cass county, Nebraska, on the 23rd day of January, 1888, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day. SHERMAN S. JEWETT & CO., Mortgagees. W. S. Warrick, Agent.

TO HEALTH.

Life's most essential friend, I drink to thee And thy advancement in this earthly world. Thy laws thou dost not veil in mystery; Thy way, ourselves. Thy banner thou unfurled Dost fling from every hilltop. Thou dost plead With us to thrust aside the vanities That do so warp body and mind. We heed Thee not, and thou who should a Hercules Have seen in stature grand, and grand in all Intelligence, shrunken and dwarfed remains. Heaven speed the time when the enshrining pall Of worldliness shall be thrown off; when veins With roddy health shall run, and every man Reflect God's image, perfect as his plan. —Sarah Louise Morris in Inter Ocean.

ROMANCE OF A ROSEBUSH.

"It is all for de rol," said Miss Henrietta Henshaw, sitting bolt upright in her bamboo rocker. "It is all for de rol, I say, for peckly think they must make up gimcracks that nobody wants and scatter them about among their friends."

"What if there should be three Hets?" said Lottie, slyly, remembering old Peter Hammond's clumsy attentions, with, as he admitted, "an eye to a snug home."

Lottie did not venture a repetition, but sat demurely considering respectfully under the stress of circumstances, she should do. Lottie was Miss Henrietta's orphan niece, and had been a member of her household for nearly a year. She had learned dearly to love the prim old lady, though that love was not unmingled with fear.

"Oh, dear, what should she do? Harry had always brought her some tasteful gift, and she did so want to make him a hat-band for his new Derby. She had dreamed that she should not, and had put it off till the last moment."

The great drops welled up suddenly to her eyes. If Miss Hetta saw any symptoms of heartache, she had had heartaches herself, and they had never killed her yet. But Lottie did not mean to droop. Auntie was usually kind, and was albeit her only living relative—except Harry. Well, Harry was not a relative exactly—and, oh, dear, if she could only have a hatband.

Dr. Beach, an eccentric bachelor, lived in the rather lonely house at the extreme end of the street. Lottie was never sick herself, and Aunt Hetta never employed Dr. Beach for her occasional ailments; yet the bright-hearted girl had contrived to make the acquaintance of the uncouth doctor, who liked her and called her "Little Miss."

"What if the dear old man was a little gruff? He was good." And into his office Lottie now went, assured of a warm welcome. Absorbed in her own interest and intent on her errand, she approached the bay window where stood the great monthly rose bush which had been the wonder and envy of the admiring public since almost before Lottie was born.

"Oh, doctor," she said, "I came to ask if you would be so kind to give me three or four of those lovely buds?" "What for?" growled the doctor, savagely.

"You see," she began, "I wanted to make something pretty for a birthday gift for—for a friend, but I could not," choking a little, "and I had almost given up hope of anything, when this morning, as I glanced down the road, your beautiful roses seemed to say, 'Come after us, so here I am. Flowers are always nice to give, you know, and I had none.'"

"Humph! Why couldn't you make what you wanted to?" "Aunt Hetta would not let me." "Humph! Is not Henrietta Henshaw good to you?" she demanded, bristling up. "Oh, yes, as kind as can be. But she does not believe in birthday gifts, she says."

"Hadh't you any money yourself?" "No." "She might give you a cent or two from time to time; then you would have a fund to draw from."

"Oh, she does; I had \$5 Monday that I had not needed to use. But I saw Jennie and Tommy Eroy, with their little bare toes peeping out of their old shoes and—"

"So you squandered your money to clothe the feet of those lithe vagabonds?" growled the doctor, wondering why he hadn't seen the bare toes.

"Yes, I got shoes and the nicest red stockings. Jennie cried and cried when she hugged me because she was so glad," related Lottie, her quick tears starting.

"The doctor rubbed his knuckles vindictively in his own eyes. "Well, little miss, if you had known you could not get any more money for your flummery, would you have spent all you had on the little boggars?"

"I don't know; I hope so; I'm sorry you asked me. I really think I should. But I did want the other so dreadfully that I might have saved out a little."

"You could have got brown stockings." "So I could. But I guess I'm glad I did not; the red ones are so much prettier, and the poor like pretty things as well as the rich."

Lottie did not reply, but looked in such consternation from the rosebush to himself that the doctor could not but smile. "You would like to hear the story? Well, it never came from my lips before, little miss, but I will give it to you. You see I had been a medical student under old Dr. West, and when he died I got my diploma and stuck my shingle out here. Soon after that I got acquainted with a trim built girl as you often see, and after a while, somehow or other, we became engaged. I was young and had my way to make, and we resolved to wait two years before settling down. Over back of the hills yonder there lived a girl named Nancy Brown, a pretty, pale creature, who seemed just ready to go off to the angels. I was called to attend her, and I wanted to do my best. I knew they could never pay me a cent, and perhaps for that reason I went a little softer than I needed. Nancy had one precious thing, her rosebush; small then, but giving promise of great things. It did seem as if everybody begrudged it to her, for half the town, in one way or another, sought to make it worth her while to give it up."

"Perhaps the motives were good. But, though Nancy was in comparative poverty, no gold was yellow enough to buy her one treasure. Well, her fragility proved not to be ineffectual consumption after all, and time went on until within twenty-four hours of my wedding day, and that morning I was in my office here on the watch for my sweetheart, who soon, all smiles and blushes, with the consciousness that it was the last time as a maiden, came tripping down the street. I went out to meet her. This bush, not half as large as it is now, stood here in my window."

"Oh," said my bride that was to be, in a pretty rapture, "Nancy has sold you her rosebush, and she has given it to me with silver coin?" "Not I. Nancy gave it to me of her own sweet will."

"A jealous flush came over my girl's proud face. "I thought," she said, "that your visits there were more frequent than her illness called for. You love her, and if you are fair to her to give her back her rosebush."

"I made a sharp reply. She had charged me with double dealing. We were both terribly angry. The next morning we were to have been married. That was fifteen years ago, and we have never spoken together since. Nancy was going away to fulfill a promise made in childhood, and she has never been because I had saved her life for her lover. Perhaps I had; but she had unknowingly ruined mine. I kept the bush, and it has blossomed every month with all its might. More than one young mother has begged of me some dainty buds to clasp in her dead baby's hand, and many a bride has pleaded with sweet lips for just a few blossoms to grace her hair. I have denied them all, and have never cut one of the flowers until it withered from the stem. It was not for Nancy's sake, either, but somehow for the life that was to have blossomed mine."

"But you did not love your sweetheart much," ventured Lottie, winking off the salt drops that had collected on her long lashes.

"Not love her?" roared the doctor. "Zounds! can a girl like you undertake to gauge the depths of a man's soul?" "If you had you would have acted differently," bravely asserted this small council of one, sitting in judgment, with her chin resting on her hand.

"Acted differently," thundered the irate doctor. "Pray, Miss Wisdom, how should I have acted?" "You would have said to your sweetheart, 'I do not love Nancy, but I do love her rose. She is going away and gave it to me in gratitude. But I give the rose and myself and all that I have to you, because I love you better than all the world.' Then, don't you see that everything would have been smooth, and you would have been all these years full of joy?"

"Zounds! so I should!" exclaimed the excited doctor, rising to his feet. "John, come in here," he called. "Help me wrap up this rose tree. There, put it on your hand and draw it home for this young lady and set it in the house. And you, little miss, present it with my compliments and best wishes to Miss Henrietta Henshaw. Good heavens, what a fool!" said the doctor, striking his bald head a vigorous thump, when left alone.

Lottie did as she was bidden, giving Aunt Hetta all of a delicious treat, and to paralyze her; but the good lady came to enough to glance furtively down the street to see really that the "impertinent white thing" was no longer staring at her from the doctor's bay window. She had a bay window, too, looking southward, and into it she contrived to roll the great box with its wealth of white blossoms.

The doctor, looking stealthily out from his dismantled corner, drew his own conclusions. "Ahem!" said Miss Hetta. "How long would it take to work that nonsense you were talking about?"

"I could get it done by night," gasped Lottie, all of a delicious treat, and to paralyze her; but the good lady came to enough to glance furtively down the street to see really that the "impertinent white thing" was no longer staring at her from the doctor's bay window. She had a bay window, too, looking southward, and into it she contrived to roll the great box with its wealth of white blossoms.

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RAIL-ROAD is the Best on Earth for Bronchitis, Cough Cure, Coughs, Throat and Lung Troubles. A POSITIVE CONSUMPTION CURE in the earlier stages. These Medicines are Warranted by your Druggist. Price 25c, 50c and \$1 per bottle. For \$1.00 we will send largest size of either Cure, prepaid. Address: Rail-Road Remedy Co., Box 372, Lincoln, Neb. Trade supplied by Richardson Drug Co., Omaha, Nebraska.

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—Use Dr. Black's Rheumatic Cure if it don't do you any good come in and we will give you your money back. For sale by Smith & Black.

\$500 Reward. We will pay the above reward for any case of liver complaint, dyspepsia, sick headache, indigestion, constipation or costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Large boxes containing 30 sugar coated pills, 25c. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by John O. Will & Co., 362 W. Madison St. Chicago, Ill. Sold by W. J. Warrick.

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SUGAR CURED MEATS, HAMS, BACON, LARD, SAUSAGE AND MINCE MEAT.

And everything to suit the demand our trade. Give us a trial, OLIVER & RANGE, South Side Main Street, Between Fifth and Sixth.

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Lots in "South Park" The loveliest residence locality in the city can be purchased at this office for \$150, in payments of one-third down, balance in one and two years; or \$25 down, balance in monthly payments. Anyone desiring to visit this locality, whether they have in view the purchase of a lot or not, by calling at our office will be driven to the Park free of expense. Remember the place, OVER BANK OF CASS COUNTY WINDHAM & DAVIES.

Salvationists in Jerusalem. Gen. Booth, of the Salvation army, has decided to send squads of his soldiers to Zululand and South America. Some of his forces have already reached Jerusalem, and the streets of the holy city resound with their "amen's" and the jingle of their tambourines.