

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

KNOTTS BROS., Publishers & Proprietors.

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

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NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT, BENJAMIN HARRISON, of Indiana. FOR VICE PRESIDENT, LEVI P. MORTON, of New York.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR, JOHN M. THAYER. FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR, GEORGE D. MEIKLEJOHN. FOR SECRETARY OF STATE, GILBERT L. LAWS.

CONGRESSIONAL TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS, (First Congressional District) W. J. CONNELL.

COUNTY TICKET.

FOR STATE SENATOR, MILTON D. POLK. FOR FLOAT REPRESENTATIVE, JOHN C. WATSON.

IT WILL be a solid north against a broken south in November. We will add to the American column West Virginia, North Carolina, Florida and Missouri.

THE DRIFT in Tennessee seems to be anti-democratic as that of the northern states. Here comes Chattanooga with a republican gain of 1,300 and a republican majority.

JUDGE MASON will have a few innocent remarks to make, this evening, about democratic reform and everybody wants to hear the old veteran lay open the democratic reform hide.

THE Flambeau club from Lincoln will be here this evening and help to make the air lurid for everybody whose name appears on the republican ballot.

W. J. CONNELL will talk to the voters this evening. He is our next congressman and his advent here will be the young blood of Nebraska contrasted with the coagulated molluscan fluid from Arbor Lodge which dragged its sluggish course in the opera house the other evening to the insipid rhyme of free trade.

GROVER CLEVELAND is the first president of these United States that has brazenly showed up the boodle to secure his re-election. Such is democratic pretense to reform. It takes just such trickery to catch the honest (?) mugwump.

THE still hunt for the legislature in Nebraska by Messrs. McShane & Co. won't win. Republicans are not going to turn Nebraska over to the man who has done more in one short congressional campaign to corrupt the voters of Nebraska than all the politicians of the state since its admission to the Union.

BOSTON TRAVELER: "There is room for no third party, prohibition or woman suffrage. The question of temperance reform is not to be ignored, though no one will claim that it is the supreme issue before the American people."

MR. BLAINE'S Gorham speech on democratic trusts was equal to his Detroit despatch on Grover and his vetoes. There is a dull thud heard in the region of the democratic liver as it flopps on such occasions—A very bad man is that Mr. Blaine!

NEWARK, N. J., only shows a gain of 700 for the republican cause and this is the New Jersey town in whose vote the democracy has discovered a ray of hope for Grover Cleveland.

"THE ox knoweth his owner and the ass its master's coif," is a proverb from the Holy writ which the average college professor has a hard time to understand. The truth of this adage is again verified by Professor Caldwell, of the Nebraska State University, who imagines no one but a college-bred man knows the history of Ireland or understands the science (?) of free trade and who has taken it upon himself to educate Patrick Eagan on a question of Irish history.

HALLOWEEN.

The amusement of this eve greatly vary in different localities and among different people. In some sections, parties, where all the ladies are dressed in calico or a kindred material, and their male attendants are arrayed in vests, coats and neckties of the same material, are the vogue.

On Halloween, as each gent walks into the reception room, he selects, for his partner, the young lady wearing the gown that matches his coat. Thus, according to tradition, he learns his fate in the lottery of matrimony.

The menu of this feast embraces nuts, apples, doughnuts and cider, and sometimes a simple domestic cake. The gentlemen of the party should, to carry out the "idea," crack all the nuts, and then act as waiters, passing the refreshments to the ladies.

Don't let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption. Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead. All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Boschee's German Syrup.

\$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.

Neat Laundry Work. All parties desirous of having the neatest and cheapest laundry work done, should leave it at this office Tuesday night and it can be secured again Friday evening.

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

WINTER IS COMING!

DON'T you know it? Of course you do and you will want warm Underwear, Blankets, etc.

OUR Line is Unsurpassed by any other line in the city. A handsome

VARIETY of Seasonable Dress Goods, Broadcloths, Henrietta, Cloths, Trecoths, etc.

EVERYTHING in Blankets, Flannels, Bed Comforts, Hosiery, Battings, that you will want.

YOU will not regret looking our different Departments over before purchasing. It will pay you.

SMYRNA RUGS and a Handsome Line of Carpets, Mats, Floor Oil Cloths, and Linoleum at Low Prices.

E. C. DOVEY & SON.

I. PEARLMAN, DEALER IN STOVES, FURNITURE, HOUSEHOLD GOODS. LATEST STYLES OF WINDOW CURTAINS KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

PICTURE FRAMES MADE TO ORDER SIXTH STREET, BET. MAIN AND VINE. PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

A Word to Republicans.

The importance of the results of the present political campaign can not be overestimated by those who desire the success of the Republican party. The Democrats, besides the "Solid South," are in the North entrenched behind breastworks of public patronage.

The Daily Inter Ocean

It is a live Republican Newspaper, and has been faithful among the faithless in Chicago. No man has ever questioned its soundness on the platform, because the principles of the platform have been advocated by THE INTER OCEAN many years.

The Best and Most Reliable Newspaper Published in Chicago? In enterprise, news, editorial ability, and everything that goes to make a COMPLETE NEWSPAPER it is unexcelled by any of its contemporaries.

Every Republican ought to subscribe for it. Every workingman ought to subscribe for it. It is the paper for all classes of patriotic people who believe in protecting the homes of America.

J. C. BOCNE, BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER. All work first-class; west Fifth Street. North Robert Sherwood's Store.

S. & M. Time Table. GOING WEST. No. 1—5:10 a. m. No. 2—9:30 p. m. GOING EAST. No. 4—1:30 p. m. No. 5—7:30 p. m.

THE TRAVELER'S LUCK.

Stories of Confederate Money. Congressman Grimes, who represents the Fourth Georgia district, told a couple of stories very pertinent to the subject and which greatly amused his auditors.

"In the latter part of 1863," said Mr. Grimes, "a young man who lived in La Grange, Ga., became possessed of the sum of \$500 in Confederate money. He was of a thrifty turn and wanted to add to it. With that purpose in view he invested his money in a barrel of whisky. This he sold by the drink, and at the end of the week had disposed of the whole barrel and had \$1,200 in hand, a net profit of \$700.

There is an old superstition which says, "You must never watch a traveler out of sight," and still another, "You must bid him godspeed three and good luck once, and no turn your back to the bow of the boat while speaking the words." Only a few weeks ago, while making one of a throng of people who were bidding adieu to friends bound across the Atlantic, I noticed that the words "good luck" were often used in one form or another than any other expression of farewell; it was "Good luck go with you," "Good luck to you," "Luck to you," "Good-by and good luck," and one old Irish grandmother, after devoutly crossing herself, called out to her daughter, "The blessed Virgin bring you and good luck back to me."

With some sailing matters, however, such an expression would foretell anything but good luck, and in fact many people dislike to have luck given them in this way, believing that it is ill luck to speak of luck at all; and there are others who, whether they believe in it or not, like to have pleasant things prophesied to them, or in other words, "they are not superstitious, but they do like to have the signs on the right side."

There are plenty of wise men and women who will on no account turn back after starting on a journey; if compelled to, they must sit down or change some garment before going out again; others who think it the luckiest thing in the world to have left something that they really need, for then they say, "We are sure to go back," especially a pair of slippers or an undergarment. Scotch people are very superstitious about the first person they meet in the morning on going out for the day or starting on a journey. If it is a woman, and she is well dressed and pleasant looking, then it is good; a beautiful child is rare good luck, especially if you can get the little one to notice you; a business man with a quick brisk walk, or a workman with his tools and filled lunch pail, is also lucky to meet; while the postman, policeman, doctor and priest are all forerunners of anxiety, and you "need be unco canny and unco wary, for there's muckle depend on your prudence that day."

A universal negro superstition—and I have found it existing among the Israelites of New York city—is to ask a question of any stranger who strikes their fancy, and if answered satisfactorily, they believe they have taken that person's luck. I once asked an old colored aunt who had been eying me for some time, and who I saw was about to make some inquiry, why she wanted my luck. She looked at me a moment, and seeing I was in earnest, said, "Well, honey, I don't want all your luck, but you's young and kin get more, and I's gwine to see my daughter, who am expecting a little baby girl, and I wants her to look just like you." The compliment was appreciated, and so when she left the cars I carefully dropped a silver dollar where she would see it. Picking it up and holding it up for me to see, she exclaimed, "I knowed you'd bring me luck."

A GERMAN SUPERSTITION, and one said to alter your luck if it does not please you, is to change or remove some article of clothing, such as the right cuff to the left arm, or your earrings or finger rings, or take off your hat, being careful to put it on straight.

The Chinese believe that when starting on a journey it is great good luck to have an insect or reptile go out before you, or, better still, to cross your path coming from the left side. If you are not thinking of taking a journey and find a key, you may expect very shortly to have to pack your trunk. To start on a journey with a new moon is by far the luckiest thing one can do.

A white mark on the nail of the little finger of either hand is said to foretell a journey, the old saying, "A gift, a friend, a foe, a lover to come, and a journey to go," being firmly believed in by mortals one wise woman. Cut your nails on Saturday if you wish to travel, for to cut them on Monday is to cut them for health, on Tuesday for wealth, on Wednesday for a letter, on Thursday for better, on Friday for vice, on Saturday a journey to go.

It is considered very lucky by some to meet a humpbacked person when starting on a journey, and if you would have rare good luck be sure to touch his hump. When starting on a journey remember to put your right stocking on first and your right foot out of the house first, and do not look back at the house after the front door is closed.—Harper's Bazar.

The Luman Boy Man. "The Luman boy," says the London Evening News, "is a potentially important member of society, in that he is the raw material of man; but only a prejudiced taste can put him on a par with the flowers of the field as a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Here we have the English article pictured. But the wild, unkempt American specimen—we mean the composite product—a study of more than passing interest. What he lacks in fine qualities is made up by his robustness, full orbed love of mischief. In him you have the miniature of a vivacious, restless, resourceful manhood, always eager and ready to vent his superfluous spirits, sometimes at his own cost, but chiefly to the disadvantage of others. But there is the making of a man in him every time under our free and unfettered institutions, and that benefit inheres in American life as contrasted with the crowded condition in which these less favored sons are born who live and die on British soil, with scarcely a hope, in the vast majority of cases, of rising above the dead level of their early career.—Boston Transcript.

Egyptian Tax Receipts. The tax collectors' receipts of the ancient Egyptians were inscribed on pieces of broken crockery. Some of them, from the British museum collection, have been translated, and show the tax in Egyptian hieroglyphs.

Stories of Confederate Money.

When his hearers had finished laughing at this story, Mr. Grimes gave them the other one. "It was in the same town—La Grange—and in the latter part of 1864," he said, "one old gentleman there who had persistently predicted the failure of the Confederacy was one day deciding the currency that was then so plentiful and of such little value. He said that it was so worthless that nobody would even steal it or pick it up if found on the street. He pulled out a \$1,000 bill—Confederate money, of course—and declared that he could tack it with a pin to the fence around the court house, leave it there five hours, and that nobody would think enough of it to put it in his pocket. His offer was accepted. The note was pinned to the fence and at the end of five hours he and the man to whom he had been talking went out to see what the note was to be seen." Mr. Grimes here paused.

"Well," inquired Mr. Allen, of Mississippi. "The \$1,000 note was there," replied Mr. Grimes, "and pinned beside it was another Confederate bill, the denomination of which was \$2,000."—Atlanta Constitution.

Visit to a Repairing Factory. The place looked like a flimsy caricature of a butcher shop in a land of the cannibals, but it was only the inner sanctum of a manufacturer of artificial limbs. Arms, legs, hands, feet—what you will—hung on walls, screened in glass cases or laid about in heaps, greeted the eye wherever it rested. There were audacious pictures of gentlemen in various active employments, who, having "tried" your valuable leg would have to do so. One of those graceful men was pictured in the act of riding a bicycle. Another bore his whole weight on an artificial leg while playing a miner's pick at a mass of rock over his head. Still another stood on his sound leg and with the artificial leg drove a spade deep into the soil of a garden plot. Three were farmers following the plow, blacksmiths shoeing horses and a pedestrian without a nose—all with at least one artificial leg.

"Do they really do all that?" inquired the reporter. "Perhaps not quite as well as you'd suppose from the cut, but it is true that there are a good many thousand men with artificial legs doing work that one would think, likely to require the aid of sound limbs." "Then you come pretty nearly supplying any natural loss?" "Pretty nearly. The war gave a great impetus to the manufacture of artificial limbs, and we are still making limbs for the veterans."

"How long does an artificial limb last?" "That depends upon whether it is an arm or a leg and upon various other considerations. I've known an artificial leg to be in use twenty-five years. The more elaborate attempts to counterfeit nature, the more liable the member to get out of order and require renewal. We make arms and hands with which the wearer writes, uses knife and fork at table and performs many operations that one would think impossible."—New York Telegram.

Lower the Meat Bills.

Everybody has his or her way of living, and, if they would tell, the whole race might be benefited by it. But whatever the theories may be, whether one reader believes in a meat diet and another does not, it would be interesting to know how each succeeded. The writer has often heard the remark: "I wonder how a man on \$10 manages to live?" Yes, it may be wonder, but hundreds of men do it, and the writer knows, within the range of his own experience at least, half a dozen men who do it, and do it seemingly very nicely. Their wives wear inexpensive but neat and attractive looking clothes, the children who go to school look as clean and as well dressed as the children of some other men who earn more, and the presumption is that each of these families get enough to eat. At all events they certainly look as if they did.

Now, with a little study, the writer does not hesitate to say many families could save money. "Where?" "Right in the house; right on top of the table. If a man can afford certain dishes and doesn't care whether he will later be troubled with dyspepsia, all right; but if he has not the very necessary 'wherewith' he ought to knock off on some of his meat bills. By this means he would have more money to expend for clothing and for a few of the things he cannot now enjoy and which he is forced to consider as luxuries."—Boston Globe.

Leader of a Monkey Tribe.

When they get ready to start on their expedition an old monkey, the leader of the tribe, with a staff in his hand, so as to stand upright more easily, marches ahead on two legs, thus being more elevated than the others, so as to see signs of danger more readily. The rest follow him on all fours. The leader advances slowly and cautiously, carefully reconnoitering in all directions, till the party arrives at the corn field. He then assigns the sentinels to their respective posts. All being now in readiness, the rest of the tribe ravage and eat to their heart's content. When they retire each one carries two or three ears of corn along, and from this provision the sentinels are regaled on their arrival at their lair.

Here we see ability to rule and a willingness to submit to rule; a thoughtful preparation of means to the end in view and a recognition of the rights of the sentinels to be suitably rewarded at the close of the expedition. Wherein does all this differ from a similar foray of a tribe of savage men? The only difference is in degree; otherwise it is such the same.—Professor Edwin Emerson in the Pop.