

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

KNOTTS BROS., Publishers & Proprietors.

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NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT, BENJAMIN HARRISON, of Indiana.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR, JOHN M. THAYER. FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR, GEORGE D. MEIKLEJOHN.

CONGRESSIONAL TICKET.

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

COUNTY TICKET.

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

The democrats have given up Indiana to the republicans, they have polled the Hoosier state twice and each time it showed a republican majority.

GENERAL HARRISON has struck manly blows for protection, American wages and American homes. He has steadily gained in the esteem and confidence of the American people.

It is said that democracy has about five hundred stump speakers in Indiana. In 1880 that party made a lively canvass in the Hoosier state also, and the consequence was that it gave a rousing majority for the republican ticket.

HARRISON AND MORTON are receiving strong aid from Anna Dickson's speech—so strong in fact that the opposition wince and is denouncing Miss Dickson.

A COMPARISON.

There is increased prosperity in the English iron trade, and at a meeting between the members of the Cleveland Iron-masters' Association and a deputation from their workmen, held at Middleborough, September 12, it was agreed that three shillings sterling, or seventy three cents, should be the wages.

The corresponding wages in Pittsburg and Chicago are \$2.00 per day.—Tariff.

GENERAL HARRISON'S idea that \$20,000,000 of the surplus might be righteously and beneficially applied to the repayment of the direct tax paid by the loyal states for the prosecution of the war, is a manifestly sound and practical one.

THE Mills bill reduces the average tariff rate of 47.10 less than one-ninth.—New York World.

A reduction of "less than one-ninth" of 47 per cent would amount to a little over five per cent. The duties collected in 1887 reached \$212,000,000.

BEAUTY IN FICTION.

Of course, the naughty ones will all be handsome; and the silly little ones will be pretty. Occasionally some great genius has been able to picture a successful and cunning adventurer, like Becky Sharp, without endowing her with beauty or even with charm.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., Standard: There are thousands and thousands of men who never voted a republican ticket in their lives and may never do so again.

\$500 Reward.

The former proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for years made a standing public offer in all American newspapers of \$500 reward for a case of catarrh that he could not cure.

What Am I To Do?

The symptoms of biliousness are unhappy but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater.

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

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LOVE LIGHT.

All thro' the house I can hear her voice, Sunshine, my Sunshine, Scattering gladness, bidding rejoice, My fair Sunshine.

In my lady's chamber away up stairs, Sunshine, my Sunshine, She is chanting snatches of enralling airs, My fair Sunshine.

She is laughing now in the children's gloe, Sunshine, my Sunshine, Bliely the echoes float in to me; My fair Sunshine.

In white she flashes adown the stair, Sunshine, my Sunshine; Her quick, light foot patters there, My fair Sunshine.

A moment her face shines in at the door, Sunshine, my Sunshine, And the room turns bright, it is dark no more, My fair Sunshine.

With a white hand waved and a kiss air blown, Sunshine, my Sunshine, She has passed and vanished, my love, my own, My fair Sunshine.

—Archibald MacMechan in Youth's Companion.

FEAR.

On the 10th of January, 1871, about 9 o'clock in the morning, the Eighty-third battalion of the National Guard halted on the plain which lies between Mont Valerian and the hill of Buzenval.

"Sacres matins! keep steady!" shouted the commander of the battalion, a short, fat little man, with a huge mustache bristling like an angry cat and embroidered pantaloons hidden in an immense pair of boots.

"The commander is right," said Pierre Manceau to the painter Sorin, his neighbor in the ranks, "the Eighty-third will doubtless enter Paris nominally, but the men who compose it, your humble servant in particular, are they sure of entering at all."

Pierre Manceau was a handsome fellow of about 30, tall, robust, with an aquiline nose and full red lips shaded by a drooping blonde mustache.

As he frankly confessed, his was by no means the military temperament. The firing now extended along the whole crest of the hills, the balls rattled hotly, and every now and then came the tearing sound of grape shot and the roar of cannon from Mont Valerian.

"Eighty-third battalion, forward!" cried the stout little commander, waving his saber. The battalion moved up awkwardly enough, and began slowly to descend the slope which led to the wall of the park of Buzenval.

Pierre Manceau had become very serious, and tightly grasping his musket thought to himself: "I'm in for it this time. We are going into a battle in earnest, and perhaps I shall never come out again."

He tried to think of death—the life beyond—the friends he would leave behind, but it was impossible to collect his ideas, or to fix them upon such solemn things; the weight of the heavy knapsack, the effort necessary to maintain his musket in equilibrium, and not to pitch headlong down the muddy slope—all this forced his mind to rest entirely on purely material details.

At last the battalion arrived at the wall of the park. There they were commanded to halt. Pierre seated himself exhausted and out of breath on the turf, and resting his canteen swallowed a copious draught of rum, then cutting a thick wedge of army bread he breakfasted, with an appetite which astonished himself.

Somehow refreshed by this hurried repast, as well as by the shelter afforded by the wall, he began to examine the novel spectacles before him. Facing him on Mont Valerian a battery hurled its projectiles in the direction of Gennevilliers.

Many suppose DEMOREST'S MONTHLY to be a fashion magazine. This is a great mistake. It undoubtedly contains the finest Fashion Department of any magazine published, but this is the case from the fact that great enterprise and experience are shown, so that each department is equal to a magazine in itself.

moving, crossed by mounted couriers. The firing in the park continued, but the detonation seemed always at the same distance, evidently the French troops were not advancing.

"If you have only guns of this caliber you can go back; the ground is too wet you can do nothing with four horse cannon."

At these words Pierre felt a guilty thrill of pleasure. "So much the better," he murmured to himself, "in two hours it will be nightfall; then the fighting must cease, and perhaps, after all, our battalion may not be engaged."

Pierre rose, with a strange tightening in his throat. While the column was forming he slung his knapsack across his shoulders and mechanically gazed at the officer, who from the height of his saddle gave a few brief directions to the commander.

He presently found himself alone in the wood, and continued to walk on, trembling violently at the rustling of the leaves under his feet, and having but one idea—to find some opening through which to escape from this cursed park.

He reached a winding path bordered by green trees, and followed it blindly, when he suddenly stood still, shaking from head to foot, as if struck by an electric shock.

He was an officer, and on examining him more closely Pierre recognized the captain, who half an hour ago had ordered his battalion to enter the woods.

He shouldered at the chill which struck him as his hand touched the marble breast. That brave young life was indeed ended. As he drew his hand away, his fingers were entangled in a light chain, to which was attached a medalion.

"He died fulfilling his duty," he said bitterly to himself; "nevertheless he was younger than I, perhaps he clung to life even more fondly, for there is somewhere one beloved woman who at this very moment is watching for news of him, her heart torn by suspense and anguish, while I, who have neither wife, sister nor sweetheart to mourn my death, whose only mistress is my cold philosophy, I have feared to brave death."

He rose, seized his gun and retraced the road. At the end of twenty paces he paused near a sheet of water on whose edge the dried reeds rustled mournfully, and near which stood the ruins of a lodge with battered walls and empty window sashes.

He was no longer conscious of fear, but a blind rage seemed to possess him as he climbed with the company to the crest of the plateau, which swarmed with sharpshooters and was half hidden in a cloud of smoke.

He thought, "I look like a coward." And as the lieutenant next to him gave the order to his men to remount the heights, Pierre approached him and begged permission to join the company.