THE DAILY HERALD :

### ASMOUTH, MEBRASKA, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1888.

## The Plattsmouth Daily Heraid.

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TERMS FOR DAILY.

TERMS FOR WEEKLV. 

#### 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. FOR TREASURER. ; J. E. HILL. FOR AUDITOR OF PUBLIC ACCOUNTS, THOMAS IL BENTON. FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,

WILLIAM LEESE. FOR COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC LANDS AND BUILDINGS,

JOHN STEEN. FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC IN STRUCTION. GEORGE B. LANE.

# CONCRESTIONAL TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS,

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

#### COUNTY TICKET.

FOR STATE SENATOR, MILTON D. POLK.

FOR FLOAT REPRESENTATIVE, JOHN C. WATSOM. FOR REPRESENTATIVES, N. M. SATCHEL, EDWIN JEARY. FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY, ALLEN BEESON. FOR COMMISSIONER, 1ST. DIST. .

AMMI B. TODD. FOR SURVEYOR, HERMAN SCHMIDT.

All the druggists sell this Remedy, to-The democrats have given up Indiana to the republicans, they have polled the gether with the "Douche," and all other Hoosier state twice and each time it showd a republican majority.

BEAUTY IN FICTION. Of course, the naughty ones will all be andsome; and the silly little ones will be pretty. Occasionally some great gen-

indulgently-simplicity like that of

Dora Copperfield-is gifted with beauti-

ful blue eyes and golden hair; selfish,

rounded blossom-like, dark-eyed beauty

that makes the very reader long to kiss

her before he shakes her; ptebeian Daisy

Miller, innocent but horribly ignorant, is

made to be witch even the tranquil and

able to work worse folly and evil en-dowed with a certain splendid physical

beauty and charm, from Ouida's heroines

down to Rola's. This may be the stern-

est realism, for it is exactly what we find

in real life; folly, ignorance, and weak-

ness, awfully pretty, wickedness, cun-

ning, and absolute unscrupulousness,

splendidly beautiful. We should expect

to find this in fiction; the interest lies, as

a study, in seeing the mood in which the

uthor contemplates this undeniable fact.

Will he approach it from the puritan

standpoint, that all beauty is a snare of

the devil? Or with Ouida's insidious

belief that whatever is beautiful is irre-

sistable, and therefore pardonable? Or

with Henry Jame's coolly critical and

analytical curiosity, that anyone who be-

haves as badly as Daisy Miller should be

so genuinely innocent, and that anyone

so ill-bred should be so m ddeningly

pretty?-Alice Wellington Rollins, in

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, who

will vote for Harrison and Morton in this

campaign, because they believe in pro-

tection to American labor and American

industries, and are determined to beat

\$500 Reward.

The former proprietor of Dr. Sage's

Catarrh Remedy, for years made a stand-

ing, public offer in all American news-

papers of \$500 reward for a case of ca-

tarrh that he could not cure. The pres-

ant proprietors have renewed this offer.

free trade.

The American Magazine for October.



# frail, naughty Hetty is given a sweet, 100N'T you know it? Of course you do and you will want warm Underwear, Blankets, etc.

intellectual Henry James; while women OUR Line is Unsurpassed by any other line in the city. A handsome

> (ARIETY of Seasonable Dress Goods, Broadcloths, Henrietta, Cloths, Trecots, etc.

VERYTHING in Blankets, Flannels, Bed Comforts, Hosierv, Battings, that you will want.

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

SMYRNA RUGS and a Handsome Line of Car-

pets, Matts, Floor Oil Cloths, and Linoleum at Low Prices.

# E. G. DOVEY & SON

#### 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 earroling airs, My fair Sunshine

She is imphing now in the children's glee, Sunchine, my Sunshine Blithely the echoes float in to me; My fair Sunshim

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

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

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. The men, thoroughly tired out after a cold, snowy night and the morning march over wretched roads, bent wearly under the weight of their heavy knapsacks and listened with a bewildered air to the sharp rattle of musketry in their front from the heights of Montratout and la Jonchere. It had rained, too, during the night, and the handscape, which stretched beneath a cold, leaden gray sky, was dreary enough. The red roofs of the Fouilleuse farm, which served for a field hospital, the plain on which were stationed masses of troops in reserve, the brown hillsides and the dark woods above, over which hung heavy wreaths of white smoke. A Prussian shell described its hissing course through the chill morning air, and burst about a hun-dred fect from the battalion. The men who were under fire for the first time felt a sudden nervousness which betrayed itself in the instinctive trembling of the shoulders bowed beneath knapsacks and a decided wavering of the line of bayonets.

"Sacres matins! keep steady!" should 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. "I will break the head of the first man who dodges; the Eighty-third must enter Paris victorious.

"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? I never did pretend to be a hero."

Pierre Manceau was a handsome fellow of about 30, tall, robust, with an aquiline nose and full red lips shaded by a droop-ing blonde mustache. Professor of philosophy in a lyceum, a jovial fellow, optimist by nature, with an undercurrent of amiable skepticism, he had entered the national guard from a sense of duty, but without enthusiasm; and to tell the

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. A cannon drawn by four horses came painfully down the mountain side, and Manceau heard a staff officer call to the gunners:

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

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." While consoling himself with these very unheroic reflections he saw the same staff officer suddenly ride toward the commander of the Eighty-third, with whom he exchanged a few hurried words.

Immediately the latter, drawing his saber, cried "Stand up! Dress ranks! We are going to make a dash for the woods.

100

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 was a captain of the Garde Mobile, a fine, handsome young fellow of 25, with bronzed complexion, pointed mustache and an air of distinction. His military toilet was irreproachable, from the closely buttoned gray overcoat, with its showily braided sleeve, to the slender gloved hand which caressed his horse's neck. "It's all very well for you, you military coxcomb," growled Pierre be-tween his teeth; "it's the same to you, my fine fellow, whether our heads are shot off or not, while you caper about on that horse of yours like a fly on a coach wheel. I wish you were at the devil?" The young captain put spurs to his horse and galloped off into the park through a breach which dynamite had made in the wall. The battalion were to follow through the same opening. Silently, four by four, the Eighty-third marched along a sandy path toward the woods. At the end of a hundred paces, where the road divided, a shower of bullets suddenly scattered the twigs in every direction. It sounded like a whirlwind of gnats on a summer evening. This sudden and disagreeable music sent a panlo through the ranks of the novices in war, who scampered through the woods like a flock of terrified sparrows. Instinctively Pierre Manceau followed the rest. Inpelled by blind fear he ran straight ahead. It seemed to him that the firing came from every side at once. On right and left the balls whistled, cutting off branches of trees and tearing off pieces of bark. He saw them "recocher" and bury themselves in the soil before him, raising little clouds of sand. He was conscious of rapid alter-

nations of shivering and burning. The incessant hall of bullets deafened and stupefied him. He bounded from tree to tree, no longer feeling the weight of his knapsack and musket. 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 ideato find some opening through which to escape from this cursed park.

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

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. And we think he will be our next President.

It is said that democracy has about five hundred stump speakers in Indiana In 1880 that party made a lively canvasin 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 speeche -so strong in fact that the opposition winces and 18 denouncing Miss Dickson. But Miss Dickson doesn't mind. This isn't the first time the democrotic party has denounced her.

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 Middlesborough, September 12, it was agreed that three shillings sterling, or seventy three cents, should be the wages "for any man employed in working as blastfurnacemen's shifts."

The corresponding wages in Pittsburg and Chicaga are \$2.00 per day .- Tariff.

GENERAL HARRISON's idea that \$20. 000.000 of the surplus might be right cously and beneficially appplied 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. And the people of those states should bear the fact carefully in mind that such a step would have been taken by congress but for the revolutionary opposition of the democrats, who pretend to be so much distressed by the fact that the government has more money than it needs for ordinary purposes.

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

A reduction of " less than one-ninth " of 47 per cent wou'd amount to a little over five per cent. The duties collected in 1887 reached \$212,000,000. A reduc tion of five per cent would amount to \$10,600,000. Mills bimself sa s his bill makes a cut of \$50,000,000 - \$50,000,-0.10 by abolishing duties and \$30,000,000 by lowering other duties. Even if the \$20,000.000 cut is left out of the calculation altogether, the \$30,000,000 would mean a reduction of 14 per cent, not of 5 per cent. Of course the truth is as every sensible person knows, the Mills bill makes a reduction in the custome receipts of about 24 per cent.

uppliances advised to be used in connecion with it. No catarrh patient is longer able to say "I cannot be cured." You get \$500 in case of failure.

What Am I To Do?

appetite for liquids but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough, at all vents.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and diarrhea or constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate. flicre are often hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and ften headache and acidity or flatulence nd tenderoess in the pit of the stomach To correct all this if not effect a cure try Green's August Flower, it costs but a rifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

The standard remedy for liver comdaint is West's Liver Pills; they never lisappoint you. 30 pills 25c. At Warick's drug store.

## FOR SALE TO FEEDERS ! Steers and Heifers. me, Two and Three years old, near Kiowa, Kansas : suitable for Feeding or Roughing. Also Stock Cattle. Vill sell on time to parties making first-class paper; address: R. P. GRIMES, Klowa, Kas., or W. B. GRIMES, Kansas City, Mo.

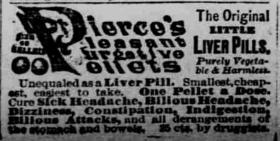
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**UR. OABL O GATARAR REMEUT.** Symptoms of Catarrh. – Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes, weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expecto-mation of offensive matter; breath offensive; mach and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be pres-ent at once. Thousands of cases result in con-sumption, and end in the grave. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. 50c.





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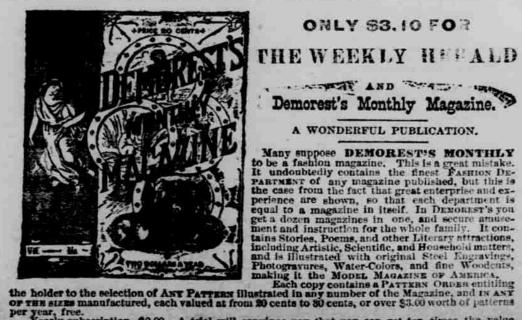
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The above combination is a splendid chance to get our paper and DEMOREST'S MONTHLY at a food rate. Send your subscriptions to this affect.

ruth, under the conviction "that it did not amount to much after all, for the guard would never really be under fire."

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 cansound of grape shot and the roar of can-non from Mont Valerian. On the right, by la Jonchere, the line of skirmishers could be seen firing on the edge of the woods, while on the left ambulances car-rying the wounded were slowly descend-ing the hill; the fluttering of the gray linen covers on the backs of the mular in linen covers on the backs of the mules in spired melancholy reflections in the breasts of the poor devils, who, leaning on their muskets, waited their turn to form in line of battle

"Eighty-third battalion, forward!" cried the stout little commander, waving his saber. The battalion moved up awk wardly enough, and began slowly to descend the slope which led to the wall of the park of Buzenval. Many a foot slipped on the thick, wet grass, sonked by the recent deluge. The men were silent. They had enough to do to keep their footing in the slippery mud. Only every now and then heads would sud-denly dodge as the balls whizzed sharply over them

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. What nonsense to say that only one out of every ten balls does any mischief. It's all the same to me if I am picked off by the tenth; this is confoundedly disagreeable

He tried to think of death-of the life beyond—of 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. He had not even time to be afraid, so completely were his faculties absorbed in the effort to march upright.

At last the battalion arrived at the wall of the park. There they were com-manded to halt. Pierre seated himself enhanced and out of breath on the turf, and seizing his canteen swallowed a copious draught of rum, then cutting a thick wedge of army bread he breakfasted, with an appetite which astonished himself. Somewhat refreshed by this hurried repast, as well as by the shelter afforded by the wall; he began to examine the novel elo before him. Facing him on Mont Valerian a battery hurled its projecules in the direction of Garches. A little further back a group of three inounted officers were sharply defined rgainst the dark sky. One of them was gazing intently on the line of woods where the firing was incessant. Below on the plain all around the farm houses were masses of troops stationed in reserve. From time to time Prussian shells tore through the air and exploded in the midst of the battalions beyond the wall. "Tis an ill wind blows nobody good," thought our professor of philosophy, "if we had remained on the ain we would be getting our share of this Prussian manna. To be torn to pieces by a shell is worse than being hit by a bullet." At the same time he drew closer to the sheltering wall with a feel ing of egotistical satisfaction. The wind

tric shock. Before him, right across the road, lay the body of a garde mobile, his head thrown back on a heap of dried leaves. His face was of a marble pallor; his lips, half parted under a brown mustache, were violet hued, and from them trickled a tiny stream of blood staining the whiteness of the freshly shaven chin.

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. Yes, it was indeed the same face, with its aristocratic lines, the same fine pointed mus tache, the same faultlessly gloved hands which had so exasperated our professor of philosophy. The gray overcoat had been torn open violently and in haste across the breast, showing the blood stained gar-ments beneath. Whilst he was galloping through the woods doubtless a shell had struck him full in the breast, had hurled him from his horse, who had taken flight. Manceau knelt by his side and slipped his hand under the blood stained uniform to feel if the heart still beat.

He shuddered at the chill which struck him as his hand touched the marble breast. That brave young life was in-deed ended. As he drew his hand away his fingers were entangled in a light chain, to which was attached a medallion. He opened the golden circle. On one side was a curl of golden hair, on the other the lovely face of a young girl, whose beautiful eyes seemed to smile back at him as he gazed. "Ah, this was his sweetheart," sighed Pierre, as he rever-ently replaced the medallion on the lifeless heart. For several minutes he stood mournfully by this dead man, but half an hour ago so full of life and ardor, now already stiff and chill. It was the first time in his life that he had ever stood by a dead body, and he looked on it with mingled compassion and shame.

"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. I fled ignomini-ously at the first approach of danger-what am I but a miserable coward?"

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. On the opposite side of this sheet of water a company of infantry waited under the shelter of a clump of saplings for orders to open fire. At the sight of this national guard in his green overcoat who arrived scared and disordered in their midst, the men laughed derisively. Pierre Manceau felt the blood mount to his brow. "I deserve it," he thought; "I look like a coward.

And as the lieutenent gave the order to his men to remount the height, Pierre approached him and begged permission to join the company. 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 sharp-shooters and was half hidden in a cloud of smoke. Pierre had loaded his musket, closer to the sheltering wall with a feel ing of egotistical satisfaction. The wind was blowing sharply, the heavens re-mained leaden gray, and a few flakes of snow were whirled through the air. On the road which runs along the angle of the park ambulances were seen slowly