

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

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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. FOLE.

COUNTY TICKET.

FOR STATE SENATOR, MILTON D. FOLE. FOR FLOAT REPRESENTATIVE, JOHN C. WATSON. FOR REPRESENTATIVES, N. M. SATCHEL, EDWIN JEARY.

Gov. Thayer has again challenged Mr. McShane to a debate of the issues of the day.

"Turn out, Democrats" is the header of an appeal just issued to all moss-back democrats.

J. STARKLIN MORTON has failed to conceal his real sentiments, as the democrats of the first district hoped he would do.

NOW AND THEN

Does President Cleveland happen to recall the reason which he gave two years ago for suspending a United States District Attorney?

If President Cleveland meant what he said in thus expressing himself, how does it happen that he has not long before this removed or suspended Dan M. Dickinson, Postmaster General of the United States.

a president for re-election just as soon as he discovered that he could secure a re-nomination. He surrendered his civil service reform convictions just as soon as the democratic leaders put the screws on him.

HOW THE SOLDIERS VOTED.

A DEMOCRATIC CAMPAIGN LIE NAILED BY OFFICIAL FIGURES.

Appropos of the claims of the democratic press that there were as many, or more, democrats in the union ranks as there were republicans, it is well once in a while to refer to the official figures.

In 1864, there were eleven states which passed laws to allow their soldiers in the field to vote at the presidential election, and thus express their party preferences.

Table with columns for State, Lincoln, and McClellan. Rows include Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Kentucky, Ohio, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, Kansas, and California.

It may be of additional interest to recall that in October, 1863, the Ohio troops voted at the state election, which was the famous Brough-Vallandigham campaign.

These are the official figures, and we know of no other trustworthy way of telling the politics of the men who composed the union armies than by the record of their votes.

\$40,000 Lost.

"Lost forty thousand dollars by a periodical attack of nervous sick headache," said a Chicago capitalist to a correspondent, pointing across the street to a handsome corner lot.

Every wife and mother in the country should know the great value of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, as a blood purifier.

Send your job work to the Herald office.

What Am I To Do?

The symptoms of biliousness are un-happily but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and diarrhea or constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate.

The standard remedy for liver complaint is West's Liver Pills; they never disappoint you.

JULIUS PEPPERBERG.

MANUFACTURER OF AND WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN THE CHOICEST BRANDS OF CIGARS, including our Pipe de Pepperberg and 'Buds' FULL LINE OF TOBACCO AND SMOKERS' ARTICLES always in stock. Nov. 26, 1895.

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.

The Daylight Store!



Other Branches, such as

Flannels, Dress Goods

In all varieties. Our Stock of

Winter Goods

Is very complete. Remember we offer a Special

15 Per Cent Discount

On All Woollen Underwear.

A Call Will Convince You.

J. V. Weckbach.

LOVE LIGHT.

All thro' the house I can hear her voice, Sunshine, my Sunshine, scattering gladness, blissing raptures, My fair Sunshine.

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

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

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

Pierre Mancaeu 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—of the life beyond—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.

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 sipping 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 spectacle before him. Facing him on Mont Valerian a battery hurled its projectiles in the direction of Gerolles.

A little further back a group of three mounted officers was sharply debated against the dark sky. One of them was gazing intently on the line of woods where the firing was incessant.

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 to the ground, for 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."

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

Pierre rose, with a strange tightening in his throat. While the colonel was forcing he slung his knapsack across his shoulder 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 with green trees, and following it blindly, when he suddenly stood still, shivering 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 shuddered 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 medallion.

"He died fulfilling his duty," he said bitterly to himself; "nevertheless he was younger than I, perhaps he clung to life more fondly, for there is somewhere one beloved woman who at this moment is watching for news of him; his 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 did ignominiously 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, 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.