

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.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS

H. C. RUSSELL, Colfax county. GEO. H. HASTINGS, Saline county. M. M. BUTLER, Cass county. CHAS. E. IDDINGS, Lincoln county. JAMES MCENEY, Webster county.

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 H. BENTON.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL, WILLIAM LEESE.

FOR COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC LANDS AND BUILDINGS, JOHN STEEN.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, GEORGE B. LANE.

CONGRESSIONAL TICKET.

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

COUNTY TICKET.

FOR STATE SENATOR, MILTON D. POLK.

FOR FLOAT REPRESENTATIVE, (District No. 1) JOHN C. WATSON.

FOR REPRESENTATIVES, N. M. SATCHEL, EDWIN JEARY.

FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY, ALLEN BRESON.

FOR COMMISSIONER, 1ST. DIST. AMMI B. TODD.

FOR SURVEYOR, HERMAN SCHMIDT.

It now looks as if the republican were sure of carrying Missouri, there have been sixty-five societies organized during the last month, known as "The Wheelers" and they will all vote the republican ticket.

MR. BLAINE'S tour through Indiana has been marked by a series of the largest meetings ever held in the state, and his speeches have presented the advantages of protection in a most distinct and convincing way.

THE POTSDAM, New York, Herald, tells of a republican pole-raising in that state, where, just as all was ready, a prominent citizen and democrat stepped forward and said: "Gentlemen! I desire that no republican hand should be applied to the raising of this pole. There are nineteen democrats who crave the honor of doing the job." And so it was done. The republicans stood back and the nineteen democrats raised it, as a declaration of their purpose to vote for Harrison and Morton and Protection.

"WHAT more could one ask in a candidate?" inquires Judge Woods of the United States District court, in speaking of General Harrison: "He has harmonized the divisions which formerly existed in the republican party and he is drawing largely by his personal popularity from the democratic party, and the questions of high character, ability and loyalty to the party being satisfied, what further could one ask in a candidate?" We don't ask anything more, Judge. All we ask is for votes enough to elect him, and they are coming.

RAW MATERIALS ALREADY FREE.

President Cleveland, Mills the Texan and all the free trade orators and organs are fond of saying that if Americans manufacturers could only secure free raw materials they could successfully compete with foreign manufacturers in those misty, mysterious hazy regions, "the markets of the world." Give them free raw materials, and they could sell crockery and rubber goods, and woolsens, and steel and iron, and every other product of home industry, in competition with England, Germany and France, in all the foreign markets.

They know that this talk is mere rot, but they hope to delude the ignorant and the unthinking by it. Why, we have the raw materials already, in rich profusion, right here at the doors of our factories. We have the

largest and best deposits of coal in the world. We have the most extensive, most valuable and easily mined deposits of iron ore. Our forests for timber are of boundless and unapproachable extent variety and richness. Our wool clip is enormous and capable of still larger development. Our raw cotton production beats the world. And so of every crude material and fiber that enters into the products of protected American industries. They are here in rich and lavish abundance. The earth is with mineral wealth. Our vast forests are waving in primeval majesty.

All that is needed to place these raw materials at the doors of our mills, factories, furnaces and workshops is labor—American labor.

Why should we cross three thousand five hundred miles across the sea to dig these raw materials out of the earth, at enormous depths, at great labor and difficulty compared with the ease with which they can be secured here, instead of mining and cutting them here? Why could we secure them cheaper thirty five hundred miles away than right here at home, at our back doors? Come Free-Traders, speak up and tell us. Is it not because the labor is so much cheaper than American labor? Is there any other reason, and, if so, what is it? Is the iron easier to get at? No, not half so easy. Is any ore, or mineral, or raw material nearer the surface, more accessible, on cheaper land? No, none of these. But the pauper labor of Europe can dig it out of the ground a mile deep, and then send it three thousand five hundred miles across the sea, and still place it at our furnace doors at a lower rate than American labor can afford to produce it at.

It is purely a question of labor. What Abram S. Hewitt said on this point over a year ago, in a speech in this very city, has never been improved upon. He said:

"The value of every manufacture is made up entirely of the wages paid to produce it. Coal and iron in the mines cost nothing. They are the free gift of God. But they are excavated by the pick and shovel of the workman; by him they are wheeled, carted and boated to market; by the workman they are carried to the mill, by the workman the furnace is heated and charged; by him the iron is puddled, rolled, put up for market, carried thither and sold. It is labor, labor, labor, that constitutes every addition to the value of the article; and it is the man who bestows that labor who should enjoy all the fruits thereof."

We have raw materials in abundance in this country, but the Free-Traders would rather allow them to waste in the earth, than to mine and cut them with well-paid American labor, when they can be secured by the cheap servile labor of the Old World. It is precisely the same principle that justified slave labor—securing the fruits of labor by the least possible rewards. Get them for nothing—by slavery, if you can; if not, then by the lowest possible wages. That is the exact meaning of the "free raw materials" outcry.—Trenton Gazette.

\$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. The present proprietors have renewed this offer. All the druggists sell this Remedy, together with the "Douché," and all other appliances advised to be used in connection with it. No catarrh patient is longer obliged to say "I cannot be cured." You get \$500 in case of failure.

Send your job work to the HERALD office.

What Am I To Do?

The symptoms of biliousness are unappreciable but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent 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 events.

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

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

\$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 counterfeit and imitations. The genuine manufacture only by John O. West & Co., 882 W. Madison St. Chicago, and sold by W. J. Warwick.

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, Broad cloths, Henrietta, Cloths, Trecoats, 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!



We continue to offer SPECIAL PRICES and Extra Good Bargains in Ladies', Children's and Misses' WRAPS Seal Plushes, Short Wraps, Coats, Newmarkets, Plush Seques, Etc., Etc.

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 Woolen Underwear. A Call Will Convince You.

J. V. Weckbach.

IN SOME BRIGHTER CLIME. Life! I know not what thou art, But know that thou and I must part; And when, or how, or where we meet, I own to me a secret yet. Life, we have been long together Through pleasant and through cloudy weather 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear— Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear; Then steal away give little warning, Choose thine own time; Say not good night but in some brighter clime Bid me good morning. —Mrs. A. L. Barbauld

A BROKEN SIXPENCE.

"Oh, Alan, Alan—I canna lat you go." The cry was so full of bitter anguish that it touched even the light and calmed heart of the man who heard it. "Never mind, lassie," he said, cheerily. "What's 'good by,' anyway? 'Tis so much better than 'farewell'."

"Ay, lassie, ay—'tis so. You'll come again—you'll come again to Margurth, as you've gie'n me, Alan?" The question was so eager, and yet so tenderly confident!

"Come again to you and Oban?" he asked, laughing. "Now, could I stay away? There, they are calling from the boat; I must go. Good-by, Margurth. Be true to the broken sixpence."

"True to her truth plight," she thought, "the angels in heaven could not be truer. And as he waved his hand to her in last farewell, she did not know that he had so more intention of returning to her to keep his plighted faith, than he had of putting on a last year's faded garment, brown aside for a newer fancy."

She watched him till the blinding tears hid him from her sight. A cracked and querulous voice greeted her as she entered the little cottage again. "So 'ee's aye gane, the noo? An' 'twould ha' been as weel had it been a month ago. Ye've fashed me sair, Margurth, wi' your lovin's and leavin's. Gae to your work, girl."

Margurth sighed. It was so hard to be forced to her regular routine of duties while her heavy heart longed for the brooding silence of the beach and cliffs. She had yet to learn that grief is soonest overcome by tiring labor.

"I'd ne'er ha' seen him had 'ee gane a month ago, aunt," she said, listlessly. "I'm thinkin' 'twould ha' been as weel had ye no'."

"What mean ye, aunt?" Margurth cried, indignantly. "I ha'e his faith—surely ye canna misdoot the broken sixpence!" "An' ye can't," replied her aunt, grimly. "An' ye can't see I see him again."

The days went heavily by at the cottage. The aunt was more ailing and complaining than usual, and Margurth's life at best was a hard one. She had a soul above dusting and dish washing, things that occupied her aunt's whole attention when she was able to drag herself about her work.

break. So intense was the pleading in her voice that it seemed as though he must hear and answer, were he at the other side of the world. Involuntarily she put out her arms, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, in the anguish of that sudden doubt. Suddenly she ran against something unseen through her blinding tears, and a harsh voice exclaimed: "What mean ye, girl, rinnin' agin' peaceable folk in such manner? Hae ye no e'en your head? Gae hame to your gude aunt, girl, and tell her Dr. Makenzie says she's neglectin her duty. I'm hearin' strange an' wicked tales o' ye, Margurth."

It was dusk when she reached the little cottage. How long she had wandered in her crushing grief she did not know. The door stood open, and as she crossed the threshold her foot touched a prostrate figure. It moaned as she bent over it, and Margurth cried in sudden horror, "Aunt, aunt!"

By great exertion she succeeded in getting her on the bed, and then she threw her little shawl over her head and started for the village. The way had never gone so fast. At last she stood before the house of the English doctor, who had recently come there, and hurriedly rang the bell. She should not go to Dr. Makenzie, who had dosed her aunt with harmless pills for years. The doctor was at home, and looked sharply at her as she made known her errand.

"You are cold and tired, my girl," he said, "come in and rest." "Na, na, I canna," she cried, breathlessly. "Haste, gude mon, oh, make haste—she's like to dee!" It seemed to her almost as though she was in some way to blame for her aunt's seizure.

The doctor shook his head when he saw the patient. She might live a month, he said, and she might live only till morning. He gave Margurth some medicine for her and then went away, promising to look in again the next day.

One week, two weeks passed and then the stern soul was forever at rest. It was not until after the funeral that Margurth had time to think of herself and her own future. The events of that afternoon had so faded before the tragedy that followed that it was not until now that she remembered how near fair night had come. Her mind was in a agony of hope and fear, belief and foreboding. Her days were full of waking terrors, her nights, of fearsome dreams. The minister called to advise with her as to her future, and was willing enough to receive her into his own family, her aunt having left her all the little wealth accumulated by years of toil, but Margurth seemed scarcely to hear him, and only said, "Wait a wee, sir, an' let me speir wi' myself afore I say 'ay' or 'na.'"

"I am fearful, Margurth, that what the evil tongues say has some foundation o' truth. I will return to you when you are aequent wi' your own mind," said the good man, half angrily, as he took his leave. "I shall send my sister to be wi' you till you ha'e decidit."

'Twas fair day fast, sinking into night. All day long knots of girls had gathered among the gay booths or under the trees at the edge of the grounds, discussing some project which seemed to cause mirth for all, and to which one fair haired girl cried "shame!"—a cry which was drowned in laughter. As the dusk deepened they stealthily left the place and in the early dark gathered around a little cottage in the outskirts of the village. At first there was laughing and rapping at the doors, and cries of "Margurth!"—then one or two stooped and threw handfuls of mud at the shining windows; and finally one, more bold than the rest, pushed open the door and led them in to wreak their chastisement on the unhappy girl within.

But Margurth was not there. It was a beautiful night—soft and dark, lit only by the stars, that winked merrily at the dark river flowing heavily by. Two forms were outlined against the star lit sky, sitting hand in hand on the balcony above; a third crouched stealthily below. The man was speaking and there was no mistaking the love that quivered through his earnest tones. The listener below shivered with mortal cold.

"There is one incident in my life, Ethel, that I have been ashamed to tell you," his companion turned her soft eyes on him in wondering surprise. "But now that our wedding day is so near," he continued, "I feel that I must tell you and so be able to bring to you a clear conscience. More than a year ago I was in Scotland, as you know, and while there a little Scotch lassie fell in love with me. I'll admit I was flattered, too, and—well, to tell the truth, I suppose I made love to her, and finally went through the Scotch custom of breaking a sixpence with her—partly because she expected it, and I couldn't bear to see the tears in her blue eyes, and partly because I couldn't resist the romance of it. I kept my half; here it is."

It is said that the Davarian royal family costs the people over 5,000,000 marks, or about \$1,400,000 a year.