

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. F. IDINGS, Lincoln county. JAMES MCENEY, Webster county.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR, JOHN M. THAYER. FOR LEUTENANT 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, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.) JOHN C. WATSON. FOR REPRESENTATIVES, N. M. SATCHEL, EDWIN JEARY. FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY, ALLEN BEESON. FOR COMMISSIONER, 1ST. DIST. AMMI B. TODD. FOR SURVEYOR, HERMAN SCHMIDT.

CONGRESS adjourned today. Just two weeks from next Tuesday will tell the tale.

SECRETARY WHITNEY is "whooping up" the president's belated presidential policy. He thinks that there is no danger of war, but is sure that we could "whip England" any way.

The republican party invited James Buchanan to take a walk because he truckled to southern leaders. Twenty-eight years later the same conditions obtain, and Mr. Cleveland must not be surprised if he gets an invitation similar to that Mr. Buchanan found in his mail one morning.

We are told that the reduction in the Mills bill from 27 to 42 per cent is a little thing. Does anybody believe the whole democratic chances are staked on a little thing? Once in the right direction by popular approval, the party of Mills, Carlisle and Cleveland will take as long a step as they like.

If GENERAL HARRISON is elected, business will not only not be disturbed, but it will be encouraged into new life, because it will know there is nothing to fear from tariff reduction. If Cleveland is re-elected, who knows that Mr. Mills will stop with the Mills bill? Better let well enough alone, and save the present tariff, by defeating its enemies.

SECRETARY WHITNEY, after several years trying in vain to discredit the Roach cruisers and in contracting for a fleet of English designed vessels, arrays the American navy on paper against the British fleet. He does that, too, a few days after his first cruiser, the Baltimore, has had a very brilliant engagement with a canal boat and laid up in dock for repair.

The Democratic orators declare that their party is not in favor of free trade because it is necessary to raise a certain amount of revenue from duties on imports in order to avoid a direct tax upon the people; and in the next breath they insist that every dollar of the tariff receipt is taken out of the pockets of the people. If asked to reconcile these direct, conflicting assertions, their answer is, in the language of Mr. Mills, "Go home and soak your head."

POSTMASTER-GENERAL DICKINSON would not have enjoyed the remarks made about the postal service under his direct-

tion, if he had attended the meeting of the Methodist Preachers' Association on Monday. Ministers do not as a rule bring politics into their discussions, but assuredly there was reason enough for their remarks about the inefficiency of the mail service. Chaplain McCabe went so far as to say "right out in meeting" that he hoped there would soon be a change in the Post Office authorities. When he added that this was a caution to those about to mail anything valuable, he was loudly applauded. Our Methodist friends evidently feel sure that there is only one party to which should be entrusted the responsibility of running the Government of this country. And they are right.—New York Tribune.

SUPPOSE my friend is an importer of woolen goods, and goes to England and buys a suit for \$10. When he gets to New York the Custom officer says, you can't get into this country without paying a federal tax, say \$3. The \$3 is sent to the treasury at Washington. That amount will be added to the price of the goods when sold to the consumer.—Hon. A. M. Dockery.

SUPPOSE this \$3 is added, nobody pays it except the man who buys the imported goods. It is probable that when Mr. Jockery said this in his speech at Excelsior Springs there were not two persons in his audience who spend 50c a year for imported goods, exclusive of sugar, the duty on which is revenue duty defended and maintained by the democratic party. Consequently, the average person does not pay this \$3, or any portion of it. The people who use this high-priced imported cloth, chinaware, or other goods obtained from abroad, can well afford to pay the \$3, or \$5, if it should be imposed. The average American—that is, about 99 per cent of every 100 residents of this country—uses American products, and, thanks to the tariff, these are bought here either as cheap, or almost as cheap, as the same sort of goods can be bought in any other country on the globe.—Globe Democrat.

\$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 counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by John O. We & Co., 862 W. Madison St. Chicago, and Sold by W. J. Warrick.

Tabooed by the Czar. Any book of poems which has the word "tyrant" in it cannot pass the Russian frontier. The czar thinks it a direct hit at him. An English book was lately tabooed because it had the sentence, "God's free air." All the air in Russia belongs to royalty.—Detroit Free Press.

Too Heavily Loaded. Almost every man of energy loads himself up, if he has the opportunity and means, with more business and projects and attempts than his brain can hold. So that we either are fools or else make ourselves such.—Bar-Homan.

Lubbock on Bees. Sir John Lubbock, speaking of bees before the British association, said that there "seems strong evidence that the mother can control the sex of the egg."

What goes to waste in many kinds of business is far more than what goes to profit.

A dog winna growl if ye fell him wi' a boue.—Scotch Proverb.

\$40,000 Lost. "I 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. "That lot was sold for ten thousand dollars at public auction five years ago, and I intended to buy it, but was too sick with headache to attend the sale, and it is now worth fifty thousand dollars." If he had known of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets they would have removed the cause of his headaches—biliousness—and he would have made the money. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets cure sick headache, bilious headache, dizziness, constipation, indigestion, and bilious attacks, 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

Send your job work to the HERALD office.

What Am I To Do? The symptoms of biliousness are unhappily 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 DAILY HERALD delivered for 15cts. per week.

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

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, Trecots, 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 in and Extra Good Bargains in Ladies', Children's and Misses' WRAPS Seal Plushes, Short Wraps, Cloaks, Newmarkets, Plush Sacques, Etc., Etc.

Other Branches, such as Flannels, Dress Goods 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.

STRUGGLE ON. Say not the struggle naught availeth, The labor and the wounds are vain, The enemy fainteth not or faileth, And as things have been they remain. If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars; It may be, in you smoke concealed, Your comrades chase e'en now the fiend, And, but for you, possess the field. —Arthur Hugh Clough.

ALKALI JIM.

"Alkali Jim," whom I have learned to number among my staunchest and most highly valued friends among these hardy and picturesque mountaineers, in person is fully six feet tall and very slim. The hair on his head is thick, but unnaturally and apparently prematurely white. Deeply set gray eyes twinkle cheerily above cheek bones, over which is tightly stretched a skin the color of sole leather, beneath which the play of every muscle is plainly seen. Spry as a cat and tough as a pine knot exactly expresses the physical characteristics of this quiet, self-contained mountaineer.

The other evening we were seated outside the cabin door, after the day's work was done and supper had been eaten. I had just expressed my wonder as to the way in which "Fidgety Bill," who is one of the quietest of men, came by his name, when Jim, after slowly blowing a cloud of smoke, asked me: "Did ye ever hear how I kem by my name?"

I had not and asked for information. Jim settled himself down comfortably on his rough stool and began: "It uz this yer way. Because, long bout fourteen year ago I had a bit of experience that kem blame near puttin' an end t' me an' left me in jess about th' wuss fix I ever seen, 'sides turnin' my hair plum white—ez it is now—in a week's time. I wuz a young feller in th' States, 'th' more grit than sense, an' I'd listed in th' army 'Blonged t' B troop in th' Fourth cavalry. We uz stationed down to Fort Bowie, Arizona, an' my time uz most out when this thing happened, 'n a whole company o' soldiers got lost, 'n several uv 'em died 'n most all perished, 'n they was th' wust sufferin' for a while y' ever hear tell o'."

"We uz kep near th' reservation where th' Apaches stayed, jess t' be handy in case o' trouble. One day some o' th' red devils got out 'n tuk th' war path, 'n begun killin' all th' settlers they c'd find. Our company wuz ordered after 'em—when they got a dern good start, uv course. We'd fit injuns afore, 'n rather tuk kindly to it, fer it promised sumthin' t' break up th' monotonous o' camp life. Our captain was off on sick leave, 'n th' rest uz under command o' Lieut. Hanson—Percy, his name wuz—a young feller 't never 'd been west till he'd been sent out from West Point th' same summer. He wuz a regular dude; wore a white shirt all the time; allers hed his boots blacked; ketches bugs 'n pinned 'em on a board 'n studied 'em; seemed t' enjoy it; came from Boston. Thet mostly settled it 'th th' boys. They didn't fancy fightin' injuns with him. But orders is orders, 'n grubbin' don't go, so we started, all the same."

"Th' Apaches wuz last reported 'bout a hundred 'n fifty miles north. T' git on ther trail we hed t' cross one o' them dem plains full o' alkali 'n sage bresh 'n nothin' else but rocks 'n sand, 'n mebbe a few cactus 'n mesquit thrown in fer good measure. 'Water wuz not t' be thought o' there, only in spots, where they uz a pool here 'n a spring there, jess so it wouldn't all be like hell, I reckon. None on us knowed th' lay o' th' land, so we tuk a guide—Mexican Joe, they called him—a big headed, bow legged feller, 'th a bull fiddle voice 'n a mean look. He said he knowed every inch o' th' ground 'n specially all th' waterin' places. It wuz in August, 'n ef you've ever bin in Arizona 'bout dog days y' know what that means. Th' sun jess nachully blazed down 'n that alkali plain wuz red hot 'n gitten hotter every blessed minute. 'N ez they wuzn't a mite o' shade 'n no umberils we jess hed t' take it. We hed all our canteens filled when we started, 'n expected t' git t' th' first waterin' place before night. Long 'bout noon kem up a sand storm. Worst things y' ever seen, them sand storms is. Th' wind jess lifts th' hull surface o' th' yearth 'n makes it turn summersets 'th itself, so when th' sun's over y' don't know th' place yer seen a hour afore. This ez th' worst one I ever seen. Th' wind blowed Hail Columbia. Y' c'dnt see a luff afore yer face. The air uz full o' sand 'n alkali 'n bits o' dry sage bresh 'n dry mesquit branches 'n gravel. It kem 'bout a minute's warnin', 'n we hed t' turn our backs to it 'n hold our breath 'n let it blow. It lasted 'bout half an hour, 'n I reckon, though it seemed half a day t' us. An' stopped ez quick ez it started. But, Lord, we didn't know where we wuz when it quit. Th' lay o' th' land wuz changed all 'round. Th' hills 'n hollows hed swapped places. We'd huddled up th' best we could while th' storm lasted, 'n they wuzn't one uv us could tell which way we come or which way we'd bin goin'. Y' never see a worse beat man 'n Mexican Joe. Looked like he uz astonished out o' a year's growth. He turned every way 'n each way he uz sure wuz wrong. T' make matters worse, th' clouds wuz too thick t' see th' sun 'n we hadn't a compass in th' whole command. That ez a mistake our captain'd never made. Finally Lieut. Hanson took Joe off his side 'n prevailed 'th him, 'n he'd nod his head 'n 'st. somer' all th' time, but I felt sure he didn't know nothin', but th' lieutenant seed sumthin' had t' be done 'n put himself t' th' head o' th' column 'n we started off th' way Joe 'loved uz right."

"Well, we kep 'a-goin' till 'long awhile 'fore dark, 'n Mexican Joe he kep' gittin' nervous an' nervous. Th' lieutenant kep' his eye on 'im, 'n at last he rode up c'idn't see: 'Joe, I believe you're lost! Thet dern fool Mexican jess bopped off his horse 'n onto his knees 'n begun t' beg fer mercy, a holdin' up his hands like he wuz prayin'. Th' lieutenant laughed at 'm—he didn't know ez well ez he did afterwards thet gittin' lost on a alkali plain ain't no laughin' matter—'n told him t' git on his horse 'n come on. He did so, but I seed he uz 'bout run crazy—most o' them Mexicans hafn't t' fur t' go t' crazy land anyhow. We kep' 'a-goin' till dark, 'n hed t' stop 'n camp. Th' hosses wuz sufferin', but we couldn't help 'em. By th' time we hed breakfast next mornin' they wuzn't a pint o' water left in the camp. We wuz sure wed be all right in th' mornin', fer we'd see th' sun. But we didn't see a glimpse o' him. Th' clouds wuz worse 'n th' day afore. Directly we hed another storm, like th' first, only not quite so bad. But we suffered lots more from it. An hour afterward th' lieutenant pulled up his horse short like 'n laked 'round, fairly dazed."

"We wuz right down t' our camp o' th' night afore. We uz goin' in a circle. We uz lost—lost right in a big alkali plain 'th th' wind hot ez a furnace blast blowin' 'n alkali dust into our lungs, 'n sun t' guide us, 'n no water 'n no show t' find enny, 'n every body most dead. Every body looked mighty sober. Mexican Joe jess give one screech when he seed th' marks o' camp, 'n begun t' cuss himself 'n mumble his prayers. Then all t' once he give a howl 'n set his spurs into his horse's sides 'n set off at a gallop. Th' dern fool had gone crazy, sure enough. Th' lieutenant sent a squad after him 'n they caught him 'n brought him back, a chattering idiot. He wuz out o' th' game. Th' lieutenant hed got mighty quiet 'n spoke low 'n gentle like. He called up two or three o' th' sergeants 'n talked t' 'em. Every man hed a different opinion. Finally we started on agin. We couldn't git lost worse 'n we wuz already, 'n ef we kep' agoin' somethin' might come uv it. We kep' agoin' all day, resting frequent, 'n we didn't get no whar. No sun yet. Every body was a sufferin' terrible. Th' hosses wuz as bad. They couldn't go out o' a walk. Our eyes wuz blood shot. Our lips wuz cracked 'n bleedin'. Th' wind blowed th' alkali dust into th' sores. Thet uz 'bout like red pepper rubbed into a wound. We couldn't sleep. Ef a man did drop off he'd dream o' lakes 'n rivers 'n springs 'n moss covered buckets in th' well 'n water all 'round, but he couldn't get a drop uv it, fore it'd all run away from him when he tried t' drink, till he'd scream in his agony 'n wake up and find himself drier 'n theater 'n weaker 'n ever, till hed shudder 'n turn over 'n shet his eyes 'n try t' foggit it all, only t' go over th' whole misery agin when he'd drop into a doze."

"Next mornin' three men never answered the bugle call. They died in th' night, and nobody knowed it! Lots more o' th' boys uz mighty nigh th' same fix. We started agin, 'n under a cloudy sky still, so it uz all guesswork about where we uz goin'. We went mighty slow; jess crept along. By noon every tongue uz hangin' out 'n all swelled up, every eye uz bloodshot, 'n every man uz nearly crazy. Th' hosses jess staggered along, 'n th' boys'd hardly kep their saddles. But th' middle o' th' afternoon th' lieutenant seemed t' make up his mind somethin' got t' be done. He called a lot together 'n held a council. Then he tuk eight men 'n we all give up our canteens t' them eight. We went in a circle 'n th' eight lit out, two together, on each o' th' four sides. We watched 'n out o' sight, 'n never expected t' see any more o' them. When it got dark we made a bright fire 'n kept it a-goin'. 'Bout ten or 'leven o'clock I heard a gun 'n got up t' listen. Directly I heard it agin. 'So'd everybody else. We fired off a carbine 'n kep' a shootin' every ez half minute, till, after awhile, the two what'd rode off th' way we thought uz east come ridin' into camp, every canteen full o' water 'n them 'n their hosses fresh 'n smart ez y' please. They'd found water, 'n 'twasn't more'n six miles away either. When they come ridin' up 'n singin' out 'Water' you'd a thought we uz all lamatics. Two more went ahead since we camped, 'n a dozen more never 'spected to git home; but every one o' them got up 'n got a swig uv a canteen 'n give up all notion o' dyin'. They never wuz a bigger change in men. Uv course they wuzn't only jess one-fourth a canteen to each man, but it uz life in it, yer bet. Men cried 'n prayed, rough fellers like them wuz, too, when they knowed they could git a drink. Half uv us couldn't hev held out another day under thet hot sun 'n in thet alkali dust. Nor th' hosses, neither. I didn't 'sper t' ever see th' sun rise next mornin'."

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Panthers for Rosa Bonheur. Herr Hagenbeck, of Hamburg, is the Jaunach of Germany, and he lately received a letter from Rosa Bonheur inquiring if she could come to his menagerie and select a couple of panthers which she was anxious to paint from life. In reply the wild beast dealer was gallant enough to say there was no need of Mme. Bonheur exposing herself to a fatiguing journey, but that he would instead send her, in charge of a keeper, well packed and secured, three fine panthers, which she could keep as long as she pleased and return by the keeper when she had quite done with them. Rosa Bonheur, I understand, is painting those panthers now.—London Figaro.

Promptly Answered. Husband (absent minded)—Because he makes up forms. Wife—What is that, John? Husband (ruminating himself)—Oh, I've got a conundrum for you, my dear; I originated it myself, and you couldn't guess it in a month. "Why is an undertaker like a printer?" Wife (promptly)—Because he makes up forms. Husband (crushed)—Well, I'll be darned if I thought you could ever guess it.—The Epoch.

Rest For the Head. A tiny air cushion only three inches square when collapsed, but big enough when inflated to make a good head rest, or a good support for the back, is now sold in the London shops. An embroidered cover, with drawing strings, is suggested as a suitable accompaniment for these when they are given to an invalid. The cover will serve as a bag to hold the handkerchief and a little bottle of cologne when the cushion is not in actual use.—Boston Transcript.

Spelling a Book. A certain wealthy Chicago man has upon his table a fine large paper uncut copy of Barclay's "Schippe of Fools." Quite recently a friend, admiring the books, picked up a paper cutter and began separating the pages in order that he might enjoy the quaint illustrations. Which seeing—"Hold on," cried Percus, "don't cut any more of them; there have been too many of 'em cut already!"—Chicago News.