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NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT, BENJAMIN HARRISON, of Indiana.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS

H. C. RUSSELL, Colfax county. GEO. H. HASTINGS, Saline county.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR, JOHN M. THAYER.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT, LEVI P. MORTON, of New York.

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. 14th.) 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.

Frederick, Md., News: Gov. Kennedy's reference to the well known fact that protection does not increase the cost of goods but lessens it, was well sustained by comparing the cost of an imported axe which in low tariff days under Democratic rule was \$4, with a better article made in this country, under protection, that sells for 75 cents.

"Where is Heaven?" is the inquiry of a recent astronomical work. The St. Louis Globe Democrat answers the question thus: "After the 6th of November the answer will be: West of Illinois, east of Kansas, south of Iowa, and north of Arkansas."

In the November Harper's is a long "short story" (19 pages), called "A Pink Villa," by Constance Fenimore Woolson, which is in pleasing contrast (from a healthful, cheerful, optimistic point of view) with her "Neptune's Shore," in the October number.

A Lynn, Mass., shoemaker and a representative and thoughtful workman, who has just returned from a brief trip to Europe—who ever heard of a European workman taking a summer trip to America?—puts the situation bluntly thus: "It is a question of simple business. Do we want to risk fifty cents a day? That's all there is to it. Low wages, besides, means low living. It means poverty, and it means ignorance; and these two things put man at the foot of the ladder, and there he will stay. No European workman, with his free trade and his low wages, thinks of getting up in the world. Who ever saw workmen in Europe filling offices, or their wives and daughters in society, or themselves respected and honored?"

IT IS A FREE TRADE PARTY. AND THE MEMPHIS "APPEAL" SAYS GOD SEND FREE TRADE SOON.

The Nashville American of yesterday contains a dreary editorial of more than a column in length, in which it professes great fear of the defeat of the Democratic ticket, and says that "if such a catastrophe does result it will be due to the testimony of Henry Watterson, Frank Hurd, Colonel Morrison, the Memphis Appeal and other papers, that the Democratic party is a free-trade party."

The liver of our esteemed contemporary is evidently out of order, or perhaps he is hedging, preparing, in case of defeat—which is not in the least probable—to charge it to the failure of the Democratic party at St. Louis to adopt his favorite protection platform and policy, which, it seems to us, neither differs in degree or kind from the Republican policy.

BUT, COMING BACK TO THE FACT OF FREE TRADE, IT IS UNDENIABLE THAT THIS IS THE ULTIMATE POLICY OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY, AND THE MILLS BILL IS ONLY A STEP TOWARD ITS CONSUMMATION. AND FOR THAT DAY WE PRAY, "GOD SEND IT SOON."—Memphis Appeal.

EGGS AND COTTON.

Gov. Foraker made some exceedingly strong points in his address at New Haven, Thursday night. Here is one "nugget" which is worth the attention of farmers:

"When I was a boy I lived on a farm. I will remember selling eggs for three cents a dozen and paying thirty-five and thirty-eight cents a yard for cotton cloth purchased in the markets of the world. That was under free trade.

"To-day you can purchase all the cotton cloth you want for eight and ten cents a yard and you sell your eggs for from twenty-five to forty cents a dozen. That is protection. That is what protection to home industries and home markets has done for the country. Which do you like best.

IN A NUTSHELL.

The Republican party believes in such a revision of the tariff as will further discourage the importation of foreign goods.

The Democratic party believes in a revision of the tariff and in a free list that will encourage the importation of foreign goods.

The industrial masses of this country believe in the Republican attitude on the question.—Albany Journal.

There will be great rejoicing in Missouri when she roles up 50,000 majority for Harrison and Morton, which she will do on the sixth of next month.

Gilbert as a Rehearsal. W. S. Gilbert, the librettist, is a tall man, with gray hair and close cut whiskers. He is a great stage manager. At a rehearsal of one of his operas he devoted his whole energies to having everything go off as he thinks it should. He never smiles, even when a whole chorus is laughing at the quaint conceits of his verses. Though extremely dignified, he does not hesitate to go through the roughest contortions of body or the most free and easy dance step to illustrate his ideas to those who are to interpret them.—New York World.

\$500 Not Called For. It seems strange that it is necessary to persuade men that you can cure their diseases by offering a premium to the man who fails to receive benefit. And yet Dr. Sage undoubtedly cured thousands of cases of obstinate catarrh with his "Catarrh Remedy," who would never have applied to him, if it had not been for his offer of the above sum for an incurable case. Who is the next bidder for cure or cash?

\$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. Warlick.

Don't let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Boschee's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it and know how it is, themselves. Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

THE DAILY HERALD delivered for 15c. per week.

The standard remedy for liver complaint is West's Liver Pills; they never disappoint you. 50 pills 25c. At War-

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, 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. G. 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 Woolen Underwear.

A Call Will Convince You.

J. V. Weckbach.

IMAGINARY DISEASE.

ILLS INTENSIFIED AND MORBID FANCIES HARD TO CURE.

Sufferings of the Confirmed Hypochondriac—Cancer and Heart Disease in the Mind—A Case in a New York Hospital. Cured in Fifteen Minutes.

The writer called on a number of prominent physicians and asked them if, among their patients, they had many who imagined they had diseases which they did not have. Some very interesting information was obtained. The doctors said it was found to be a very common trouble, and that the chief diseases these people imagine they have are cancer, heart disease and Bright's disease. In the language of the profession, the complaint is known as hypochondriasis.

It was found that the disease is often epidemic. At the time of Gen. Grant's sickness and death from cancer of the throat, and during the illness of the late Kaiser Friedrich, hundreds of people with nothing serious at all the matter with them called upon Dr. Shradly, who attended Gen. Grant, and told him they had cancer of the throat coming on and wished to be treated for it.

One celebrated physician, who made a special study of the disease, said that it was worthy of note that in all these cases the patient reasons correctly—that is, he draws just inferences from the error.

Thus the Prince of Bourbon, when he supposed himself to be a plant, reasoned justly when he insisted upon being watered with the rest of the plants every day. In like manner, the hypochondriac who supposes himself to be dead reasons with the same correctness when he stretches his body and limbs on the bed or a board and assumes the stillness and silence of a dead man.

The following is from the records of one of the New York hospital's house surgeons:

"It was on July 6 that a man of small stature, who was found afterwards to be a shoemaker by trade, who was apparently about 40 years of age, escaped from his home and was running at large in the streets of the city, lacerating his flesh and beating his head against the sides of houses. A number of citizens managed to capture him, and they brought him to the hospital, followed by a big crowd. With his arms tied behind him, and in the greatest agony, his face bruised and swollen, his lips torn to pieces and streaming with blood, he was ushered into the hospital by those who had him in charge. I met them at the door and inquired into the case. The man was eager to tell his own story, but with difficulty collected words to convey it. His language was copious, but his agitation so great that he could hardly utter a sentence, being interrupted by constant efforts to tear his lips to pieces. Those with him knew nothing except that they had prevented him from beating out his own brains. At length he conveyed the information where his distress was, and upon which his mind was deluded. In his upper lip he said there was a worm gnawing his flesh and penetrating into his body, and unless he could tear it out the worm would soon be beyond his reach and inevitably destroy him. This was the cause of his misery. He was assured of the possibility of relief, and with a smiling countenance I patted him on the shoulder and bade him no longer be uneasy, for I would cut out the worm. His eyes sparkled, and in an instant he replied, 'Will you? Do it then. Do it, quick, for God's sake.'

"He was urged not to despair, for I was now ready to remove the insect preying upon his flesh. Accordingly, we went to the ward where the man was, and being seated he fixed himself for the operation. I paraded six lancets on the table before him. By making a display of this and other preparations and sending for assistance he became composed, waiting with patience the result. In the meantime I had sent in search of the worm. The person sent, being unsuccessful, stayed too long and I hurried out the door and picked from the ground one of the large worms or caterpillars which infested the poplar trees at that time and had fallen from the trees by the door. One end of the insect had been trodden upon, and it was nearly dead. This I got, and on returning found my patient's uneasiness increased. But upon seeing me take the instrument he fixed himself in the chair and requested my assistants, the apothecary and the orderly man, to hold his hands lest he should start while under pain of the cutting instrument.

"With a lancet the operation was begun. I pricked his lip with it, which made him flinch a little. He accordingly leaned back his head firmly against the person who stood behind him, and shut his eyes tightly, and thus fixed he bore the repeated pricks of the instrument with steadiness and fortitude. After pinching his lip with one hand and wounding it with the other, I cut off a portion of the upper lip which he had torn with his nails and which was pendulous. I now assured him that the operation was nearly completed, for the head of the worm could be seen. The bystanders cried out: 'There it is! there it is!' He raised eyes to see, but was cautioned to be still for one minute longer, at which he again shut his eyes. I then gave him a severe pinch, drew the edge of the lancet across the lacerated lip, and exclaiming, 'I've got him,' opened my hand and exposed the great worm.

"The man rose from his seat and gazed at the worm with astonishment beyond utterance. At length he spoke and requested me to preserve it, for, he observed with tranquillity, his friends had said he was crazy, but this would be an evidence to the contrary.

"The result of this deceptive operation was a perfect cure, and this remarkable change was effected in less than fifteen minutes after the patient entered the hospital."

The best doctors say that the causes of the disease lie in conditions usually obscure, which lower the tone of the general health or depress the vitality of the brain, either by physical wear or mental worry. Disappointment, bad habits, want of proper mental occupation, often cause the trouble. The treatment consists in measures to improve the general health, especially a full diet, carefully selected; hydro-therapeutics, massage, gymnastics, horseback riding, walking, rowing, abundant and agreeable exercise in the open air, and the management of the patient's surroundings so as to lighten the mind and relieve from worry, perhaps by travel or sea voyage.

Argument is commonly worse than useless, but there should be a decided impression given that the generally morbid state is due to ill health. The risk of suicide is so small that restriction of liberty directed to its prevention does more harm than good.—William Henry Hawley in Boston Globe.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

The Story Told of Two Canadian Trappers A Narrow Escape.

Once or twice he showed a curious reluctance about allowing a man to approach him suddenly from behind. Altogether his actions were so odd that I felt some curiosity to learn his history. It turned out that he had been through a rather uncanny experience the winter before. He and another man had gone into a remote basin, or inclosed valley, in the heart of the mountains, where game was very plentiful; indeed, it was so abundant that they decided to pass the winter there. Accordingly they put up a log cabin, working hard, and merely killing enough for their immediate use. Just as it was finished winter set in with tremendous snow storms. Going out to hunt, in the first lull, they found, to their consternation, that every head of game had left the valley. Not an animal was to be found therein; they had abandoned it for their winter haunts. The outlook for the two adventurers was appalling. They were afraid of trying to break out through the deep snow drifts, and starvation stared them in the face if they staid. The man that I met had his dog with him. They put themselves on very short commons, so as to use up their flour as slowly as possible, and hunted unweariedly, but saw nothing.

Soon a violent quarrel broke out between them. The other man, a fierce, sullen fellow, insisted that the dog should be killed, but the owner was exceedingly attached to it, and refused. For a couple of weeks they spoke no words to each other, though cooped in the little narrow pen of logs. Then one night the owner of the dog was awakened by the animal crying out; the other man had tried to kill it with his knife, but failed. The provisions were now almost exhausted, and the two men were glaring at each other with the rage of maddened, ravening hunger. Neither dared to sleep, for fear that the other would kill him. Then the one who owned the dog at last spoke, and proposed that, to give each a chance for his life, they should divide the flour. He would take half of the handful of flour that was left and start off to try to get home; the other should stay where he was, and if he tried to follow the first he was warned that he would be shot without mercy. A like fate was to be the portion of the wanderer if driven to return to the hut. The arrangement was agreed to and the two men separated, neither daring to turn his back while they were within rifle shot of each other.

For two days the one who went off toiled on with weary weakness through the snow drifts. Late on the second afternoon, as he looked back from a high ridge, he saw in the far distance a black speck against the snow, coming along on his trail. His companion was dogging his footsteps. Immediately he followed his own trail back a little and laid in ambush. At dusk his companion came stealthily up, rifle in hand, peering cautiously ahead, his drawn face showing the starved, eager ferocity of a wolf on the hunt, and the man he was hunting shot him down exactly as if he had been one. Leaving the body where it fell, the wanderer continued his journey, the dog staggering painfully behind him. The next evening he baked his last cake and divided it with the dog. In the morning, with his belt drawn still tighter round his stomach bone, he once more set out, with apparently only a few hours of dull misery between him and death. At noon he crossed the track of a huge timber wolf; instantly the dog gave tongue, and rallying its strength, ran along the trail. The man struggled after.

At last his strength gave out and he sat down to die, but while sitting still, slowly stiffening with the cold, he heard the dog baying in the woods. Shaking off his mortal numbness, he crawled towards the sound, and found the wolf over the body of a deer he had just killed, and keeping the dog from it. At the approach of the new assailant, the wolf sullenly drew off, and the man and dog took the raw deer flesh with ravenous eagerness. It made them very sick for the next twenty-four hours; but, lying by the carcass for two or three days, they recovered strength.—Theodore Roosevelt in The Century.

Should Recognize the Adornments.

I hope people will not become perfect. I hope there will always be weaknesses for us to smile at and sorrows for us to sympathize over. Weaknesses are the humor, the "badinage" of the Creator, and a perfect man is often a rather dull sermon. Now, madam, you are 50 years old, you have daughters who are mothers and sons who are fathers, and yet you take your little peep in the glass and fix your curls as you used to do thirty years ago, as you will do, I sincerely hope, thirty years from now. It is pretty, it is agreeable, is human and a compliment to the Creator that you should recognize the adornments he has placed within your reach.

You, sir, you ought to be taken home and fixed up. You are 50 years old, and your shirt front is all spotted, your waistcoat is not buttoned, your necktie is away round at the back of your head and your coat is covered with dust. Go home and put on a clean shirt and go down to the tailor's and order a suit of clothes that will fit you, and get your beard trimmed and look like a thing of beauty. I think many men associate independence with dirt and think they would be losing some of their manliness if they wore decent clothes. But I don't want to reform those people. Well, I might wear better clothes myself, but that tailors have to pay rent and other little expenses.—San Francisco Chronicle "Undertones."

In the Exposition Gallery.

Said an old time resident of Chicago not long ago: "I have attended the exposition year after year since the first opening. During the first two or three years I used to go regularly and make one lap around the gallery, but until the other day I had not set foot in the exposition gallery for many seasons. After this I shall never miss the trip, as it is well worth a visit. It is the territory of the genteel fakir. In a brief walk of half an hour I had my catarrh completely cured five different times, and nearly choked myself on a piece of 'dog bread,' thinking it a sample of a new water cracker instead of a patent food for animals. I rested my weary arms by trying my son and heir on six different baby jumpers, and then I had my clothes soiled by three patent flour sifters. I had sixteen campaign badges offered to me at disgustingly low prices, and was weighed four times, losing about a pound each time. Seven times did I drop in a nickel to 'see it work,' and when I went down stairs I had my overcoat pockets chock full of samples of yeast cakes, baking powder, hair oil and liver pills. The man who visits the exposition and misses the gallery loses half his life."—Chicago Herald.