

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

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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.

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

COUNTY TICKET. FOR STATE SENATOR, FLOAT D. POLK.

GERMANY AND THE TARIFF. Democratic journalists and stump speakers often ask why it is that if tariff is good in the United States, it is no good in the other countries which have a protective system.

tempt to extract aid and comfort for his side by instituting any industrial comparisons between Germany and Great Britain.—Globe Democrat.

WE'RE GOING TO WIN. Fellow Republicans, we're going to win this fight. Why do we say so? Because we have the best men for our nominees.

Because we plead for protection to American homes. Because we are the progressive party. Because the people know that the Republican party, just as soon as it can overcome Democratic oppression, always carries out its promises.

Because we have it direct from men who ought to know—men who have the vantage ground to view the situation on all sides—men trained by experience in past campaign and know what to expect in this one—men who hold facts in their hands; facts not always wise to publish at once, but upon which they can give a tip to their sentinels.

It is on the strength of this tip that we say: We're going to win. One more point, fellow republicans: Don't stop work yet.

Our German friends and citizens, who think all Germans are democrats will be surprised to know that in the east the majority of Germans are republicans, and that the republicans of New York City have nominated Col. Ehrhart, who is a German, for mayor of their city.

The Cleveland men say that Hill will run 45,000 behind the national ticket in New York, and the Hill men say that Cleveland will run 30,000 behind the state ticket.

"She's Much Older Than Her Husband." We heard a young girl make the above remark the other day about a lady with whom we are slightly acquainted.

Father of the Honorable. "There goes my vacation!" exclaimed a Norwich working woman the other day, but no one saw it go or could comprehend the meaning of the remark until she took her plate of false teeth from her mouth in two pieces.

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.

Catarh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself. The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter.

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.

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

Eating Between Meals. Woman (to tramp)—You are not a very robust looking man.

New Kind of Glass. A new glass recently invented in Sweden is said to be capable, when made into a lens for a microscope, of "enabling us to distinguish the 204,700,000th part of an inch."

\$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.

England has had several important advantages over Germany as well as over every other country. Capital is more abundant, in proportion to population, and the interest rate is lower in Great Britain than in any other part of the world.

Germany has expanded its industries in the past few years in a higher ratio than England has, while wages in Germany have risen and in England have fallen.

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, Trecois, 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, Cloaks, Newmarkets, Plush Seques, Etc., Etc.

Flannels, Dress Goods

Winter Goods

15 Per Cent Discount

On All Woolen Underwear. A Call Will Convince You.

J. V. Weckbach.

ONE DEAD. Is it deep sleep, or is it rather death? Rest anyhow it is, and sweet is rest; No more the doubtful blessing of the breath; Our God hath said that silence is the best, And thou art silent as the midnight moon.

A RIDE TO DEATH. "And now, monsieur, you know, I think, what you have to do?" The colonel ceased. Capt. Randon wheeled like a manikin turned by a brutal hand. Two seconds later he was in the street. His brain was vacant, without thought; he walked with the automatic step of the drunkard whom will alone maintains upon his indecisive legs.

Arrived at his own house, he threw himself upon a chair, leaned his elbows upon his knees, his brow upon his hands, and remained thus, motionless, but still unable to rest. From time to time a sharp pang traversing his heart momentarily recalled to him that he suffered, he felt himself pale. He made an effort to rouse himself, got up, opened the window and regarded the heavens of a light, tender blue, the birds were chirping morning that followed a night of rain.

The trees of the garden had begun to blossom, rosy clouds floated above the houses, hovered a moment upon the chimney tops like the wings of birds and then resumed their way. Before him, bathed in a pallid sunlight, stretched a vast prairie mist, the quadrangular bulk of the quarters, its walls yellow and naked, showed itself in an attitude stiff and martial. For the first time he seemed to see all these things, and more quickly than ever, the impression of external objects acting upon a torpid and torpid brain.

He had but one passion—the horse—and that passion had ruled him. To ride, to run them, to mount them at races, and to have a stable had been the fixed idea of his life; the goal of all his desires and efforts; the single thought of his soul. A marvelous horseman, absolutely indomitable, so they said in the regiment, the men had surmised him "the Jockey," a name that was at once his ambition and his pride.

Unskillfully done, the fault was speedily discovered, and to-morrow he was to be publicly humiliated, and the cavaliers of the second class, who, in the street, rode behind him, would then have the right to refuse to salute him, the right to scorn him.

"How could I have done it?" he cried aloud, clutching the window frame in agony, all in a sweat, his eyes dry and staring straight before him in an attitude of blank despair. To be in a position of the ordeal awaiting him—the free brother officers united there to judge, condemn and degrade him.

He must kill himself—that liberty alone remained to him. Kill himself! Finish it, and immediately! Death! No more hubbub, no more uneasiness or disquietude! Indifference to the future! Forgetfulness of everything and of himself! So be it! He had had enough of this needy, tormented existence!

Against the wall on the right a panoply of arms fastidiously arranged caught his eye. He reflected, quickly passing in review the divers means of suicide that were at his door, successively rejecting them: all—the revolver, compressed gas, the stroke of the penknife, the strychnine, the method of a nervous duelist; drowning, it only for a betrayed and—

"Saddle Niniche!" said he. And he waited, promenading from side to side, threatening the air with his riding whip, whistling through his teeth. When they brought him his mount, a little mare, true bred, slender, yet stoney, he was calm again, and settling himself slowly in his stirrups, departed.

It occurred to me with sudden and painful distinctness when you offered yourself just now," she replied. "Good night, Mr. Padmore."—Chicago Tribune.

himself countenance, he regarded the bluish smoke of the cigarette mounting lightly in little eddies in the transparent clearness of the atmosphere, or lifted his head to examine the windows of the houses to surprise a pair of eyes that contented him to a hand that drew aside a curtain, and he was happy at the little effect produced by his passage.

Only then did his heart sink, and, fearing the trouble that invaded him, he put his mare to the trot, seeking to fly his weakness. He had resumed the way to the forest; before long he was in the woods. Rays of sunlight filtered through the leaves, designing the shadows of the trees and branches upon the brown earth. Drops of the night's rain still pealed upon the grasses.

Capt. Randon brought his horse to a halt. "There is plenty of time," he thought, and allowed himself to go dreaming lightly, soothed by the freshness of the morning breeze.

In the meantime he had passed into a wide, sandy alley—"the training alley," as he remembered, of the barracks; he had traveled two kilometers at a jump. He dropped the reins upon Niniche's neck, and the head and shoulders of the mare balanced to the right and balanced to the left with the regularity of a pendulum. Randon was absolutely content with the peace of a resolution well and firmly taken. He was happy even to find himself calm and proud of his bravery.

"Gently, Mamie, gently; no precipitation. Easy, my girl, easy. Thou shalt see thy gait by and by." Again he stopped and made a half turn; again hesitated; for the desire to wheel, the desire to fly and turn no more had come upon him strongly; but only for an instant. Then quickly—unwilling to allow himself a moment to reflect, a moment to rest—he rose in his stirrups, bent his body forward, and—the race began!

The wind cut his face, tears wet his eyelashes, but still he went with dizzying rapidity, the trunks of the trees passing him like specters. Nothing was clear or distinct—noting but a vague, confused impression that it was his life thus flying from him in fragments.

But still he went, and now it was the noise of a horse that he believed he heard, pursuing him. He turned in the saddle—nothing—the noise was nothing but the noise of the pebbles that Niniche's flying feet cast behind her. But this idea that a horse pursued him pleased his fancy, set it going, and immediately he imagined himself upon the "track" and making the last grand round. He hurried the pace of his mount.

The circuit of the clearing had twice been passed; the gait was frightful, but the hedge was before him; behind the hedge—he divined it, without seeing it—the precipice, with its jagged, rocky sides! Then he felt himself at the end of his breath—the air he swallowed came from his panting lungs in shrill whistlings!

All his ideas were clouded—a mist before his eyes—but he was peaceful and comfortable, very comfortable—he wished to remain thus always—always—he knew no more! Meanwhile he had come to himself again. About him was a whispering of voices, as about a coffin.