KNOTTS BRCS., Publishers & Proprietors.

THE PLATTSMOUTH HERALD Is published every evening except Sunday and Weekly every Thursday morning. Registered at the postoffice, Piattsmouth, Nebr., 28 second-class matter. Office corner of Vine and Fifth streets. Telephone No. 38.

One copy one year, in advance, \$1 50 One copy six months, in advance. 75

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET.

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GERMANY AND THE TARIFF.

Democratic journalists and stump speakers often ask why it is that if the tariff is good in the United States, it is in the same conditor. If the reader of no good in the other countries which this chances to be a similar sufferer, let have a protective system. Mr. Mills, buck her lost beauty, and, better still, it who points with pride to the fact that in | will remove all those distressing sympfree-trade Eagland wages are higher toms which have made life a burden to than in protectionist Germany, evidently her so long. Money refunded if it don't thinks that he has, by this illustration. settled the whole controversy as to the merits of the respective industrial systems, and settled it in favor of the freetraders. If wages are higher in England than in Germany - and protectionists concede that, on the whole they are higher—then according to Mr. Mids' logic. by a very slender thread.—Norwich Bulfree trade has proven its superiority over | letin. its rival scheme, and ought to be adopted in the United States.

There are many flaws in the reasoning of free traders with respect to England and Germany. The tariff system has been in operation in Germany nine years only. Previous to 1879 there has been a long period of virtual free trade in that country. When the tariff was adopted in that year, however, industries of all sorts throughout the country were immediately and wonderfully invigorated and extended, and a new era of business expansion was usherad in. In the past nine years, while the rate of wages has been declining in England, it has increased from 10 to 50 per cent in Germany. The iorn worker in Germany gets 52 per cent more for his work than he did in 1878, while the iron worker in England gets 10 per cent less now than he did then. The average increase in Germany under its protective taciff has been about 15 or 20 per cent, taking all occupations together.

England has had several important adyantages 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. As compared with Germany, Enland is marvelously rich in natural resources, while the supremacy which it noids in many industries gives its people case of liver complaint, dyspepsia, sick special aptitude not possessed by any headache, indigestion, constipation or other Europeans. The loss in productive costiveness we cannot cure with power caused by standing armies is far greater in Germany than in Great Britain. And yet, in spite of all these drawbacks, 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.

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald. tempt to extract aid and comfort for his side by instituting any industrial comparisons between Germany and Great Britain .-- Globe Democrat.

cause we have the best men for our nom

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.

But why are we so certain about win-

Because we have it direct from men who onght 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. There's no fear of that on the part of the leaders; but we are speaking now to the rank and file in t'ie party. Just you go and find some wavering soul, tell him we're going to win and ask him to come in out of the wet. Ten to one he'll come, if you ask him cordially Then, with the wavering souls in, we'll give Democracy such a thrashing that it won't dare attack our homes with free trade again in our gen-

Let's make November 6th the Appomattox of free trade.

Our German friends and citizens, who hink all Germans are democrats will be surpried to know that in the east the mejority of Germans are republicans, and that the republicans of New York City have nominated Col. Ebrhart, 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 tate ticket, All that is cercain in these wrangles is that Harrison and Miller will carry New York by good, safe majorities.

She's Much Older Than Her Hus-

We heard a young girl make the above remark the other day about a lady with whom we are slightly acquainted. It was not true, yet the lady in question actually does look five years older than her husband, although she is really several years his junior. She is prematurely aged, and functional derangement is the cause. Dr. Pierce's Fayorite Prescription would cure her, and should be recommended to her, and to all others who are her get the "Prescription." It will bring give satisfaction, See guarantee printed on bottle wrapper.

Pathos of the Humorous. "There goes my vacation!" exclaimed . Norwich working woman the other day, but

no one saw it go or could comprehend the theaning of the remark until she took her plate of false teeth from her mouth in two

Don't

let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into estarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or con-

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 standard remedy for liver complaint is West's Liver Pills; they never disappoint you. 30 piits \$5c. At Warrick's drug store.

Eating Between Meals Woman (to tramp)-You are not a very

Tramp-No, ma'am; I attribute the feeble ness of my condition to irregularity of diet.

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 distin-guish the 204,700,000th part of an inch."

\$500 Reward.

We will pay the above reward for any West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely yegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Large boxes containing 30 sugar coated pills, 25c. For sale by all droggists. Beware of counterfelts and imitations. The gencies manufactured only by John O. We Co., 862 W. Madison St. Chicago, and

WE'RE GOING TO WIN. Fellow Republicans, we're going to win this fight. Why do we say so? Be-

100N'T you know it? Of course you do and you will want warm Underwear, Blankets, etc.

UR Line is Unsurpassed by any other line in the city. A handsome

(ARIETY of Seasonable Dress Goods, Broadcloths, Henrietta, Cloths, Trecots, etc.

FIVERYTHING in Blankets, Flannels, Bed Comforts, Hosierv, Battings, that you will want.

VOU will not regret looking our different Departments over before purchasing. It will setting upon a galled and tortured brain. Nevertheless, while in his lungs the fresh, pure air of the morning circulated, and he felt and he saw the beauty of the pay you.

SMYRNA RUGS and a Handsome Line of Carpets, Matts, Floor Oil Cloths, and Linoleum at Low Prices.

G. DOVEY & SON

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 Seeques, Etc., Etc.

Other Branches, such as

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,



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 pale round moon, And near thee is our bartle's great mystery. Alas! we knew not those worther go so soon We cannot tell where sky is feet in sea, But only find Life's bark to come and go, v wondrous Nature's hid . force impelled For certain which the con-The lessening ship by us a

A RIDE TO DEATH.

And sea and sky are just on they have been.

"And now, monsiour, 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, astonished to find himself almost cains, tearless, but still unable to reflect. From time to time a sharp pang traversing his heart moment-arily 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 blue of the early spring

morning that follows 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, veiled still by a vaporous 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 world about him, by a curious doubling of personality he followed impassibly in another self, the terrible and common

place history that had dishonored him.

He, Capt. Randon, accused of forgery,
was going to be brought before a court
martial. To-morrow, at latest, he would
be arrested—the colonel had given him but twenty-four hours—had said: "And now, monsieur, you know. I think, what you have to do!"

He had but one passion—the horse—and that passion had ruined 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 at his desires and efforts; the single thought of his soul. A marvelous horseman, clutely indismountable, so they said in the regiment. the men had surnamed him "The Jockey." a name that was at once his ambition and his pride. The mainten nce of his stable, however, had cost him i had borrowed, and n patrimony. He a of creditors loosed at his heels tracked and harassed him. At last, at bay one day, mad with worry and lost in one of those moments when moral sense is obliterated and conscience uses sophistries to put to sleep its scruples, he had drawn from the cash box of his squadron forged signatures to the bills in it, and falsified his accounts in the hope of hiding the deficit.
Unskillfully done, the fault was

speedily discovered, and to morrow he was to be publicly branded, 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 im in an attitude of blank despair. He h ad a vision of the ordeal awaiting him-the five brother officers united there to judge, condemn and degrade him.
"And now, monsieur, you know, I think,

"And now, monsieur, you know, I think, what you have to do!"

The phrase of the colonel returned to him suddenly in its implecable significance, followed by that other one that his brain conveyed to him litte an oclici "He means you to kill yourself!"

He remained a moment bewildered, stupefied. Then a seb shook his breast, tears rolled from his eyes, and like a child who, feeble and without support, has need to sustain and solace itself by affection, he was seized with an infinite

affection, he was setzed with an infinite gratitude, an instinctive thankfulness to the colonel who had been kind to him-his colonel, who had accorded him twentyfour hours of grace, who had opened to him a door of salvation is permitting him

to evade a public dishonor.

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

needy, tormented existence!

Meanwhile he had not stirred from his window, unable to tear his regard from the spectacle of life th In the distance from quarters a platoon of out for their regular were going Men out for their regular mancavers. Men and horses were like pignies—small, but distinct. Mechanically be counted them Four, eight, twelve, sixteen, eighteen Soon the plateen was lost from sight in one of the cross streets, and when the last of the cavallers had disappeared around the turning, a great emptiness filled the breast of Randon. It seemed to bim that henceforth he was alone in the world, abandoned by every one. He

drew himself back, slowly reclosed the sash and re-entered his chamber.

Against the wall on the right a panoply of arms fastidiously arranged caught his eye. He reflected, quickly passing in re-riew the divers means of suicide that were at his door, successively rejecting them 'all-the recolver, commonplace; the stroke of the pommed, theatrical; poison, the method of a nervous duchess; drowning, at only for a betrayed and— He descended to the court and called his

"Baddle Niniche!" said he. And he

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

Erect upon his saddle, martially camped, his legs falling naturally along the flanks of his mare, the reins supple but perfectly carried, and trimly attired in a blue cavalry coat, closely buttoned to his form, Capt. Randon advanced at a slow step. He was pale, a little nervous, perhaps, hat he wished to be impassible and stiff-

bimself countenance, he regarded the bluish smoke of the eigarette mounting lightly in little eddies in the transparent clearness of the atmosphere, or lifted like head to examine the windows of the houses to surprise a pair of eyes that contem plated him a hand that drew aside a cur

tain, and he was happy at the little effect produced by his passage Impelled by force of habit, he had taken the road to the quarters He perceived it

presently and smiled contemptuously; nevertheless continued his route He desired to see for the last time the beings and things familiar to him He satuted with the tips of his fingers the sentry who presented arms, gave an amicable good day to the sous officer on guard, a man of his own squadron, made the tour of the barracks without dismounting, threw a glance into the stables, directed the officer of the day to remit some punishments that he had inflicted the evening before, passed to the gate, leaped it and turned and swept the building with a gaze of

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 throughout the leaves, designing the shadows of the trees and branches upon the brownish earth. Drops of the night's rain still

pearled upon the grasses Capt. Randon brought his horze to a walk. "There is plenty of time." he thought, and allowed himself to go dreaming idly, 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-content with the pride of a resolution well and firmly taken. He was happy even to find himself calm and proud of his bravery. At the end of the alley he traversed a

wide clearing, and a hundred meters further stopped. Behind a tall hedge near by, a stone's throw from the highway, not more, the line of the railway ran: the descent that led to it was perpendicular and covered with pebbles and jagged points of stone. Pale as a corpse, Randon observed it, a strange emotion holding him, his legs weakening beneath him. He made a half turn, threw his animal upon her haunches and advanced again,

but at a walk. There was plenty of time. Niniche was afraid of a tree that had fallen across her route, and plunged vio-lently. A little more and Randon had been dismounted. It was a painful surprise to him.

"Chut!" he oried, "what is the matter with me? Can I ride no more?" And. afraid of being afraid, he stiffened himself anew and began to pet and soothe her—less to calm his animal, perhaps, than to reassure himself.

"Gently, Mamie, gently; no precipita-tion. Easy, my girl, easy. Thou shalt have thy gallep 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 re et-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-nothing but a vague, confused impression that it was his life thus flying from him in fragments.

But still he weat, 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! In the twinking of an eye he had a vision, a dim realization of that which

vision, a dim realization of that which was to be his death—a fall into space, a complete failure of respiration, a crushing blow upon the head!

The idea of stopping his mare crossed his mind. He bore the reins—too late! Already he was upon the edge! He closed his eyes; he abandoned himself, but instinctively loosening the reins and locking his legs according to his habit when leaping obstacles.

He had a half consciousness of the moment when Niniche arose in the air. He

ment when Niniche arose in the air. He experienced a sense of relief; it was fin-

ished!

He forced himself neither to hear, to see nor to breathe, but he bent his spine

as one who awaits a volley of blows from a cudgel! He fell, he bounded, he rolled! How long it was, that bounding and rolling; and then—that dull noise of a shock apon hard ground that he heard!

"I am swooning," he thought. "I am"—a cruel pain in his head recalled him. "He had broken it." Had he"— But immediately there was a second shock that shook him from head to foot—a sensation of rending and tearing throughout his body. He remembered that he had fallen upon the railroad—undoubtedly a train had passed, a train that had cut him in two All his ideas were clouded—a mist be

All his ideas were clouded—a mist be-fore his eyes—but he was peaceful and comfortable, very comfortable—he wished to remain thus always—always—he knew po more! Meanwhile he had come to himself again.

About him was a whispering of voices, as bout a coffin ... he thought, and the conclusion gave him

Suddenly he feit himself lifted—4 frightful pulling rent his vitals—atro-clous agonies harassed him, tore and racked him.

He strove to cry cut—"My —," the words strangled in his throat! For the second time he knew no morebe was dead .- From the French.

"If this is your final answer, Miss Jrobinson," the young man said, with ill concealed chagrin, as he picked up his hat and turned to go, "I can do nothing but submit. Yet, has it ever occurred to you that when a lady passes the age of 87 she is not likely to find herself as much sought after by desirable young men as she once was?"

"It occurred to me with sudden and ainful distinctness when you offere ourself just now," she replied "Goo