KNOTTS BRCS. Publishers & Proprietors.

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

TERMS FOR DAILY. TREMS FOR WEEKLY. 

THE HERALD has a splendid lot of thoroughbred poultry in apple-pie order for tomorrow-they are all Harrison birds and prime crowers. If our man find nothing more attractive, has been should be defeated our readers will find them loaned to the Journal and they will be awful sick birds-but we don't expect to loan them.

WE desire to make editorial mention of the splendid service Mr. John A. Davies has rendered the cause of republicanism in Cass county this campaign and Mr. Davies has loyally responded to every demand made upon him and has proved himself an entertaining public speaker of far more than average ability.

Mr. Dayles has a bright future before him and THE HERALD has a warm place in its heart for the young gentleman.

Tens beautiful day is Ben Harrison's day in Nebraska-anyway; and although we know our readers will not be hungry for local news THE HERALD will not desert the families of our voters where we are in the habit of making our evening calls. Politics have been the all absorbing topic for so long a time it will be a relief to be permitted to enter the larger and wider field of public affairs where the newspaper of today properly belongs. THE HERALD has endeavored to discuss the political issues of the campaign, which closes today, fairly and conscientiously; we know we have been honest in our sentiments, and we have at the same time endeavored not to make the policy of our party a hobby which would become threadbare before the campaign closed. Now it is over, and we propose to devote our energies to the advancement of Plattsmouth and the interests of Cass county. Our city paving for this year is almost completed; great improvement has been made by grading and building up defective streets and the universal comment of strangers to our city is favorable to it. Plattsmouth has now reached the point where she can alof 10,000 inhabitants and her future growth is assured. We can afford to bury the old feeling of local and sectional prejudice which has been forced on our people by the everlasting county seat contention; and, we advise our merchants and business men to discourage that unmanly sentiment in the future. We must all pull together for '89 and ere '90 has come stand as the third city in Nebraska. We must have the M. P. R. R. this next year-we will have it and we must be in shape to improve by it and take advantage of it. Hurrah for Plattsmouth and the Plattsmouthsonian of the future.

### NOVEMBER CLOTHING.

Proper clothing for November includes soft, firm woolen textures next the skin. If some of the various varieties of health wear cannot be obtained, a good substitute may be found in vests and pants made of pure flannel. Looseness of fit is essential; for in such pliable folds as these garments are forced into by pressure of outer garb, body heat is entangled as in a net and retained, while outside cold is barred entrance. My patients often say to me, "Doctor, I cannot bear wool next my skin. It causes intolerable itching and is uncomfortable." "Very well," is the answer, "but try it just for twenty four hours longer; and if you are still restless you may change." Insidthe given time, cutaneous nerves have become accustomed to the new-comer. and have welcomed him as a far better friend than the one set aside; and in a week the most delicate patient would not change back again at all.

Beside additional warmth, there is an electrical action aroused by friction of wool against human skin that promotes capillary circulation, keeps skin functions going and largely contributes to general health in that singular way which I have named for want of better term. vitalizing power. For electricity is closkin to life; how near, no one can tell .-Dr. Wm. F. Hutchinson, in The American Magazine for November.

### "Logic is Logic "

Now there was the case of our friend

He said to himself in his resolute way. That a cough which was growing from bad to worse

Must be cured, in spite of a slender purse

An ocean voyage was out of the question A Florida trip a useless suggestion: Yet die he wouldn't? His money he pair For the "Golden Medical Discovery," by Dr. Pierce made;

And as sound as a nut is his healt's to-

"Logic is logic, that's all I say."

A wave of kleptomania is passing over New York city. Every day the advertisements cry aloud for the "lady and gentleman who took a gold headed umbrella" from one of the theatres, or for "the lady who borrowed a canary, blind in one eye," from a bird shop. The dry goods stores are the scene of most of these pilferings.

"Few of them become public," said the manager of a leading house, "and we suffer few losses in the end."

fer few losses in the end." "How do you avoid them?" "To begin with, almost every real klep-

tomaniae in the city is known to us. Many of them move in the best society. We instruct our girls to keep a strict watch on them, and if they take anything from the counters, we send a bill for it to

their friends." "Why should not their friends return

the articles?"

"Sometimes they do. As a rule, however, they pay and say nothing about it." "Do you meet with any serious cases?" "I know a lady who in church is liable to purloin even the ornaments of the altar, and another who, at table, if she can seen to fill her pockets with bread

What do kleptomaniacs usually steal?" "Anything that glitters. A shining bject is always the first to draw their attention. Photographs, too, have much he same influence. We have sometimes missed an entire stock of some actor or actress, for whom there was no particuar demand, and have found it long afterands in the possession of a kleptoma-

"Is kleptomania more common at one son than another? "We generally look for it in the fall.

t is like any other form of lamacy." "Yes." said a physician, "it is a kind of macy, and a much abused kind of luneev Eplleptics are subject to it. Pera with abnormally shaped hands are abject to it. Some manines who are beand reproach in their lucid moments we the impulse to secrete their food or steal small objects in the asylum. I veread of a man who would not cat .s bis food was stelen; of a doctor o could not help stealing from his tionts; of a clergyman who delighted in claiming bits of candle, and of a man o, at the point of death, stole the small x of his confessor.' Can there be an epidemic of kieptoma-

"Certainly. If you go to an asylum a will find that one year is noted for ; jour madness, another for erhoinal has Lunaey has cycles of its own. New York Graphic.

a of the learnings. to Put was in the habit of falling of bed during the night, and his and that of it the next morning. One as askal, his father said to him: es. Pat, you fell out of bed again." Wh. no. papa," said Pat: "it was the say, i.r I wade up to see, and the pil

s call tout see," said Pat, in his most

ma her, "it was direct and I couldn't I was no or the pillow."-Didn't Know How to Write.

of Secoter-fly the way, I hear you o discharged the new reporter that

got from Eosten? Later of The American Whangdoodle of polatoes, and didn't call them bers" once. I would a let that go, but very next day he described our lead grover's recent importation of canned inters, and never said a word about inacious bivalves." I tell you them astern fellers don't know how to write good English.—New York Tribune.

"Laundered" the Correct Word.

A correspondent is informed that laundered, not "laundried," is the correct form of the past tense and past participle of the verb launder. If there were a verb "to laundry," the formation "laundried" might be proper enough. But there is no such verb. Launder holds the field as the verb, according to Webster, and must control. There is a noun launder, from which both the verb launder and the noun laun dry appear to be derived .- Baltimore Sun.

A Parent's Delightful Frankness. Stern and commercially respected and successful parent to his young son:

"My son, you are about to enter life. Remember what I say to you now. Let it be buried deep in your heart. Be honest. Cheating may pay for awhile, but in the end honesty is the best policy."
"Father, I think as you think."

(Solemnly) "Think, my boy! I know-for I have tried both."—Truth.

### 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

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 Pills; they never disappoint you. 30 pills 25c. At Warick'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 yeg:table, 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 gen-uine manuficture I only by John O. We & Co., 882 W. Madison St. Chicago, and Sold by W. J. Warrick.

BING TO ME.

Out of the allences wake me a song.
Geautiful, and, and soft and low;
Let the loveliest music sound along.
And wing each note with a wail of wos.
Dim and d. car.

As hope's hast tenr, Out of the silences wake me a hymn, Whose sounds are like shadows soft and dim.

Out of the stillness of your heart-A thousand songs are sleeping there— Wake me a song, thou child of art! The song of a hope in a last despair, Dark and low. A chant of woe,

Out of the stillness, tone by tone,

Cold as a snow flake, low as a moan.

Out of the darkness flash me a song, Brightly dark and darkly bright; Let it sweep as a lone star sweeps along Thy mystical shadows of the night. Sing it sweet, Where nothing is drear or dark or dim,

And earth song soars into heavenly hymn.

### MICKEY'S CHICKENS.

PRELUDE. How long the big pine in Lindsley's Wood had roared his basso profunds in the tempest and whispered his Iullaby in the breeze no one knew. How many days had passed since first the sun tipped his crest with gold in the morning and bathed his branches with ruddy fire in the evening had never even been suggested. How many wintry shrouds had weighed down his branches, or how many times he had shed his coat, or how often he had sighed in sympathy with the funeral knell from Mary's, or sheltered under his great swaying arms the play of little children, was not even a matter of conjecture. Little by little he had grown in stature, year by year his girth had increased until one morning it dawned upon him that he was the king of the wood. There were haughty hemlocks not far away and giant oaks, but not one of these, for symmetry of stature, could compare with the big pine. Around his great trunk in a green spiral there twisted an ivy vine, with lustrous leaves caressing the pine's rough bark until its tender feelers reached the very topmost branches lanced by the sunbeams. The dew fell upon the ivy and the pine alike and every morning the sun drank up the gleaming drops. Far below the pine ran the shining river, and behind him lay a smiling meadow. His foot was buried deep in his own brown needles, and within the shelter of his kindly shade a clump of laurel bushes grew. Hidden by the laurels lay a hollow hemlock log that had once been a stately trunk. One awful winter's night a tempest had slain the tree. PART L.

Last spring, when the lingering snow in the hollows of the wood had melted and trickled down the rocks to the Rondout creek, a staid and motherly partridge built a nest in the hollow log and deposited within its cozy environment of leaves and pine needles thirteen speckled eggs. One day, far down the dim aisles dat a ale you ery then?" asked his of the wood she heard the sound of coming footsteps. The partridge squatted closer down upon the eggs, and no eye but that of a fox could have seen the difference between her brown back and that of the rotten log. Her little heart beat hard with excitement and fear, but the palpitation failed even to stir the soft feathers under her wing. Her eyes glittered like twin beads as she peeped out of her hiding place. The big pine sang a low soothing psalm and a chipmunk stuck his head out of a hole in an oak tree near reset the darmed coyote couldn't write. his head out of a hole in an oak tree near tracel in an article about old Beasley's by. But above the sound of the psalm the footsteps were heard by the partridge coming nearer and nearer. There were shuflling sounds in the dried leaves, and at intervals the breaking of a twig

sounded sharply through the still ve d. Then from around the trunk hemlock which had tossed its g. in the sunlight for forty year: figure of a sneaking boy with a Low held in the hollow of his right conthis time the partridge was strin the nest. Her neck was outs... and every fiber in her little feathered body was tense with excitement. Nearer and nearer came the boy, his eyes roving through the wood in search of a victim for his arrow. The chipmunk ran down the oak and jumped upon the log in which the partridge was palpitating. The squirrel's curiosity overcame its fears and it stopped upon the log to catch a glimpsa of the intruder into its sylvan retreat. The twang of a bowstring cut the air

and a wooden bolt with a shingle nail in its head shot by so close that its passage stirred the fur of the squirrel. The squirrel whisked out of sight and the partridge, with a loud whir which startled the boy so that he dropped his bow gun, flew into a laurel brake near by.

PART II. The old Dominick hen wanted to sit. She had tried to satisfy her natural instinct in the wood box. When driven from this retreat by Mrs. Finn's broom she nestled in Mr. Finn's old felt hat. Here, too, she was foiled in her purpose by a pailful of cold water, which percep tibly dampened her enthusiasm and her feathers. Still she persevered in her efforts at propagation and was found late in the afternoon, after drying herself in the sun, trying to scratch a hole in the best quilt upon the parental Finn bed. To this Mrs. Finn objected with a broom and a malediction.

"Ye ould blatherskite!" said she, bringing the broom down upon the bed, for the hen wasn't there when the broom came down. "Musha, but i'll wring yer neck wid me fist whin I lay me hands on ye! Phy don't ye g' out an' play marvels wid th' gravel stones 'stead o' foolin' wid me

quilt?" The old hen wandared around the yard disconsolately. Life had no charms for her in her uneasy condition of mind. Besides, there were no eligible places in the yard in which to carry out her designs. Her miserable condition provoked the sympathy of little Mike, and he decided that she should have the pleasure of setting on a nest of eggs if he could by hear creak pressure them for her. For hook or crook procure them for her. For two days, after school hours, he searched the borders of Brown's pond for duck eggs, and was fortunate in finding two. These were stowed away in an old hat in the cellar, and the hen, with a glad cluckle of content, settled herself upon them. That afternoon he went hunting in the woods.

When the partridge flew off her nest little Mike examined the hollow log and little Mike examined the hollow log and warm found thirteen speckled eggs. Warm and smooth they felt in his palms. Folding them close against his breast to preserve the heat, he started on a run for home and dashed into the cellar. His eyes danced with self gratulation as he sait.

"Shoo, Nanny, be quiet till I giv ye some more eggs as'll hatch out wild

The hen squawked a gentle protest against being disturbed and then settled down to her work again. During the period of incubation little Mike attended

to the wants of the hen will just under Corn and meal was always right under her beak, and water in an old tomato can stood so near that she did not have to leave her nest. Every evening when he returned from school little Mike paid a visit to the hen to see how she was getting along, and each time he came he lifted the hen from the eggs to see if there was life in them. This continued for three weeks. until one evening on opening the cellar door he found two little ducklings with pieces of shell clinging to their backs peeping in the cellar. The hen was in a quandary. The partridge eggs beneath her were yet whole, and she was divided in her affection for the hatched and the unhatched. She decided, however, to continue operations on the partridge eggs, and a few days later they, too, had developed into chickens.

The whole Finn family were so tickled at the result of the Dominick hen's efforts that they could scarcely contain them-selves. Mrs. Finn insisted that the brood should be brought up out of the cellar into the kitchen. Here the little partridges hid behind the wood box in a frightened covey. They were startled by the least sound, and whisked out of sight at the raising of a finger.

"Faix," said Mr. Finn, as he gazed upon the bunches of brown feathers darting hither and thither over she floor, "thim wild chickens bates the Dootch for quickness. Begorra, but they're fly. Musha, but they hav' no tails!'

"Don't freeken yersel'," said his wife, "they'll hav foine tails gin six wakes." Mickey was so tickled with his new charge that he hated to go to school. One day he put two of the partridges in his trousers pocket, and took them with him. They got out of his desk when he was called up to the spelling class, and created great excitement in the school. All the children left their seats and confusion prevailed until the wild chickens had flown out of the open window.

PART IV. And so the summer faded away into the autumn. And O stores chill breath began to kill the leader Lindsley's Wood. By this time the a had become strong of wing, and follow leg their native instincts made short excursions into the fields near by. Mrs. Finn was in a state of constant fear lest they should not come back, but every evening when the pan of cornmeal was set out in the back yard the partridges and the ducks were

there feeding amicably together.
Thursday, Oct. 4, had been set apart as a day of feasting. Mrs. Finn had decided to kill six of the partridges on the previous evening, and Mr. Cronin, the ac-cordion player, Mrs. Doolan and her boy Jack, Mike Murphy and his wife, who who had never eaten the toothsome wild chicken, and Mike Welsh and the sharer of his joys and sorrows, had been invited to attend. It was decided after a long consultation between Mrs. O'Brien and Mrs. Finn that the wild chickens should be served up in a pot pie with appropriate accompaniments of sliced potatoes, sweet marjory, thyme, onions, carrots and other herb and vegetable delicacies. FINALE.

It was the twilight hour in the Finn back yard, when the frogs were beginning to creak and the whippoorwill over the hill was piping his lay. Shadows of the evening were stealing across the sky. Paler and paler grew the clouds, and over against the horizon the outlines of Lindsley's wood were fading against the cast ern sky. Mrs. Finn and her boy wer sitting on the doorstep watching the partridges eat their evening meal and lead to begin the slaughter of the innoc for the morrow's potpie, when across the meadows intervening between the shanty and the wood there came a curious muf-

"Fhwat is that?" said Mrs. Finn. "It's mesel' doesn't know," replied

Again the sound came over the wide reaches of meadow land. It attracted the attention of the partridges. They lifted their heads from the pan of corn meal and clustered together. The sound was like soft beating on a muffled drum. There was a sudden movement among the partridges, then as one bird they rose into the air with a whir which startled Mickey and his mother to their feet. Huddled close together in a bunch, which could have been covered by a quilt, the part ridges flew. There was a fleeting glimpse of brown feathers, a rush of beating wings and the shadows of the wood closed

over the fleeing birds. Mickey looked at his mother in wild eyed astonishment. Then he managed to

"M-m-mother, the ould chicken called the little wans, an' they've gone home!"
-Ernest Jarrold in New York Evening

### A Fortune in Titles,

Speaking of titles, I encountered the other day a man who has copyrighted the names of twenty-eight plays—or rather, twenty-eight names for plays—and has never written one. He is a journalist of literary aspirations and with an especial leaning toward the stage. Whenever a good title occurs to him he immediately takes out a copyright on it. He has had opportunities of selling one or two of his titles for round sums, but he has thus far steadily refused. He is considering, however, an offer of several hundred dollars for one of his twenty-eight titles from a manager who wants it for one of those hodge podges of specialties which now occupy the stage so largely .- Book Buyer.

When the Coldest Day Comes.

The coldest day will fall between Jan. 20 and 30, according to Gen. Greely's prediction. According to his explanation the coldest day does not occur at the winter solstice, but somewhat later, since the greatest cold must be experienced at that time of the year when the amount of heat received from the sun becomes equal to that lost by nocturnal radiation. might be expected, the coldest day falls earlier in the southern part of the country than in the northern.—Chicago Herald.

A Needed Impetus.

Sick Lady (to Bridget, with cards)— Didn't I instruct you to say, Bridget, to any one that called that I was too ill to

Bridget—Yis, but shure, mum, I forgot hit intirely, an', oh, mum, they do have such beautiful fall suits on. Sick Ledy (rousing herself)—You may say to the ladies, Bridget, that I will be down at once.—New York Sun.

Better Way of Putting It.

A colored brother recently, in contradicting what another colored brother had stated, said: "Brother Moderator, that is a matter of wrongfulness of statement."

An original way of putting it, truly. Instead of declaring that any given declaration is false let us hereafter say it is "a matter of wrongfulness of statement." We thank the colored brother for the ex-pression.-Louisville Recorder.

# WATERISCOMING

19 ON'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

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