

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

KNOTTS BROS., Publishers & Proprietors.

THE PLATTSMOUTH HERALD Is published every evening except Sunday and Weekly every Thursday morning.

TERMS FOR DAILY. One copy one year in advance, by mail, \$6.00 One copy per month, by carrier, .50 One copy per week, by carrier, .15

HARRISON and Morton and protection to American industries—Shake.

It is all our way; our birds are kept at home; upon a sober second thought we concluded we needed them in our business, they are all crowing and between crows they feel mighty proud.

The callow editor of the Omaha World after setting the whole tariff question—all itself—in favor of the solid south, will now take his position in the back wood-shed and ponder over how he allowed himself to be mistaken on how the cat would jump.

The working man was heard from; the fisherman had an observation to make; the old soldier was there; the manufacturer took a little turn himself at the job and in fact Bro. Jonathan concluded he had some interest in the matter as well as Johnny Bull.

The dispatches seem to point to the unmistakable election of Harrison and Morton. THE HERALD predicted as much and we are not mistaken. So far we feel too happy to crow over our good democratic neighbors who differed with us, as to the national ticket. We feel for you, friends and brethren, but we don't see, just now, how we can assist you any.

It was a cold day for Messrs. Cleveland, Carlisle, Mills and the confederacy generally. You were in too great a hurry gentlemen to re-establish and rehabilitate the old south. You could not let well enough alone. We were not quite ready for the payment of the southern confederacy's obligations to Great Britain in the shape of free trade.

Will You Read This for \$500!

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarra Remedy, who are abundantly responsible financially, as any one can easily ascertain by inquiry, have offered, in good faith, a standing reward of \$500 for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad or how long standing, which they cannot cure. The remedy is sold by druggists at 50 cents.

Seltzer Spring of Great Depth.

A company has purchased the seltzer spring at Saratoga, and has begun experiments for the purpose of liberating and storing in liquid form, the carbonic acid gas which it abounds. Professor Oscar Dettle, a German expert, has charge of the work, and has sounded the spring to a depth of 2,300 feet without touching bottom or encountering any obstacle. This strengthens the belief in the existence of a great subterranean sea which many scientific men think underlies Saratoga; and the company who are sounding the seltzer spring hope to solve the question one way or another before long.—Frank Leslie's.

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 no 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.

A Safe Business.

"Do you ever bet on the races, stranger?" he asked, as the boat approached Bay Ridge. "I used to, but it cost me too much money." "You are a business man, I suppose?" "Yes, sir; I sell 'tips.' I can give you a sure ten to one winner, today—only twenty-five cents."—Time.

Had Never Seen It.

City Poet—What a very queer looking fellow weed that is! Young Lady—Yellow weed! Goodness me! This is the beautiful "golden rod" that you raved about in your last poem.—Time.

A French electrician claims that he will soon be able to produce a thunder storm wherever and whenever it is desired.

Modern society seems to be made up of two great classes—the snubbers and the snubbed.—New York World.

The lack observatory—the postage stamp window.—New York Dispatch.

MORPHINE IN PARIS.

The Abuse of Anesthetics by Society Ladies. Unfortunate Consequences.

The practice of employing subcutaneous injections of morphia as one of the many forms of opium poisoning, has become a formidable social evil in the latter part of this century, which has so much upon its conscience. It is one of the vices which science has taught, and of which the list is certainly not exhausted. The vulgarization of anesthetics justifies as much alarm for the future of the race as the vulgarization of chemical science in the preparation of explosives does for the future of our public buildings.

The abuse of anesthetics, although not confined to women, is a vice which they have seized upon—at all events, in this part of the world—as though it were specially intended for them. There is something in the nature of woman which makes her liable to respond to the fascinating power of these drugs with fatal readiness, and which breaks her will to resist their spell when it has once obtained a hold on her. What this something is, others may perhaps explain. The Prazel needle has been the death of many a woman in France. The vice is one almost wholly confined to polite society. Lack of stamina and high nervous development so characteristic of the ladies who move—who are always on the move—in the upper circles of Paris life are the conditions which almost invariably lead to it. Women so organized, and who lead such lives, are typical subjects of neuralgia in all its forms, from toothache to those intercostal pains which make many people believe they have heart disease.

The woman who lives for society—I do not mean who sacrifices herself for society in a noble sense—looks upon pleasure as her right, and fiercely resents pain when it comes. She will take it as a warning to change her habits, but insists on having it quelled immediately by her doctor so that her plans may not be upset. The doctor can do it—doctors can do wonderful things nowadays—although in conquering disease they are not much more advanced than they were 2,000 years ago. Physic has triumphed over pain, but death still triumphs over physic. The little figure in the arm sends away the raging neuralgia as if by magic, and what is more wonderful, instead of the pain it gives a delightful sensation of perfect vitality—a happy mind in a healthy body. What a pity that the sensation does not last very long! It may, however, be renewed by having recourse to the little needle and by gradually increasing the dose of morphia as the body grows accustomed to the poison.

The unfortunate consequences of this habit in some notable cases—the death, for instance, of the Duchesse de Chaulnes a few years ago—produced a wholesome fear of morphia, and although this fear did not cure those who were already fascinated by the eyes of the seductive fiend, it kept many from following their example. Moreover, another pain killer came into fashion; it was young, and consequently had no bad reputation. This was salicylic acid, whose praises Dr. Camille See has sounded in the Academy of Medicine. Already some disquieting reports are abroad respecting the effect of this drug upon those who have habitual recourse to it, and who have come to look upon it as absolutely necessary to their existence. We shall probably hear more about it soon.—Paris Cor. Boston Transcript.

Attempt to Banish French.

Cook book French has been ordered out of the royal presence by William II of Germany, and apparently has taken the place of merit as a general name of a bill of fare. It remains to be seen whether this order will be followed through all Germany, even to changing the name of the standard cook book of the country, "Das Menu," constantly consulted, according to a French writer, by the Grætiens with blonde braids, between their reading of books and their playing of a Beethoven waltz. The same writer predicts that he attempt to banish French from the nomenclature of viands will be as complete a failure as was that of Bismarck to substitute German for French in diplomatic correspondence.

Once upon a time, so the story goes, the chancellor wrote a letter to his official brother at St. Petersburg in German. Prince Gortschakoff thereupon sent a reply in the purest Muscovite. That ended Bismarck's efforts at reform. But perhaps the German emperor's objections to names of French terminology on his bills of fare are based on the wretchedness of the French, unless German cooks are better taught in French orthography than are the waiters of steppans and ladies in American hotel kitchens.—Boston Transcript.

Newspaper Editing Extraordinary.

During the state fair at Elmira many visitors from "way back" wended their way into the newspaper printing offices. A very verdant specimen strolled into the engine room and said to the engineer: "Be you the editor?" "No," responded that official; "you'll find the editor in the next room." The stranger went as directed by the joking engineer and accosted the foreman of the press room with: "You be the editor, be you?" "Yes," said the printer of papers, who understood the joke. "How long afore you're goin' to edit some papers?" said the stranger. "Right now; look out!" answered the pressman, pushing the lever and starting the lightning perfecting press at the same time. As the machine went to work turning out the papers so rapidly that it made the old man dizzy, he put his hands on his knees, stuck out his elbows, opened wide his potato trap, and yelled to his son, who stood in a distant part of the room: "Great Scott, John, come over here and see this man edit papers!" The suppressed laughter among the press room hands got vent after the old fellow retired, and fairly shook the building.—Elmira Telegram.

Faculty of Disappearing.

The papers say that "wine is disappearing from the table." Mrs. Haische, who keeps a boarding house, says she has noticed the same peculiarity in bread, butter, beef, potatoes, and other eatables.—Norristown Herald.

Might Have Been Worse.

That story from Wichita, Kan., about an eagle flying away with a child was very sad, but it could have been sadder. Suppose the eagle had returned and carried off the lar that invented it.—Detroit Free Press.

On November First! JOE The One-Price Clothier

—WILL PLACE— A JAR OF BEANS In one of his windows. Everybody can guess and need not buy a cent's worth. The one guessing the nearest to how many Beans the jar contains, by Jan. 1st, shall receive

A \$20 SUIT OF CLOTHES! —The second nearest—

A Clear Beaver Hat! —And the Third Nearest—

A FINE LEATHER CLUB SATCHEL! The Jar will be filled and sealed up by two responsible parties on November 1st, and counted by three responsible parties at a Public Hall, on January 1st, 1894, in Plattsmouth. If a lady should be the first nearest guesser she will receive

A Twenty - Dollar Trunk. —The Second Nearest—

A Fine Silk Muffler! —The Third Nearest—

A FINE SILK HANDKERCHIEF! Bring your guesses with name in a sealed envelope. One guess to each person.

JOE

Lookout for large hand bills giving you a program before going to fill the Jar and count the Beans. The Program will be very interesting.

JOE The One-Price Clothing Hussler

And Leader of Low Prices.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY. J. H. EMMONS, M. D. Physician & Surgeon. ATTORNEY. S. P. THOMAS. ATTORNEY. A. N. SULLIVAN. BARBER SHOP AND HAIR LOOM. BOOKSELLER, ETC. CLOTHING. DRUGS. DENTIST. GROCERIES. GENTS FURNISHING GOODS. HARDWARE. MERCHANT TAILOR. MILLINERY. THE DAILY HERALD delivered for 15cts. per week. \$500 Reward.

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. 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 Scaques, Etc., Etc. Other Branches, such as

Flannels, Dress Goods Winter Goods 15 Per Cent Discount On All Woollen Underwear. A Call Will Convince You. J. V. Weckbach.