

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

KNOTT'S BROS., Publishers & Proprietors.

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

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DEMOCRATS have surrendered the idea of controlling the house, so justice will prevail and Dakota will be admitted.

HARRISON'S plurality in Pennsylvania reaches the modest figure of 79,570, while in Kansas, our sister state on the south, his plurality is nearly 83,000.

Six weeks more, and hanging will be a lost art in New York. The law that says the condemned murderer shall be struck by lightning will go into effect...

SOME of the democrat papers are claiming that Cleveland leads Harrison on the popular vote. We inform them that they are undoubtedly mistaken...

THE official returns of the state of New York are in and they show that Harrison's plurality is 13,399 and Hill's 18,823 votes ahead of Miller, and Hill 12,692 ahead of Cleveland...

CONCERNING THE COLORED PEOPLE.

Bishop Arnett, of the African Methodist church in South Carolina, takes a very sensible view of the relation of the recent republican victory to the interest of the colored population of the country...

Over twenty years have passed since slavery was abolished, and the freedmen have had all that time in which to adapt themselves to the new order of things...

IN MEMORY.

In memory Of all the noble deeds we meant to do, While our young life throbb'd like a triumph song...

In memory Of sweet pale buds that never came to flower, Of wild flowers trodden down by careless feet...

In memory Of all things beautiful our eyes have missed; Moonlight on summer seas, the sunset's glow, The first pink flush when dawn the mountains kissed...

In memory Of Love that left an ever present pain, Of dear, dead folded hands, and sweet closed eyes— Remembering Love will give them back again In paradise! —Violet M. King in Murray's Magazine.

TRUE TO THE CORE.

"It's just that, Aunt Hannah," said Jim Devitt, throwing back his brown velvet coat, stretching his gay plaid trousers, and snapping his fingers at a fat white bull dog with the solemn countenance of its kind...

"Took odds agin the favorit," said Jim Devitt, "that, though I don't understand it, means, I know, something disrespectful; but you has the kindest heart in the world..."

"You're always game," laughed Mr. Devitt. "Next time tell the old lady I'm something of a sport; let her figger it out. Mebbe she don't know that game ock of mine killed her fine Plymouth look the last time I was here..."

"I'm goin' to a trystin' place," muttered Mr. Devitt, as he went along. What the duse is a trysting place. She alls it that; she's the derndest..."

"Don't you know no better than to tick a bull dog on an old sheep like that?" he said, severely. "Fittin' is my dog's business; look at them scars on 'im," and forthwith he reeled off a long list of Bruiser's battles, lost and won...

"You are very kind," sighed Enid; and the matter was dropped, all parties endeavoring to see this one redeeming trait in the man in oil.

was a messenger boy, on his way to do errands; but now his literary taste ran to sporting journals, and poetry was an unknown field to him. He liked Hetty, sympathized with her sorrows, offered to knock out the future millionaire who would crush out her young heart at any time she sent him word...

At Enid he looked with awe and wonder, she could quote so much poetry, had read so many novels, and was so strangely innocent and unworldly, and made him out such a hero. In fact she was such a good listener that he stretched the truth now and then to interest her.

By those lids whose jetty fringe Kiss their soft cheeks' blooming fringe; By those eyes that gleam like the stars of heaven, and that's all the good looks you have got," Hetty would add truthfully.

He asked the small, solemn faced boy who brought the note, and got all the direful story, and gave him a return for that was taken as part of the price of secrecy. To the tower went Mr. Devitt at midnight, after falling over a wheelbarrow and stumbling through a vegetable garden...

She gave a little cry of joy, her terror had been so extreme, and he was so good to come. He looked so beautiful in the moonlight, his handsome eyes, under their long lashes, upraised to her, his black mustache veiling the lips that sang so sweetly...

"It's a shame, that old hag," he wrote back. "Do you mean run away and get married?" "Y—es," came down on the string. Then further correspondence ensued, hints of a servant who could be bribed with a pearl ring, Enid did not care about all that; she was in the door...

"It's no go, Jim. You are a poor, worthless devil, and she will be rich some day. It would be worse than cheating an honest man at an honest game. If she wasn't rich—well, even then, what kind a name have you got to give me, and what sort of a home to offer? She don't know no more of the world and what gittin' married means than a 4-year-old child. Calls me Geraint, by josh. Chuck full of poetry, but not a mite of huss sense. Poor little girl, and I love her. That sweet seriousness of hers breaks me up. Wants to run off with me, and I never even kissed her—wouldn't for the world. Be square, Jim; save her from herself. No one will ever know how hard it is, and then she'll hate me. She will wait for me, and then hate me."

He got up with a groan and went on with bowed head and weary eyes. Suddenly he turned and went back to the manor. Poor, frightened child, he saw her at the window, her face hidden on her outstretched arms, her fair hair veiling her childish grief. He dared not see her again. He saw shadow of the old clink he sang for the last time the song she loved. She listened with beating heart and happy eyes, and that sense of companionship so dear in her loneliness; and his voice faltered once or twice, that was all.

He went away at daybreak, looking haggard and worn, and the old town by the Hudson saw him no more. Frustrated, left behind, became the charge and terror of good Aunt Hannah's life. A trembling girl stole out the old manor that night, and it was raining hard, too, and wet and weary, waited—waited so long by the gate; but he did not come—Patience Stapleton in Once a Week.

A Woman of Pompeii.

Most likely the household affairs of a Pompeian lady were confined to the superintendence of her women in the spinning room, or of the attendants of the children of the house. Some lady land owners may have had to transact business with their stewards, but beyond this they had plenty of time for visiting the baths and theatres, or worshipping in the temples. The old state religion had, at that time, lost its hold on the public mind, but the worship of the Egyptian gods had much attraction for the women, and the time spent at the Temple of Isis was so exaggerated by them that resort to the latter was once forbidden by edict. The Roman baths, with all their details, have been so often described that we will not touch on them at length. Suffice it to say that our Pompeian lady had ample opportunity of enjoying their delights and gossiping the hours away at the splendid establishments in Pompeii, which often served as a place of appointment to meet friends or lovers, where intrigues could be carried on or the topics of the day be freely discussed. Borne thither in her litter, or proceeding on foot, accompanied by her slaves, our Pompeian lady spent hours in the women's part of the establishment, whence she could either depart by a side door as privately as she came, or mix in the crowd in the courts.—Woman's World.

Citizen Train's Astonishing Discovery. One reason why world is so upside down is from the astounding error in "Cosmos Chronology." If Jan. 1 Anno Domini was first day of First century, end of twelfth month, Dec. 31, at midnight, ended first hundred years. If correct, Jan. 1, 1800, was first day of Eighteenth century, and yet for eighty-eight years we have been calling it Nineteenth century, when that does not begin till Jan. 1, 1900.—George Francis Train in New York World.

A Reward of \$500.

Is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. The mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties of this remedy are irresistible. 50 cents, by druggists.

Send your job work to the HERALD office.

What Am I to Do?

The symptoms of biliousness are unhappy 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 events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and diarrhea or constipation may be a symptom of 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.

Our objection to the foolhardy man is not that he is a fool, but that he is hardy. He never seems to die.—Harper's Bazar.

\$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. West & Co., 802 W. Madison St. Chicago, and Sold by W. J. Warrick.

Preaching a Trial Sermon.

A young minister on probation took for his subject the "Prodigal Son." His auditory, select and secure, were unmoved by his eloquence for half an hour. He would now touch them with his fine fancies; he would appeal to their tenderest feelings. "My dear friends (with a sigh), the fatted calf! Noticed not one of Pharaoh's lean and ill favored kine; not one of five yoke of oxen—great ugly beasts; but a sweetly, pretty, gentle, amiable fatted calf. No doubt," added the speaker, with deepening pathos, "it had been the children's dear little pet for years!"—Boston True Flag.

The standard remedy for liver complaint is West's Liver Pills; they never disappoint you. 20 pills 25c. At Warrick's drug store.



THE LADIES' FAVORITE. NEVER OUT OF ORDER. If you desire to purchase a sewing machine, ask our agent at your place for terms and prices. If you cannot find our agent, write direct to nearest address to you below named. NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. CHICAGO - 20 UNION SQUARE N.Y. - DALLAS - ST. LOUIS, MO. - ATLANTA, GA. - SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. J. M. MUIR, Plattsmouth, Neb.

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, Trecoils, etc.

EVERYTHING in Blankets, Flannels, Bed Comforts, Hosiers, 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.

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Special Sale commencing November 12th, continuing one week,

Cloaks and Ladies' Wraps

Plush Cloaks and Children's Wear, Price 20 per cent less the price offered anywhere in the city. Examination will prove statement.

PLUSH WRAPS

We have an immense line and will discount same 25 per cent, as they must be sold before the end of the season. Our PLUSH SEORP WRAPS are elegant fitting garments. We sell them at \$14.50, worth all of \$20.00.



PLUSH WRAPS

\$20 Plush Cloaks we sell for \$20 sell elsewhere at \$27. \$25 Plush Cloaks we sell for \$25 sell elsewhere at \$35. \$40 Plush Cloaks we sell for \$40 sell elsewhere at \$50. \$45 Plush Cloaks we sell for \$45 sell elsewhere at \$60.

A Full Line of Walking Jackets sold at the lowest prices.

Comfortables and Blankets

A Fine Selected Line of from \$1.00 up to \$9.00 a pair. We have the finest 15 cent Batting in the city.

UNDERWEAR

In Natural Wool, White Colors, Scarlet Stripes, Prices lower than any house in the city, as we are over-stocked with these goods.

CALL AND SATISFY YOURSELVES.

Yours Respectfully,

J. V. Weckbach.