

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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The last heard of daddy Thurman, he was sitting on the sunny side of the house trying to solve the problem: Whether after all, the tariff really is a tax?

The noble mugwump is out of business these days. He will survive, however. He lost Grover and he lost Hewitt, but he saved Dan Hill. He may be thankful that he is no more.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is coming home. That contemptible toady can now assist his sister mugwumps in soothing the last moments of their "greatest American production."

The democracy of the country are hinting around that Grover Cleveland is to again startle the country with an original message. Wonder if he won't call on Messrs. Barnum and Bryce to know what in thunder has become of the surplus the democratic national committee has not got?

The evictions in Iowa on the Des Moines river is steadily going on, but Governor Larrabee does not propose to allow federal officers who are evicting the unfortunate settlers on the Des Moines river land company's lands to overstep the bounds of their authority.

ALLISON IN THE CABINET.

If the great and growing west is to have recognition in the cabinet councils of the administration of President-elect Harrison, no man can present a higher claim to such honor than William B. Allison, of Iowa.

Mr. Allison's experience as chairman of the appropriation committee of the senate would be invaluable to the country if he were placed at the head of the treasury department. His sound, conservative views would inspire and assure confidence in the management of the national finances without arousing the suspicion that the treasury is being managed solely in the interest of Wall street.

THE "BOODLE" SILLINESS.

The democratic papers during the past three or four weeks have provoked considerable laughter throughout the country by their assertions that their party was beaten in the canvass by the use of money distributed by the republican managers.

The absurdity of the charge that boodle carried the election for the republicans becomes particularly apparent when the fact is borne in mind that most of the foodlers were on the side of the democrats.

porters of Cleveland, and all made liberal contributions to the democratic campaign fund. The president, the cabinet and the heads of the executive bureaus also "chipped in" handsomely.

There's a blessing in the bottle on whose label we can read Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the woman who has need Of a remedy for troubles none but women ever know.

A newly established paper in New Jersey is called the Tongue. It is probably edited by a woman.

\$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.

Men are but the whiskers on the chesnut known as life.

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.

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.

Few people understand what constitutes a blonde. Every lady with light hair is not a blonde.

People are wont to boast of the enlightenment of this age and laugh at the superstitions of their forefathers.

Superstition Rife Today.

People are wont to boast of the enlightenment of this age and laugh at the superstitions of their forefathers. But it is quite safe to say that superstition is as rife today as it ever was.

The Mother in China.

In motherhood alone does the Chinese woman find protection and honor. Yet even here Chinese customs and laws are peculiar, and even grotesque.

The Editor's Responsibility.

The editor, of course, may be a fallible and unilluminated being, greatly in need of having his literary standards revised by those who would bestow on him their inspirations.

The Hawaiians Disappearing.

The native Hawaiians are said to be disappearing very rapidly, and it will not be long before the race is extinct.

SLANDER.

This way to kill this cruel monster. "To me has been made known— Don't kick it to your neighbor's door But let it die—"

BOB'S DEBT.

He was only the newsboy and candy outcher of the train. All day long and half the night you might have seen his "he-ays yo' ripe lammama, he-ays yo' fresh candy an' chowin' gum, prize in every package."

But no one noticed either him or his clothes. He was such a waif in the great sea of travel, such a bubble on the stream of life, he was swept onward without a thought.

It was quite true that far away in a cabin in the pine woods of Mississippi there was an old family Bible where his name was written down in big, sprawling letters as Robert Edmund Lee Smith.

At first, when, as he said afterward, "he was so green he had to keep dodging the cows to keep from being eaten up," he tried to set it right with the big, jolting public about his name.

You see he was of the least possible importance in the world. He came and went on his dreary rounds with fruit or candy or papers or books, sometimes cursed by an impatient traveler.

It was a hard life, and at night when he curled himself upon his little chest of wares in the corner of the baggage car, while the men swore at the heavy, creaking and excess of baggage.

"Poor Mansey," said Bob with a ting above the unwieldy form. "Some time when I'm a man—he set his teeth hard together—'sometime I'm a-goin' to fix her up like a vestibule palace car.'"

Perhaps Bob was thinking rather more than usual about home, because the colonel was on board the train. He had laid his hand on Bob's shoulder and called him "my boy" in tones that went to the lonely little heart.

"You should have known his father, sir. Finest soldier I ever saw. Went into the war, by gosh, sir, without even a gun. Said: 'If there's any fighting and they need me, there'll be guns enough and to spare.'"

When the colonel spoke of brave men Bob might have told a story he had heard repeated often enough around the hearthstone of the little cabin.

and it may have been that in Bob's mind the idea of his duty in life was a good deal more what he owed the colonel than what was due any higher power.

After a while, curled up on his comfortable box in the baggage car, the lad slept. The night deepened and darkened, the lights in the little towns, as the "cannon ball" flashed through them, became fewer and fewer.

All of a sudden, coming swift and sharp as death, was the shock of a great crash, the sound of shivering timbers, the shriek of the engine like a live thing in mortal agony.

"My God!" cried a man, "the wreck's on fire, and there's still another man in there. He must be stunned."

In a minute they had broken the window and Bob let himself down into the overturned car. Already the flames were curling along the beautiful wood-work, and by their light he could see the colonel's still white face.

Afterwards—long afterwards—they told him that he reeled and would have fallen just as the side of the car fell in crushing his arm.

It was night in the little cabin in the pine woods. The old woman took down the old Bible and spelled out syllable by syllable the beautiful story of the widow of Naim.

"It was what you did for his father," she cried, and then, misquoting the Scriptures, perhaps because she read by faith and not by knowledge, she said half under her breath.

"I'm much obliged to you, colonel," he said, when his old friend would have aided him, "but I'm going to make a man of myself in spite of this," touching the empty sleeve.

So looking very white and thin, and with the old uniform looking a little shabbier than ever, he went back to the old life and the old work.

Where is he now? God knows. Who keeps track of the bubbles that rise and break on the great current of life?

An Injustice to Journalists. These outside workers, by the way, are the ones who suffer most from the restriction placed on the signing of articles.

Professor Cook, of the Michigan Agricultural college, says: "I tried bisulphide of carbon, and with marked success. To use this we have to find the ant hills or mounds which harbor the ants.

Destroying Ants. Professor Cook, of the Michigan Agricultural college, says: "I tried bisulphide of carbon, and with marked success.

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PLUSH WRAPS

\$20 Plush Cloaks we sell for \$20 elsewhere at \$27.

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J. V. Weckbach.