Pla Peace! But There Was no Peace.

The editors of our dailies—THE HERALD, News and Journal, respectively—were brought to their wits' end last evening in trying to get locals at the depot. THE HERALD man made the first break, to be plain about it, by approaching a young couple while standing on the east platform, presumably watching a number of boys skating on the ice.

They were both handsome beyond a question. The gentleman was tall and broad-shouldered, light blue eyes and a small-light moustache, and the lady was above the medium height, gracefully formed, dressed in brown, with a cloak to match, fine features, and a merry twinkle in her eye which plainly told THE HERALD man: "You mus'n't meddle here.' When permission was asked of the gentleman to make mention of their visit to the city during the day, as it had been neglected in the morning when they came in on the K. C., the lady quickly replied: "You wouldn't care to give us public mention?" But on being assured that such was really our desire, the gentleman interrupted by saying: "Nothing had better be said until we are away." This naturally created some suspicion in the mind of one having once experienced a similar embarrassment, as we shall presume. The conversation naturally drifted to the impropriety of newspaper notoriety and its consequent unpleasantries. All available powers of persuasion being useless, the writer strolled into the depot, where the News man was found wandering from one window to another, now into the ladies' waiting room, then back again, evidently wondering where the deuce to find some news for his charming little sheet. When we disclosed the fact to him that there was a couple on the platform whose names, residence, occupation and future intentions we desired to know, he brightened up and put on a smile.

"But," says he, "you are putting up a job on me."

"No."

"Yes, you are."

But on being assured that our intentions were good, faithful and true he bravely overcame that defect of character of which the News of last evening made meation, and sought the couple in question. But his heart would not beat with its wonted freedom until he was at a safe distance. This left matters in a very unsatisfactory state and the two defeated editors eagerly paced up and down the long platform, wondering what to do, when the Journal editor—Junior—came upon the scene and with his usual dignity and self-possession he accosted us with an abbreviated 'Hello!" We said "Hello!" By this time the K.C. train was nearing the depot and everybody was hurrying to and fro, most of the people in the direction of the train, among whom were the objects of our anxiety.

"Say!"

"Well!"

"Who are those young people just now getting on the train there?"

"Don't know, but I'll go and see."

And at that he disappeared in the crowd and was next seen mounting the steps of the coach. We felt a sense of relief now, as we were quite confident such an experienced interrogator would get the much sought information. By and by we discovered him on the opposite side of the train, making a bee line for his office, and when we hailed him he simply replied that they "wouldn't say a d——d word." However, acting on the theory that persistency will conquer, we engaged the services of a special reporter who accompanied the couple to their destination. On his return we may give further particulars—perhaps in our next issue. In the meantime we are sincerely waiting.

BENNETT & TUTT

Have all kinds of dried fruits, Apple butter, home made Sorghum molasses, pearl and Snow flake hominy, Crystal rice, canned fruits and vegetables. Canned meats and fish, everything else kept by a first class grocery.

Seriously Hurt.

The sad intelligence has been conveyed to this office that David Lyson, a farmer living near Elmwood, was seriously injured yesterday, by the fall of a horse upon him. We have been unable to learn the exact extent of his injuries, but it is certain his lower limbs have been crushed and he is probably internally injured.

A telegram in the Bee this morning from Hasting, states that the actor McEnery, a notice of whose arrest was given in yesterday's HERALD, was fined $10, whereupon Wesson, the man whom McEnery proposed to kill, walked up squared the account, kissed his would be antagonist and the "Fireman's Ward" theatre troupe went on its way rejoicing.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Knotts depart this evening for Weeping Water where they will spend Thanksgiving with friends.

THE HERALD will not be issued to-morrow, as the entire force from quill-pusher down to the devil, will take a holiday. We confess, we are presuming coniderably upon the vitality of our readers to assume that they can prosper one day without the regular visit of THE HERALD, but trusting to the protecting care of providence and invoking the aid of the fat turkey we shall try the experiment.

The oldest and most familiar family entertainment, by the oldest and best known company at the opera house next Tuesday night. We refer to the original Mason & Morgan company who have for twenty-one years played their original version of Mrs. Stowe's great story so closely connected with our nation history: Uncle Tom's Cabin. The company is composed of actors and the special scenery they carry is finer than has ever been put upon a Plattsmouth stage.

Oysters,
Celery,
Cranberries,
Mince Meat,
Sweet Cider,
Nuts,
Figs
Raisins,

and many other nice things for your Thanksgiving dinner can be had at BENNETT & TUTT'S.

Some of the most startling, interesting discoveries of the life and customs of buried Egypt are now being made through extensive excavations. These discoveries are exciting a great interest. Many discoveries are, however, being made in our country that are remarkable, among which we may mention that of Haller's Pain Paralyzer which effects entire relief, and in many cases a complete cure of that terrible disease rheumatism, and which also relieves pain of all kinds. For sale by all druggists.

THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

Over the Ocean of Being,
Till the wind fails,
Fast on their venturous voyage
Speed the white sails!

But from the ships that have foundered,
Laboring slow,
Hardly abreast of the billows,
The rough rafts go.

Thereon the stranded from shipwreck
Painfully lie,
Lead seems the water around them
Brazen the sky.

Cruel the ships that in safety
Steadfastly speed,
Cruelest souls that aboard them
Reck not nor heed.

Nay! for across the wan water
No appeal falls!
Nay! for the tiniest signals
Stay the white sails!

Some from the ship will come speeding
Eager to save,
Heirs to one glory of living,
Heirs to one grave.

But if the bearers of succor
Find not the track?
If to the hall of the helpers
Nothing come back?

What if the wash of the waters
Drown the heart throb?
If the wild winds in their courses
Stifle the sob?

Say, shall the true hearts of comrades
Vainly be stirred?
Thou who so sorrowest, answer!
Some one has heard!

—L. M. Little in Academy.

The Sacred Books of Ceylon.

There are three books regarded as sacred by Buddhists of Ceylon. The first, called the Mahavanso, is the most higialy venerated. It has been very carefully handed down from generation to generation, the most ancient copies not varying in the least from those of modern date. The Mahavanso contains "The Doctrine, Race and Lineage of Buddha," besides the authentic annals of Ceylonese Buddhism.

Next to the Mahavanso in point of veneration is the "Learned Priest's" history of Buddha, called the Rajaratnacari. This book also contains extracts from other antique works, besides a record of the erection of the various temples and shrines of the island and a history of the kings from the year 540 B. C. The third of the Ceylonese sacred books is called the Rojaval, or "Light Giver;" it is simply a modern supplement of the other two and brings the records down to date. The main portion is given up to recording events in Ceylonese history since the advent of the the Dutch, especial attention being given to that portion of the work which tells of the expulsion of the Portuguese. —St. Louis Republic.

Silk Weaving by Electricity.

An interesting trial has been made in Germany with silk weavers' looms worked by electricity. By a cable of 100 feet in length, a one horse power electric shunt motor, with 100 volts and four amperes, was put in motion, and the transmission for the weavers' looms was restricted by a communicator to seventy-two revolutions. Two weavers' looms were put in motion, the result being that the working by electricity was more satisfactory than that by means of caloric engines or gas motors, and the swinging masses, otherwise necessary for the working on a small scale, can be dispensed with. The German papers think the results named show that house industry could easily be made to flourish by the transmission of electric power, and this all the more as electricity can be transmitted equally well under any temperature.—New York Telegram.

The revival of the popularity of brass work has created a new industry and set thousands of men at work making beautiful brass goods for domestic utensils, fancy goods and ornamental work.

And This in Boston.

It was autumn. He was a Boston book agent. The front door bell rang. The kitchen girl answered the peal.

"Good morning, ma'am."

"Humph!"

"Is the lady of the house in?"

"She is."

"Can I see her?"

"You can."

Both stand in motionless silence expectantly.

"You said I could see the lady of the house?"

"I did."

"Well, why don't I see the lady of the house then?"

"You see her."

Girl looks down frigidly.

Agent looks up paralyzed.

"Then I would like to see the personage who owns the property."

"At Lenox."

"Then I want to see the man, woman or child, lady, gentleman, dowager, old maid, bachelor or heir at law who rents this property from the Lenox owner."

"Oh, you want to see the woman that assists me with the work! Why didn't you say so in the first place? This vulgar carelessness of the use of the word 'lady' is very aggravating."

"Yes. I expect so—is she in?"

"No."

"When will she be in?"

"Won't be in."

"Why not? Where is she?"

"I gave her a week's vacation to spend with her husband at Marblehead, so's she could rest up ready for the fall house cleaning. You didn't think I was going to do it all myself, did you?"—Boston Globe.

His One Foolish Act.

The young woman had secured permission to speak to the good looking young convict. It was just a feminine fancy—a desire to learn something of his story.

"You don't look like a criminal," she said abruptly.

He smiled at the rather uncertain compliment.

"I never did but one criminal thing in my life," he said.

"Only one?" she said, in rather a disappointed tone. She had expected to find a man steeped in crime. "Why, your sentence is for ten years, isn't it?"

"Yes, miss. I got it for that one criminal act."

"What was the cause of that one?" she inquired curiously.

"Just a whim, miss—a youthful whim," he replied rather bitterly. "I thought it manly to carry a revolver."

"And you were attacked some night?" she asked quickly. "And you"——

He shook his head.

"And you're here just for that?" she said.

"Like others, just for that," he returned quietly. "I quarreled with a friend, lost my temper, and—I'm here, miss. That's all."

He suddenly turned away and went back to his work.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

How Cocoanuts Are Harvested.

The busy season on a cocoanut plantation is when the nuts ripen, which they seem to do all at once, and every hand is engaged in gathering and conveying them with carts to the drying ground, which is always in close proximity to the bungalow, so as to be as much as possible under the eye of the manager.

Here they are split in half, longitudinally, with an ax—a feat which is dexterously performed with one blow by the man appointed for this duty—and then spread out to dry. The intense heat of the sun rapidly shrivels the kernel, which curls up into a ball the size of your fist and detaches itself from the shell.

This is now what is called "copra," and is shipped to the nearest point of landing in sacks, where it is either transported in bulk to Europe or more generally made into oil, the refuse—oil cake or "poonak"—being sold locally for feed for cattle.—Frank Leslie's Monthly.

How They Learned to Make Perfumes

What the French know about perfume making is not all the result of their own experience. The traditionary history of the art is that the Hebrews imparted the little they knew to their captors, the Egyptians, who in turn gave their formulas to the Greeks and Romans. The Moors then took a hand at improving these crude efforts, and when they invaded Europe left their art in Spain, whence it soon reached France. There it found its home and resting place, and today no nation can compete with France in the science and art of perfume making.—New York Evening Sun.

The Swamp Angel.

The Swamp Angel was an 8 inch, 200-pounder Parrott rifled gun, mounted by the Federal troops in a morass on Morris island, Charleston harbor, in 1863. On Aug. 22 and 23 the city of Charleston, five and a half miles distant, was shelled, the gun bursting at the thirty-sixth shot. After the war the Swamp Angel was sold for old metal and conveyed to Trenton, but having been identified, it was set up on a granite pedestal at the corner of Perry and Clinton streets in that city.—Detroit Free Press.

For Honest Men's Rights.

That is a rather fine point of law which holds that a man with burglar's tools on his person, who goes up the steps of a a dwelling house where he has no lawful business, has made an attempt to commit burglary, but it is good law for the protection of the community. The steps of a dwelling are private property, and one who trespasses upon them with unlawful purpose has commited an unlawful deed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Unusual Position.

Photographer—If you'll hold your chin a little higher, sir, I can take a better picture.

Mr. Henpeck—Hold my chin higher? Why, man alive, I've been married twenty years!—Texas Siftings.

TO CLOSE BUYERS

BEAR IN MIND THAT

:JOE

CAN SAVE YOU MONEY

OVERCOATS AND SUITS,

FOR MEN AND BOYS

FOR LESS MONEY THAN EVER HEARD OF BEFORE

Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Trunks, etc. at Jobbers Prices

It will pay you to come fifty miles to trade with

JOE

Who will show you better makes, quality and for less money than you can buy west of Chicago.

A CHILD CAN BUY AS CHEAP AS A MAN

JOE Has Only One Price,

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

OPERA HOUSE CORNER, PLATTSMOUTH.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

CATHOLIC.—St. Paul's Church, oak, between Fifth and Sixth. Father Carney, Pastor Services: Mass at 8 and 10:30 A. M. Sunday School at 2:30, with benediction.

CHRISTIAN.—Corner Locust and Eighth Sts. Services morning and evening. Elder J. K. Reed, pastor. Sunday School 10 A. M.

EPISCOPAL.—St. Luke's church, corner Third and Vine. Rev. H. H. Burzess, pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 2:30 P. M.

GERMAN METHODIST.—Corner Sixth St. and Granite. Rev. Birt, Pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 10:30 A. M.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Services in new church, corner Sixth and Granite sts. Rev. J. T. Baird, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30; Preaching at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.
The Y. P. S. C. E of this church meets every Sabbath evening at 7:45 in the basement of the church. All are invited to attend these meetings.

FIRST METHODIST.—Fifth St., between Main and Pearl, Rev. L. F. Britt, D. D. pastor. Services: 11 A. M. 8:00 P. M. Sunday School 9:30 A. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN.—Corner Main and Ninth. Rev. Wolfe, pastor. Services usual hours. Sunday school 9:30 A. M.

SWEEDISH CONGREGATIONAL.—Granite, between Fifth and Sixth.

COLORED BAPTIST.—Mt. Olive, Oak, between Tenth and Eleventh Rev. A. Roswell, pastor. Services 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—Rooms in Coleman block, Main street. Gospel meeting, for men only, every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Rooms open week days from 8:30 a. m. to 9:30 p. m.

SOUTH PARK TABERNACLE.—Rev. J. M. Wood, Pastor. Services: Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Preaching, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.; prayer meeting Tuesday night; choir practice Friday night. All are welcome.

When you go to a shoe store your object isnot only to buy shoes but to procure for what you spend the best that your money will buy. Less than this will not content you; more than this you cannot, in reason, ask. Our methods are as simple as your desires. We do not lift your expectations to the clouds, but we realize them whatever they are. We will never sacrifice your interests to ours and nowhere else can you get a fuller and fairer equivalent for your money. An especially profitable purchase for you is our etc.

BOOTS, SHOES OR RUBBERS

R SHERWOOD.

301 Main Street

Does Your Little Girl

Need a cloak this winter? If she does you will make a great mistake if you do not call and examine the childrens cloaks that we are offering before buying.

We have just received from a large Cloak Manufacturer his full line of

Childrens Sample Cloaks,

For children 6, 8, 10 and 12 years old, consisting of 50 garments in all, NO TWO ALIKE, on which we were given a DISCOUNT from regular wholesale prices so that we are able to sell them at actually

Manufacturer's Price

CALL IN and let us prove the truth of the above statement, show you at the same time our FINE LINE of Ladies and Misses Sacques and Jackets.

SECOND SALE OF SAMPLE SHOES

Another opportunity to buy shoes at

FACTORY PRICES

We take pleasure in annoucing to the people of Plattsmouth and surrounding towns that we have succeeded in getting another lot of sample shoes. Our success with the last line was phenominal. Hundreds were disappointed because they came too late to secure some of the bargains that we offered. This line is better if anything than the last, being Walter H. Temmy & Co., of Boston, Mass., full line consisting of Ladies, Misses, Childrens, Mens and Boys shoes of all kinds and descriptions. Among them is 300 pair of boys and Mens boots, which we can give the best value for your money that you ever laid eyes on.

Don't think that because we don't ask high prices for shoes that the shoes are not of any high quality. We have among these shoes as fine as any shown in the city, everything extrinsic is stripped and the shoes that you buy of us stands on their intrinsic worth at the root of values and give you the worth of your money.

We are Still Giving Great Bargains in Underwear

HERE'S A FEW OF THEM:

25c.	25c	39c	39c
Childrens Natural Wool Color Shirts and Darwers All Sizes.	Childrens all Wool Shirts & Drawers—All Sizes.	Ladies Fine Merino Silk Trimmed shirt and Drawers.	Mens Extra Heavy Ribbed Shirts and drawers.

WM. HEROLD & SONS

507 Main Street Plattsmouth, Neb.