

# READ! READ!

THIS OFFICE IS PREPARED TO DO ONLY FIRST-CLASS

WORK, AND DOES IT FOR REASONABLE PRICES.

IF YOU ARE IN NEED OF

LETTER HEADS

BILL HEADS,

STATEMENTS

ENVELOPES

SALE BILLS

POSTERS

or in fact anything in the

## STATIONARY LINE

CALL AT THE

HERALD OFFICE.

WE CAN SUIT YOU, AS WE

Guarantee Satisfaction.

IF you wish to succeed in your business, advertise it and let the public know your prices. People like to trade with the merchant who offers them the best inducements. It might help your trade wonderfully. Try it.

As the most important Campaign for years is coming upon us every Farmer should be provided with a good live newspaper that will keep them posted on all important questions of the day. THE HERALD is purely a Republican paper and would be glad to put our name on our list. Only \$1.50 a year.

See our Clubbing list with the leading papers published.

HERALD PUBLISHING CO.

301 Cor Fifth and Vine St.

PLATTSMOUTH

NEBRASKA



For Atchinson, St. Joseph, Leavenworth, Kansas City, St. Louis, and all points north, east, south or west. Tickets sold and baggage checked to any point in the United States or Canada. For INFORMATION AS TO RATES AND ROUTES Call at Depot or address H. C. TOWNSEND, G. P. A. St. Louis, Mo. J. C. PHILLIPS, A. G. P. A. Omaha. H. D. APGAR, Agt., Plattsmouth. Telephone, 77.

Millinery and dressmaking at Tucker Sisters', in Sherwood block.

HENRY BOECK  
The Leading  
FURNITURE DEALER  
—AND—  
UNDERTAKER.  
Constantly keeps on hand everything you need to furnish your house.



CORNER SIXTH AND MAIN STREET  
Plattsmouth - Neb

## Lumber Yard

THE OLD RELIABLE.

H. A. WATERMAN & SON

## PINE LUMBER

Shingles, Lath, Sash, etc.

## Doors, Blinds

Can supply every demand of the city. Call and get terms. Fourth street in rear of opera house.

**WANTED**—Local SALESMEN  
To represent our well known house. You need no capital to represent a firm that warrants stock first-class and true to name. WORK ALL THE YEAR. \$100 per month to right man. Apply quick, stating age, education and all other particulars. L. L. MAY & CO. Nursery, Florist and Seedsmen, St. Paul, Minn. (This house is responsible.)

**PROF. DIEFFENBACH'S**  
PROTAGON CAPSULES,  
sure cure for Weak Men,  
proved by reports of leading physicians. State age in ordering. Price, \$1. A safe and speedy cure for Gleet, Stricture and all urinary discharges. Price \$2.50. CURE FOR BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES, Scrofula, Eczema, etc. Price, \$2.50. Order from THE PERU DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. 129 Wisconsin Street, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Scientific American Agency for  
**PATENTS**  
CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, etc.  
For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the Scientific American.

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, \$3.00 a year; \$1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., Publishers, 361 Broadway, New York.

**Wanted**—An active, reliable man—salary \$75 to \$80 monthly, with increase, to represent in his own section a reliable New York House. References. MANUFACTURER, Lock Box 1586, New York.

## WEAK AND UNDEVELOPED

Conditions of the human form successfully treated to develop, strengthen, enlarge all weak, stunted, undeveloped, emaciated and parts of the body which have not or never attained a proper and natural size, due to ill health, abuse, excesses, or unknown causes. There is one method and only one, by which this may be accomplished. Increased flow of blood to any part, produced by simple apparatus acting automatically, creates new tissue, tone and vigor by the same natural laws as the increased size and strength of muscles. Let's be prejudiced because little quacks propose by silly means to do the same. **NEVERESTICATE.** There's no trap back of our offers. Our pay will come when the public knows clearly science from fraud. Write us for instructions, full description, proofs, references, etc. All sent you in plain sealed letter without cost of any kind. **ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.**

**Safe and Reliable.**  
"In buying a cough medicine for children," says H. A. Walker, a prominent druggist of Ogden, Utah, "never to be afraid to buy Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it and relief is always sure to follow. I particularly recommend Chamberlain's because I have found it to be safe and reliable. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co."

**Bucklen's Arnica Salve.**  
The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by F. G. Fricke.

Do not confuse the famous Blush of Roses with the many worthless paints, powders, creams and bleaches which are flooding the market. Get the genuine of your druggist, O. H. Snyder, 75 cents per bottle, and I guarantee it will remove your pimples, freckles, blackheads, moths, tan and sunburn, and give you a lovely complexion. 1

**Electric Bitters.**  
This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers. For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50c and \$1 per bottle at F. G. Fricke & Co's drugstore.

**A Fatal Mistake.**  
Physicians make no more fatal mistake than when they inform patients that nervous heart troubles come from the stomach and are of little consequence. Dr. Franklin Miles, the noted Indiana specialist, has proven the contrary in his new book on "Heart Disease" which may be had free of F. G. Fricke & Co., who guarantee and recommend Dr. Miles' unequalled new Heart Cure, which has the largest sale of any heart remedy in the world. It cures nervous and organic heart disease, short breath, fluttering, pain or tenderness in the side, arm or shoulder, irregular pulse, fainting, smothering, drowsy, etc. His Restorative Nervine cures headache, fits, etc.

**It Should be in Every House.**  
J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe" when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cocksport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free trial bottles at F. G. Fricke & Co's drugstore. Large bottle, 50c and \$1.00.

**A Mystery Explained.**  
The papers contain frequent notices of rich, pretty and educated girls eloping with negroes, tramps and coachmen. The well-known specialist, Dr. Franklin Miles, says all such girls are more or less hysterical, nervous, very impulsive, unbalanced; usually subject to headache, neuralgia, sleeplessness, immoderate crying or laughing. These show a weak, nervous system for which there is no remedy equal to Restorative Nervine. Trial bottles and a fine book, containing many marvelous cures, free at F. G. Fricke & Co's, who also sell and guarantee Dr. Miles' celebrated New Heart Cure, the finest of heart tonics. Cures fluttering, short breath, etc.

**Cough Following the Grip.**  
Many persons, who have recovered from la grippe are now troubled with a persistent cough. Chamberlain's cough remedy will promptly loosen this cough and relieve the lungs, effecting a permanent cure in a very short time. 25 and 50 cent bottle for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

**Startling Facts.**  
The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks and the following suggests, the best remedy: alphonso Humphing, of Butler, Penn., swears that when his son was speechless from St. Vitus Dance Dr. Miles' great Restorative Nervine cured him. Mrs. J. L. Miller of Valparaiso and J. D. Tolar, of Logansport, Ind. each gained 20 pounds in an taking it. Mrs. H. A. Gardner, of Vastulur Ind., was cured of 40 to 50 convulsions easy and much aadach, dizziness, backach and nervous prostration by one bottle. Trial bottle and fine book of Nervous cures free at F. G. Fricke & Co., who recommends this unequalled remedy.

Ely's Cream Balm is especially adapted as a remedy for catarrh which is aggravated by alkaline dust and dry winds. W. A. Hover, Druggist, Denver.

## Rustic Simplicity.

The fancy phrased in the line, "God made the country and man made the town," suggests that in the dealer's rural districts should be found a simplicity of character, a freshness and purity, in unison with his divinely formed surroundings. Never was there a greater mistake. Long ago, possibly before the ill-enclosed stigma of "wicked city ways" had crept in and infected them, country-folk may have been open and unsophisticated. But now—

Whatever may have been the cause of the change, there can be no doubt of the result. He who wishes to get ahead of the average farmer, or even to keep abreast of him in a bargain will have, as the saying runs, to get up very early in the morning. Theonest yoked has no intention of being overreached. He puts a high value upon his own services, and expects you to pay for them in accordance with his estimate. Has he wares to sell? He sets upon them the highest market price you would be charged in the nearest town, and it is useless to argue with him that since you buy the goods from him at his own door, he is saved the cost of transportation and the profit of the merchant to whom he would sell them in the city.

"This throwing words away, for still the farmer will have his will, and answers, "What be they a-charge, for 'em in Peterson?"

In fact you are fortunate if you do not find, after the bargain has been bound, that you have paid more for your country butter and eggs than you would have been charged in the city for the "gilt-edged" brands by the ordinary hard-fisted business man who has missed the advantage of a country birth and bringing up.

The same spirit may be observed in social matters. Nowhere is scandal more rife, nowhere is criticism more bitter, nowhere is the charity that thinketh no evil, more rare than in the country neighborhood. The devotion to dress, the greed for gossip, the delight in depreciation, are no more marked in sophisticated city circles than in the quiet village. The great vices may be less conspicuous, but the same may be said of the great virtues. It is said that there is no form of evil or degradation that may not be found in the hill towns of New England. While the assertion is possibly too sweeping to be applied to all villages, it may at least be allowed that residence in the country does not indicate a supreme decree of virtue any more than life in the city infers aptness to all evil and aversion to most good.—Harper's Bazar.

## Henry Ward Beecher's Love Poem.

During the days of Henry Ward Beecher's courtship it is related by his wife that he once dropped into poetry, and wrote a few lines of verse teeming with affection for his sweetheart. But the verses were always kept sacred by Mrs. Beecher, as they are at the present day, and nothing can win them from her.

One day Mr. and Mrs. Beecher were in the office of Robert Bonner, who was then conducting the N. Y. Ledger. "Why don't you write a poem, Beecher?" said the acute publisher. "I will give you more for such a poem than I have for 'Norwood'."

"He did once," admitted Mrs. Beecher, and at once Mr. Bonner's eyes sparkled. "Recite it for me, won't you, Mrs. Beecher?" he asked.

But the eyes of the great preacher were riveted on his wife, and she knew that meant silence.

"Come," said the persistent publisher. "I'll give \$5,000 if you will recite that poem for me, addressing Mrs. Beecher."

"Why, it ran—," began the preacher's wife.

"Enunciate," simply said Mr. Beecher. And, although Robert Bonner offered to double the sum first offered, he never got the poem from Mrs. Beecher, and no one has been a wait more successful.

**Mike's Mistake.**  
A couple of Erin's sons were taking their noonday rest, and I heard one of them ask his companion: "Is it the money that yez used to?" Mike ejected about a quart of tobacco juice from between his lips and replied: "Well, Denny, I'll tell yez. Ya sees, I get me \$16 ivery week, an' I used to tell the old lady that I was only gettin' tin dollars. I usy put tin dollars in wan pocket for the old lady an' the other six in me other pocket for meself, d'y' see? Well, about three weeks ago, sure, I forgot to separate the money, an' when I got home I handed the old lady the whole \$16. A little while after she sez 't me:

"How much did yez make this week, Moike?"

"Tin dollars," sez Oh.

"Th' \$6," sez she.

"An' thin it kem' t' me in a minute, an' I sez: 'Oh, he must ha' med a mistake an' given me some wan else's money. Give it here t' me, an' I'll tek it back t' him agin.' But the devil a penny would she gimme, an' the very next day she kim down t' see th' boss. Of course she found out that I was makin' me \$16 a week, and now I have to give her ivery cent."

And then the boss came along and ordered them to work before Denny had a chance to convey his sympathy. Brooklyn Citizen.

## They Were the Combatants.

Harry and Bobby were brothers, 8 and 9 years of age. Coming late from school one day, their mother said: "Why are you late, boys?"

Bobby, the younger, was usually the spokesman on such occasions, and he answered: "We stopped."

"What did you stop for?" said mamma.

"To see two boys fightin'."

"Indeed! and who were the boys?"

"Harry was one."

"An, indeed, and who was the other?"

"The other was me," answered the unabashed Bobby.—Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## A FRESH-AIR FIEND.

Sally Was Determined to Have Her Own Way and Had It.

She was a fresh-air fiend, says the Buffalo Express. That is, she imagined she never could breathe unless there was a window open, and if she could feel a draft she believed she was getting fresh air, no matter what color it might be given by soot or other foreign substance. She was riding on a railroad car and, of course, she had to have the window open. It was a cold day. The wind blew a gale. The chilly air which came into the car was laden with smoke from the locomotive till you could have cut it into blocks with a meat-ax. The other passengers coughed, changed their seats and made savage remarks, but the fiend was happy. If she overheard any of the mean things which were said about her she didn't mind them, because she thought she was doing humanity a service by teaching a degenerate portion of it the delights of oxygen.

Of course she had no means of knowing that the black soot which drifted in was settling on her face and changing it to a color which would deceive her best friend as to the race she belonged to. Finally, when the passengers were becoming desperate, a young man entered the car with a swagger which proclaimed him to be a mild variety of tough. He took the exposed seat just behind the fiend, which had been deserted by everyone else. The cold draft struck him when the train started. He glared at the open window, then at the person who had opened it. Then he reached over and shut it with a bang, saying: "Let's have that window closed, Sally."

"Sir!" she finally gasped.

"I say 'I know, we gotta have that window shut," repeated the loud young man.

"This seat, sir, belongs to me, and I shall do as I please with the window beside it. You will have the kindness to raise that sash again."

"Well, I guess not. I ain't goin' to sit here an' freeze or choke for no nigger girl."

"No what?" fairly shrieked the young woman, and, burying her face in her handkerchief, she began to weep and complain that she was never so insulted in her life, and that if there was a gentleman on the car he would surely protect her. When she raised her head she discovered that her handkerchief had changed to a surprising color. A horrible suspicion came upon her. Hastily opening her handbag she produced a small mirror. One glance was enough. She began rubbing her face with her handkerchief, which was already too black to help matters any. Then she tried her glove, and that only made her complexion streaky. At last she drew a thick veil over her face, and thus disguised left the car at the next station and took a closed carriage for the nearest hotel. The passengers all smiled grimly, hoping that for once she had fresh air enough.

## Julia Ward Howe's Children.

Flossy invented many queer amusements, then. There was the school loan system. We had school in the parlor at that time, and our desks had lids that lifted up. In her desk Flossy kept a number of precious things, which she lent to the younger children for so many pins an hour. The most valuable thing was a set of three colored worsted balls, red, green and blue. You could set them twirling, and they would keep going for ever so long. It was a delightful sport, but they were very expensive, costing, I think, twenty pins an hour. It took a long time to collect twenty pins, for of course it was not fair to take them out of the pin-cushions.

Then there was a glassy-cup without a base; that cost ten pins, and was a great favorite with us. You stuck it in your eye, and tried to hold it there while you winked with the other. Of course all this was done behind the raised desk-lid, and I have sometimes wondered what the teacher was doing, that she did not find us out sooner. She was not very observant, and I am quite sure she was afraid of Flossy. One day, however, she caught Laura with the precious glass in her eye, and it was taken away forever. It was a bitter thing to the child (I know all about it, for I was Laura) to be told that she could never have it again, even after school. She had paid her ten pins, and she could not see what right the teacher had to take the glass away. But after that the school loan system was forbidden, and I have never known what became of the three worsted balls.—Laura E. Richards, in St. Nicholas.

## His Heroine.

"It seems to me, said the young business man to the successful writer, "that I see one character that runs through your stories."

"It may be," said the writer dreamily as he studied the figures the flames were making in the big open fireplace. "I have some one in mind for every character I draw, and elaborate or modify peculiarities as the occasion demands. Is this a man or a woman?"

"A woman—noble, patient, self-sacrificing, and all that."

The writer studied the fire more intently as he replied slowly:

"Yes, I've tried to portray several."

"But I little find certain traits in some of the characters that remind me one of the other, and I thought perhaps one was really a continuation of the other."

"It is possible," said the writer thoughtfully. "The characters are?"

"Generally the heroines."

The writer blew a whiff of smoke toward the ceiling and said:

"You have guessed it. One woman has been the heroine of most of my stories."

"But where did you find one who has been through so much?"

"I didn't. I've simply studied one, and from what I have seen portrayed I think she'd do in different trying situations."

"Who is she? I'd like to meet her."

"Really?" asked the writer.

"Indeed I would."

"Dine with me to-night. She's my wife."—Chicago Daily Tribune.