WHO SHALL BE PRESIDENT?

Is it Harrison?

Is it Cleveland?

Is it Blaine?

Is it Hill?

PORTRAIT

after the Calendar

is done are suitable

for framing. They

are sold, with or

without the Cal-

CALENDAR

endar, for 25 cents

each, to non-sub-

scribers to FARM

IOURNAL.

OR IS THERE ANY OTHER MAN YOU WANT FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES?

NAME YOUR CHOICE!

This space is occupied

with engraved portraits of either

HARRISON, CLEVELAND,

HILL,

WANAMAKER, McKINLEY,

Whichever you may select.

JANUARY

SMTWTFS

10 11 12 13 14 15 16

17 18 19 20 21 22 23

24 25 26 27 28 29 30

31 -- -- -- -- --

3 4 5 6 7 8

GORMAN, RUSK,

BLAINE,

FARM

The FARM JOURNAL has, at large expense, designed and printed a beautiful Counting House Calendar for 1892, containing portraits of the leading Presidential possibilities: Cleveland, Harrison, Hill, Blaine, McKinley, Gorman, Boies, Rusk, and Crisp, also Postmaster-General

BOIES.

Wanamaker. These portraits are in themselves beautiful works of art, really splendid pictures,

JOURNAL

as fine as any steel engraving, and in no way an advertisement. They will be an ornament to

50 CENTS

any parlor, or office, wall, or desk, and This is a miniature of the Calendar.
The size is 5½ by 9½ inches.

25 CENTS (

If you are a Cleveland man you will want a Cleveland Calendar; if a Blaine man order a Blaine Calendar; if a Hill man order a Hill Calendar; if a McKinley man order a McKinley Calendar, and so on.

LET'S HAVE A VOTE!

The FARM JOURNAL is well known everywhere in the United States as one of the very best Farm papers - a perfect gem of a Family paper. It is cream, not skim-milk; it is the boiled down paper; chuck-full of common-sense; hits the nail on the head every time. Every one who has

a horse, or cow, or pig, or chicken, or has a farm-big or little, or a garden patch, ought to take the FARM JOURNAL. The fact that it has a round million readers bespeaks its wonderful popularity. It is the one paper that guarantees its advertisers to be honest, and protects its readers against fraud.

LET'S HAVE A VOTE!

It cost you nothing to vote. The Farm Journal for one year costs nothing; the presidents' portrait calendar costs you but 10 cents, to merely cover the expense of printing, wrapping; mailing etc., provided that you subscribe at the same time for THE HERALD. Our clubbing terms with the farm Journal are such that we can furnish

WEEKLY HERALD Farm Journal, Pre-ident's portrait ca'ender, -

.50 .25 Total,

all for \$1.60, but ten cents more than our usual subscription rate: or, if your subscription to THE HERALD has been paid up in full, we will send you the Farm Journal, 1 year, the presidents portrait calendar (your chioce for president) for 35 cents. Make remittance direct to us without delay as this is a special and extraordinary offer.

Don't forget in orderring calendar to state who is your choice for President, and which calendar you want,

ADDRESS,

THE HERAID

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRBSKA.

Circulation Large.

Rates Reasonable.

Returns Remunerative.

PLATTSMOUTH HERALD

Is a Weekly Publication of kigh and special value as an advertising medium to all who seek to reach families throughout the county.

Full Information And Rates On Application.

A. B. KNOTTS

BUSINESS MANAGER.

BO1 Cor Fifth and Vine St.

19 a. m. : , Prescume, 11 a. m. and o p. at. ; and especially in the county, organi WANTED

Drs. BETTS & BETTS

PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS and SPECIALISTS, 1409 DOUGLAS ST.,



Specialists in Chronic, Nervous, Skin and Blood

Consultation at office or by mail free Medicines sent by mail or express, securely packed, free from observation. Guarantees to cure quickly, safely and permanently.

The most widely and favorably known specialists in the United States. Their long experience, remarkable skill and universal success in the treatment and cure of Nervous, Chronic and Surgical Diseases, entitle these eminent physicians to the full confidence of the afflicted everywhere. They gnarantee:

A CERTAIN AND POSITIVE CURE for the awful effects of early vice and the numerous evils that follow in its train. PRIVATE, BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES
speedily, completely and permanently cured.
NERVOUS DEBILITY AND SEXUAL DISORDERS yield readily to their skillful treat-

PILES, FISTULA AND RECTAL ULCERS guaranteed cured without pain or detention from business.

HYDROCELE AND VARICOCELE permanently and successfully cured in every case.

SYPHILIS, GONORRHEA, GLEET, Sperma torrhoea, Seminal Weakness, Lost Manhood, Night Emissions, Decayed Faculties, Female Weakness and all delicate disorders peculiar to either sex positively cured, as well as all functional disorders that result from youthful follies or the excess of mature years.

Stricture Guaranteed permanently cured, removal complete, without cutting, caustic or dilatation. Cure effected at home by patient without a moments pain of

TO YOUNG AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN A Sure Cure The awful effects of early vice which brings organic weakness, destroying both mind and body, with all its dreaded ills, permanently cured.

Drs. Betts Address those who have imperdulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both mind and body, unfitting them for business, MARRIED MEN, or those entering on that happy life, aware of physical debility, quickly assisted.

Thousands cured. Let A friendly letter or call may save you future suffering and shame, and add golden years to life. Thousands cured to life. The letter answered unless accompanied by 4 cents in stamps.

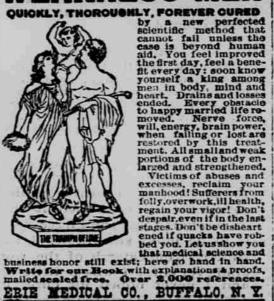
Address, cr call on

DRS. BETTS & BETTS. 1409 Douglas St.,

OMAHA, - - NEBRASKA.



Scientific American



DROF DIEFFENBACH'S PROTAGON CAPSULES, GREEK SPECIFIC BIOO ulous Sores and Syphilitie Affection, out mercury. Price, 82. Order from THE PERU DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. Agents 120 Wisconsin Street, MILWAURES, WIR.

BY ADDINGS FERLING CR. HAIRES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC It can be given in a cup of codes or tea, or in ar licles of food, without the knowledge of the person taking it; it is absolutely harmless and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. IT NEVER FAILS, We GUARANTEE a complete cure in every instance. 48 page book ERFF Address in confidence.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria

rushing down the passage, hurled ourselves

It was all done in four seconds. Then we turn dt. Foulata. The poor girl was stabbed in the body, and could not, I

saw, live long. "Ah? Bougwan, I die!" gasped the beautiful creature, "She crept out-Garool; I did not see her, I was faint-ind the door began to fail; then she came back, and was looking up the purit-unit town are come in Lironza the slowly furning door, and caught her an a held her, and she stabbed me, and I

die, Bongwan," "Poor girl! poor girl!" Good eried; and then, as he could do nothing else, he fell to kissing der.

"Bougwan," she said after a pause, "is Macumazahn there? it grows so dara 1 caunot see."

"Here I am, Foulata." "M cumazhan, be my tongue for a moment, I pray thee, for Bougwan cannot un- the better." derstand me, and b fore I go into the dark-

ness-I would speak a word." "Say on Foulata, I will render it." "Say to my lord, Bougwan, that-I love him, and that I am glad to die because I know that he cannot cumber his life with me, for the sun cannot mate with the dark-

ness, nor the white with the black. "Say that at times I have felt as though there were a bird in my bosom, which would one day fly hence and sing elsewhere; even now, though I cannot lift my hand, and my brain grows coid, I do not f el as though my heart were dying; it is so full of love that could live a thousand years, and yet be young. Say that if I live again, mayhap I shall see him in the stars, and that-I will search them all, though perchance I should there still be black and he would-still be white, Say-nay, Macumazahn, say no more, save that I love— Oh, hold me closer, Bougwan, I cannot feel thine arms-

"She is dead-she is dead?" said Good, rising in grief, the tears running down his honest face.

"You need not let that trouble you, old fellow," said Sir Henry.
"Eh!" said G od; "what do you mean?

"I mean that you will soon be in a position to join her. Man, don't you see that

we are buried alive?" For a few minutes we stood horrified there over the corpse of Foulata. All the manhood seemed to have gone out of us. The first shock of this idea of the slow and miserable end that awaited us was overpowerinz. We saw it all now; that fiend Gagool but it is perfectly fresh." had planned this snare for us from the first. It would have been just the jest that her the three white men, whom, for some reason of her own, she had always hated, slowly perishing of thirst and hunger in the company of the treasure they had coveted. 1 saw the point of that sneer of hers about eating and drinking the diamonds now. Perhaps somebody had tried to serve the poor old don in the same way, when he abandon-

ed the skin full of jewels. "This will never do," said Sir Henry, hoarsely; "the lamp will soon go out. Let us see if we can't find the spring that works

We sprung forward with desperate energy, and standing in a bloody ooze, began to feel up and down the door and the sides of the passage. But no knob or spring could we discover.

"Depend on it," I said, "it does not work from the inside; if it did Gagool would not than doing nothing. have risked trying to crawl underneath the stone. It was the knowledge of this that made her try to escape at all hazards, curse

"At all events," said Sir Henry, with a hard little laugh, "retribution was swift; hers was almost as awful an end as ours is likely to be. We can do nothing with the door; let us go back to the treasure-room." We turned and went, and as we did so I perceived by the unfinished wall across the passage the basket of food which poor Foulata had carried. I took it up, and brought it with me back to that accursed treasure-chamber that was to be our grave. Then we went back and reverently bore in Foulata's corpse, laying it on the floor by the boxes of coin.

"Let us divide the food," said Sir Henry, "so as to make it last as long as possible." Accordingly we did so. It would, we reckoned, make four infinitesimally small meals for each of us, enough, say, to support life for a couple of days. Besides the "biltong," or dried gameflesh there were two gourds of water, each holding about a quart. "Now," said Sir Henry, "let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die."

We each eat a small portion of the "biltong," and drank a sip of water. We had, needless to say, but little appetite, though we were sadly in need of food, and felt better after swallowing it. Then we got up and made a systematic examination of the walls of our prison-house, in the faint hope of finding some means of exit, sounding them and the floors carefully.

There was none. It was not probable that there would be one to a treasure-chain-

The lamp began to burn dim. The fat was nearly exhausted. "Quatermain," said Sir Henry, "what is

the time-your watch goes?" I drew it out, and looked at it. It was six

And then the irony of the situation forced itself upon the There around us lay treas slience itself was too great to allow of it had any great pretensions to be brave-the from such a fate as awaited us, and I never the bravest man on earth might well quail tying thought of our impending doom-for ble to sleep much. Putting aside the terriitself. But L at any rate, found it impossiwearied nature will still sometimes assert sleep, for even in such a position as ours, fully they were to some extent mitigated by horrors of the night which followed. Merci-I can give no adequate description of the WE ABANDON HOPE.

CHYPTER XVIII.

Suddenly it sunk, and expired. there awalting death by starvation. wan faces of us three white men, glimmer of the diamonds, and the wild, them, the goat-skin full of treasure, the dim eroted benefits strained rood to esquee white tusks, the boxes full of gold, the whole scene in bold relief, the great mass of Presently it flared up and showed the The lamp grew dimmer yet.

to a bad end; we shall go to swell their num The search for treasure has brought many to bow ourselves to the will of the Almighty. could not break through five feet of living rock. My friends, I see nothing for it but break it down, All the Kukuana army Even if he found the door he could not except Gagool To-day no one knows it. it is, No living person knew it yesterday Know the secret of the door, not even where "He may search in vain. He does not

us in the morning, Curtis." we do not return to-night, he will search for "Infadoos will miss us," I suggested. "In o'clock; we had entered the cave at eleven.

King Solomon's Mines. | ures enough to pay off a moderate national debt, or to build a fleet of iron-clads, and yet we would gladly have bartered them all for the faintest chance of escape. Soon, doubtless, we should be glad to exchange them for a bit of food or a cup of water, and, after that, even for the privilege of a speedy close to our sufferings. Truly wealth, which men spend all their lives in acquiring, is a valueless thing at the last.

And so the night wore on. "Good." said Sir Henry's voice at last, and it sounded awful in the intense stillness, "how many matches have you in the box?"

"Eight, Curtis," "Strike one, and let us see the time."

He did so, and in contrast to the dense darkness the flame nearly blinded us. It was five o'clock by my watch. The beantiful dawn was now olushing on the snowwreaths far over our heads, and the breeze would be stirring the night mists in the hol-

"We had better eat something and keep up our strength," said 1.

"What is the good of eating?" answered Good; "the sooner we die and get it over

"While there is life there is hope," said Sir Henry.

Accordingly we ate and sipped some water, and another period of time passed, when somebody suggested that it might be as well to get as near to the door as possible and halloa, on the faint chance of somebody catching a sound outside. Accordingly Good, who, from long practice at sea, had a fine piercing note, groped his way down the passage and began, and I must say he made a most diabolical noise. I never heard such yells; but it might have been a mosquito buzzing for all the effect it produced.

After awhile he gave it up, and came back very thirsty, and had to have some water. After that we gave up yelling, as it encroached on the supply of water.

So we all sat down once more against our chests of useless diamonds in that dreadful inaction, which was one of the hardest circumstances of our fate; and I am bound to say that, for my part, I gave way in despair. Laying my head against Sir Henry's broad shoulders I burst into tears; and I think I heard Good gulping away on the other side, and swearing hoarsely at himself

for doing so. And so somehow the day went as the night had gone (if, indeed, one can use the terms where all was densest night), and when I lit a match to see the time it was seven o'clock.

Once more we ate and drank, and as we did so an idea occurred to me. "How is it," said I, "that the air in this place keeps fresh? It is thick and heavy,

"Great heavens!" said Good, starting up, "I never thought of that. It can't come evil mind would have rejoiced in, the idea of through the stone door, for it is air-tight, if ever a door was. It must come from somewhere. If there were no current of air is the place we should have been stifled when

first we came in. Let us have a look." It was wonderful what a change this mere spark of hope wrought in us. In a moment we were all three groping about the place or our hands and knees, feeling for the slightest indication of a draught. Presently my ardor received a check. I put my hand on something cold. It was poor Foulata's dead

For an hour or more we went on feeling about, till at last Sir Henry and I gave it us in despair, having got considerably hurt by constantly knocking our heads against tusks chests, and the sides of the chamber. But Good still persevered, saying, with an approach to cheerfulness, that it was better

"I say, you fellows," he said presently, in constrained sort of voice, "come here." Needless to say, we scrambled over toward

him quick enough. "Quatermain, put your hand here where mine is. Now, do you feel anything?"

"I think I feel air coming up." "Now listen." He rose and stamped upor the place, and a flame of hope shot up in our hearts. It rang hollow.

With trembling hands I lit a match. I had only three left, and we saw that we were it the angle of the far corner of the chamber, a fact that accounted for our not having noticed the hollow ring of the place during our former exhaustive examination. As the match burned we scrutinized the spot. There was a joint in the solid rock floor, and, great heavens! there, let in level with the rock. was a stone ring. We said no word, we were too excited, and our hearts beat too wildly with hope, to allow us to speak. Good had a knife, at the back of which was one of those hooks that are made to extract stones from horses' hoofs. He opened it, and scratched away at the ring with it. Finally he got it under, and levered away gently for fear of breaking the hook. The ring began to move. Being of stone, it had not got set fast in all the centuries it had lain there, as would have been the case had it been of iron. Presently it was upright Then he got his hands into it and tugged

with all his force, but nothing budged. "Let me try," I said, impatiently, for the situation of the stone, right in the angle of the corner, was such that it was impossible for two to pull at once. I got hold and strained away, but with no results.

Then Sir Henry tried and failed. Taking the hook again, Good scratched all round the crack where we felt the air com-

"Now, Curtis," he said, "tackle on, and put your back into it; you are as strong as two. Stop," and he took off a stout black silk handkerchief, which, true to his habits of neatness, he still wore, and ran it through the ring. "Quatermain, get Curtis round the middle and pull for dear life when I

give the word. Now." Sir Henry put out all his enormous strength, and Good and I did the same, with such power as nature had given us.



strength, and Good and I did the same. "Heave! heave! it's giving," gasped Sir Henry; and I heard the muscles of his great back cracking. Suddenly there came a parting sound, then a rush of air, and we were all on our backs on the floor with a great flag stone on the top of us. Sir Hen-ry's strength had done it, and never did mus-

"Light a match, Quatermainn," he said, as soon as we had picked ourselves up and got our breath; "carefully, now."

I did so, and there before us was, God be praised! the first step of a stone stair.

"Now what is to be done?" asked Good. "Follow the stairs, of course, and trust to Providence." "Stop!" said Sir Henry; "Quatermain,

get the bit of biltong and the water that is

left: we may want them." I went creeping back to our place by the chests for that purpose, and as I was coming away an idea struck me. We had not thought much of the diamonds for the last twenty-four hours or so; indeed, the idea of diamonds was nauseous, seeing what they had entailed upon us; but, thought I, I may as well pocket a few in case we ever should get out of this ghas ly hole. So I just stuck my fist into the first chest and sheating coat, topping up—this was a happy thought—with a count of handfuls of big ones out of the third chest.
"I say, you fellows," I sung out, "won't you take some diamonds with you? I've hilled my pockets." filled all the available pockets of my old

"Oh! hang the diamonds!" said Sir Hen-As for Good, he made no answer. He was, I think taking a last farewell of all that was left of the poor girl who loved him so well. And, curious as it may seem to you, my reader, sitting at home at ease and reflecting on the vast, indeed, the immeasureable wealth which we were thus abandoning I can assure you that if you had passed some twenty-eight hours with next to nothing to eat and drink in that place, you would have not cared to cumber yourself with diamonds whilst plunging down into the unknown bowels of the earth, in the wild hope of escape from an agonizing death. If it had not, from the habits of a life-time, become a sort of second na ure with me never to leave anything worth having behind, if there was the slightest chance of my being able to earry it away, I am sure I should not have

bothered to fill my pockets, "Come on, Quatermain," said Sir Henry, who was already standing on the first step of the stone stair. "Steady, I will go first,"

"Mind where you put your feet; there may be some awful hole underneath," said I. "Much more likely to be another room," said Sir Henry, as he slowly descended, counting the steps as he went.

When he got to "lifteen" he stopped, "Here's the bottom," he said. "Thank goodness! I think it's a passage. Come on down."

Good descended next, and I followed last, and on reaching the bottom lit one of the two remaing matches. By its light we could just see that we were standing in a narrow tunnel, waich ran right and left at tight angles to the staircase we had descended. Before we could make out any more, the match burned my fingers and went out. Then arose the delicate question of which way to turn. Of course, it was impossible to know what the tunnel was or where it ran to, and yet to turn one way might lead us to safety, and the other to destruc-tion. We were utterly perplexed, till sud-denly it struck Good that when I had lit the match the draught of the passage blew the flame to the left.

"Let us go against the draught," he said,

"air draws inward, not outward. We took this suggestion, and feeling alone the wall with the hand, whilst trying the ground before us at every step, we departed from that accursed treasure-chamber on our terrible quest. If ever it should be entered again by living man, which I do not think it will be, he will find a token of our presence in the open chests of jeweis, the empty lamp, and the white bones of poor Foulata.

When we had groped our way for about a quarter of an hour along the passage, it suddenly took a sharp turn, or else was bisected by another, which we followed, only in course of time to be led into a third. And so it went on for some hours. We seemed to be in a stone labyrinth which led nowhere. What all these passages are, of course, I cannot say, but we thought that they must be the ancient workings of a mine, of which the various sharts traveled hither and thither as the ore led them. This the only way in which we could account for such a multitude of passages.

At length we halted, thoroughly worn out with fatigue, and with that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, and ate up our poor remaining piece of biltong, and drank our last sup of water, for our throats were like lime-kilns. It seemed to us that we had escaped death in the darkness of the chain-

ber only to meet him in the carkness of the As we stood, once more utterly depressed. I thought I caught a sound, to which I called the attention of the others. It was very faint and far off, but it was a sound, a faint, murinuring sound, for the others heard it too, and no words can describe the blessedness of it after all those hours of unter, aw-

ful stiliness.

"By Heaven! it's running water," said ood. "Come on." Off we started again in the direction from which the faint murmur seemed to come, groping our way as before along the rocky walls. As we went it got more and more audible, till at last it seemed quite loud in the quiet. On, yet on; now we could dis-tinctly make out the unmistakable swiri of rusning water. And yet now could there be running water in the bowels of the earth? Now we were quite near to it, and Good, who was leading, swore that he could smell

"Go gently, Good," said Sir Henry, "we must be close." Splash! and a cry from

He had fallen in. "Good! Good! where are you?" we shout ed, in terrified distress. To our intense re-lief an answer came back in a choky, voice. "All right; I've got hold of a rock. Strike

a light to show me where you are."
Hastily I lit the last remaining match. Its faint gleam discovered to us a dark mass of water running at our feet. How wide it was we could not see, but there, some way out,

was the dark form of our companion hang-ing on to a projecting rock.
"Stand clear to catch me," sung out Good. "I must swim for it." Then we heard a splash, and a great

Then we heard a splash, and a great struggle. Another minute and he had grabbed at and caught Sir Henry's outstretched hand, and we pulled him up high and dry into the tunnel.

"My word!" he said, between his gasps, "that was touch and go. If I hadn't caught that rock, and known how to swim, I should have been done. It runs like a mill-race, and I could feel no bottom."

It was clear that this would not do; so

It was clear that this would not do; so after Good had rested a little, and we had drank our fill from the water of the subterranean river, which was sweet and fresh, and washed our faces, which sadly needed it, as well as we could, we started from the banks of this African Styx, and began to retrace our steps along the tunnel, Good dripping unpleasantly in front of us. At length we came to another tunnel leading to our

"We may as well take it," said Sir Hen-ry, wearily; "all roads are alike here; we can only go on until we drop." Slowly, for a long, long while, we stumbled, utterly weary, along this new tunnel,

Sir Henry leading now. Suddenly he stopped, and we bumped up against him.
"Look!" he whispered, "is my brain go-

ing or is that light?"

"Look!" he whispered, "is my brain going or is that light?"

We stared with all our eyes, and there, yes, there, far ahead of us, was a faint glimmering spot, no larger than a cottage window-pane. It was so faint that I doubt if any eyes, except those which, like ours, had for days seen nothing but blackness, could have perceived it at all.

With a sort of a gasp of hope, we pushed on, in five minutes there was no longer any doubt; it was a patch of faint light. A minute more and a breath of real, live air was fanning us. On we struggled. All at once the tunnel narrowed. Sir Henry went on his kness. Smaller yet it grew, till it was only the size of a large fox's earth—it was earth now, mind you; the rock had ceased. A squeeze, a struggle, and Sir Henry was out, and so was Good, and so was I, and there above us were the blessed stars, and in our nostrils was the sweet air; then suddenly something gave, and we were all rolling over and over through grass and bushes, and soft wet soil.

PLATTSMOUTH

NEBRASKA