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

25 CENTS 6

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

NAME YOUR CHOICE!

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

CRISP,

Wanamaker. These portraits are in This space is occupied with engraved portraits of either themselves beautiful HARRISON, CLEVELAND, works of art, really LAINE, HILL, CRISI WANAMAKER, McKINLEY, BLAINE, splendid pictures, GORMAN, RUSK, BOIES. Whichever you may select.

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 51/2 by 91/2 inches.

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.

JANUARY

SMTWTFS

3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16

17 18 19 20 21 22 23

24 25 26 27 28 29 30

31 -- -- -- -- --

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 mil 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' postrait 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, President's portrait calender, -

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, I year, the presidents portrait calendar tyour 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 y u want,

ADDRESS,

THE BERATD

PLATISMOUTH, NEBRBSKA.

Keturns Remunerat

PLATTSMOUTH HERALD

Is a Weekly Publication of kigh and special falue as an ad-Vertising medium to all who who is the invisible Tubular Bar Conference of the state of the stat seek to reach families throughout the county.

Full Information And Rates On Application.

A. B. KNOTTS

BUSINESS MANAGER.

801 Cor Fifth and Vine St.

PLATTSMOUTH

NEBRASKA





by a new perfected scientific method that cannot fail unless the case is beyond human aid. You feel improved the first day, feel a benefit every day; soon know yourself a king among men in body, mind and heart. Drains and losses ended. Every obstacle to happy married life removed. Nerve force, will, energy, brain power, when falling or lost are restored by this treatment. All small and weak portions of the body enlarged and strengthened. Victims of abuses and excesses, reclaim your

excesses, reclaim your manhood! Sufferers from manhood! Sufferers from folly overwork, ill health, regain your vigor! Don's despair, even if in the last stages. Don't be disheart ened if quacks have robbed you. Let us show you that medical science and business honor still exist; here so hand in hand. Write for our Hook with explanations a proofs, mailed scaled free. Over 3,000 references.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DEEL DIEFFENBACH'S PROTAGON CAPSULES,

GREEK SPECIFIC Curesult and Sheet, with the sortes and specify and skin Diseases, Seroftileus Sores and syphilitie Affections, without mercury. Price, \$2. Order from

THE PERU DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. Agenta 169 Wisconsin Street, WILWAUKER, WIE.

ST ADMINISTERNIXO UR. HAINES' BOLDEN SPECIFIL can be given in a cup of collee or tea, or in areas of tood, without the knowledge of the pertaking it; it is absolutely harmless and will cot a permanent and speedy cure, whether e patientis a moderate drinker or an al reck. IT NEVER FAILS. We GUARANTEE complete cure in every instance. 48 page book FREE, Address in confidence, St., Cincinneti.O





For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 3sl 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 Sticutifit America.

man should be without it. Weekly, \$3.00 a year; \$1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 351 Broadway, New York.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes

Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Oh Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of eases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.

BO LING WATER OR MILK.

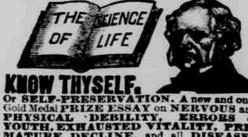
GRATEUL-COMFORTING

Labeled 1-2 lb Tins Only.



EXECUNSUMPTIVE MITADERCORNS. The only sure cure for Corns.





Or SELF-PRESERVATION. A new and only Gold Medal PRIZE ESSAY on NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY, ERRORS of YOUTH, EXHAUSTED VITALITY, PREMATURE DECLINE, and all DISEASES and WEAKNESSES of MAN. 300 pages, cloth, gilt; 125 invaluable prescriptions. Only 21.00 by mail, double sesied. Descriptive Prospectus with endorsements FREE! SEND of the Press and voluntary prescriptions. Consultation in person or by mail. Expert treatment. INVIOLABLE SECRECY and CERTAIN CURE. Address Dr. W. H. Parker, or The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

Boston, Mass.
The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equal. — Herald.

The Science of Life, or Self Preservation, is a treasure more valuable than _ d. Read it now, every WEAK and NERVOI S man, and learn to be STRONG. — Medical Review. (Copyrighted.)

A MAIDEN FAIR.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER VI. A WILD NIGHT.

Although the afternoon had brightened into summer, the evening changed to winter. Slowly the sky darkened as the sun set in a misty glory behind the hills, and clouds gathered. The restless wind, which had only abated during the day, again rose, at first in a low monotone moving the clouds slowly along, but by-and-by it came sweeping up the Firth in great gusts and singing a wild duet with the heaving waters, whilst the clouds hurried hither and thither with increasing rapidity, and the moon could only occasionally send a silver gleam through the darkness.

"It'll be a gey blaw the-nicht," said the fisher-folk, to whom every sound and sign of wind, water, and clouds had its mean-

"I doubt if they'll win out," they said again, with anxious looks at the angry sky.

They referred to the fishing fleet which nightly started on its perilous adventures. But there was no fear in the manner of regarding the gathering storm; only calm reognition of an or linary fact in their dark lives, with po sibly some sense of inconvenience and lowdue to the present state of the elements. The weather indicator, in the little square only one side of the | ed the captain to himself, but quite loud with the kindliest inharbor-placed : tentions by some I beyolent p rson-was rare committed. It most it was looked upon as a sort of current toy. "Just the weather box " said some, as if tempest and calm were lecked up in it. They looked to mature ber elf for guidance in their calling, and seldow thought when they "went on?" that they might never come back; a blessed condition of the mind which enables us to do our day in the teeth of danger.

Women as well as men take their lives in the same way; never a thought of what may come; and only a short sharp ery in the heart with an outwardly damb sorrow when the worst befalls. Then to work again; not a boat or a man the less goes out to sea; not a woman the less remay to do her work on shore. The nie ; o son just as if nothing had happened, who then it be a single smack or a fleet that founders. There are more mouths to all and therefore more work to do. There is no time for outward wailing. What goes on within-God knows.

In the parigr of Anchor Cottage the cap-40 h was comfortably smoking his pipe and crinking toddy; seated in a big high-backed m-chair, a cheery fire burning at his feet. Annie at the table was busy with accounts which she was anxious to dispose of before ming to bed.

The wind made a lond moaning round the walls, but never a window or door shook, everything had been made so truly firm. This was a house built to stand and not to

Neither father nor daughter paid heed to the storm. He was busy with his pipe and his toddy, delighting himself in watching her silent diligence in work.

So they had been occupied for some time. Then he showed symptoms of restlessness, and at length spoke.

"Will you be soon done, Annie? I want to speak to you." It happened that she had a very clear no-

tion of what he wished to speak to her about, and also that she did not wish to hear it. So she answered-"It will take me a long while yet, father;

maybe, till bedtime." She proceeded with renewed energy to examine books and papers and to calculate figures, and he remained silent, respecting

her task and valuing its results. By-and-by he became restless again?. "Are ye na nearly done yet?" he inquired

"I'll make some stupid blunder if you keep on speaking, father." Then stop afore you make the blunder, because I maun speak to you about a mat-

ter that has been rumblin' in my inside a' this afternoon.' Thus commanded she knew that no fur-

ther evasion of the disagreeable subject was possible without getting her father into one of his passions-and they were frequent enough and furious enough to make her willing to sacrifice her own comfort in any way to avoid one of them. She laid down her pen, turned her chair towards him and said quietly-"Now, father, what is your will?" He took the pipe from his mouth, careful-

ly examined its contents, then pressed them down with his finger; next took a big gulp at his toddy, and finally replacing the pipe between his teeth said, in a sort of shy

"I wanted to speir at ye something." "What is it, father?" she replied tenderly a though much tempted to laugh at his droll behavior.

He felt that incipient laugh, and something of the fun of the position touched

himself, for he grinned as he said-"Just this, my lass; would ye like to be "That would depend upon the man, fath-

BEATTY Organs. Pianos, \$33 up. Catalogue "Hoots, lassie," he said, with a comical mixture of irritability and sense of humor

in his voice and manner, "ye dinna mean to tell me that ye are gaun to think about the man when it's his siller that concerns ye." Annie became serious; looked in the fire

as if studying some grave problem which was exhibited to her there. Presently, without looking up, she spoke-"I am wondering, father, if my mother

thought o' the man or siller most when she That was almost a cruel stroke, although

the girl did not know it. When Duncan Murray wedded her mother be had obtained with her a tocher which had helped him considerably in his fight with fortune. So the burly little man moved uneasily in his chair, his ruddy face became ruddier, and he took some more toddy. "That's na the question, Annie. I hae

nae intention o' forcing your will in the matter; but I just want to talk it ower wi' you in a sensible sort o' way. Ye see you should think o' both the man and his siller, for there are many lads that would be glad to take you from me, na for yoursel', but for what you would bring wi' you. Sae it behoves us to consider.

Annie was still staring into the fire; but now she was also listening to the wind sough, soughing round the house and making strange noises in the chimney. Maybe, too, she was listening to a voice she had heard that day at the gate and thinking of its meaning, whilst hearing the echo in her own breast.

"I thought you said that you would never part with me and the Mermaid, father."

The voice was so soft and the look she turned upon him so gentle that he could not be angry. Nevertheless, he tried to appear as one injured, because he felt so keenly that he deserved the reproach expressed so

quietly. "I am na to part wi' either o' you. I was just putting a question to you, and there was nae harm in that."

"Oh na." "Weel, the lang and the short o' it is this:

sucres a man to me the-day-1 m na gaun to tell you wha." (She smiled; as if she did not know who! Poor old father!) "And he says that if you will take him and I will gie my consent he'll gie you a' your ain way and make ower to you at once a fortune. I said to him, 'You mann speir at hersel', my man.' He said he would, and he's gaun to do it, and I first wanted to ken aforehand what you would be likely to say. But you are free to do as you like."

"You mean Mr. Cargill, father." "Eh!-hoo did you ken that?" exclaimed the old captain, forgetting in his amazement

even to smoke. "Easily enough: he was the only man here to-day except-"

"Weei?" (There was a curious glimmer of a smile on the old man's face as he put the question required by her pause.)

"Except Mr. Ross, and he cannot do what you say the other offers to do. But I am afraid that Mr. Cargill is not the man for me, with all his wealth and your consent." "Oh, then you mean that you'll hae some-

body else without my consent.' She got up, took the empty pipe from his hand and proceeded to fill it with an experienced hand. As she gave it back to him with a light-

"We'll na talk any more havers to-night, father. You ken well enough that I will never take a man that you say na to; and I will never take one that I say na to, though you should say yes. Now that's all settled.' 'Ay, ay, and it's that way, is't," mutter-

enough for her to hear. "It's that way, is't? We maun see about that. We mann see about that. An empty purse against a weelfilled one-we mann see about that."

Annie was a little fidgety as his lonelly-expressed reflections proceeded, and was gladwhen they were interrupted by a loud ring at the bell of the entranc -door.

"Wha can that be at this hour? Hope there's naething wrang wi' the Mermaid." "Kirsty will soon to I us," said Annie, arranging her papers for the night.

"Maister Cargill," said Kirsty, the stout serving-woman, opening the door for the big lymphatic form to enter. "I hope you will excuse me for dropping

in upon you so late," he said, in what he thought was a grand manner; "I intended to be here four hours ago, but was unexpectedly detained in the town. Sorry now I did not come straight along from the old place; but was obliged to make a cali first, and the business occupied me much longer than I

Never heed that, sit doon-and get a glass, Annie. Oh, but you like wine and seegaars. Very weel; though I never meddle wi' that things mysel' I hat some wine that was gi'en me in a present that folk wha ken say there's nae better in Ed nbro'. Ay, and I hae seegaars to march. Get them out, Annie.

Annie obeyed quickly, and then excusing herself as she was required elsewhere left

The wine was good and the "seegaars' were good, as the captain had said, and Cargill eviaced his appreciation of both.

"And noo," said the captain when they were settled down, "how did you come out on sic a night?" "Oh, the night is not so bad in a close cab

with a good horse and a careful driver." "And is this man waiting for you?" cried the captain, his eyes starting, "and you never thought of seeking a dram for him!" "I do not like to encourage tipping in

people of his class," coolly answered the loutish sybarite as he sipped his wine and smoked his cigar. There was a movement on the captain's lips as if he repressed some words which were no doubt of a very emphatic character.

He rang the bell fiercely and called loudly

for Kirsty whilst he filled a glass with "Hey, take this to the cabman to keep

him warm while he's waiting." "He has jist cam' for a light tae his lamp and's at the door," replied the woman;"puir man, he's sair drookit."

Then the captain walked about to regain his temper. Cargill had not moved during the whole of these proceedings. He smoked and drank placidly as if they had nothing to do with him, and if these good people chose to concern themselves with a mere cabman who would receive his full fare and something over, that was their business.

The driver stood shivering at the door, the fierce gusts of wind threatening to tear the coat from his back, whilst the horse stood shivering at the gate.

"Thank ye, mem; I wish the puir beast could hae a dram tae on sic a night. Here's your very good health," said the man as he gratefully accepted the captain's hospitali-

The captain sat down again and resamed the conversation. "And now," he said, "what has brought

you here at this hour?" "Two things, sir," rejoined Cargill slowly,

or lazily, but did not proceed. "And what may that twa things be?" There was again that curious movement on the captain's lips which had fir-t appeared when se learned that there was a poor

man out in the cold for whom his employer

had not the least consideration. "The first thing, captain-and it could have waited till to-morrow-is to tell you that all the conditions I mentioned will be faithfully carried out. My mother is delighted with the idea of the match and says she will agree to anything in order to bring it about. She has a high esteem for you,

captain." The man actually could not refrain from attempting to patronise even in such a position as this.

"That's very guid o' her to say sae, and very guid o' you to tell me. But there was nae need o' saying it, for Bell and me are auld acquaintances and we hae aye respeckit ane anither."

Cargill felt sore: it was his great weakness that he did not like to be reminded of the origin of his fortune or of himself. He would have done anything to remove his mother from the midst of her old associations; but she would not move, and in spite of all his efforts they were continually dashing in his teeth, as it were.

"She is a wonderful woman," he said vaguely, as he looked at the cailing and sent a great cloud of smoke up to it.

"She is that," Captain Duncan said heartily, "and sae far everything is satisfactory. Noo, you hae naething mair ado than jist get the lass to gie her consent." "Yes, but you will help me with your au-

thority. "Undoubtedly; I promised that afore-a' things being agreeable. And this I can tell you, there never was a more obedient and

faithful bairn in the world than my Annie." "Then that being the case we may consider the matter as good as settled; for I am not afraid of being able to make myself sufficiently agreeable to her during the passage to Peterhead to warrant you in telling her that you have chosen me for your sonin-law-provided one condition is complied with by you."

'And what may that be?" "You are taking Ross with you?" "I am that. He is the best man I could find to keep my mind easy when I am resting mysel'. What's wrang about that?"

modificatively for a rew seconds before reply-

Do you mean to say, captain, that you don't see what is going on?

"I see a heap o' things that are going on and going off too. But what particular thing are you meaning?"

"Would you like to see your daughter married to a man like Ross? "Na, if she could do better. He is a decent chiel. Do you see onything particular

wrang with him?" "I have nothing to say about him. But although I do not doubt myself, I would rather you did not take him with us on board

the Mermaid." It was the captain's turn to emoke for a few seconds in silence. Then, d. cisively, as if he had been arguing the whole question out in his mind-

"The matter is settled and canna be changed.'

"But don't you see, captain," urged Cargill in his heavy way, trying to be persuasive, "if he goes with us you are denying me a fair chance with Miss Murray. If we are left to ourselves, all will go well; but if we are interfered with there is no saying what may happen."

"There is naething can happen that shouldna happen. Annie keus what she is doing, and Ross is a decent lad. If he doesna de onvitting to disgrace housel' and she says that I am to part wi' the Mermaid and her, then there is nae mair to be said about it. We'll just hae to do it. You hae gotten my word-he hasna; so you maun take your chance. At the same time I should say that you are ower feare l. What, man, you hae the siller and the grand ways. Do you think ony woman in her senses would hav a doubt as the man she should take? Fig. I'm sur-

preezed at ye."

But when he went away Carnill's mind was more in keeping with the storm than when he arrived. On that black drive back to Edinburgh the wind seemed to whistle weird suggestions to his brain; the melancholy roar of the waters seemed to rouse wild thoughts of possibilities by which he might prove himself the worthier man of the two; and the ugly slushy roads, crossed here and there by the ghastly light of a feeble lamp, seemed to all et his mind.

All the weak vanity of See man was stirred to passion; and the passion which springs from such a source is always the

CHAPTER VII "MERINARD ARRY!"

Donkey engines, cutting bales of goods from quays aboard ships, or vice versa; barrels, boxes, hampers, all flying in the air and alighting safely in their procession dst a Babel of to gues and a great smell of tar. That was the port of Leith.

The bantam-like Mermald nestled at its moorings, but panting and puffing as proudly as its neighbors, trying to make itself appear as big as possible, and continually aserting its claim to equal consideration with any of the horse rivals which lay to right and left of it. The bantam was noted amongst the people of the port for its neilness and sea-worthiness, and for the pushing character of its commander. Goods put on board the Mermeid were considered as safe as if they had been placed in the hands of the persons to whom they were consigned. Thus the credit of Duncan Murray stood high, and he valued it more than his life-truly more than his life, for it was no mere phrase with him, it was a fact. He valued that credit more than his life, more even than his daughter's life, and that meant everything human he cared about; it included the Mermaid. It had come to be a saying, "as safe as thoug I it was with Duncan Murray," and that was as much to him as if he had been made Lord II gh Admiral of the Fleet.

The fact was remarkable that in the whole course of his trading he had never lost the smallest package intrusted to his care; and as years went on the pride of this fact grew in its proportions in his breast until it seemed as if one failure would have

killed him. Annie, with her salior's hat and pea-jacket on, stood on the hurrleane deck overlooking the busile on board and on the quays. Her father was moving about everywhere; now scoiding, now encouraging, now lending a hand to move some pile.

At length everything was on board, and only two people were waiting to complete the equipment of the Mermaid for her trip. "Where is Mr. Ross?" asked Annie, after long consideration with herself. "He'll join us on the road; he asked me

to let him go out last night and I said, ay, if he would meet us in time. Nae fear o' She had no need to ask where was Mr. Cargill, for a cab drove along the wharves as far as it could, and that gentleman appear d in a faultlessly fashionable vulgar check tweed tourist suit. He had only a

teau had been put on board the previous His figure was grotesque; imagine a stout man six feet in height, with heavy faws and sleepy eyes, dressed like a lad of fifteen! This was Mr. Careil, who had an unbounded faith in the elegance of his figure and the

small hand-bag to carry, for his portman-

skill of his tailor. Annie hughed at the sight of him, and the captain felt disposed to bid him "put some claes on" as quick as he could. But recognising in all this the height of aristocratic fashion, he held his tongue and marvelied. Captain Duncan would have been a great toady if opportunity had offered; for he had a vast reverence for the "nobeelity," and deep respect for anything which even remotely represented it. So, with all his absurd airs, "Jeems" Cargill impressed the old man as being something out of the common-just as poor old Bell Cargill was impressed, and consequently permitted her money to flow at his command.

He saluted his hosts, but they were too much occupied to give him particular attention, and he had grace enough to recognize that fact. He applied himself to the arrangement of his berth, fitting up in it all the newest contrivances for securing comfort at sea. Having done this he went on

The boat was just easting off. He looked around; Captain Duncan was doing everything and Bob Ross was not there! "Are you going to do without your pilot?"

he said to the skipper as he approached "I hae nae time to speak to onybody thenoo," was the sharp response, as Captain

Duncan hurried to his post on the hurricane Cargill quietly followed him, because Annie was there.

something very particular in the remark. "It looks pleasant enough at present," she answered, smiling at the weather prophet; "but it is a west wind, and those clouds yonder may bring us such rain as

"We shall have a pleasant day," he said,

with as much warmth as if there had been

will spoil the nicest clothes." He observed the smile and was unconscious of the playful allusion to his gor-

[To be Continued.]

New Syring Goods arriving every Carvill rested back in his chair and puffed

days at Joe's, your clothier. 22-tf