

# WHO SHALL BE PRESIDENT?

Is it Harrison? Is it Cleveland? Is it Blaine? Is it Hill?

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

## NAME YOUR CHOICE!

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, Gorman, Boies, Rusk, and Crisp, also Postmaster-General...

FARM

Blaine, McKinley, Gorman, Boies, Rusk, and Crisp, also Postmaster-General. 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

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.

This space is occupied with engraved portraits of either HARRISON, CLEVELAND, BLAINE, HILL, CRISP, WANAMAKER, MCKINLEY, GORMAN, RUSK, BOIES. Whichever you may select.

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-subscribers to FARM JOURNAL

25 CENTS

**JANUARY**

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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						

This is a miniature of the Calendar. The size is 5 1/2 by 9 3/4 inches.

## 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 best-down paper; chock-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 speaks 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 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	\$1.50
Farm Journal	.50
President's portrait calendar	.25
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$2.25</b>

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 choice for president) for 35 cents. Make remittance direct to us without delay as this is a special and extraordinary offer.

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

ADDRESS,

**THE HERALD**

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

### Circulation Large,

### Rates Reasonable,

### Returns Remunerative.

# PLATTSMOUTH HERALD

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

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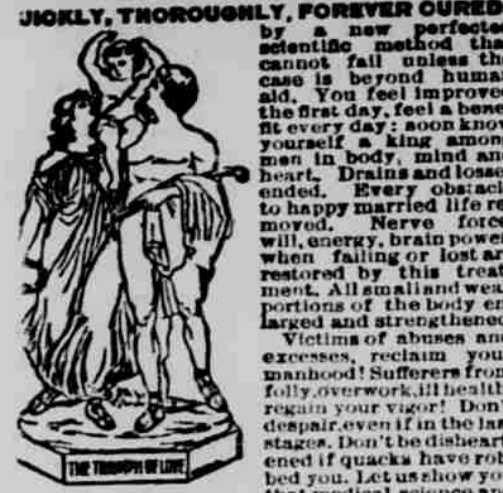
NEBRASKA



### PENNYROYAL \* PILLS

**CHEMIST'S ENGLISH RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND**  
THE ORIGINAL AND BEST. The only safe, sure, and reliable pills for...  
Ladies, ask Druggists for CHEMIST'S ENGLISH RED CROSS PILLS. Beware of cheap imitations...  
For sale by all druggists, and by mail. Sent by mail, on receipt of 10 cents, in advance, or by money order, or by check, on demand.

## WEAKNESS IN MEN



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## A MAIDEN FAIR.

BY CHARLES GIBSON.

It could not yet be recollected all that had happened, but enough was clear to make him anxious to get away from the *Mermaid* without causing more pain to Annie. With that thought he turned out of the berth and soused his head well in cold water. Then he had only to pull on his boots and fasten his necktie, for his clothes had not been taken off. That done, he made his way to the dock, purposing to go on shore and take the first train home. What was to be done afterwards would be decided when his head was clear.

Early as it was, however, Captain Duncan was already afloat, and as soon as Ross appeared from below, they met.

"I am sorry for you, Bob; but it's the best thing you can do to gang home by train. I think it will be a good idea to have you on board after what has taken place. Had you done it at any other time, I would have thought much about it; but when you were at the wheel and at such a place—oh, confound it, I can't think about it 'til you're patient."

Ross bowed his head and could not speak. Presently the captain went on—

"How's ever, you can't make your mind easy, and I'll speak a word about it, and the lad will hand his tongue for your sake. At the same time I am done with you."

"It's very good of you, captain," said Ross, speaking low and huskily; "but asking me to take on a job like that is a bit of a joke. That's the worst of it. I don't know just exactly what I shall do or how I did it; but I dare say I shall leave it all soon enough. Thank you, and good-by."

I will be able to face your father and the world again, and, best of all, I will be able to meet you without feeling that there is any shame upon me.

"It has been a hard time for me, Annie, and I do not think I could have come through it but for you—God bless you, I am hoping that there is only a wee while to wait till I may see you again; and I am fazed that something may come between us yet. But nothing can change me."

She put the letter in her pocket. There was a new light on her face, making it look gentler and happier than it had ever done before. Ay, she did believe him—she had believed all along that he had been betrayed in some way, although she could not guess how. But Dick Baxter was a clever man and he would find it out.

When Dick reappeared from Cargill's cabin there was a peculiar smug on his wizened face, and nodding to Annie complacently he muttered—

"Just as I thought, just as I thought." "What is as you thought?" she inquired eagerly.

"Give me a minute or two," he answered, seating himself before the joint of corned beef which had been placed for him. He took a dram first and then ate heartily. His reflections were much aided by this proceeding, and when he had finished he produced a large well-worn pocket-book from the midst of a curious collection of needles, hooks of thread, fishing hooks and odd buttons, and selected a scrap of paper which had been cut out from some newspaper.

As soon as the *Mermaid* arrived at Leith, Cargill took his leave. Annie was disappointed; all the same, however, she had failed to move her. She had been civil to him—most civil—but she would not permit him to get out his proposal. When he was saying good-by he made one more effort to win her favor.

"I suppose I may come to Anchor Cottage to-morrow?"

"Then her whole manner suddenly changed, she became cold, almost stern. 'You may come, of course, Mr. Cargill; but you will not speak to me until Mr. Ross is put right with my father.'"

"He was staggered, confused, muttered that he did not see what business it was of his; and with clumsy haste made his way on shore."

"Thinking over those parting words of Annie's he was a little disturbed and in very bad humor when he arrived at his mother's 'boarding-house,' as he called it. Entering the room he did not observe the absence of any salutation, querulous or otherwise, from his mother; but when he looked he was conscious of a change in her appearance which startled even him."

"She sat bolt upright in her chair, the white mutch as carefully 'popped' as ever, surrounding a face like that of a corpse. Her right hand rested on a little table at her side, the left grasped the arm of the chair, supporting her in the erect position of one who is just about to rise to her feet."