

THE HERALD

THURSDAY, JUNE 4. 1874.

Original.

A PEN AND INK PICTURE.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

Beside the cheerful fire in the cozy parlor, sits the anxious parents, awaiting the return of their boy,—the pride of their lives, the hope of their declining years. For the last half hour tea has been waiting, still he comes not.—They are aware that of late he has often been found in bad company, and often have they expostulated with him for his evil course. In vain they have told him that evil associates will ruin him, that they will drag him down the path to eternal misery. But he laughs at their fears and tells them that he is sowing his wild oats, and when this is done he will grow steady, and industrious. And they do not know that their once noble boy spends more than half of his nights in a saloon, or at the gaming table. While such fancies as these flit through the minds of the anxious parents, another half hour passes, but still their son returns not; evil companions have led him on from bad to worse until he is in a fair way to end his career in a drunkard's grave. They first asked him to join them in a social glass, which he refused with a shudder, for he well knew the evil results of the first glass. But again, and again, they urged him to drink, and alas, the temptation proved too strong; he yielded to their entreaty; the taste for strong drink was acquired; the habit of drinking formed; step by step he goes on; the card table at the saloon has greater attractions than the center-table in the parlor of his once happy home. At last, late in the evening, he returned home excited by strong drink. His aged father began to remonstrate with him for keeping bad company, and his gray-haired mother, with many tears, besought him to spend his evenings at home. But he only makes some careless remark about sowing wild oats, and abruptly leaves the room. "Whatsoever a man soweth that also shall he reap." So it proved in this case, for the scene changes. A gay party in a sleigh seem to be having a merry time, they laugh and shout as they pass along, as though there was no such thing in the world as sorrows or death, and little dream that that grim monster is so near. The young man of the first scene is one of this gay party and is met by his father, who says: "My son, you told me you were done sowing wild oats." And the son replied, "I am, father, but I am just going to harrow them in," and away they (the merry crowd) sped. Again the scene changes. The clock is chiming the hour of midnight, slowly the crowd in the street move on until they reach the steps of this young man's house, when from out the crowd four men come bearing in their arms his lifeless body; for the horse ran away and he was thrown from the sleigh and instantly killed. What an awful ending to a merry sleigh ride. A soul hastened into the presence of God without a moment's preparation.

This is no imaginary sketch, but a true picture drawn from real life, and it is but one among many thousands of just such cases. Had this young man listened to the wise advice of his aged parents, he might have been useful and happy, but as he did not, we see how he met with a violent death.

OUR LOUISVILLE LETTER.

LOUISVILLE, NEB. }
May 27th, '74. }

ED. HERALD:—An enthusiastic meeting was held here last evening, by the citizens of this place, to take into consideration, and to make preparations for a celebration on the Fourth of July, '74, and was well attended and a feeling of unity prevailed.

Speeches were made by nearly all present, the tenor of which, declared the sense of the meeting to be in favor of a big time on the Fourth. This being the pioneer celebration of the place, it was unanimously resolved that no labor or expense would be spared to make it second to none in the County; and that all who might come, would be amply provided for. An executive committee of five was then appointed, to see that this spirit is carried out to the letter.

The principal officers of the day were then appointed as follows:

President—Conrad Schlater.

Vice President—Dr. J. M. Waterman.

Marshal—Frank Standar.

Mr. Baz. Ramsey was selected as orator of the day, and Miss Anna Glover to read the Declaration of Independence.

The Louisville Brass-band and Glee Club will furnish music for the occasion. We will swell the chorus on the "pic-nic song," with "loud and joyful strains," to prove that we are a "Band of Union Brothers," and our motto is "Union for Aye." If we do "work on a farm."

A cordial invitation is extended to all. Yours respectfully,

J. R. TOMAN,
Sec'y.

A Pass to Hades.

There is a newspaper man in the eastern part of the State who is being bantered as the champion railroad pass beggar. "Passing" him by, we want to tell a little story about an old acquaintance who once published a paper on the line of the Detroit and Milwaukee Road. He was a mighty poor compositor, to begin with, and the first issue of his paper was a sight to see. He had borrowed old Buchu and Bitters stereotypes to fill up with, and his "salutary," as he called it, contained about two hundred typographical errors and half that number of grammatical blunders. But it was a foundation, and he went to receiving subscriptions, and sending for railroad passes. He "went for" superintendents until he had a pass over every road in the State, but these were not enough. He sent abroad, and finally he addressed the superintendent of an Ohio road. No answer. The editor wrote again. No answer. He wrote a third letter, and an answer came back: "Go to h—!" The editor turned the letter over and wrote: "Send me a pass on your road and I will." The pass came and he was made happy.

A conductor on the New Haven and Northampton road while taking fares the other day was asked by an old gentleman, "what do you do with all this ere money you get of the passengers as don't have tickets." "Put it in my pocket," answered the good natured conductor. Just what I thought," said the inquisitive gentleman, returning to his newspaper.

"Squirting Tobacco Juice into an Old Ram's Eyes" is the head of a recent article in the Savanna Star.

A Wheeling man is doing business at the sign of "Homeny, beens, caned corn, canedtomatoes, buck wheat, flour, rasons."



L. F. JOHNSON,

Opposite the Platte Valley House, in Schlater's Jeweler Store.

Main St., Plattsmouth, Neb.

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BURDET, SMITH'S AMERICAN, AND BOSTON

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Picnic Gardens.

DON'T send East for Plants when you can get just as good for less money nearer home. To my numerous friends and patrons I would say that I have the largest and best stock of plants ever offered for sale in the West, and at reasonable prices.

Be sure and send for my New Descriptive Catalogue.

which will be sent free to all who apply for it. Then give me your orders, and I feel confident I can satisfy you.

Address, W. J. HESSER, Plattsmouth, Neb.

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Dealer in

CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c., &c., &c.

One of the oldest and most Reliable Houses in Plattsmouth, Main street, between Fourth and Fifth.

REMEMBER THE PLACE.

BOOT & SHOE MAKER.

New Outfit, New Place.

George Karcher.

(Formerly Karcher & Klingbell.)

Has removed his Boot and Shoe establishment up town, on the south side of Main street, OPPOSITE the Postoffice, and next door to Henry Boeck's Furniture Store, in Plattsmouth, Neb. GOOD WORK WARRANTED, AND FAIR PRICES.

Call and see the new place, gentlemen. All old customers respectfully invited to leave their work as before, and new trade solicited. I shall try to give you as good work at as low prices as any one in town. GEO. KARCHER.



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I am now prepared to furnish the best undiluted milk

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To all parties notifying me

PETER GOOS.

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has on hand, one of the largest stocks of

Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods for Spring and Summer.

I invite everybody in want of anything in my line to call at my store.

SOUTH SIDE MAIN,

Between 5th & 6th St's.

And convince themselves of the fact. I have as a specialty in my Retail Departments, a stock of Fine Clothing for Men and Boys, to which we invite those who want goods.

I also keep on hand a large and well selected Stock of Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c. Jan 1 y1

Ben Hemple.

HES THE MAN,

KEEPS AN EATING HOUSE.

ON LOWER MAIN STREET,

PLATTSMOUTH, - - - NEB.

Meals at all hours, Ice Cream, Soda Water, & Lemonade, to Cool You.

Good square Meals, nice Lunches, &c., &c., to warm you.

Ales, Wines, and good Liquors to be used reasonably, for your benefit if you desire.

31y1 B. HEMPLE, Prop.

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