

The Plattsburgh Weekly Herald.

KNOTTS BROS., Publishers & Proprietors.

Wonders of Platform Making.

Des Moines Register, 23: Political carpenters and joiners are busy these days making platforms. A good deal of this sort of work has been done in Iowa this year. Some of the platforms are wonders to behold, and cater to every ism and hobby which has been made known up to date. All of this kind of platforms are committed to delegates with special and positive instructions to have them incorporated in the state platform. It will be queer-looking thing, we reckon, if they all get in. The forcing of issues and minor things into the state platform reigned in the republican platform in its maddest and most ultra form in the days that Jim Weaver was ripening up into a reformer. Every issue known up to that date, Weaver demanded to have put in the platform. He would besiege the committee on resolutions, and shower it with all sorts of drafts of platforms, and then fight like a windmill on the floor of the convention to get in more issues. He was always threatening to leave the party if it didn't adopt his latest ism, and finally when he prayed with the crusading women in front of the Bloomfield saloons, and then demanded of the state convention that it put that in the platform, too, and it wouldn't do it, he went off and organized a party of his own which would make a platform with enough isms in it to suit him.

People like isms, or with one idea, or with hobbies, always forget the platform of a political party can be nothing more than an agreement of a certain lot of people, going in the same direction politically, on general principles. Enough people will agree on main things to form a political party, or to be a majority in the state. Many people who do not believe in all, but a majority, of the declared principles in a platform, will go in the crowd because it most nearly comes to their average position. When to expressions on all issues is added the isms of every individual member of the party, and the hobby of every neighborhood in the state, and the grudge of this faction and the hatred of that, and the quarrels of disappointed lawyers, or unhappy editors, and the specifics of every earnest man for the settlement of every public question, the prospects of getting a majority of the people in the state to stand on the platform becomes doubtful if not hopeless.

It is common to forget that a platform is but the unsworn agreement of those who make it, and that made up in mass meeting, the hasty work of a few hours at most, it can not bind and determine, and should not be expected to bind and determine, absolutely the action of men who go into office sworn to do their duty according to their own intelligence and their own conscience. If a convention recommends a wrong thing, and a man in office or legislature follows the recommendation, the same men will meet in state convention the next year and denounce him for it. A convention of wise men always keeps its own skirts clear, and as roundly denounces public servants for obeying its mistaken errors as for disobeying others of its mandates. Conventions are not an oath, and not accountable to the people. Men in office are. It is well enough for platform-makers to remember this.

A Texas Willie Goat Raises Cain in a Meeting House.

The Colonel: Down in Gonzales the other day a Willie goat of good temper and size and a sweet expression and big horns assisted at a protracted meeting. The goat was a great favorite in the neighborhood, and liked to toy with people in that frolicsome fashion so common to goats. His favorite pastime was feeling for things about the pistol pocket of the male inhabitants and sizing up the overskirts of the ladies. Willie had a beard on him like Aaron's and a pair of immense horns. It was Sunday, and the family had gone to church. Knowing the innocent playfulness of the goat, they shut him up in the kitchen. lest he should wander into the sanctuary and hurt the feelings of those with whom he was not acquainted. Like most goats with a christian education and a prying disposition, William pried open the windows and escaped.

The minister had just got the christians around the altar in piles and heaps, praying that the sinner might be converted during the meeting, when there was a lull for only one moment, and then the shouting began. When the shouts first broke out, the visiting minister, who had preached that day, thought it was the result of his effort, and he shouted, "Bless God, brethren! Let it come." And it did come, but not from where he expected. It took him in the rear, and lifted him over the altar railing. It was that goat. He had heard the singing, and went over to enjoy himself and offer his humble aid in making things lively. He succeeded.

As William walked up the aisle he

spied the brother who was leading in prayer throwing his arms around like the arms of a star windmill, and he took it for a challenge. Willie had been trained up not to take a dare, so he put his head down and struck the devout deacon in the small of the back. The prayer was cut off right in the middle of the word 'damnation.' It caused a sister to raise her head with a frown of horror. Willie took this as a playful nod, and he knocked the sister silly with one butt. It was at this point the shouting made the preacher think he had raised the spirit, and when William sent him so rudely over the railing he landed on top of a fat brother who yelled like blazes and used language which never ought to be used in church. By this time there was a general stampede. Women began to scream, old men to yell and to rush for Willie and the latter would meet them on half-way ground and toy with each one a moment, and frisk them about and mix the sisters and brethren up in a style that was scandalous, and jump on the mourners, and batter the younger sisters, and lam the life almost out of the officers who tried to put him out, and carried on as if he was initiating a whole community in the sacred rites of Masonry instead of assisting in a religious meeting. Finally the owner of the gay and frolicsome goat rushed in and called to William to come to him, and confidence was restored. The goat was bought next day by the grand lodge of the Sons of Montezumas. He is now acting as high grand bouncer every week.

Sunday Picnics.

The sentiment is growing stronger daily in all communities against Sunday picnics, with their usual concomitant liquor drinking. Anyone who will observe the effects of these Sunday excursions will be led to the direct conclusion that they are fearfully demoralizing to the community. These picnics are usually gotten up by men for the purpose of making money by the sale of beer, wines, etc. They call together a promiscuous assemblage of people, and are too frequently the resorts of the most desperate and dis-reputable men, who have no regard for woman's virtue, or morality in general.

While many attend who are reputable citizens, it is almost impossible to exclude those who attend from motives wholly base and dangerous. The worst feature of these gatherings where beer is sold, is that the law is openly and boldly defied in the very face of law abiding citizens. This can have no other effect than to foster a disregard for law and a disposition to disobey whatever legal restrictions are not in accord with the opinions of certain people. The time has come to put a stop to these Sunday revelries. The terrible tragedy that occurred at Friend last Sunday stands forth as a ghastly proof of the evil tendencies of these gatherings. —Crete Globe.

General Logan's Great Work.

A beautifully bound and artistically illustrated volume, bearing the title "The Volunteer Soldier of America" comes to us from the publishing house of R. S. Peale & Co., Chicago. The public has been anxiously awaiting this work from the brain and hand of the brave soldier who is sleeping in mortality, but awake in immortality—General John A. Logan. Its authorship alone would invest it with an undying interest, but, aside from this his fitness for treating the subject gives the volume a practical value hardly to be estimated. He was an experienced military man who had carefully and intelligently studied the military system of the country; and when, in convincing language, and by indisputable facts, he demonstrates the need of reform, the country will do well to heed his words. General Logan speaks emphatically, but without prejudice or bitterness, and no one can read this, his greatest work, without feeling that it has been written from first to last as a duty to a nation which had crowned him as one of its greatest soldiers and statesmen.

"The Volunteer Soldier" is not a "war book" in the common meaning of the term; neither is it a life of Logan—although the biographical memoir of the author, which precedes the body of the book, is, without doubt, the best short biography of the illustrious volunteer leader that has ever been written, containing many facts and incidents in his career never before published; and the General's Military Reminiscences, it must be admitted by all, form a most valuable contribution to the history of the civil strife.

It is the only connected history of the volunteer service of America that has ever been written; the first and only great attempt to perpetuate the glorious achievements of the American citizen soldiery, and to give to the volunteer soldier and sailor that honor and place in history which are so justly their due. Logan was never more eloquent than when reciting the deeds or advocating the rights of his comrades in arms. In this work he demands justice for the defenders of the American republic, and shows that the safety and permanence of our free institutions depend upon the strong arms and loyal hearts of her citizen soldiers. The handsomely printed pages of the

book abound in thrilling descriptions of the heroism of individuals, companies, regiments, divisions and corps. Much of it reads like romance.

The work is copyrighted by Mrs. Logan, who receives two-thirds of the gross profits. The first edition, the publishers state, has already been exhausted, but others are under way.

"The Volunteer Soldier" is a large octavo volume of over seven hundred pages including General Logan's military reminiscences from his private journal, now published for the first time. The book is beautifully bound, and the artistic engravings and clear letter-press make it the handsomest publication which has reached the book table for some time.

Sherman's Tribute to Gen. Geo. H. Thomas.

Perhaps the passage of Sherman's reply to Gen Rosser which will attract the most attention in the locality is the following tribute to the locality and military genius of Gen. George H. Thomas.

I offer another name more nearly resembling Gen. Lee in personal characteristics, Gen. H. Thomas, probably less known in England, but who has a larger following and holds a higher place in the hearts and affections of the American people than Gen. Lee. He, too, was a Virginian, and when Lee resigned from the army in 1861 Thomas succeeded him as colonel of the second regular cavalry. A graduate of West Point of the class of 1840, he served his country in the Florida war, in the Mexican war, and in campaigns against hostile Indians, rising with honor and credit against all the grades, at each stage taking the usual oath to defend the United States against all her enemies whatsoever, foreign and domestic.

When the storm of civil war burst on our country, unlike Lee he resolved to stand by his oath and to fight against his native state, to maintain the common unity of our fathers. In personal appearance he resembled George Washington, the father of his country, and in all the attributes of manhood he was the peer of Gen. Lee, as good if not a better soldier, of equal intelligence, the same kind heart, beloved to idolatry by his army of the Cumberland, and exercising a gentle but strict discipline, never disturbed by false rumors or real danger: not naturally aggressive, but magnificent on the defensive: almost the very counterpart of his friend, Gen. Lee, but far excelling him in the moral and patriotic line of action at the beginning of the war. Lee resigned his commission when the civil war was certain, but Thomas remained true to his oath and his duty always, to the very last moment of his life. During the whole war his services were transcendent, winning the first substantial victory at Mills Springs, in Kentucky, January 20, 1862, participating in all the campaigns of the west in 1862-3-4, and finally, December 16, 1864, annihilating the army of Wood, which in mid-winter had advanced to Nashville to besiege him. In none of these battles will Gen. Wolsley pretend there was such inequality of numbers as he refers to in the east.

Washington's Fairest Maids in the Role of Newspaper Correspondents.

The star of the newspaper writer is in the ascendant, declares a Washington correspondent. The newspaper rash has broken out violently in Washington, and the fad of the society girl is to write for the newspapers. Even Mrs. Logan has not escaped it, and not long ago a two-column article by her appeared in the Post. But the way the dear girls are going for journalistic honors is refreshing. One delightful little thing, whose father is a military officer of high rank, and who goes everywhere, carries a dainty little tablet around with her to dinners and balls, wherein she puts down the names and clothes of the guests. This young thing and a highly-respected society correspondent, who is the right hand woman of the men correspondents for weddings and other society incidents, and who goes by the affectionate name of Long Tom, hunt in couples. Between them they get up the best society news in Washington. Naturally, all the girls in the delightful little things, set aspire to do likewise, partly impelled by the wonderful tales they hear of the money newspaper writers command. It is told, and moreover, it is believed, that a certain society writer here gets \$200 a month for four short letters. Another woman, who tackles public affairs chiefly and does a little side work for the magazines, is credited with making, not two, three or four thousand dollars a year, but ten thousand! The girls think that the editor, sitting in a boudoir hung with pale, pink satin, receives the postulant, glances at her dainty manuscript, and, touching a silver bell, an office boy in velvet knee breeches escorts her down to the publisher's office. There, in the dim light of stained glass and wax candles, the publisher sits and writes—and writes—checks all day long. He hands the postulant a bank check to be filled in at her own sweet caprice. She can command this check any time she chooses by simply rubbing the lamp—no, exercising the pen. What they do believe is only a little less improbable than this. Anyhow, they are all at it, and those who are lucky enough to get in print are perfectly delighted.

Stop.

Schuyler Sun.

There are a few young men in Schuyler to whom it might be well to say halt. You may mean well enough but your actions do not speak well. Most of you have loving mothers, sisters and fathers who are anxious to see you succeed well in the world. Hanging around the street after nightfall, associating with a class of loafers will never fulfil their wishes. Going into the saloon to take a drink occasionally because another fool boy friend invites you and it looks big—you only imagine so, for it don't—stalk up to the counter and take a friendly glass with him. It would be well for some of you to remember that the most of our habits are formed while young and those you are now contracting, in two years, are in six months, some of you will never be able to break. These words are not directed to the old time loafer and saloon bum, but to a certain intelligent few young men personally acquainted with us. We are confident that you mean to "swear off" at no distant day, but remember that will be hard to do. Now is the time. Leave the streets at night and regale yourselves at the fire-side of home in company with brothers and sisters or with a good book. Young friend, if this hits you and is the means of better resolutions being formed, you will thank God in five years that it was so.

A Novel Bet.

While I am not a betting man, said F. J. Cheney, of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., I considered it my religious duty to make that fellow a bet, you see he was about dead and I guess he would of died before Spring, if I had not of got him on a bet. You know some men had rather lose their life than lose a hundred, well he was one of that kind, and we both came near being out, but I saved my hundred and it only cost him ten dollars. How's that! He sent for me one day and said the doctors had all given him up to die, with the catarrh. I told him that I would bet him \$100 that Hall's Catarrh Cure would cure him or I would give him \$100 if it failed. He took the latter proposition. This was three months ago; you see how he looks now, don't you, as well as any one, and a dandy.—American, Toledo, O.

—Henry Ives and Ferdinand Ward both smoke cigarettes. The moral is obvious. Smoke a pipe.—Lincoln Journal.

—Sailor hats are all the rage in London, as they are with us. They look funny when surmounted with veils. Sailors prefer tarpaulin.

Life is burdensome, alike to the sufferer and all around him, while dyspepsia and its attending evils hold sway. Complaints of this nature can be speedily cured by taking Prickly Ash Bitters regularly. Thousands once thus afflicted now bear cheerful testimony as to its merits.

—The Queen of the Netherlands is to act as regent for her daughter in the event of a demise of the crown. The queen is not a favorite in Holland.

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—Miss Inez Shipman, the new professor at Lombard University, takes equal honors with the other professors, and wears her mantle with dignity.



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