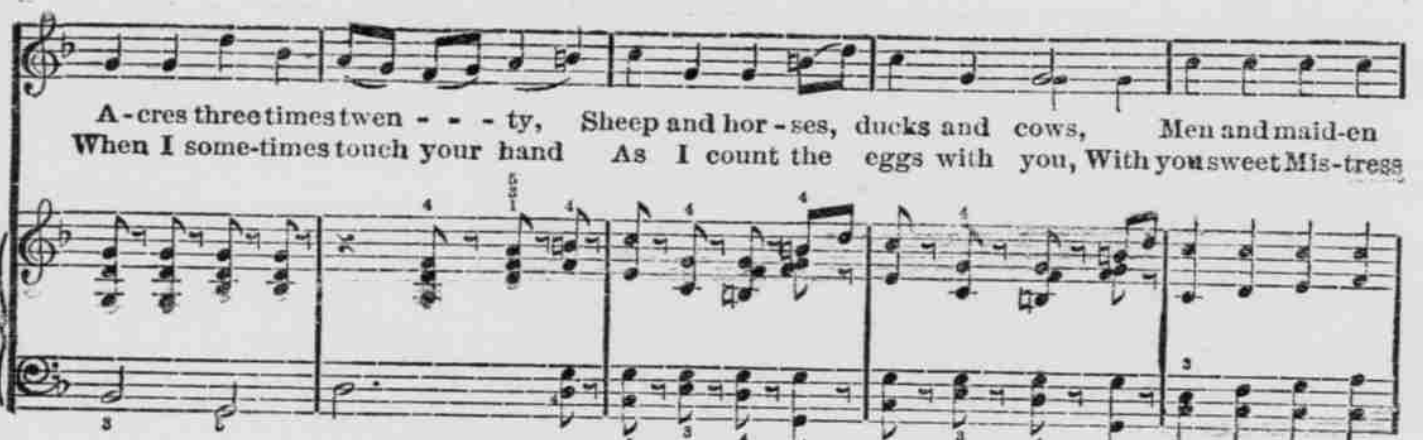
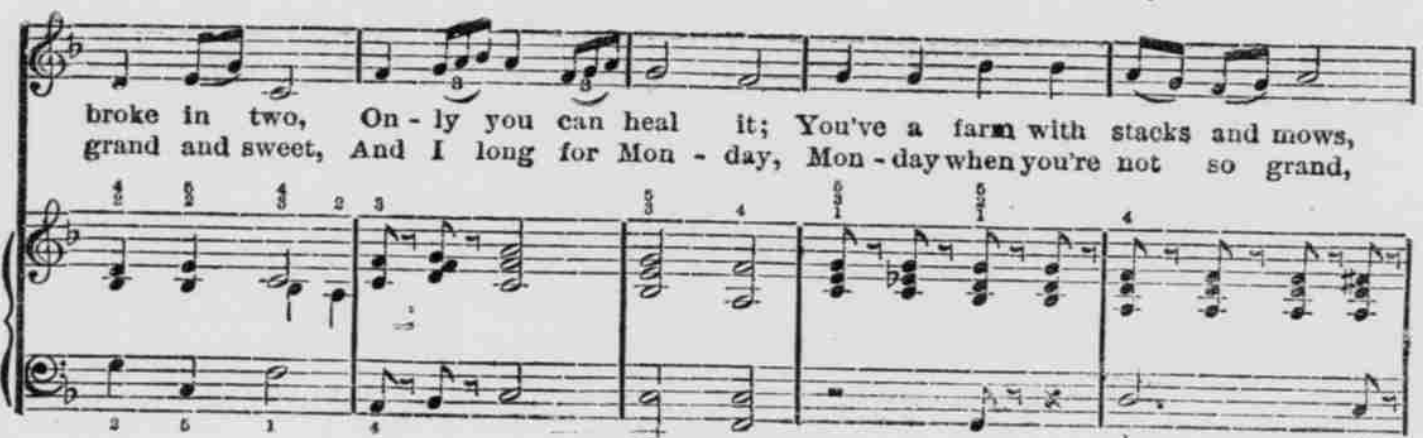
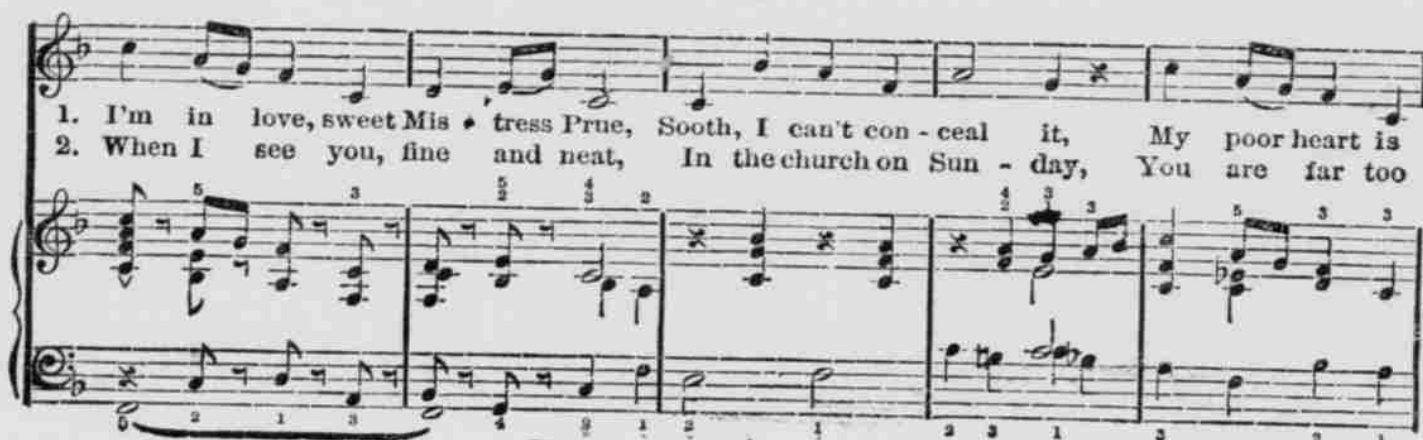


# MISTRESS PRUE.

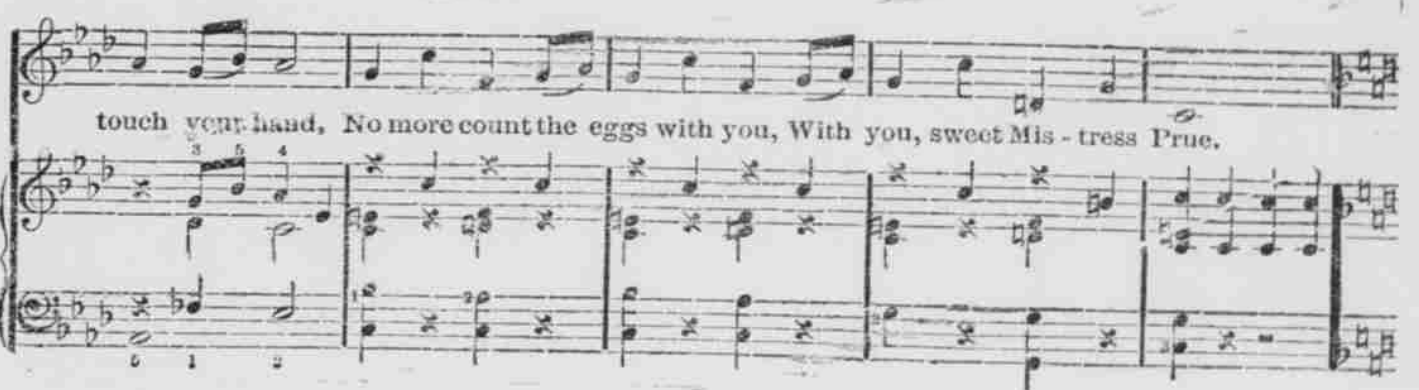
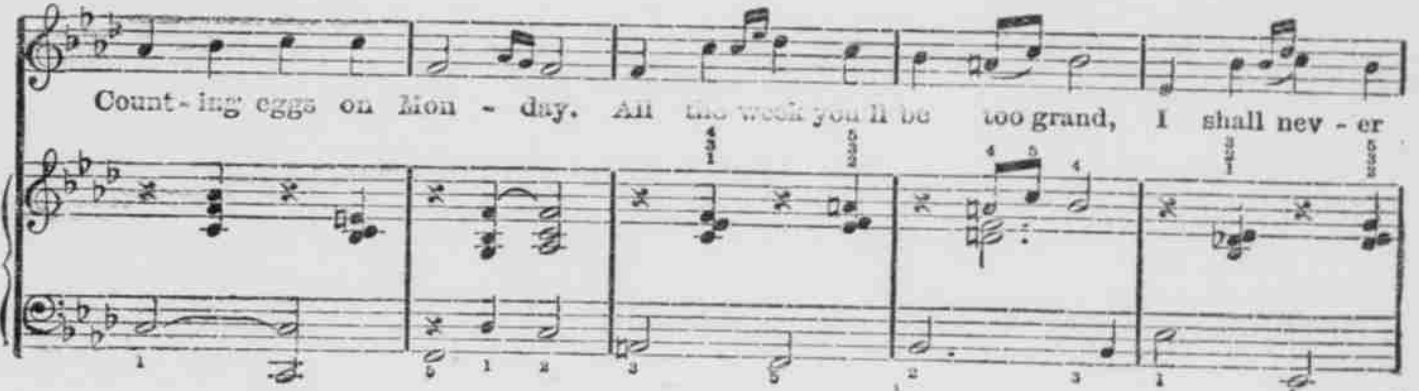
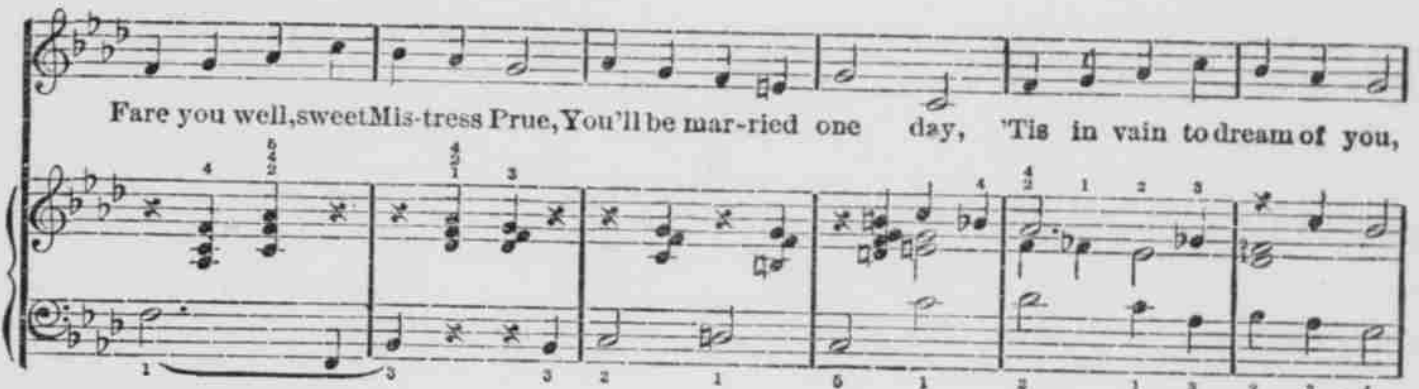
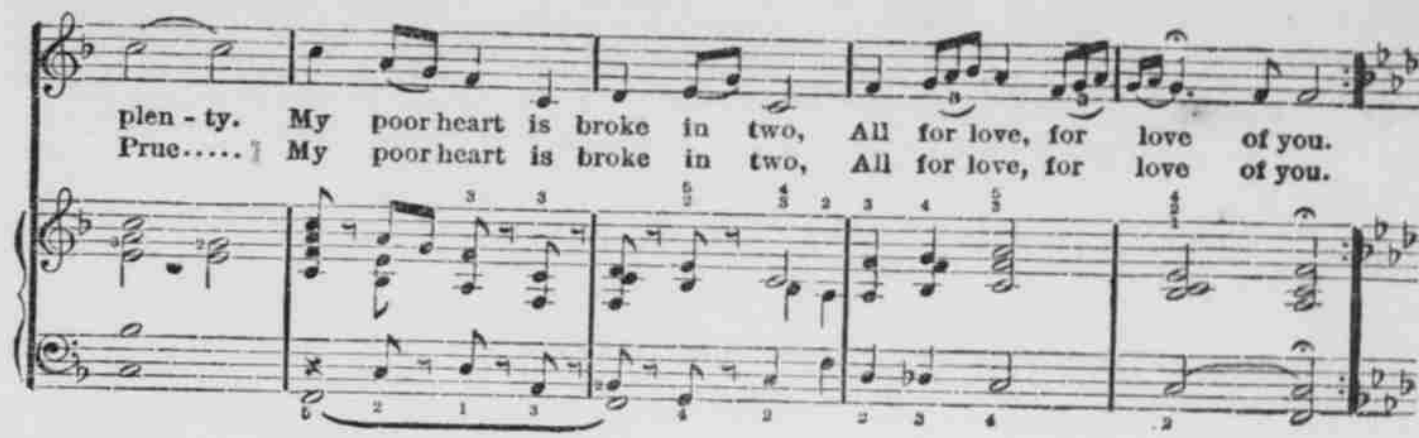
Words by F. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by J. L. MOLLOY.

Moderato. ♩ = 152.



Copyright—Kunkel Bros., 1888—KUNKEL'S ROYAL EDITION.



MISTRESS PRUE—2d page.

## GRASS WIDOWERS.

A Dozen or so of Them in Platts-mouth Look Upon Themselves as Privileged Characters.

Wife, You Had Better Come Home to Your Hubby.

An unmarried gentleman of leisure, who was possessed of an extraordinary pleasing countenance and who, upon inquiry, was found to be making a tour of the country, made a visit to this great city of ours. Although he professed to be a man of leisure without any particular aim in view, yet people of whom he made many inquiries were left under the impression that more than just the idea of pleasure-seeking called him from town to town. If we were to judge from his many similar questions the cause, we would decidedly state that he was on the alert for the woman of his heart. Platts-mouth only detained him a short time from the continuation of his tour, and when he was about to leave this city he was heard to remark:

"Of all the towns, cities or villages ever visited by me, this city affords less encouragement than any to a man who has in view the same good object as myself."

He could not possibly hold himself longer, and being unable to secrete the overflow of a wounded heart which was made sore from deep regret of such total discouragement upon reaching Platts-mouth, that he exhibited the most crest-fallen expression every witnessed by any one. On being questioned as to his trouble he explained:

"I am learning that the further west I go, the worse it is for me and the more fruitless my journey. Platts-mouth is the termination of my route, for if more such discouragement greets me, I will count my journey a failure, and fall a victim of the ridicule of the many heartless grass-widowers your city is possessed of. As far as I can see where the young men have not already got the advantage, the men whose wives have gone east, west, north and south are paying attention to the widows, grass-widows, girls young and old, making themselves so prominent in the field that a stranger like myself is ignored by the women whose present chances are so numerous. Occasionally those men I speak of are seen driving up to the front of the residences here in your city inviting some one to take a drive, and I have noticed that invariably a lady comes out to ac-

company them. The appearance of the grass-widowers I speak of is so marked by a change of apparel—they always look so prim, and I also notice that they always wear clean collars now, keep their neckties straight, and in every way take good care to present themselves in as handsome attire as any young man who goes on a flirting expedition. If they are asked by any intimate friends who are likely to extend information to their wives, if they are made aware of facts, how grass-widowhood agrees with them, there is not one among the crowd of invariables who will not drop his head immediately, as though the thought caused him a pang or deep feeling of loneliness, and explain in a trembling voice: "Oh, if my wife would only shorten her visit and return to me soon, what a happy man I would be. I cannot be contented at the house now. When I am studying or reading, I will suddenly look around to say a word to her, but alas! she is gone, and the strongest sense of loneliness then presents itself to me. I feel as though all the friends I ever had on earth had left me, because my wife is all in this world to me."

They will then plan their course for another day. It is true they do not care to remain long in the house, and they start on an expedition each day as though they had business in view on which some one's life depended. They all seem to forget that this is leap year and that their wives who are many miles away are losing no chances which the privileges of this, their great year, affords them. I have not the slightest doubt but that the wives of those men are flying high, flirting, and saying to their gentlemen attendants: "That husband of mine will never dream that you are so good and kind to me. He is the best husband in the world, I am sure I can trust him. I am probably doing him an injustice, but what the odds, he will never be any the wiser, so you need not care."

Such are the thoughts of the wives whom the husbands here are trying to deceive. It is no more than right that the women should be informed of this, and as the HERALD reaches nearly all of them, an over-tax on postage will be the result or the railroad companies will reap a harvest.

INSTEAD of meaningless phrases, contrary to the history of current events in this country, the republican platform is framed in terse language.—Lowell Mail.

## A Queer Complaint.

VINCENNES, Ind., July 12.—Two years ago John Pickard, a fireman on the Cairo, Vincennes and Chicago Railroad, was murdered in Mount Carmel, Wabash County, Ill., by Jacob Ward, a man from Indiana. Ward, at the time was so grossly intoxicated that he was scarcely conscious of the terrible deed he had committed. He narrowly escaped lynching. At the ensuing November term of the circuit court he was tried, found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to forty-eight years of imprisonment in the penitentiary. He is now serving his time at Chester. But here the sequel to the murder begins. Mrs. Packard, the widow of the murdered man, by her attorney, Judge J. R. Williams, of Carmi, Ill., has just instituted suit against two saloon firms charged with selling liquor to Ward, and also against the owners of the buildings in which the saloons are situated. The damages are placed at \$10,000. Messrs. Bell and Green, of Mount Carmel, have been retained for defense. The case is interesting, since it suggests a new line of defense against saloons for injuries sustained.

From Thursday's Daily.

Sheriff Eikenbury and Marshal Mallick, accompanied by their families, went on a fishing expedition yesterday. They arrested several fish.

The wife of Mr. Jake Vallery, who resides about 6 miles west of the city, met with a very painful accident yesterday. A new house is being built on the property and several boards were scattered on the ground which had nails sticking from them. She stepped on a board, running a nail into the hollow of her left foot until it was stopped by coming in contact with the bone.

Quite a lengthy notice was given in this paper concerning the move some of the striking engineers had taken, but none of the names of those going back were given. Out of the twenty-five striking engineers who signed request to the B. & M. management asking to be taken back, the following old employees were notified to return and went to work this morning: Joe McCoy, Chas. Martin, Sid Wheeler, Mart Cushing, Lou Pennington, Jake Coffman, Frank Palmer, Geo. Pronger, Green Coffman, Robt. Smith, J. W. Halliday, Gleason and others have been assigned places at Lincoln, McCook and Denver. The taking

back of the old men will not interfere with the positions held by new men, and those who assisted the company when they needed help, will now be taken care of. The above action created quite a stir in the brotherhood camp and a general rejoicing among their friends. This is just the commencement of the end, and Platts-mouth is proud to have set the example. There will be more to follow.

This morning the attention of the reporter was attracted to a sight which made his blood run cold although the day has been very warm. We do not know who should be blamed for the cause, but however, Dr. Salisbury was the victim. We have heard the remark that: "It's a cold day when the flies rest on me," but we never heard of a mouse taking a sleeping abode on a man's hat before. As the doctor was busily engaged in one corner of his room in the blacksmith shop adjoining his office, hammering away at his anvil and pounding teeth into shape which are to be used by some of the Platts-mouth old maids, he found no use for his hat and left it in the office to be used by the first passer-by as an article of amusement if so desired. We did not wait until the doctor wished to make use of his hat, but it is supposed that when he picked it up in a hurry, without noticing the mouse which was so comfortable on its throne and monarch of all it surveyed, that when people drew his attention to it he remarked: "It will be a cold day when the mice roost on me again."

This morning a wise young man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, by distributing mail for the citizens was badly defeated although he acquired considerable satisfaction at the time. He had armed himself with a bucket, gone to a pump (it) in the vicinity of the court house, pumped the bucket full of the life-giving fluid from that quarter, returned with it as far as McElwain's jewelry store, and noticing a number of his friends engaged in conversation in the store dropped his pail, made a dart, appearing upon the scene in ample time to catch a thread and participate in the edifying conversation which was being indulged in by the assemblage. When all were deeply absorbed, two brothers of the canine fraternity appeared on the scene, looked in every direction on the street, and supposing no gentleman would interfere when such an opportunity was

left open to them, immediately engaged themselves in a hearty drink of the fresh water which the gentleman had, a short time before, pumped for himself. A minister was near by at the time, and his services would have been engaged in behalf of the dogs had it not been for their elasticity in making themselves scarce at the time the young man appeared by the bucket with a foot uplifted ready for a kick that would only have assured about one minute's life for the dogs, had he let it go as swift as he had first intended and the dogs remained still where they were. One received a kick which caused it to produce a couple of yelps and disappear.

The blubbery idocy of the Journal man is simply equaled by his native propensity to lie in politics. John M. Thurston happens to be a republican lawyer, and being an employee of the U. P. R. R. furnishes the Journal with a text to howl about republican railroad lawyers in politics. A prominent railroad lawyer, is Mr. Waggoner of the Missouri Pacific, was a prominent delegate in the St. Louis convention. A. J. Poppleton was a prominent railroad lawyer until a couple of months ago and always took a lively interest in politics. J. Sterling Morton of Otter county, is a C. B. & Q. R. R. lawyer generally in the employ of that corporation and was a delegate in the St. Louis convention. John D. Howe a prominent democratic politician of Nebraska, is a railroad lawyer. The St. Louis convention contained more railroad lawyers than the Chicago convention did, which signifies nothing whatever except to silly demagogues.

THE declaration for the principle of tariff protection is direct, forcible and unequivocal. There is no room for doubt or quibbling. The republican party plants itself squarely on that issue and invites the judgment of the country. —Paterson Press-Register.

It is said Bros. Gilmore and Gering have developed into first class politicians. A farmer said in our hearing the other day, he wondered how barrister Gering could neglect his lucrative law practice for politics.

THE democratic mouthpieces are shouting that Ben Harrison is a "kid glove" candidate. Please don't! You will drive all the mugwump vote to him.

FREE trade will shut up the mills of the country, among the very first of which will be the buzz saw mill from Texas.

## SOMETHING OF INTEREST.

To The People of Cass and Adjoining Counties

I desire to say a few words to the people at large in regard to the breeding of horses. Having myself, for the last 35 years been engaged in that business, believing that I am competent to give a fair, unbiased opinion of the best breeders. I drove the stallion, Little Breeches, who took the 1st premium at the first fair ever held in Des Moines, Ia. I also owned and bred the stallion, Cap Walker, who was the first horse to take a premium in Cass county and have always been handling horses for breeding purposes. I have handled and bred Printers, Morgans, Copper Bottoms, Bashous, Hamiltonians, Clydesdales, Normans and others. I have bought and brought to Cass county, a large number of horses even before the B. & M. R. R. had a rail here and among them were a Printer Stallion, a Copper Bottom Stallion, four Norman Stallions, four Clydesdale Stallions and others and have bred all these horses at different times. I have been on the horse market for 20 years and am by this time, certainly competent to know what horse or breed of horses will bring the most money in this or any other market and which are the most valuable to stock raisers. My opinion is that the Clydesdale and Norman are worth more money to the breeders and it is based upon this fact, that a three year old Norman or Clydesdale draft horse is worth and can be sold in market for \$140 to \$200 and the smaller horses at the same age will not possibly bring over \$75.

I have said this much for the benefit of breeders and in explanation, and I further desire to say that we have now at our stables in Platts-mouth two Clydesdale and one Norman horses good clean big breeders, and with more to follow, both for sale and breeding purposes.

W. D. JONES.

Platts-mouth, Neb., May 14th, 1888.

THE declaration of Gen. Harrison that "the success of the republican party has always been identified with the glory of the flag and the unity of the government" is not only a shining historical truth, but it is suggestive furthermore of the significant fact that the record of the democratic party is blackened with the guilt and shame of a directly contrary course.