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## THE HERALD

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PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA

### I FEAR NO MORE.

Adown the lane of linden trees  
We took our Sunday evening walk,  
And in the cool sweet summer breeze  
We lingered long in lover's talk.

Our path lay near the churchyard stile—  
We passed with slightly quickened pace,  
A fluttering zephyr rose the while,  
And cast a dead leaf in your face.

We turned into a wayside path,  
The village lamps shone bright and clear,  
Each shouldering bravely to laugh  
In mockery of the other's fear.

Last night within that churchyard pale  
I sat and wept the whole night through,  
My sighs were unheeded with the gale,  
That swept the dead leaves over you.

Now only there I long to be,  
And dream the dear past o'er and o'er,  
No other spot so dear to me  
Since you are dead I fear no more.

—Jays Jacques in Yankee Blade.

### "THE HEART SPOKE."

Somewhere upon the way between Vienna and Trieste the two letters had crossed each other, and as neither the mail train had gone off the track nor the postman had been robbed and murdered they arrived in due time into the hands of those to whom they were addressed in Trieste and Vienna. Do not get out of patience when you see that my hero and heroine have noble, high sounding names. I know that the usual run of stories are told of the nobility, and they become so tiresome! The joys and sorrows and romances of the middle and lower classes are forgotten. So forgive me, it is not my fault that my "leading lady and gentleman" belong to this former class, and happen to be Count Nicholas von Telki and Baroness Marie Schwarzborg, who are writing to each other, and, indeed, for the first time since their engagement.

You imagine, according to this, that Baroness Marie, with a cry of joy, threw her embroidery out of her hand, and with the help of her thoroughbred gaiter pointed finger nail her open envelope, and that during the perusal of the letter a whole concert of joyful sensations played over her features. I regret that I cannot confirm your expectations. The young lady preferred to finish a vine she was embroidering, then took a paper knife, with which she very calmly opened it, and did not smile until she had reached the very end—a peculiarly triumphant, victorious smile.

"It will not please me," I cry with indignation, and peep inquisitively over her shoulder at the written page. "Well, what does Count Niki write?"

"TRIESTE. —  
"RESPECTED BARONESS—I kiss, first of all, most dutifully your hand, and with the deepest respect. I inquire after your health, of which, in spite of our solemn and weighty engagement, I allow myself to have the best hopes. The dear parents, my parents-in-law, are of course included in this question. I take for granted that the doings and thoughts of your fiancé lie near to your heart, so I shall—I know that one always does it—give you a conscientious bulletin of everything. I would like to assure you that I, intoxicated with happiness and your father's delicious wine, embraced the porter, pressed a real banknote into the conductor's hand, and, instead of turning that contrivance in the car to regulate the temperature, I pulled the "safety rope." I must tell you candidly, just as I am, that neither in happiness nor in wine have I that necessary moderation. I did not sleep, the ring on my finger made me think much, too much, for I am not accustomed to thinking. I soon discovered that it was most beautifully wrought and very heavy, but about the great question—according to Hamlet—to be or not to be—I was not made the wiser.

"At the town where we stopped a half hour for lunch it all became clear as sunshine to me for the first time. I had drunk of cold coffee there which, as it seems, made me not only handsome, but also wise, as the saying goes. You must write all, openly and honestly. Baroness Mizi will understand you," said I, and indeed so loud that my neighbor at the lunch table, a nun, very much frightened, took her rosary and said her prayers.

"So here I am, as you see, writing to you.  
"I must first introduce myself. The exterior appearance is sufficiently known to you. You were long ago informed of my 'worldly goods' question. You know already that I have a blonde mustache and brown eyes, the required military height and a few inches over, and all that is necessary for a 'warrant of capture,' but of the inner man it is as unknown to you as one of those charming places which lies on our military frontier. You allow me to proceed? I am a tolerably sensible man, who bears the well sounding name of the Von Telkis, but has not their prejudices and who looks a little beyond the horizon of the family's laid down laws. I'm a good fellow, but if you took me for a fop the day before yesterday, allow me, without boasting, to earnestly protest. I have a will, a good deal of it, perhaps too stubborn. I am only weak when one begs me from the heart. Particularly if it is a woman, and most especially if that woman is my mother, whom I should love and honor the highest.

"Dear Baroness, I saw you day before yesterday for the first time face to face. I have known you in my thoughts, but that is a rather wearying occupation. You have been served to me at breakfast, dinner and supper—one should never go too far into the figurative lest one runs against a snag. The Telkis have since time immemorial married the Schwarzborgs and vice versa. You, the last Schwarzborg, was destined for me, so surely, so certainly, so absolutely by fate and man that—enfin, that I, who am headstrong and capricious, have reached a ripe age before I have allowed myself to be moved to the unavoidable end of our—of my wish to be nearer.

"You must be back in Trieste on Monday; you can stay a day in Vienna; now make an end of this affair," said my mother, and she had tears in her eyes—real, genuine tears. I am a good son,

and, on the whole, not a bad Telki. My heart—I have something like a heart—after the fashion of novels and the play—had never refused her anything when asked earnestly, so I said 'yes'—it must be yes.

"Before I confess further, permit me, dear baroness, to give you a good piece of advice. Change your photographer. Your photograph is not able to give any idea of you. After these premises, I may be very honest; it is, indeed, a mortal sin in the confessional to keep anything silent. Now then, I thought to myself, that simoleon of a Mizi will be over-rejoiced to give me her hand, and will that same evening tell her ten dearest, bosom friends, in highest heart jubilee, what a swell fellow her Niki is, and after the wedding (which will be under the eyes of all Vienna) will embroider full grown crowns and crests upon all the corners of my trousseau, which were imprudently left vacant.

"Half indifferently, half displeased, I entered the palace of Schwarzborg. Papa embraced me three times and mamma called me 'dear Niki' and 'dear son.' After the formalities were over the moment came for you to make your appearance. When I saw your energetic features and met the first surprised, and then so dark and reproachful look, and then noticed the mocking smile which played around your mouth, and felt how cold your hand was, which lay indifferently in mine, then I asked you in my heart to forgive that word simoleon. With your straightforward, retelling manner you made me quite embarrassed. I passed you the grave at the table four times, and it is my dearest wish, which you have unwillingly sacrificed to me, I know it. I will give it back to you. But how? We stand now opposed to an unfriendly power, which we ourselves have created, and only with united strength can conquer.

"I have since felt, and I know that we are both antagonistic to our families, and our self-willed natures flame up the moment a spoke is placed upon them. You demand your freedom again, which you have unwillingly sacrificed to me. I know it. I will give it back to you. But how? We stand now opposed to an unfriendly power, which we ourselves have created, and only with united strength can conquer.

"I must see you and have a talk. I know that in May you will be with the Broysers at their country seat. May I unexpectedly appear? We can then 'acquit our case.' I hope, to the satisfaction of us both. With a devoted hand kiss, your  
NIKI TELKI.

Baroness Mizi, on the other hand, wrote:

"VIENNA.  
"DEAR COUNT—I am a Schwarzborg, and we have for centuries considered it a great honor when a Telki has bestowed his heart and hand upon a Schwarzborg. I am not an ungrateful one, and I know how to value the honor, pardon me if I do not continue in this tone. I have had many admirers and have been presented with a terrible amount of flowers, at whose sight I have felt myself frightfully engaged. I am not romantic or sentimental, so my greatest interest in those flowers has been to know the name of the florist and then wonder how much they cost; so in looking for the name of the firms I have half poisoned myself with the odor of the flowers. Alas! no, quite. It would have truly been better, for I am beside myself and could, for the first time in my life, cry for rage and shame. Count, I am indeed a wicked creature, and I now understand why my five governesses, with tears in their eyes, ran away. It was quite vicious, what I have thought and planned—and now it is avenged, as my eyes are opened.

"I have had excellent instruction, especially from my teacher of religion. My priest was a very practical tutor. The wife should obey the husband and understand, dear Mizi, when a Count Telki comes and wishes to take you home as his countess, you must gratefully take leave of papa and mamma, etc. etc.

"I had never doubted but that, at some time, our marriage would be written up in the Salonblatt, down to the last satin train and the last cousin from Siebenburger. That you have never appeared until just now was just what I wanted—a good bashful suitor. What could one wish or expect besides?

"You have already perceived at a glance what I get at home to see. Mamma is everything. Papa colors pictures out of illustrated periodicals, which he then cuts out, and is dreadfully angry if any one disturbs him in this occupation. And the men around me, such as Vicky Arnberg and Tom Meierhof, and whatever their names are—dudes translated into high aristocracy—why shouldn't this Niki Telki look just like the rest?

"Oh, I rejoiced at your coming. I wanted to fix a nice chase for you. I had looked for something extra in the Conversational Guide. I intended, the very first thing, to hurl Lopez de Vega and Marlow at you from the saddle.

"Then you came, every inch not a dude, and looked with your dejected and deeply knitted brow not at all as if you could allow joking. You had something about you so lofty that quite perplexed me, and that afterward made me furious. I could only ask myself, How can such a man allow himself to be engaged, patiently and obediently, to Mizi Schwarzborg, who just twenty-four hours before had turned up her nose at his miserable provincial photograph? I forgot Lopez de Vega, Marlow and everything, and poured the gravy, which you passed me several times, over my apricot preserves.

"But now I know that I am not the weak creature that you have sought. I warn you—think of my five unfortunate governesses. You are a cavalier, you will not hold me caught if I long for liberty; you will find for me, for us, a way out of this engagement. In deepest respect. Your devoted  
"MIZI VON SCHWARZBERG."

Baroness Mizi had found the prettiest seat in the Brainer park for herself, the bench on the bank of the lake. A laurel tree made an excellent background for her cream colored dress and flaming red parasol.

"At your service, baroness—exactly upon the minute."

"Thank you, count, will you not sit down?"

"The worthy Brainer will be here in fifteen minutes, so had we not better begin business immediately?"

"Directly in medias res."

"I am, indeed, not a Hungarian peasant, that I understand Latin, but you mean, then, immediately to reach the center?"

"You have a decided instinct for language. Well?"

"Through the sunlight her clear cut profile was truly exquisitely beautiful. The chin a trifle impudent."

"Now, then, I suppose, dear count, you want to know how things stand. Well, we have very indiscreetly allowed golden chains to be put upon us, which we should like to shake off, a tout prix."

"Just as true as poetically said."

His brown eyes alone must make him sympathetic.

"Of course the withdrawing must come from your side, my dear young lady. I can not be expected to refuse you."

"On principle that is fair, but though I have much courage, for I once fought a regular duel with Lady Arnberg, I fear it would not be sufficient to fight one with my family. Allow me, please, to put up my parasol, the sun is shining right in your face."

It was indeed a beautiful woman's head which looked from under the red shade.

"So we must have a pitched battle and conquer your family, if you expect to get rid of me. I am not a saint, in spite of my holy name of Nicholas. The girls of your ballet would, for a small recompense, gladly get up some scandal about me, and"—

"Mercy, count, that would be dreadful for me. Besides I have, in my childish innocence, always believed such light winged scandals belonged exclusively to the marriage chapter."

They looked each other questioningly in the eyes, as if they could answer such a rational question.

"I think then that it looks hopeless."

"Oh, no, not quite, for I can take myself forcibly from this life!"

"For heaven's sake, stop. Why, every little schoolboy nowadays who gets a bad certificate commits suicide, and besides it's no longer the style. Then it would be such a pity too!"

"Truly?" He kissed her hand, this time underneath the bracelet.

"Then, perhaps, a long, never-to-return journey on my part. Africa is quite the 'go' now, and is accompanied with chances for being eaten. The savages prefer roasted human flesh to baked chicken salads."

"That would be deserting your flag, and would decide nothing."

"Yes, in the meantime you would know your own heart; the right man would come, to whom you would listen."

"The right man! Oh, count, you do not know this dull, insipid society, Vicky Arnberg, or—it overcomes me," as Gretchen says. So you must think of some other way."

"At your command I'll try."

"It's strange that these two stupid gold rings should have so much power. Do you see how easily mine can be drawn off—yours, too? There, now, I hold the criminals. Yes, because it must be—she stamped her little foot—"so, there they lie now in the lake!"

"You have done that very slyly and just like a woman. We are rid of the rings, a beautiful carp will undoubtedly die of indigestion—and we are precisely as before! But, did you say 'because' or 'if it must be'?"

"Because, count."

A long pause, with a swift exchange of glances; then the count said: "A capital idea, dear Miss Mizi. We'll present our case to the 'Salonblatt' in the form of a public explanation. No one can do anything against the fait accompli. We have been brought together against our will and engaged. We have, as sensible persons, found out that we are strangers, that we can neither esteem nor love each other. Is it not true?"

"Now strangers we are no longer. I even thought we would have been right good comrades, and hope yet that we may be."

"Why, of course, concerning the esteem on my part."

"And I hope the esteem on my part will be equal to yours."

"With the 'love,' indeed."

Never write. One must get angry so often with those whom one writes about. See? I have gone to the trouble to draw a sketch of characters, and now this industrious work is to be frivolously destroyed. I can absolutely not say why those two on the bench should look at each other so long and lovingly—why Mizi, the abovesaid Mizi, should suddenly cast down her eyes and become very red. I find it also very inconsistent that Niki grasped her two hands, and that Mizi let her head rest upon his shoulder.

And this is what was tremblingly asked: "Mizi, and will you let me have this little hand for my very own?" and to this an energetic nodding of her head, then said angrily, "Dear me, our rings lie in the lake," to which he answered:

"No matter about the rings, I see here two lips which will bind the faster."

Then—

"Would it not be well to make an end of this, children? Here I have been standing five minutes in the sun. In another second I shall have a sunstroke!"

It was the worthy Brainer?—Translated for Commercial Gazette from the German of C. Shottler by Jennie Dickson.

A Misunderstood Sign.  
Councilman Otto Stechhan has been casting eyes upon the heights of Parnassus for a long time. In short, Mr. Stechhan is just bubbling over with poetry. Any one who has ever called at his residence on Christian avenue would know this by the inscription over the portals, which is the Latin word "Salve," which is, as of course you know, a Latin salutation of welcome. It pains Mr. Stechhan's poetic temperament, however, to have rude ignorance ring his door bell and ask, "Is this yer a salve factory?"—Indianapolis News.

### EDUCATION IN THE COUNTRY.

Towns Need Manual Training and Cooking Schools as Well as Cities.  
Practical education is needed in the country as well as in the city. There has been too much brain culture in the past, with too little sense development and manual training. With all opportunities for objective teaching and manual training, but little of it has come to the country, and yet the boys and girls there need this training as much as children in crowded city tenements. Successful experiments in these directions are being made in many country neighborhoods. Groups of ladies are inaugurating cooking, carpentry, and clay modeling classes and sending to the cities for teachers.

In these neighborhoods boys who expected to become clerks, and in consequence to leave their homes for city boarding houses, are becoming impressed with the interest as well as value of tools. Girls are enjoying lessons in hygiene and the chemistry of food, as well as practical demonstrations of cooking. Sewing is also growing more and more interesting, and the young girls appreciate doing with the learning.

Take, for example, two neighborhoods on the Hudson, near New York. In one a library association was started a few years ago by some ladies. There seemed but few people around who could or would utilize a library or reading room, but soon many men and boys gathered nightly. A sewing school was started for Saturdays upon strict business principles, and within a month was overcrowded. It was hard to tell where the hundred or more girls came from, but there they were, eager to learn. A boys' class for modeling and carpentry started, then a cooking class for girls, and all were successful. Monthly entertainments were held, when an admission fee of ten cents was charged, and the rooms were crowded.

In the other neighborhood practical classes have also started and are all crowded. In this small settlement are now being held three weekly cooking classes for different groups of girls, two large sewing classes, a dressmaking course and boys' carpentry classes.

Village bands and choruses are valuable. In one place a large group of boys are kept interested by their weekly band practice. A right feeling of pride is aroused when they are called upon to lead local processions, to play at entertainments, etc. Here, also, the teacher of the village school has started a gymnasium, and is training boys and girls alike in the Swedish movements. Country children need to be physically developed by training, and taught graceful movements as well as city children. Village volunteer companies of boys can be organized and made a power by furnishing practical outlets to energies, physical as well as mental.

Interest in surroundings should be roused. The country, with its woods, rocks, trees and plants, should be studied; intimacy with the beautiful variety of animal and insect life should be encouraged. Through such channels homes will be made brighter. Happiness means contentment, and contentment comes from health, occupation and interest. Country contentment will be the result when young people become stronger, keep brain as well as hand busy, and are interested in others.—Grace Dodge in Lippincott's.

### One Suit for Six.

Writing in Century Dr. C. B. Gillespie relates this incident of a Sunday in Coloma, Cal., in '49:  
A group of half a dozen Indians especially attracted my attention. They were strutting about in all the glory of newly acquired habiliments, but with this distinction—that one suit of clothes was sufficient to dress the whole crowd. The largest and best looking Indian had appropriated the hat and boots, and without other apparel walked about as proudly as any city clerk. Another was lost in an immense pair of pantaloons. A third sported nothing but a white shirt with ruffled bosom.

A fourth flaunted a blue swallow tailed coat, bespangled with immense brass buttons. A fifth was decked with a flashy vest, while the sixth had nothing but a red bandana, which was carefully wrapped around his neck. Thus what would scarcely serve one white man just as effectually accommodated six Indians.

The Desks in the Berkeley School.  
Each pupil in the Berkeley school will have, in the new building, a desk of polished hard wood and a chair upholstered in leather. Whenever a boy is perfect in all of his studies for a whole year he is to have his name neatly carved on the lower side of the lid of his desk. This is an old Rugby custom. Some time ago the Marquis of Bute offered \$60,000 for twelve of the old desks in Rugby school because of the historic names carved thereon. Among the names were those of Robert Peel and William E. Gladstone, rudely carved by themselves. Future generations may find some great names carved on the lids of the Berkeley school desks. Dr. White says that he has some good stock among his pupils.—New York Times.

### A Valuable Cat.

S. W. Kimball, of Presque Isle, has a Maltese cat which is valued as much as a horse and buggy. The other day, while Mr. Kimball was away, the cat came in from the barn and went to Mr. Kimball's wife, and after "mewing" started to the barn again. This the feline repeated three times, till at last, to see what the cat wanted, Mrs. Kimball followed it to the barn to where a colt was hitched, and there found the horse tied so securely that it could scarcely move, and where, if it had remained any great length of time, it must have been severely hurt, if not killed.—Lewiston Journal.

Might Have Been Worsted Differently.  
Young Medicus—Of course it will take me a long time to get started.  
Eminent Physician's daughter—Oh, yes, papa says even the cleverest in the profession are years building up a practice.—New York Times.