

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

VOL. 2.

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 24, 1884.

NO. 74.

News of the Week!

**Something New,
Just received in Toilet Soaps
at Will J. Warrick's.
BASE BALLS, BATS, & C.**

A Large Stock of the above goods received this week at Warrick's Drug Store.

WARRICK,

HAS A LARGE STOCK OF NEW SPONGES AT LOW PRICES

TRY

Our New Perfumes, Satebet Powders, Toilet Powders, &c., Will J. Warrick.

For Drooping and Cholera,

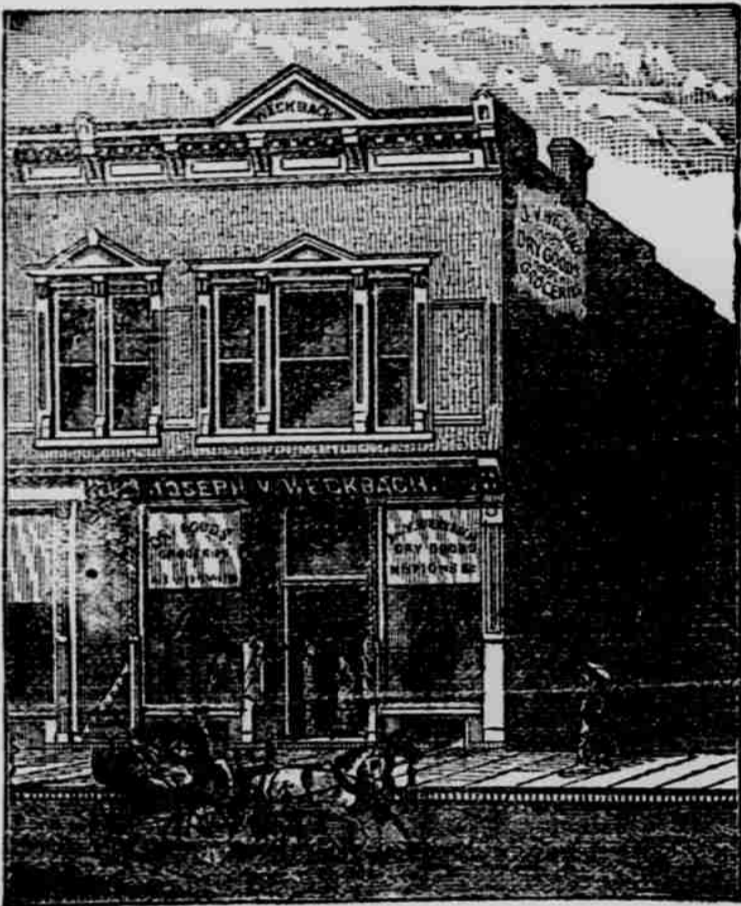
Among Poultry, use "Warrick's Sure Cure Poultry Powder."

WALL PAPER.

Warrick has sold an immense lot of Wall Paper this week. If you are in need of Paper Hangings, don't fail to see WARRICK'S STOCK.

JOSEPH V. WECKBACH.

CHOICE GOODS.



LOW PRICES.

TO MY FRIENDS AND PATRONS

I do not care to follow the example of my competitors, by moving my store West, nor am I worried by their doing so. But on the contrary, I have MARKED DOWN all my

**DRY GOODS,
Dolmans, Cloaks & Carpets,**

In fact, everything in the Dry Goods line, in plain figures, and from now on will sell at

PRIME Eastern PRICES,

First Cost.

and no blowing or misrepresentation.

If in want of any Goods in the above lines, or if you need any FRESH GROCERIES. Call and see for yourselves.

JOSEPH V. WECKBACH

LUMBER. LUMBER

RICHEY BROS,

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Per Week \$ 15
Per Month 50
Per Year 600

WEEKLY, by mail:

One copy six months \$1 00
One copy one year 2 00
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MISCELLANY.

Dead Hopes.

Thank God for the things that we have not, The things we have hoped in vain; There are blessings as great or greater, Sometimes, than those we obtain.

There was once a dream that I cherished In the days of long ago, In the halcyon days of boyhood And youth's maturer glow.

It was not a dream of ambition, Nor a vision of fame and power; 'Twas only the hope of possessing A simple, God-made flower.

It was not my lot to reach it, Secure in its natal spot; It grew among roses and lilies, At blue forget-me-not.

And yet like a star from heaven, Like a eagle on the summit high! That allures the spirit toward The abyss of the fathomless sky.

So far from the path in the valley, As it grows on its sunny height, It drew my spirit upward With the gleam of its heaven-born light.

My heart with its beauty and fragrance, My life with its joy it filled; No meaner thing could enchain me, While its love my being filled.

I thought that perhaps in the future Perhaps when life's battle was won, That flower of my heart might blossom Radiant as star or sun.

But I misread, and with dimming vision Beheld the receding shore— The abysses lie between us, I shall never see it more.

And yet I do not regret it, Or if cause of regret I see, 'Tis regret of the things that make us Yet know not how prized they be.

God knows that I never harmed it, Or shaded the sunlight fair; But if prayers return in blessing, That flowers has blessings rare.

God bless it now and forever For the good it did for me, For the power which drew me upward, And the thing which yet shall be.

And God be praised forever For the hopes we have hoped in vain, The prayers which remain unanswered, And the things we can never attain.

—Samuel B. Foster.

Love's Heritage.

Bend o'er me, blue as summer skies, The azure splendor of thine eyes, And smile with lips whose murmur tells, Like lingering sound of far-off bells

O'er shining seas; that thou for me Art skies and sound and summer sea! Skies that contain the sun and moon, The stars, the birds, the winds of June, And tones that, swelling far and near, Bear more than music in mine ear;

And sea, above whose changeless hue The sun is bright, the sky is blue! Art thou my star? Sweet love, thou'rt more Than all that ever twiltled bore;

Art thou my song? Dear love, from thee The whole world takes its melody Art thou?—nay! what can words impart To tell one dream of what thou art.

Thou art my all: I know that love Rains from the deepening dome above In silver dew-drops, that the earth Receives with hushed and solemn mirth;

So thou—all seasons linked in one— Art flower, and bird and breeze and sun! —Century.

INGERSOLL.

His Arguments and His Methods.

Mr. Ingersoll says that Christ was a great man, a manly man, a lover of freedom, but no more. That He was enthusiastic, but not inspired. The position admits of but little argument.

It is above the cackle of the present and the turmoil of petty reasonings. The divinity of Christ must rest upon belief. It is not a subject to be made the football of pros and cons.

The grand simplicity of the life He led, and the pastoral beauty of His wanderings and teachings along the highways and through the byways of Galilee, the splendid courage with which He taught the truth that was to be the light of the world, in the face of the death which was sure to come, the marvellous quality of His words which gave them a universality which will reach to the end of time, the sweet manliness, the exquisite justice, the broad generosity which marked His every step—all these may belong to earth and to man, but have never been repeated in any life which has been lived since, nor were they known in any life, which had been lived before Him.

He preserved the harmony to the last, against temporal and church power, and at the end He was the joint sacrifice of both. Only in His utterances in the last hours is there found anything for the quibblers to pick over, and these are His words in the garden. And what is there in them? When the stern, starless darkness hung over the olives of Gethsemane, and the disciples who could "not watch one hour" were asleep, when the winds shuddered eerily through the shrinking leaves, when the Spirit of Dread stood like a sentinel between the time that had gone and the tomorrow that was to be an end, yet a beginning, when the God life that had been a poem of grace and love and light was wandering down the Valley of the Shadow to the deeper blackness of a tragedy, is it strange that the great sad-eyed Soul of Humanity who was both man and God should have suffered like the one and endured like the other? It is the accepted theory of free thought that it was the fear of death, born of the human in Him, which thrilled through the pathos of that wild cry: "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." Yet is it not more probable that it was the profound sorrow and pity that His people were about to commit a great and causeless crime that forced the words? Does not the later prayer which came from His whitening lips when, with unutterable love, He looked from his dimmed and dying eyes upon His murderers, and a Mediator in the death which was life cried out: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do?" support a newer theory. Perhaps not! They say that He was only a man. Ah, well! We are men also. Has the work two meanings?

VI.
Mr. Ingersoll says that the life of Christ and the doctrines of Christ are similar to the life of Buddha and the doctrines of Buddha. This has been said often enough before, but repetition does not make it true. The statement only proves a lack of analytical knowledge. There are resemblances but they are only surface—Buddha was a prince. He lived in the languid luxuriance of an Oriental court until he became tired of life and all that pertained to it. He saw sickness and sorrow and death about him, and the belief that to exist was to suffer became a conviction. All was vanity and vexation. Therefore he abandoned his magnificence, deserted his wife, assumed the garb of a beggar, humiliated himself and went out into the world for the secret of happiness. For seven years he sat under a tree and meditated, and when the seven years were ended, he found his answer, and went abroad preaching that happiness lay in utter annihilation, in a state of Nirvana, in which there was no thought, nor action, nor hope, nor fear, nor love, nor hate. His heaven is a voiceless void. His reward is a serene nothing. He believed in doing good, and he taught his belief—but in this the resemblance begins and ends. His doctrine is a doctrine of skepticism, a weariness of life, a dread of action, a repugnance to responsibility, an appeal for extinction. The parallel between Christ and Buddha is drawn by ignorance.

DEMOCRATIC CAUL.

Very frequently during the past year, we have reminded the democratic masses of the fact, that, their pseudo leaders were a parcel of insincere political mountebanks, parading the free trade humbug for the purpose of catching a certain class of sentimentalists, or theorists, upon the economic question of government, who otherwise would find no place of refuge within the democratic camp.

We have charged the whole thing was a humbug, which no political party dared champion in a national campaign. We have charged that the moment the campaign was opened upon the country for the selection of a national ticket the democratic party would give the free trade foudling the grand bounce. We witnessed the first knock down and out, of this British beggar, in Ohio, when the "glorious Hoody," as Doctor Miller calls the present governor of that State, was nominated; the next and most humiliating episode, was, when the Carlisle-Morrison combination tendered the country their dishonest, horizontal, war tax reduction measure—which the other day met its untimely and deserved fate at the hands of both republicans and democrats in Congress by having its head amputated; and now in our own State, in free trade Nebraska (?) we behold the amusing farce played with a boilder

and more unblushing effrontery than has yet been exhibited in any democratic convention. We behold the great attorney of the Union Pacific monopoly, the defender and champion of Oakes Ames and Credit Mobilier, patronizingly taking charge of our Nebraska democracy and, as chairman of its committee on platform, bringing into its councils a cut and dried resolution saying that our protective tariff should "be so adjusted as to prevent as far as possible unequal burdens upon labor, and to bear most heavily upon articles of luxury and lightly upon articles of necessity."

We desire to have all our democratic friends read this deft and trim statement of the tariff question by Mr. Poppleton, the great attorney of the Union Pacific railroad, and then remember how they have been cursing the republican party for advocating the same doctrine from time immemorial. Following this resolution, we call upon our free trade neighbors to gaze upon the distinguished free trader and anti-monopolist from "Arbor Springs Lodge," sailing down to Chicago upon this tariff plank and the picture is complete; did the democratic convention, just over, at Lincoln need anything more than Mr. Poppleton and his platform to cap the climax of its ridiculousness. Mr. Poppleton himself, furnished it in his address when he denounced monopolies and national banks. Had Jay Gould and William H. Vanderbilt been present as vice presidents of this convention and been members of the committee on resolutions the absurdity of the farce would not have been heightened thereby. The performance of Judas Iscariot when he was negotiating his lord and master was a decenter affair than this performance of our Nebraska reform democracy; the common herd will now please step up and swallow the dose without murmuring, and in the meantime the HERALD will keep note of their pulse, temperature, and respiration.

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