

# A Word to the People.

The motto, "What is Home without a Mother," exists in many happy homes in this city, but the effect of what is home without the Local Newspaper is sadly realized in many of these "happy homes" in Plattsmouth.

# THE HERALD

Is steadily finding its way into these homes, and it always comes to stay. It makes the family circle more cheerful and keeps its readers "up to the times" in all matters of importance at home and abroad.

# During the Year 1889

Every available means will be used to make the columns of THE HERALD a perfect storehouse from which you can obtain all information, and will keep up its record as being the best Advertising Medium for all purposes.

# AT 15 CENTS PER WEEK

This paper is within the reach of all, and will be delivered to any address in the city or sent by mail.

# The Weekly Herald

Is the Best County Newspaper in old Cass, and this has been well proven to us by the many new names added to our list during 1888. Special merits for the WEEKLY, are all the county news, six columns of good Republican Editorial, News Accounts of all important political or business events, one-half page each week containing a choice piece of Vocal or Instrumental Music, choice selections of Miscellaneous Reading Matter. Advertising in it brings profitable returns.

# Our Job Department

Is equal to any, and does work to the satisfaction of patrons from all over the county, and receives orders by mail from a distance, which are promptly filled. We have facilities for doing all kinds of work, from the plain calling card to colored work, books and blanks. Work neatly and promptly executed. Large stock kept on hand. Legal blanks for sale.

# Knotts Bros.,

Office Cor. Vine and 5th, Telephone 38.

his son, the brakeman, as they turned and recognized me. "Why, you poor child!" he cried out, "what brought ye here?" In as few words as possible I acquainted him with my nocturnal peregrinations. "Wal, wal!" he exclaimed, "my wife was right, as she most allus is. Do ye know, that woman wanted me to go back and get ye, last night, arter I got home, and she wanted me out at 4 o'clock this mornin' to start. Nothin' else would satisfy. She's a New England woman, too, my wife is! She's up, and a-gittin' breakfast for ye. So come along with me as quick's ye can, she'll be right glad to see ye, and it's only a little ways."

I went home with the conductor, and found a kind and true friend in his excellent wife. I came quite near being ill, and felt badly all that day. If I had been anything of a heroine, I suppose I should have "had a brain fever, and lain at the point of death for many days." But I was able to go home with father on Monday, and if ever a daughter was glad to see her father, I was the one! Times and things have changed at C— since that night. Where I wandered about on the snowy prairie there is today a considerable village, and I am now teaching school in a fine school house, not a hundred yards from the place where stood the old "dig out" in which I took refuge on that eventful night.—Catharine S. Blaisdell in Youth's Companion.

### The Size of European Families.

Professor Mullhal gives the following figures as to the average number of children to a marriage in the chief countries of Europe: Ireland, 5.20; Russia, 4.88; Spain, 4.64; Italy, 4.54; Scotland, 4.46; Holland, 4.22; Sweden, 4.12; Germany, 4.10; England, 4.08; Austria, 4.04; Belgium, 4.04; Switzerland, 3.94; Hungary, 3.70; Denmark, 3.61; France, 3.08.—New York Telegram.

### C. F. SMITH, The Boss Tailor

Main St., Over Merges' Shoe Store. Has the best and most complete stock of samples, both foreign and domestic wools that ever came west of Missouri river. Note these prices: Business suits from \$10 to \$35, dress suits, \$25 to \$45, pants \$4, \$5, \$6, \$6.50 and upwards. Will guarantee a fit.

### Prices Defy Competition.

### J. H. EMMONS, M. D.

HOMOEOPATHIC Physician & Surgeon. Office over Wescott's store, Main street. Residence in Dr. Schildknecht's property. Chronic Diseases and Diseases of Women and Children a specialty. Office hours, 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 p. m. Telephone at both Office and Residence.

Table with 2 columns: GOING WEST, GOING EAST. Lists train numbers and times for various routes.

### Lumber Yard.

THE OLD RELIABLE. H. A. WATERMAN & SON Wholesale and Retail Dealer in PINE LUMBER! Shingles, Lath, Sash, Doors, Blinds. Can supply every demand of the trade. Call and get terms. Fourth street In Rear of Opera House.

### K. DRESSLER,

The 5th t. Merchant Tailor Keeps a Full Line of Foreign & Domestic Goods. Consult Your Interest by Giving Elm a Call SHERWOOD BLOCKI Plattsmouth, Neb

I crawled along the side of the car to the stove and grasped the iron fire-poker, though I had, I confess, little faith in my ability to wield it successfully in self defense. Twice the micreant outside the door appeared, from the sounds, to throw his weight against it, and then with a muttered curse set hastily off through the snow.

Rising from the floor, I peered out and saw his dark form move off in the direction he had gone on our arrival at the station. It at once came to my mind that he had gone away to procure an ax or a bar with which to force the door. The instinct to fly instantly took full possession of me. The fire-poker I still held in my hand. Catching up the conductor's lantern—though why I scarcely can tell—I rushed to the other door of the car, unlocked it and sprang down the steps. The snow was fully a foot deep. But I started to run in the direction I had heard the conductor and brakemen go away.

The moon was again obscured. It was squally, and the snow flakes filled the air, but I could see far out on the prairie some dark object which I thought might be a house. I ran on toward it, exerting myself to the utmost in my dread of pursuit.

The dark object proved to be much nearer than I had thought it. I reached it after a few minutes, and to my disappointment found it to be only an old freight wagon. I drew up in the shelter of it and looked back toward the cars. I could barely make them out, but I could hear sounds which indicated that my persecutor was trying to break in the door.

"My tracks in the snow will betray my course," I thought, and yet I again started and ran on as fast as I could for some time. I was young and healthy, and my fears gave me strength.

At last I stopped, out of breath, and looked all about me, vaguely hoping that I was near the conductor's house. But only a white expanse of snowy prairie spread out around me. I could not now see the cars, the freight wagon, or my feet were numb with cold, and I was becoming very tired.

Then suddenly some large object loomed up before me. Going forward a few steps, I saw that I was close upon a house. It must be the conductor's, I felt sure, for I must have walked at least two miles.

The house was a small one, and all was dark and still about it. I approached the door and knocked several times. At length a gruff voice called out, "Who be ye? and what d'ye want?"

The tone of voice rather than the words sent a thrill of horror through me afresh, for it was the voice of my dreaded fellow passenger, the half breed! For a moment I was stupefied with astonishment and dismay. Then it flashed to my mind that in my wanderings over the prairie I had lost my way, and came round to the house of these disreputable people!

In a paroxysm of affright I ran around the corner of the house and then away from it, off into the snow and darkness. Glancing back I saw the glimmer of a light from the house and heard the door open. I threw myself prostrate in the snow, lest I should be discovered. It was not till I heard the door close that I ventured to get up and go on.

How far I went, or how long I continued walking, I cannot say, but after a long time another dark object came into view upon the white expanse about me. I approached it tremblingly. My feet were very this time quite numb, and my senses very dull.

It proved to be a small mound like a hovel, such as are called "dig outs" or "dug outs."

Plodding my way round it I found the door, which stood ajar, and entered. The place felt like a tomb—damp, cold and dark. All at once it occurred to me to light the lantern which all this time I had carried, although I had left the poker in the snow long before.

Ah, how cheery and good the blessed light was! I found a stone fireplace and an old bunk of boards containing a straw bed.

Having set down my lantern, I broke the crumbling old boards in pieces, and with them and the straw, kindled a fire in the fireplace. When it was well ablaze I sat down before it, took off my sodden boots, and warmed my poor, numb feet.

There was enough of the old rubbish to keep a fire burning in the fireplace for an hour or more. It was now past 4 o'clock in the morning, and a gleam of daylight was coming in about the door. New hope came to me now, and not long after I heard voices, as if persons were passing.

Peeping out cautiously at first, I saw two men who had gone a little past the hovel, which I perceived was situated on a road. My heart gave a great throb for joy as I recognized in one of the men the kind hearted conductor of the train. Pulling open the door I called to him, as if he had been my oldest and best friend, and never shall I forget the look of astonishment on his face, and that of

of C—, some heavy miles farther on. I was now homesick in dead earnest, and resolved, on learning that a mixed train would start out at 6 o'clock in the evening, to push on with it, rather than stop over till the next week. I hoped I might get conveyance to the claim, or at all events procure lodgings at C—.

So never heeding the storm, I hurried at the appointed time into the single old passenger car at the rear of the long train, and was soon moving out into the dim, white country. There was but one other passenger, a dark, doubtful looking half breed, who watched me so persistently, though furtively, that before we had proceeded many miles I would have given much if I had remained behind.

It was a great relief to me when the conductor came in and engaged the attention of the fellow, as he occasionally did, with inquiries about the Black Hills, from which it seemed he had just come in.

Pierre and the fort across the river were the starting points to the hills for the freighters with their long ox and mule teams of six and eight span, and big loaded wagons coupled together like cars. The presence of doubtful characters in the vicinity was then not a thing unusual.

I confidently expected that we would get to our point of destination within three hours after starting, but so slow was our progress on account of a heavy train and slippery track that not more than two-thirds of the journey had been accomplished in that time.

The storm had come on again, and the wind blew a gale, and drove the frozen hail in thick clouds across the dreary country. Night had shut down early, making what was before an anxious situation almost intolerable.

My odious fellow traveler had even moved to a nearer seat, and although my suspicions may have done him injustice, I felt him to be a dangerous neighbor, and was shivering as much with fright as cold, when the conductor again came in and announced that we would soon be at C—.

"Are you expecting friends to meet you, miss?" he said to me. I explained the situation to him hopefully, but he put on a rather doubtful expression.

"But s'pos'n your father ain't there—what then?" he asked with some concern in his tones.

"Why, I suppose, in that case, I shall have to get lodgings, as it is too late to get a conveyance," I replied, as calmly as I could.

"Why, miss, there's only one house, an' that's more'n half a mile off—an' taint likely you'd want to go to that," he added, in an undertone, "nothin' but a pack o' half breeds livin' in it, and queer at that. If 'twarn't so far to my place—two miles, I reckon—I'd ask ye to go along, but it's too tough out, blowin' a regular blizzard."

"But, surely, I can stay in the station—the waiting room?" I faltered.

"Why, miss!" he exclaimed, after regarding me a moment, in wonder at my ignorance, I suppose. "That's what I'm haulin' this lumber for, to build a new one. The old one went up in a blaze day 'fore yest'd'y. 'Twarn't nothin' but a shanty, anyway," he added, picking up his lantern, and going out hurriedly at an imperative whistle from the engine.

My feelings at this announcement can be imagined.

Upon coming to a stop on the siding, and finding no one to meet me, I gave way, for the first time since leaving home, to tears. Just then a rough hand touched my shoulder, and my offensive car mate growled into my ear: "Where you go? Big storm. Come 'long. I take care you."

I shook off his hand with a shudder of terror, but mustered sufficient courage to decline his attention most emphatically, whereupon he went off into the darkness muttering, and I was left to my frightened thoughts.

What would become of me! It was now about 10 o'clock, and the storm still raged. Clearly there was nothing to be done but stay where I was till morning on the lonely prairie. The really kind hearted conductor came in again, and rekindled the fire in the stove.

"I don't see but you'll have to set it out here till mornin'," he remarked, without a touch of anxiety in his voice. "There don't seem to be nothin' else. I'll leave ye my lantern, though you'd better blow it out, I reckon, after I go away, so the light needn't draw anybody round. But I'll leave ye these matches, if ye continued, 'in case ye want to light it, and I'll lock both doors of the car, but I'll leave the key here inside. I'm sorry, miss, it's so far to my place," he added, after a final inspection of the fire and a look at two or three of the windows. "You can come pretty soon arter I go out, and lock the car door."

With that he bade me good night, and set off on his long tramp in the storm with his two sons, who were the train hands. Their work allowed them to be at home only over Sundays, and they were tired and hungry, I presume.

As soon as their steps had died away I fell into a panic. In spite of the storm and darkness, and the long distance, I regretted that I had not braved it all and gone with them. Running out, I shouted wildly after them.

But the storm bore my voice in another direction, and after waiting vainly for an answering halloo, I returned to the car, blew out the light, locked the door, and huddled into a far corner, where for a long time I sat, quite dumb with terror.

How the moments dragged! The storm began to lull. By 11 o'clock the moon was showing fitfully through the broken clouds. But the ghostly whiteness of the wide, lonely country was even worse than the wild uproar of the storm. The cracking of the car, the falling of a bit of coal in the rusty little stove, the ticking of my watch and my own turbulent heart throbs were almost painfully loud.

My sensitive ear caught the slightest sounds, and presently I detected stealthy footsteps outside. My heart stopped beating for a moment, I grew dizzy and faint, but retained sufficient sense to slide down off the seat to the floor, where I crouched, praying silently for the protection of him who has promised to be our defense.

A slight rocking of the car now became perceptible, and the door knob was slowly turned! A moment later a dark face was pressed close against one of the window panes—that of my odious fellow passenger!

Another little waif to tend, Another little helpless stranger, To lead, to feed, to fold, to tend, From every wrong and danger, To make one anxious, make one sad, And fearful for each morrow maybe, With heart half sorrowful, half glad, I mourned, "Another baby!"

And then I thought how near, how dear, The little children God had sent us, How full they made our home of cheer, And how their presence did content us— Had it not been for those sad days, This year or next, as night or maybe, Our hearts would ache, would burn, would break, And now—Another baby!

Alas, I thought! and so I said, Dreading of peace and pleasure, As bending down I kissed the head Of my last, sweet, weakest treasure: "Oh, dear child of my life and love, Whither you are, whate'er you may be, Take you from the Christ above, And thank him for—Another baby!" —Kate M. Cleary.

### FIRST NIGHT IN DAKOTA.

We were sitting about the open fireplace of our old home "Down East," one blustering Saturday evening in March. We were awaiting with some impatience the appearance of my younger brother Jack, who had an hour before gone to the postoffice, a half mile away, for the mail.

"I don't see where the child can be!" mother said at last, trying to pick up a stitch in her knitting by the waning fire-light.

"Oh, he's probably three miles away by this time, ranging about the pastures with that Scud Winters laying out fox bait," said Dorothy. "I declare there's no more dependence to be put in that boy than in a chipmunk!"

"When he knows, too, this is his father's night to write, and we are all so anxious to hear from him," added Emily. "It's a shame!"

"Oh, oh! There he is now!" shouted little Bob, as a series of whoops and cries worthy of a band of Chiloc Indians came rapidly nearer.

Next moment the door burst open, and in tumbled tarty Jack, hatless, breathless, with a volley of snowballs whizzing after him, sent with vengeful aim by the hands of much enduring companions whom Jack had antagonized. Mother, while mildly chiding him, hastened to extricate him from beneath the round table, which, in his headlong flight, he had upset upon himself, with its load of papers, books and workbaskets of mending.

"Snch a mess! Turn him out again, and let him get his desserts!" urged Dorothy, gathering up the molting snow-balls.

"But where's the letter, my son?" mother asked, anxiously, not much heeding these indignant exclamations.

"Oh, that's all right," and Jack thrust his rough, red hands deep into one pocket after another.

But the letter was not forthcoming, and a fresh outburst of indignation began to descend upon his head.

"Twas in my cap. There's some big holes in my pockets!" he exclaimed, ruefully.

"Oh, there! And he's lost his cap!" cried Emily.

"Didn't I tell you?" said Dorothy, in some contempt.

Jack ran to the door, and I hastily lighted the lantern and followed him. Down by the gate his cap was found where a snowball had knocked it off, and after feeling about in the soft snow, which had fallen that day, the letter was found, crumpled and wet from the tramp of many sturdy feet. In our thankfulness at recovering the precious missive, Jack's offenses were for the time forgotten.

My father, whose eastern business had been declining for the last few years, had come to the far west some weeks previously, in quest of a tract of land on which to settle our big family, hoping not only to improve his fortunes, but to find employment for the two boys who were now able to do something to help meet the family expenses.

He had left us behind to wait his summons, and this letter, which had been so nearly lost, proclaimed his success in securing a tract of land such as he wished in a sheltered valley in central Dakota, with abundance of grass and water. It was situated in a township not then in the market, and the only way to secure it was to "squat" on it and "hold the claim down" till it was thrown open for settlers.

Notwithstanding the depth of snow on the ground at the time and not a foot of lumber nearer than Pierre, thirty miles distant, a building of some sort must be erected to shelter us. So at Pierre he had purchased lumber for a small house, had it framed, and sent it by rail to a station within six miles of his land.

Leaving a sled of the snow away on a selected site, and with the help of another "squatter" and his wife, living in a dug-out a mile away, he had got his house up, and now would one of the girls come out and keep it, while he worked and made further preparations for the reception of mother and the rest of the family in the autumn.

"Now, girls, don't all speak at once!" cried Jack, as we sat regarding mother in English silence.

"Dorothy can't go, that's certain," mother remarked reflectively. "Her school won't close this two months to come."

Another little waif to tend, Another little helpless stranger, To lead, to feed, to fold, to tend, From every wrong and danger, To make one anxious, make one sad, And fearful for each morrow maybe, With heart half sorrowful, half glad, I mourned, "Another baby!"

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