MY LOVER.

Years agone, in my days of youth, I married a man for aye; I never asked if my love would last Until we both should die. He is grown stout and stooping now. His head is gray and bald; And sometimes I half forget me

He ever was aught but old. But I had a handsome lover! A bold, bad woman am If How could I resist his sweet, sweet kiss, Or help if my heart leap high When his strong young arms enfold me, His red check's laid to mine And my soul is drunk with loving As men are drunk with wine?

My husband leans o'er my shoulder, He mays what I have writ: I closp, like a band, his dear old hand. And stip my own in it. This handsome and gay young lover As well his heart has won; And we worship him together,

For my lover is my son.

-Clara P Boss in Boston Globs.

LITTLE MISTISS.

Mensured by years it was a long time ago; bridged by my thoughts it seemed only yesterday, with no dark night intervening, not even the gentle glow of the gloaming, nor even the soft light of stars between. A glare of sunlight flooding the broad, low ceiled galleries, the old patriarchal oaks looming majestically beyond as if in pleasant enjoyment of their cool, deep shadows; the loud clanging of the 12 o'clock bell from beneath its whitewashed cupola held aloft by its four long, slender legs, calling in the negroes to their noonday rest and steaming hot dinners; the overseer, with his wide sombrero drawn low over his sunburned forehead, silently riding in the rear of his straggling gang, who come with song and laugh and chuckle, mid clanking of plow genring and the rumble of the quaint water cart, this last in charge of a short shirted youngster, who answers

to the name of "water boy."

The master, called "ole massa,"
with ever varying inflection and undulation of the glib tongues of his sable satellites, from the lingering, affeetionate tone of "Ole ma-a-ssa, I tantis yo kindiy, sah, may yo lib long and happy, sah, yo and yourn," fol-lowing the rapid backward tilting of the black woolly head in the air and the putting down of the dram glass on the lacquered tray held by the grinning dining room boy, to the quick, peremptory, "Hi, nigga, yer got ter do il, cos ole massa done sayd as how it got ter be done," and another variation being given with an ominous shake of the head, "Ole massa is a ridin his high horse ter day, us is got

The master, an enterprising creole gentleman, whose grandfather came from "la belle Normandie," and whose father owned and settled a large plantation further up the river, the "Acadia," where, summer and winter alike, golden balls of sweet and sour oranges were recked to and fro as the "fair and whose "every air was laden with the sweet breath of orange flowers," and where great pecan trees held out long, protecting arms, each one apparently over a certain area of special soil, but on looking upword you saw their arms were interlaced; each one had thrust out long tween the branches of its tree, and as it seems anear in up there, they are happily above all petty jealousies, and so they lived and thrived in amity and great

Monitour was expecting a guest this Leight day in the leafy month of June - an American gentleman from Baltimore, who had recently purchased the adjoining plantation to the right, the market you the left being bounded by a little white village perched impertinently near the big levee that seemed a weak defense against the turbid wave sef old Mississippi's angry waters hashed into fury and froth by the big paddles of the passing steamers. The gentleman neighbor was also a prospective son-in-law; but this was a sacret between Monsieur le Pere, Ma-

dame to Mere and le bon Ami.
The young maiden had not been consulted; of course she would consent. Papa and mamman would arrange that. Where was she now, for whom the wedding wreath was blossoming, the trousseau making, and perchance the turkeys fattening, with all the other thousand and one etcetemiselustering around the marriage of the chiest daughter? Where? You need not look far for this pet of the homesteral, for she has only been at homen few weeks, "pendant les vathe Pames au Sacre Cœur among caller loyal sobriquets of reproach and praise had called her "la petite ba-

You may hear the merry young voice, although yet you do not get a gling of the slim figure extended full length in supine grace upon an ironing table, hedged around by the mas we brick pillars that stock the barement; the bonny face full of espliegerie, half hidden mid the damp folds of a snow white pile of tightly rolled up linen, the curling brown hair escaping from its noose of black ribbon -a la mode du convent—the two little feet (with high arched insteps meased in pretty "pantouffles" that "vielle tante" had brought her as cadean on her last fortnight visit), beating a rhythmic rune in mid-air,

"Anut Sukey, you don't know what you're talking about-no, indeed, you don't. I wish I had not to go back to the convent, yes-but to marry, oh, no! not yet! I want to have-oh,

"Now look ye heah, honey. Ise tiyacd tellin yo bout a mussin up dem dar clean close—and ole massa's fine shets, too! Goody Lawd, chile, looky heah, now what yo's done to dem fine eamberick hankshers of your ma's!" and picking up the limp, damp "cam-berick hankshers" from the pavement, Aunt Sukey tried to free them from the soil of the brick dust, with many grunts and dismal groanings, but wip-ing them over with the wet, clean rag in the sprinkling bowl won't do, so the grumbling tones cease abruptly, and pushing back her Madris tig-non further from her swarthy brows, thereby disclosing some

ashy gray locks, old Sukey's voice is heard reverberating along the columned arches with the long, sing-song chant of "You Ag-gy—oh you Ag-gy—yo' cum heah dis minit;" then low--yo' cum heah dis minit;" then low-ering her voice and the angry looking tignon at the same time, "Lawd knows chillen's pesky—an my iyuns as hot as kin be, now got to stop an wrench out dem camberick hankshers—de hole bressed six on dem too—good Lawd! den dey got ter be clare stached too— all over agin, my Lawd! Honey," this in a sweet, sugared tone to her young lady. "little mistiss please ma'am. lady, "little mistiss, please ma'am, honey, git off on dat table—I done ax you afoh—you's a meddlin and a mussin all mong dem dar white close, and dis heah skirt boawd ain't a fittin to iyun dese odder tings on—so I does need my table dis minit, chile."

What pleading cadences the old slave voices were capable of! "Little mistiss" kicked up her heels a trifle higher, made a naughty moo at the old woman and said with severe deliberation: "Aunt Sukey, look here how, I'm not going to budge from here—no, I won't—until you tell me where you get all that rigmarole about my not going back to the Sacre Cœur, and my being old enough to put on and my being old enough to put on long dresses and wear my hair 'en coiffe.' You have been teasing me, I am sure, and yet—yes, I do—I wish it were true, but I know papa too well. Papa has always said I should attend school until I was 19, and—pshaw! I dou't believe one word you say."

don't believe one word you say."
"Well, chile, what I done tole you is tole, and is true too—God knows it's his gospel trufe—heah, Aggy, hurry up your stumps, little gal, fetch dat pail heah—dat'll do—now run skeowr yo knives fo de dinnah table—skeowr dem putickla bright, gal," with a mis-chievous smile breaking out like summer sunshine over the swart blackness of her fat face, "cos yo an me and little mistiss heah, we knows who is a cumin to dinnah dis Chooseday"—and "Mammy's chile, 12 o'clock bell's done rung a long time, an yo ain't got no rung a long time, an yo ain't got no time fur to wais; yo pa's orful putickla bout yo chillun a bein up an above stairs an a havin yo eads all smooved befo 2 o'clock dinnah time—run ahed, chile—oh sake's alive! good Lawd! Git up, chile, git rite up from dah!" These last words spoken harshly and with anxious bewilderment, an anxious tremble in every hasty ejaculation

"Little mistiss" was too idle and too insouciante to be very observant of

these marked tones. "Pshaw-tiens donc, old Sukey Blue Skin, you needn't think I'm going to bother much about smoothing my hair, and I'm not going to change my dress at all; who's coming, any-how? Only that old Mr. Roberts from 'Last Retreat,' and he comes to see papa every day, either morning, noon or evening; he is always here, sometimes twice a day, and how they do tramp up and down, up and down, it is a wonder that gallery floor don't fall in, or the planks wear out, or some-thing! But, dear me," with a bright smile lurking in the corners of the bluish gray eyes, "if only some of the young men would be invited to dinner; but papa is droll, very. He thinks I am too young for beaux and—and—amusements; and I never shall forget how badly papa treated that poor timid Oscar when he called to see me the week after I came home. to see me the week after I came home.
Poor Oscar! He did not linger long
before he said, Bon soir! And all for
what? Just because papa found—oh,
long ago—during my last vacances
some poor little verses Oscar wrote me; such innocent verses, no harm in them. This is what I remember of them: 'If you love me as I love you, no knife can cut our love in two.' There was a billet doux above these lines, but I paid no attention to those fine French compliments, so I've forgotten all about the billet doux, but I remember those English lines, all owing to papa's conduct too, because papa saw the note somewhere lying about, and, ma foi! but he was vexed! He scolded me a l'horreur! and stormed out, 'Par example, he would show the young gamin he had something that would cut that love in two, by the eternal! my bowie knife!' Grand Dieu! but papa was furious, let me tell you. Poor cher Oscar! I never see him now, and papa is ever talking against the young men hereabouts—some are vauriens, others are ces petits gens la, This is what I remember of them: 'If vauriens, others are ces petits gens la, and again counter hoppers! As for

me, although it seems papa means it all for me, every word for me, I would not glance twice at a counter hopper —no yard sticks and tape measures And thus the monologue continued in the fresh, vibrant young voice, and Sukey, forgetting all about the woeful "camberick handshers" put to soak in the round little blue tub, was standing the round little blue tub, was standing arms akimbo looking at her little "mistiss" with a queer smile beaming over her old, fat, jolly face, and her sides quite shaky with suppressed laughter; and Aggy's agile form had stopped on its way kitchenward, and was now partially hidden behind the latticed dairy, whence she could see and hear everything, her perfect oval features relaxed from their wonted sadness of expression (all mulattoes have sad faces, I think), and were radiant with fun and bright expectancy; little mistiss was not astonished at this change of base in her audience. She was acof base in her audience. She was accustomed to these transitions in her loved house servants. When she talked she might sway and move them to laughter or to tears, and when she spoke of papa's moods—why, then they were vastly amused, because she could gesticulate just like papa, and she could put on his heavy frown and ring out his "Sacre millestonnerres,"

"And, as for old Mr. Roberts, I don't care one bit for him, and papa wines and dines him and pays him every courtesy, and the young men are afraid to come here," with a pathetic sigh she ended.

"Bress my heart, chile, s'pose Mammy Sukey tell yo a sekreet she done fine out."

done fine out. "A secretia real secret) what about,

"Boutin you, chile, an' it's bout marryin', as I done tole you afoh!" "Peste et miserie! I thought you

meant a real secret, such as Claire and Cora and I had at that cher old convent! Something about a lover, and nobody was to know but we three girls and—somebody else. And here you go with your old tale 'you done tole me so.'"

tole me so."

"Now listen, honey, would yo b'lieve old Sukey if she tole yo, yo is got a beau o' a lovya—a tall, hansum genlmun, and he's done axed yo pa fer yo hand! and ole miss, she done cried over it fer pain and joy—cos why! He's sperier genlmun, none o' yo po wite trash, but he's got money and land and niggas, and his wite fokes up norf is quality, I tell yo!"

"Oh, mammy, is all that true! Who, who is he! What's his name, Sukey!"

"Lawd, chile, yo eyes done blaze up

"Lawd, chile, yo eyes done blaze up like de stars, an dey makes yo look puzaetly like Miss Genie when she gits egzited bout sumpfin. Lor, chile, ain't you got no spishun bout all dat's been agwine on heahsbouts!" And the old woman chuckled and mouthed and was

mightily pleased at something.

Yo is got ter know it some time or yudda, and I feels mos bleeged to tell yudda, and I feels mos bleeged to tell yo now, seein as how egzited yo done got, an tain't no use a palaverin longy aboutin it nudda—yo beau—and yo is gwine ter marry him too, afoh dis yeah be out." The young lady's head was lifted defiantly and with an air of protest, yet withal pleasant excitement and deep interest aquiver in every expressive feature. "His name," continued Sukey, "is Massa Roberts, and he wants a purty little wife to set at his Krissmiss dinnah table dis yeah, God willin!"

"Mr. Rob—Roberts!" and a peal of

"Mr. Rob—Roberts!" and a peal of laughter choked her utterance; "why, he is old enough to be my father! And me a little school girl only 16, and me a little school girl only 16, and in short frocks, too, and moreover —no—no—I would never think of his wanting to marry me, he is so dignified and grave! And, ma foi, I am sure—quite sure—I shall never marry him! But if ever I do marry it will be some young man of my choice.

be some young man of my choice, not an old friend of papa's!"

Just here something happened, the maiden seemed in distress; she had cried out, "Bon Dieu, Seigneur," and seemed in wild excitement. Aunt Sukey laughed until sho was "mos nigh droppin" onto de yearth," as she afterwards related.

afterwards related.

Aggy danced with glee, and the de fiant mademoiselle was laughing and crying and choking and protesting, with her face smothered among the damp, rolled up clothes, whilst Mr. Roberts, aged 30, with a few premature gray threads sprinkled through his brown hair, and an amused smile lighting up his fine face, declared he should so hold the bonny head until she retracted her cruel words.

This little down stairs scene ended in a joyous wedding, of course, after

in a joyous wedding, of course, after the lapse of several months, and many were the pleasant family reunions at both homes before the young bride presided at the Christmas dinner table of her happy husband.—E. S. G. in New Orleans Picayune.

Moses smote the rock and the pent up waters gushed forth. The song of canary made Louis Spohra musician. His father played on the flute, his mother was a pianist and a singer, so that the boy lived in an atmosphere of

One day, when he was four years of age, a thunder storm so impressed him that he retired to a corner of the room, sat down on the floor, and looked in mournful silence straight before him. Suddenly the rouf of clouds that had darkened the sky was rent asunder by a sunbeam, which as it entered the

a sunbeam, which as it entered the room fell upon the cage of a canary hanging before the window.

The bird turned its little head up to the beam, hopped from one perch to the other, and then warbled a joyous song. The boy, awakened by the bird's trills from his semi-stupor, listened with passionate rapture. The tones touched nerve and brain; his heart throbbed in musical pulsations, and at that moment all his world opened before him.

opened before him.

He never ceased to hear that canary's ringing trills, which then and there revealed to him his vocation.—Youth's Companion,

How Sheridan Saved a Cadet. A recent graduate of West Point gives a pleasant account of his last sight of Gen. Sheridan. That illustrious soldier was making the inspection rounds of the Military academy with the commandant. Sheridan lingered awhile in the quarters of my informant, whose father was the general's friend of long standing. Before leaving, "Little Phil" stepped to the open fireplace, and bending, looked up the chimney, making a thrust with his sword worthy of a professional sweep. Rattletybang, crash, came a whole assortment of bottles, flasks and cigar boxes. The cadet said he stood A recent graduate of West Point

agnast, with the death sweat on him.

Gen. Sheridan froze him with a stern
glance, and then turning to the inspector, said: "Do not report this case;
I have taken an unfair advantage of

—. I well remember the old hiding
place of my own cadetship."—Chicago

A New German Decoration.

By the German emperor's special command all the royal princes who entered the army during the reign of William I, and all the old emperor's adjutants and aids-de-camp, will henceforth wear, in memory of William I, a new and specially created order, both with their uniform and with their ordinary dress. The order with their ordinary dress. The order is of the size of a German five mark piece, and is inscribed with the name of William I, round which a laurel wreath is wound. For William II, the princes, and the adjutant general, the order is of gold, the rest of the wearers of silver.—Pall Mail Gazette.

Though he has reached his threescore years and ten, Firth, the painter,
very naturally complains of the highly
anticipatory action of the South Kenmuseum authorities in labelsington museum authorities in label-ing one of his pictures with his name, the date of his birth and a blank for that of his death.

A fop's affectations of modesty sometimes meet with an even worse recep-

tion than his open vanities.

"Aw, you know." said one of this fraternity, "I—aw—weally, I believe I was just going to say something quite stupid!" "Why don't you say simply that you were going to speak?" asked a by-stander.—Youth's Companion.

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