

INFLUENCE.

I dropped a pebble in the stream; It sunk forever from my sight; A moment in the sun's warm beam A diamond sparkled warm and bright Reflecting far its radiant light. A circle, small indeed at first, Widened, then 'midst the tempest's roar, Until at last it faintly burst And vanished on the farther shore.

PEDRO.

Nobody knew much about Pedro. In fact, he was a mystery and had been for a great many years—for exactly how many years, though, nobody but Pedro himself could tell you. Certain it is that he had been a mystery since '39, for in that year the town was settled, and Pedro was living in Judge's Chiff when the first settlers came to Beachton. How he came to be there nobody knew, and nobody would have cared had it not been for the last act of his life. Nobody knew who built his house for him, or how it came to be where it was, though as to the latter point the village scribes declared simply that some terrible storm that happened long ago must have been responsible for the location. All of which rather anticipates the statement that Pedro's home was the wreck of a boat—a queer, lubberly old wreck that was lying keel up on a full twenty feet above the water's edge. A narrow ledge, not more than ten feet wide, and running perfectly horizontal for a distance of forty or fifty feet, was all that Pedro could claim in the way of a front or back yard, and outside that limited range the old man ventured but once a week. That was on Saturday afternoon, when he would take his willow market basket on his arm and go to Beachton market.

As he rested the baby's hands were upon his bowed head. "Pedro," again said the major's wife. Slowly the old man raised his head. He didn't see the young mother, or the people around him; he saw only the baby. He took the child's hands in his own a moment, and then turned away. Picking up his empty basket, the old man started toward his home. They were all Pedro's friends now, and one offered to carry him home in a wagon, and another to carry his basket, but the old man shook his head. So he went all alone, and they watched him until he was lost to sight. Dead or alive he was never seen again. Before night everybody in Beachton knew how Pedro had saved Baby Mand's life, at what must inevitably be the cost of his own. The major was off at court and was to be home on the 12 o'clock train. The night was dark and lowering, and the major had barely reached his home before the storm came in all its fury. It was a fearful storm. The heavens were flashing continuously and the thunder rolled in quick, deafening peals. The rain fell in floods, and unceasingly. The wind howled and shrieked like a thing of life, the houses rocked and tottered upon their foundations, and all that night not a soul slept in Beachton. Next morning the storm slackened, and gradually the wind died out. The rain continued to fall for two hours, but by noon it had ceased. Soon after dinner the major put on his rubber boots and waded through the mud to the mayor's home. Then the mayor put on his rubber boots, and together they went to Dr. Elder, the deacon's. Maybe the deacon didn't have any rubber boots, for he simply tucked his trousers into his boots, and they all went together to Pedro's home. The major was a few steps in advance where the path ended at the top of the cliff as he stepped and looked almost straight down upon the ledge where Pedro's home had been since '39. As he looked the major's face paled, and uttering an exclamation of surprise he pointed downward to the ledge. The parson and the major looked, too, and not a word was spoken. Pedro's home was gone. — Chicago Herald.

MADE HIS FOE'S TOMBSTONE. The Story of a Wounded Union Soldier's Sympathetic Act. Mrs. Orra Langhorne, of Lynchburg, Va., writes to The Boston Transcript to reply to the confessions that have been made by lady correspondents of that journal that they cannot feel that any northern aid should go to southern soldiers. In deploring the still existing bitterness of members of her own sex which mars the full and frank reconciliation between north and south, she tells the following story: "A number of Massachusetts soldiers, wounded in the battle of Lynchburg, Va., were left in my native village in the Shenandoah valley. A few days before the Confederate authorities, moving their stores to prevent capture by the approaching Federals, had requested the citizens to take into private houses a few Confederate soldiers too ill for removal from the town. Lieut. Woody, a West Virginian, was carried to my father's house, and though every effort was made to save him he died in a few days. At my father's request Dr. Allen, the surgeon of the Thirty-fourth Massachusetts regiment, left in charge of the wounded Federals, visited Mr. Woody at our house and paid him every possible attention. In my daily visits to the Federal hospital, which was near us, many kindly inquiries were always made for the wounded 'stranger within our gates.' One morning I told the Federal soldiers that our guest was dead, and many regrets and much sympathy for his family were expressed. "A soldier, named Adams I believe, who sat on the floor nursing his wounded foot, said to me gently: 'I am a marble cutter by trade, and if you will give me a slab of hard wood I will carve Lieut. Woody's name on it so that his family can find his grave after the war is over.' One of the walnut boards used to mark the soldiers' graves was sent to the hospital and the wounded Federal forgot his own pain in carving in clear type the dead Confederate's name and regiment, with the words, 'He giveth his beloved sleep.' In the spring of '65, after Gen. Grant had received Gen. Lee's surrender and ordered that the 'boys' should keep the horses, they would need to make a crop, a young widow, with her two lovely boys, the eldest about 6 years old, visited the soldiers' cemetery in our village and, parting the tangled grass, found the name of her husband carved by the foe who had been actuated by love, not hate, though he, too, had suffered. There was no pension for the widow or her babes; a cruel struggle with poverty lay before them, but as she knelt and kissed the sod above her lover-husband she blessed the man whose care had enabled her to find the grave." In conclusion Mrs. Langhorne says: "Cannot the noble women of Boston, who did so much to aid our beloved country in her hour of need, find some pity in their hearts for those who have suffered so severely for the cause which they were taught to believe was right? Massachusetts men forgave their enemies when the fighting ceased."

BANKS THE CITIZENS BANK! PLATTSMOUTH, - NEBRASKA. CAPITAL STOCK PAID IN, - \$50,000. Authorized Capital, \$100,000. OFFICERS: FRANK CARRUTH, JOS. A. CONNOR, President, Vice-President W. H. CUSHING, Cashier. DIRECTORS: Frank Carruth, J. A. Connor, F. R. Guthmann, J. W. Johnson, Henry Boeck, John O'Keefe, W. D. Merriam, Wm. Wetencamp, W. H. Cushing. Transacts a General Banking Business. All who have any banking business to transact are invited to call. No matter how large or small the transaction, it will receive our careful attention, and we promise always courteous treatment. Issues Certificates of Deposits bearing interest Buys and sells Foreign Exchange, County and City securities. FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA. Offers the very best facilities for the prompt transaction of legitimate BANKING BUSINESS. Stocks, Bonds, Gold, Government and Local Securities Bought and Sold, on commission received and interest allowed on time Certificates, Drafts drawn, available in any part of the United States and all the principal towns of Europe. Collections made & promptly remitted Highest market prices paid for County War State and County Bonds. DIRECTORS: John Fitzgerald, John R. Clark, S. Waugh, JOHN FITZGERALD, President, D. Halesworth, F. R. White, S. WAUGH, Cashier. Bank of Cass County Cor. Main and Fifth Sts., Plattsmouth. PAID UP CAPITAL.....\$50,000 SURPLUS.....25,000 OFFICERS: C. H. PARMELE.....President FRED GORDEY.....Vice President J. M. PATTERSON.....Cashier JAS. FAVERSON, JR.....Ass't Cashier DIRECTORS: C. H. Parmele, J. M. Patterson, Fred Gordey, F. E. Smith, R. B. Windham, B. S. Ramsey. A General Banking Business Transacted Accounts Solicited. Interest allowed on time deposits, and prompt attention given to all business entrusted to its care. J. H. EMMONS, M. D. HOMEOPATHIC Physician and 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. 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 St. Merchant Tailor Keeps a Full Line of Foreign & Domestic Goods. Consult Your Interest by Giving Him a Call SHERWOOD BLOCK! Plattsmouth, Neb. —We will give a good silver watch to anyone who sends us twenty-five yearly subscribers to the HERALD. GO TO HENRY BOECK'S FURNITURE EMPORIUM! Parlor, Dining Room and Kitchen FURNITURE HE OWNS HIS OWN BUILDING, PAYS NO RENT And therefore can sell you goods for less Money than any other dealer in the city. HE ALSO HAS A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF UNDERTAKER'S GOODS, HEARSE FURNISHED FOR ALL FUNERALS. HENRY BOECK. COR. MAIN AND SIXTH STREETS.

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.