Nebraska Herald.

"If any man attempts to haul down the American Flag, shoot him on the spot."—JOHN A. DIX.

VOL. I. PLATTSMOUTH. N. T., WEDNESDAY, SEP. 20, 1865. NO. 24.

THE HERALD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

BY

H. D. HATHAWAY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Office on Main street, opposite Amison, Dovey & Co's.

Terms:—$2.50 per annum, invariably in advance.

Rates of Advertising.

One square (space of ten lines) one insertion,	$1.50
Each subsequent insertion - -	1.00
Professional cards not exceeding six lines	10.00
One quarter column or less, per annum	25.00
" " six months	15.00
" " three months	10.00
One half column twelve months	45.00
" " six months	25.00
" " three months	15.00
One column twelve months - - -	80.00
" six months - - - -	45.00
" three months - - - -	25.00

All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

☞ We are prepared to do all kinds of Job Work on short notice, and in a style that will give satisfaction.

Business Directory.

R. R LIVINGSTON, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Cass county.
☞ Residence in Frank White's house, corner of Oak and Sixth streets; Office on Main street, opposite Court House, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

WILLITT POTTENGER.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PLATTSMOUTH - - NEBRASKA.

T. M. MARQUETT.
ATTORNEY AT LAW
—AND—
Solicitor in Chancery.
PLATTSMOUTH, - - NEBRASKA.

National Claim Agency.
WASHINGTON D. C.
F. M. DORRINGTON,
SUB AGENT:
PLATTSMOUTH, - - NEBRASKA,
Is prepared to present and prosecute claims before Congress, Court of Claims and the Departments, Pensions, Bounties, and Bounty Lands secured. ☞ Charges moderate, and in proportion to the amount of the claim. F. M. DORRINGTON
April 10, '65.

E. C. Lewis,
NOTARY PUBLIC
AND
CONVEYANCER.
Real Estate Agent, Tax Payer for Iowa and Nebraska. Titles of land investigated, &c.
☞ All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
Plattsmouth, N. T., April 20th, tf

D. H. WHEELER.
NOTARY PUBLIC
—AND—
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
Fire and Life Ins. Ag't,
Agent for collection of claims against Government, for Soldiers, their widows and minor heirs. Agent for the purchase and sale of Lands and City property, Leasing of Tenements, Payment of Taxes in all parts of Nebraska and Western Iowa. Attends to all business pertaining to a General Land, Insurance, Tax Paying and Collection Agency.
☞ Refers to all business men in Nebraska.
Plattsmouth, N. T., May 15, 1865.

PLATTE VALLEY
HOUSE.
G. W. CROW, - - - PROP.
I am prepared to furnish all who may favor me with their patronage, with lodging, single meals or board by the week. G. W. CROW.
Plattsmouth, April 18.—yl

MRS. L. GOLDING,
PRACTICAL
MID-WIFE,
Has practiced successfully for several years in St. Louis and in Leavenworth city. Was educated professionally, in Coalen, a | R.
Mrs. Golding has permanently located in this city. Residence in the north-west part of town.
July 15.—tf

JOSEPH SCHLATER.
WATCHMAKER and JEWELER,
MAIN STREET,
PLATTSMOUTH, - - NEBRASKA.
A good assortment of Watches, Clocks, Pens, Jewelry, Silver Ware, Fancy Goods, Violins and Violin Trimmings always on hand. All work committed to his care will be warranted.
April 10, 1865.

FOR SALE!
Thirty desirable business and residence
LOTS IN PLATTSMOUTH.
Ten thousand acres of prairie and timber
LAND IN CASS COUNTY.
Terms to suit cash purchasers.
D. H. WHEELER.
June 5, m3 Real Estate Agent, Court House, Plattsmouth.

NATIONAL MILLS,
DENVER, C. T.,
WHITTEMORE & CO., Proprietors,
Buy all kinds of grain at highest market rates. The attention of the wheat growers of Nebraska is called to the superior facilities afforded them by these mills in converting into cash the wheat intended for the Colorado market. [Aug. 5.—m3

Probate Notice.

TERRITORY OF NEBRASKA, } ss.
County of Cass,

Pursuant to an order of the Probate Court of said county, made on the 7th day of August, A. D. 1865, notice is hereby given that all claims against the estate of Wiley Jones, late of Cass county, deceased, must be on file in the office of said Court on or before *the 8th day of February, A. D. 1866,* [illegible] court will be in session to hear [illegible] of such claims.

[illegible] 7th day of August, A. D. 1865.

J. W. MARSHALL,
Aug. 7—w7 Probate Judge.

What Did He Leave?

"That's a large funeral. I counted thirty-two carriages."

"Yes, sir. It's the funeral of Mr. Ellis. He died very rich."

"How much did he have?"

"A large amount of money sir: I don't know how much. Some say about a half a million of dollars!"

"His death is considered a great loss to the community, I presume."

"Loss, sir?"

The man to whom I was speaking looked up in my face with the air of one whose mind was not exactly clear as to my meaning,

"Still with his ample means," said I, "even though only caring for himself he must have been the prompter of large industrial enterprises, through which many were greatly benefitted."

The man shook his head doubtfully,

"What did he do with his money?"

"I never heard of his doing anything with it particularly," was the unsatisfactory answer.

"Money must be used in order to make it productive. Was he in no business?"

"No sir."

"What, then, did he do with himself?"

"Oh, he was always about after bits of property that had to be sold. He was sharp for bargains in real estate."

"Ah, I see how it was. Then he did find use for his money!"

"In that way he did." But when a piece of property came into his hands, there was an end to its improvement. He let other people improve all around him, and thus increase the value of what he owned; so that he grew richer every day, without putting his hand to anything or benefitting anybody,"

"That was your million man. And so all that he has left are those property accumalations?"

"All."

"Then his death is not regarded as a public calamity?"

"No indeed, sir! It is considered a public benefit."

"How so?"

"He has a couple of sons and a couple of sons-in-law, who will scatter much faster than he saved. The moment they come in possession of his estate it will be divided, and lots of ground which ought to have been improved years ago, will be sold and covered with handsome dwellings, thus giving trade and industry a new impulse. Why, sir, he has been a dead weight upon our town for years; growing richer and richer through other people's enterprise—and yet not adding a building himself, or in any way serving the common good."

"I thought," said I, "from the long army of carriages,, that death had taken in this instance, a valuable and now lamented citizen."

"Mere ostentation, sir. But nobody is deceived. There are plenty of idle people who are pleased to ride in funeral carriages. Old Ellis will be put away with a grand flourish; but that will be the last of him. The black will do the mourning, sir."

TWO WAYS OF FISHING.—When men go a fishing for trout, says the Rev. Dr. Bellows, they take a light, tapering pole, with a fine silken line attached, and a sweet morsel of worm on the end. They noiselessly drop the line on the water and let it float to the fish, who nibbles, and by a slight twitch is safely landed on the bank. But when men go fishing for souls, they tie a cable on to a stick of timber, and an anchor is the hook. On this a great chunk of bait is stuck, and with this ponderous machine grasped in both hands, they walk up and down, thrashing the water, and bellowing at the top of their voice, "Bite or be damned."

SIMILAR.—On the 7th of April, Jeff Davis issued a proclamation urging his rebel companions to "meet the foe with fresh defiance, and with unconquered and unconquerable hearts," He was captured on the 10th in petticoats.—This reminds us of the exclamation of a newly married man, who, being disturbed by the morning gong at the hotel, exclaimed to his wife, "Lie up close, Liz, and let's die like men."

Signs and Tokens.

The following is from *Punk*, a new funny paper in California:

The Gridiron—To take down the gridiron from the nail where it is hanging, with the left hand; it is a sign that there will be a broil in the kitchen.

The Mirror—If a mirror is broken, it is a sign that a good looking (g)lass will be missed in the house.

A Funeral—To meet a funeral procession is a sign of death.

Pocket Book—To lose a pocket book containing greenbacks is unlucky.

Nails—If a woman cuts her nails every Monday, it is unlucky—for her husband.

Roosters—If you hear a rooster crow when you are in bed, and the clock strikes a few times at the same instant, it is a sign of mo(u)rning.

An Itching Ear—If you have an itching ear, tickle your nose, and you will have an itching there, and ill luck will be averted.

Salt—To spill salt accidentally into a stew while it is on the fire is a proof that the family will meet with its alterations (alter rations).

A Cat—When a cat prepares to wash its face it is a sign that one in the house will shortly receive a licking.

Warts—To have sixteen warts on the left hand is unlucky; to have the same number on the right hand is a sign you are unfortunate.

Spirits—If a married man, while his wife is in the room, takes up a bottle of spirits with his right hand, it is a sign that she will shortly be out of spirits, and that her husband is going to liquor.

Stock Raising—If a one-eyed bull dog flies at a stock raisers legs, it denotes that a misfortune will happen to his calves.

Bridal—If you get on horseback on Monday before the sun is up, it is a sign you will have a hand in a bridal.

Lucky—To stroke a green-eyed cat with a white spot on her nose is lucky, and heavy purrs will be the consequence.

Marriage—If you are in a house and hear a baby cry, it is a sign of marriage—or if it isn't it ought to be.

Red Hair—If a red-haired man falls in love with a girl who dislikes hair of that color, he will very likely dye before he is married.

The above signs and portents may be strictly relied upon; they have never been known to fail.

Veteran Scout Outwitted.

Henry Hale, one of the best loyal scouts in the country, left Leavenworth with dispatches. As he rode along, men from every direction were going to join Price. He saw one old secessionist with a shot gun, and thought it would be a nice thing to drive off the old fellow and take his horse into Lexington. So he engaged the man in conversation. and getting an opportunity, put his revolver to the secessionists head, ordered him to tie his gun to the saddle, to dismount, and finally to "skedaddle." The old man made tracks rapidly, glad to escape with his life. Hale took the horse by the bridle and rode on whistling Yankee Doodle. He had ridden a mile or two when, at a turn in the road, he was suddenly ordered to halt. The old secessionist had procured another gun and got ahead of him. The gun was squarely aimed at Hale's head.

"Get off that horse," cried the secessionist.

Hale got down.

"Tie that revolver to the saddle."

Hale obeyed.

"Pull off your pants."

Hale did it.

"Skedaddle"—an order which Hale at once carried into effect, merely saying:

"Well, Cap., I thought my shirt would come next—good bye."

The secessionist went off with the two horses, whistling Dixie, while Hale marched seven miles into Lexington with only his coat and shirt on. His coat contained his dispatches. He will never be permitted to forget that seven mile march.

☞ A daughter of the celebrated American sculptor, Powers, is married to one of the richest merchants in Sheffield, England—Mr. Iberston, and is the most accomplished lady in that part of England.

ABOLITION OF FENCES.

The abolition of fences is now being agitated among farmers, and there seems to be no insurmountable obstacles to such a reform in many districts.

It is estimated that the fences of the country constitute as much as half the value of the farms, and these have to be continually renewed. By having strictly executed laws against stock running at large, all feuces, except such as surround pastures and stock yards, may be dispensee with. Besides the saving in money, the room occupied by the fences is also saved, and the chief harbor for weeds is done away with. A communication was recently read in the New York Farmer's Club from Livingston county, Illinois, saying in that county the plan is in successful operation, the general practice of farmers being to dispense with fences.—Solon Robinson states that he was informed on good authority that the unfenced lands in that county are quite as high in price as the fenced farms of other counties, showing that this simple regulation will save the great expense of fencing the Western prairies. Mr. Ely, the President, remarked that the same system is in operation in the valley of the Connecticut River, both in Connecticut and Massachusetts.

That Mysterious Grip.

There is something singular in the pertinacity with which General Grant is followed by a scoundrel who appears determined to do him serious personal injury, without attempting to assassinate him. At the reception in New York, a statement was made of a villian who attempted to wrench his right arm from its socket; at Boston the villiany was repeated. On Thursday last the wretch again appears at Elgin, Ill., a correspondent relating the following. viz:

At Elgin, while being cheered by the crowd, a person approached in a plain farmer's garb, seized the General by the hand and tried to jerk him from the platform, at the same time twisting his arm with great violence. Col. Babcock, who was standing on the steps below to protect the General from any brutality, struck the fellow's arm a violent blow with a heavy cane, and at the same time siezed him by the throat and disengaged his frightful grip. The rascal suddenly disappeared in the crowd. The General was more excited by the occurrence than he was ever known to be before, and his hands showed traces, of the vice-like grip of the scamp.

HOW NEAR WE ARE TO DEATH.—When we walk near powerful machinery we know that one single misstep, and those mighty engines would tear us to ribbons with their flying wheels, or grind us to powder in their ponderous jaws. So when we are thundering across the land in a railway, and there is but a half inch flange of iron to hold us on the track. So when we are at sea in a ship, and there is nothing but the thickness of a plank betwen us and eternity. We imagine then that we see how close we are to the precepice. But we do not see it. Whether on sea or land the partition which divides us from eternity is something thinner than oak plank or half an inch of flange iron. The machinery of life and death is within us. The tissues which hold these beating powers in their place are often not thicker than a sheet of paper, and if that thin partition were ruptured or pierced it would be just the same with us. Death is inseparably bound up with life in the very structure of our bodies. Struggle as we may to widen the space, no man can go further from death than the thickness of a sheet of paper.

SECRETARY STANTON.—The country will one day, when the true history of the war is recorded by a pen that shall not be swerved from truth and justice by the blinding passions, prejudices, and hates engendered by the conflicting interests brought into play in this gigantic strife, place Edwin M. Stanton's name high among the immortal few whose genius and capacity for labor and organization, whose rapid and almost unerring judgment, united with an indomitable determination, made success possible after treachery, indecision, and bold mediocrity had well-nigh placed it beyond our grasp.—*Wash. Chron.*

Missouri Oath.

The following is the oath that office-holders and some others have to take in Missouri. It will certainly take a clean stomach to swallow it. No mixture of rebellion can go down with such an oath honestly taken:

"I, A. B., do solemnly swear that I am well acquainted with the terms of the third section of the second Article of the Constitution of the State of Missouri, adopted in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-five, and have carefully considered the same: that I have never directly or indirectly, done any of the acts in said section specified, that I have always been truly and loyally on the side of the United States against all enemies thereof, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States, and will support the Constitution and laws there of, as the supreme law of the land, any law or ordinance of any State to the contrary notwithstanding; that I will to the best of my ability, protect and defend the United States, and will not allow the same to be broken up, dissolved, or the Government thereof to be destroyed or overthrown, under any circumstances, if in my power to prevent it; that I will support the Constitution of the State of Missouri; and that I make this oath without any mental reservation or evasion, and hold it binding on me now."

☞ "No news is good news" is a saying, with all its quaintness, which has more force and depth in it than we are commonly aware of. For that calm, unmitigated, enruffled flow of time, which leaves little to be told, is the happiest as well as the safest period of our lives. It is like the gentle lapse of rivers, which, without being noticed or talked of, is permitted quietly to fertilize the soil, and beautify the prospect; while the fame of the rapid and destructive torrent is noised abroad. In such a state we are led from that which is without to that which is within; from the bustle of the world to a quiet communion with our own hearts; from that which depends on the will, perhaps on the capricious and unaccountable whims of others, to that for which, under God's good guidance, we may draw upon ourselves.—*Bishop Jebb.*

HISTORY OF A DRINKING CLUB.—Some years ago, in a large town in the west of Scotland, there existed a drinking club of upwards of twenty members, all of whom belonged to the middle classes of society. This club had a great influence in municipal affairs, and several of its members were elected to fill posts in the town council. The drinking was carried on to a fearful extent in the tavern where they met. The members were to be found often in the club at all hours of night and day. Their drinking was often connected with such noisy mirth as to attract the attention of the passers-by.—The club was broken up. Two of its members was sent to a lunatic assylum. One jumped from a window and killed himself; one walked or fell into the water and was drowned; one was found dead in a public house, one died of delirium tremens upward of ten became bankrupt; four died ere they had lived half their days.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.—The Chicago Journal says:

It is interesting to keep track of the original rebel leaders, and to keep a memorandum of their fate. Their bill of mortality runs as follows:

Dead.—John B. Floyd, Wm. L. Yancey, R. M. Meade, Jno. M. Daniel, John Tyler, Edmund Ruffin.

Missing.—John Mason, John Slidell, John C. Breckenridge, Judah P. Benjamin, George W. Randolph, W. C. Cleury, Jacob Thompson, Geo. N. Sanders.

Sick and in Prison.—Jefferson Davis, Alexander H. Stephens, C. C. Clay, John Mitchel, R. M. T. Hunter.

Wounded.—James Buchanan.

☞ Edward Everett and Judge Story went to a public dinner. The ordinary toasts were given, when Judge Story arose and said, "Fame follows wherever it (Everett) goes."—Everett replied, "Here's to the legal profession; it has never got above the first story (Story)."

JOHN BUNYAN.

It being well known to some of his persecutors in London that Bunyan was often out of prison, they sent an officer to talk with the jailor on the subject; and, in order to find him out he was to get there in the middle of the night. Bunyan was at home with his family, but so restless that he could not sleep; he acquainted his wife that though the jailor had given him liberty to stay till the morning, yet, from his uneasiness, he must immediately return. He did so, and the jailor blamed him for coming in at so unreasonable an hour. Early in the morning the messenger came, and interrogating the jailor, said, "Are all the prisoners safe?" "Yes." "Is Bunyan safe?" "Yes." "Let me see him." He was called, and appeared. and all was well. After the messenger was gone, the jailor, addressing Bunyan, said, "Well, you may go out again just when you think proper, for you know when to return better than I can tell you."

☞ In Milford, at a performance of "Fanchon," one evening last week, a young man, with his sweetheart on his arm, attempted to pass the door-keeper with the nonouncement "She goes in on a hen!" "What!" exclaimed the astonished officer. "She goes in on a hen!" was the energetic reply. It finally turned out that the young woman had furnished a hen to be used on the stage during the evening, and so the couple were allowed to pass in.

BRIGHT YOUTH.—A teacher one day endeavoring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb. said, "A passive verb is expressive of the nature of receiving an action. Peter was beaten. Now, what did Peter do?" The boy, pausing a moment with the gravest countenance imaginable, replied, "Well, I don't know, without he hollered."

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.—The following dialogue speaks for itself:

"Papa, has Mr. Lincoln gone to Heaven?"

"Yes, my dear child, I think so; yes, I have no doubt but what he has gone there."

"Well, papa, won't they all get around him and give three cheers?"

☞ The Postmaster-General has made a contract for conveyance of the mails from Norfork, by Hampton, to Old Point Comfort and back six times per week. He has also ordered the opening of various post-offices in North and South Carolina.

☞ The Board of Public Works of Chicago has let the contract for building a tunnel under the river at Washington St., in that city, and the work will be commenced forthwith. The tunnel is to be 1,450 feet long. The estimated cost is $200,000.

☞ General Grant is reported as having declared that, during the trial of the assassination conspirators, evidence enough was adduced to hang Jeff. Davis for complicity in that conspiracy.

☞ A full biography of President Lincoln is announced in Germany, and three have appeared in France, where they sell better than "Jules Cesar."

☞ A French wit said of a man who was exceedingly fat, that nature only made him to show how the human skin would stretch without breaking.

☞ He who has plenty of brass can generally get it off for gold.

"The Situation."

SCENE.—Before Bulletin, announcing nominations at Albany.

Copperhead to Republican—You see the Democrats have nominated three Republicans on their State ticket. What do you think of that.

Republican—I can see but one parallel in modern history.

Copperhead—What is that?

Republican—The effort of Lee to arm the negroes in the last days of the Confederacy.

Exit Copperhead.

☞ A farmer named Windsor, at Randolph, Wis., a short time since took a pretty girl to a circus whereupon his wife made a pie, using a liberal proporof sugar of lead. The next day Windsor ate of the pie, and that night was past the regoin of flirtation. Mrs. Windsor's address is at Madison jail.

The Father's Lesson.

Grown people should have more faith in, and more appreciation of, the sentiments and feelings of their children.—When I read, some months since, in a telegraphic despatch to one of our morning journals from Baltimore, if I remember rightly, of a mother who, in punishing a little child for telling a lie, which, after all, it subsequently appeared he did *not* tell, hit him with a slight switch over his temple, killing him instantly—a mere accident, of course, but yet a fearful casualty, which drove reason from the throne of the unhappy mother. When I read this, I thought of what had occured in my own sanctum only a week or two before; and the lesson which I received was a good one, and will remain with me.

My little boy—a dark-eyed, ingenuous, and frank-hearted child as ever breathed, though, perhaps, "I say it who ought not to say it,"—still I *do* say it—had been playing about my table, on leaving which for a moment I found, on my return, that my long porcupine-quill-handled pen was gone. I asked the little fellow what he had done with it. He answered he had not seen it. After a renewed search for it, I charged him, in the face of his declaration, with having taken and mislaid or lost it. He looked me in the face and said:

"No, I *didn't* take it, father."

I then took him in my lap, enlarged upon the heinousness of telling an untruth, told him I did not care much about the pen, and, in short, by the manner in which I reasoned with him, almost offered a reward for confession, the reward be it understood (a dear one to him), of standing firm in his father's love and regard. The tears welled up in his eyes, and he seemed about to tell me "the whole truth," when my eye caught the end of the pen protruding from my portfolio, where I myself had placed it, in returning a sheet of paper to one of the conpartments. All this may seem a mere trifle to you, and perhaps it is, yet I shall remember it for a long time.—*Lewis Gaylord Clark.*

BE A GENTLEMAN.—Moderation, decorum and neatness distinguish the gentleman; he is at all times affable, diffident and studious to please. Intellegent and polite, his behavior is pleasant and graceful. When he enters the dwelling of an inferior, he endeavors to hide, if possible, the difference between their ranks in life; ever willing to assist those around him, he is neither unkind, haughty, or overbearing. In the mansions of the rich, the correctness of his mind induces him to bend to etiquetts, but not to stoop to adulation. Correct principles caut on him to avoid the gambling table, inebrity, or any foible that could occasion him self-reproach. Pleased with pleasure of reflection, he rejoices to see the gaity of society, and is fastidious upon no point of little import. Appear only to be a gentleman, and its shadow will bring upon you contempt; be a gentleman and its honors will remaim even after you are dead.

☞ What if every body who is boring should "strike ile?" Where should we put it? Missouri with her Iron Mountain could not furnish iron enough to hoop the barrels! Wells are being sunk everywhere. Such an amount of boring never was done before. Every village in Ohio and Pennsylvania has its suspected territory, and almost every man that owns an acre of ground believes there is a lake of pure "ile" which he can tap at any time by running down an auger. Even in Iowa the fever has broken out, and men are peeping into springs and smelling among the sloughs for the coveted "ile," and many are the traces that have and will be found.

NEGRO SCIENCE.—A Contraband explains how bloodhounds sent in pursuit of fugitives may be thrown off the track. "If dem hounds gets closer into you, why just get a long pole and hop about twenty feet, if you kin. You do dis four or five times, and when ever you light why just put some pepper in de holes what your heels make, and when de hounds come dey lose dar scent, and den dey go snuffin' roun', and bymeby dey snuffles up dat ar pepper into dar nostrils, and den dey'll go chee! chee! chee! and dar'll be de last dem dogs can do dat day."

☞ A French editor has given the following amusing description of the effect of an advertisement: The first time a man sees an advertisement he takes no notice of it; the second time he looks at the name; the third time he looks at the price; the fourth time he reads it; the fifth time he speaks of it to his wife; the sixth time he buys.

CONSIDERATE.—A witch being at the stake to be burnt, saw her son among the spectators, and desired him to give her some drink, "No, mother," said he; "it would do you wrong, for the drier you are the better you will burn."

☞ Teamsters here are getting $75 per month.