

AN OUTDOOR MAN.

At the risk of offending the writer, we make the following extract from a private letter received this morning.

The letter contains a renewal of subscription to the HERALD, and a request that it be not stopped if, perchance the writer should neglect to pay up at the exact time when his subscription is due, and then says:

"I must admit, although differing from you politically, that I admire the manly defense you have made through your paper of Gov. Butler, when he is deserted by the weak-kneed portion of his party, who seem to be numerous at the very time when he needs assistance and had a right to expect the support of his party, and especially those who supported him for Governor. It is only necessary, sir, to give those that talk most and blow loudest half the chance that Butler has had to steal to find out who is the thief. I, for one, hope that Butler may come out vindicated and clear of the charges preferred against him principally by his own party."

The above was written by one of the solid men of Cass county, and one who dares to defend the right as he believes. He is, as his letter indicates, a Democrat, but he is "a man for a' that" and does not like to see a fellow man trampled into the earth because he excites the jealousy of small fry politicians or because he may have chanced to enter step the bounds of propriety upon some occasion. We can assure our friend that the H. A. L. D. will ever be found battling for what it believes to be justice and right, no matter if all the hosts of the earth may be on the opposite side. We have defeated Governor Butler, not against any wrong he may have done, but against the wrongs that others have sought to do him. We have said there was no evidence upon which to convict of a single crime, and we have published the evidence in full that others may know upon what we base our assertion. We are aware that the tide of public opinion is now against Governor Butler, but we risk nothing in saying the time will come when the people of Nebraska, regardless of party, will say as the HERALD says now, that Gov. Butler should have been acquitted without a moment's delay.

"CONVICTED BEFORE THE PEOPLE."

If there is any class of men or papers that we heartily despise it is those miserable petty politicians, slysters and demagogues, time-servers, who are always on the alert to pander to a diseased public sentiment when the fair name of a fellow man is being trampled under foot. Nebraska is not entirely destitute of such characters, and they may be known at the present time by ascertaining who are the men that cry out against Gov. Butler, "crucify him, crucify him!" he is "convicted before the people," and these same fellows have taken the greatest care that not a single "people" should hear a word of the evidence except as it was garbled and distorted to suit their own side of the question, and they even raised the cry "convicted before the people" long before a line of evidence had been given before the court. Shame upon the men who have so little manhood, as to cry down a fellow being with nothing but a public clamor to justify it. Why do not those journals that cry out that Gov. Butler is "convicted before the people" have the manhood to publish the evidence in full as taken before the Senate, and then let the public say or not he is "convicted"—at least give the "people" a chance to form an intelligent opinion. This cry of "convicted before the people" arises from the same source and is of a piece with the action of the House when they voted to impeach Governor Butler with the evidence (?), so-called, taken before the investigating committee lying upon the secretary's desk unopened, and not a man outside of the committee knew a single line of what was contained in the so-called evidence. These men stand ready to convict Governor Butler of "high crimes and misdemeanors" upon clamor alone. We envy the position of those few noble minded men who dared to stand up in the face of the wild howls for impeachment and vote against preferring articles until they had heard the evidence, and whose names the Omaha Herald (unwittingly that he was doing then a noble service) placed in its columns in bold faced letter. The "black list" of the Omaha Herald will be looked upon with pride by the men whose names appear therein long after the trucking slysters who sneer at them have passed into oblivion. We admire a man who dares to do right, even in the face of public opinion, even as we despise the man who will sacrifice justice to tickle the public mind. The evidence, exactly as used before the court of impeachment, and admitted to be correct by both parties, has been published in full in these columns, and we call upon these men who cry out "crucify him" to show a single point wherein David Butler is proven guilty of a "high crime or misdemeanor." Point out the evidence or else admit that your cry is raised simply to further excite a prejudiced public—prejudiced by means of unfair public prints.

Where are the Boys at Night.

Fathers and mothers look out for your boys when the shades of evening have gathered around you! Where are they? Are they at home, at the pleasant fireside, or are they running the streets? If so, take care; the chances of their ruin are many. There is scarcely anything so destructive to their morals as running about at night. Under cover of darkness they acquire the education of crime; they learn to be rowdyish, if not absolutely vicious; they catch up loose talk, they hear snuff and blarney, they see obscene things, they become reckless and riotous. If you would save them from ruin, save them from prison, see to it that night finds them at home. Let parents and do so, ponder over this matter and do all they can to make home attractive for all the children—so attractive that all the boys will prefer to roam the streets. There is no place like home in any sense than one—certainly no place like home for boys in the evening.—Chicago Republican.

Little Sins.

There are two ways of coming down from the top of a church steeple—one is to jump down, and the other is to come down by the steps; but both will lead to the same result. Now, there are two ways of going to hell; one is to walk into it with your eyes open—few people do that—the other is to go down by the steps of little sins, and that way will lead to the same result. You will see every day how many people will do a few little sins, and you will soon find that they will be regularly worse every day. Well, let us turn to the progress of sin in a man. First it starts him, then it becomes pleasurable, then delightful, then frequent, then habitual, and finally it becomes a habit, and then it is too late to stop it. It is in vain to say that it does not affect us in the least. We have no income, but an outlandishly big outcome.

At the press Forney banquet in Washington.

Senator Sumner related an anecdote of Joseph Bonaparte when he first landed in New York. He was looking about for a soldier, a general's aide, or at least a policeman, to whom he could exhibit his passport. But he found neither, and at last exclaimed: "This is the first country where I have been myself, in which I could not find the government."

At Kansas City the other evening,

Oliver Logan was lecturing upon Charles Deming's case. He gave vent to her knowledge of "hump-backed babies," and the audience manifested an opposite sentiment until they had heard the evidence, and whose names the Omaha Herald (unwittingly that he was doing then a noble service) placed in its columns in bold faced letter. The "black list" of the Omaha Herald will be looked upon with pride by the men whose names appear therein long after the trucking slysters who sneer at them have passed into oblivion.

Riding in a Camp street car yesterday

An elderly lady, clad in a dress of classic pattern and yellow bouffant, was engaged in causing the curfew bell of a poodle dog. The operation was watched by a dandily dressed youth, who assumed an air of well counterfeited disgust. Evidently he wished to impress all around him with the exceeding delicacy of his manners and great refinement. Finally, as if wishing to attract more attention, he whispered loud enough for the lady to hear him: "It is something pleasant in causing the curfew bell of a poodle dog." "Sir, if that is all the requisite to obtain affection, you should be happy. Be patient; you are a puppy now—you soon may become a dog."—N. Y. Hoopline.

Mrs. Stanton is sharp, but she sometimes

"puts her foot in it" as awkwardly as if she was a man. In her lectures now-a-days she is asserting that the Democratic party is a better party, has more love for justice, than the Republican party, and proves it by the willingness of that party to grant suffrage to woman. It was the Democrats in Wyoming that gave woman the ballot, and the same connection she points out the fact that the women of Wyoming voted almost unanimously for the Republican ticket. Mrs. Stanton is! Is that the way you prove woman's inferiority—by showing that she not only is ungrateful to those who grant her favors, but that she naturally gravitates toward the meaner party?—Dubuque Times.

The following words actually formed

the peoration of the counsel's plea of his client in an assault and battery case in Athens, Ala.: "Let the humble ass crop the thistle of the valley! Let the sagacious goat browse upon the mountain's brow, but gentlemen of the jury, I say John Gundle is not guilty."

An ugly old bachelor suggests that

births should be published under the head of "New Music."

Fanny Fern's Husband.

"Olivia" heard James Parton lecture the other night, and her impressions are thus set down: "By no twitching of muscle or spasmodic action of the hands did he indicate to those around him that he was the matrimonial mate of Fanny Fern." On the contrary he appeared remarkably young and well preserved for one who, undoubtedly, has had so much experience, and if he was a single man a large quantity of feminine element would have prostrated itself at his feet. A slim, delicate man of medium height stands before us, hair and beard tinted by sunlight, a pallid, yellow, waxen face, out of which peer through spectacles a pair of tawny eyes that gleam and pale like lambent flames in drowsy frosted glass; whilst "standard" is written all over him in characters as plain as the noonday sun.

One of the Rings of Saturn Lost.

Prof. Struve, the distinguished astronomer, Pulkova, has been for years watching the rings of Saturn; and the inner one of the three rings, an obscure, partly transparent mass of what appeared to be vapor, has been seen to approach the body of the planet and to widen its distance from the other rings, which seemed to be fluid in character, or perhaps made up of myriads of small bodies, moving together like comets, and it closed upon the body of the planet, forming a belt, which was gradually diffused over its surface, so that there is now no trace whatever of the ring left. It is this to be the fate of the other rings, or will they ultimately gather into satellites, as has more commonly been supposed.

Qualities.

The want of positively good qualities is of less consequence than the presence of positively bad ones. The most fashionable man in the world is not a man who is little skilled in the formalities of the drawing-room and the dinner-table. If such a man is unobtrusive, he will pass very well, though it is certainly desirable that all should be to a certain extent prepared to act according to those laws which the mass of refined society have found to be conducive to their happiness. But no man can expect to be much liked who is addicted to certain habits of a conspicuous kind, and direct tendency of which to inspire painful feelings in those around him. Such a man must be insupportable.

Where are the Boys at Night.

Fathers and mothers look out for your boys when the shades of evening have gathered around you! Where are they? Are they at home, at the pleasant fireside, or are they running the streets? If so, take care; the chances of their ruin are many. There is scarcely anything so destructive to their morals as running about at night. Under cover of darkness they acquire the education of crime; they learn to be rowdyish, if not absolutely vicious; they catch up loose talk, they hear snuff and blarney, they see obscene things, they become reckless and riotous. If you would save them from ruin, save them from prison, see to it that night finds them at home. Let parents and do so, ponder over this matter and do all they can to make home attractive for all the children—so attractive that all the boys will prefer to roam the streets. There is no place like home in any sense than one—certainly no place like home for boys in the evening.—Chicago Republican.

Little Sins.

There are two ways of coming down from the top of a church steeple—one is to jump down, and the other is to come down by the steps; but both will lead to the same result. Now, there are two ways of going to hell; one is to walk into it with your eyes open—few people do that—the other is to go down by the steps of little sins, and that way will lead to the same result. You will see every day how many people will do a few little sins, and you will soon find that they will be regularly worse every day. Well, let us turn to the progress of sin in a man. First it starts him, then it becomes pleasurable, then delightful, then frequent, then habitual, and finally it becomes a habit, and then it is too late to stop it. It is in vain to say that it does not affect us in the least. We have no income, but an outlandishly big outcome.

At the press Forney banquet in Washington.

Senator Sumner related an anecdote of Joseph Bonaparte when he first landed in New York. He was looking about for a soldier, a general's aide, or at least a policeman, to whom he could exhibit his passport. But he found neither, and at last exclaimed: "This is the first country where I have been myself, in which I could not find the government."

At Kansas City the other evening,

Oliver Logan was lecturing upon Charles Deming's case. He gave vent to her knowledge of "hump-backed babies," and the audience manifested an opposite sentiment until they had heard the evidence, and whose names the Omaha Herald (unwittingly that he was doing then a noble service) placed in its columns in bold faced letter. The "black list" of the Omaha Herald will be looked upon with pride by the men whose names appear therein long after the trucking slysters who sneer at them have passed into oblivion.

Riding in a Camp street car yesterday

An elderly lady, clad in a dress of classic pattern and yellow bouffant, was engaged in causing the curfew bell of a poodle dog. The operation was watched by a dandily dressed youth, who assumed an air of well counterfeited disgust. Evidently he wished to impress all around him with the exceeding delicacy of his manners and great refinement. Finally, as if wishing to attract more attention, he whispered loud enough for the lady to hear him: "It is something pleasant in causing the curfew bell of a poodle dog." "Sir, if that is all the requisite to obtain affection, you should be happy. Be patient; you are a puppy now—you soon may become a dog."—N. Y. Hoopline.

Mrs. Stanton is sharp, but she sometimes

"puts her foot in it" as awkwardly as if she was a man. In her lectures now-a-days she is asserting that the Democratic party is a better party, has more love for justice, than the Republican party, and proves it by the willingness of that party to grant suffrage to woman. It was the Democrats in Wyoming that gave woman the ballot, and the same connection she points out the fact that the women of Wyoming voted almost unanimously for the Republican ticket. Mrs. Stanton is! Is that the way you prove woman's inferiority—by showing that she not only is ungrateful to those who grant her favors, but that she naturally gravitates toward the meaner party?—Dubuque Times.

The following words actually formed

the peoration of the counsel's plea of his client in an assault and battery case in Athens, Ala.: "Let the humble ass crop the thistle of the valley! Let the sagacious goat browse upon the mountain's brow, but gentlemen of the jury, I say John Gundle is not guilty."

An ugly old bachelor suggests that

births should be published under the head of "New Music."

Horace Greeley in his late "open letter"

to Frank P. Blair, says: "You would like to be the next candidate of the rebels and pro-rebels for President; and I for reasons which nowise flatter you—wish success to that aspiration."

The Illinois savans are discussing

cow-milking, some favoring the fore and aft, and others the diagonal style. One patriarch believes that "every man should be left free to milk according to the dictates of his own conscience."

King William, on being asked what he

thought was the most wonderful thing in Versailles, replied by quoting the words of the Doze of Genoa to Louis XIV.: "C'est de m'y voir." (It is to find myself here!)

Somebody says that a lady should

always ask the following four questions before accepting the hand of any young man: Is he honorable? Is he kind of heart? Can he support me comfortably? Does he take a newspaper and pay for it in advance?

An Irishman applying for a license to

whisky was asked if he possessed a good moral character. "Faith, yer honor," replied Pat. "I don't see the necessity of a good moral character to sell whisky."

Generals, like doctors, will differ—

General Garfield thinks the Indians ought to have the ballot. General Sheridan thinks they ought to have the bayonet—not, however, until they have first taken the small pox.

It is stated that the High Church

party in England will resist the marriage of the Princess Louise to a dissenter during Lent, by appointing a penitential service to take place in all the churches at the very hour the Princess puts off her loveliness and laceous Lora.

An exchange says: "Pulverised alum

and common salt put on a piece of cotton and chucked into a hollow tooth, will shut up its aching so quick you will want to hug us for telling you, but you can't do that, because it is certainly a good moral character, a married woman, and over twenty five."

Rev. Dr. Deems, in the course of his

remarks at the funeral of Alice Cary, said: "Men loved Alice Cary, and women loved her. When a man loves a woman, it is of nature; when a woman loves a man, it is the finest thing that can be said of Alice Cary, that she had such troops of friends of her own sex."

The Jefferson Era learns that the

Beadle Dime Novel reading young lady who married an Indian some time ago, in Greece county, in a sudden freak of fancy, has not found it so romantic after all, and has left him. The romance faded when the realities of life came, and she could not endure the savage talk of him and his.

REVENGE.—It is as difficult for

revenge to act without exciting suspicion, as for a rattlesnake to stir without making a noise.

Members of a congregation in Massa-

chusetts are very unhappy because the man who frescoed their church has made all the little angels club-footed.

Which side of the street do you live

on, Mrs. Kipple? asked a comsol, cross-examining a witness. "On either side, sir. If you go the other way it's on the left."

Mark Twain threatens to cease

writing periodically. He says trying to think how to give the world a certain date is very melancholy; keeps him awake at night; prompts him to commit suicide, run for Congress, or describe in print his reminiscences of distinguished men whose funerals he has had the pleasure of attending. With the April number of the Galaxy it is, therefore, understood that he will retire from this field of his tribulations. He will still, however, contribute to it by further glories, as occasion and inspiration may allow.

It is said that the muscles with

which we close the hand are much stronger than those with which we open it. Now this is the weaker opening muscles that we use in giving money. Every one can see the importance of a frequent use of these weaker muscles, to keep them supplied; else they will become so stiff and rigid that no call of charity can relax them.

The income tax law has been repealed.

It is a matter of pleasure for us to state that it does not affect us in the least. We have no income, but an outlandishly big outcome.

A young man, charged with being

lazy, was asked if he took it from his father. "I think not," was the reply; "father's got all the laziness he ever had."

A gentleman having a pony that

ran away and broke his wife's neck, a neighbor told him he wished to purchase it for his wife to ride upon. "No," says the other, "I will not sell the little fellow, because I intend to marry again."

G. W. MERK, DEALER IN

Stoves, Tin, Hardware & Farming Tools; THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST AND F. J. METTEER

Sells the Best and Latest Improved style of Farm Implements, Manufacturer of Tin & Sheet Iron Ware

Roofing, Gutting, Spouting and Repairing done. I am Selling First-Class Goods and Guaranty Not to be Undersold, as I am Buying of First Hands.

Main St., Next to City Hotel, Plattsmouth

South Side Main Street, - Number 9. PLATTSMOUTH, CASS COUNTY NEBRASKA

J. D SIMPSON & CO., Forwarding and Commission Merchants AND DEALERS IN GRAIN.

Agents of the Omaha & St. Louis "O" Line Packets Plattsmouth, Neb.

Forwarding and Commission Business, Ware House attached, we can furnish all the storage wanted.

PROMPT ATTENTION, and goods destined for Lincoln, Ashland and the Blue River, will be forwarded without delay.

CALL AND SEE US.

STATEMENT of the condition of the HMO INSURANCE COMPANY, of New York, on the 1st day of January, A. D. 1871, made to the Auditor of the State of Nebraska, pursuant to the Statute of that State.

NAME AND LOCATION. CAPITAL. The capital of said Company actually paid up in cash, is \$2,500,000 00

ASSETS. Amount of cash in Continental National Bank, N. Y. \$ 53,740 50

LIABILITIES. Amount of losses adjusted, due and unpaid, 100,308 71

NEBRASKA GROWN FRUIT TREES

FURNAS NURSERIES!! BROWNVILLE, NEB.

FURNAS SONS & CO. PROPRIETORS. 200,000 Apple Trees

CITY BAKERY AND CONFECTIONARY

Fresh Bread, Pies, Cakes &c.

H. E. PALMER, Agent, Plattsmouth, Neb.

H. ROBERTSON, Wholesale Dealers in WINES, LIQUORS AND BRANDIES.

DOUBLE ANCHOR WHISKIES, &c. Best quality of Cigars and Tobacco always on hand

THE HERALD J. H. BUTTERY

DRUGGIST. In new receiving and on hand (at the old stand of White & Buttery)

THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE ESTABLISHMENT

Good New Presses

400 LOTS in the Addition at reasonable rate. Terms are one half cash down, the other half pay 100 one year, at ten per cent. interest, per annum, with mortgage on the property.

Donation to Churches. I will give to the following religious denominations, viz:

5,000 Acres of Land for Sale in this county. Also, Houses and Lots in the city, at low prices.

Lot for Ten Dollars. I will sell to parties desiring to improve, any of the lots in the subdivided lot, in my addition to the city of Plattsmouth, per lot, under the following conditions:

WARNER'S Pile Remedy. Warner's Pile Remedy has never failed (not even in one case) to cure the very worst cases of Blind Itching or Bleeding piles.

Wine of Life. The great Blood Purifier and Delicious Drink Warner's Wine of Life, or Wine of Health, is a most potent purgative and purifier.

"SHOOFLY" Don't Bodder Morrison's For He is Too Busy Waiting on Customers.

MORRISON'S "SHOOFLY" MEAT MARKET

FRESH MEATS, FATS, CATTLE, SHEEP, etc.

BONNER STABLES!

LIVERY SALE & EXCHANGE.

EXAMINE SPECIMENS. Attachment Notice.

General Merchandise.

Excelsior Manufacturing Co., 512 and 514 North Main Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

WEEPING WATER, NEB.

General Merchandise.

WILCOX & GIBBS Sewing Machine, which is undoubtedly the best Machine now in use.

"Luxuries of Modern Travel."

LOTS FOR SALE