

THE HERALD

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PLATTSBOUTH, NEBRASKA, Thursday, October 9, 1873. Number 28. TERMS: \$2.00 a Year.

J. A. MACMURPHY, Editor. Volume 9.

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EXECUTIVE. E. W. Furness, Brownville, Governor. J. J. Gurnea, Omaha, Secy of State. J. B. Weston, Beatrice, Auditor. H. C. Kneale, Omaha, Treasurer. J. E. Webster, Omaha, Atty Gen. J. M. McKenzie, Omaha, Sup't Pub. Instruc'n.

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CASS COUNTY. H. F. Ellison, Probate Judge. Dan McKinnon, County Clerk. W. J. Hines, Sup't Pub. Instruc'n. J. C. Clark, County Commissioner. J. W. Thomas, Coroner.

Churches. BAPTIST—On the corner of Main and Ninth. Rev. T. J. Arnold, Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. Prayers meeting every Wednesday evening.

CHRISTIAN—Service in Congregation Church at 11 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Corner of Laurel and Eleventh. Prayers meeting every Wednesday evening.

EPISCOPAL—Corner Fifth and Third streets. Rev. J. J. Gurnea, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Prayers meeting every Wednesday evening.

CATHOLIC—North side of Public Square, Rev. Father Botal, Pastor. Mass every Sabbath at 8 a. m. Prayers meeting every Wednesday evening.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—West side of 6th street, south of Main. Rev. J. McKelvey, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Prayers meeting every Wednesday evening.

UNITED BRETHREN—North side of Main street, west of 6th. Rev. W. T. Barlow, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Prayers meeting every Wednesday evening.

W. O. G. T.—Regular meetings of Plattsburgh Lodge No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

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HOW A PAPER IS MADE.

"Pray how is a newspaper made?" The question is easy to ask, but to answer it fully, my dear, were rather a difficult task: And yet, in a hasty way, As the whirring mill sings in the glade, I'll venture a bit of a lay, And tell how a paper is made.

An editor sits at his desk, And ponders on things that appear To be claiming the thoughts of the world— Things solemn and grave and queer— And when he has hit on a theme He judges it well to parade, He writes, and he writes, and he writes, And that's how a paper is made.

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AN APPEAL FROM SHREVEPORT. The Shreveport Times contains the following appeal, which the Howard Association earnestly request the press of the country to publish: "To our fellow citizens: The yellow fever epidemic that has already swept away more than four hundred of this community, is still raging with unabated fury in our midst. We have at least seven hundred sick, of all ages, sexes, colors, and nationalities, all of whom, from the peculiar character of the disease, require constant and careful nursing. In addition to this are hundreds of people left without a cent, and without employment. Amongst these are many women and little children. All of them must, for the present at least, be provided for and fed by the Howard Association, for there is no work to do and no money to be had. The destitution in our midst is as heartrending as the disease, and both are fearful. The drain upon the friends of the association has thus far been enormous, and the liberal aid sent us by our sister cities is nearly exhausted. Under these painful circumstances, we are forced to make this general appeal to the country for additional aid. We have people among us suffering in want and dying from all sections of the union, and from all nations; and we feel that the great public heart will respond to this appeal, extorted by the most dire necessity. Our own resources are nearly exhausted. The well are broken down, the poor are threatened with actual starvation, the sick and dying are about to be deprived of the commonest comforts humanity can render them."

NASBI. He Wants to be a Granger and with the Grangers Drink. BEET STATION, (Which is in the State of Illinois), August 27, 1873. Things ain't workin' ez smooth with us ez I could wish, in our movement for the relief of the hard-headed agriculturists of Illinois. We hev made some blunders, mistakes, and besides, the farmers themselves didn't stick to that abstract enthusiasm which they wanted to see. They are too much devoted to things purely personal to take broad views of things.

Our first misfortune occurred in the election of officers by our Grange. I got a list of the officers, and went on to fill 'em. Mr. Cephus Billins was elected Master; Mr. Pettus, Treasurer; Mr. Blathers, Secretary; and the other principal officers was filled by other gentlemen who wouldn't decline a county office if they were urged hard enough.

"Wat an I to hev?" I asked. "Billins run his intellectual eye down the list. "Wood it soot you to be Flora?" he replied. "Anything?" wuz my answer. "Whever you I elected Flora, and the list wuz in the county papers. There wuz a guffaw all over the country. Not one of us knowed that Flora was a female! Knowledge is power. The idea of my being a Flora—the goddess of flowers, and sich! I mit ez well put on a white muslin dress, wuz low neck and short sleeves, and stand in a tabloo ez the Goddess of Liberty!

But we endured the laughter of the popliss at this blunder, and went to work vigorously to drum up recruits. We held daily meetings in the back room of the Jackson Hotel; discussin the wrongs of the laborin classes. To see us there wuz a site which shoold hev melted the hearts of the laborin men. Billinses favorite attitude wuz leanin on his elbows on a temporary bar— Pettus, lying on a long table, at full length, mournfully wettin his lips ez and smoo with a little whisky and

water, while Blathers wuz tipped back in a chair, with his feet on a winder sill, where he cood see the sons of toil, whose interests he wuz watchin over, sweatin in a distant field. "Oblieve," said Blathers, "that honest yeomanry a plattin in his unrequited toil. My sole achas for him." And to draw his sorrows at the site, Mr. Blathers ordered a glass of whisky, remarkin to the landlord in the most absent minded manner to just chalk it down, with the landlord, havin heard the concludin sentence of the order, in an eckally absent-minded manner, didn't bring the likker at all. His onfeeling remark wuz that he wuz just out of uv chuk!

That afternoon I got hold of three farmers, and had a long and satisfactory talk with them. They were incensed agin monopolies, and were ready to line in a movement to bust 'em. I told 'em of our new organization, and invited 'em to come with me and enroll themselves with a choice band of noble spirits, who wuz agoin to bust their bonds and elevate labor to its proper place.

"Am you willin to fine sich a holy crusade?" I demanded. "Are you willin to fine an organization which will give the farmers of the country a proper reward for their labor, which will give 'em, in short, wuz belongs to 'em?" "We air! we air!" said they in chorus. "Then, come with me," sed I.

I ushered 'em into the back room of the Jacksonville Hotel. "Billins, Blathers, Pettus," I yelled exultingly, "here is three honest yeomanry who hes bin ground into the dust by thievin' monopolies, who want their rites—here is three recruits for our noble army of freedom!" It struck 'em at the time that they should, that they were the general appearance of three men who wood hev liked to hev bin somewhere else. "Mr. Billins said farmer No. 1, "you regard to give the farmers wuz their dox, do you?" "Mr. Blathers, you are agoin to restore to the farmers to the farmers wuz their own, ain't you?" sed farmer No. 2. "Mr. Pettus, you propose to help to restore labor wuz belongs to it, don't you?" "Certainly," sed Billins, Blathers, and Pettus, ez white ez sheets. "Then commence in this holy crusade by payin' me for the load uv wood I sold you eight years ago," said the infuriated man, seezin Billins by the throat. "Pay me for the load uv potatoes you bought uv me last winter," shouted No. 3, seezin Blathers.

"Pay me for the load uv wood I drew you last fall, wuz a year ago," shouted No. 3, goin' for Pettus. The farmers didn't get their pay, and we hev advanced all hopes uv success in them. There ain't no use uv sympathizers with labor tryin to do anything with men who take sich narrow and grovelin views of things ez the men do. Principles are broad, general in their nature, and can not be brot down to sich small matter ez wood, potatoes, and hay. Ontler men kin be made broader our labors will be in vain. Can't Pettus, Blathers, and Billins sympathize with labor jist ez well when they don't pay ez when they do?" I followed these men out and heered 'em ask each other wuz earthly good it cood possibly do labor and laborin men to elect three sich infernal beats to office. This is the reward we git for our services in awakenin the masses to a sense of their wrongs. And the ongrateful wretches are orgainzin to elect actual farmers to the Legislature, and to sich county offices ez hev anything to do with taxassess and sich. Wud indorsement is there for us to continue our work?

I shall keep on a little while, though. I kin avoid the fate that avertook my friends, for I hev'n bin here long enuff to git in debt. PETROBRUSH V. NASBY, (Wuz Postmaster—now Farmer).

PARTY RESPONSIBILITY. The Republican party is responsible for those measures and acts which it endorses or defends. To hold it accountable for every act of its servants is to condemn a community for every transgression of the law. No code of laws can make men honest; no organization can be entirely free from rascality. Laws can restrain the dishonest and punish dishonesty; organizations can reprobate rascality when found. Beyond this, neither law nor organization can be justly held responsible for the shortcomings of those who are dishonestly inclined. Human judgment is often in error; confidence, apparently well founded, is abused; men who hold good reputations fall; the trusted turn out rascals. This has been so from the foundation of time, and will, in all probability, continue to the end. The best we can hope for is that bad men, as soon as known, shall be driven from power; that questionable public measures shall be denounced; that good men shall be selected to right the wrong done; and that a sharp watch be kept upon those who are for the time being called to represent and protect the people's interests. The purest individual that ever lived has made mistakes; has reposed confidence in unworthy men. To expect otherwise

is to look for perfection in human nature. The best party that can be organized by the wisdom, intelligence, and patriotism of the nation will at times be led into the support of men who will prove unworthy of public confidence. To endorse the acts of these men would be to transfer their iniquity to the party itself; to promptly reprobate them is to elevate the party above reproach or censure. We should draw a broad line between the bad faith of a servant and the good intentions of his master. The Republican party has had its faithless servants, but in no case has it attempted to shield them from the punishment they earned. As soon as discovered the party has reprobated them, and entered before the people its earnest protest against their acts. The record of every Republican State Convention gives evidence of a sterling morality among the masses of the people. Never in its history stood as high as it does today. It demands honest men for public positions and is determined to have them. No measure, no act, no character can hope to be whitewashed by the Republican party. Both man and measure must stand upon their merits. If they are just and true, the party will be quick to support and advocate them; if unjust and dishonest, they will be consigned to oblivion. We have faith in a party that stands guard over the actions of its servants; that is ready to reprobate whatever is wrong; that is independent enough to exact from leaders the highest qualities of personal character and official integrity. The Republic can never be in danger when so true and loyal a power guides the administration of its affairs.—Republican.

LETTER FROM "NELLIE," A FAMILY HORSE. "What I Know About Horses Feet." We horses are of no account to man unless we have good, sound feet. Our feet are the principal thing about us—the foundation of all our usefulness.—Therefore, it is of prime importance that they are not spoiled by ignorant blacksmiths, who are always trying to improve on nature; they appear to think God don't know how to shape and build a foot for a horse, so they cut, pare and trim until we can hardly go without limping. "Old John" was once an excellent horse; but a dunce got possession of him, who wanted to improve on the looks of his feet, and make them smaller and lighter, so he could step a little more nimbly. He directed the shoer to pare down the hoof, clean out and dig out the foot, cut off a large part of the frog, which was done in the most approved city style. His son grew "tender footed" and lame. Various opinions were given as to the cause. Some said he had corns, others thought the lameness was caused by a sprain. But the lameness continued until he was sold to a brute of a man who drove him to the grog-shop every day, kept him hitched to a post till late in the evening without food, then whipped him home as he could go on his inflamed and sore feet. "John" could not endure this treatment long, so one night he died; and the next morning his skin was taken off, and he was dragged into the woods, where were the bodies of a great many dead horses that had been killed by abuse.

I was in a blacksmith shop one day; and I heard a kind-hearted man make some very sensible remarks about HORSES' FEET. He said much damage is done to the feet of horses by paring the frog and bars. The bars serve as braces to the foot to keep it in its proper shape, just as braces in a building keep it in place.—There are two braces in each foot, running in from the quarters toward the point of the frog. By cutting these away in part or wholly, the foot is weakened.

The frog of a horse's foot should, in no case, be cut so as to let out this substance, it becomes hard, dry, and contracted; and this causes what is called "pinched feet." Some blacksmiths will say your horse has had too much grain, causing "pinched feet"; and this will furnish another excuse for depriving horses of their oats; while the trouble is in the shoeer's cutting away the frog. A valuable mare had been lame for some time; but, after B. had shod her a few times, she was all right. Says the owner, "What you have done has cured my mare."—"No," says the blacksmith, "it is not what I have done, but what I have not done, that has cured her. I have let nature cure the lameness." Nature is always trying to correct our blunders, and will wholly do so if you will give her a chance.

Too many shoers take great pains to dig out the inside of the foot, leaving the shell and sole of the foot so thin, that, in traveling, the jar hurts the foot, causing heat and lameness. This makes the horse cripple and flinch. Knowing how foolish blacksmiths act with our feet, and how often they drive nails into the quick flesh, and let their knives slip and cut us, is it strange that we are sometimes uneasy and afraid in their dirty, trifling-looking shops? If men would treat us gently, instead of striking us with a heavy hammer, we should soon learn to trust them, and not fear to submit to their control.—Maine North Star.

THIRD PARTIES.

There are certain politicians, in our own party as well as in that of the Opposition, who are satisfied, as long as they hold fast offices and grow rich from the pickings of the public table, that their respective organizations will last until the end of time; but once out of office, with a poor show of getting back, either through election or appointments, and they suddenly discover that the party over which they were once so eloquent is too corrupt to hold them longer, and that an absolute necessity exists for the immediate formation of a new party. Of course they have no selfish ends to serve; they neither hold nor want office, but the good of the dear people demands a new party, and they with patriotic ardor, offer their services in engineering a third party into the field. A new crop of these disinterested patriots springs up after every convention.—They start out with the proclamation that old times and new states must be smashed. Nothing but a new party can save the country, and administer its Government in the interest of the dear people. But the people are slow to accept their views. The hungry appearance of these disinterested patriots awakens suspicions that a new party is needed more for the purpose of keeping them from starvation, than for the purpose of saving the country from destruction. The dear people have a singular way of judging things. They are very apt to conclude that the party that was good enough when these fellows were in office, ought to be a trifle better when they were out; so they turn a cold shoulder on these third party-makers, and leave them to go it alone. To hear these disappointed office-seekers talk, you would be led to believe, that when they withdrew their spinal cord from the public service, the back bone of the party was broken.—During the late Presidential campaign they actually created a panic, and some very good Republicans thought that the Greeley tidal wave was sure to sweep the party from existence. But the terrible wave turned out to be a mere ripple, and the army of Republicans who had joined the third party could hardly muster on the 3rd of November a corporal's guard. The fate of the Liberal Reform party will be the fate of all parties called into existence by sore-headed politicians and disappointed office-seekers. The people are not blind. They can see for themselves when a party has outlived its usefulness. They have no confidence in politicians who believe in a party to-day because it gives them office, and denounces it to-morrow because it doesn't. The latest efforts of these third party-makers are being made in the West. They are trying to impress upon the farmers the necessity of setting up for themselves, and running the Government on an agricultural basis. They offer their advice free, and would willingly hold a few leading offices just to keep the machine steady for awhile. If they can only enter the farmers' movement as a wedge to split the Republican party, they hope to get material enough to either rebuild Democracy or form a third party. But their efforts, like those of the past, will fail. The farmers know that the grand old party of freedom has done, and will do, for their interest more than all the third parties can promise. If they need special representation, they know they can secure it within the ranks of the party. If they want a representative farmer in Congress, or at the head of the Liberal Reform party, they will be the fate of all parties called into existence by sore-headed politicians and disappointed office-seekers. The people are not blind. They can see for themselves when a party has outlived its usefulness. They have no confidence in politicians who believe in a party to-day because it gives them office, and denounces it to-morrow because it doesn't. The latest efforts of these third party-makers are being made in the West. They are trying to impress upon the farmers the necessity of setting up for themselves, and running the Government on an agricultural basis. They offer their advice free, and would willingly hold a few leading offices just to keep the machine steady for awhile. If they can only enter the farmers' movement as a wedge to split the Republican party, they hope to get material enough to either rebuild Democracy or form a third party. 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