

THE HERALD

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--Second Story.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF CASS COUNTY.

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NEBRASKA HERALD.

J. A. MACMURPHY, Editor.

"PERSEVERANCE CONQUERS."

TERMS: \$2.00 a Year.

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Tenders his professional services to the
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Main Street, between Fifth & Sixth.

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C. HENSEL, Proprietor. Have recently been
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order. Do not desire of Wheat wanted manu-
factured for which the highest market price will
be paid.

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THE NUMERICAL SYSTEM--The best in use
For describing parcels, addresses, etc.
ADRES. BLACKMAN & CO.,
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GREENHOUSE AND BEDDING PLANTS.

Time and money saved by ordering of me. I
have the largest and best collection of Plants
ever offered for sale in the West. Catalogues
free. Sweet Potatoes, Cabbages, Tomatoes, and
other Plants for sale in their season.
Address W. J. HENSEL, Plattsmouth, Neb.

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FOR A BOOK NEEDED BY ALL

FARMERS!

The best books published on the Horse and the
Cox. Liberal terms. Money made rapidly by
agents selling these books. Catalogues free.
Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

FINE ART GALLERY.

Photographs, Ambrotypes and copies from
old negatives, plain or colored, either in ink
water or oil. All work neatly executed and war-
ranted to give satisfaction.
V. V. LEONARD, Artist,
30-32 Main St., Plattsmouth, Neb.

NEW DROG STORE.

WHITING WATER, NEB.

POTTER & GAFFNEY.

DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS,
OILS, VARNISH, PUTTY, MERRY,
SALICONS, CIGARETTES,
CIGARS, TOBACCO,
AND GLASS.

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Dealer in
CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS,
CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS,
VALISES, CARPET BAGS,
Etc., Etc., Etc.
One of the oldest and most reliable Houses
in Plattsmouth. Main street, between Fourth
and Fifth.

NEW STYLES.

E. L. ELSIER,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

In receipt of the finest and
BEST ASSORTMENT
CASSIMERES, CLOTHS, VESTINGS, SCOTCH
GOODS, IRISH LINENS, Etc.
In fact, the largest and best assortment of
cloths ever brought to this city. I am
prepared to make up in the latest styles. Call
and examine Goods.

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Rooms three doors west of Brooks House.
CUTTING AND FITTING MADE
A SPECIALTY.
Patterns of all kinds constantly on hand

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FEED, SADDLERY AND LIVERY STABLE.

Main street, Plattsmouth, Neb.
I am prepared to accommodate the public with
Horses, Carriages,
Buggies, Wagons,
Etc., Etc., Etc.
On short notice and reasonable terms. A
Hack will run to the Steamboat Landing, Depot
and all parts of the city when desired.

MILK!

Good fresh milk delivered daily at every
body's home in Plattsmouth, if they want it, by

J. F. Beaumeister.

Send in your orders and I will try and give
you

Pure Milk,

Official Directory.

Volume 9.
CONGRESSIONAL.
T. W. Tipton, Representative, U. S. Senator,
P. W. Hitchcock, Omaha, U. S. Senator,
J. L. Crossen, Ft. Calhoun, Representative.
EXECUTIVE.
R. W. Furnas, Governor,
E. P. Ripley, Lieutenant Governor,
J. B. Weston, Auditor,
J. A. Kopp, Comptroller,
J. B. McKelvie, Secretary of State,
J. M. McKenzie, Secretary of Agriculture.
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Daniel Knott, Nebraska City, Associate Justice,
Samuel Maxwell, Plattsmouth, Associate Justice.
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E. P. Ripley, City Clerk,
Wm. Wintersteen, City Treasurer,
J. W. Haines, Police Judge,
James Morgan, Marshal,
D. N. Johnson, Street Commissioner.
ALDERMEN.
FIRST WARD--J. Fitzgerald, H. S. Newman,
SECOND WARD--J. B. Weston, J. S. Nichols,
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CASS COUNTY.
H. P. Ellison, Probate Judge,
R. W. Furnas, County Clerk,
W. L. Hobbs, Treasurer,
J. B. Weston, Sup't Public Instruction,
Jacob Valley, County Commissioner,
Lyman James, 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. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school
at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday
evening.
CHRISTIAN--Service in Congregation Church
at 11 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Communion, Last
and first streets. Invitation extended to
all classes to attend.
EPISCOPAL--Corner Vine and Third streets,
Rev. J. M. Smith, Pastor. Services every
Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m.
CATHOLIC--North side of Public Square, Rev.
J. J. O'Connell, Pastor. Mass every Sunday
at 8 a. m., second Mass and sermon at 10:30 a. m.,
Vespers at 7 p. m., and Mass at 8 p. m. Mass at
8 a. m. every weekday.
METHODIST EPISCOPAL--West side of 4th
street, Rev. J. M. Smith, Pastor. Services every
Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting
every Thursday evening. Bible reading every Monday evening,
and immediately after close of Sabbath
morning services. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.,
Reese, Superintendent.
SANTAGO--On 21 September last die Deutsche
Kirche, St. Ulrich Gottesdienst, Ueberhaupt
Sabbath und Sonntags, 11 Uhr, und in der
Tage, St. Ulrich, Rev. L. H. Hagemann,
Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m., Prof. J. A. Hagemann,
Superintendent.

Lodges.

I. O. O. F.--Regular meetings of Platte Lodge
No. 1, 100-102, every Tuesday evening at 7:30
o'clock. Odd Fellows' Hall. Transient Brothers are cordially
welcome. J. E. CUNNINGHAM, N. G.
ALEX. SCHLEGEL, Secretary.
I. O. O. F.--PLATTSMOUTH ENCAMPMENT No. 1,
S. M. M. Regular meetings at 7:30 p. m. on
the first and third Wednesdays of each month.
J. H. SHARPLEY, N. G. W. M. M.
NEBRASKA CHAPTER No. 3, R. M. M.--Reg-
ular meetings on the first and third Wednesdays
of each month at 7:30 p. m. J. H. SHARPLEY, N. G.
H. NEWMAN, Secy.
I. O. G. T.--OLIVE BRANCH No. 2, J. P. Ph.
Secy. Meetings at 7:30 p. m. on the first and
third Wednesdays of each month. Meetings at
7:30 p. m. on the first and third Wednesdays of
each month. J. H. SHARPLEY, N. G. W. M. M.
T. W. SHRYOCK, Lodge Deputy, meets at
Clark & Thimbleton's Hall every Tuesday evening.
Traveling Temples respectfully invited.
T. W. SHRYOCK, Secretary.
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Purissima de Optima.

For forty years has proved the great value
in all diseases of the Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.
This medicine is a great aid in all cases of
the country, and for its wonderful purifying
power in purifying the blood, stimulating the
liver and bowels, and inspiring new life
and vigor to the whole system. Simons' Liver
Regulator is acknowledged to have no equal
as a
LIVER MEDICINE.
It contains four medicinal elements, never multi-
plied in any other preparation, and is a wonder-
ful tonic, an un-exaggerated Alternative and a
certain corrective of all impurities of the body.
Such success has attended its use, that it is
now recognized as a
GREAT UNFAILING SPECIFIC.
For Liver Complaint and the painful offspring
thereof, such as Biliousness, Constipation,
Depression of Spirits, Sour Stomach, Heart
Burn, &c., &c.
Regulate the Liver and prevent
CHILLS AND FEVER.
Prepared by J. H. ZEILAN & CO.,
Send for a Circular, Drugists, Mason, Ga.
Price \$1, by Mail 1.25
For Sale by
J. H. Buttery,
Plattsmouth, Neb.

MONEY SAVED

Buying Your Greenhouse and Bedding Plants

Picnic Gardens.

DON'T send East for Plants when you can get
just as good for less money nearer home.
To my numerous friends and neighbors I would
say that I have the largest and best stock of
plants ever offered for sale in the West, and
at reasonable prices.
Be sure and send for my
New Descriptive Catalogue.

New Descriptive Catalogue.

Which will be sent free to all who apply for it.
I will give you my catalogue, and a free plant if
I can satisfy you.
J. F. BEAUMEISTER,
Plattsmouth, Neb.

THE REFORMED GAMBLER.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle.]
Once upon a time there came to Po-
kerville a genius of the stripe com-
monly known as the reformed gambler.
Now, as the Pokerrvilians had no
other amusement than playing poker
or seven-up, when it became generally
known that an individual was coming
the demolition of those popular insti-
tutions, and consequently the destruc-
tion of the town, through the annihila-
tion of the very "industry" upon which
its existence depended, there arose a
great excitement, and preparations
were made to give him a warm recep-
tion. A meeting was held, at which
the people attended in mass, and the
prospect for the new light of reform
was anything but encouraging.
Notwithstanding all this--or, per-
haps, because thereof--the hall which
had been engaged for the lecture was
crowded with an expectant throng,
who had gone there for the express
purpose of mobbing the exponent of
unsavory truths.
Among the assembled wisdom was
the head deacon of Pokerville, who
never played cards except for "fun
(with a nominal stake, just to make it
interesting, you know), and who had
such a rooted antipathy for card-play-
ing in general that he never had a com-
punction against skinning any one of
"em who did so happen that he was
induced to take a hand.
The speaker stepped upon the rostrum,
punctual to the moment, dressed in
an ordinary suit of the pepper-and-
salt mixture, with short, stubby hair
and a very red nose.
In proceeding to his lecture he threw
down upon the table a pack of ordi-
nary playing cards, and deliberately
rolled up his sleeves and spit on his
hands, at which demonstration curi-
osity so far got the better of indignation
that the murmuring and scraping of
feet subsided, and the lecturer knew,
by the general craning of necks and
the firmness with which each listener
clenched in his teeth his individual
"chaw" of tobacco, that he got "em
where he wanted 'em."
The proceedings were opened by a
"prayer" by the deacon, and to hear the
"amen" and "O, Lords," which gurgled
from the stomachs of the listeners,
one would have supposed a prayer-
meeting was in progress; but this is
the way they always did in Poker-
ville.
The lecturer went right into the
bowels of his subject. He traced the
origin of cards back to the father of
sin, and said the first victim of the
pasteboard was Eam, who gambled on
his patrimony at the game of euchre,
and who was so dead-broke in conse-
quence that he was glad to accept of a
free-lunch at the hands of the victor--
He was down on cards of all kinds, as
a general principle, and he had ascer-
tained that the new-fangled "postal
cards" were only devised as an instru-
ment of offensive warfare in the hands
of duns, he was down on them, too.
But first he wished to explain to his
audience the means by which so many
were skinned of their little piles, and
was willing to bet, that there wasn't
any man in the room that he couldn't
beat, no matter what the odds might be
against him.
There was a general crowding for-
ward toward the rostrum, and pretty
soon the table was heaped with the
money of betters. Trick after trick
was then explained, but somehow, al-
though everybody "saw it," no money
was seen to return to the pockets of
those who ventured it. On seeing his
cash disappear at the end of each
experiment, they would scratch their
heads, as if in some perplexity, and
then go over to hold a conference with
the deacon.
The hour for his departure having
at last arrived, the great reformer took
up his hat, stuffed his "lecture" into his
pocket, and was about to leave, when
the deacon rose to his feet and request-
ed the indulgence of the lecturer, as he
had a few words to offer.
"Although most of the folks here
present," he said, "appear to consider
they've got their money's worth, I ain't
quite satisfied, myself, and, though I
ain't an dead set against gambin', I
wouldn't mind enterin' into a trial of
skill with you here, and if I'm
beat it may be concluded that the
knights of the pasteboard are done
in Pokerville.
The great reformer being ready to
accommodate, the two sat down at op-
posite ends of the table, the crowd
gathered around, and for some mo-
ments nothing was to be heard but the
thumping of the deacon's fist and the
scratching sound of his fingers as he
raked in the cash.
The great reformer began to look
sickly, and when he got up again to
leave it was observed that his features
did not wear that pleasant smile which
had overspread them at the earlier
stage of the evening.
"Now, deacon," said one of the origi-
nal sufferers, "there's about twenty of
us in for it, and I guess you may as
well divide up."
"In that case," said the deacon, "the
force of this great moral lesson
will be utterly lost. The Lord giveth
and the Lord taketh away. Let us pray."
Since then it is dangerous for a
greenhorn to pass through Pokerville.
Thanksgiving is coming.

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RIGHT THE FIRST TIME.

"As I was riding along the road
some time ago," said the eccentric old
Peter Cartwright, in one of his last
sermons, "a man overlook me who
looked as though he might be a preach-
er. He called me by name, and after
some talk asked me if I was ready to
hear the truth. I told him that Cart-
wright was my name, my debts were
paid, my will made, and I was ready
for anything. 'Very well,' said he, 'you
old ignoramus, or hypocrite, you ought
to know too much, or be too honest to
remain a Methodist. I used to be one
myself--yes, a Methodist preacher--
until I found out the error of my way.'
'Hoi ho!' said I, 'and what are you
now?'" Cartwright mentioned the
name of the denomination to which his
interlocutor had gone, but which I
need not repeat, and then proceeded--
"Now, brethren, I knew well enough
that the devil had only one of three
ways to get a man out of the Metho-
dist Church into that denomination;
and that there must be rascally in
money matters, a woman scrape, or
liquor at the bottom of this fellow's
change. So, judging from his looks, I
pulled a bow at venture and said--
'What was that fuss you had about a
woman?' 'Cartwright, you old rascal!'
he shouted in a rage, 'how did you ever
hear about that? And, putting whip
to his horse, he was soon out of sight.
I never saw or heard of the man be-
fore; but that's the way I treat that
coon--no, drove that skunk to his hole."

A JOURNALIST'S ADVENTURES.

[From the Indianapolis Sunday Herald.]
Mr. Donald Padmanoff, of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, is about to pub-
lish his autobiography. Autobiograph-
ies, as a general thing, are not entic-
ing; but, knowing something of the
author's strange and eventful career,
we risk nothing in commending his
work to the public. Mr. Padmanoff is
a Pole by birth, but not being the long-
est Pole he has heretofore failed in his
efforts to knock the pessimism. Being
an ardent patriot, at the age of six-
teen years he went to St. Petersburg
for the purpose of conspiring against
the Czar, where he fell in love with a
beautiful Russian Princess, and was
by her betrayed to the authorities. He
was tried and condemned to be made a
frozen statue of. In the depth of a
Russian winter, young Padmanoff was
chained to a post on the banks of the
Neva, and deluged with innumerable
buckets of water. Ice to the depth of
three inches had already formed over
him, when he was revived and resusci-
tated. In speaking of it after-
ward, Pad admitted that it was an ice
thing to be made a statue of. As soon
as he was sufficiently recovered he was
knouted, sent to Siberia, and put to
work in a diamond mine. Here by his
intelligence and good behavior, he in-
gratiated himself with the superin-
tendent, kept his books, and stood with
him on the perquisites. After five
years of servitude, young Padmanoff
effected his escape, having in his posses-
sion a diamond of the purest water as
big as a pigeon egg, and valued at
1,200,000 rubles. The mountain passes
were strictly guarded, but so effectual
was his disguise that he eluded the
vigilance of his pursuers. He swal-
lowed his diamond once every twenty-
four hours, to guard against robbery.
In the Ural mountains, in a fight with
robbers, he had one eye knocked out
with a chunk of quartz, and instead of
swallowing his diamond as usual, he
secreted it in the cavity of the missing
eye. After eight months of weary
wandering, during which he suffered
the most extraordinary privations, he
made his way across the Prussian
frontier, and from thence to London,
where he taught the Polish and learned
the English language, afterward taking
a position on the London *Times*. At
the breaking out of the Crimean war,
he enlisted as a light dragoon, and was
one of the 600 who rode into "the
mouth of hell" at Balaklava. He was
badly wounded in one of the assaults
on the Malakoff, and was nursed by
Florence Nightingale, who took quite
a shine to the young adventurer. After
the war he deserted, and made his
way to Louisville, where he sought and
readily obtained employment on the
Courier-Journal. Here he dropped the
"old" from his name, and simply be-
came Padman. Singularly enough, he
still owns that diamond, which he
fellow actor of the comedian. How
the knowing ones talked! But years
came and went; Owens and his lovely
wife remained, as they still do, a most
devoted couple; fair children came to
bless the union, and to-day who says
angry but that it has been a happy
marriage?

A COMEDIAN'S ELOPEMENT.

"It has been many years since we
first saw Owen," says a writer in the
Washington Chronicle. "Then he was
the handsomest man on the stage, with
a superb and graceful figure, fine fea-
tures, and a glorious crowning of gold-
en-brown hair, which his eccentricity
caused him to cover, whenever on the
stage, with a dery red wig. At that
day actors and actresses, however high
they might stand in their own profes-
sion, rarely attained to any high social
position. During an engagement at
the Baltimore Museum he fell in love
with and courted the beautiful Miss
Warfield, the acknowledged belle and
leader in the aristocratic world of that
city famed for its beautiful women
and--delicious terrapin! Owen's be-
nefit was announced, and the Museum
was crowded to its utmost capacity,
for the handsome young actor was an
immense favorite with the theatre-
goers. A long delay followed the last
of a tea of the 'overture'; the band again
began to play--a half and then an hour,
when the manager appeared and stated
to the crowd that their money would
be refunded at the door. Mr. Owens be-
ing unable to appear. The scene which
followed cannot be described. The next
morning the fashionable world was
shaken as by an earthquake, for the
announcement went forth that the
beautiful Miss Warfield had eloped
with Owens, and her cousin, Miss--
a fellow actor of the comedian. How
the knowing ones talked! But years
came and went; Owens and his lovely
wife remained, as they still do, a most
devoted couple; fair children came to
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angry but that it has been a happy
marriage?"

THE HORSE.

Charles Dickens's opinion of the
horse is found in his writings, as fol-
lows: "I object to the personal ap-
pearance of the horse. I protest
against the conventional idea of beauty
as attached to that animal. I think
his nose too long, his forehead too low,
and his legs (except in the case of the
cart horse) ridiculously thin for his
body. Again, considering how big an
animal he is, I object to the contemptible
delicacy of his constitution. Is he
not the sickliest creature in creation?
Does a child catch cold as easily as a
horse? Does not a horse, for all his
appearance of superior strength, strain
his fetlock as easily as I strain my
ankle? Furthermore, to take him
from another point of view, what a
helpless wretch he is! No fine lady re-
quires more constant waiting on than
a horse. Other animals can make their
own toilet; he must have a groom--
You will tell that this is because we
want to make his coat artificially glos-
sy. Glossy! Come home with me, and
see my cat--my clever cat, who can
groom herself! Look at your own dog!
See how the intelligent creature cur-
rycombs himself with his own honest
teeth. Then, again, what a fool the
horse is--what a poor, nervous fool--
He will start at a white stone or a
piece of paper in the road as if it were
a lion. His one idea, when he hears a
noise he is not accustomed to, is to run
away from it. What do you say to
these two common instances of the
sense and courage of the absurdly over-
praised animal? I might multiply
them to two hundred if I chose to ex-
ercise my mind and waste my breath,
which I can never do. I prefer con-
tinuing at once to my last charge against
the horse, which is the most serious of
all, because it affects his moral char-
acter. I accuse him bodily, in his capaci-
ty of servant to man, of slyness and
treachery. I brand him publicly, no
matter how mild he may look about
the eyes or how sleek he may be in the
coat, as a systematic betrayer, when-
ever he can get the chance of the con-
fidence reposed in him."

A JOURNALIST'S ADVENTURES.

[From the Indianapolis Sunday Herald.]
Mr. Donald Padmanoff, of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, is about to pub-
lish his autobiography. Autobiograph-
ies, as a general thing, are not entic-
ing; but, knowing something of the
author's strange and eventful career,
we risk nothing in commending his
work to the public. Mr. Padmanoff is
a Pole by birth, but not being the long-
est Pole he has heretofore failed in his
efforts to knock the pessimism. Being
an ardent patriot, at the age of six-
teen years he went to St. Petersburg
for the purpose of conspiring against
the Czar, where he fell in love with a
beautiful Russian Princess, and was
by her betrayed to the authorities. He
was tried and condemned to be made a
frozen statue of. In the depth of a
Russian winter, young Padmanoff was
chained to a post on the banks of the
Neva, and deluged with innumerable
buckets of water. Ice to the depth of
three inches had already formed over
him, when he was revived and resusci-
tated. In speaking of it after-
ward, Pad admitted that it was an ice
thing to be made a statue of. As soon
as he was sufficiently recovered he was
knouted, sent to Siberia, and put to
work in a diamond mine. Here by his
intelligence and good behavior, he in-
gratiated himself with the superin-
tendent, kept his books, and stood with
him on the perquisites. After five
years of servitude, young Padmanoff
effected his escape, having in his posses-
sion a diamond of the purest water as
big as a pigeon egg, and valued at
1,200,000 rubles. The mountain passes
were strictly guarded, but so effectual
was his disguise that he eluded the
vigilance of his pursuers. He swal-
lowed his diamond once every twenty-
four hours, to guard against robbery.
In the Ural mountains, in a fight with
robbers, he had one eye knocked out
with a chunk of quartz, and instead of
swallowing his diamond as usual, he
secreted it in the cavity of the missing
eye. After eight months of weary
wandering, during which he suffered
the most extraordinary privations, he
made his way across the Prussian
frontier, and from thence to London,
where he taught the Polish and learned
the English language, afterward taking
a position on the London *Times*. At
the breaking out of the Crimean war,
he enlisted as a light dragoon, and was
one of the 600 who rode into "the
mouth of hell" at Balaklava. He was
badly wounded in one of the assaults
on the Malakoff, and was nursed by
Florence Nightingale, who took quite
a shine to the young adventurer. After
the war he deserted, and made his
way to Louisville, where he sought and
readily obtained employment on the
Courier-Journal. Here he dropped the
"old" from his name, and simply be-
came Padman. Singularly enough, he
still owns that diamond, which he
fellow actor of the comedian. How
the knowing ones talked! But years
came and went; Owens and his lovely
wife remained,