THE HERALD

Published every Thursday at
PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.
Office—On Main St., Bet. 4th and 5th.
—Second Story.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF CASS COUNTY.

Terms, in Advance

One copy, one year.....$2.00
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NEBRASKA HERALD.

J. A. MACMURPHY, Editor. "PERSEVERANCE CONQUERS." TERMS: $2.00 a Year.

Volume 9. Plattsmouth, Nebraska, Thursday, December 25, 1873. Number 39.

THE HERALD

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MRS. MAYCOCK'S KEYS.

For some years I have been the owner of a bunch of keys—a good big bunch, of which, however, only two were practicable. For a long time I had resolved to sort that bunch of keys, most of which were waifs and strays. There were two or three latch-keys, one, I verily believe, of a house in London at which I lived fifteen years ago; one of a house in Brighton long ago given up *dtis manibus.* Memory refuses to affix titles to the rest. At last, however, a happy fate has relived me of the incubus of this useless bunch of metal. A change of residence has deprived me of the last two working keys, and left me unincumbered. Of what use are keys to me? I have never more money than I can conveniently carry in my pocket. The few letters that I receive all the world is welcome to read; they are read extensively in the household, I know. I have long since thrown open my skeleton cupboard, and finding the grizzly spectre I dreaded a mere harmless joist of some decayed old building, with a few laths nailed across it, simulating ribs and vertebræ, I have burnt it upon the domestic hearth and scattered its ashes to the four winds. Thus bare as my cupboards may be, they are at least clean and whitewashed. And my soul is emancipated from locks and keys.

In this state of happy freedom I was one day sitting by the open window, smoking the fragrant, matutinal pipe, and conning over the *Times,* placidly conscious of the pleasant morning sounds and sights: bells jangling softly from the town hard by, the clank of a scythe in a field below, the cry of the man with the vegetable-cart; a dog barking, fowls clucking, children at play—according to one of the Welsh triads, the three signs of an inhabited country. It was a leisure time with everybody at home. My wife seemed for once to be in an idle mood. Sailors, you know, when there comes an idle time—when the wind blows fair and steady, and the sails draw as evenly as if they were moulded in *papier-mache;* when all the sheets are belayed, and they have finished coiling little ropes round big ones; when even the first-lieutenant wears an unruffled brow, and the boatswain has ceased from piping, and there is nothing whatever to do—Jack or Tom proceed forthwith to overhaul their chests. So with women, I think—something, in idle moments, they will overhaul; in this case the work-basket. Ends of ribbon are sorted, bits of lace turned over and mentally appraised, half-finished undertakings are sighed over; the eldest daughter looking gravely on, with a view to the welfare of *her* eldest daughter Dolly. At the bottom of the basket is a *debris* of unconsidered trifles.

"Ned, here's something of yours," the wife says; "here's a bunch of keys!"

"Don't for goodness sake, give them to me; I don't want them; shouldn't know where to put them."

Then what shall I do with them? I can't leave them in my work-basket."

"Throw them away."

A bunch of keys, however, are not things of which one can dispose at a moment's notice. If you threw them away, you would see them advertised in the next day's paper; they would be traced to you, money would be demanded—there would be bother of some sort. No, it wouldn't do to throw them away.

"Look here, we're going on the river to-night; we'll drop the keys overboard and make an end of them.

Before this doom, however, had been carried into effect, a claimant appeared for the bunch of keys. They were not mine, it seemed, but nurse's—Nurse Maycock's.

Nurse came in with her youngest charge quite breathless at the danger she had escaped. "Lor! whatever should I have done if master had throwd my keys away?"

She is a comely old lady, of dignified presence, with a brown face and a handsome double chin, aquiline nose, which approaches her chin more closely than of old, owing to her lack of teeth; a very dramatic woman, mind you, full of action and gesture; with it all, a very comfortable, motherly body.

"You're quite sure they are your keys, nurse?" said my wife.

"Bless you, yes, ma'm," said nurse, sinking down into a chair. She is not very strong on her pins, and we don't exact rigid ceremony from her.—"Why, I can tell you the history of the whole 'f 'em."

Mrs. Maycock, like other story-tellers I know, requires very delicate handling. If you let her see that you expect a story from her, she either shuts up altogether or spoils her tale by overeffort. She must be left to herself, and gently inclined to discourse of her experiences. To be heard in full perfection, her narrative must flow naturally from surrounding circumstrnces.

With the late lamented Maycock I had no personal acquaintance; but I formed a vivid mental picture of him from his widow's occasional descriptions. He was thin and small, rather lame, a reserved, fiery tempered man, who had a vivid sense of his own dignity and a rather contemptuous opinion of the female sex. He was an upper workman of some sort, earning good wages and laying by a little money—a valuable man in his own way, and well thought of by his employers.

To return to nurse. Her attention is diverted for a moment by the youngster on her lap, who makes a desperate pull at her cap-strings, and almost succeeds in demolishing that elaborate fabric.

"Bless his little 'art," cried nurse; "ain't he playful, sir? He do take after you, do Master Ralf."

"I don't see it at all," says the wife; "I don't see the least resemblance."

"But look at his eyes, ma'm, and then his little ways; oh, he do take after master, surely. Then he *is* so fond of books."

"Fond of books, is he," said I, with a dawning interest in the little chap.

"He just is fond of books," continued nurse, with pride. "He's tored all the leaves out of mine."

His father shuddered, and thought he had better be taken away.

"But about the keys, sir, as I was telling you the way I knows 'em. This here one with the 'ole in it is the key of my chest drawers. And these two just alike—ah, you sees them two together, sir?"

"Yes, I see them."

"Well, one of them was poor Maycock's key—the key of his box, where he kep' all his treasures; and sir, he just were careful of this here key; and this one," went on nurse, with a twinkle in her eye, "I had made a purpose exactly like the other, so that I could get at Maycock's box whenever I pleased."

Mrs. Maycock laughed a jolly laugh, in which I joined. Perhaps if I had owned a bunch of keys of my own I should not have laughed so freely.—The wife looked doubtfully at the eldest daughter. Was there any fear of such loose principles being infectious?

"Maycock was very stric', you see, ma'm," went on nurse, "and very stingy about his money. So much a week doled out regular every Saturday, and no more if you dies for it, and often enough it wouldn't run to it. Every week a pound; and whether I was brought to bed, or whatever happened, there was no more. So I contrived this here key as would open his box and when I really couldn't manage any other way I'd used to unlock Maycock's box and take out a suvrin; never no more than that, I assure you, ma'm.—And I don't think he missed it ever!—He took out his money every now and then, when it growd to be a good lump, and divested it somewhere, and then he'd frown and shake his head over his box sometimes, as if he couldn't make it come right; but he never said anything to me, no more did I to him; no, and never breathed a syllable to any living soul how I managed it."

Here Mrs. Maycock took breath, and then went on:

"But one day I wanted something very bad for my second little girl—a cloak, or a hood, or somethiug: I went to his box and took out a suvrin. His store was got very low then, for there was only three pounds, and when I took mine there was only two, don't you see, sir? Well, after I'd done it I grew frightened, for thinks I, perhaps he'll go to his box, and he's sure to recollect as he'd left three there before, and then there'd be a desperate to-do. So what does I do but I gets hold of a new farden, and I slips it into the box along with the two suvrins; and glad I was I done it, for presently in comes Maycock looking as black as you please.

"'Master's off to Binchester,' says he, 'and left word as I'm to follow him; but he ain't left me the money for expenses. Perhaps it'll be a fortnight's job,' says he.

"'What will you do, Maycock?' says I. Says he: 'I must borrow some of my own money.' 'Oh,' says I, feeling quite faint; but then again, thinks I, he'll never notice it.

"Well, his train didn't go afore a quarter-past seven; but you never did see how he fidgeted. It wasn't five o'clock then, but every minute he calls out, 'Jane, what o'clock is it?' and presently he says, 'Jane, I must have a shirt and a pair of stockings; p'raps I shan't get home next Saturday. Jane,' says he, 'will you look after that?'—'All right,' says I. Well, in another quarter of an hour he'd say again, 'Jane,' says he, 'how about that shirt and pair of stockings?' 'Bless your 'art,' says I, 'don't fidget like that;' and then he shuts up for ten minutes and begins again. 'Jane,' says he, 'ain't it time to be getting ready?' And so he kept all on, that I was thankful when the time come for him to start.

"'You'll leave me my wages, Maycock?' says I, as he was bustling about. 'To be sure,' says he, and with that he goes to his box. It was the money as had to keep me and the child for a week, you know, ma'm, and little enough too.

"'Well, good-by, old woman,' he says, and gives me a kiss, and thrusts something into my hand, and away he goes; and what do you think he'd left me, ma'm? Why, the very identical new farden as I'd put into the box!"

Trivial as this story of Mrs. Maycock's may appear, it bears such an excellent moral that I make no apology for thus giving it to the world.—*Belgravia.*

On week days you buy your music by the sheet; on Sundays you can have it by the choir for nothing.

JANUARY MEETING 1874, STAE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

At the Grand Central, Omaha, Wednesday, January, 7th, 1874.

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The members of the Board are as follows:

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H Rhodes	H P Coolidge
J W Holt	Jas M Woods.

MEMBERS WHOSE TERMS OF OFFICE EXPIRE IN 1875.

Judge O P Mason	Gov R W Furnas
Gen J S Brisbin	H C Addis
C H Winslow	J T Allen
J Vallery	W H Ely
G P Eaton	J D Moore
R Daniels	Silas Garber
G C Barton	J Sterling Morton.
O H Irish	

And each member is urged to be in prompt attendance at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the day above named.—Arrangements have been made for accommodation of the Board, and a room for their meetings at the hotel named, which will probably prove satisfactory to all concerned.

Business of supreme importance in regard to the State Fair for the coming year will be taken under advisement. Every earnest man who desires to demonstrate, by the exhibition of our soil-products, and our improved breeds of domestic animals, the fact that, in proportion to its age, Nebraska, Agriculturally, is the foremost State in the American Union, will, I am quite certain, do all in his power to facilitate the State Board in making the State Fair a complete success.

The January meeting will determine when and where that fair is to be held. It will arrange the premiums lists. It will fix the price of admission to the grounds during the Fair. It will, if fully attended by its members, they having severally given the matter that thought which its importance merits, dictate an agricultural and horticultural exposition for 1874 which shall be a glory to our soil and climate and an allurement to intelligent and industrious men everywhere, to come here and make unto themselves new and happy homes.

The President of each County Society, or delegate therefrom duly authorized, who shall for the time being, be *exeffico* members of the State Board of Agriculture, for the purpose of deliberating and consulting as to the wants, prospects and condition of the Agricultural interests of the State.

J. STERLING MORTON,
President Nebraska State Board of Agriculture
NEBRASKA CITY, Nov. 24th, 1873.
Attest:
DAN'L H. WHEELER,
Secretary.

[Newspapers throughout the State, who have faith in this cause and can afford to publish tnis notice for the sake of the cause, GRATUITOSLY, are respetfully asked to demonstrate "their faith by their work," and publish the same immediately and until January 7th, 1874.

J. STERLING MORTON, Pres't.

OUR GLENDALE LETTER.

GLENDALE, Neb., Dec. 15, 1873.

EDITOR HERALD:—The people here are nearly through with their fall work, and have been holding very interesting meetings of late, under the auspices of the Disciple Church. Rev. C. Alton, their pastor, preaches with considerable acceptance, and has already succeeded in adding eight to the church, two by letter and six by immersion. Quite a crowd collected here yesterday to witness the ceremony of baptism. Good order prevailed, and great seriousness was depicted on every countenance. The meeting is still in progress, and it is to be hoped that the list of converts will be increased.

JULIUS.

MADE TO "SEE IT."

"I can't see it," said Buffer. "Nobody reads all these little advertisements. It's preposterous to think it."

"But," said the editor, "you read what interests you."

"Yes."

"And if there's anything that you particularly want you look for it?"

"Certainly."

"Well—among the thousands upon thousands who help to make up this busy world of ours everything that is printed is read. Sneer as you please, I do assure you that printer's ink is the true *open sesame* to all business success."

And still Buffer couldn't see it. He didn't believe that one-half of those little, crowded advertisements were ever read.

"Suppose you try the experiment," said the editor. "Just slip in an advertisement of the want of one of the most common things in the world.—For the sake of the test I will give it two insertions free. Two will be enough; and you may have it jammed into any out-of-the-way nook of my paper you shall select. Two insertions of only two lines. Will you try it?"

Buffer said of course he would try it. And he selected the place where he would have it published—crowded in under the head of "WANTS.' And he waited and saw a proof of his advertisement, which appeared as follows:

WANTED—A good house dog. Apply to J. Buffer, 553, Towser street, between the hours of 6 and 9 P. M.

Buffer went away smiling and nodding. On the following morning he opened his paper, and after a deal of hunting, he found his advertisement.—At first it did not seem at all conspicuous. Certainly so insignificant a paragraph, could not attract notice. After a time, however, it began to look more noticeable to him. The more he looked at it the plainer it grew. Finally it glared at him from the closely printed page. But that was because he was the person particularly interested. Of course it would appear conspicuous to him. But it could not be to others.

That evening Mr. Buffer was just sitting down to tea (Buffer was a plain, old-fashioned man, and took tea at six) when his door bell was rung. The servant announced that a man was at the door with a dog to sell.

"Tell him I don't want one."

Six times Buffer was interrupted while taking tea, by men with dogs to sell. Buffer was a man who would not lie. He had put his foot in, and he must take it out manfully. The twenty-third applicant was a small boy, with a girl in company, who had a ragged, dirty poodle, for sale. Buffer bought the pooodle of the boy, and immediately presented it to the girl, and sent them off.

To the next applicant he was able truthfully to answer—"Don't want any more, I've bought one."

The stream of callers continued until near ten o'clock, at which hour Buffer locked up and turned off the gas.

On the following evening, as Buffer approached his house, he found a crowd assembled. He counted thirty-nine men and boys each one of whom had a dog in tow. There were dogs of every grade, size and color, and dogs of every quality of whine, yelp, bark, growl and howl. Buffer addressed the motley multitude, and informed them that he had purchased a dog.

"Then what d'yer advertise for?"

And Buffer got his hat knocked over his eyes before he reached the sanctuary of his home.

Never mind about the trials and tribulations of that night. Buffer had no idea that there were so many dogs in existence. With the aid of three policemen he got through alive. On the next morning he visited his friend the editor, and acknowledged the corn. The advertisement of *"wanted"* was taken out, and in the most conspicuous place, and in glaring type, he advertised that he didn't want any more dogs. And for this advertisement he paid. Then he went home and posted upon his door—"GONE INTO THE COUNTRY." Then he hired a special policeman to guard his property; and then he locked up, and went away with his family.

From that day Josephus Buffer has never been heard to express doubts concerning the efficacy of printer's ink; neither has he asked—"Who reads advertisements?" C.

SPEAKER BLAINE'S SPEECH.

On being escorted to the chair Mr. Blaine delivered the following neat little speech:

Gentlemen of the House of Representatives:

The vote this moment announced by the clerk is such as calls for my sincerest thanks. To be chosen speaker of the American House of Representatives is always an honorable distinction; but to be chosen a third time enhances the honor more than three-fold. To be chosen by the largest body that ever assembled in the Capitol imposes burdens of responsibility which only your indulgent kindness could embolden me to assume. The first occupant of this chair presided over a house of sixty-five members, representing a population far below the present aggregate of New York. At that time in the United States there was not 500,000 civilized inhabitants to be found 100 miles distant from the flow of the Atlantic tide. To-day, gentlemen, a large majority of you came from beyond that limit, and represent the district then peopled only by frontiersmen. The National Government is not yet as old as many of its citizens, but in this brief span of time less than one lengthened life has, under God's providence, extended its power until the continent is the field of its empire and attests the majesty of its law.

With the growth of the new States and the resulting changes in the centers of population, new interests are developed rival to the old, but by no means hostile; nay, rather are all these interests in harmony, and the true science of a just government is to give each its full and fair play, oppressing none by undue action, favoring none by undue privilege. It is this great lesson which our daily experience is teaching us, binding us together more closely, making our mutual independence more manifest, and causing us to feel whether we live in North, South, East or West, that we have indeed but one country, one Constitution, and one destiny.

And that reminds us that except when especially called to our mind as above, we seldom think of the immense proportions to which our country has grown in the few years past, and when our growling and cavilling friends are reviling Congressman, President, and every public man, they might pause a moment and reflect that it takes better men to handle the government now than it did sixty years ago. No purer men lived, perhaps, but the business of the country was but an atom then in proportion, and they could choose assistants whom they knew personally, and even personally superintend each department. Now that supervision is impossible, and our heads of departments must depend for fidelity upon the men recommending their agents; these agents come from the people, and are recommended by the people, and if we are not so honest or so pure as we were sixty years ago, the reformation must commence at home among ourselves, and not at Washington.

POSTAL SUGGESTIONS.

The "Fat Contributor" is dissatisfied with some of the decisions of the Post-office Department, and submits "a few improved rulings" of his own concoction:

Monthly magazines published weekly, must be charged letter postage when delivered daily. Powder magazines, except to regular subsbribers, are not permitted to frank their reports.

If no stamp is affixed to a letter retain it. If, however, the postage is overpaid, letter rip!

If you feel any doubt about a paper going with a one cent stamp, have two sent.

Seeds can go through the mail as merchandise. The postmasters are cautioned against any old seeds to go through their mails, however.

Signs cannot be sent without paying letter postage, three cents on every letter.

Calico prints, any foreign prince, reprints and foot-prints, all go as printed matter, and pay tax accordingly. Vaccine matter must be properly (pock) marked.

Poetry in its various stages, including the Edgar A. Poe stage, must be sent gost-paid, whether it ever paid to read it or not.

A postmaster is not permitted to make any material change in the site of his postoffice without affixing a two-cent stamp for every two ounces. He can charge double postage for the sight of the postmaster.

Shirts may be mailed at the rate of two cents for every two ouces of shirt. If the owner's name is on the shirt, letter postage must be charged. This rule is indelible.

A subscriber residing in the county in which a paper is printed can take the paper, provided he pays in advance and urges his neighbors to subscribe.—If he does not live in the county in which he resides, and the paper is not printed in the same county where it has its press-work done, then the county must pay double postage on the man—we mean a two-centcounty must be affixed to every postage.

Editors of newspapers and their families shall be affixed to every postage.

Editors of newspapers and their families shall be allowed to pass free in the mails.

Postmasters shall be responsible for the payment of all subscriptions on newspapers sent to persons residing within three miles from any post-office. If any person refuses to take the paper, the postmaster shall be compelled to read it. Postage on newspapers shall be paid or not, at the option of the publishers and subbscribers. If prepaid, the payment may be made at