

J. A. MACMURPHY, Editor.

County Commissioner's Court meets on the first Tuesday in April.

The Saline county Post (Crete) is publishing one side of the paper in the Scandinavian language.

The Leuder and Parmer, at Lincoln, have consolidated. Which is the Organ of the Grange now, we wonder.

The inventor of the celebrated Sharpe's Rifle, died on the 13th, inst.—He was a native of New Jersey.

A full account of the obsequies of Senator Sumner will be found on the first page of this paper.

A young lady employed in a Watch factory at Peoria, Ill., has invented a patent watch with "hands" that will reach out and take the owner by the collar every night after ten o'clock, and march him home. Ten gross are spoken for in Peoria already.

As will be seen elsewhere the firm of S. Bloom & Co., long known in Plattsouth as a Clothing house, has dissolved, and Mr. Herold takes the stock of the firm. We are sorry to part with S. Bloom & Co., and would be sorer still to shake a good-bye to Mr. Newman.

SENATORIAL.

A correspondent of the Beatrice Express says that Gen. Cobb, of Lincoln, Gen. Thayer, Gov. Furnas and Ex-Governor A. S. Paddock, were all standing on the steps of a hotel in Washington City, not long since, when a little colored boot-black rushed up shouting: "Black your boots, Senators!" All four stuck a foot out. How's that for high? "Pad" got his blacked first though.

A great deal of fuss has been made about Gov. Furnas because he applied for arms for settlers, on the Western frontiers. The facts are that the letters from settlers on the frontier fully justified the Governor in applying for said arms. No statement was made that there was any danger of an Indian invasion just now, but this matter of arms is one we have needed a long time and when Government persistently furnishes, or allows breech-loading Rifles, to be furnished to Indians, it is high time that White Settlers, citizens of this Government have a few breech-loaders too. Now cheer that over awhile, grumblers.

There appeared in the HERALD last week a little piece about a baby mistake. The article was sent to us; it did not mention any place, any town nor any persons, and yet we have had our office crowded for days this week, by handsome young men and beautiful women, wanting to know if the HERALD meant them.—We never supposed that Plattsouth was so many pretty young couples before. To satisfy all, the editor states that the town where this happened was not a thousand miles from here, and that he has since learned, the young gent and lady were named Potiphar and Mehitabel, so it could not have happened in Plattsouth, you see.

TEMPERANCE MATTERS.

The Temperance people of this place held a meeting on Friday night, last, at the Methodist Church, and on Tuesday evening at the Baptist Church.—On Wednesday afternoon the Ladies held a private meeting, to consult on the best method of reducing "intemperance." To-morrow, Friday evening, there will be another meeting at the M. E. Church, and on Sunday evening a grand Union Temperance Prayer Meeting will be held at some place, to be announced during morning service from the pulpits of those entering upon this work.

The absence of the editor of this paper from Friday until Tuesday, prevented any more lengthened report of Temperance matters.

PERSONAL.

Hon. Judge Maxwell, of Fremont, showed us his grave and legal face down here last week.

Our friend DeCastro, just more than fulfilled his promises, by way of performance, here.

Rev. J. C. Pession, formerly of the M. E. Church here, was down to see us and help the Temperance folks, last week.

Bonnett Kennard, son of Levi Kennard, of Omaha, and an old friend of the HERALD visited, our Sanctum last week. Mr. K. is stopping with some relatives, Mr. Polk's, in Cass County for his health.

Moses Hiatt, 14 years in Nebraska, Rock Bluffs man, takes a HERALD in his. By the way, we got ten new subscribers, and mostly cash ones, last week. Don't look much as if the HERALD was becoming so unpopular.

Rev. David Marquette, brother of our Mr. Marquette, visited us last week and gave us some good words on temperance, took a squint at his new nephew and then went west to grow up with the country.

O. H. Beason, of Peack Creek, Washington county, Kansas, and formerly a Nebraskan, called at the HERALD office not long since. He does not think Kansas excels Nebraska as a farming country.

Our old friend and comrade down stairs, Luke Miskella, leaves this week for Arapahoe, on the Republican.

We wish Luke all the good luck in the world, and hope he may build up a fortune and a name in the big blue country, second to none who helps back up the "Great West".

Wm. J. Hesser, the florist, of Plattsouth, has sent his catalogue, and we are surprised at the increase of his stock. His success is the best evidence of his merits as a florist and gardener.

Our readers should remember that anything they need in the way of choice and new house-plants and shrubbery, can be obtained of W. J. Hesser, Plattsouth Nebraska.—Lincoln Leader.

IS IT THUS?

We have been credibly informed that Dr. Livingston has been, and is "running the HERALD."

So many people have been reported as running the HERALD in the past year that we are not as surprised as we might be. We have become so accustomed to hear of a new Editor for this paper every month or so, that we feel like the chickens of the emigrant, that turned over on their backs to be tied, whenever they saw the boss harnessing up the horses.

For a long while Gen. Cunningham "ran the HERALD," then Dan Wheeler took a turn. We believe Sam Chapman was currently reputed to have the honor for a week or two, but Sam, displeased somebody and they put him out. Now it's Dr. Livingston, but unfortunately the miserable man whose name is at the head of the HERALD, has paid all the bills, and some of them were pretty heavy, especially about election time. Now if Dr. L. seriously means to come in here, we want him to bring money enough to run the machine, as well as edit it, or perhaps these friends who insist that he is running the HERALD, will pay his bills—or do you want us to re-furnish the office, Doctor, and buy a new library—what kind of an editorial chair will you have, Doctor? pluck velvet, do you rosewood cabinet, and mahogany letter file good enough, eh? Anything to accommodate, just say the word Doctor!

A very useful feature of the new Graphic process, by which pictures are instantly taken for newspaper use, is to be seen in their advertising columns. A broker having houses and lots to sell, inserts a picture of the premises, and says "the above residence grounds situated on—street—number will be sold on—day, and every one gets an idea of what the house looks like. We may expect soon to see horses, carriages, calicoes, dry goods patterns, sweet potatoes and other groceries photographed, and advertised instead of any written description of the article. Verily, the world does move, but it moves round in cycles, even as the old-fashioned in dress, come round once in twenty years or thereabouts, so do the earlier customs and habits of mankind. The first impressions of all nations were conveyed on paper by signs, pictures, without words, and if we live we may see the height of civilization adopt the same means, but from different causes. The ancients drew pictures to illustrate their views at laborious cost of time and patience, and wrote not because they had no language as comprehensive as their pictures. We are conveying our knowledge by pictures and signs because we can do it better and more quickly, and are fast getting too lazy to write out a long description of everything, or too much in a hurry to read it after it is written.—Extremes meet. The earliest ages and the latter days will both be represented in history by hieroglyphics.

CITY POLITICS.

A short half-month, and we elect a number of city officers, and yet not a man shows his head above water as a candidate. The newspapers have nothing to pop at. Come up somebody, and give us a chance. Can it be possible that our Mayorship is to go begging? or is to be delivered over to the enemy, without a struggle, or a show of fight? Then the noble and dignified "mosh" of city council is not to be sneezed at.

There may be a street contract or two next year, who knows; or another schoolhouse to build; and a Councilman, with plenty of friends, may put the work where it will do the most good. Who is first on the boards?—Don't all answer at once.

POLITICAL LEADERS.

Who are our political leaders? has been very pertinently asked of the HERALD, lately. We have only to answer, that in this free America any one can lead that has the ability and the magnetism to gather friends around him and lead them to victory.

There is no such thing as a monopoly of leadership, it depends on the man himself whether he will lead or follow. Now, if some of our political gentlemen who are dissatisfied and grumbling will just step to the front and show that they have any real skill, any power to lead men and command their minds and thoughts, they will soon find followers and a crowd, and may be able to "fix" this particular pet just where they want it.—If they have not this power, they can only growl and grumble and do nothing, and become a mere plot and a nuisance to their own party, they will be of no necessity be obliged to "fix" their seats in the political cockpit of this or any other town. Some persons seem to think that the editor of a newspaper ought to be what they call a leader, or rather, that he ought to stir up all the mud, do all the dirty work, get all the opprobrium and cursing, and then let some one else step in and reap the reward. There may be some editors who have a fancy for this kind of work. This editor has not.—We shall do our duty staunchly and firmly, but we do not aspire to any ward political leadership, neither have we any men to put up nor others to maliciously put down.

STEP TO THE FRONT.

Step to the front, ye ambitious ones, let us see what you can do, and who you do want to put up for candidates, and the HERALD will very soon tell you whether you can elect them or not.—Don't stay at home grumbling; no, but try to get on by that process.

SO IT GOES.

The "anti-monopson"—so-called—of Wisconsin, defeated Washburne, Republican, when the fact was that Washburne was the power that stood in the way of the railroad companies' getting a patent to certain lands because he thought the railroad companies had not complied with the laws and were not entitled to their patents. The new Governor, Taylor, however, thought otherwise, and the railroads have got their patent, and there is a sweet row in Wisconsin. Humph!—Reform!

A piece of poetry entitled "The Last Farewell," is rejected. It always gives up pain to reject anything of the kind, and we give our reasons: First, it is written on both sides of the paper. If your articles are not worth wasting paper enough on to write on one side of a sheet alone, they are not worth printing. This piece is supposed to be a small f. "The" and "above" cannot be made to semblance rhyme, neither can "baby" and "cousin," nor "way" and "shore." We allow a great deal of experience, but it would not be kindness to the author to publish this as poetry.

DEFINITION OF AN EDITOR.

Only too True.

An editor is a male whose business is to navigate a maze paper. He writes editorials, grinds poetry, inserts ads and wedding sorts out manuscripts, keeps a waste basket, blows up the "devil," steals mail, fits other people's battles, sells his paper for one dollar and 50 cents, takes white beans and apples for pay, who can't be caught, Doctor, and buy a new library—what kind of an editorial chair will you have, Doctor? pluck velvet, do you rosewood cabinet, and mahogany letter file good enough, eh? Anything to accommodate, just say the word Doctor!

If we haven't felt it in our bones for the last three weeks that the above was not too true, no man ever has.—If the grumblers and growlers about a newspaper could only see themselves as others see them, just for one week, an editor might live and do his duty in peace hereafter.

A LETTER FROM OHIO.

TALLMADGE, SUMMIT CO., O., January 14th, 1874.

J. A. MACMURPHY, Esq. Dear Sir:—Knowing as I do that quite a number of the good people of Cass County were formerly of this County, and knowing too, how welcome any item of news is to those who have left their homes and settled in a strange place, I conceived the idea of giving them an item or two through the columns of your excellent paper.

We often hear of the fine dry weather, without words, and if we live we may see the height of civilization adopt the same means, but from different causes. The ancients drew pictures to illustrate their views at laborious cost of time and patience, and wrote not because they had no language as comprehensive as their pictures. We are conveying our knowledge by pictures and signs because we can do it better and more quickly, and are fast getting too lazy to write out a long description of everything, or too much in a hurry to read it after it is written.—Extremes meet. The earliest ages and the latter days will both be represented in history by hieroglyphics.

Occasionally I see the face of a "Bug Eater" as far east as Ohio. I believe there are two or three from Weeping Water in this place visiting their friends. They look as if life in the west had prepared them to withstand the dampness of our climate here.—One of them said the other day that the Ohio people had to go all winter with their mouths wide open in order to breathe, which is nearly a fact.—Coming as I did from Nebraska some time ago, I have enjoyed the fruit, which is, they say, scarce, but in the west we call it "bug" and there was an abundance if we had as much.

If this is worthy of a place in your paper, maybe I shall write again. Yours truly, AVIS.

The date of this letter is rather odd, but as it contains some good ideas and pleasant thoughts, we publish it and beg leave to inform the writer that only want of space prevented its insertion before.—[Ed.]

LOST IN THE LANGUAGE.

As far back as in the year of 1836 a respectable family of yeoman emigrants, named Hasseneier, arrived in Baltimore from Germany, looking for a new home in one of the Western States. Those were the days before railroads in that direction, and travellers bound for the prairies bought huge wagons, stout horses and oxen, and spent months on the journey. The Hasseneiers joined stock with a party of their fellow-emigrants for the long ride, but found themselves so pressed for room in the village of a day or two, that it seemed advisable to leave a son, John, a youth eighteen or nineteen years old at a wayside village, to remain at the station at that point in Pennsylvania, where some of the party were to quit the train. But it was no easy thing for the young man to reach that same station point, after being thus left behind. In their ignorance of the country, his parents did not take thought of this difficulty, and as no other emigrant-trains happened to pass through the village for months, and neither stages nor railroads offered transportation, John Hasseneier found himself fairly lost in the great West. Now, speaking a word of English, he could not ask counsel of the villagers, nor even remember the name of the place whither his father had directed him to go, and that parent, upon waiting in vain for him at said place several days, could not tell the name of the village whence he should come, nor communicate his trouble to others, who he equally ignorant fellow-travellers.

CARD OF THANKS.

LOUISVILLE, NEB., Feb 18, 1874. MR. EDITOR—Sir:—Permit me to insert a few lines in your valuable columns to refer to my friends, far and near, an account of myself, and impart to them the knowledge and great benefit of my new appearance and "good standing," which is justly due to the fraternity of the B. & M. in Neb. of which, I am proud to say, I am a member. Five years ago 21st of last November, through carelessness, my right foot was caught under the wheel of a car, while in motion, and mashed. It was amputated half way from the knee down. It was under such circumstances that I could not recover any damages; and ever since, have been compelled to use such substitutes, as would answer my purpose. "But there is a time in the affairs of men," thought our worthy Road Master, Mr. Egbert, one day, as he saw me walking along, and at once devised a plan to make an improvement in my propelling power. He referred to on paper to the fraternity, and received a hearty adoption and support. It meant while the citizens of Louisville and vicinity, aided in the cause, and on the 7th of Feb'y last, I was started off to St. Louis for an artificial limb, had it made to order, and wore it around the city for half a day, and became impatient, as if by what may be called "the difficulties of an unworked language." Despairing of a better fate, young John was finally obliged to go to work, whereby he had money left for a living, and could relate his story to no one until it was too late to think of finding his kindred. He never could recall the wagon, outlandish title of the town where he resided, and the name of the emigrant-train, and when several years, his imperfect English was sufficient for the wording of a newspaper advertisement for information of his people, he issued all likelihood of gaining such information by spelling his name "Hossamer," as his American friends always pronounced it. In 1852 he went to Newcastle, Ind., and in 1859 to Nebraska; from which latter place he wrote to a Lutheran minister in Hanover, Wis. His infirmity's name, inquiring if there good man had

OUR GREENWOOD LETTER.

GREENWOOD, NEB., March 3, 1874. ED. HERALD.—Dear Sir:—I have nothing of great importance to write you at present. But 'tis a first duty that the citizens of the different localities of the county should write often to their home journal. It interests me as much to read the news of what is going on in our own county as much or more than other parts. I am also being better pleased with the appearance of the HERALD of late and hope it may continue to improve and hope to read more letters from different parts. At present things look prosperous in this locality. We have been enjoying a very interesting series of meetings, conducted by Elder D. R. Dungan, of Lincoln, and Elder Burrows, of Tecumseh, Neb., who are both able speakers for the Church of Christ, there are some good meetings in the church. The people at this place are getting tired of isms, sects and creeds, and have made a move to build a church, about \$1,700 having been raised in the last month. The building is to be completed by the 1st of July next.

The citizens here are somewhat annoyed by being dunned for delinquent taxes, most of them give thought to promptly and leave their receipts, some have lost their receipts but can prove that they have paid, others don't live in this county and never did. This is not news for me as I have lived in Plattsouth some 10 years and in the county 15 years, I had a tolerable fair idea of how this was running, and as I talk plain a great many know my views. But I feel sure that as long as my friend J. C. Cummins tends to the office it will be all right.

There is another thing that ought to be attended to in this assessment. The assessors are, all good, honorable men, and well respected, but we don't stop to consider whether they can act in that capacity correctly or not. It is generally supposed any person is capable of acting as assessor, but it requires a great deal of writing and sound judgment. Of course the assessor has the law before him and understands his law in regard to assessment, so that the people cannot be misled, and understand it, it would give better satisfaction and save some hard words.

Yours truly, W. T. E.

ONE OF THE EARLY LACEMEN.

A friend sends us the following scrawl, clipped from an old exchange:—"During the winter 1866-7 the Lyceum, at Sharsburg, (Bethlehem, across the river, Iowa, had the following question debated several evenings. Has lace-making improved since the sword? Wiley B. McCullough, late of Plattsouth, Neb., was to speak the last evening and the house was crowded. As soon as the house was called to order, cries were heard from all parts for "Mac" to speak. He arose amid deafening cheers, and said:—"Mr. Joseph Lamb, Sir: Mr. Donnell, Atkinson and others, have been telling you that great laurels the Apostle Paul, John Wesley and Dr. Watts have won with their pens.—"Why, they could hold a candle to Washington for laurels. Sir, when he was fighting Cornwallis, at the battle of King's Mountain, where was the Apostle Paul, John Wesley and Dr. Watts? 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