

THE HERALD

PLATTSMOUTH, JULY 23, 1874.

WHO VAS IT?

[At a late meeting of the Common Council at Lansing, Mich., the following petition, printed, illustrated with cuts, and framed, was found on the Clerk's table:]

Who vas it broke mine gate away
Und in mine garden eat all day,
Und on mine flower-beds roll and play?
Der Cows.

Who vas it goes mine house around
Und mit his schnout tore up de ground,
Und never yet has seen dat Bound?
Der Hogs.

Who vas it, ven der month goes by
Draws out der greenpacks on der schly,
Und at der gattles vinks von eye?
Dat Bound-greep.

Who den allows dese dings to be,
To drouble honest mens like me,
Und leafe mine yard mitout a tree?
Dose Council.

To which the HERALD added two verses and sent to our Council:

Who answers to de beebles gall,
Und lets de gows go to de wall,
While for der bells dey loudly bawl?
Our jolly Council.

Now of dey'll shtop de fogs great yaup,
Dis Gouncil off, we'll never swap,
But geep 'em dere, till time breaks aup?
Our glorious Council.

The Cow Bell Ordinance was passed forthwith; but the "togs" roam uncolored, unhonored and un-hung.

TWO OLD PLATTSMOUTH PEOPLE.

The Sutton *Times* says, Paul Braisteh, our well known Jeweler, has just "lit" down on them, and opened a splendid Jewelry Store. And that Breed, the Ginger Ale man has also arrived at Sutton, and opened a restaurant and tobacco store. Hurrah for our folks.

La Platte, just across the River in Sarpy county, is having red-hot times. On Saturday a young woman threw her child in a well, and "Rob" and the Sheriff have her and the reputed father of the child in custody; and Sunday a man almost kicked his wife to death, and things are still working.

From the Lincoln *Blade* we learn:

His excellency, Tip-Top, squatter Governor of Nebraska, Omaha and the Nebraska pine regions, is grievously afflicted nights, by divers uncouth noises caused by sundry cowbells, and pitteously and defiantly calls on the strong arm of the city fathers to protect him in his inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, especially the latter. If the fathers refuse to listen, we would advise him to muzzle those bells. We have tried it on the dogs in Lincoln, and it has thinned them like a pestilence; just privately offer a few small boys twenty-five cents reward for any bell found running at large "without a good muzzle securely fastened on with a strap or chain," and our word for it, your city corralls will soon be as quiet as a deaf and dumb institute.

—The Kansas Farmer, the leading grange paper in that state, advocates the abolition of the state and national granges, and gives very many cogent reasons why the system cannot succeed. It is evident that there is a growing dissatisfaction with the working of this branch of the order. In some instances these state agencies have proved to be "middlemen" in disguise, more unscrupulous than even the most avaricious dealers.

LUMBER!
LUMBER!

Cottonwood Lumber of

ANY
Description

CAN BE HAD AT

WM. EDGERTON'S

Plattsmouth

SAW MILL,

—AT—

LOW DOWN FIGURES.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUILD UP, OR FIX UP.

Apply at the Mill, or at Dr. W. E.

Donelan's Drug Store,

MAIN St., PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

STREET CLEANING.

MR. EDITOR:—I want the yuse of youre voalyuable paper to xpres my idees about street cleanin. I a'int much of a writer but I can see good, smell good and think a heap. Down on Mane street aways there is a pump. It leeks water as all pumps will, everybody waters at that there pump and it makes a mud hole fro. there down the street. Now the people complain and say when they ask the city to open the gutter and lead the water off they are told to do as they did in Jerusalem or some other old fogy city like this one. Each man in Jerusalem may hev kept his own door yard clean, we have their word for it, but we have no word that Jerusalem had a city council that levies 3 mills tax and street commishener to prevent—no help draw it. The people in East Main St., did'nt put that pump there, don't make that slop there, and they want it cleaned. If this pump and this stinking gutter was up town under the nose of the Post Office or the Bank or some gentry up there, it would be cleaned fast enough, So:

DOWN TOWN.

We have been informed that we have, together with other great and meritorious individuals about town been elected an "Ornary" member of the Plattsmouth Base Ball Club, the officers of which appear elsewhere. Thank you boys, when we get wearied with life we shall come out and let you have a "shy" at us with ball or bat.

If somebody connected with the street department would make a point to drive the spikes down in the old wooden pavement about town it would save the trails of many a womans dress and yards of skirt braid.

As the cows and naules are likely to be shut up now so they can't run across the walks, and break the boards all up, perhaps it would pay to put a new plank in some of them before somebody breaks a leg.

There's a fellow 'round Nebraska City by the name of *Bentz*, an awful thief; he has stolen everything they have there, the plow factory, wagon shop, banking house &c., &c. He goes in for heavy articles generally and now proposes to try a hotel or a foundry, maybe a newspaper. He particularly affects, of late, the residence of Hon. J. Sterling Morton. He stole Jay's shot gun and an old pair of coveralls (for wadding) and if J. S. M. was home no doubt Bentz would try his hand on him. He's a tanner is this Bentz, all Nebraska City is out after him with revolvers, shot guns, young cannon, bayonets and squirt guns. Bentz still ahead. May require to send up here for Paul next week to run an express engine down to try and overtake Bentz.

The Indians complain at the prevalent fashion of short hair as a personal insult.

The feet that are covered with bunions may not be stylish, but they are certainly *nobby*.