THE HERALD.

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THE HERALD.

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THE WATCH ON CHRISTMAS-EVE.

Close by the chimney, on Christmas-eve,
Are hudded two tiny forms;
The rafters creak and the windows shake,
And the night is wild with storms.
'Tis a lonely watch, for the sweeter doubt
Has entered a childish breast,
And faith to-night must be lost in sight,
And the spirit laid at rest.

"Are you sure he'll come?" says a tiny voice;
"Oh, say you are certain quite!
Oh, what could we do, if it shouldn't be true,
And nobody came to-night?"
But the sweeter tones of a childish trust
Speak in soft the other's doubt;
"Oh, never you fear, you'll see him here
When the midnight bells ring out."

"Perhaps they have told us a story, though—
You see we're such little boys;
I should feel so bad if I thought they had,
That I'd hate the Christmas toys.
Do you think he'll care for the wind and rain—
They say he's getting old—
With that heavy pack on his poor humback,
And the night so very cold?"

"I tell you the reindeer brings him here,
And the load of toys is light;
His coat is warm, and he laughs at storm;
I know he'll come to-night.
There never can be a doubt, I say,
Oh, never a cause to fear;
Our watch we'll keep while the others sleep,
And we're sure to see him here."

But the minutes drag, and the small heads
Will nod through the parlor door [droop.
Two shadows creep, while the bright eyes
For the bold night-watch is o'er. [sleep.
They count the stockings, and heads of toys,
And then, with stealthy tread,
They lift each form in his night gown warm,
And put the watchers to bed.
—*Harper's Weekly.*

FAMILY QUARRELS.

[From the London Saturday Review.]

Family quarrels have been the most interesting variety of quarrel ever since the days of Cain and Abel. They tend to become almost the soul surviving species of quarrel. It is seldom or never worth while to quarrel with any man not associated with us by some very close tie; and such ties become daily rarer outside of the family circle. Fellow travelers in the heart of Africa, companions on a long sea voyage, the squire and parson in some country village remote from general society, may still nurse a quarrel into something like intensity. But in the world which most of us inhabit, a world in which the difficulty of adhering to our best friends is much greater than the difficulty of dropping them, a dispute naturally leads to a drifting apart rather than to a permanent quarrel. People must be confined within a narrow area in order to cultivate hatred effectually; deadly and continuous hatred is fast becoming an anachronism as much as the old blood-feud between rival clans or the vendetta of Corsica.

The family bond, however, still survives sufficiently to make quarreling possible, and to give it unusual piquancy. The most excellent people are sometimes adepts in this questionable art. The affection between the parties to a family quarrel is generally close enough to insure that every blow shall be keenly felt, and the acquaintance is intimate enough to insure that it shall be planted on the most tender place. Brothers and sisters know each other's weaknesses; they can tell precisely what is the little vanity which can be most easily aroused, and what the particular argument which always brings a flush to the cheek and raises the pitch of the voice. The quarrels which ensue resemble civil wars, in which the rival leaders are perfectly acquainted with the character and favorite strategy of their opponents. When developed by dexterous combatants, they are worth studying from a purely artistic point of view. It is interesting to observe the skill with which each of the antagonists keeps the really irritating weapon in hand until the proper moment has arrived, and then applies it with the utmost nicety, and yet with some ingenious veil of apology. The dispute generally begins with a little apparently harmless sparring; but as the disputants warm to their work they get nearer to the fatal ground, each trying to avoid the responsibility of first using the familiar and infallible weapon, until at last temper is lost, and the unsparing tussle begins, which amongst the rougher classes ends with an application of boot or poker, and amongst the more civilized with the spiritual equivalents of those coarse weapons.

A bystander may regard such scenes as he would look on at a wrestling match or a game of billiards; but it must be permitted that the moralist will feel some remorse in deriving simple amusement from the folly of his fellow-creatures. For after all, the folly of such quarrels is the most conspicuous thing about them.

It is really curious to remark how regularly such quarrels run a certain predestined course. The impression is almost inevitable that the combatants are repeating a prearranged theatrical performance. The catastrophe may be forced from the beginning, and not only the catastrophe, but the whole development of the plot. One is not more certain on reading the first page of a commonplace novel as to the general nature of the last than one may be in a family quarrel as to the parts which will be taken by the various actors, the weapons which they will use, the channels into which their wrath will flow, and the final catastrophe of indignation, sulking and apology. The quarrel runs its course as regularly as the measles. It is like one of those stories in which children delight all the more because they are hearing them for the hundredth time. One is left to imagine that the combatants must really like it, or otherwise they would surely have taken some measures to suppress a mischief every stage in which is so thoroughly familiar and explicable.

The fact, indeed, proves—what needs little proof—the profound unreasonableness of mankind. Why repeat again and again a performance which annoys everybody concerned, which poisons the happiest hours of life, which never leads to a single good result, and which has probably been renounced in a thousand good resolutions? The reason is that men are unreasonable, and therefore it can do little good to argue against the practice. It may, however, be worth while to point out one or two of the fallacies involved which do, for the moment, impose upon some of the actors. If such an exposition does no good considered as advice, it may suggest some physiological remarks for the use of novelists. There is one habit of mind, implied in most family quarrels of the more virulent nature, which especially deserves notice. Everybody will admit that the worst of family quarrels are generally those which center in some way upon money. Quarrels about wills have divided the most affectionate fraternal relations, and husbands and wives are more apt to fall out upon economical questions than upon any other. The old question, "Who is she?" is relevant in most cases of crime, but in mere questions of domestic difficulty the question "How much is it?" would generally be more to the purpose. Such quarrels moreover become intense in proportion as they are complicated with questions of right. A man may be comfortable in his circumstances, and quite willing that his poorer brother should have a bit of pecuniary good fortune which does not come to himself. But if that good fortune takes the shape of a bequest from a relative who was morally bound to impartiality, the insult is felt far more than the loss in money. The brother might have been willing to give up his share; but he is indignant at the unfairness of its being taken without his consent. The same tendency is illustrated in those more trifling quarrels of everyday occurrence with which we are concerned. Husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, who can really pardon a good many injuries, are exquisitely sensitive to any neglect of their supposed rights. When the mischief becomes an insult it becomes intolerable. Compensation, for the same reason, is easily obtained when apology is out of the question. It is the sense of personal dignity, the boiling indignation which resents a liberty taken with us, that is the really troublesome element. Some people invariably lose their temper when they are kept waiting for dinner; but temper recovers itself unless there is reason to suppose that the dilatory persons is infringing on our rights. We don't mind the coldness of the soup, but we are furious at the want of respect implied in neglecting our orders. In almost all cases, where the anger is not a mere transitory flash, it will appear that some real or constructive indifference to our personal rights is inferred.

The sentiment is familiar in political questions. Burke exhausted all his eloquence and logic in the fruitless attempt to induce Englishmen and Americans to argue about the expediency of the policy at issue instead of the abstract rights involved. The same sort of trouble embitters all domestic quarrels. Even in the most apparently impersonal questions this considération intrudes itself. A family dispute about political or literary tastes becomes bitter because the husband thinks his wife ought to respect his opinions on matters where he has a quasi-official authority, or because the wife suspects him of using his authority despotically. The most calm reflection in such matters is to be found in the philosophical theory of necessity. Our indignation is based upon our attributing a certain amount of free will to our opponent. The offender was free (however we interpret that word) to insult us or to leave it alone. Now, as a matter of fact, we enormously exaggerate the sphere within which that freedom is possible. We do not mean to raise any of the knotty philosophical questions as to the sense in which the will can properly be called free; but for practical purposes it would be extremely convenient if we drew the limits of freedom much more closely than we are in the habit of doing. We are not angry with the soup for being cool. We are angry with the cook for neglecting her duty; and our anger implies the assumption that she could have acted differently if she pleased—that is to say, if she had felt a greater respect for our orders. To regard the cook as simply a necessary agent in the same sense as the fire would be is to deprive her of all responsibility, which would not be a desirable consummation. But it would be very desirable to remember that in point of fact her free-will has at any given moment a much smaller sphere than we are accustomed to believe. Her want of respect is only one of the possible causes of her neglect; we are tempted to regard it as the only possible cause, and therefore to leave out of account her laziness, her tendency to be the slave of custom, and so on, which it is true, might have been removed if she had been properly educated, but which we knew to exist when we engaged her, and which for practical purposes may be regarded as unalterable elements in the question. The same principle applies to most family quarrels. We are angry with a child for being late at a meal, and our anger revives every day, as though the unlucky child could be expected to alter its character by a single act of the will. Some little trick of a member of our family annoys us, and becomes more annoying, whilst it becomes more irremediable every time it is repeated. In Butler's phraseology the passive habit of unpunctuality strengthens on one side, whilst the active habit of being angry strengthens on the other. When two persons have passed half their lives together each ought to learn that certain habits are part of the other's nature, and that to be angry with them is as foolish as to be angry with their height or features. Instead of this, the annoyance seems most unreasonably to produce a kind of cumulative effect; and a husband is more vexed with some trifling defect in his wife's temper on the morning of their golden wedding than he was on the first day of their marriage. By a curious infelicity we sometimes learn to take the good qualities of our intimates for granted as part of the natural order of things, and to regard every fresh instance of their weaknesses as something miraculous and totally incapable of being foreseen.

This misconception is at the bottom of most of those regular quarrels of which we have spoken. We know perfectly well that certain conditions will produce a certain effect upon our intimates. The recital of a misfortune will make them unduly sentimental or unduly cynical. They will be certain to forget some appointments, to be behind time in catching a train, or absurdly fidgety when there is no danger of missing it; they will be vexed out of all proportion at some neglect of petty ceremony, or taken in by some well known form of imposture, or irritated by certain opinions expressed in a particular fashion. If we were wise, we should learn to take these peculiarities as an essential part of the bargain. We should be no more angry with fresh instances of them than with a new proof that our friends are short when we would rather have them tall. We go on fretting over that which is practically inevitable, as though it were an unaccountable freak of malevolence; and, instead of learning to take the good with the bad, become nervously and increasingly irritable at each fresh manifestation. The wise man is like one who learns to sleep through a regular disturbance; the foolish man gets into a habit of waking and worrying every night, as if it had never happened before. We ought, in short, to learn the lesson that every human being is practically an irresponsible agent through a very large part of the whole sphere of conduct irresponsible, that is, in this sense, that no power at our disposal will produce any speedy change, and therefore that spasmodic attempts at correction or outbursts of anger are so much good feeling thrown away. We should learn to regard people as being what in fact they are—that is to say, for many purposes, mere things or unreasonable agents. Against things we can have no rights, and it is futile to be angry. We should only cultivate our sense of their arreeable qualities, try to become indifferent to the disagreeable, and apply the remedial measures of reproach or indignation with no more than the proper amount of sanguine expectation—that is to say, with hopes proportioned to their probable efficacy. Certain fits of anger would thus affect us no more than a smoky chimney or a tired horse ought to have affected Hotspur—namely, as inevitable inconveniences, to be remedied, as far as remedy is possible by patience. If both parties to a quarrel could learn to be thus reasonable, nearly all family quarrels would vanish.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS' PROCEEDINGS.

Dec. 9th, 1876.

Board met pursuant to adjournment Present—E. G. Dovey, B. S. Ramsey, and Wm. B. Arnold. Wm. L. Wells, Deputy Clerk, and M. B. Cutler.

The following acc't were audited:

Wm. Snyder, Supervisor District No. 4, by amount expended for material	$ 5 86
Due for for services	29 25
The claim of Wm. B. Arnold, for services, and mileage as Com'r from Dec. 4th to 9th, inclusive, and for Oct. 3d, 4th, 5th, and part of 6th and 7th, was allowed on gen'l fund	33 00

The following orders were then allowed on gen'l fund to John Black for several amounts to-wit:

S. A. Kenaston, witness fees, St. Neb. vs. Ambrose Beckert	11 60
Harvey Carper, fees, State vs. Allison, et. al	8 00
A. A. Johnson, fees, State vs. Allison, et. al	8 70
L. J. Evans, fees, State vs. Allison, et. al	8 80

Dec. 11th, 1876.

Board met at 2 p. m. Present—E. G. Dovey, B. S. Ramsey.

Settlement continued; adjourned to meet at 8:30 a. m. Dec. 12th.

Dec. 12.

Order on Road district No. 17, all'd, to-wit:

S. G. Latta's Supr. receipt cancelled, Dist. No. 17, am't	$ 5 00

Adjourned to meet 8 a.m. Dec. 13.

December 13.

Present—Wm. B. Arnold and B. S. Ramsey. The following accounts were allowed:

Wm. A. Wilson, fees in case State vs. Nehamiah Livingston	$ 5 80
B. C. Yeomans, fees in case Allison and Sullivan	8 70

Adjourned to 8:30 a.m. Dec. 14.

Settlement with Treasurer on hand until Dec. 16, when the following was done.

Claims for costs in court below, in case of State of Neb. vs. James Jones, which was omitted in making up cost bills was presented, and the following was allowed to-wit, on general fund:

J. H. Allison, J. of P. fees	$ 4 45
Leroy Allison, constable fees	9 55
Claim for Wm. B. Arnold, services as com'r from Dec. 12th to 16th, was allowed on general fund	19 50

Adjourned to meet at 8 a. m. to continue settlement with Treasurer.

(*To be Continued.*)

An Irish lawyer, Mr. Donihue, a Catholic disciple of Father Mathew, has completely outgeneraled the whiskey sellers and the officials elected by them in Buffalo. The old plan of individual prosecution for violation of the liquor laws failed in Buffalo, as they have everywhere for twenty-five years past, or ever since they were enacted. Mr. Donihue hit upon the plan of procuring a mandamus, ordering all the police and excise commissioners to show cause why they did not do their duty and enforce the Sunday law upon the liquor sellers. The demand was sustained by the Supreme Court, and an order issued to the officials to show cause for their neglect of duty. The next Sunday those officials shut every dram shop in the city, and watched the back-door entrances like cats hungry for a breakfast of devilled mouse. What will Mr. Donihue take to come West.—*Interior.*

According to the Boston *Advertiser*, as an overloaded horse car was coming up Sudbury street a short time ago, when the icy condition of the street rendered the ascent extremely difficult, a gentleman hailed the conductor from the sidewalk, requesting him to stop the car. This the conductor refused to do until the car reached the summit, the gentleman, out of breath and temper also, got on the car and addressed the conductor as follows: Sir, I supposed this road was run for the accomodation of the public." "You were never were more mistaken in your life," replied the conductor. "Its run in order to fill the stockholders' pockets" "Indeed" said the now irate passenger, "I thought all the conductors on this road were gentlemen" Worse than before," said the conductor, "do you suppose I would run a horse car if I was a gentleman.

A Chinese scientific journal has been started at Shanghai, under the editorship of John Fryer.

Happy New Year to all.

Letter Box.

[All communications for this department must be plainly written on one side of the paper, contain no personal or improper allusions and be accompanied with the writer's REAL name though it need not necessarily be signed to the article written. Correspondents can do as they like about that, but must inform us privately of their real names.]

UNION, NEB., Dec. 27th, 1876.

I was amazed when I read the "HERALD Letter Box" last week, to see that so few were interested in it. I think if they would write, after awhile they would, like some others, think it the most interesting part of the paper. Well, as Christmas is just passed perhaps the HERALD would like to hear from this part of the county. There was meeting at Union Church, Rev. Hull has been holding meeting there for some time. But to return to Christmas. At Three Grove they had a very pretty tree, and a good time, Mr. Lewis Young acting Santa Claus. Mr. Oldham gave a "Christmas Hop" and oyster supper, of which a good time was shared by his friends. Corn gathering is finished, and the farmers enjoy looking at their cribs of corn. Some snow but no sleighing. Respectfully Yours, BETSEY.

THREE GROVES, CASS CO., NEB., Jan. 2d, 1877.

EDITOR HERALD:—I see in last week's paper that unknown parties have written very uncharitable letters in regard to describing our Christmas tree. Being present that evening, I will try and give your readers a correct account of the proceedings. The entertainment was opened with prayer, and immediately followed the Doxology S. M., sung by the audience. Next came the speech which was rather short. The gentleman acting the role of orator was quite a stranger to Nebraska, and being placed in such an embarrassing position (that of speaker) before a strange audience, he was overcome by his extreme bashfulness. Then followed a song rendered by the choir, which consisted of four soprano, and two bass. The organist having but one hand, and the voices being few not much could be expected as regards music. After this came the distributing of presents, those of most notoriety were two large boot jacks for two of the handsomest and most distinguished men in the neighborhood, viz: Mr. Ambrose Campbell and Mr. Ben Droste, with this inscribed upon them, "All boot jacks made at this institution warranted to please, size preserved (being 1½ yards long), address 16th street New York City." They were presented to the gentleman with great ceremony, accompanied with roars of laughter from the crowd. The Postmaster at Three Grove was given a white rabbit, which seemed to arouse the old gentleman's hilarity exceedingly. Mrs. Rebecca Crosser received from one of her friends a very handsome pair of slippers. The evening was closed by the Teacher saying a few remarks to his scholars.

The letters of last week were certainly written as a burlesque, and hoping to see no more such literature, I remain, Truly Yours, FELIX PEPPERBOX.

Honor Your Calling.

It is a good sign when a man is fond of his calling. Yet nothing is more common than to hear men finding fault constantly with their particular business, and deeming themselves unfortunate because fastened to it by the necessity of gaining a livelihood. In this spirit men fret, and laboriously destroy all their comfort in the work; or they change their business, and go on miserably, shifting from one thing to another, till the grave or the poor-house gives them a fast grip. But while occasionally a man fails in life because he is not in the place fitted for his peculiar talents, it happens ten times oftener that failure results from neglect and even contempt of an honest business. A man should put his heart into everything that he does. There is not a profession that has not its peculiar cares and vexations. No man will escape annoyance by changing business. No mechanical business is altogether agreeable. Commerce, in its endless varieties, is affected, like all other human pursuits, with trials, unwelcome duties, and spirit-tiring necessities. It is the very wantonness of folly for a man to search out the frets and burdens of his calling, and give his mind every day to a consideration of them. They belong to human life. They are inevitable. Brooding, then, only gives them strength. On the other hand, a man has power given to him to shed beauty and pleasure upon the homeliest toil, if he is wise. Let a man adopt his business and identify it with his life, and cover it with pleasant associations; for God has given us imagination not alone to make some poets, but to enable all men to beautify homely things. Heart-varnish will cover up innumerable evils and defects. Look at the good things. Accept your lot as a man does a piece of rugged ground, and begin to get out the rocks and roots, to deepen and mellow the soil, to enrich and plant it. There is something in the most forbidding avocation around which a man may twine pleasant fancies—out of which he may develop an honest pride. *United States Economist.*

A daily newspaper at Shanghai, China, in the native language, has a circulation of 6,000 copies.

The autobiography of Ben. Franklin, from the manuscript discovered in Paris by John Bigelow, has been translated into German and published at Stuttgart with a preface by Berthold Auerbach.

A few drops of oil of lavender will save a library from mould; a single drop will save a pint of ink. A little salt or white wine will also preserve ink from mould.

FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

GIRLS AS ACCOUNTANTS.—"My daughter keeps my accounts, sir, and she is as systematic and particular as ever my son was, who kept them before he left home. I tell you it does girls (and he might have added boys also) good to give them some responsibility, and set them to watching things about the farm and household. They learn, I find, economy by it, and soon discover that their old father is not necessarily a crazed old curmudgeon because he doesn't loosen his purse string whenever they see something they happen to fancy, for they discover the real reason why the purse should not be opened." So said a progressive farmer; a kind, appreciative and proud father, and a big hearted man on general principles. What he said is worth recording.

BUTTER SCULPTURE.—Among the many artistic novelties displayed at the Centennial Exhibition there was none which attracted more particular attention than the figure of Iolanthe carved in butter. The idea was so novel, and the execution of the work so perfect, that connoisseurs in art were loud in their praises, and the dairyman and his better half beside themselves with wonder and admiration. It mattered little who Iolanthe was—a heathen deity, a king's blind daughter, or a "Philadelphy gal," there she stood in butter, the lineaments of her beautiful face carved out of the solidified extract of the national cow. The centennial matron might admire the chiselled marble with its insufficiency of raiment, the naaids, and the graces of another age, but she seldom failed to drag her old man from a rapturous contemplation of Pysche, Venus, Aurora, or some other classical young person in a state of nudity, in order to take just one more look at that wonderful woman in butter. Mrs. Caroline S. Brooks, the sculptress of this figure, recently gave an exhibition of modelling before the Centennial Commissioner and a large number of spectators. Her *modus operandi* was as follows: Placing ten to fifteen lbs. of butter in a graniteware dish, she pressed it down compactly with a small wooden, spoon-shaped instrument, which, with another of like pattern, are the only tools she uses. The butter was then deposited for some five minutes in a refrigerator, in order to give the material the proper elasticity. The sculptress then began her work.—Mrs. Brooks has inaugurated an art which opens up a wide field for usefulness and the cultivation of the beautiful among the country maidens of the period.—*Inter Ocean.*

ICE CREAM CAKE.—One cup fine white powdered sugar, one-half cupful butter; cream them together, add half cupful milk, whites of four eggs, two cupfuls of flour, half teaspoonful soda in milk, one te