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SUCCESSOR TO TOOTLE, HANNA & CLARK. JOHN FITZGERALD, President. E. G. BOYD, Vice President. A. W. McLAUGHLIN, Cashier. JOHN O'Rourke, Assistant Cashier.

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NEBRASKA HERALD.

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1877. NUMBER 20.

JNO. A. MCMURPHY, Editor.

VOLUME XIII.

"PERSEVERANCE CONQUERS."

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1877.

Advice to Young Ladies.

Chewing on the corners, Smoking in the street, Spitting on the pavements, To stick on people's feet. They will smoke in the kitchen. But that is not enough. They will go into the parlor. And there they'll sit and puff. And now all nice young ladies, When guests come in to woo, You pop the question first. Sit do you smoke or chew.

Mark well each word and look, And if they don't say so, Just cross him off your book And tell him why you do.

Some gents carry some clove, Make good use of your eyes, And good use of your nose.

For when the wedding is o'er, Perfumes they'll throw away. They will spit upon the floor, They will smoke and chew all day.

Now ladies, when you marry, Tobacco worms don't take, Think not that Dick, or Harry, Will quit you for your sake.

Though you know him very well, And you think him very dear, Just wait till he resorts, Temptation for one year.

Multum in Parvo. Sound policy is never at variance with substantial justice.

"No shooten aloud here" is the warning which confronts the sportsman at the gate of a suburban park.

To mingle the useful with the beautiful is the highest style of art. The one adds grace the other value.

More epigrams are written to show the wit or genius of the living than to perpetuate the virtues of the dead.

Very few in the world have their passions adequately occupied; everybody has it in them to be better than they are.

Many who tell us how much they despise riches and preferment, mean undoubtedly the riches and preferment of other men.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can, and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

Friendship is the cordial of life, and the lenitive of our sorrows, and the multiplier of our joys; the source equally of animation and of repose.

If men would hate themselves as they do their neighbors, it would be a good step toward loving their neighbors as they do themselves.

There are moments when the two worlds, the earthly and spiritual, sweep by near each other, and when earthly day and heavenly night touch each other in twilight.

To be in company with those we love, satisfies us; it does not signify whether we speak to them or not, whether we think on them or indifferent things; to be near them is all.

Wise men mingle mirth with their cares, as a help to forget or overcome them; but to resort to intoxication for the ease of one's mind, is to cure melancholy with madness.

It is the most momentous question a woman is ever called on to decide, whether the faults of the man she loves will drag her down, or whether she is competent to be his earthly redeemer.

Revenge is a momentary triumph of which the satisfaction dies at once, and is succeeded by remorse; whereas forgiveness, which if the noblest of all revenge, entails a perpetual pleasure.

It will afford sweeter happiness in the hour of death to have wiped one tear from the cheek of sorrow, than to have ruled an empire, to have conquered millions, or to have enslaved the world.

It is not insulated great deeds which do most to form a character, but small continuous acts, touching and blending into one another. The greenness of a field comes not from trees, but blades of grass.

No statue that the rich man places ostentatiously in his windows is to be compared to the little expectant face pressing against the window-pane, watching for his father, when his day's occupation is done.

Cultivate consideration for the feelings of other people, if you would never have your own injured. Those who complain most of ill-usage are the ones who abuse themselves and others the ofttest.

There is always something great in that man against whom the world exclaims, at whom every one throws a stone, and on whose character all attempt to fix a thousand crimes, without being able to prove one.

Have the courage to give, occasionally that which you can ill afford to spare; giving what you do not want, nor value, neither brings nor deserves thanks in return; who is grateful for a drink of water from another's overflowing well, however delicious the draught?

If some are refined, like gold in the furnace of affliction, there are many more that like chaff, are consumed in it. Sorrow, when it is excessive, takes away fervor from plenty, vigor from action health from the reason, and repose from the conscience.

A Temperance Lecture.

A lecture on temperance is quite apropos just now. Several days after New Year's almost any body is willing to hear something on this very interesting subject. "When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be."

Now that we have all had our little headaches, and have gone the rounds of soda cocktails, seltzer-water, red pepper, and a general inclination to kick every dog or any other man that came in our way, let us go over the subject calmly.

The general rule is that the man who talks on the subject of whiskey, should, himself, have been an old stager in the business. He should be able to say things that will thrill the marrow of weighty and pious old women, and awaken the sympathies of the young ones.

For my part, I have a very thorough contempt for anything in pantaloons and whiskers who will get up in public and say:

"My friends I am an awful example of the effects of Intemperance. On such a night I lay in the gutter. On such a night, when it was blowing, snowing, storming, and freezing I kicked my wife out of doors, and slung the wailing baby by the heels out into a snowdrift."

Or— "On such a time, I was in jail for arson. Once I went about in rags, stealing dinners from blind dogs in order to pawn them for whiskey."

Now, I have an opinion that the man who will get up before an audience and boldly avow that he was a dirty dog on any former occasion, is an equally dirty dog at the moment he makes the avowal."

I am free to confess that in assuming the role of a temperance lecturer, I have no nastiness to present. I never pounded that amiable but over-confident woman, who was swindled into taking me for better or worse, I never sat down on a pair of twins and smothered them. I never committed murder, or rape, or arson or "whaist" my grandfather, or "squared off" before the "governor" for the purpose of closing up his toplights. In view of all these I do not feel as if I were a temperance lecturer of the popular sort of the regular persuasion.

Nevertheless, let us talk together over this matter.

To me the most interesting phase of the temperance question is that relating to quitting, or as we lively old and young bucks are in the habit of terming it, "swearing off." This feature is of itself, sufficiently fruitful to furnish matter for half a dozen lectures.

From Noah, who became indecantly intoxicated to David, who also got on a regular "tear", and made an unusually exhibition of himself, and from Davie all the way down to Rip Van Winkle Grant and the undersigned, swearing off has been a common development of their drinks. The man who gets drunk always swears off again on the next day and the next.

Like the veteran Rip he is generally in a position in which this round count. Some of the boys come round and capture him; or his nerves demand screwing up, or he will "have it out" to-day and quit to-morrow. Among us jolly knights of the bowl, the reform which begins to-morrow is fixed for a day that comes. Ah! these tomorrows how laden with excellent resolutions; and how invariably they are caught in bogs and storms, and never reach the wished for shores! Let him who has upon that treacherous craft—to-morrow. The bottom of time's ocean is covered with the wrecks of these fatal vessels, whose safe arrival no shores have ever witnessed.

And now my fellow-bummers let us see how the thing works.

HOW IT IS DONE. You drop into a saloon to play a game of billiards; you meet a friend from the country; you go in somewhere to have a friendly chat with a neighbor, and—and you fall in with Monsieur Alcohol. There is nothing pre-arranged about the meeting. You find your self in company with him, while you no more expected it than you did to meet your great-grandfather's maternal grandmother.

Monsieur and yourself spend the evening together. It's jolly. Your imagination springs into life, and the whole world becomes rosy. Rich, happy, inspired, with every nerve thrilling with happiness. And hours pass, and you reel away to bed.

A few hours, not of sleep but of stupor, and you awake—mouth parched, head swollen, appetite gone, and the day generally, flat slouched over your eyes, cursing hollering from your tongue, you go down town. You drop into a saloon. There is Monsieur Alcohol.

"See here, old fellow, you served me a cursed neat trick, last night!" you say.

"No, did I? I'm sorry. Take a hair of the dog that bit you."

"No, thank you, I am done with you. I won't associate with anybody that serves me as you have. Good-bye."

FROM THE BLACK HILLS.

And Monsieur, without a word de-parts. He is gone. A day, a week, two weeks pass, and you do not see him. You congratulate yourself on your resolution, and flatter yourself that you will never see him again. But Monsieur A. is cunning. It is just four weeks from the day you "shook" him. You drop in somewhere and, before you know how it came about, or even suspect his presence, you find yourself cheek-by-jowl with your old friend.

And he isn't a bad fellow after all. He's been gone a whole month. You have no habit formed for his society. You can "shake" him when you please—that's clear. You will have a little set-down with him. He's a bully boy! How his presence warms the dry cookies of your heart! More inspiration, more dream, and then—to bed drunker than before.

"And, now, you ill-conditioned whelp, I am done with you, sure!" you say from your disgust and pain, on the next morning.

In just two weeks he has captured you again. And then he captures you again. And then it is twice a week, and then—God only knows what! It is a critical moment. It is your very last chance for safety. No "Good-bye, old fellow," will send him off now. He has come to stay. There is just one single chance remaining. It is not a good-natured appeal. It is not a feeble effort; it is not reasoning, persuasion, or appeal. It is sheer brute force. You concentrate all your strength, you gather every energy; and then you clutch Monsieur Alcohol by the throat:

"Deceiver! False friend! Devil Hell-bone monster! Damn you! Go!"

And, once or twice, right between the eyes, hand him one straight from the shoulder.

TO MY FELLOW-BUMMERS. You see, my fellow-bummers, what I wish to impress on your souls is the fact that you can't coax this gentleman to leave you, but you can drive him. Especially is it very fruitless and silly to say to him:

"My dear sir, you have treated me infernally mean lately. I'm going to part company with you. I can't and won't stand this soft thing any longer. I'll tell you what I'll do. You may stay around till the first day of next month, and then you must put out. Do you understand that, my gentle coyvee?"

O yes, he understands that, and he seems perfectly willing to agree to your proposal. He will go, he says, when the time comes; and when the time does come he goes—in a horn. Give me a week to stay, and it is a thousand to nothing that he will stay a month, and then stay all the time, if possible.

I appeal to the experience of Brother Moody, John Wentworth, Brother Hatfield, Emory Stors, John V. Farewell, Daniel O. Hara, and other members of the organization of Good Tempers, if I am not correct in my conclusions.

What I am very desirous of impressing upon my fellow-bummers is this: The great difficulty about quitting occurs before you quit, and not after. If any of us ever contemplated a visit to the dentist, we remember that we suffered an eternity before the fang came, and the twentieth part of a second when it did come. So about quitting. All the trouble, and difficulty, and pain is in making up your mind to quit. When once you have screwed your courage up to the sticking point, the labor, the bread, the difficulty's are all over. In fine, all there is about quitting is in making up your mind to do it, and not in doing it.

With which few plain remarks, the matter is herewith submitted without further argument. POLITO.

FROM THE BLACK HILLS.

RAPID CITY, PENNINGTON CO., D. T. July 25th, 1877.

ED. HERALD.—Knowing that the exciting and interesting news transpiring in our section of country, would be interesting to many readers of the HERALD, I will try to furnish you with a few items of the same, just as they transpired and as witnessed by myself. From Rapid to Deadwood one travels a broad valley, with the main hills on the left and the foot hills on the right. For the last two months up and down this valley hardly a single night has passed without from one to one hundred horses or mules being stolen by a band of well organized horse thieves. About the 1st of July a man from Rapid was up in the canyon getting out house-logs, he saw three men coming towards him on horseback, he thinking they were Indians became frightened and ran to Rapid for help; a crowd of men were soon organized and equipped, and started after the supposed Indians. When they came upon the three men they became frightened and acknowledged they had stolen the horses up near Crook City. They were taken back by the crowd to Rapid and lodged in the city jail. That night a well organized crowd came to greet their new found guests with a neck-tie sociable, the ball room selected was about one mile west of the city on the top of a mountain, on the left side of the road under the spreading boughs of a scrub pine tree, standing all alone on the summit of the barren

Dead-Heads!

There are people in every community who think that every newspaper man is a dead-head. The New York Evening Post hits this class of people a severe back-handed blow which we think they well deserve. "In case anything happens to a person, he hastens to the nearest newspaper and demands that the editor shall wield his pen and shed ink in his vindication and defense. And if the jaded editor does not with alacrity espouse the cause of his patron he will make an enemy for life. Members of the press are literally hunted down by all sorts of people who have axes to grind. The managers of public meeting who do not find reporters at the desk suffer pangs of disappointment, the judge who sonorously blows his nose before reading his opinion, looks anxiously for the stenographer; the preacher who descends upon some special subject, loses spirit if the representatives of the press are not there; even the burglar on his way to State's prison, covets a talk with the newspaper man. Yet the outside barbarian thinks all newspaper men are "dead-heads," and envy them the fine time they have in the way of free tickets to all manner of shows. There never was a greater mistake. People don't seem to realize that on the part of the journalist, it is merely a matter of business that the reporter goes to these places, so attractive to outsiders, much as the horse goes to the show—because he must do so. We venture to say that four-fifths of these entertainments are to journalists an intolerable bore. The press is the victim of the public's rapacious and unceasing demand without pay. Let us have the boot on the right leg."

Punishing Children.

Anna C. Brackett, in the American Journal of Education, calls the attitude of teachers to the liability of children to be punished or corrected without their clearly knowing why. "They may thus perhaps understand," she adds, "what often seems to them so incomprehensible—why a child who has been rebuked for some disorderly conduct repeats the offense almost immediately, giving the impression of willfulness and malicious wrong-doing. The same mistake is frequently made in recitations. A pupil's answer is pronounced wrong, and the question passed to another, when he does not know what his error is, and often fancies that it lies in quite a different direction from that in which it really lies. One of the most successful teachers we know is almost invariably in the habit, after having passed a question and received a correct answer of asking the pupil who failed: 'Why did I pass that question?' A few trials of this simple interrogation will soon, we think, convince any teacher of the truth of what we say. The most astonishing misunderstandings are thus continually brought to light, and we become convinced of how double-edged a thing is this language which we use so thoughtlessly and freely.

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