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Horses for Sale. The buying and selling of good horses made the specialty of the business.

New Horses & Carriages, and gentle horses, for Ladies to drive are kept at this Stable.

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NEBRASKA HERALD.

"PERSEVERANCE CONQUERS."

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JANUARY, 3, 1878. NUMBER 41.

VEGETINE.

An Excellent Medicine. SPRINGFIELD, O., Feb. 28, 1877. This is to certify that I have used VEGETINE, manufactured by H. E. Stevens, Boston, Mass., for Rheumatism and General Prostration of the Nervous System, with good success. I recommend VEGETINE as an excellent medicine for such complaints.

Our Minister's Wife. LOUISVILLE, KY., Feb. 16, 1877. Mr. H. E. Stevens, I was suffering terribly with Rheumatism and General Prostration of the Nervous System. My minister advised me to take VEGETINE. I commenced taking it, and after a few days, I was enabled to get about my usual work. I am now well, and I am very grateful to you for the good medicine you have given me. Respectfully, Miss A. BALLARD, 1011 West Jefferson Street.

Safe and Sure. MR. H. E. STEVENS, I was recommended to take your VEGETINE by a friend of mine who had been suffering with Rheumatism and General Prostration of the Nervous System. I commenced taking it, and after a few days, I was enabled to get about my usual work. I am now well, and I am very grateful to you for the good medicine you have given me. Respectfully, Mrs. A. BALLARD, 1011 West Jefferson Street.

VEGETINE. The following letter from Rev. G. W. Mansfield, formerly pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Hyde Park, and at present settled in Lowell, must convince every one who reads it of the wonderful and good quality of VEGETINE as a thorough cleanser and purifier of the blood. HYDE PARK, MASS., Feb. 15, 1875.

Dear Sir:—About ten years ago my health failed through the depressing effects of dyspepsia. I have not been able to get on since. I was advised to take VEGETINE, and after a few days, I was enabled to get about my usual work. I am now well, and I am very grateful to you for the good medicine you have given me. Respectfully, Mr. H. E. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

By what I saw and heard I gained some confidence in VEGETINE. I commenced taking it soon after, but felt worse from its effects; still I persevered, and soon felt it was benefiting me in other respects. Yet I did not see the results I desired till I had taken it faithfully for a little more than a year, when the difficulty in the back was cured; and for the next six months I have enjoyed the best of health.

I have in that time gained twenty-five pounds of flesh, and my health is now as good as ever before. I am now able to perform laborious work, and I feel as well as I have ever felt since I was afflicted with this disease. I am now able to perform laborious work, and I feel as well as I have ever felt since I was afflicted with this disease. I am now able to perform laborious work, and I feel as well as I have ever felt since I was afflicted with this disease.

During the past few weeks I had a serofulous eruption on my face, and it was very painful. I was advised to take VEGETINE, and after a few days, I was enabled to get about my usual work. I am now well, and I am very grateful to you for the good medicine you have given me. Respectfully, Mr. H. E. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

VEGETINE. Prepared by H. E. STEVENS, Boston, Mass. Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists. PLATTSMOUTH MILLS. C. HEISEL, Proprietor.

Flour, Corn Meal & Feed. Always on hand and for sale at lowest cash prices. The highest prices paid for Wheat and Corn. Particular attention given custom work. J. S. GREGORY, Proprietor.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL, LINCOLN, NEB. J. J. IMHOFF, Proprietor. The best known and most popular landmark in the State. Always stop at the Commercial.

"GRAND CENTRAL" HOTEL. LARGEST AND FINEST HOTEL BETWEEN CHICAGO AND SAN FRANCISCO. GEO. THRALL, Prop. OMAHA, NEB.

A Great Reduction in Prices of GUNS, REVOLVERS, &c. Prices reduced from 20 to 30 per cent. Write for Illustrated Catalogue, with reduced prices for 1877. Address: H. A. WATERMAN & SON, 21 South 10th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

H. A. WATERMAN & SON, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in PINE LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

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Battle Hymn of the Finch Red Ribbon Clubs.

[TUNE:—Marching Through Georgia.] They tell us that the plagues are full, They're coming right along, Wake the chorus up to-night, We'll have another song, Sing it as we mean it, Sixty thousand strong, While we go marching for temperance.

Chorus: Hurrah! Hurrah! I'm bringing the jubilee; Hurrah! Hurrah! I'm bringing the jubilee; So we'll sing the chorus from the center to the sea While we go marching for temperance.

Chorus: We have buckled on the armor, We are marching for the right; There's no such word as fail for us, For God is in the fight. We'll win the day, for now we see The dawning of the light, While we go marching for temperance.

Chorus: These mad reformers soon will fall, That's what the rummies said; 'Tis nothing but excitement, And such things we have read, But while they're causing tears to fall, And children cry for bread, We'll go marching for temperance.

Chorus: Thus we'll form a thoroughfare For temperance and her train; No limits to its latitude, On ocean or on main; Rain shall fall before us, For resistance is in vain, While we go marching for temperance.

Chorus: There's many saddened hearts to-night, From their listening ears, Eyes that long have looked to God, Through many scolding tears, Soon our joyful song shall fall Upon their listening ears, While we go marching for temperance.

Chorus: Come sign the pledge as we have done, And soon we'll win the day; The army now is rallying, The foe will soon give way; And fallen homes will rise again, 'Till temperance's peaceful sway, While we go marching for temperance.

THE PEOPLE WHO DRINK. [New York Sun.] Physicians say that nearly two thirds of male patients suffer in one way or another from alcoholic poison.

No close observer will be disposed to doubt this. From the low shops on South and West streets, along the line of fashionable saloons on and near Broadway, in the vicinity of the postoffice, in the guided retreats that skirt the Astor House, in the several places of note on Printing House square, and in the magnificent marble palaces that fringe Madison square, not omitting the frescoed club room and the dingy slip shops of extreme east side—from the first to the last, and in them all, the same story of intemperance may be learned.

And who are the drinkers? Boys, young men, middle-aged men, and old men. They'll drink.

Two young men meet in the lobby of a theatre. "What'll you take?" is the first and commonest salutation. They adjourn to a bar-room and drink. As the one says, "Just in time for another. Repeat," and both drink again. At each fall of the curtain at least one-half of all the young men rise, push out, and hurry for a drink.

This is no exaggeration. We all know it, and many of us do it. I went into the basement of one of Gotham's greatest architectural piles this morning, and stood at the end of the counter, half an hour, to see what was done. There were four bartenders, all busily engaged.

In that brief time they sold to all sorts and conditions of men two hundred beers, thirty two whiskies, ten lemonades, two plain seltzers, and three gin cocktails.

It was an exceptionally busy half hour to be sure; but as I took my seat at a little table near the counter, I noticed in the next half hour, and made a memorandum to guard against mistake a sale of one hundred and thirty beers, fifty whiskies, and six gin cocktails.

The men who drank were not "bums." Very many of them are known to the world of politics, several are noted writers, the City hall furnishes its quota, and not one seemed in the least degree affected by what he drank.

Leaving this place, I went to another saloon, equally well known, whose proprietors pay annual rent of \$90,000 for premises which are kept open from eight o'clock in the morning until seven in the evening.

Standing by a little cigar case which is placed at one side of the room I devoted half an hour to a close count of the drinks and drinkers. There were three barkeepers, and they had all they could do to attend promptly to the customers.

One company of six young men drank six times in less than fifteen minutes, and each took his whisky straight. In half an hour's time that bar sold ninety eight whiskies, four ginger ales, three ciders, and fourteen gin cocktails.

The men who drank were respectable men of business, a few literary people, and two or three persons who might have been truckmen or mechanics. None of them showed the effects of their drink.

As I went out I said to one of the six young men who drank six times, "What are you drinking so much for to-day?" "Oh, nothing," he replied; "I didn't intend to. Charley and I went in for an oyster stew, and were collecting when those four fellows from Albany came along. Charley asked 'em to drink, and one fellow the other."

"That's the history of many a spree. The spree doesn't intend to go off, but meeting a friend the one tempts the other. Returning to the saloon I visited I first ordered a lunch, and was soon joined—I always am—by an acquaintance, who, of course, said, "What'll you take?"

"Being in a taking mood, I said I would try a glass of rye. He took the same. Having said, "How," and emptied our glasses, I said, "Rafe, what did you drink that whisky for? Do you like it?"

"No, I don't like it. I'm drinking too much, too. Guess'll pull up." "Well, tell me, what did you order it for?"

"Why, for sociability's sake I suppose. What did you drink it for?" "Because I wanted to ask just this question. I've been looking at the fellows drink there, and I believe eight out of ten drink just because they don't like to say 'no'."

"Does it make your head ache to drink whisky?" "Yes." "So it does mine. I swore off whisky and took beer, but beer makes me bilious."

"Why drink anything?" "Hanged if I know, but we all do drink." We were joined by an actor. Being an actor, and in the company of a newspaper man, there was, he thought, but one thing to do.

Said he, "What'll you take?" We took Whisky. We each said, "How," and then said I, "Dan, do you like whisky?" "I hate it."

"Why do you drink it?" "I don't often. I generally take gin; but they both upset me; give me a fearful head ache. But what are you going to do? Must drink something."

In that way I have spoken to not less than twenty men this very day. Of the twenty fifteen said that drink always gave them the headache, one owned that he "loved the taste," one said he drank because he was "blue," and one confessed that he was "on a tear," and he didn't "care who knew it."

Not far from the Trinity church there is a superb marble building, a restaurant, and of great popularity with merchants and brokers down town.

Between twelve and half-past one its first floor is a gastronomic pandemonium. It is worth a trip from Harlem to look at it.

Pie and whisky, oysters patee and gin, cake and cocktails, and seltzer, but chiefly everything and whisky, with now and then a pony of the "very best brandy," or a "mere taste of absinthe" disappear with great rapidity.

Brokers' boys rush in, seize a sandwich, cram it down, pay, for it, light a cigarette and fly like lightning. The huge doors flap and flap like the wings of an enormous roc.

Waiters lit about the room bearing trays with bottles and glass. There's no rest for the barmen. Bottles here, decanters there, tumblers everywhere.

The bull's drink because they have won, the bears because they have lost. Stock are sold between drinks, bargains are made across bars, money is borrowed and certificates loaned over the bottle and the whole of it done in a hurry.

At times from two to three hundred men and boys struggle for service at a time. No one is willing to wait.

Each wants his bottle first; but though they all drink I have yet to see the first drunken man or tipsy boy in that magnificent barroom.

It is just so further up town in the hotels, the clubs, and the elegant saloons patronized by the young bloods of New York.

Each place has its patrons, and its hours of rush and drive. In the great barrooms up town I rarely find more than half a dozen drinkers between twelve and five o'clock. From that hour on till midnight the places are filled.

The barrooms near Wallack's, the Union Square, Booth's and the Fifth Avenue theatres do but little business in the day time; but in the evening they are spasmodically extremely busy.

The patrons of these theaters are our "best people." From the invariable rush of the whisky brigade between the acts, the unavoidable inference is that our "best people drink."

swallow, pay for it, and walk back to the theater redolent of clove, lemon, or parched corn. The habit is not confined to old men nor to men in trouble.

Boys hardly out of their teens drink brandy and seltzer. Young men with their friends take whisky, or perchance open a small bottle, Middle-aged men, who should be strong and lusty take what they are pleased to call a "bracer," and so far as I can see, the exceptional person is the male who does not drink at all times and under all circumstances.

The doctors say it induces paralysis indigestion, headache, rheumatism, and weakness of many kinds. Not being a doctor, I don't attempt to indorse their opinion; but this I will say, that among all the hundreds of drinkers—regular toppers, not drunkards—to be found in the first-class saloons of New York to day, it would be impossible to find a dozen men who are fond of liquor. They drink because it seems to be the thing to do.

Published by request. John B. Finch on Alcohol.

In his lecture on Alcohol Mr Finch says: Suppose it were possible for every one in this audience to say with all truthfulness, while recasting the experiences of life: "I know of one particular agent or thing which has directly killed one person whom I knew."

The human being thus slain had the slaying agent under his own absolute control. He need not have touched it, unless he had willed to do so, and he would never have felt any want for it if he had not been trained to feel the want.

Suppose this audience as an American audience merely, were enlarged until it included all who might fairly form an audience capable, by experience and state of mind, to make a correct statement on what they had clearly and definitely seen. Suppose every one of them should say: "I, too, know that the same agent has killed one person who lived in my circle of acquaintance so that taking us all in the combination of our lives, which may fairly be included in thirty years, the fatal effects of the said agent have been witnessed by ten millions of observers."

Suppose we could listen to a foreign voice speaking to us from across the Atlantic and stating upon the authority of an official investigation that the amount of money invested in this territory represents in the British Islands alone, the sum 17,000,000 pounds sterling. That the duties paid in one year amounts to \$30,000,000 pounds sterling; that each tax payer who has an income of 500 pounds sterling a year, is assessed 31 pounds sterling towards this imposition, whether he avail himself or not of the means to injure himself by the cause of the imposition.

Suppose we heard an official census of the United States declare: "For the last ten years this one agent has imposed upon the nation a direct expense of \$900,000,000; an indirect expense of \$600,000,000; has destroyed 300,000 lives; has sent 100,000 children to the poor houses; has committed at least 150,000 people into prisons; has determined at least 2,000 suicides; has caused the loss by fire or violence of \$10,000,000 worth of property; has made 200,000 widows and 31,000,000 orphans."

Suppose we entered the cells of our prisons, and amongst those we met wearing out their lives in solitude and shame and misery, so that the noblest of all that is human work, casts the victims into a sense of deeper degradation; and suppose as we stood, that we heard the voices of the most scientific scholars who ever graded the judicial bench of England and America, saying that the most potent influence for securing these incarcerations, and for placing the miserable before us in such a terrible position was this same agent.

Suppose we could at the present moment see before us, passing in sad panoramic display, some of the broken-heartedness of this still unhappy country. Tortured women, still undergoing torture or listening with palpitating hearts and with their children scared and hidden away, waiting for the dreaded footsteps of him whose faintest sound ought to be the joy of their expectant lives. Could we see all the weeping mothers and fathers hoping against hope for the reformation of their children; mourning a loss that the grave even will relieve—loss to truth, honor, self-respect, affection, duty, honesty, every virtue on which parents find new hope in their offspring. Suppose seeing these things in their utterable vastness, we could say they are the work of one and the same destroyer!

Suppose we could day by day, keep under our observation for one year the thousand depots in which this agent is stowed up, and from which it is dispensed in million portions a day, to smite and to slay young and middle-aged and old, rich and poor, deluder and deluded, polluted and polluting. Could we watch the inroads of death into each of these centers of distributing death, and discover that out of them the murderer took 138 to 100 of his victims elsewhere, and seeing this fact could recognize that death, more than just, acted on the sellers through the things sold.

Suppose, in passing through our hospitals for the cure of the sick, the physician in attendance were to name all the forms of disease there, and were to say, as he might most honestly, these names very different in kind and seeming to denote very different maladies—gout, paralysis, albuminuria, apoplexy, delirium tremens, enfeebled heart, eczema, epilepsy, consumption (in one phaze of that disease at least), liver disease or cirrhosis, dropsy—to say nothing of other maladies under dispute as to their origin; these names do truly but indicate various forms of disease originating in one agency to which these afflicted have been directly or indirectly subjected.

Suppose it were possible, after this general survey, to be able to cast up the sum of misery represented in such varying disguises, and prove that they are all the work of one common enemy of mankind, should we not hesitate, almost in fear, fear which familiarity itself could not conquer as we ask ourselves: Is it really true? Is there such an enemy, such a power, such a bona fide devil in our midst?

The facts must stand for themselves in all their terrible reality. There is such a devil, though he is not in polite language called so. He assumes various names. The learned—owing to his infinite subtlety, a subtlety as refined as the impalpable powder with which ancient ladies of the east dressed their hair—call him alcohol. The unlearned killed one person whom I knew."

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