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THE HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
—AT—
PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

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Largest Circulation of any Paper in Cass County.

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NEBRASKA HERALD.

JNO. A. MACMURPHY, Editor.] "PERSEVERANCE CONQUERS." [TERMS: $2.00 a Year.

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THE HERALD.

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Of all sizes, ready made and sold cheap for cash.
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Of Every Description,
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Complete with Roller, for 25cts.
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And a Larger variety of Cheaper Shades, of all varieties.
With many thanks for past patronage, I invite all to call and examine my
LARGE STOCK OF
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Furniture.
Great reduction in prices. COME AND SEE IF IT IS NOT SO. I am selling many things
At Less than Cost.
In order to clean out, build larger and fill up again. Come and SEE for yourselves.
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If you want any
Fire or Ornamental Brick,
Call on
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LOUISVILLE, - - NEBRASKA.

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If you are suffering from languishing on a bed of sickness, poor health, or languishing in despondency, take cheer, for
Hop Bitters will Cure You.
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Hop Bitters will Strengthen You.
If you are young, and inclined to dissipation or exposure, or growing too fast, Hop Bitters will Relieve You.
If you are in the work, dodging anywhere, and feel tired, nervous, tolling or sick-headed, Hop Bitters will give you Health.
Hop Bitters is What You Need.
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Combine the choicest cathartic principles in medicine, in proportions accurately adjusted to secure activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect. They are the result of years of careful study and practical experiment, and are the most effectual remedy yet discovered for diseases, caused by derangement of the stomach, liver, and bowels, which require prompt and effectual treatment. AYER'S PILLS are specially applicable to this class of diseases. They act directly on the digestive and assimilative processes, and restore regular healthy action. Their extensive use by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, is one of the many proofs of their value as a safe, sure, and perfectly reliable purgative medicine. Being compounded of the concentrated virtues of purely vegetable substances, they are positively free from calomel, or any injurious properties, and can be administered to children with perfect safety.
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As a Dinner Pill they have no equal.
While gentle in their action, these PILLS are the most thorough and searching cathartic that can be employed, and never give pain unless the bowels are inflamed, and then their influence is healing. They stimulate the appetite and digestive organs; they operate to purify and enrich the blood, and impart renewed health and vigor to the whole system.
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The Name of the Place!
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Especial attention given to
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CALL AND SEE BOONE, GENTS,
And get a boon in a
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Has just opened an entire new stock of hardware, on
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Next door west of Chapman & Smith's Drug Store.
A Full Line of
SHELF HARDWARE,
SHOVELS, RAKES, SPADES and ALL GARDEN TOOLS.
NAILS, NAILS, NAILS, by the Keg or Pound.
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Special Rates to Builders and Contractors.
All goods sold as low as they possibly can be and live. 4ly
WILLIAM HEROLD,
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DRY GOODS,
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PLANKETS,
FLANNELS,
FURNISHING GOODS.
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GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS.
Large stock of
BOOTS and SHOES
to be
CLOSED OUT AT COST
—:o:—
Notions, Queensware,
and in fact everything you can call for in the line of
General Merchandise.
CASH PAID FOR HIDES AND FURS.
All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods.
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Dealers in
STOVES,
TIN-WARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC.
One Door East of the Post-Office, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.
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Practical Workers in
SHEET IRON, ZINC, TIN, BRAZIERY, &c., &c.
Large assortment of Hard and Soft
Pumps, Gass Pipes and Fittings.
COAL STOVES,
Wood and Coal Stoves for
HEATING OR COOKING,
Always on Hand.
Every variety of Tin, Sheet Iron, and Zinc Work, kept in Stock.
MAKING AND REPAIRING,
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PRICES LOW DOWN.
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One door east of the Saunders House. We keep the best of
Beer, Wines, Liquors & Cigars.
33m9 Constantly on Hand.

SAUNDERS HOUSE.
J. S. GREGORY, - - - Proprietor.
Location Central. Good Sample Room.. Every attention paid to guests. 43m3
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Always on hand and for sale at lowest cash prices. The highest prices paid for Wheat and Corn. Particular attention given custom work.

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Repairer of Steam Engines, Boilers, Saw and Grist Mills
GAS AND STEAM FITTINGS,
Brought Iron Pipe, Force and Lift Pipes, Steam Gauges, Safety-Valve Governors, and all kinds of Brass Engine Fittings, repaired on short notice.
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Successor to
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Dealer in
MEDICINES & CHEMICALS,
PERFUMERIES, SOAPS, TOILET ARTICLES, PAINTS & OILS, LAMPS and LAMP GOODS, STATIONERY, CONFECTIONERIES, TOBACCO, CIGARS, &c.
Pure Wines and Liquors,
For Medicinal Purposes,
Prescriptions Carefully Comounded day or night. Remember the place,—Marshall Block, "Boot & Shoe" & Drug Store.
Weeping Water, - Nebraska. 1ly

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BAKERY!
Central Block, Corner Main and Sixth Streets.
Bakery, Confectionery and Restaurant.
Meals prepared at all hours. Parties supplied with Suppers, Wedding and Festival Cakes made to order in the handsomest style. Ice Cream furnished for Suppers, &c. at private houses during the season.
Private Rooms for Club Suppers.
Fresh Bread every day at Stadelmann's, Plattsmouth.
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LATH, SHINGLES,
SASH,
DOORS, BLINDS,
ETC., ETC., ETC.
Main street, Corner of Fifth,
PLATTSMOUTH, - - - - NEB.
Still Better Rates for Lumber
$25 A DAY GUARANTEED using our WELL AUGER & DRILL in good territory. Endorsed by Governors of IOWA, ARKANSAS & DAKOTA. Catalogue free. W. GILES, St. Louis, Mo.

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ALBINUS NANCE, Governor, Lincoln.
S. J. ALEXANDER, Secretary of State.
F. W. LEIDTKE, Auditor, Lincoln.
G. M. BARTLETT, Treasurer, Lincoln.
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F. M. DAVIS, Land Commissioner.
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S. B. POUND, Judge, Lincoln.
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W. L. WELLS, Clerk Dist. Court, Plattsmouth.

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A. N. SULLIVAN, County Judge.
J. D. TUTT, County Clerk.
J. M. PATTERSON, County Treasurer.
R. W. HYERS, Sheriff.
G. W. FAIRFIELD, Surveyor.
G. HILDEBRAND, Coroner.
COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.
HENRY WOLFE, Liberty Precinct.
JAMES CRAWFORD, South Bend Precinct.
SAM'L RICHARDSON, Mt. Pleasant Precinct.

City Directory.
J. W. JOHNSON, Mayor.
J. M. PATTERSON, Treasurer.
J. D. SIMPSON, City Clerk.
RICHARD VIVIAN, Police Judge.
P. B. MURPHY, City Marshal.
WM. L. WELLS, Chief of Fire Dept.
COUNCILMEN.
1st Ward—J. PEPPERBERG, V. V. LEONARD.
2d Ward—G. W. FAIRFIELD, J. V. WECKBACH.
3d Ward—R. C. CUSHING, THOS. POLLOCK.
4th Ward—P. McCALLAN, E. S. SHARP.
Postmaster—JNO. W. MARSHALL.

B. & M. R. R. Time Table.

Taking Effect May 4, 1879.

FOR OMAHA FROM PLATTSMOUTH.
Leaves 7:00 a. m. Arrives 8:45 a. m.
" 3:50 p. m. " 4:55 p. m.

FROM OMAHA FOR PLATTSMOUTH.
Leaves 9:10 a. m. Arrives 10:40 a. m.
" 6:00 p. m. 7:55 p. m.

FOR THE WEST.
Leaves Plattsmouth 8:45 a. m. Arrives Lincoln, 12:45 p. m.; Arrives Kearney, 7:55 p. m. Freight leaves 9:00 a. m. Ar. Lincoln 2:55 p.m.

FROM THE WEST.
Leaves Kearney, 6:50 a. m. Leaves Lincoln, 1:30 p. m. Arrives Plattsmouth, 4:20 p. m. Freight leaves Lincoln 11:40 a. m. Arrives Plattsmouth, 4:55 p. m.

GOING EAST.
Express, 6:15 a. m.
Passenger, (with sleeper daily) 4:26 p. m., except Saturday. Every third Saturday a train connects at the usual time.

R. V. R. R. Time Table

Taking Effect Sunday, March 23, 1879.

SOUTH.	STATIONS.	NORTH.
5:55pm	HASTINGS,	8:35am
6:27	ALVA,	7:40
6:48	BLUE HILL,	7:10
7:25	COWLES,	6:35
7:55	RED CLOUD,	6:35
8:20	INAVALE,	6:10
8:25	RIVERTON,	5:55
8:40	FRANKLIN,	5:25
9:25pm	BLOOMINGTON,	5:10am

C. B. & Q. R. R. TIME TABLE

WESTWARD.

		Express	Mail.
Leave	Chicago	10 15am	10 00pm
"	Mendota	1 25pm	1 45am
"	Galesburg	4 55pm	5 35am
"	Burlington	7 40pm	8 10am
"	Ottumwa	10 20pm	11 00am
"	Chariton	1 45am	2 15pm
"	Creston	4 25am	5 15pm
"	Red Oak	7 10am	8 00pm
Arr.	Plattsmouth	9 20am	

EASTWARD.

		Express	Mail.
Leave	Plattsmouth	3 50pm	5 30am
"	Red Oak	6 00pm	8 35am
"	Creston	10 25pm	11 15am
"	Chariton	12 55am	2 15pm
"	Ottumwa	3 20am	5 00pm
"	Burlington	6 30am	9 00pm
"	Galesburg	8 55am	11 05pm
"	Mendota	12 15pm	3 10am
Arriv	Chicago	3 30pm	7 00am

ONLY 27 HOURS TO ST. LOUIS by the new ROUTE just opened via MONMOUTH. PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS run from Burlington to St. Louis without change.
BY LEAVING PLATTSMOUTH AT 3:50 P. M., you arrive in ST. LOUIS the next evening at 8:20, and leaving St. Louis at 8:30 a. m., you arrive in Plattsmouth 9:20 the next morning.
Coupon Tickets for sale for all points North, South, East and West.
SAMUEL POWELL,
Ticket Agent.
D. W. HITCHCOCK,
Gen. Western Pass. Agent.
J. M. BECHTAL, Agent, Plattsmouth.

THE FRIEND OF ALL!!
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.
"I had no appetite; Holloway's Pills gave me a hearty one."
"Your Pills are marvellous."
"I send for another box and keep them in the house."
"Dr. Holloway has cured my headache that was chronic."
"I gave one of your Pills to my babe for cholera morbus. The little dear got well in a day."
"My mamma of a morning is now cured.
"Your box of Holloway's Ointment cured me of noises in the head. I rubbed some of your Ointment behind the ears, and the noise has left."
"Send me two boxes; I want one for a poor family."
"I enclose a dollar; your price is 25 cents but the medicine to me is worth a dollar."
"Send me five boxes of your Pills."
"Let me have three boxes of your Pills by return mail, for Chills and Fever."
I have over 200 such testimonials as these but want of space compels me to conclude.
For Cutaneous Disorders,
And all eruptions of the skin, this Ointment is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very root of the evil.
HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT
Possessed of this REMEDY, Every Man may be his own Doctor. It may be rubbed into the system, so as to reach any internal complaint: by these means it cures Sores or Ulcers in the THROAT, STOMACH, LIVER, SPINE, or other parts. It is an Infallible Remedy for BAD LEGS, BAD BREASTS, Contracted or Stiff Joints, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, and all Skin Diseases.
IMPORTANT CAUTION.—None are genuine unless the signature of J. HAYNES, as agent for the United States, surrounds each box of Pills and Ointment. Boxes at 25 cents, 62 cents, and $1 each.
There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes. HOLLOWAY & CO., New York. 31ly

STOP A LEEDLE!
Before deciding what Meat Market you are going to patronize during 1879, call in and see
GODFREY FICKLER,
Main St., Plattsmouth, Neb.,
Who is on deck with nice Roasts and Steaks, Fresh Fish, Beef, Pork, Veal, Mutton, Poultry, & everything in his line.
Prices as Low as the Lowest; Highest Price paid for First-Class Stock.
GODFREY FICKLER,
46ly Proprietors.

STREIGHT & MILLER,
Harness Manufacturers,
SADDLES BRIDLES, COLLARS,
and all kinds of harness stock, constantly on hand.
FRUIT, CONFECTIONEY,
AND
GROCERY STORE,
NUTS, CANDIES, TEAS COFFEES,
SUGARS, TOBACCOES, FLOUR, &c.
Remember the place opposite E. G. Dovey's on Lower Main Street.
21-1y STREIGHT & MILLER.

Rest.

BY FRANK LYNN.

If I were a bird and you were a bird,
We'd soar thro' the heavens above;
We'd speed our course to golden shores,
And dwell in a home of love.
We'd spend our time
In that peaceful clime,
In days of the sweet by and by,
Away from our sisters and our cousins
And our aunts of the H. M. S. navy.

The Parting Hour.

There's something in the "parting hour"
Will chill the warmest heart—
Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,
Are fated all to part;
But this I've seen—and many a pang
Has pressed it on my mind—
The one who goes is happier far
Than those he leaves behind.

No matter what the journey be,
Adventurous, dangerous, far,
To the wild deep or bleak frontier,
To solitude or war—
Still something cheers the heart that dares
In all of human kind,
And they who go are happier
Than those they leave behind:

The bride goes to the bridegroom's home
With doubting and tears,
But does not Hope her rainbow spread
Across her clouded fears?
Alas! her mother who remains,
What comfort can she find
But this—the gone is happier
Than the one she leaves behind.

Have you a friend—a comrade dear?
An old and valued friend?
Be sure your term of sweet concourse
At length will have an end!
And when you part—as part you will—
Oh, take it not unkind,
If he who goes is happier
Than you he leaves behind.

God wills it so—and so it is:
The pilgrims on their way,
Though worn and weak more cheerful are
Than all the rest who stay.
And when, at last, poor man subdued,
Lies down to death resigned,
May he not still be happier
Than those he leaves behind?

—*By Edward Pollock.*

WHICH WAS RIGHT?

BY LOUIS STOCKTON.

"That is a most nonsensical thing to say," Jim remarked, as Belle held the motto she was working off at arm's length, and gazed reflectively at it.—"When there's a will there's a way!" If it was true, how many good things I would have!"

"Perhaps you would," replied his younger brother Bob, "if the proverb meant that the way was ready made, and all you had to do was to saunter down it—up it, I mean."

"If it does not mean that," said Jim, "it ought to read, 'When there's a will, go look for the way, and it is ten chances to one if you find it.'"

"That is stuff!" exclaimed Bob; "you don't fancy the will and the way are like the Siamese twins, fastened together, so if you see one you see the other?"

"It means," said Belle, who had now decided upon the color of the silk she needed, and who spoke with the air of gravity becoming an elder sister of seventeen, "that if you have the gun you must go look for the game."

"Suppose there is none?" asked Jim.

"Is none!" Bob repeated; "there is always game! There may not be a buffalo upon your front door steps waiting for you to come out, but just take your gun and go to the West! You'll find him there!"

"That is all very nice to say," and Jim, who was lying on the lounge, clasped his hands under his head; "but my experience of this family—it may be different in others—is, that we are always wishing, but I don't see that it does any good; we don't get much."

"It isn't *wishing*," Belie said, "it is *willing*. That is a very different thing."

"Is it?" Jim asked. "Perhaps it is a step further; 'I wish' comes first; 'I will' goes on to the war, and gets the booty."

"Exactly so, Jim, I have hopes of you," said Bob.

"But what I would like," answered Jim, "is to see the thing. Who is it who will first 'will' and then find the way?"

"As if everybody did not!" and Bob looked the picture of determination, "you do it yourself, often."

"Oh, I do not mean in little things.—Something of importance, some great deed?"

"Then you must get great people for them," replied Belle. "You don't suppose great things are done in Cedar Creek? Now there's Napoleon Bonaparte—"

"Where?" said Bob, craning his head so as to look out of the window.

"Don't be silly!" and Belle continued, "don't you suppose he 'would' be Emperor of France?"

"He was a great man," replied Jim.—"I mean ordinary people—Cedar Creek heroes."

"It is just as true for them," Bob said, "only they must wish for ordinary things. Neither of us, my boy, will ever be an emperor of France."

"Well," and Jim sat up; "now let us settle this matter. You say where there's a will there's a way—you and Belle.—I say there isn't, not often. Now, you make up your mind to do something particular, and find the way to do it. If you succeed, I'll give up; and if you do not, Belle can give me that motto for my room; for, although it isn't true, it's very pretty."

"And Bob, I suppose," said Belle, "can pay his forfeit by framing it."

"You speak words of wisdom," answered Jim with gravity.

"That is a very nice arrangement," Bob exclaimed; "I do all the work, and if I fail you get all the reward. Suppose I succeed, what will I get?"

"The reward of a good conscience," answered Jim with gravity.

"You must make up your mind to work for something that itself will be a reward, if you get it," Belle said. "That is the way these great people do; it isn't getting things for other people."

"Yes, it is," Bob replied. "Now, there was Dorothea Dix. Papa was telling us only last night about her. She could have had a very good time, I suppose, if she had been contented to stay at home, but she found how dreadfully the insane people were treated in the hospitals and almshouses, and just think how she traveled about it! She went to the places and saw for herself how they were put into horrid cells, that they were chained, starved and beaten, and she didn't go home, and say what a shame it was, and somebody ought to see that things were made better. Not she! She went right to the people who had the power to make it better, and she told them how things were, and not off in Poland, either, but under their very noses, and she told them that they were the people to make it better."

"Yes," and Belle's eyes lighted up; "and when they said it wasn't their fault, but the law's, she went to the Legislature and told the men there. I think it must have been very hard, for first she had to interest them and prove it all, and then get them to work to alter the laws."

"And such men," said Bob scornfully, "mere politicians!"

"There, now!" said Jim, "there is one of the things that could be done! I remember once that papa was complaining about some man who was going to Congress, and grandpa said: 'Now, Robert, thee make it thy business to see that a good man goes the next time. Thee didn't take any pains to keep this one from going, and thee has no right to complain.' I never forgot that."

"Well!" said Belle with an air of much experience, "I don't see why politicians should be such horrid people. I am sure Mr. Graham is a *very* nice man.

"Of course he is," said Bob; "but you don't think all the men Miss Dix had to speak to were like him?"

"She didn't care for the men, Bob," replied Belle; "all she thought about was the crazy people, and even if the men she had to convince were not all like Mr. Graham, they had hearts."

"What I would like to do," Jim said, reflectively, "would be my own work. I wouldn't want to make speeches, and persuade, and all that. I would like to sit at home and write great books, or paint wonderful pictures; and I'd send them one. I would stay at home and not be bothered with people."

"You are lazy, Jim; that is what's the matter with you," and Bob walked to the other window. "You think that would be easy, but you would have to work just as hard, and you would care just as much what the world would say."

"Maybe I would," answered Jim, "but I wouldn't have to push myself; my picture or my book wouldn't care."

"I tell you who I think was a hero," said Belle, Beethoven—for he could not know what his work was like. If you painted a picture you could see it, and if you wrote a book you could read it; but he went on composing music, busy all day; thinking of flutes and violins, and singing voices, and he could never hear one tune. And, then he knew it was good. There was no use in neglecting him, he never gave up; he felt it was his business to write music and he did it."

"I would have given up," said Jim. "I don't see why he didn't. There would have been enough excuse for him."

"Excuse!" cried Belle in scorn, "as if he wanted to be excused! He meant to write, and he wouldn't let anything hinder him. He made a way."

"What surprises me," said Jim, "is that Bob hasn't said a word about Benjamin Franklin yet. I never before heard him speak of heroes for five minutes without saying something of him."

"I thought of him," said Bob, "and I remembered one of the best things that he ever did. You know he talked and talked about paving the Philadelphia streets, and nobody saw any use in it, even when the mud was so thick that the wagons stuck fast, and people couldn't get over without getting knee-deep. Then don't you know how he stopped talking, and paved in front of his own house, and then the people began to cross there, and so after awhile somebody else paved another piece, and they began to see that it would be a good thing to pave the whole street. That is what I call finding a way."

"The trouble is," said Belle, "We don't make up our minds to what we want. We just go along and take whatever we get, and we don't decide that we want something else, and mean to get it. We just wish for it."

"Now, see here," said Jim, "do you think the Leewellyns are any smarter than we are? that Mr. Leewellyn is a wiser man than papa?"

"Of course not," replied Bob, with indignation.

"Well, this is certain—in the Leewellyn family there are ever so many distinguished people."

"Not any more so than papa. I am sure everybody knows him."

"Yes, but they don't know uncle George, nor uncle Irwin. But all the Leewellyns are judges or generals or something."

"Because it is the fashion in the family," said Belle; "they have to do something. It is expected of them."

"And they help each other," Jim said. "It is very well to have a distinguished father, but suppose all your uncles and cousins are at the top of the ladder, too; don't you suppose they would help you up?"

"I don't want such help," said Bob, "I would rather depend on myself. But I tell you this, Jim; if we three were to make up our minds that we would not be nobodies all our lives, don't you think we would find the way to be somebodies?"

"Good or bad?" asked Jim.

"Good! I don't mean that we would be rascals; but that we would be honorable and useful, and when we died, people would miss us, and be sorry to lose us. Don't you believe we could do it?"

"Would it be much trouble?" inquired Jim.

"Yes, it would. Plenty of trouble and hard work," replied Bob, stoutly; "that would be 'the way.' But we are bound to have trouble, I suppose everybody says so, and so we might as well make up our minds to it; but we also might as well get some good out of it."

"Now isn't he wise!" said Jim, "wise beyond his years!"

"I don't care," said Belle, "about being anything wonderful, or having a famous name; but I do think it would be worth while to have some kind of an object."

"Haven't we?" asked Jim. "I know I have plenty of objects."

"Yes, but what do they amount to?" Belle replied. "I don't think it necessary to do great things; but suppose—suppose I was to make up my mind that the Carey girls were to have all the sewing they need this winter, I could do it."

"I think it would be a very unnecessary thing to do," said Jim. "I am sure they ought to do that for themselves. They are ever so much older than you are."

"That makes no difference," said Belle; "they need the work, and they can sew better than most women. I know mamma thinks so. But they can not go and ask for it, as I could. Last week Madge Carey told me that Mrs. Harold had sent to New York for a dressmaker, and of course she could say nothing, but I could have begged Mrs. Harald to try Madge. I know she would like her."

"Madge ought to ask for herself," persisted Jim.

"But if she don't I can. There is no harm in it, and mamma says that when they are once known there will be no trouble in their getting work. You must remember they never expected all this poverty and trouble, and if they do not know how to manage they can not be blamed. I think I will try."

"Is there anything you would like me to do?"

"Yes, there is," said Bob. "You ought to help papa to catalogue his books. He said he would have to hire some one, and I know you could help him."

"It is a great deed I want, Robert," said Jim; "I burn for glory! I want to start at once upon a brilliant career."

Bob looked at his brother. "I think," said he, slowly, "that I will make a good French scholar of myself."

"What special good will that do you?" asked Jim.

"I don't know," said Bob, "but I have a good chance just now. I am sure that this is what old Ben Franklin would have done—made the most of the chances of to-day."

"Robert!" said Jim, solemnly, "You are a credit to your family. I am afraid you will be of some account in the world!" and with that Jim got up and left the room, while Bob seized his hat and was off to the orchard, where he saw his mother gathering harvest apples.—*Christian Union.*

Speech of E. M. Bartlett, of Omaha, At Louisville, July 4th, 1879.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen

Here on this delightful summer day in this beautiful grove, "Gods first temple", where no restraining or confining walls surround us and no roof intervenes—save the beautiful foliage above—between our vision and the blue heavens, the home of Deity, we have by some strong bond of common sympathy or common impulse been drawn from our various homes to these hospitable shades until the forest swarms with happy, confident and exultant humanity and its wooody aisles are vocal with friendly gratulations. As I look upon the earnest intelligent faces before me scintillant with soul light, beaming with contentment and satisfaction and radiant with the instincts and inspirations of liberty, it seems peculiarly pertinent and appropriate to consider the question, what is the eminent occasion that has developed this gathering? Why these preparations for festivity and general hilarity? Why the parade we have witnessed of men and women from all the departments of life marching beneath the folds of Freedom's starry flag to the soul stirring martial strains, that on the field of battle left the spirit of the soldier above the fear of death?

Why the blare of drums and the cannon's detonations? Why is all the air resounant with varied sounds of popular rejoicing?

The occasion is evidently one of no ordinary interest and importance. We see in this meeting something more than a social gathering of neighbors and friends met together for pastime and diversion, we are not here merely to enjoy the society of those whom we respect, honor and love, and to sit with them mound the festive board, this is not simply a day of recreation and rest from toil, we might at any other time assemble as we are here to day and find a deep and quiet satisfaction and happiness in the communion of mind with mind, in the sweet music of friendly voices, the warm grasp of loving hands, the approving smiles of those we hold most dear, the pleasant joke and repartee, the flash of intellectual gems, the conversation of congenial spirits and with these enjoyments fulfill the purposes of our gathering.

Not so now—all these pleasures it is true, are ours to-day, but the object of our meeting is of an infinitely higher and nobler character—and possesses a vastly greater significance. It is to commemorate the inception, the birthday, of a mighty nation and to keep alive the fires of patriotism upon the altar of American freedom.

And here in the young state of Nebraska, whose mighty future need not be foretold with prophetic vision, a more fitting time and occasion could not present itself on which to renew that fidelity and patriotism which we owe to our beloved country whose birth and life are Freedom's shrine; whose citizens are nature's noblemen, where each man is the peer of his fellow man; a country whose broad fields, forests, colossal mountains, mighty cataracts and rivers have left the impress of strength and greatness upon her inhabitants.

What glorious victories have we not achieved!

As we pause in the midst of active industry to commemorate our birthday of liberty, stand on the threshold of the future peering into the dim vista of years to come, hoping and praying for health and prosperity, let us not be forgetful of past events, which have showered upon us the blessings we now enjoy. We must not forget the struggles of Liberty with Despotism all along the centuries of the world's history, until the lessons and experiences of age culminated in the foundation of our own grand republic.

We must not forget the May flower, we must not forget Ticonderoga, Bunker Hill, Valley Forge, Saratoga or Yorktown, and above all we must not forget that most memorable time in the world's annals when 56 self-sacrificing patriots fully conscious that a tyrant king would, if possible, punish their patriotism with death, placed their names to the declaration that gave birth to the United States of America, and pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor for its support. We must not forget the spirit that animated their hearts in that trying hour, a spirit which shone conspicuous in the bold strokes with which John Hancock wrote his name, in the impulse that moved Charles Carroll to add "of Carrollton" when he placed his signature to the declaration that the emissaries of tyranny might know where to find him and in the proud intrepid answer of Stephen Hopkins, whose hand shaking with the infirmities of age elicited from him these words, "My hand trembles but not with fear."

So long as our nation properly celebrates this day, no power on earth can shake the foundations of Liberty's fair temple in