THE HERALD.

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—AT—
PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

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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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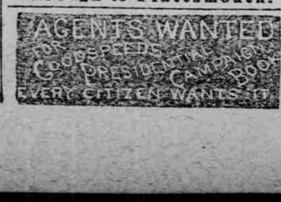

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B. & M. R. R. Time Table.

Taking Effect May 4, 1879.

FOR OMAHA FROM PLATTSMOUTH.
Leaves 7:00 a. m. Arrives a. m. 9:00
" 2:50 p. m. " 4:55 p. m.

FROM OMAHA FOR PLATTSMOUTH.
Leaves 9:10 a. m. Arrives 10:50 a. m.
" 6:30 p. m. " 7:15 p. m.

FOR THE WEST.
Leaves Plattsmouth 9:45 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, 1:20 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, (train each day) 4:20 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	AYR.	8:02
6:48	BLUE HILL.	7:40
7:25	LOWELL.	7:05
7:55	RED CLOUD.	6:35
8:20	INAVALE.	6:10
8:35	RIVERTON.	5:55
9:10	FRANKLIN.	5:25
9:25pm	BLOOMINGTON.	5:10am

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. HAYDOCK, as agent for the United States, surrounds each box of Pills and Ointment. Boxes at 25 cents, 62 cents, and $1 each.
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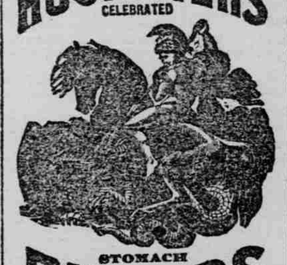

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BITTERS
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For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally. 46l4

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COMPOUND
SYRUP
OF
HYPO-PHOS-PHITES

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Diseases which are produced by Loss of Nervous power, and consequently Muscular Relaxation, viz.:—
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Diseases produced by Overtaxing the mind, by Grief or Anxiety, by Rapid Growth, by Child-bearing, by Insufficient Nourishment, by Residence in Hot Climates or Unhealthy Localities, by Excesses, or by any Irregularities of life.
An endless chain of good effects is formed by Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites; and we are safe in saying, from a long experience in medicines, its virtues *are not possessed by any other combination.* NOTE—Be suspicious of persons who recommend any other article as "just as good," though bearing a similar name, and of those who offer the cheaper priced article. ☞ It is only the *independent, well-posted,* and *unselfish physicians* who can afford to prescribe this remedy. Experience has proved this. The highest class medical men in every large city, where it is known, recommend it.
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[The following beautiful poem, from the New York Weekly, was written by Mrs. Minnie Gilmore, of Marysville, Ky. Mrs. G. is a sister-in-law of the celebrated Musician, and of Mrs. Capt. O'Rourke, of Plattsmouth, Neb.]

Ireland's Call.

BY MRS. MINNIE GILMORE.

A wail goes up from a far-off shore,
A cry that the nations have heard before,
Piercing the heart to its very core,
So full of anguish and woe;
'Tis the call of children—for bread they cry—
'Tis the groan of men who are willing to die,—
'Tis the moan of women with weeping eye,
As they see their homes laid low.

That land to each Irish heart is dear,
It nourished brave men in the bygone years,—
It holds our loved to our souls most near.
Shall we hear in vain that cry?
The very sod trembles beneath the feet
Of men determined the worst to meet,
To die for their country is death most sweet,
And the martyr's crown is on high.

Winter is here, and the Christmas tide
That brings good cheer to the world so wide,
Is near, but oh, what good doth abide
In the house where our fathers lived and died—
What cheer hath Erin to-day?
They cross the threshold—'tis home no more
Tho' their wives adorned it o'er and o'er,
And their little ones played around the door;
Oh, sorrowing mothers pray.

For starving and homeless ye wander forth
Ye who had plenty around your hearth.
While nature smiled on the fruitful earth,
And the hand of toil was strong;
Your little ones never knew woe or want,
But smiled at your pictures of poverty gaunt,
And shouted in mirth at the doleful chant
As processions passed along.

"What means it, mother?" "Ah, child, you shall know—
When the father is summoned, the father must go;"
You have answered them oft in a whisper low—
They see what it means to-day;
The plaint is rising from Erin's shore,
The nation has heard that sound before;
Is the Isle less dear than in days of yore,
That we fold our hands and listen no more,
Nor charity's call obey?

Are men less daring when hungry and cold,
When the tear-stained cheek of a wife they behold,
And the infant's cry of distress untold,
Strikes a pang to the father's heart?
And because misfortune comes unaware,
Will they meekly bow in mute despair,
Or, will they nobly rise up and dare,
Trusting in God who heareth their prayer,
And avenge the cruel smart?

MAYSVILLE, KY., December, 1879.

JOHN AND I.

"Come, John," said I cheerfully, "It really is time to go; if you stay any longer I shall be afraid to come down and lock the door after you."

My visitor rose—a proceeding that always reminded me of the genius emerging from the copper vessel, as he measured six feet three—and stood looking reproachfully down at me.

"You are in a great hurry to get rid of me," he said.

Now I didn't agree with him, for he had made his usual call of two hours and a half; having, in country phrase, taken to "sitting up" with me so literally that I was frequently at my wit's end to suppress the yawn that I knew it would bring a troop after it.

He was a fine, manly-looking fellow, this John Crawford, old for his age—which was the rather boyish period of 22—and every way worthy of being loved. But I didn't love him. I was seven years his senior; when, instead of letting the worm of concealment prey on his damask cheek, he ventured to tell his love for my mature self. I remorselessly seized an English prayer-book, and pointed sternly to the clause, "A man may not marry his grandmother." That was three years ago and I added, encouragingly, "besides, John, you are a child and don't know, your own mind."

"If a man of 19 doesn't know his mind" remonstrated my lover, "I would like to know who should. But I will wait for you seven years, if you say so—fourteen—as Jacob did for Rachael."

"You forget," I replied, laughing at his way of mending matters, "that a woman does not, like wine, improve with age. But, seriously, John, this is absurd; you are a nice boy, and I like you—but my feelings toward you are more those of a mother than a wife."

The boy's eyes flashed indignantly; and before I could divine his intention he had lifted me from the spot where I stood, and carried me infant-fashion, to the sofa, at the other end of the room.

"I could almost find it in my heart to shake you!" he muttered, as he set me down with emphasis.

This was rather like the courtship of William of Normandy, and matters promised to be quite exciting.

"Don't do that again," said I with dignity, when I recovered my breath.

"Will you marry me?" asked John somewhat threateningly.

"Not just at present," I replied.

"The great handsome fellow," I thought as he paced the floor restlessly, "why couldn't he fall in love with some girl of 15, instead of setting his affection on an old maid like me? I don't want the boy on my hands, and won't have him!"

"As to your being 26," persued John, in answer to my thoughts, "you say its down in the family Bible, and I suppose it must be so; but no one would believe it; and I don't care if you're 40. You look like a girl of 16, and you are the only woman I shall ever love."

"Oh, John, John! at least five millions of men have said the same thing before in every known language. Nevertheless, when you fairly break down and cry, I relent—for I am disgracefully soft-hearted—and weakly promise then and there that I will either keep my own name or take yours." For love is a very dog in he manger, and John looked radiant at this concession. It was a comfort to know that if he could not gather the flower himself, no one else would.

A sort of family shipwreck had wafted John to my threshold. Our own household was sadly broken up, and I found myself comparatively young in years, with a half-invalid father, a large house, and very little money. What more natural than to take boarders? And among the first were Mr. Cranford and his son, and sister, who had just been wrecked themselves by the death of the wife and mother in a foreign land—one of those sudden, unexpected deaths, that leave the survivors in a dazed condition, because it is so difficult to imagine the gay worldling who has been called hence in another state of being.

Mr. Cranford was one of my admirations from the first. Tall, pale, with dark hair and eyes, he reminded me of Dante, only that he was handsomer; and he had such a general air of knowing everything worth knowing (without the least pedantry, however,) that I was quite afraid of him. He was evidently wrapped up in John, and patient with his sister—which was asking quite enough of Christian charity under the sun, for Mrs. Shellgrove was an unmitigated nuisance. *Such* a talker! babbling of her own and her brother's affairs with equal indiscretion and treating the latter as though he were an incapable infant.

They stayed with us for three years, and during that time I was fairly persecuted about John. Mrs. Shellgrove wrote me a letter on the subject, in which she informed me that the whole family were ready to receive me with open arms—a prospect that I did not find at all alluring. They seemed to have their hearts set upon me as a person peculiarly fitted to train John in the way he should go. Everything, I was told, depended on his getting the right kind of a wife.

A special interview with Mr. Cranford, at his particular request, touched me considerably.

"I hope," said he "that you will not refuse my boy, Miss Edna. He has set his heart so fully upon you, and you are everything that I could desire in a daughter. I want some one to pet. I feel sadly lonely at times, and I am sure that you would just fill the vacant niche."

I drew my hand away from his caress and almost felt like hating John Cranford. Life with him would be one of ease and luxury; but I decided that I had rather keep boarders.

Not long after this the Cranfords concluded to go to housekeeping, and Mrs. Shellgrove was in her glory. She always came to luncheon now in her bonnet, and gave us minute details of all that had been done and talked of about the house in the last twenty-four hours.

"It is really magnificent," said she, lengthening out each sylable. "Brother has such perfect taste. And he is actually furnishing the library, Miss Edna, after your suggestion. You see, we look upon you quite as one of the family."

"That is very good of you," I replied, shortly; "but I certainly have no expectation of ever belonging to it."

Mrs. Shellgrove laughed as though I had perpetrated an excellent joke.

"Young ladies always deny these things, of course; but John tells a different story.

I rattled the cups and saucers angrily; and my thoughts floated off not to John, but to John's father, sitting lonely in the library furnished after my suggestion. Wasn't it, after all, my duty to marry the family generally?

The house was finished and moved into and John spent his evenings with me. I used to get dreadfully tired of him. He was really too devoted to be at all interesting, and I had reached that state of feeling which, if summarily ordered to take my choice between him and the gallows, I would have prepared myself for hanging with a sort of cheerful alacrity.

I locked the door upon John on the evening in question, when I had finally gotten rid of him, with these feelings in full force; and I meditated while undressing on some desperate move that would bring matters to a crisis.

But the boy had become roused at last. He, too, had reflected in the watches of the night; and next day I received quite a dignified letter from him, telling me that business called him from the city for two or three weeks, and that possibly on his return I might appreciate his devotion better. I felt inexpressibly relieved. It appeared to me the most sensible move that John had made in the whole course of our acquaintance, and I began to breathe with more freedom.

Time flew, however, and the three weeks lengthened to six without John's return. He wrote to me, but his letters became somewhat constrained; and I scarcely knew what to make of him. If he would only give me up, I thought; but I felt sure that he would hold me to that weak promise of mine, that I should either become Edna Cranford or remain Edna Carrington.

"Mr. Cranford" was announced one evening, and I entered the parlor fully prepared for an overdose of John, but found myself confronted by his father.

He looked very grave, and instantly I imagined all sorts of things, and reproached myself for my coldness.

"John is well?" I gasped, finally.

"Quite well," was the reply, in such kind tones that I felt sure there was something wrong.

What it was I cared not, but poured forth my feelings impetuously to my astonished visitor.

"He must not come here again!" I exclaimed. "I do not wish to see him. Tell him so, Mr. Cranford! tell him that I had rather remain Edna Carrington as he made me promise, than to become Edna Cranford."

"And he made you promise this!" was the reply. "The selfish fellow! But, Edna, what am I to do without the little girl I have been expecting? I am very lonely—so lonely that I do not see how I can give her up."

I glanced at him, and the room seemed swimming round—everything was dreadfully unreal. I tried to sit down, and was carried tenderly to the sofa.

"Shall it be Edna Carrington, or Edna Cranford?" he whispered. "You need not break your promise to John."

"Edna Cranford," I replied, feeling that I had left the world entirely, and was in another sphere of existence.

If the thought crossed my mind that Mr. Cranford had rather cheerfully supplanted his son, the proceeding was fully justified during the visit which I soon received from that young gentleman. I tried to make it plain to him that I did him no wrong, as I had never professed to love him, though not at all sure that I wouldn't receive the shaking threatened on a previous occasion, and I endeavored to be as tender as possible, for I felt really sorry for him.

To my great surprise, John laughed.

"Well, this is jolly!" he exclaimed. "And I'm not a villain, after all. What do you think of her, Edna?"

He produced an ivorytype in a rich velvet case—a pretty, little, blue-eyed simpleton, she looked about 17.

"Rose," he continued—"Rose Darling, the name suits her, doesn't it? She was staying at my uncles in Maryland—that's where I've been visiting, you know—and she's such a dear little confiding thing that a fellow couldn't help falling in love with her. And she thinks no end of me, you see; says she's quite afraid of me and all that."

John knew that I wasn't a bit afraid of him; but I felt an elder sisterly sort of interest in his happiness, and had never liked him so well as at that moment. And this was the dreadful news that his father had come to break to me, when his narrative was nipped in the bud by my revelations, and the interview ended in a far more satisfactory manner than either of us had anticipated.

So I kept my promise to John after all, and as Miss Rose kept hers, he is now a steady married man, and a very agreeable son-in-law.

Being asked what made him so dirty, a street arab replied, "I was made so they tell me, of dust, and I suppose it works out."

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Chicago—Snow—Big Papers—Booms, &c.

I arrived at Chicago Monday evening. It was cold and looked squally. Tuesday morning it was snowing.

Among the booms, the news paper men alone seem to be getting it the wrong way. The price of paper has increased so much that the Chicago Times has raised one cent in price or six cents a copy, and no supplements.

The other papers are holding out at five cents yet, but there's no knowing where it is going to stop. Type, presses and all kinds of machinery are going up and stand firm at better prices. Guess it's a bad time to buy.

Iron and steel have almost doubled and railroad iron is so high again that it is going to stop some railroad building that would have been done, but for the rise.

All Chicago are beginning to count on the great convention in June, and politics and business are expected to boom together. They think the democratic convention may drop here too, and local pride in their city runs high. Grant or Blaine is the query; and as yet no man knoweth. MAC.

How to Keep Teeth Clean and Healthful.

As I am not aware of anything practically new in the way of dentifrices, I can only allude to them as auxiliaries or assistants in promoting cleanliness, and in neutralizing the abnormal acidity so commonly present in the oral cavity. No one has yet discovered the magic prophylactic, notwithstanding the absurd claims of the venders of various nostrums, such as "Sozodent." Of this article I will testify to what is also well known by most dentists namely, that it destroys the color of the teeth, turning them to a decidedly dark yellow.

There is, of course, quite a general use of tooth brushes by the people, but not uncommonly an abuse of them for want of proper instruction. It is getting to be better understood by both dentists and patients now than formerly that a crosswise brushing is not wise, but that the upper teeth should be brushed downward, and the lower teeth upward. It is a common mistake not to brush thoroughly the buccal and posterior surfaces of the third molars, and lingual surfaces of the lower front teeth. I am sure that nothing like an adequate amount of care is given to this preventive service. It cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of the guardians of children that they should see that the practice of brushing the teeth thoroughly is begun as early as possibly, so that it shall become a habit to be continued through life.

Concerning the forms of brushes, I will say that straight brushes are utterly impracticable no the surfaces to which I have referred as the ones most neglected. Curved brushes with a tuft end, bud shaped or convex, are the best. There are several favored forms that are quite efficient in the line I have spoken of. One of these, named the "Windsor," I have faithfully tried for twenty months past, and introduced it very generally in my practice, and I feel that it meets the indications better than any other within my knowledge. The faithful use of floss silk between the teeth ought to be earnestly recommended; also the *quill* toothpick. The wood toothpicks so generally furnished at public eating places are a source of much evil to the soft tissues between the teeth. All kinds of metallic toothpicks are objectionable, though I am aware that it is the practice of some dentists to commend them to their patients.

The value of a decided polished surface of the tooth becomes very apparent to those who have had the operation performed; the facility with which such teeth can be kept clean is evident and although this condition may have been secured at considerable expense, yet it is an investment that will pay a good rate of interest, I do not think many dentists have much idea of the beautiful polish that a human tooth will take. Many teeth are capable of a great improvement in this direction which are now a decided detriment to what might otherwise be a pleasing face. We know that the general idea among the people is, that interfering with the surfaces of the teeth destroys the enamel, but we also know that this is a popular error.—G. A. Mills, in Dental Cosmos.

The Banana Tree.

Throughout the tropical regions, the banana forms the chief subsistance of whole races of men. It is, indeed, inferior to grain in nutritive qualities, but produces much more yield to the acre. Half an acre planted with wheat in Europe, would support only two persons while in bananas, in the tropics, it would maintain fifty. It has been calculated that a plat of ground 100 yards square, in bananas, will yield 4000lbs in nutritive substance and, consequently, that this fruit is, in amount of product, as 133 to 1 compared with wheat, and 44 to 1 compared with potatoes.

The easy conditions of growth and the facility of its cultivation are also greatly in favor of the banana. The tree in its tropical home, is about 15 feet in height, consisting of a single stem, round and straight greenish-yellow in color, and surmounted by a spreading crown of broad oval leaves six feet in length by 18 inches in breadth. A thick, strong back stem runs through the centre of the leaves, but they are, nevertheless, so delicate that the wind frequently tears them.

A tuft of blossoms appear in the middle of this leafy crown some six or eight months after the germination of the plant. These are succeeded by a cluster of delicious fruit some eight inches in length by one in diameter, so familiar to us in our seaboard cities. These clusters, which often weigh from 50 to 75 pounds, sometimes include from 100 to 150 separate bananas. When the cluster is cut off the severed stem dries up and new shoots rapidly spring from its base preparatory to a fresh yield of fruit, which will appear in the course of six months.

The cultivation of this precious tree is accomplished by simply protecting it from injury and turning the soil at its root, while its culinary preparation is achieved by mere boiling, baking, or roasting, although it