# THE HERALD.

JNO A. MACMURPHY, - EDITOR.

PLATTSMOUTH, MARCH 18, 1880.

### Meeting of Republican State Central Committee.

The members of the Republican State Central Committee are hereby called to meet at the Commercial Hotel in Lincoln, on Thursday, the 8th day of April, 1880, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of completing the organization of the Committee, and transacting such other business as may properly come before the same.

JAMES W. DAWES, Chairman.

Crete, Neb., March 15, 1880.

The member for the 4th district, (ours) is Hon. Orlando Tefft.

BOWKER, shot at Milford by the man Grangers, died Friday.

IF Chas. H. Gere didn't happen to write something good it wouldn't hurt "them democrat fellows" so badly.

Do let Paul tell that little Andersonville story as often as he pleases. He can get a "sub" while he's out on a talk.

STATE Teachers Association at Seward March 30th. "Our Educational Tendencies" is what our Prof. Love will tell 'em all about.

SOME of Hon. J. Sterling Morton's friends think his brain is softening—He has subscribed for two extra copies of the State Democrat.

AN inspection of Coal Oils at Omaha reveals the fact that much of the oil in the market is way below proof and ought to be prohibited from being sold. How is it here?

MCBRIDE is still after the scalp of Peter Birkhauser, "Reformer," Richardson County; likewise the Republican's friend Howe, once Master of an institution called "The Grange."

THERE are a whole lot of enterprising fellows round in the state who are setting their pins for Congress. We just want to live long enough to pull some of those pins out and leave the hole open.

THE "old man" of the HERALD writes to us from 'Precept," that is to say M. H. Hathaway, and he is Grangering and Census-taking and so on, with a good heart and good success. "More power to him."

A COMMITTEE waited on Tilden to see if he and John Kelly couldn't make it up. The great cipherer said "No!" John Kelly was only a Ward bummer in his estimation and must retract, as his (Tilden's) cause was national and Kelly's only personal. Kelly says, bummer or not, he'll bum old Sammy out of existence yet. And the clans are gathering for "wah."

THE Omaha News, referring to the bouncing out of Morton and Miller by the democratic central committee, thinks that a party which sits down upon its brains is in bad shape.

Did the democratic party, of late years, ever have any brains except where it would be obliged to sit down on 'em, or eat crow off a shelf.

THE U. P. and the B. & M. are having a tussle at Omaha over the right of way from the B. & M. to the Omaha & Northern Railway. The B. & M. sent an engine and some cars up and the U. P. backed across the track. The B. & M. engine was chained down to stay there. Pending the steam fight the big bosses got up a wind fight by aid of Lawyers; the B. & M. getting out an injunction forbidding the U. P. from interfering and the U. P. one restraining the B. & M. from crossing the track. Who says monopoly won't fight now.

MISS RAYMOND, of Georgia, commenced suit against Senator Hill of Georgia for seduction, employing Mrs. Belva Lockwood as her attorney. After the papers were all made out and signed by Miss Raymond, Mrs. Lockwood was astonished to read in the papers a statement from Miss Raymond that the suit was not commenced with her consent and Senator Hill was not the guilty party. Further developments reveal that Miss Raymond was approached by the friends of Hill and bought off by the payment of her board, &c. Mrs. Lockwood probably could not imagine a woman possessed of so little backbone, having demonstrated the possession of a sufficiency herself. Since writing the above Mrs. L. has published an open challenge to Ben Hill, charging him with ruining at least three families and daring him to go into the courts and get damages if her statements were not true.

### That Tariff.

Mr. Congressman take it off, put it out, give the thing a chance. We mean the tariff on paper. Tell you why—it's a good chance to experiment and you can't hurt anybody. If you tamper with a man's tobacco he growls, raise his whisky and he howls, take away his sugar and he votes "agin yer" but now nobody cares about the Newspapers, take half of 'em away and the people would be better off, they can't vote and we want this question settled. Does a tariff make things higher, or if you take it off do they get lower. The tariff men claim quinine went up after the tariff was abated. Now just try white paper to prove the thing. Nobody chews white paper, drinks it, nor does it sweeten anybody (now a days.) Take off the tariff slick and clean. If she still goes up, tariff ain't to blame, if she comes down, we give it up and away goes your protection. Perhaps our Senator friend, who has the ear of the President, would suggest to Rutherford to send in a Message and ask Congress to reduce the tariff on paper, soda ash, etc. The'd do it in a minit if he asked them.

For the HERALD.

### The Farmers' Creed.

"Early to bed, and early to rise."—FRANKLIN.

We believe every farm is entitled to have a good farmer.

We believe the soil lives to eat as well as the farmer, and should therefore be well fed—manured.

We believe in diving deep; hence deep plowing and plenty of it.

We believe in raising large crops to be fed out on the farm, thus improving the condition of the farm, and the farmer at the same time.

We believe the best fertilizer of the soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence, without which salt, lime, gypsum and guano will be of very little use.

We believe in having good horses, cattle and hogs.

We believe in having good hedges, houses, barns, orchards, good fruit and good children to gather the fruit, and

We believe in good schools and good churches to gather the children in, and finally

We believe in God the Creator and Ruler of the Universe, who doeth all things well.

CAN'T you fellows wait until we really have a new census and a new apportionment, and find out how many Congressmen we are entitled to and how the districts will be located. Then *we* voters will tell you who we want to represent us in Washington.

### Notes from Furnas County.

INDITED BY THE OLD MAN.

FRIEND MAC:—I feel it a duty to make good my pledge to occasionally drop you a communication, but the eternal sameness of things here makes it a difficult task to write anything that would be likely to interest readers at such a distance. We have not had a severe storm. destructive fire, Indian raid, or anything to create a sensation; not even mud enough to keep the pegs from getting loose in our shoes! The same bright sunshiny days, and gentle winds, warm enough for a man to perform his work in shirt sleeves, has been the rule here during the entire winter. Of course we have had a few cold, blustering days, but not many, and only one snow, which occurred about Christmas, but only lay on the ground a few days. We have not had a rain sufficient to wet the ground since last September. I think I hear you say, "nobody can live in such a country, where everything is dried and parched up in that fashion," but there is just where you would be mistaken. We have a soil here capable of enduring greater extremes of either drouth or wet than any that I ever saw in my life. At this time wheat, that was sown a week ago and well put in, is coming up nicely, and many people have finished sowing their wheat for this year. I hear of people planting potatoes, onions, etc.

I stated in a former letter that Furnas County was better supplied with timber and water than any County in the State, which I believe to be correct; but I wish to explain that the grounds upon which this statement is based, is the evenness with which both are distributed over the entire county. Any one can see by a glance at the map that we have three good sized streams passing from west to east, with many tributaries entering each one, and there are many small streams not marked upon any map, that all have timber and water in abundance. Go in any direction you please, and you will find a bright, clear stream of water, with rock or gravel bed, and a belt of timber skirting its banks about every two to five miles of your journey.

The people in this section fail to see why the B. & M. should have continued their road up the Republican, instead of cressing it near Orleans and going up either the Beaver or Sappa, thereby heading off any other road from ever entering the country lying between the U. P. and the K. P. The route which they have selected carries them up so near the U. P., that a good opening is left for a road south of them through a rich country that is rapidly filling up with enterprising and thrifty farmers. It surely can be but a short time before we shall have a road passing up either the Beaver, Sappa or Prairie Dog, and either one would accommodate us, and we are content to abide our time.

There are many excellent water powers in this county waiting for some enterprising capitalist to utilize them, and thereby benefit himself and the surrounding community. Like all new countries, what is most needed here now is capital and enterprise; we are pretty well supplied with the bone and muscle—the rank and file; all that is wanting now is the officers of energy and ability, with pockets full of ammunition (money.)

Immigrants are beginning to come in lively within the past week, and the covered wagons can be seen at almost any time. There is very little vacant land to be found in this region, yet many shiftless fellows are willing to sell their improvements at a reasonable figure. We anticipate the census in June, if correctly taken in these western counties, will astonish some of our eastern friends. Some estimate the increase in population of this Co. for the past twelve months at 50 per cent, but I think it will be greater than that even.

Well, I see you have finally had that fire in Plattsmouth that I have been looking for so long. Why did you not have it where it should have been—further down Main street? I can't see why you wanted to burn out Uncle Gregory, Smyock, Leonard, Merges, etc., who are all good boys, and pay you promptly. The only conclusion I can come to is that you wanted a clearer view of Main Street from the HERALD office, so you could see over to Billy Baker's! and if my recollection of the geography of that country is correct, you have got it.

Health of the country generally good. I hear of a few cases of typhoid fever. Buds on cottonwood and elm trees swollen and look nearly ready to put forth leaves. HOMESTEADER.

### Elmwood Points.

The original Points from Central Park.

It seems that the HERALD received Points last week from this place by Telegraph, now we want a rail-road.

Fifteen new houses can be counted in these parts. Mr. Judy from Iowa, has located on an 80 south of the store about a quarter. Mr. King from Canada has located on a 160 near Mr. Turner's. Mr. Woodruff has a new well.

Rob. McDonald to Miss White, at the squire's office, Joy go with them. Mr. Muttersbaugh has gone to Illinois, after his intended, we expect him back to-day.

Mrs. Leofbourrow's school closed last week. The school board has offered her the school for next term.

Farmers all busy.

Mr. Clapp has rented his place to Mr. Virt. Chas. is at home one week in four.

H. VanEpps has sold out to Mr. Smith from Illinois. Harry expects to go to the northern part of Nebraska.

Frank Osburn starts this week for the Black Hills.

A Ball every month in Greenslate's Hall.

Rev. Alton is away from home, holding meetings. Preaching in nearly every school-house by some denomination nearly every Sunday. The United Brethren have been quite successful in their protracted effort at Tipton.

The Methodists held meetings in different parts of Elmwood circuit for eight weeks, some forty-five united with the church.

Mrs. Dr. Kenaston is quite sick.

Dr. Hobbs amputated a fatty tumor from the heavy muscles of the thighs of Mr. Hill, weighing 18½ oz.

Mr. J. M. Kuntz's little boy, about five years old, was nigh unto death with an abscess of the right lung. Our worthy and successful physician Dr. Hobbs was called, he at once thrust his instrument between the ribs striking the base of the abscess, extracting 7½ pt. of liquid, the boy is now running around.

Wanted a jail.

Mr. Coles has sued the B. & M. R. R. Co. for killing his colt at South Bend, by running over it.

$5.00 reward for the thieves, who stole the Preacher's hay, the night of the dance.

Yesterday Mr. Porter and Ogden who has just moved in here, commenced quarreling about a hog pen, one word brought on another between old gentlemen Ogden and Porter, until young Ogden came running from the stable, drawing his knife and threatening to murder Porter. Porter picked up a stone and threw it at Ogden, he dodged the stone and threw the knife at Porter, striking him in the face, then ran to the house throwing the spade at Porter as he went, Porter throwing stones after him. The old man then came at Porter with an ax, but was stopped by Harvey Kenaston, by this time a few came to the grounds and brought about peace.

Porter then arrested Ogden on the ground of an assault with the intent to kill, they finally settled it by Porter paying the costs, and Ogden signing the paper to keep the peace. This morning Ogden has Porter under arrest, do not know how they will come out. REPORTER.

### Weeping Water Notes.

MARCH 15, 1880.

ED HERALD:—Another week has passed since my last letter to you and here I am again. To continue the review of W. W. business houses:

Mr. Gus. Barry is doing a good lively trade in Harness making and repairing and gives general satisfaction.

Our "Meat Market" man, S. A. Ripley, is always at his stand now, doing a good business and ready to cut you a first-class roast, boil or fry from beef or pork, &c.

We have two good wagon makers and repairers, T. Bull and Mr. Russell, who are always ready to do good work in their line.

Mr. Thorp keeps the only Hotel in W. W., styled the W. W. House, call and see him, everything is neat and clean and well worth your patronage.

A. L. Hawley is our Jeweler, who will do you a No. 1 work, in his line, on short notice, call and see him.

We have here also, a No. 1 Barber Shop, Otis Wilson, Proprietor, we pronounce him one of the best barbers in the State and worthy of patronage. Ote talks some of leaving but we hope that the good people here will give him more work to do, it is to our best interests to keep him here and we hope all will give their mite of patronage to help him along.

D. Dudley is now proprietor of our "Temperance Billiard Hall," has a good set of tables and is doing a good trade.

Mrs. A. Joseph, the Misses Bates and Miss Isa Reed are now our Milliners, Hairdressers and Dressmakers. Each having separate establishments, and all doing a good business.

D. E. Jones and Mr. Reeves are blacksmiths, both are having an abundance of work to do just now, they do good work and cheap, just try them and see.

J. Marshall & Son are building a lean-to addition to their store for a workshop; they are doing a heavy Boot and Shoe business now, trade increases and more room is needed.

W. D. Gibbon, M. D., has bought the workshop, formerly owned by Ratmour & Bull and has moved it down west of the W. W. House, will refit it and rent as a business house.

More by-and-bye from OD. E. T

"How to tell Bad Eggs," is the title of an article in an exchange. When you have anything to tell a bad egg, you must be careful not to break the shell while imparting the information.

## Our Temperance Column.

EDITED BY THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

"For God, and Home, and Native Land."

### The Public Library

Is now kept in the office of Will S. Wise, and will be open for the loaning and exchange of books every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, from 1 to 3 o'clock, and on Saturday evenings, from 7 to 9. 44tf

### The Fate of a Fast Young Man.

(Written in the Illinois State prison.)

It's curious, isn't it, Billy,
The change that twelve months may bring.
Last year I was at Saratoga,
As happy and rich as a king;
I was raking in pools on the races,
And feeding the waiters with "Ten,"
And sipping mint juleps by twilight,
And To-day I am here in the "Pen."

"What led me do it?" what always
Leads men to destruction and crime?
The prodigal son, whom you've read of,
Has altered some what in his time;
He spends his substance as freely
As the Biblical fellow of old;
But when it is gone he fancies
The husks will turn into gold.

Champagne, a box at the opera,
High steps while fortune is flush,
Th passionate kiss of Women
Whose cheeks have forgotten to blush.
The old, old story Billy,
Of pleasures that end in tears,
The froth that foams for an hour,
The drugs that are tasted for years.

Last night, as I sat here and pondered
On the end of my evil ways,
There arose like a phantom before me
The vision of boyhood days,
I thought of my old home, Billy,
Of the school-house that stood on the hill;
Of the brook that flowed through the meadow,
I can e'en hear its music still.

Again I thought of my mother,
Of the mother who taught me to pray;
Whose love was a precious treasure
That I heedlessly cast away.
I saw again in my visions
The fresh-lipped, careless boy,
To whom the future was boundless,
And the world but a mighty toy.

I thought of all this as I sat here,
Of my ruined and wasted life,
And the pangs of remorse were bitter,
They pierced my heart like a knife,
It takes some courage, Billy,
To laugh in the face of fate,
When the yearning ambitious of manhood
Are blasted at twenty-eight.

### The Work of Strong Drink.

Strong drink cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out real attachment, blights paternal hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversy, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes victims for your scaffolds.

It is the life-blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, emboldens the thief, and encourages the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher the helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind the parricidal axe. It burns up man, consumes woman, blasts life, curses God, and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes votes, disqualifies voters, corrupts elections, pollutes institutions, and endangers government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malevolence of a fiend it calmly surveys its frightful desolation, and unsatiated with havoc it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins mortals, blights confidence, slays reputation and wipes out national honor; then curses the world, and laughs at its ruin. It does all that and more. It murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies, the father of all crimes, the mother of all abominations; Satan's best friend, and man's worst.—The Christian.

In a memorial to their bishops, 14,000 of the clergy of the Church of England make the following statement: "We, the undersigned clergy of England, venture respectfully to to appeal to your lordships as the only members of our order in Parliament as such, most earnestly to support measures for the further restriction of the trade in intoxicating liquors in this country. We are convinced most of us, from an intimacy with the people extending over many years, that their condition can never be greatly improved, whether intellectually, physically, or religiously, so long as intemperance extensively prevails among them, and that intemperance will prevail so long as temptations to it abound on every side."

The following statement is signed by 67 of the leading business men and citizens of Cohocton, New York: "We cheerfully say, that during the past six years in which we had no license, business of all kinds has been better than when licenses were granted, and the law has been enforced. Men who formerly spent their money for liquor, now use it in buying dry goods, groceries, and other useful articles. The experiment of no license in Cohocton has proved a grand success, and we are fully satisfied with the result."

When a key was called for and the gentleman pulled out a cork-screw, some one remarked that that was the key that unlocked his gait.—Boston Post.

Why have we a geographical reason for not getting drunk?

Because we live in the temperate zone.

Cincinnati school boy's thought—"Wonder whether Napoleon ever sat down on a pin without hollerin?"

My native land! 'mid the cabin homes,
Amid thy palaces, a demon roams;
Frenzied with rage, yet subtle in his wrath,
He crushes thousands in his fiery path;
Stalks through our cities unabashed and throws
Into the cup of sorrow bitter woes—
Gives to pangs of grief an added smart,
With keenest anguish wrings the breaking heart,
Drags the proud spirit from its envied height,
And breathes on fondest hopes a killing blight,
Heralds the shroud, the coffin, and the pall,
And the graves thicken where his footsteps fall!

William H. Burleigh.

There may be seen daily on Chestnut street, a man dressed in faultless apparel, with a great diamond on his breast vainly endeavoring to out-glitter the magnificent solitaire on his finger. In a German University he learned chemistry, and not even Liebig knew it better. His business is the mixing and adulterating of liquors. Give him a dozen casks of deodorized alcohol, and the next day each of them will represent the name of a genuine wine or popular spirit. He enters a wholesale drug-store, bearing a large basket upon his arm. Five pounds of Iceland moss are weighed out to him. To raw liquors this imparts a smoothness and oleaginousness that give to imitation brandy the glibness of that which is matured. An astringent catechu that would almost close the mouth of a glass inkstand is next in order. A couple of ounces of strychnine, next called for, are quickly conveyed to his vest pocket, and a pound of white vitriol is as silently placed in the bottom of the basket. The oil of cognac, the sulphuric acid, and other articles that give fire and body to liquor poisons, are always kept in store. The miser buys these from various quarters. They are staples of the art. —Philadelphia Bulletin.

### A Good Housewife.

The good housewife, when she is giving her house its spring renovating, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than many houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she must know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines. See other column.

### Montreal Heard From.

R. L. Mosely, of Montreal, Canada, certified Sept. 27, 1879, that he had suffered terribly from dyspepsia, and was completely cured by taking Warner's Safe Bitters. He says: "My appetite is good, and I now suffer no inconvenience from eating hearty meals." These Bitters are also a specific for all skin diseases. 41t13

### Servants in Italy.

In Italy the vocation of servant is an honorable one in itself; or, at least, as it implies no personal inconvenience or sense of inferiority, the self-respect is inviolate, and the inmate manhood or womanhood of the valet or maid is on a level with that of the master or mistress, and always so recognized and respected. Their manners, too, are fashioned after the politeness of good society; so that, in courtesy of speech and general deportment, both classes are virtually on the same footing. The oldest civilization of the globe has interpenetrated deeply in the habits of thought and customs of each, establishing distinct permanent classes, to common advantage, free of mental reproach, or prejudice, and singularly free and easy in social relations, without the slightest disturbance to the respective parts they fill in life, and those individuals whose living depends upon the transitory wants of travelers, can form but an inadequate idea of the actual relation between the two social extremes of master and servant in the average Italian household. It is almost patriachal in character. I have known three generations—mother, daughter and grandchild—in service in the same family. As in marriage, both sides are inclined to keep together until death do them part, unless for some cogent reason. There is nothing like caste in the servant's position, for he or she usually comes from the peasantry, than whom, especially in Tuscany there does not exist anywhere a more sturdy independent, self-respecting and asserting, yet courteous, class of people. This is particularly true of the Pistoian and Lucchese mountaineers, who cultivate their own lands, and can always gain a subsistence. Frugal, friendly, and virtuous at home, respectful and polite to strangers, self-unconscious and perfectly at ease in their deportment, with strong ties of family and neighborhood, and quick intellects, they carry these qualities into the vocation of servants whenever they assume it, as they frequently do as a relief to overgrown households at home. Their employers are chiefly of the old nobility or landed proprietors, whose conservative ideas and modes of life are in harmony, in the main, with those of the peasants themselves. They require but little drill to fit them for their new positions, and when they have mastered the requirements of a somewhat elaborate household, there are no more companionable, useful, and trustworthy servants—devoid of nonsense and desirous to please, putting heart into their work, and becoming so attached to their new homes as to make their interests their own—to be found in any land.

### Weighting Silks.

The weighting of silks has grown to be an evil of such magnitude, that experts who have devoted special study to the subject do not hesitate to affirm, of the practice in France, that its effects are becoming positively ruinous to the silk-growing departments of that country. M. Moyret, whose opinions on the subject we have already had occasion to notice, in a recent communication in Reidman's Färber-Zeitung, shows that the high-class products of France are no longer in demand, for the reason that inferior and cheaper foreign silks serve quite as well for loaded tissues. Hence, according to the writer, these districts, already suffering from the ravages of the phylloxera and from the loss of the madder trade, are in the utmost distress.

He makes the suggestion that the same principle that is followed in the valuation and sale of gold and silver should be adopted with silks, namely, that the proportions of the real article and of the weighting matters be exactly specified, and that a central office for the cheap and expeditious assay of silks should be opened at Lyons. In conclusion, it may not be without interest to note, that M. Moyret credits a New York firm with the unenviable distinction of having practiced the most excessive weighting of silk that has come to his knowledge.

Pope Pius VII., who occupied the Pontifical Chair from 1801 to 1823, was fond of a shrewd practical joke. The licenser brought him the manuscript of a book on the prophesies written by a priest, who had fixed on the year 1830 as "the end." The Pope desired that license should be given him to publish it in 1831.

A young artist has painted the picture of a dog under a tree, and the work is so artistically done that none but the best connoisseurs can tell the bark of the tree from that of the dog.

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Office U. S. Marshal, Kalamazoo, Apr. 15, '79.

B. J. Kendall, DEAR SIR:—I received the two bottles of your spavin cure forwarded by express in January last. I am happy to state that it performed all your advertisement called for. In three weeks after I commenced using it, the spavin was entirely removed and a valuable horse restored to usefulness. Very truly yours, JOHN PARKER.

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44tf

New Restaurant.

DAVIS & CO.

have opened a

*NEW RESTAURANT,*

In the old Ben Hemple place, next door to Donelan's Drug Store; where

WARM MEALS

can be found at all hours, positively. This will be a No. 1

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