THE HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
—AT—
PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

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

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THE HERALD.

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ISAAC WILES, Plattsmouth Precinct.
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Parties having business with the County Commissioners, will find them in session the First Monday and Tuesday of each month. 431f

City Directory.

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J. D. SIMPSON, City Clerk.
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W. D. JONES, Chief of Police.
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Postmaster—JNO. W. MARSHALL.

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Keep the best of
Beer, Wines, Liquors & Cigars.
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B. & M. R. R. Time Table.

Taking Effect December 5, 1880.

FOR OMAHA FROM PLATTSMOUTH.

Leaves 7:20 a. m.	Arrives 8:30 a. m.
" 2:45 p. m.	" 4:00 p. m.
" 7:00 a. m.	" 9:10 a. m.

FROM OMAHA FOR PLATTSMOUTH.

Leaves 8:50 a. m.	Arrives 10:00 a. m.
" 6:35 p. m.	" 7:35 p. m.
" 7:00 " "	" 9:00 " "

FOR THE WEST.

Leaves Plattsmouth 9:20 a. m. Arrives Lincoln, 12:05 p. m.; Arrives Kearney, 7:40 p. m. Leaves Plattsmouth at 7:25 p. m.; arrives at Lincoln at 9:50 p. m.
Freight leaves at 8:50 a. m. and at 8:10 p. m. Arrive at Lincoln at 4:55 p. m. and 2:00 a. m.

FROM THE WEST.

Leaves Kearney, 5:30 a. m. Leaves Lincoln, 1:00 p. m. Arrives Plattsmouth, 3:30 p. m.
Leaves Lincoln at 5:45 a. m., arrives at Plattsmouth 8 a. m.
Freight leaves Lincoln at 12:05 p. m. and 6:40 p. m. Arrives at Plattsmouth at 5:55 p. m. and 11:55p. m.

GOING EAST.

Passenger trains leave Plattsmouth at 7:00 a. m., 8:05 a. m., 3:40 p. m. and arrive at Pacific Junction at 7:30 a. m., 8:30 a. m. and 4:10 p. m.

FROM THE EAST.

Passenger trains leave Pacific Junction at 8:30 a. m., 6:45 p. m., 10:00 a. m. and arrive at Plattsmouth at 9:00 a. m., 7:15 p. m. and 10:30 a. m.

R. V. R. R. Time Table.

Taking Effect Sunday, December 5, 1880.

WEST.	STATIONS.	EAST.
8:15p m	HASTINGS.	12:10am
6:15	AYR.	11:05
7:25	BLUE HILL.	10:35
8:20	COWLES.	9:20
8:55	AMBOY.	8:25
9:40	RED CLOUD.	8:00
10:15	INAVALE.	6:35
10:55	RIVERTON.	6:10
11:40	FRANKLIN.	5:10
12:10pm	BLOOMINGTON.	4:45
12:35	NAPONEE	4:10
1:25	RED CREEK	3:40
1:50	ALMA	2:55
2:25	ORLEANS	2:25
2:50	OXFORD	1:45
3:50	ARAPAHOE	12:50am
5:00	ALMA	11:40

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF PLATTSMOUTH MAILS.

ARRIVES.		DEPARTS.
7:30 p. m.	EASTERN.	7:00 a. m.
9:30 a. m.		3:00 p. m.
8:00 a. m.	WESTERN.	8:30 a. m.
3:30 p. m.		6:15 p. m.
11:00 a m	NORTHERN.	3:00 p. m
7:30 p. m.	SOUTHERN.	7:00 a. m
10:30 a m.	OMAHA	7:45 a. m.
7:30 p. m.		2:00 p. m.
11:00 a m.	WEEPING WATER.	1:00 p. m
11:00 a m.	FACTORYVILLE.	1:00 p. m

Nov. 10, 1880. J. W. MARSHALL, P. M.

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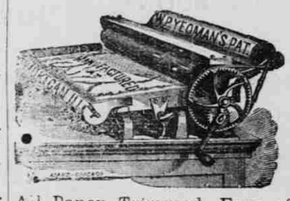

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Prescriptions Carefully Compounded by an Experienced Druggist.
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Dry Goods, Groceries
Tinware & Woodenware
and General Goods of all sorts.
CHEAP AND GOOD
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Meals 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.
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Fresh Bread every day at Stadelmann's, Plattsmouth. 26y1
Fresh Oysters on hand, in Every Style

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Cigars & Temperane Drinks
On hand at the counter.
It is a wide and spacious Hall; plenty of room for players and seats for visitors.
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The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.
A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, making the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.
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JOHN O'ROURKE ..... Assistant Cashier.
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Stocks, Bonds, Gold, Government and Local Securities
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Deposits Received and Interest Allowed on Time Certificates.
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Available in any part of the United States and in all the Principal Towns and Cities of Europe.
AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED
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PURCHASE TICKETS FROM US
Through to Plattsmouth.

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WEEPING WATER BANK
OF REED BROS.
This Bank is now open for the transaction of a
GENERAL
Banking Exchange Business.
DEPOSITS
Received, and Interest allowed on Time Certificates.
DRAFTS
Drawn, and available in the principal towns and cities of the United States and Europe.
Agents for the celebrated
Hamburg Line of Steamers.
Purchase your tickets from us,
Through from Europe to any Point in the West.
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At the old Stand opposite the new Hotel.
PUMPS, GAS-FITTING,
ALSO
Making & Repairing Done.

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New, Clean, First Class Meat Shop,
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Everybody on hand for fresh, tender meat.
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WAGON
AND
BLACKSMITH
SHOP.
Wagon, Buggy, Machine and Plow repairing, and general jobbing
I am now prepared to do all kinds of repairing of farm and other machinery, as there is a good lathe in my shop.
PETER RAUEN,
The old Reliable Wagon Maker
has taken charge of the wagon shop.
He is well known as a
NO. 1 WORKMAN.
New Wagons and Buggies made to Order.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Shop on Sixth street opposite Streight's Stable

A Quill-Driver's Vision.

BY M. A. BROWN.

Read before Beatrice Literary Society.

A quill-driver sat in his splint-bottomed chair,
And puffed at a three-cent cigar;
The paper was out, and his mind—free from care—
Was dead to each trivial jar.

The cry of "More Copy!" no more reached his ears;
The jar of the hand-press had ceased;
The mail was sent out as it had been for years,
And his spirits were rising like yeast.

Oft had they risen—as oft had they fell,
For Hope was his rod and his staff;
Yet with all of his backsets no mortal could tell
Why his harvest should always be chaff;

For his habits were good, and he worked like a Turk,
While he trailed like a sleuth-hound for news
To please his subscribers—e'r on the alert
To find the best sheet to peruse.

Thus sitting, and musing on Fortune's strange capers,—
Her frowns and her smiles—in mixed number
Bestowed upon mortals who ran county papers,
He dozed and dropped into sweet slumber.

Ah! Morpheus; strange are thy fanciful creatures
That troop through the dim land of dreams,
Life thou may'st breathe in a form with bright features,
Yet the form's not at all what it seems.

The quill-driver slumbered—maybe that he snored;
His brain with strange fancies was teeming;
And to all who will listen, and sit to be bored,
I'll relate this queer tale of his dreaming:

Hurled through space
At a furious pace
Was our knight of the paste-pot and Faber,
To a clime where surprise
Met his questioning eyes
As they viewed each new scene of his labor.

His "print-shop" was there—
E'en the splint-bottomed chair—
And each typo from foreman to devil;
And he said, "Well, now,
This is richness, I vow,
In making this change is my head quite level?

"Time alone can tell,
And I may do well.
'Tis surely no worse than the old location—
Where Grumbler and Growler
And Whiner and Howler
Harassed the best sheet in the Nation.

"There was Tubbs the tailor,
And Jones the jailor—
Each a professional newspaper bore—
Who each stopped his paper—
An economical caper,
And sponged from the neighbor next door.

"And dear Sister Sulfkins,
And good Brother Bilfkins,
Who haunted my sanctum full many a day;
One full of blab
As the other of gab—
With a notice each week—glorious cause—but no pay.

"And the candidate Duff
Asking only a puff:
Fine fellow; embryo statesman; grand talents;'
When this I know,
That with the best show
He's always found wanting when weighed in the balance.

His soliloquy's broken;
"Good morning" is spoken;
And a stranger steps up to his table:—
"Your paper a year;
Two dollars? Ah, here
Is the sum, sir; I'll pay while I'm able.

A caller again
Drops into his "den"
With an "ad" for a year for the paper.
"Just make out your bill,
For I've cash in the till"
Said the dealer, "and will pay every month;
Good day, sir.

A form in the door,
A step on the floor,
And the scribbler looks up from his writing;
While into his eyes
Creeps a glad surprise,
As a ten dollar bill most inviting

Is laid in his palm
By the visitor calm,
Who bows himself out; and we offer in this connection,
Some words to explain
That the gentleman's name
Appeared in the list for the fall election.

And in this same way
Through each live-long day
Grew the publisher's business and flourished;
While his spirits they "riz"
With the growth of his "biz"
And gone were misgivings he erstwhile had nourished.

The "dead beats" were dead,
So the editor said,
That had bored him nigh unto distraction.
And the peace he had found
With them laid in the ground,—
Wiped out by a process in simple subtraction.

All things have an end,
So the bliss of our friend
Must e'en leave him to old time vexation,
To noe the old row
With a very poor show,
For realizing his great expectations.
With a start he awoke,
For the odor of smoke,
Was too strong for his organs of smell,
And rubbing his eyes
He was quick to surmise
That he'd finally gone down to—well,

The balance is brief,
We bring the top sheaf;
The cigar was what really awoke him;
For, 'mongst the waste paper
'Twas as good as a taper,
And had shortly proceeded to smoke him.

—Beatrice Express.

The natives of the Itu-o-tane district of Sawaii, one of the Samoan Islands, attacked a German sailing vessel, but were repulsed without loss. The German Government then demanded a payment of $2,500 by way of punishment, and under compulsion this amount was finally, though very reluctantly, paid. The German Government now becomes magnanimous, and orders the money to be turned over to a fund for building a hospital in Abia, the chief settlement of the Islands.

Playing Cards.

AN AFFECTING NARRATIVE.

In the winter of 1870 I had occasion to go from Green Bay to Chicago on the Northwestern Railway. At Oshkosh we were joined by a delegation of lawyers, on their way to Madison, the capital, to attend the legislature then in session. They were all men of more than usual intellect, and of unexceptional character. Two were ex-Judges of the Circuit Court, and one I had seen chairman of the Young Men's Christian Association. The party found seats together and after the first salutation was over, they began to look about for means to while away their time. After a while some one proposed a game of cards. No sooner said than done. Two seats were turned apart so as to face each other, a cushion improvised to serve as a table, and three of the lawyers, including the chairman of the Y. M. C. A., and a Chicago runner on good terms with them, were soon deep in the mysteries of a game of euchre.

I was surprised to see the christian gentleman, judges of the law and equality—leaders of society, makers of public sentiment, law givers of a great state, directors of public morals, supposed to be public exemplars of all that is good, and guides to the young—setting publicly their seal of approval to a most evil and dangerous practice. To be sure, they played for stakes no higher than the cigars for the party. But it seems to me, in the eyes of all discreet persons, this does not change the act or lessen the danger of its example but rather heightens it, as from the less to the greater is the invariable course of crime. I did not intend to moralize on paper—I was about to say that while I was filled with such thoughts as these, one of the party grew tired of the game, and our remaining judge was invited to take his place. I saw the blood mount in an honest blush of disapproval to his manly face, and he hesitated and drew back. But the game had become interesting and his excited companions urged him:

"Come, judge, take a hand; we can't go on without it.

The judge rose slowly from his seat, inwardly condemning the act, as I evidently saw, and took a seat among the players, and the game went on.

I had noticed an old lady in a seat to the rear of the players who had got on board at Menasha, I believe. Gray, and bent with age, she had sat abashed, and with eyes closed seemed asleep most of the time until the train stopped at Oshkosh, and took on board the company of lawyers. She then underwent a change and became greatly interested in the company, looking from one to another as if she recognized them all, or was trying to recall their faces. When the game of cards was started, she became restless, would hitch about uneasily in her seat, take up the hem of her faded apron and nervously bite the threads. Once or twice I thought she wiped her eyes, under her shaker bonnet, but could not tell. She acted so strange, I became more interested in her than in the players and watched her closely. She got up after a time, and tottered forward, holding on to the seats as she passed.

She brushed against Judge——in passing, but he had become interested in the game, and did not notice her. Reaching the water tank at last she drank a cup of water, took a seat near the door with her back to the players. But she did not remain there. Rising with difficulty, she tottered back to her former seat, but reaching the players she paused directly in front of them, and now excitedly threw back her long bonnet and looked around at the company. Her actions at once arrested their attention and pausing in their play they all looked up inquiringly. Gazing directly in the face of Judge——, she said in a tremulous voice:

"Do you know me, Judge——?"

"No, mother, I don't remember you" said the Judge pleasantly, "where have we met?"

"My name is Smith, said she, and I was with my poor boy three days, off and on, in the court room in Oshkosh, when he was tried for—for—for robbing somebody, and you are the same man that sent him to prison for ten years; and he died there last June."

All faces were now sobered, and passengers began to gather round and stand over them to listen and see what was going on. She did not give the judge time to answer her, but becoming more and more excited she went on:

"He was a good boy, if you did send him to jail. He helped us clear the farm and when father was took sick and died, he done all the work, and he was getting along right smart till he took to town and got to playing keards and drinking, and then somehow he didn't like to work after that, but used to stay out till morning, and then he'd sleep so late; and I couldn't wake him when I'd knock, he'd been out so late the night afore. And then the farm kinder run down, and then we lost the team, one of them got killed when he'd been to town one awful cold night. He stayed late and I suppose they got cold standin' out and got skeered and broke loose and run most home, but run against the fence, and a stake run into one of 'em and when we found him next morning he was dead and the other was standin' under a shed. And so after a while he coaxed me to sell the farm and buy a house and lot in the village, and he'd work at carpenter work. And so I did, as we couldn't do nothin' on the farm.

But he grew worse than ever, and after a while couldn't get any work, and would not do anything but gamble and drink all the time. I used to do everything I could to get him to quit and be a good industrious boy again but he used to get mad after a while and once he struck me and then in the morning I found he had took what little money there was left and had run off. After that I earned what I could cleanin' house for folks and I didn't hear nothin' of him for four or five years; but when he was took up to Oshkosh for trial he writ to me."

By this time there was not a dry eye in the car and the cards had disappeared. The old lady herself was weeping silently and speaking in snatches. But recovering herself she went on:

"But what could I do? I sold the house and lot to get money to hire a lawyer; and I believe he is here somewhere [looking around.] Oh, yes, there he is, Mr.——. [pointing to Lawyer——, who had not taken part in the play.] And this is the man I am sure, who argued against him, (pointing to Mr.——, the district attorney.]

And you, Judge——, sent him to prison, for the poor boy told me that he really did rob the bank. But he must have been drunk, for they all had been playing keards most all night, and drinking. But oh dear!

It seems to me kinder as though if he hadn't got to playing keards he might have been alive yet. But when I used to tell him it was wrong, and bad to play, he used to say, "why, mother, everybody plays now. I never bet only for candy or cigars, or something like that." And when we heard that the young folks played keards down at Mr. Culver's donation party, and that 'Squire Ring was going to get a billard table for his young folks to play at home, I couldn't do anything at all with him. We used to think it was awful to do that way when I was young; but it just seems to me as if everybody nowadays was going wrong in something or other. But may be it isn't right for me to talk to you, Judge, in this way; but it just seems to me as if the sight of them keards would kill me, Judge. I thought if you only knew how bad I felt, you wouldn't play on so; and then to think, right here before all these young folks!

May be, Judge, you don't know how young folks look up to such as you; and then I can't help thinking that may be if them as ought to know better than to do so, and them as are higher larnt, and all that, wouldn't set such examples, my poor Tom would be alive and caring for his poor old mother. But now there ain't any of our family left but me and my poor grandchild, my dear darter's little girl; and we are going to stop with my brother in Illinoy."

Tongue of man nor angel never preached a more eloquent sermon than that gray, withered old lady, trembling with old age and excitement, and fear that she was doing wrong. I cannot recall half she said, as she, a poor, lone, beggared widow, stood before those noble looking men and pleaded the cause of the rising generation.

The look they bore as she poured forth her sorrowful tale was indescribable. To say that they looked like criminals at the bar would be a faint description. I can imagine how they felt. The old lady tottered to her seat, and taking her little grandchild in her lap, hid her face on her neck. The little one stroked her gray hair with one hand, and said: "Don't cry gran'ma, don't cry, gran'ma." Eyes unused to weeping were red for many a mile on that journey. And I can hardly believe that one who witnessed that scene ever touched a card again. It is just to say that when the passengers came to themselves they generously responded to the judge, who, hat in hand, silently passed through the little audience.

More About the Flood.

Neb. City News.

AT HAMBURG.

From Mr. Henry Dunn who came up from Hamburg this morning, we learn that three children were drowned at that place yesterday and the day before. The following are the particulars regarding the sad affairs as near as he could learn: On Monday night a child about ten years of age, was drowned in Phelps addition, while the family were moving out their goods. The name or further particulars he could not learn. On yesterday a man residing near Hamburg whose name he did not learn,

WENT CRAZY

over the loss of two thousand bushels of wheat, and during his frenzy threw his twelve year old daughter into the water and she was drowned before assistance could reach her. The father has been confined in jail and will be taken to the Insane Asylum as soon as possible.

Another man residing west of Hamburg, some distance, early yesterday morning put his

CHILD ON A RAFT,

with a cow to take them to the bluffs and while in the house getting together a few things preparatory to leaving, the cow kicked the child off the raft into the water and before the father who witnessed the affair could reach her it was swept away by the current and drowned. He reports a large number of refugees from the flooded districts in Hamburg, and says that all are being clothed and fed at the expense of the citizens.

AT ATCHISON.

ATCHISON, Kan., April 28.—The water in the Missouri is now twenty-three feet above low water mark and has been at a standstill since morning. There is little change in the situation. The inhabitants of East Atchison, except about half a dozen families, numbering about a thousand people, have been driven out by the floods. Many of them have taken refuge in the city. Others are occupying box cars generously furnished by the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific road.

AT KANSAS CITY.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 28.—This has been a day of great excitement in Kansas City. The water in the Missouri continued to rise throughout the night and to-day, and is rising still. At 9 o'clock this morning the dyke raised along the river front of the bottoms gave way in the neighborhood called Hell's Half Acre, and a torrent poured through, driving people from their homes in great terror. All efforts to stay the flood failed, and within an hour a large district was inundated to a depth of from four to ten feet. At noon a torrent began to pour over at Ninth street, submerging another district as large as the first, and driving the terror-stricken inhabitants before it. The water backed up the Kansas or Kaw river, submerged a large portion of the stock yards and surrounded the district inhabited by the families of the employes of Fowler Bros'. packing house and surrounding the large boarding houses. The water stands several feet deep in a large number of stores on Union avenue and James streets, and covers the street railway on these streets for five or six squares.

In the neighborhood known as Armondale, across the Kaw river from this point, a large number of colored families were so surprised by the flood that at least five persons were drowned. The river rushed over the doomed town so rapidly that the inhabitants could only flee for their lives without being able to move any part of their household goods. Fully three hundred families were thus thrown out of their homes in an incredibly short time, and are now encamped on the high ground near Armondale, with a strong probability that their homes will go down stream. At least six thousand people are driven from their homes, and the approaches to the high grounds of the main portion of the city present a strange appearance.

Scribner & Co.'s New Departure.

The facts in regard to the recent sale of the stock of Charles Scribner's Sons, in the corporation of Scribner & Co., to Mr. Roswell Smith, are briefly these: The corporation was organized in 1870 by Dr Holland, Roswell Smith, Charles Scribner, senior (who died during the following year), and the partners of the latter. Mr. Roswell Smith has been the publisher and business manager of Scribner's and St. Nicholas from the beginning, and has now purchased from Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons the minority interest which they and their predecessors have held in the Company. Considerable portions of this purchase have already been placed in the hands of the younger men who have helped to make the fortunes of the magazine, and it is understood that two-fifths of the entire stock will eventually be disposed of to them—thus establishing practical co-operation in its best sense.

The name of the corporation of Scribner & Co. will be changed, about June 1st, to "The Century Co.," an application has already been made to the court for that purpose. It was in honor of Mr. Charles Scribner, senior, that Scribner's Monthly took its present name, which will probably be supplanted by "The Century"; the magazine will retain as a sub-title Scribner's Monthly for a year. It is much in favor of the name that the records of the Department of State, at Albany, and the directory of the city of New York do not show it to be anywhere in use except by "The Century Club," and there is precedent for such double use of a name in the case of "The Athenæum," the well-known literary weekly in London, and the famous "Athenæum Club" of that city.

The editorial management, also, continues as heretofore, Dr. Holland remaining as editor-in-chief of Scribner's Monthly, and Mrs Dodge conducting St. Nicholas. The most cordial relations will continue between "The Century Co." and Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. The growing business of both houses seemed to demand this change, and it was a condition of the sale that the magazine publishing house (in which the Scribners have held only a minority interest) should drop the Scribner name from its business and its magazines.

The Cross of the Legion of Honor is counted especially honorable when worn by a tradesman in France. A legionary who goes through the Bankruptcy Court ceases *ipso facto* to belong to the order. To be decorated is to be sure of credit. Merchants therefore strive hard to obtain the decoration, which must not be paraded in advertisements, or on trade circulars or cards.

Lee was a captain of police in St. Louis, a few years ago, and Boland a sergeant under him. Lee was a disciplinarian, and by his strictness made an enemy of Boland. Lately Boland was, through political influence, made a commissioner. One of his first acts was to remove Lee from the command of an important precinct to one in the suburbs. The disgrace has driven Lee insane.