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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1 sqr...	$1 00	$1 50	$2 00	$2 50	$5 00	$8 00	$12 00
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Postmaster—JNO. W. MARSHALL.

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

Taking Effect May 15, 1881.

FOR OMAHA FROM PLATTSMOUTH.
Leaves 6:30 a. m. Arrives 8:25 a. m.
" 2:45 p. m. " 4:15 p. m.
FROM OMAHA FOR PLATTSMOUTH.
Leaves 8:05 a. m. Arrives 10:05 a. m.
" 7:00 p. m. " 9:00 p. m.

FOR THE WEST.

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

FROM THE WEST.

Leaves Kearney, 8:30 a. m. Leaves Lincoln, 1:00 p. m. Arrives Plattsmouth, 3:30 p. m. Freight leaves Lincoln at 12:05 p. m. and 6:40 p. m. Arrives at Plattsmouth at 5:35 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 20 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.
5:15pm	HASTINGS.	12:10am
6:15	AYR.	11:05
7:25	BLUE HILL.	10:30
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
1:20	REPUBLICAN	3:40
1:50	ALMA	2:55
2:25		2:25
2:50	ORLEANS	1:45
3:50	OXFORD	12:50am
5:00	ARAPAHOE	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.	8.50 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.
7.25 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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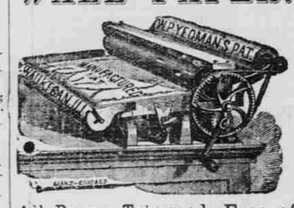
WALL PAPER.



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—BY—
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and General Goods of all sorts.
CHEAP AND GOOD
Call and see our Stock before going elsewhere.
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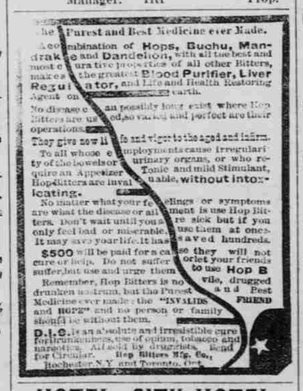
ED. OLIVER, Manager. 11tf P. B. MURPHY, Prop.



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AND
BLACKSMITH SHOP.
Wagon, Buggy, Machine and Plaw repairing, and general jobbing
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He is well known as a
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Hundreds go there and they are
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We are Holding out some Real Inducements to close

CASH buyers; and to convince you that we mean business you can call and examine for yourself, and we shall consider it a pleasure to show you through our various departments.

GREAT RED STORE.

Plattsmouth, - - - - - Nebraska.

Poems of Places.

There was a young fellow of Milton,
Whose collar it would keep a wiltin';
The scarcer he sweated
The freer he "swatted,"
He jabers," said he, "I'm a miltin'."

There was an old man of Wolf Creek,
He said, "I feel powerful weak;"
So the doctor came in
With a big dose of gin,
And poured it right down his old beak.

There was a young man of Lock Haven,
Who boldly said, "I'm not a craven;"
But one evening, rather
Than meet his girl's father,
He fled away, shriekin' and raven.
—BURDETTE.

BURIED IN THE FLAME.

BY COULTER RUXTON.

"It is very true, Kathleen," said Edgar Fitzgerald, with a quiet laugh, as out of his large blue eyes, in which there slept the spirit of good-nature, he shot rays of fun into the dark, flashing ones of his companion—"it is very true," he repeated, "I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth, as the saying is, notwithstanding I was blessed from the moment I saw the bright sun with a reasonable share of good luck. When I came into this beautiful world, Kathleen—made all the more pleasant by your presence, mavourneen—the cats didn't mew, nor the dogs bark—a sure sign, the old lady said who attended on my advent, that my days would pass in peace, and that the love of my heart 'd be safe in that of the girl who was born to be my helpmeet—a true friend through all my life."

"Ah!" said the beautiful Kathleen, with a smile and a toss of her small, splendidly-poised head, "and have you found her yet, Mr. Fitzgerald?"

"By my faith, I have," said Edgar, smiling. "She's all that my dreams ever painted me in the form of a woman. I love her, Kathleen. Ah, if you only knew how deep down in my heart she has buried herself!"

"Then no angel with his trumpet calling to judgment will ever resurrect her!"

"I hope not, Kathleen, I hope not. Why should the darling come out of her home into a cold world?"

"To get a little air and exercise."

"Well answered, young lady. But I'm afraid, should the skittish, timid, nervous creature ever get away, there'd be no catching her again."

"Then she's a prisoner, Mr. Fitzgerald?"

"She is, and again she is not, Kathleen. You ought to know."

"I! How should I?"

"Misery! She wants me to answer what's impossible for a man."

"But how can a woman go and bury herself in a man's heart, and then be and not be at liberty to do as she pleases?"

"Women are born logicians now," exclaimed Fitzgerald, with a quizzical look. "I always thought when a pretty *sheleen* loved a man, that she didn't care about ranging the commons, and trying to worry poor devils for whom she didn't care a ha'porth."

"And who do you love, and who do you imagine loves you?"

Fitzgerald laughed, and stood up. He was a splendid specimen of young manhood, and the girl's eyes had a warm, soft fire in them as she looked upon him.

"And you want me to answer your perplexing double question?" he asked.

"I shouldn't have asked it if I didn't think you mannerly enough to answer me," she returned.

"Then I'll answer you by repeating one name twice. It's Kathleen—Kathleen!"

The girl turned away her head and suppressed a sigh.

She did indeed love Fitzgerald—more ardently, more devotedly than he supposed. But there was one whom she loved as dearly, in another sense, as her young admirer. That one was her father. There had been a feud between the Fitzgeralds and the Fawcetts for generations, and until now the wooing by a son of the one the daughter of the other had never happened. Kathleen felt that a great gulf, an impassable abyss, was between them, which neither could cross.

"Kathleen," abruptly spoke Fitzgerald, "don't let us handy words. You know that I love you with all my heart and soul; that I would lay down my life if it would please you in any way. You know that. Now, girl, why not speak plain. Tell me you hate me, if you dare—love me, if you can."

"Edgar," she whispered, going to his side, and placing one of her little hands on one of his shoulders, "you know that it cannot be. What if I did say that I loved you? It would profit you nothing. Do you think our love for each other would wash out forever the bitter hatred—foolish as it is—that for centuries has divided our people? Love? We who are born sworn enemies, love? No, Edgar. I will tell you I do love you. No one else has my heart but you. But what avails it? Get my father's consent, and I will leap into your arms. He would shoot you down as he would a mad dog if he thought you cared for me!"

"I know, I know, darling, all—all that. But I'll pray and hope. There's something tells me, Kathleen that our souls will yet be united."

He stooped and kissed the beautiful girl.

"I'll wait and pray, too, Edgar," she replied, and then went away in the direction of her home, thinking, dreaming, shuddering.

* * * * * *

Edgar Fitzgerald passionately loved the dark-eyed Kathleen, but the bitter feud which had so long made the ancestors of both generations uncompromising enemies, placed them, as the girl had thought and often said, so far apart that there seemed no hope of peace being declared between the families. Thus the young man mused as he lay in his bed, the windows of the room in which it was looking out upon the homestead of the Fawcetts—a quarter of a mile distant—the old moss and ivy-covered stone house in which Kathleen, the only daughter of the family, slept, and mayhap in her dreams wandered through grassy, flower-carpeted dells with the man of all the world she cared most for.

And while Edgar rested on his couch wide awake, pondering on the crosses of love, his chamber was suddenly illuminated with a glaring, red light. Leaping from his cot, he ran to a window. A single glance informed him that the homestead of the enemies of his family was in flames.

"My God!" he cried, as he tumbled into his clothing and rushed out of the building, "Kathleen is in peril. I will save her, though I die for it."

With the speed of the antelope he ran across the intervening space. He was the first to arrive.

"Ha!" he muttered, "these insane people will think I have applied the torch to their house. Fools! fools!

A window opened in the second story and the young Kathleen looked out. She recognized the presence of her lover.

"Edgar," she cried, in a low, quiet voice, "do not fear for me. The fire is below. Go to the window that looks out on the garden, and break through it. It reaches to a large pantry. Open the door opposite that window, and you will there find my father. He is a heavy sleeper. Remove him before the smoke or the flames reach him, God bless you, darling. When you have him clear from danger, call me."

The building was old, and the old timber in it as dry as tinder. Before Edgar Fitzgerald could reach the window indicated by the intrepid Kathleen, the flames, with a loud roar, swept up the lower corridor, and were licking at the panels of the door behind which Mr. Fawcett was reposing, of course unconscious of danger.

Edgar leaped through the window. On opening the entrance opposite, he ran to the bed in which the old gentleman was. Not stopping to awaken him, Edgar raised him in his strong arms, and retreated as he had entered. He was not a moment too soon. As he retired long forks of flame had eaten their way through the closed door on the corridor, and were already dancing with the curtains that inclosed the old-fashioned bedstead.

Fitzgerald ran to the summer-house in the garden, and there placed his charge on a long bench. There he slept as soundly as if he had not been removed from his comfortable mattress of down.

"Now for Kathleen," muttered the lover. "Perhaps she's in danger. My God, I hear the flames in the lower hall! Ha! I see they have run up the stairs—where Kathleen is!"

The thought and sight maddened him. He rushed to the front of the old building. There he found a number of the Fawcett faction. These, on seeing him, began to cry out that he must have, in revenge, fired the house.

"Fools!" he hoarsely shouted, "do not stand there lowering at me. Help me to save the people within, and then do with me as you will. Kathleen! Kathleen!"

There was no response to his cry.

"My God!" he groaned, "she will perish—perhaps has already been destroyed! Help! Help me, men!"

His quick eye caught a ladder lying near the barn. He ran to it, and dragging it, he brought it to the front of the house, and, by main strength, succeeded in raising it against the window from which his idol had addressed him.

In a moment he had mounted the ladder. On gaining the window, he leaped into the room in which Kathleen slept. When he had disappeared, one or two of the Fawcett faction ran toward the ladder, crying:

"Let's throw this down, and let the villain perish in the flames of his own making."

But three or four of the peasant women, who had been attracted by the burning," protested and drove the scoundrels away from the front of the house.

"Kathleen! Kathleen!" again cried Fitzgerald, as he pushed his way through a dense volume of smoke that came up from below. "Kathleen! Kathleen! my darling!" he groaned; "where are you? Speak to me, my love."

She heard him not.

The young lover pushed toward the centre of the chamber. His feet stumbled over something, and he would have pitched forward if his breast had not struck against a bedpost. He stooped, and with a cry of joy, followed by one of terror, he touched the prostrate, insensible form of his Kathleen. He raised her in his arms and staggered toward the window.

"I have her—I have her!" he shouted.

Regaining the ladder with his precious burden in his arms, he was about to descend, when a sheet of flame leaped from the window and struck him fairly in the face.

"O, God! save me!" he groaned. "Shield her!"

He reached the ground. Kathleen was unconscious, but unhurt. The women gathered around her, and carried her to a place of safety.

One or two of the more humane of the men, who had witnessed the heroic conduct of Fitzgerald, now came forward to assist him. These noticed that his face was black and burned to a crisp.

"O, help, help me!" he moaned. "Will some one give a hand? I am blind. The fire has melted my eyes out of their sockets."

Again the men looked in his face. Yes, the young giant, like Sampson, was harmless now. He was, as he said, deprived of sight.

The poor fellow was taken to his home. There a physician was summoned, who dressed his wounds. He examined his eyes, and shook his head gravely. Edgar Fitzgerald, he said, would never see God's light again. For many weeks he was confined to his room, but his constant companion and nurse was Kathleen, who insisted, in order that she might the better attend on her father's savior, they should be married. Edgar demurred. He would be a constant burden to her, he pleaded.

"Kathleen, darling," he whispered, "do not sacrifice your young life. I am content to know that I saved you from a terrible death. That will be my solace through all my dark future."

"No, Edgar," she said firmly, but gently; "you saved the lives of my father and myself, and they are yours henceforth. Father consents. The feud is buried in the ruins of the lost home. Now let us live and die together. Edgar, it is not so long since you said you would willingly lay down your life for me. You've done something more worthy—you have lost light, and that is the best of all life, for my sake."

They were married, and in all Meath there was not a more loving or more beautiful wife than Kathleen Fitzgerald, who always insisted that her husband was not blind—for he could see the world always through her loving eyes.

Slang intrudes even into love affairs. She asked, "Am I your little lamb?" and he replied, "Well, you just gambol."

A London hatter puts forward a claim to patronage on the ground of Lord Beaconsfield having bought his last hat of him.

SUSPENSE FINALLY ENDED.

Elbridge G. Lapham at Last Elected Senator, to Succeed Roscoe Conkling.

ALBANY, July 22.—Joint ballot, Lapham 65, Potter 40, Conkling 28, Woodward 1. Necessary to a choice, 67. Senator Jacobs moved that the convention take a recess till 1:30 o'clock; carried. The chair then said he had been requested to announce that the democratic members would hold a conference immediately, also that the republicans would hold a conference immediately. Recess.

The republicans met in joint convention this afternoon, thirteen senators and sixty-two assemblymen being present. Skinner moved the roll be called for the purpose of nominating United States senator. Draper moved to substitute that the caucus committee call a caucus for this afternoon, or, they refusing, that the special committee call it. He intimated the stalwarts would retire unless this was done. Hayes objected to turning this conference into a caucus. Robertson said he had been assured that those requesting this conference would abide by its results, and he learned if the conference adjourned till 3 p. m. all would come in and join it. Senator Halbert said the crisis had arrived, and if there was not union in the republican party in the state it would be hopelessly divided; he was for union and harmony. [Great applause.] Pitts said the past should be ignored; he wanted the roll called and each member to name his choice. Woodin favored the motion for a caucus at 4 p. m.; the time could be well spent in shaking hands over bright prospects in view; carried. Recess till 4 p. m.

At 3:35 p. m. the republican conference assembled in the assembly chamber, Senator McCarthy in the chair. The roll was called and 21 senators and 69 assemblymen answered. Skinner renewed his motion of this morning that the roll be called and each member rise in his place and name his candidate for United States senator; carried. The roll was called and Elbridge G. Lapham was named by 61 members, Roscoe Conkling was named by 27, D. L. Woodford was named by 1, Wm. Evarts 1. The vote is the same as that cast in the joint convention. On motion of Senator Winslow, Elbridge G. Lapham's nomination was made unanimous, amid three cheers. In the joint convention Lapham was elected United States senator to succeed Conkling.

Lapham was elected by a full republican vote, Potter receiving the full democratic vote.

Senator Woodin congratulated the assemblage and spoke in glowing terms of the action just taken. Halbert said:

Fellow-Republicans of this caucus—Caucus first and conference afterward. [Applause]. I am happy at this result. He spoke of the joy to follow this action here. He prophesied this union would sweep the state next fall as if by a wild fire. He concluded amid great applause.

Senator Pitts made a spirited and happy speech.

Sharpe recited lines, "Then here's a hand," etc., which was received with three cheers.

Other speeches followed and the conference caucus adjourned.

The joint convention re-assembled at 4 o'clock and voted for United States senator with the following result: Senate—Lapham 22, Potter 50. Assembly—Lapham 70, Potter 37. Total—Lapham 92, Potter 42; necessary to a choice 68.

The chair announced the election of Elbridge C. Lapham in place of Roscoe Conkling, resigned, and the joint assembly dissolved.

Cheers for Lapham, Miller, Garfield, Conkling and Potter followed.

The legislature agreed to adjourn *sine die* to-morrow at 2:30.

ADBANY, July 23.—Both branches of the legislature adjourned sine die at noon to-day. Senator Robertson resigned the presidency pro tem of the senate, and Senator McCarty, a half breed, was chosen to succeed him. All parties left the city as fast as outgoing trains could carry them.

Judge Robertson to-day resigned the vice presidency of the senate and departed for home. He says he will immediately assume the office of collector of the port of New York, to which he was appointed three months since. This is his first appointive office. He says he will make some changes but not for political consideration.

The democrats have issued an address to the voters of the state, reviewing the senatorial contest and denouncing ex-Senators Conkling and Platt for resigning, and attributing to the republican factions the useless and enormous cost of the protracted session; denouncing, also, Senator-elect Warner Miller as a monopolist, etc.

The French Method.

A statue has just been erected to Camille Desmoulins. You pass along a street some fine day, and see them rigging up a scaffolding.

"What's that for, eh?"

"Going to guillotine Whatshisname."

A few years later you pass along the same street another fine day, and see them rigging up another scaffolding.

"Ah, what's that for?"

"Going to erect a statue to Whatshisname."

"Fellow that had his head cut off?"

"The same."