THE HERALD.

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NEBRASKA HERALD.

J. A. MACMURPHY, Editor. "PERSEVERANCE CONQUERS." TERMS; $2.00 a Year.

Volume 8. Plattsmouth, Nebraska, Thursday, February 27, 1873. Number 48

ATTORNEYS

MARQUETT, SMITH & STARRHO—Attorneys at Law. Practice in all the courts of the State. Special attention given to collections and matters of Probate. Office over the Post Office, Plattsmouth, Neb.

D. H. WHEELER & Co.—Attorneys at Law. Special attention given to probate business and land title cases. Office in the Masonic Block, Main Street, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

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M. B. REESE, Attorney at Law—Office on Main Street, over Chapman's Drug Store. Special attention given to collection of claims.

PHYSICIANS.

R. R. LIVINGSTON, Physician and Surgeon, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Cass county. Residence south east corner of Oak and Sixth streets; office on Main street, one door west of Lyman's Lumber Yard, Plattsmouth, Neb.

J. W. RAWLINS, Surgeon and Physician Late a Surgeon in Chief of the Army of the Potomac. Plattsmouth, Nebraska. Office at O. F. Johnson's Drug Store Main street.

DRS. SCHILDKNECHT & BUTLER, Practicing Physicians. Office in Merger' Block. One of them will be found there day and night, when not away on professional business. HALL LIGHTED AT NIGHT.

d12 w54y

INSURANCE.

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The best Book Publishers on the Home and the Soil. Liberal terms. Money made rapidly by Agents selling these books. Send for circulars.
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I will furnish parties with stone for all building purposes at a reasonable price, as my quarries are delivered on the cars at Louisville station. The following kind of stone can be had on short notice: sills, caps, porch rock (one or two) and stone such as was used by the B. & M. R. R. in the construction of their stone work. All responsible orders promptly filled.
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Valises & Carpet Bags, &c. &c.
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Largest, Cheapest, and Best Assorted Stock in the City.
Store on Main, between 4th and 5th streets, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.
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E. L. ELSTER,

MERCHANT TAILOR

Is in receipt of the finest and

BEST ASSORTMENT

Of Cassimeres, Cloths Vestings, &c. ever brought to the city, which I will make up in the Latest styles.
Please call and examine.
Plattsmouth, April 18, 1872.
d18 d&wtf.

Official Directory.

CONGRESSIONAL.

P. W. Tipton, Brownville.	U. S. Senator.
P. W. Hitchcock, Omaha.	U. S. Senator.
John Taffe, Omaha.	Representative.

EXECUTIVE.

R. W. Furnas, Brownville,	Governor.
J. J. Gosper, Lincoln,	Sec. of State.
J. B. Western, Beatrice,	Auditor.
H. A. Koenig, Columbus,	Treasurer.
J. R. Webster Beatrice,	Att'y Gen.
J. M. McKenzie, Line in. Sup't,	Pub. Instruc'n

JUDICIARY.

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Daniel Gantt, Nebraska City,	Associate Jus.
Samuel Maxwell, Plattsmouth,	Associate Jus.

PLATTSMOUTH.

M. L. White,	Mayor.
M. H. Reese,	City Clerk.
Josiah Scotes,	Police Judge.
Miles Morgan,	Marshal.
Walter J. White,	Street Commissioner.

ALDERMEN.

First Ward—J. Fitzgerald, C. H. Parmalee.
Second Ward—Jas. Buttery, J. Weyman.
Third Ward—R. Cushing, R. Vivian.

CASS COUNTY.

H. P. Hall,	Probate Judge.
Dan'l McKinnon,	County Clerk.
W. L. Robbs,	Treasurer.
J. W. Johnson,	Sheriff.
H. W. Wiles,	Supt. Pub. Instruction.
Jacob Valle, Jas. James,	County Commissioners.
J. W. Thomas,	Coroner.

Churches.

BAPTIST—On the corner of Main and Ninth. Rev. T. J. Arnold, pastor. Residence on Main between 10th and 11th. Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and at 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 9½ a.m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

CHRISTIAN—Service in Congregation Church, at 11 a. m. and 6½ p. m. Elder Alton, Pastor. Corner of Locust and 5th streets. Cordial invitation extended to all classes to attend.

EPISCOPAL—Corner Vine and Third streets—Rev. A. R. Graves. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m.

CONGREGATIONAL—Corner Locust and 5th sts —Rev. B. F. Mansell, residence Locust st. between 4th and 5th streets. Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 12:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

CATHOLIC—North side of Public Square—Rev. C. Pastner Hayes. First Mass every Sabbath at 8:30 a. m. Second Mass and Sermon at 10:30. Vespers and Benediction at 3:30 p. m. Mass at 8 a. m. every week day.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN—North side of Main st. west of 6th—Rev. W. T. Beattie. Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 9:30 a. m. Thos. Pollock Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 8:00 o'clock.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—West side of Sixth street, south of Main—Rev. J. H. Presson. Services every Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Class meeting every Monday evening and immediately after close of Sabbath morning services. Sabbath School at 2:00.

SCHAU DAS DEUTSCHE—Am 28 September hat die Deutsche Evg. Luth. Gemeinde in ihrem Schulhause vormittags um 11 Uhr Gottesdienst. Es verhandelt findet derselbe von jetzt an regelmaessig alle 14 Tage statt. Minister Rev. L. Hannawald. Sabbath school at 1 p. m., Prof. D'Allemand, Supt.

Lodges.

I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings of Platte Lodge, No. 7, I. O. O. F. every Thursday evening at Odd Fellows Hall. Transient Brothers are cordially invited to visit.
A. D'ALLEMAND, N. G.
M. H. MATHEWS, Sec.

I. O. O. F.—Plattsmouth Encampment No. 3. Regular Convocations the 2nd and 4 Friday's each month at Odd Fellows Hall over 3d and Main sts. Transient Patriarchs cordially invited to visit.
H. NEWMAN, C. P.
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Scribe.

MASONIC—PLATTSMOUTH LODGE NO. 6 A. F. & A. M.—Regular meetings at their hall on the 3rd and third Tuesday evenings of each month. Transient brethren invited to visit.
B. R. LIVINGSTON, W. M.
A. D'ALLEMAND, Sec.

MASONIC LODGE NO. 22 A. F. & A. M.—Regular meetings at Massey Hall, first and third Fridays.
J. M. BEARDSLEY, Sec.

NEBRASKA CHAPTER NO. 3 R. A. M.—Regular Convocations second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month at 7½ o'clock p. m.
R. R. LIVINGSTON H. P.
H. NEWMAN, Sec.

I. O. G. T.—STATE BRANCH, NO. 2—H. E. Ellison, W. C. T.; C. W. King, W. Sec. T. W. Sharpless, Lodge Deputy. Meets at Clark & Plummer's hall every Tuesday evening. Traveling Templars cordially invited.

TURNVEREIN—The Turner Society meets at Turner Hall in Gutzmans Block, on the 1st and Third Wednesdays of each Month. Weekbladt: President—Chas. Reinhackle; *First Turnerin*—Wm. Heesen; *Second Turnerin*—Geo. Karger; *Warden*—John Erhart.

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This unrivalled Medicine is warranted not to contain a single particle of Mercury, or any injurious mineral substance, but is
PURELY VEGETABLE.
For forty years it has proved its great value in all diseases of the Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys. Thousands of the good and great in all parts of the country vouch for its wonderful and peculiar power in purifying the blood, stimulating the torpid Liver and bowels, and imparting new life and Vigor to the whole system. Simmons' Liver Regulator is acknowledged to have no equal as a
LIVER MEDICINE.
It contains four medical elements, never united in the same happy proportion in any other preparation viz: a gentle Cathartic, a wonderful Tonic, an un-exceptionable Alterative and a certain Corrective of all impurities of the body. Such signal success has attended its use, that it is now regarded as the
GREAT UNFAILING SPECIFIC
for Liver Complaint and the painful offspring thereof, to wit: Dyspepsia, Constipation, Jaundice, Bilious attacks, Sick headache, Colic, Depression of Spirits, Sour Stomach, Heart Burn, &c &c.
Regulate the liver and prevent
CHILLS AND FEVER.
Prepared only by J. H. ZEILIN & CO.
Druggists, Macon, Ga.
Send for a Circular } and 529 Arch street,
Price $1; by mail 1.35 } Philadelphia Pa.
For Sale by J. H. BUTTERY,
jan1o'i. Plattsmouth, Neb.

NOTE—The following beautiful and touching lines were taken from the knapsack of a union soldier, who was found dead upon the battle field of Hatcher's Run, Va., in November, 1862. The original manuscript, torn and defaced, was presented to Major Barton, by Col. Edward Hill, of the 16th Michigan Infantry.—The author is unknown. They never have been circulated in print, and are now given to the readers of the *News* by Mr. Erwin Wood, who procured them from his friend, Maj. B.

Hi! Harry! Haffie! Halt, and tell
A soldier just a thing or two:
You've had a furlough: been to see
How all the folks in Jersey do:—
It's a year agone since I was there,
I, and a bullet from Fair Oaks.
Since you've been home, old comrade, true,
Say, did you see any of "our folks?"
You did! Shake hands! Oh, ain't I glad!
For if I do look grim and rough,
I've got some feeling.—People think
A soldier's heart is mighty tough!
But, Harry, when the bullets fly,
And hot saltpeter flames and smokes!
And whole battalions lie a-field!
One's apt to think about his folks.
And so you saw them! When and where?
The old man! Is he lively yet?
And mother—does she fade at all,
Or does she seem to pine and fret for me?
And little "Sis," has she grown tall?
And then, you know, her friend, that
Annie Rose—How this pipe chokes!
Come, Hal, and tell me, like a man,
All the news about our folks.
You saw them at the Church, you say;
Lively: for they're always there
On Sunday. What! No! A funeral!
Who? Why, Harry, how you hail and stare!
And all were well, and all were out?
Come, sure!—this can't be a hoax!
Why don't you tell me, like a man,
What is the matter with our folks?
* * * * * * *
"I said all well, old comrade dear,
I say all well! for He Knows best,
Who takes the young lambs in His arms
Before the sun sinks in the West.
The Soldier's strife deals left and right,
And flows as fall as well as oaks—
And so, fair Annie blooms no more:
And that's the matter with 'your folks.'
Here's this long curl, 'twas sent to you,
And this fair blossom, from her breast.
And here—your sister Bessie wrote
This letter telling all the rest.
'Bear up, old friend,'—nobody speaks!
Only the dull camp Raven croaks.
And soldiers whisper, "boys, be still!
There's some bad news from Granger's
—echo."
He turned his back upon his grief
And sadly strove to hide the tears
Kind nature sends to woe's relief.
Then answered, "Ah, well! Hal, I'll try;
But in my throat there's something chokes
Because, you see, I'd thought so long
To count her in among our folks.
All may be well; but yet,
I can't help thinking, too,
I might have kept this trouble off
By being gentle, kind and true!
But maybe not. She's safe, up there;
And when he kind deals other strokes
She'll stand at Heaven's gate, I know,
To wait and welcome 'our folks.'"

EARLY DAYS IN NEBRASKA.

No. 2.

BY TIP-TOP.

THE "CLAIM CLUBS."

The land entered upon by these settlers at this time was yet unsurveyed—no State or county officers existed—and from this resulted a curious state of facts. People cannot exist without some form of law, and they soon organized themselves into a sort of "vigilance committee" for protection and other purposes; but as internal troubles grew almost altogether out of disputes about land boundaries, and rights, they were called "Claim Clubs."

They chose a "Captain," or Chief, Secretary, and some minor officers, and being grasping of land power, they laid down a rule, that under *their* law men could hold 320 acres of land, and there was a strong hope in the minds of many that they could induce the General Government to consent to this, and make it legal, when the land came to be surveyed. It was totally unjust, illegal, and useless, but was law for the *time* that had to be obeyed, and many bitter quarrels never healed, and many a life lost was the product of the old "Claim Laws" of Kansas and Nebraska. Men would come in knowing the real law, and jump the squatter's odd 160 acres. In such case he was warned away by the "Club" three several times, and if he did not cease his claim then, the Club were "turned out" under their Captain, and he was forcibly ejected, even if it cost *life*. They were bound to do this by oath to that effect, as they had a "Constitution, By-Laws," and Land Officers, with "records," and places and times for "filing on" lands, all arranged. Government fashion, except the 320 acre clause. Sometimes rival "Claim Clubs" came in contact on some boundary lines, and then the "devil was to pay." The "Club" was once called out to put old man Miller off. He lay behind the logs with a loaded rifle, the muzzle of which could be seen through the chinks. As he didn't scare worth a cent they finally compromised.

Hioman came under their ban once. I believe, but happily in the Decatur district, no life was ever lost, and in time "Claim Clubs" were discontinued, along with revolvers, butcher-knives, cards and whiskey.

No history of Decatur can be approximately complete, without some mention of at least three persons, Stephen Decatur, Peter A. Sarpy, and Clement Lambert. As the town is named after him, Decatur should come first, but in this connection I shall write of almost the first trapper and trader that ever came up the Missouri river. His name is

PETER A. SARPY,

"The best man ever stood on the *Missouri bottom*, by G—d sir," as he used to say of himself. He was a French Creole, of St. Louis, and early became connected with the "American Fur Company," as one of her most trusted agents, and finally a proprietor, I believe. As the river country became at all "livable," he pushed on and on, up the Missouri organizing different trading posts, mostly on the east side, however, until he come to where *Bellevue* now stands. Here he built and carried on the first Indian Trading Post within the present limits of Nebraska.

From his "Post" Fremont's celebrated "expedition" took their last departure from civilization. Sarpy was well known to nearly every old regular officer of the army, to all the early Government officials, and to every employe or *voyageur* on the river. He lived in Bellevue, at one time, and while there Stephen Decatur became connected with him.

Clement Lambert had been in the company's employ a long time, and was also connected with Sarpy as an "Indian Trader" and scout. This was the way these three came up to Decatur together in '55. Sarpy, after locating the town and establishing a Trading Post there, returned to Bellevue, occasionally paying visits to the last and final outlying "post," or store, Peter A. Sarpy was ever connected with in THIS WORLD. On such occasions he and Lambert would get together, smoke great heaps of tobacco, tell enormous yarns of by-gone days—now and then take a drink (?), and finally wind up by gathering their old Indian friends around them and having a grand "*Pau-Wau*—how are you now, Mr. Omaha?"

Stripping themselves Indian fashion, they would mount their ponies with each a whole piece of calico, very likely, for a "breech-cloth," the ends streaming out behind, and thus accoutred they never failed to "wake up" the town, or let the *Omahas* know that "SARPY had come." After the *ride* was over, a grand feast would be made; sacks of flour, pounds of sugar, plugs of tobacco—"ninny,"—and slathers of beef or bacon would be rolled out, and a grand "*peace* dance" be held or *high Indian carnival*, kept up for three days. The 'old man' would then straighten up, give his "orders" for the next six months, and leave us.

He died in Plattsmouth, a few years ago, and with all his faults of character, resulting from early habits, and his wild mode of life, he was a true, brave man, energetic and fiery, but honest and faithful to his friends. All in all, Nebraska will never see his like again.

STEPHEN DECATUR

said he was born in New Jersey, and came to Jackson county, Missouri, at an early day. After a while he fell in with Sarpy, and came up to Bellevue with him. He became joint owner in the town site there, and in 1858 sold out and moved, bag and baggage, up to "his town" as he termed Decatur. He was a man of good education, great natural ability, strikingly original and very eccentric. In many habits and ways of thought, he had fallen in with the French traders of his association, and in Indian lore, was more than a match for either Sarpy or Lambert, owing to his early education. He was lazily energetic, and energetically lazy, and undoubtedly accomplished a great deal for the town.—He had great authority with the Indians, and was sent for on all important "pow wows." He made our fourth of July speeches, and was no mean orator. He claimed to have written, and sang, a most excellent song. "The Old Hunter's Song," which I must say, I have never heard sung by any one out of Decatur, except they had learned it through him.

He was careless in money matters, prompt in action, fierce in invective, and stubborn for what he thought was right. His judgment was excellent on many points, and kept the wild ones within bounds, calmed the Indians, fought for the citizens and his town, with a directness of purpose and force of will that deserved a better fate than has befallen him. He was not sharp in money transactions, and his unbounded hospitality, and some swindling on the part of so-called friends, deprived him of all his ready cash, his cattle and his stores.—He never perfected his title to his "claim" (known yet as the Decatur farm with the *big spring* on it), and even his lots in town were fooled out of his hands in some way, so at this writing he owns not a foot of land in the town of his name, and the country where he fondly hoped to make his home.

COAL.

A short time since some Englishmen, residing near St. Paul, in Howard county, discovered what they deemed unmistakable signs of coal, a short distance from St. Paul. Having been practical miners, they went to work immediately to examine into the extent and value of their discoveries, but before their plans were consumated, they were, for the want of means, compelled for a time to abandon work. Subsequently, Messrs. Kraft & Peterson, of this city took hold of the matter, and with their aid boring for coal progressed until a vein about five and a half feet in thickness was discovered. This vein is only about thirty feet under the surface, and there is every reason to believe that it will prove a source of great wealth to this section of the country. We have some samples of the coal in our office. It burns splendidly, and we believe it is superior to the Wyoming coal, though it is not so heavy, having more resemblance to cannel coal.

We will keep our readers posted in regard to the future work and prospects of this mine.—*Platte Valley Independent.*

Insurance in Nebraska.

To the Editor of the Nebraska Herald:

LINCOLN, Neb. Feb. 12 1872.

Herewith I hand you a statement compiled from the sworn statement on file in the Auditor's office; also from a consolidated report from the several agents representing Insurance Companies in the State of Nebraska relative to the business for the year 1872. For a report of the business for 1871, please refer to my letter in your valuable daily of Jan 23, and weekly of 31.

The report speaks for itself. I won't ask about the "drain of money from the State by *Foreign Insurance Companies*;" won't say one word about it until the Insurance Companies get away with that item of $37 025.30, amount behind on two years' business.

Statement showing the amount of business done by the Fire Insurance Companies doing business in the State of Nebraska during the year 1872, as per sworn statements filed in the Auditor's office. Thirty-two companies in all:

Total am't risks written	$7,427,245.90
" " premiums received	133,236.38
Total am't of losses paid	69,917.04
Expenses of running the business, including commissions, salaries, advertising, and other expenses estimated at 33⅓ per cent of the gross receipts, which estimate is from the experience of the last 10 years	44,412.11
Taxes paid by the companies into the State Treasury 3 per cent. of the gross premiums	2,997.08
Total amount of expenditure as above by the companies including taxes	109,356.23
Net results of the business for 1872	23,880.14
Excess of the expenditures over and above the receipts in the State for the year 1871 by these companies	60,905.44
Total amount behind on two years business in the State of Nebraska	37,025.30

H. E. PALMER,
Special Agent Home Ins Co., N. Y.

Nebraska State Fair, 1873, at Lincoln, Sept. 1st 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th.

PREMIUM LIST.

As it is important that the following features in the coming Nebraska State Fair be known early in the Spring, they are published in advance of the regular premium list pamphlet. For particulars see pamphlet which will be out soon.—Address, Secretary, Plattsmouth.

For best managed farm,	$100.00
" " ten acres of corn,	50.00
" " one acre fall wheat,	35.00
" " " " spring wheat,	30.00
" " " " oats,	25.00
" " " " barley,	25.00
" " " " rye,	25.00
" " " " potatoes,	25.00
For greatest number rods hedge planted '73,	25.00
For greatest number fruit trees, planted '73	25.00
For cheapest forty rods hedge planted '73,	15.00
For cheapest 100 fruit trees planted '73,	15.00

ARBOR DAY.

The greatest number of trees planted in any one day, in the month of April, 1873, by any one individual, all varieties to be counted,	75.00
For next greatest,	25.00
For greatest number of cuttings of any and all varieties as alone,	25.00
For next greatest,	10.00

Nursery planting will not be permitted to compete for Arbor Day premiums.

For best specimen Nebraska grown nursery stock,	$10.00
For best specimen 1 yr growth osage hedge plants,	5.00
For best specimen 1 yr growth honey locust hedge plants,	5.00
For greatest number hard wood larch trees planted in 1873,	20.00

SUPERINTENDENTS OF CLASSES.

Class 1—Horses—C. H. Walker, Kearney county.
Class 2—Cattle—J. S. Morton, Otoe county.
Class 3—Sheep—R. Daniels, Sarpy county.
Class 4—Swine—E Sage, Cass Co.
Class 5—Poultry—John Woods, Saunders county.
Class 6—Agricultural Products—J. Riddle, Lancaster county.
Class 7—Champion—D. H. Wheeler Cass county.
Class 8—Machinery—F. A. Tisdel, Nemaha county.
Class 9—Miscellaneous—M. Dunham, Douglas county.
Class 10—Fine Arts—Mrs. M Rhodes, Gage county
Class 11—County Agricultural Societies—W. W. Abbey, Richardson Co.
Class 12—Geological—Prof. S. R. Thompson, Lancaster county.
Class 13—Edibles—Mrs. E. D. Canfield, Burt county.
Class 14—Discretionary—J. W. Holt, Richardson county.
General Superintendent—Samuel McClay, Lancaster county.

ROBT W. FURNAS, Pres't.
D. H. WHEELER. Sec'y.

Will State papers please copy and call attention.

THE DANGER OF HOTEL FIRES.

(From the Reading Daily Times.)

In the leading Philadelphia papers of Tuesday and Wednesday, among others the *Press* the *Age*, and the *North American*, appears the following communication from the pen of our townsman, Hon. Daniel R. Clymer, ex-Mayor of Reading, suggesting a remedy for the averting of calamities by fire such as befel the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, which recently horrified the public, and the horrors of which are still fresh in the minds of every newspaper reader. The suggestions are very practical and the letter will bear reading and re-reading. Mr Clymer writes:

Travelers have been exercised in view of late fires in hotels. The roasting to death of the girls in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, together with other like calamities occurring almost daily, renders it imperatively necessary that our Law Makers impose special conditions upon the erection and building of hotels.—First, all hotels above three stories high should be built of stone or brick, with iron joists and rafters and slate roofs, (no wood to be allowed in the building), which alone would render their patrons and guests secure in their beds from fire. The traveler in his own house can use his best precaution against fire, but when his business compels him to put himself under the care and protection of landlords, he is as helpless as a child and at the mercy of hotel servants for his safety from being roasted alive in bed.

By recent statements, the profits of our leading hotels, with their high charges, are shown to be very large, therefore, it is in their power to convert and change their hotels to fire proof buildings. Taverns under three stories are not nearly so dangerous, (and might be permitted to stand,) because being low, escape from fire is possible; above that height, they should, by the laws of the land, be compelled to be built absolutely fire proof. The poor and lamented victims at the Fifth Avenue [I say truly poor, yet in God's sight the lives of those poor girls were as precious as that of the Queen on her throne,] would likely have been saved had the Fifth Avenue had—as all hotels should have—either iron or stone stairways from turret to foundation stone.

Nearly all large buildings in Europe have stone or iron stairways, and this feature of safety, at least we should at once adopt as one means of security from fire. How vast would be the saving in human life, property and insurance, if all our homes were built of stone, iron and slate. Men would then leave family and home in peace, knowing that all nearest to them on earth was safe from the dreaded fire fiend.

For afflicted humanity, I beg of you to insert this and solicit its insertion in all humane papers you have the power to influence.

Permit me to subscribe to this article that name which will awaken at this time attention to it above all other signatures.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.

How the Washington Ladies are Adorning Themselves this Winter.

(Washington Correspondence Boston Post.)

Mrs. and Miss Grant are not among the most fashionably or expensively dressed ladies seen in society. It might be supposed that they would be leaders of fasion, but they have no such aspiration, and Mrs. Grant is rather of an economical turn of mind, and would prefer to have her dresses made at home to having them made by an expensive French dressmaker. She and Miss Nellie have not a great variety of toilettes. They have a few pretty dresses, but nothing to compare with those of the ladies I have named. One Paris dress Mrs. Grant has this winter, which speaks for itself as a Paris dress, the wise ones say; the others I have seen her wear appear to be of American manufacture, and possibly of Washington. The French dress is a white faille, trimmed with round point lace. Miss Grant's toilettes are very simple. Her visiting suit is of plum-colored silk with flounces, faced and headed with *ciel* blue. Her bonnet matches in color and material. Dresses composed of violently contrasting colors are very fashionable indeed, even blue and buff, once esteemed such an outrage on good taste, are frequently seen in the same toilette.

POOR MATILDA HERON.

An amusing incident in regard to this unfortunate actress occurred the other evening in a newspaper office in Printing House square. It seems that she had been during the afternoon sent to the Park hospital, while suffering from violent delirium, and it was reported subsequently that she was dying.—About 11 o'clock the obituary editor was engaged in the preparation of his mortuary article when he heard, in an adjoining apartment, the loud and declamatory tones of a woman. They were so penetating that they annoyed him, and he finally ceased writing to ask who was making all that noise out there.

"Oh, that is Matilda Heron," was the answer. "She's come here to give a private lecture on the duties of the press in respect to her particular case, and she is laying down the law according to the Heron code, to our city editor."

"Well, if that's so," remarked the chronicler of the grave, "I might as well stop this obituary of her; for a woman who can talk as emphatically, and make as much noise as she can, will certainly live till our next issue."

A NEW JOURNAL.

To be called the Daily *Graphic*, which I have already mentioned, will make its appearance in two or three weeks. It is to be an illustrated evening issue of eight pages, and is something particularly new in journalism. The *Graphic* has a capital of $500,000, gold, mostly furnished by Canadians. It has leased a very large building, six stories high in Park Place, and has the amplest facilities. In connection with the paper the company expect to do a large amount of engraving and printing by a process altogether new, and which it calls the Graphic. The process seems to have been discovered and perfected in Quebec, and is known only to George E. Desponts, the proprietor of the Montreal Illustrated *News*. By it, an artist can make the illustrations and have them ready for the press as soon as a reporter can write up an account.

When Emily Faithful returns to England, and is asked what most struck her with wonder and pleasure in the United States, she can reply promptly and truthfully, "the superb reception given to me at Steinway Hall." No such demonstration has hitherto been witnessed on this continent. The genius, the culture, the cleverness, and the highest and best of each known to New York, were there to contribute by their presence and sympathy, their tribute to Miss Faithfull.—It was in no sense a "sensational" meeting. People came there neither to laugh at nor lampoon the "strong-minded," nor to pat on the head, in a mild, patronizing way, the good creature who had come here to tell us what she had done at home. A few might have strolled in from curiosity to see the woman who is known to have the friendship of Lady Burdett Coutts and other noble ladies of England, and who has the esteem and hearty co-operation of her Majesty the Queen, but the great mass came to testify their thorough sympathy with her work, and it was an audience such as is rarely seen. The journalists were there, and the poets; the doctors were there, those who practice and those who preach; the lawyers came and the judges; banker and merchant were there; and even the society man graciously beamed in upon it. Of course the toilers were present—the lady toilers, those who are becoming famous in literature, medicine, engraving, telegraphy, journalism, teaching, drama, music, typography, and the many other pursuits which are opening themselves to women. The entertainment itself was in all respects brilliant—the interesting and sensible address of welcome by Mrs. Henry M. Field, the eloquent response of Miss Faithfull, and the exquisite instrumental and vocal performances of Matilda Toden, Madame Van Zandt, and Miss Nettie Stirling.—All was bright and nice; and none will forget the rich, mellifluous voice of Miss Faithfull as she remarked: "It has been said that the English are a dumb people. They can do great acts, but not describe them. I don't wish to lay claim to the latter attribute, but I would fain shelter myself at the present moment behind a convenient nationality. But, in spite of our characteristic dumbness, I am bound to remember that words have been spoken in our little island home awakening echoes throughout the civilized world, which, thank Heaven, unites England and America with a chain which the vast Atlantic Ocean is powerless to sever. In many ways America is in advance of England. I am glad to see that the most earnest minds are giving attention to the important subject of the work and training of women, and that, in spite of the disadvantages in such training, many are employed by the government in positions of trust and responsibility. The recognition of women in important positions is of very great significance, for, of all the battle-fields of confused opinion, I think the one which should carry off the palm is that in which all the world is now joining as to the comparative faults and virtues of men and women. The whole subject has been surrounded with such misapprehension and unmerited abuse that many intelligent people are afraid to give it sober consideration, quite forgetting that to nothing save error can truth be dangerous. Others charge those who were taking an active part in it with setting themselves against men, whereas it arose from no false rivalry with men, but from the deepest sympathy with their noblest aims and aspirations.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The True Story of the First Telegram.

The bill met with neither sneers nor opposition in the Senate, but the business of the House went on with discouraging slowness. At twilight on the last evening of the session (March 3, 1843), there were 119 bills before it.—As it seemed impossible for it to be reached in regular course before the hour of adjournment should arrive, the Professor who had anxiously watched the tardy movements of business all day from the gallery of the Senate chamber, went with a sad heart to his hotel and prepared to leave for New York at an early hour the next morning. While at breakfast, a servant informed him that a young lady desired to see him in the parlor.

There he met Miss Annie Ellsworth, then a young school girl—the daughter of his intimate friend, Hon. Henry L. Ellsworth, the first Commissioner of patents—who said, as she extended her hand to him: "I have come to congratulate you."

"Upon what?" inquired the Professor.

"Upon the passage of your bill," she replied.

"Impossible! Its fate was sealed at dark last evening. You must be mistaken."

"Not at all," she responded. "Father sent me to tell you that your bill was passed. He remained until the session closed, and yours was the last but one acted upon, and it was passed just five minutes before the adjournment; and I am so glad to be the first one to tell you. Mother says, too, that you must come with me to breakfast."

The invitation was readily accepted, and the joy in the household was unbounded. Both Mr. and Mrs Ellsworth had fully believed in the project, and the former, in his confidence in it and in his warm friendship for Prof Morse, had spent all the closing hours of the session in the Senate chamber, doing what he could to help the bill along, and giving it all the influence of his high personal and official position.

Grasping the hand of his young friend, the Professor thanked her again for bearing him such pleasant tidings, and assured her that she should send over the wires the first message, as her reward. The matter was talked over in the family, and Mr. Ellsworth suggested a message which Prof. Morse referred to the daughter, for her approval; and this was the one which was subsequently sent.

A little more than a year after that time, the line between Washington and Baltimore was completed. Prof. Morse was in the former city, and Mr. Alfred Vail, his assistant, in the latter; the first in the chamber of the Supreme Court, the last in the Mount Clare depot, when the circuit being perfect, Prof. Morse sent to Miss Ellsworth for her message, and it came.

"WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!"

It was sent in triplicate in the dot and line language of the instrument, to Baltimore, and was the *first message ever transmitted by a recording telegraph.* A fac-simile of that first message, with Professor Morse's indorsement, is here given.

The story of this first message has been often told with many exaggerations. It has resolved about Europe with various romantic material attached to it, originating mainly in the French imagination, and has started up anew from time to time in our own country under fresh forms, but the above story is simple and literally true. An inventor in despair receives the news of his unexpected success from his friend's daughter, and he makes her a promise which he keeps, and thus links her name with his own, and with an invention which becomes one of the controlling instruments of civilization for all time.—*Scribner's for March.*

"Go abroad to hear the news." The Boston Globe announces that "Cedar Falls, Iowa, is ready to have a cheese factory, nearly every citizen having taken a little mite of stock, and an old skipper, who has been churned by the dashing waves of the Erie Canal, will boss the manufactory.

CURE FOR EARACHE.—Put a little black pepper in some cotton, dip in sweet oil and insert in the ear. This is one of the quickest remedies known.

THE HERALD.

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WIVES' COLUMN.

The Household.

As Spring approaches, employ all the care and ingenuity possible to preserve the health of your household during the most difficult and trying season. Grated horse-radish, moistened with vinegar, is one of the most valuable table adjuncts, and should be always in use. Reduce the quantity of meat, and place on your bill of fare instead, fresh eggs, hominy, crushed wheat, and fresh fish.

Spring greens, dandelion and the like, are worth more than their weight in gold, and should be had as frequently as possible.

Messina oranges cut up, and powdered, not too heavily, with sugar, are excellent for breakfast or dessert.

Boiled oatmeal for breakfast, with milk, and cranberry sauce as an adjunct to Graham rolls, will assist to keep the body in excellent condition.

POTATO STUFFING.—Bake or boil dry white potatoes; mash and strain them through a colander, mix with them an equal quantity of bread crumbs, add three hard boiled eggs grated, mix with butter, one tablespoonful. If not moist enough, add a little milk. All stuffings made of cold bread, and mixed with milk or water, are richer for being fried a few minutes, stirring constantly.

COTTAGE PIE.—Mince any kind of cold meat together—beef, mutton, veal, pork, or lamb—put it about an inch or an inch and a half deep in a pie-dish, and cover it with gravy; don't spare salt and pepper; cover it