

**The Plattsmouth Weekly Herald.**

**KNOTTS BROS.,**  
Publishers & Proprietors.

**Santa Clara Valley Fruits.**

SAN JOSE, CAL., June 13, '87  
California, the golden state of the union! So called from the precious metal which brought the 49-ers from home and friends, tempting them to brave the perils of the terrible over-land journey in a too often vain search for wealth. Little dreamed those old miners delving for gold that the true source of California's wealth was not the minerals they so eagerly sought, but the soil which they disdained to cultivate, except with the pick. Years after when the gold fever had abated the old familiar name was still appropriate by reason of the thousands of acres of yellow grain. Still later the orchards overspread the place of the vast wheat fields, and the trees, laden with golden oranges and apricots, with prunes and peaches, brought to the owners a constantly increasing stream of golden eagles.

What corn is to the farmer of Nebraska, fruit is to the tillers of the soil of this valley.

Santa Clara valley with an area of 1,500 square miles, with thousands of acres of the finest orchards, vineyards and vegetable gardens to be found in the world, ships to eastern markets and the markets of foreign countries, the varied products of her soil. The canned goods of this valley have a world wide reputation.

This year's fruit crops will be the largest ever known. Already the season has opened with the ripening of cherries and activity is the order of the day. The cherry, one of the most delicious fruits grown, cannot be fairly judged by eastern people as it is picked in an unripe condition for shipment and therefore is deficient in size, color and flavor. The yield, though not large, is unusually fine in quality and cherry orchards will pay handsome profits. Canners offering 7c per lb for the choice white varieties and even at that price the supply is not equal to the demand. Early peaches will be ripe in about two weeks and soon after the first of July the splendid apricot crop comes in. The yield will be immense. It is estimated that in this valley alone there will be 15,000 tons, worth, at prevailing prices, \$500,000, and when canned or dried, as the entire crop will be, the value will not fall short of \$1,000,000. To handle this vast amount of fruit will require the service of every man, woman and child attainable for that purpose. There are single orchards that will require 150 men to care for the fruit. As the luscious apricot is only grown in California, she has the whole United States and a portion of the old world for a market.

Many orchardists are preparing to dry their own fruit and evaporators are now as common in the valley as threshing machines in Nebraska. Fruit men think nothing of evaporating ten and fifteen tons of apricots per day (24 hours). Not far from where this letter is written, two Nebraska men own an orchard, purchased last winter, and are erecting what is considered one of the largest if not the largest evaporator in the state. We were told that it is expected to dry fifteen tons of apricots per day when crowded to its full capacity, and as no custom fruit was to be evaporated, the readers of the HERALD can form some idea of the immensity of the crop. The gentlemen mentioned have 30 acres of apricots and expect to have 250 tons of fruit. I will not attempt to name prices further than to say that 250 tons of green apricots will make 50 tons of dried.

Is it any wonder that the people of the Santa Clara valley value their land at \$1,000 an acre when capable of producing such results. The French prune ranks next in importance to the apricot and is also a purely California product. It is a sure bearer, is free from insect pests, and the man fortunate enough to own a ten-acre prune orchard has an assured income larger than can be obtained from the best 100 acres of grain land in the east. Plums, peaches and pears, in fact all fruits of the temperate zone as well as many semi-tropical ones attain perfection here. Oranges and lemons are no strangers to the valley and if the specimens shown are not as fine as those of Riverside and Los Angeles, the fault lies with the producers, not with soil and climate. There are hundreds of acres which, if properly irrigated, would raise as fine oranges as southern California. The people prefer the fruits that can be grown without irrigation.

An article on fruits would be incomplete were no mention made of the strawberry. Ten months in the year it is found in the market, and has ceased to be regarded as a luxury—rather, it is a necessity. In a letter it is impossible to give more than a faint idea of the magnitude of the fruit industry in this favored region. One by one the grain fields are replaced by orchards and it is only a question of a few years when the valley, from moun-

tain to mountain will be one vast fruit farm.

Perhaps a few words on climate may not be out of place in a letter on fruits. In the first place there are no extremes of heat and cold—the seasons are not Summer and Winter, Spring and Autumn but the wet and dry seasons. The trade winds temper the Summer heat, and the thermometer does not often mount among the nineties. Of course, there are now and then exceptionally warm days, but they are of rare occurrence, and but serve to prove to the inhabitants of this glorious valley how much they have to be thankful for. The rainy season, is of no uniform duration; light rains sometimes fall in October and November, but usually the rainy season is from the 1st of December to the 1st of May. Very often there is no rain until February. A rain after the 1st of May is regarded as a calamity. The readers of this letter are not to suppose the rainy season is one continuous downpour; a heavy rain (heavy in the California sense) is succeeded by days, often weeks of pleasant weather. The rains even when protracted are no serious hindrance to the farmer's labor—a man may work 365 days in the year, if so inclined. Late rains are of the most benefit to fruits and the most disastrous years have had the heavy rains very early in the season.

We respectfully beg to assure the good people who may read this letter that we have no interest whatever in real estate. For the benefit of any who contemplate seeking homes in California we say this: Do not locate without first seeing the Santa Clara valley.

ST. CLARE.

**"The Printer."**

St. Louis Republican.  
The following humorous address, "The Printer, His Privileges and Characteristics, and the Position of His Craft Among the Industries of the Country, as Reviewed by a Veteran," was delivered by Mr. Richard Ennis of the Ennis Stationery company at a meeting of the St. Louis Typothete, held in Darwick's hall, No. 117 Olive street, Friday night, before members of the society. During his address Mr. Ennis was frequently interrupted by laughter and applause from his hearers. He said:

Gentlemen—It is with gravest apprehension that one should undertake to speak in an assemblage composed of the employing printers in this or any other city; for of all classes of men, they are the most inclined to analyze, criticize, reconstruct, strengthen and "put sense" into all the "matter" with which they come in contact. Whether, he be professor or mechanic, politician or preacher, scientist or educator, the average printer feels it incumbent on himself to "doctor the copy" which passes through his hands, improve the grandeur and round the periods with the absolute sway of an autocrat, feeling that no one outside of the printing office has any rights that he is bound to respect. The master printer takes no man's statement as gospel, and nothing "goes" but that which has passed his scrutiny. His individuality is supreme and complete, even to the extent of coining words and going outside of every encyclopedia and dictionary. And there is good reason for all this. Many an ignorant stump speaker and politician have been lifted into national significance through his "tips" and "touches," and to the printer's aptness and constructive power, intuitive knowledge of grammar and punctuation, many of the most original thinkers and vigorous writers are indebted for the proud distinction of ranking with Addison and our own Oliver Wendell Holmes, and being handed down to posterity as an accomplished scholar, editor and author. [Great applause.]

The making of great men out of slender materials is part of the mystery of the art, and hence the secrets of the printing office are generally kept inviolate. Printers are at all times critical, and often cynical; and as they measure everything with a very short rule, but few men whose manuscript has "hung" upon their "copy hook" ever became heroes in their eyes; they investigate the underlying motives of men and measures, and get "onto" the inwardness of things by merely reading the head lines or introduction or looking at the handwriting; and as in olden times printers were permitted to wear swords as a sign of distinction, there is generally in their composition the element of the cavalier, blended with the wisdom of the philosopher and the servant. If anything in particular, the printer is, in all matters pertaining to his art, a hero, and in proof of this challenge the field by affixing his imprint to the work done in his establishment, a privilege not conceded to any other avocation.

It has been said that in the debates of printers' unions, generally every second member is, on an average, a second Clay or Webster, and if this be the case with the journeyman printer, why not conclude that underneath the dome of thought of every gentleman present this evening lies concealed the critical incisiveness of the Scotch reviewer or the withering invective of a modern Junius? Being one of your guild, and knowing full well how

my own thoughts would run were either one of you gentlemen in my place and I among the audience, for want of a better way of getting out of the dilemma in which an attempt to make a speech would place me, "with bated breath and whispering humbleness," permit me to compliment this society on this suspicious beginning, of which this highly respectable audience gives evidence. The bone and tissue of the printing business of our city is here assembled, and, from the interest expressed, nothing but good can come out of a better acquaintance and more frequent interchange of opinions.

Although somewhat of a veteran among the employing printers, I want to grasp the hand of every honest competitor and say that this is a very large country, which no one man can either fence in or control. In it there is plenty of room for all to labor and gain both fortune and honor; but in the pursuit of these there are no short cuts or corners, and the only pathway leading to their attainment is through economy and industry, supplemented by ability and perseverance.

**A Houseful of Snakes.**

Years ago a young lawyer of Savannah took his wife and their eldest son to the "springs" in Barnwell district, South Carolina. In those times, says the Savannah News, even Saratoga had but two hotels, in the shape of large wooden buildings very unlike the "palatial residences" now erected even at the South; so you may suppose the one in Barnwell was nothing to admire. A dwelling house, with wings, and a few small buildings around constituted the "hotel".

When the Savannahian got there no room could be found for him, unless he would occupy an outhouse of logs, used for fodder, one-half being supplied with a plank floor, the other being the natural soil. As a party was to leave in two days these accommodations were accepted, father, mother and son sleeping in one bed, and the servant girl where she could. The first night they slept soundly till after midnight, when they became aware of things scurrying and swiftly gliding over the floor overhead, and in one instance over the bed. As the light increased they found that their visitors were rats and chicken-snakes, but they disappeared very soon. They determined to risk another night, especially as the strictest search could detect the presence of neither rat nor serpent. About the same hour of the night there was a repetition of the occurrences of the night before, and having discovered that the serpents were only chicken snakes the travelers slept on, though the boy declared that something had crawled over his face toward morning. The father dressed and retired, and the mother got up at the proper time. Her habit was to put her keys, stockings and bag under her pillow before getting into bed. Slipping her feet into her shoes, which had heels, she put her hand under the pillow from which she had just risen, when she felt the cold skin of the snake. She told the child to jump out of bed and as she did so she slipped off one of her shoes, held it as a hammer, jerked away the pillow, and as the serpent raised its head, struck it a deadly blow. It squirmed to the floor, writhed a little, and then lay still. To her horror she then discovered it to be a "moccasin." The house was within fifty yards of a swamp, which abounded with those interesting reptiles. Upon being complimented for coolness and bravery she admitted that had she not thought it a chicken snake she would have acted differently. She was not one of the kind that screams and jump on chairs at the sight of a little mouse, moreover was a Beaufort girl like her sex generally in Port Royal able to break a marsh tack, steer a boat through the surf, sail one in a stiff breeze play a drum-fish and then shine in a drawing-room among the brilliant men and women who then abounded on our seacoast from the Santee to the St. Marys. In those days Boston, Baltimore, Charleston Beaufort and Savannah were famed for their beautiful women and of a culture unsurpassed anywhere.

**Why the Crow is Black.**

The Indians of the extreme Northwest had some very remarkable legends about the creation, in which the crow takes the leading part, bringing order out of chaos. Perhaps the most curious was that which accounted for the raven coat of the crow. One night, while making a tour through his dominions, he stopped at the house of Can-nook, a chief, and begged for lodging and a dring of water. Can-nook offered him a bed, but, on account of the scarcity of water, refused to give him anything to drink. When all the rest were asleep the crow got up to hunt for the water-butt, but, was heard by Can-nook's wife, who aroused her husband. He, thinking that the crow was about to escape, piled logs of gum wood upon the fire. The crow made desperate efforts to fly through the hole in the roof where the smoke escaped, but Can-nook caused the smoke to be denser and denser, and when the crow finally regained the outer air he had black plumage. It was previously white.—Z. L. White, in The American Magazine.

**Harriet Beecher Stowe on Woman's Sphere.**

Womans' Rights Conventions are a protest against many former absurd, unreasonable ideas—the mere physical and culinary idea of womanhood, as connects donly with puddings and shirt-buttons, the unjust and unequal burdens which the laws of harsher ages cast upon the sex. Many of the women connected with these movements are as superior in everything womanly as they are in exceptional talent and culture.

There is no manner of doubt that the sphere of woman is properly to be enlarged, and the republican governments in particular are to be saved from corruption and failure only by allowing to woman this enlarged sphere. Every woman has rights as a human being first, which belong to no sex, and ought to be as freely conceded to her as if she were a man—and first and foremost, the great right of doing anything which God and nature evidently have fitted her to excel in. If she be made a natural orator, like Miss Dickinson, or an astronomer, like Mrs. Somerville, or a singer, like Grisi, let not the technical rules of womanhood be thrown in her way of her free use of her powers. Nor can there be any reason shown why a woman's vote in the State should not be received with as much respect as in the family. A State is but an association of families, and laws relate to the rights and immunities which touch woman's most private and immediate wants and dearest hopes; and there is no reason why sister, wife, and mother should be more powerless in the State than in the home. Nor does it make a woman unwomanly to express an opinion by dropping a slip of paper into a box, more than to express that same opinion by conversation. In fact, there is no doubt that, in all matters relating to the interests of education, temperance, and religion, the State would be a material gainer by receiving the votes of women.—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

**Astonishing Success.**

It is the duty of every person who has used *Boschee's German Syrup* to let its wonderful qualities be known to their friends in curing Consumption, severe Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Pneumonia, and in fact all throat and lung diseases. No person can use it without immediate relief. Three doses will relieve any case, and we consider it the duty of all Druggists to recommend it to the poor, dying consumptive, at least to try one bottle, as 80,000 dozen bottles were sold last year, and no one case where it failed was reported. Such a medicine as the German syrup cannot be too widely known. Ask your druggist about it. Sample bottles to try, sold at 10 cents. Regular size, 75 cents. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers, in the United States and Canada.

**Looked Like a Boa Constrictor.**

From the Milton, (Ga.,) Democrat.  
Mr. Will Demsey brought to our office on yesterday a snake which measured 5 feet 8 inches in length, 2 inches in diameter in the center. It resembled a boa constrictor slightly, but Mr. Dempsey thinks it was a bull snake, because, on approaching it, it reared its head and belched; others call it a chicken snake, and some say they never before saw a snake that was like it. Just think of it rearing its head, its penetrating eyes flashing dancing glances at you, and its forked tongue passing in and out its mouth like a shuttle of poison.

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft, or Calloused Lumps and blemishes from Horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Sweney, Stiles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted by Fricke & Co. Druggists, Plattsmouth. 34-1yr

The complimentary passes given to newspaper men by a county fair association in Michigan, read as follows: "This ticket has probably been paid for a dozen times over by the paper to which it is issued. It will be honored in the hands of any man, woman or child, white or black, red or yellow, who favor the association by presenting it. It is good for entrance and grand stand, and the bearer, if driving, will be entitled to pass a team free. The association recognizes the fact that its splendid success is owing largely, if not wholly, to the notices freely given by the press, and, while we cannot render an equivalent in cash, we return our grateful thanks."—*Lincoln Journal.*

Faults of digestion cause disorders of the liver, and the whole system becomes deranged. Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier perfects the process of digestion and assimilation, and thus makes pure blood. 8-m3

An Arizona judge has decided that peace officers have no right to carry concealed weapons any more than private citizens.

If you suffer prickling pains on moving the eyes, or cannot bear bright light, and find your sight weak and failing, you should promptly use Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Eye Salve. 25 cents a box. 8-m3

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Ladies' Kid Opera Slippers, formerly \$1.60, now 75c.  
Men's Working Shoes, formerly \$1.75, now \$1.10.

**Choice Box of few old Goods left at less than half Cost**  
**Manufacturing and Repairing Neatly and Promptly done.**

**CALL AT THE OLD STAND OF PETER MERCES.**

**Patents Granted**

To citizens of Nebraska during the past week, reported expressly for THE HERALD by C. A. Snow & Co., patent lawyers, opposite U. S. patent office, Washington, D. C.  
J. L. Rice, Omaha, Roofing-paint. M. M. Hunt, Tecumseh, Car-coupling. J. Fremont, Reynolds, Bed-spring bottom. E. B. Durfee, Lincoln, Railscraper and snow plow.

The quality of the blood depends much upon good or bad digestion and assimilation; to make the blood rich in life and strength giving constituents, use Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier; it will nourish the properties of the blood from which the elements of vitality are drawn. 8-m3

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The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chillsblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price, 25 cents per box. For sale by [301y] F. G. FRICKE & CO.

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