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MISCELLANEOUS.

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GOOD-NIGHT.

Low burned the fire, the room was dim, We heard the warning clock-strike ten.

I had a dream last night, I said, I'll tell it to you ere I go:

Why, some cool, true, and some do not; Dreams like this I quite believe,

God bless the little feet that can never go astray! For the little shoes are empty in my closet laid away.

It is a little, half worn shoe, and much too small for me; And all at once I feel a sense of bitter loss and pain.

Oh, little feet, that weary not, I wait for them no more; For I am drifting on the tide, and they have reached the shore.

I try to think my darling's feet are treading streets of gold; And when I lay them down again, but always turn and say,

And while I thus am standing, I almost seem to see The little form beside me, just as it used to be.

Oh, little feet, that weary not, I wait for them no more; For I am drifting on the tide, and they have reached the shore.

Oh! the bitterness of parting cannot be done away Until I meet my darling where his feet can never stray.

When I see more at drifting upon the surging tide, But with him safely landed upon the other side.

Be patient heart! while waiting to see the shining way, For the little feet, in the shining street, can never go astray.

"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." The author of "Festus" tells us that "Man is a military animal."

We confess that some of the manifestations of this military propensity are to us inexplicable.

But when we see a lot of carpenters or shoemakers or mechanics of any kind "on strike,"

I would add for the information of those who delight in calling Mr. Greeley the "second Franklin,"

And every regiment of our "citizen soldiers" as we call our militia organizations, is a marching marvel.

A well-preserved Head of Hair, in a person of middle age, at once bespeaks refinement, elegance, health and beauty.

Few things are more disgusting than thin, frizzly, harsh, untamed hair, with head and coat covered with dandruff.

A chance for reporters. An exchange says: Five dollars reward is offered for the reporter who can write six months about fires and not allude to the "Fire Fiend"

Red Cloud, Red Dog, and other Sioux chiefs, leave for Philadelphia tomorrow, from Philadelphia they start for home.

Peter Cartwright.

This remarkable Methodist preacher died recently at his house in Illinois, at the advanced age of eighty-eight years.

He had been blessed with a classical education, he could have shown in literature as brilliantly as he had in the field.

He believed in fighting the devil with fire, and his powerful physical organization nearly always gave him the victory in his battles against Satan's captains.

A number of rowdies attended a camp meeting once, and whilst old Peter was preaching, got up a disturbance.

He had badly whipped and secured two of the scoundrels, put to flight the rest and placed "hors du combat," a Justice of the Peace who interfered in behalf of the disturbers of the meeting.

At another occasion, as he was going to an "appointment," Cartwright was met in the road by a pugilistic blacksmith, as large as Peter, who took hold of the reins of the horse and commanded the preacher to dismount.

Cartwright asked him what was wanted, whereupon the smith gave the pleasant information that he intended to whip him; in fact, he had made it a rule to whip all the Methodist preachers that passed his shop.

Peter had heard of this man's doings before, and, after vain expostulation, with an air of resignation, asked permission to take off his high coat, as he did not want it soiled, before active operations began.

The blacksmith generously consented to the arrangement, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing his intended victim standing face to face with him, ready.

The smith pitched in, and so did Peter, and after a few passes they closed, and in a moment the sooty fighter found himself flat on his back, with a preacher astride of him.

Old Peter's sledge-hammer fists were now rapidly pounding on the anvil face of the rapidly dog, making sparks fly at every stroke.

Soon the blacksmith cried for quarter. The divine then dictated his own terms. The blacksmith was to ask pardon for his cowardly assault, to hear his conqueror preach, and earnestly seek the salvation for his soul.

These conditions were contemptuously spurned, whereupon Peter declared he would convert him if he had to pound his head off, and at once renewed the pounding.

The blacksmith soon yielded, and was let up. In a short time he became truly converted, and was over after a respectable, well-behaved man, and a warm supporter of the Methodist church and a defender of its preachers.

In class-meeting he always thanked God for having met Peter Cartwright.—Ez.

The "Trunk" Rail-road. (From the Southern Nebraskan.) The St. Louis and Nebraska Trunk Railroad is an enterprise in which the people of Nebraska, especially the river counties, and more especially the river towns, are deeply interested.

It has been "talked" for several years, and owing to uncontrollable circumstances has thus far "hung fire."

Recently new interests have been awakened, and new efforts are being made to make it a success. There is now, no doubts in the minds of those well informed, that the road will be built, and that speedily, if the required aid can be worked up along the line.

Nemaha and Otoe counties have already voted, and it now remains for Richardson to do his part. It has been thought best by the friends, to submit the question of voting aid to the river precinct.

While we on the river, have done our proportion in constructing the interior road, and ought now to be aided in return, for the present we should not "stand on the order of going," but move on promptly and in earnest to hasten the work and completing this very much needed road.

The sum required is but \$5,000 per mile. The company building will lay down at least \$15,000 per mile additional in cash, leaving us not less than \$10,000 in taxable property, in the precincts, for every \$5,000 in vote.

Another consideration; but few now living as voters and property holders will have more than the interest to pay. Our children and their children will pay the principal. If we devise the means and build the road for those to come after us, they ought to, and will be willing to pay for it.

Arago precinct and all that portion of the county above Rulo, are vitally interested in this matter. It is the only hope we have for Railroad facilities. It is this or nothing with us. Without Railroads in this day and age, we might as well be out of the world.

More might be said upon this important subject, but this I trust is sufficient to awaken our people to a just sense of their duty in the precincts.

ARAGO PRECINCT. We shall in our next issue have an article prepared on Cass County; its advantages, the cheapness of the lands, the inducements it holds out to settlers with a little money, to stop here, instead of passing over this lovely tract and locating far from railroads, telegraphs and churches, where they pay the same price for lands, and often more than they could be purchased for here.

Political.

Dispatch from Mr. Colfax. PHILADELPHIA, June 7. The following dispatch was read in convention yesterday, just previous to adjournment:

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 6. To John W. Foster, Indiana: Accept for yourself and delegation my sincere gratitude for your gallant contest. I support your ticket cheerfully. Men are nothing; principles everything.—Nothing must arrest the Republican triumph of equality before the law. Liberty, from which it springs, it is universally acknowledged, and the citizenship of the humblest becomes a sure protection against outrage and wrong, as was the Roman citizenship of old.

SCHUYLER COLFAX. The President and his Nomination. WASHINGTON, June 7. President Grant, immediately after his nomination, was informed of the fact by telegrams from William Orton, George H. Stewart, and several others. He was attending to business at the time in his office.

He remarked to friends this evening, after returning from his ride, that the announcement occasioned him no surprise, as delegates had been instructed to vote for him, and the proceedings of yesterday showed that this would be the result; nevertheless, he was highly gratified that his nomination was unanimous, and felt under obligations to his countrymen, who, through their delegates, so emphatically endorsed him, and both in their speeches and by their votes which showed that the vile slanders uttered against him found no believers.

The first to congratulate Mr. Wilson was Mr. Colfax, who entered from his room as soon as he heard the former had been selected, and shook him by the hand.

That Additional Article. Washington, June 7. A report prevailed to-day that England had accepted the additional article to the treaty at Washington. The report may have been founded on remarks made last night in the house of lords, which gave promise of such a result.—No official information has been received.

The arbitrators at Geneva can adjourn soon after their meeting on the 15th inst. to meet again as soon as the document shall reach them, and hereafter confine their business without further impediment.

The Dead of Note. One by one the famous men in literature, arts or Government of this Century are passing away. T. Buchanan Reed, the poet, Chas. Lever, the novelist, and James Gordon Bennett, Proprietor, Founder, and Editor of the New York Herald have all gone to their long homes during the last month.

The Methodist Book Concern. Dr. Lanahan was arrested this afternoon on an order for arrest issued by Judge Friedman, of the Supreme Court, on complaint of Samuel G. Goodenough, who brought a suit against him to recover damages for alleged slander. The plaintiff, in his affidavit, says Dr. Lanahan had called him a thief and robber, and accused him of wearing diamonds and other articles of jewelry purchased with money which he had taken from the Methodist Book Concern. Bail was fixed at five thousand.

Dr. Lanahan refused to allow any of his friends to bail him, on the ground that he had been presented by the Methodist Book Concern, and was committed to the Ludlow street jail. He has sent to Baltimore for his brother to become surety. He is expected here tomorrow.

A skeptical young collegian confronted an old Quaker with the statement that he did not believe in the Bible. Said the Quaker, "Does thee believe in France?" "Yes. Though I have not seen it, I have seen plenty of who have. Besides, there is plenty of proof that such a country does exist. Then thee wilt not believe anything thee or others have not seen?" "No, to be sure I won't."

"Did thee ever see thy own brains?" "No." "Ever see anybody that did?" "No." "Does thee believe thee has any?"

Clean Fun.

The Lebanon (Ky.) Herald tells the following: Judge Green relates that, as he was walking down West Main on Monday afternoon, he met a venerable man, red at eye, unkempt of lock, and out at elbow, who had modestly asked him for a quarter. "Stranger," said this impetuous patriarch, "I'm a movin' to Arkansas—me and the old woman, and the children, and John (Jo's my oldest son) and his wife and his children—and, stranger, my steers run away with the waggin just afore we got to town back here, and broke avary bit of crockery w' we had. Didn't even leave us a skillet to bake a hoe-cake in for the children when we camp to-night. And, stranger, a gentleman back here gimme a quarter, and I thought if I could get you to gimme another quarter, maybe I could go back to town and get a skillet." "You want it to buy a skillet, do you?" asked the Judge. "Oh, yes, stranger; I want to buy a skillet," he replied—and then, as if he had suddenly occurred to him that his temperance principles might be impugned, he added: "As for whiskey and brandy, I haint touched a drop in forty year!" "Well," said the Judge, who is always ready to listen to an appeal for charity, but who was a little suspicious of the intended destination of the desired quarter, "go with me back to the square and I will buy you a skillet." "Stranger," returned this ancient man, "I'm afeared the waggin'll git too far ahead of me if I go back—good evenin', stranger." And off he tramped, skilless and quarterless.

"I come for the saw, sir," said an urchin. "What saucer?" "Why, the saw, sir, that you borrowed." "I borrowed no saucer." "Be off; I never saw your saucer." "But you did, sir; there's the saw, sir, now, sir."

"Oh! you want the saw?" A doctor was called in to see a patient whose native land was Ireland, and whose native drink was whiskey. Water was prescribed as the only cure. Pat said it was out of the question, he could never drink it. Milk was then proposed, and Pat agreed to get well on milk.—The doctor was soon summoned again. Near the bed on which the sick man lay was a table, and on this table a large bowl, and in the bowl was milk, but flavored strongly with whiskey.

"What have you here?" said the doctor. "Milk, doctor; just what you ordered." "But there is whiskey in it; I smell it." "Well, doctor," sighed the patient, "there may be whiskey in it, but milk's my object."

Need Well Watering. A certain widow was one day in the spring seen by the clerk of her parish crossing the churchyard with a watering-pot and a bundle.

"Ah, Mistress Mactavish," said the clerk, "what's yer business wid sic like gear as that he ar carrying?" "Ah, well, Mr. Malachan," replied the widow, "I'm just goin' to my gude-man's grave. I've got some hayseeds in my bundle, the which I'm going to sow upon it, and the water in the can is just to gie 'em a spring like!"

The Old Bachelor. A chronick old bachelor is invariably of the noster gender, I don't care how much he may offer to bet that it ain't so.

They are like dried apples on a string—want a good soaking before they will do to use.

I suppose there is sum of them who have a good excuse for their nuttiness; many of them are too stingy to marry.—This is one of the best excuses I know of, for a stingy man ain't fit to have a nice woman.

Some old bachelors git after a flirt, and can't travel so fast as she dox, and then konldnads allow the female gender are hard to ketch, and good for nothing when they are ketcht.

A flirt is a hard thing to overhaul unless the right dogs get after her, and then they are easiest or awl to ketch, and often make the best of wives.

HELP IT ALONG. We are preparing an article on Cass County, which we propose to keep standing for several weeks on our first page. Readers and subscribers would do well to send these copies cast for their friends to read. Copies ready for mailing, at this office.

Our Wives' Column.

This Column is open for the Ladies. Let us hear from them. The following is from Jennie Jane's advice to mothers, in Democrat's Monthly, and is true enough to bear republishing: Young American women are very apt to be deficient as nurses, and some pride themselves upon it, and consider it an evidence of superior intellectual organization. But this is a great mistake. The more complete a woman is, the more capable of fulfilling every law of her own being, the better she is. The ordinary sharp, sensitive, nervous, highly-strung girl of the American type has neither a sound mind nor a healthy body. She runs to eccentricities and exaggerations of all kinds, and unless controlled by a strong sense of duty, is one of the most uncomfortable of wives and incapable of mothers.

If women despise the office of maternity, they ought not to marry; if they do marry, let them strive to become as perfect representatives as possible of wifehood and motherhood.

Not a little of the miserable weakness and debility which characterizes our young wives and mothers is due to the absurd notions about diet to produce an interesting delicacy, which obtain possession of young girls. The quicker women get rid of this, and reform their habits of eating, when they are wives, the better. The wear and tear of married life cannot be sustained on chocolate, pastry, and ice-creams.

Bessie's Budget. At a certain school for the education of feeble-minded children, is little Sandy, who, though forgetful of all else, can remember every text of Scripture taught him. Disobedience of rules is punished by allowing the culprit nothing but bread to eat during one entire day.

"Ah, Sandy, you have broken a rule; I am sorry," said Dr. —, the Principal, as passing through the dining-room, he saw the little man munching a dry crust.

"Yes, sir; but it's a heap worse for you to make me break one of God's rules. He says 'Man shall not live by bread alone.'"

The Dr. bit his lip and passed on. Breakfast was ready, the guests seated around the table, and three-year-old Gay, almost starved after the long night's fast, peeped over the tray into her mother's face, with an importunate

"I want wait, mamma, I is so hungry." "I must first pour out Aunt Tacey's coffee, Gay. Have a little patience." "Oh, mamma dear, I see the wee of, shaking her head, "I no want a ity patience; I just want some bread and honey."

Aunt Tacey, falling in love with Gay, or Grace, (for such her name really is,) took her for a few weeks' visit to her childless home in a neighboring town.—She crept into her first sight, a child's high chair, which had been many years' vacant, was placed close to uncle's left elbow at tea-time, and the merry little maiden snugly seated therein.

"Now, pet," said uncle, "fold your hands so, and close your eyes like mine; I am going to say grace." "Why papa allow call me Grace, with his eyes wide open, only mamma and other people's say 'itty Gay,' she replied wonderfully.

"Oh, this means saying grace to God. Now shut your eyes and listen." And bowing his head reverently, he impressively asked a blessing.—Wood's Mag.

Domestic Recipes. To Remove Stains From Clothing.—Take a handful of salt, half a cup of soft soap, rub on the cloth and expose to the sun. It will come out with one or two washings.

An Improved Method of Cooking Beets.—Bake them; it requires about two hours to bake a medium-sized beet. I hardly think any person will resort to the old method of boiling them after eating one meal of baked beets.

To prevent strokes from rusting, oil them with sweet oil. This does not make a bad smell when the stoves are heated again. The stoves should be clean when the oil is applied. Coal scuttles may be oiled with boiled lard-oil.

A correspondent says: "Our plan to keep butter is to wrap each churning separately in a rag dipped in strong brine, and to pack it in a box or barrel of dry salt, taking care to keep it covered with the salt. It does not become too salt, and is as good in winter as when new."

Editors Supposed to Know Everything. A Berks county man writes to the editor of one of our exchanges, and wants to know how to break an ox. To which question the editor makes an answer:—"If only one ox, a good way would be to hoist him by means of a log chain attached to his tail, to the top of a pole forty feet from the ground. Then hoist him by a rope tied about his horns, to another pole. Then descend on to his back a five ton pile driver, and if that don't break him, let him start a county newspaper and trust him for subscription. One of the two ways will do it sure."

We like that last.—Ed.