THE HERALD.

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

THURSDAY, JULY, 4. 1872

J. A. MACMURPHY.....EDITOR.

Official Directory.

CONGRESSIONAL.

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

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Jacob Valley, }
Beni. Albin, } County Commissioners.
James, }
J. W. Thomas, Coroner.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT.

U. S. GRANT.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

HENRY WILSON.

CLUB RATES FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

We will mail the Weekly HERALD to new subscribers and clubs, during the Presidential Campaign, beginning June 20th and closing November 15th—the week after the Presidential election—twenty-two numbers in all—at the following rates:

One copy	$ 70
Club of ten copies	6 00
Club of twenty-five copies	12 50

DAILY—At fair Club rates.

SUBSCRIBE!!

We want subscribers for our weekly and daily all through the county. To a person sending us a club of five names and over a liberal discount will be made.

The Beatrice *Express* comes to us on a half sheet this week. Reason why?—Because they have concluded to enlarge to an eight-column sheet. We congratulate them on the increased business which obliges them to do this.

COMPLIMENTS.

We have received so many complimentary notices about our little *daily*, from all our brethren of the Press, without regard to politics, that we take this occasion to return our thanks generally.

This alone, is not what we set out to say, but to remark on the almost universal good will and absence of petty jealousy among newspaper editors. Your literary man *per se*, the pure Author, is frequently a very disagreeable person with his "pets," and his humors, and his total want of courtesy to his brother authors. Lawyers are pretty good natured, very social, and free from many of the faults of the former class, yet they do not always like to acknowledge the ability and power of an opposing brother of the fraternity. Physicians are very jealous of each other's reputation for success. Clergymen are not free by any means from this jealousy—in fact it is rather a clerical failing than otherwise.

Your real practical, hard working, managing editor, seems to be the only man who drives ahead and pays no heed to other people's estimate of his good or bad points, and if a brother editor makes a good paper he says so at once. If he has an ounce or two of brains extra, he gives him credit for it in a twinkling; and when he gets off a good thing, laughs at it as heartily and acknowledges it as readily as if it were the coinage of his own brain. As a class, no set of men abuse each other on public affairs so roundly and in private life receive one another so entirely free from personal animosity or jealousy.

A letter to the Omaha *Herald* from Plattsmouth, signed "Junius," states that we had a rousing Greeley & Brown meeting, and that Tipton was repeatedly cheered. It ends by saying "at the close of the meeting three rousing cheers were given for Greeley & Brown.' We were not present at the close of that meeting, but a number of persons assured us that the facts are, a very feeble cheer was given for Greeley & Brown, and three triumphant cheers for Grant. "Junius" is a very poor judge of facts, before his eyes, when he says Cass county will go *Liberal*; also, if he is a native here, he deserves no credit for yoking fun at Plattsmouth about the reunion, and stretches a point of fact to boot. *Many* soldiers from the country were here on that day, and at any rate, this city did her part nobly and deserves credit for the endeavors to make it a pleasant, profitable and sociable time to those that did come.

LINCOLN NEWS.

The Artesian well is down 351 feet.

In sinking the well it is found that the water line at Plattsmouth is 200 feet lower than at Lincoln,

They are now putting in gas mains all over town.

The Atwood House is being thoroughly renovated and renewed. M. W. Lynch is Clerk, and J. C. Cox, Steward. It will soon be the best Hotel in the State.

The Grand Encampment I. O. O. F. was organized yesterday.

The wind has blown for three days a gale.

Supreme Court meets at Lincoln, today.

Marquett thinks the Republican party have increased the price of Religion.—That's a new virtue.

THE CHURCH BELLS.

How merrily they ring. Merrily? Yes, why should *not* a church bell be merry? What bell tells of greater, grander things. Ought not the associations that it calls up be sources of enjoyment to all. Was there not joy in the land when Christ was born? Is there not rejoicing every Christmas yet?

A church bell may be merry without indulging in levity, and a church member would surely be moved to feelings of joy and gladness, rather than to those of sadness and sorrow, by hearing his own Church bell calling him cheerfully (merrily) to hear the *glad* tidings of salvation.

It has always been the custom to speak of the Marriage bells as alone merry. Is a marriage always a merry occasion? Has the token which knells the parting of Mother and Daughter, breaks up years of sweet family intercourse, and causes the severance of many dear bonds of union on both sides, any more right to be called *merry* than when it tolls forth the tidings of men saved of a world to come full of joy and light, of a haven of rest where there are no more partings? We trow not.

A few years back, and Nebraska heard never a church bell, and so strongly did we feel this, that the first bells seemed to ring forth the words, "Come home, Come home," not to our heavenly abode, as some might now suggest, but back to the vine-clad cottages of New England, to the *shady* old villlage street, to the church under the grand old trees, to the farm-house in the lane, when the apple blossoms were fragrant, and the bloom of the peach only rivaled by that on the cheek of the girl we loved.

These were the homes that the first church bells in Nebraska tol(l)'d us of, and very dear to our hearts are both the homes and the bells to this day.

Before this time, however, Sunday after Sunday, men, and not bad men intentionally either, shouldered their gun or their fishing rod and marched away for a day's sport, solely because there were no church bells to call them any where else. Many and many a time have we heard the expressed wish, "If we could only go to church now, or hear a real old fashioned church bell, how good it would sound."

How changed! If we do not all go to church, we have the bells each Sunday to remind us that there is a *Sabbath*, and something higher, holier to strive for than to beat our neighbors in making money, or as in '57 days, we strove for the best corner lot and the biggest hand at Poker.

Having wrought all this change for the better, who says they are not Merry bells—these Church Bells.

THROUGH CASS COUNTY.

The Second Day's Ride.

June 22, 1872.

In the morning Mr. Kirkpatrick showed us over the farm and the rhubarb beds—one stalk of which measured over four feet in length, and the leaf three feet ten inches in diameter. What has our eastern man to say to this.' We forget how many farms Mr. K. told us of, but we know that Eddy worked one, and another son another, and that the home farm contained 360 acres. Altogether, it is a beautiful place, and after getting minute directions for our journey home, we rode down the hill, unto the valley of the Weeping Water.

ITS LEGEND.

Two good old-fashioned tribes of Indians, before the white man introduced whiskey and small pox to his red brethren, knew no other way of decimating the ranks of their lusty and hungry young warriors than by a series of desperate fights, in which they managed so craftily and had such extraordinary good success, that scarcely any grown males were left in either tribe, consequently, the squaws gathered in force on the banks of this stream and wept so energetically and numerously that the water riz and overflowed the country round about, since which time that region hath been called "THE WEEPING WATER VALLEY. It's a fresh, nice, pretty stream, though, if it was once made of tears; and charming to tell to western ears, it every here and there runs over little riffles of stone, sparkling and shining, foaming and bubbling in such a good old-fashioned country brook manner, that we just longed to kick our shoes off, jump out of the buggy, roll our pants up, and have a good old schoolboy *wade*. It is fordable in many places, having a hard, gravel or stone bottom, wherever the water runs over these riffles.

Close by the banks of the Weeping Water, in laughing prosperity lives the Hon. Lawson Sheldon, our Senator to the last State Legislature. Mr. S. is a Vermonter, a splendid farmer, and owns 1200 acres of land, stretching through upland and dale for many and many a rod in every direction. Under his guidance we explored some of the rough parts of the valley, and for the first time in our whole life in Nebraska, we heard the grinding sound of pebbles and boulders beneath our buggy wheels. You must know that in our Northern Nebraska one can ride over whole counties and never see a stone in the road big enough to throw at a cow. In '64 some Jersey friends came to visit us. We had business up country, and taking a carriage at Omaha, we passed north through Washington and Burt counties, to the Omaha Agency. On returning, we came by Arizona bottoms. On our return to Omaha, they were profuse in description of their pleasure at the beautiful country, and mentioned as a crowning glory "What do you think, we have ridden over 150 miles and the carriage wheels never struck a stone." It was true, and they might have ridden many hundred more in some places, with a like result.

In this valley, however, at a certain elevation, good lime stone is found in abundance, and crops out in the roads wherever they cross a spur of the bluff at the proper height.

We passed over some high, rolling ground, from points of which we could see far up the Weeping Water, view Buck's, and other large and beautiful groves. There is no lack of timber in this region, and Mr. Sheldon stated that if the fires are kept out, in ten years there would be more than farmers needed—the young oaks were already encroaching on their fields and plowed lands.

At Factoryville we met Mr. Jennings, the proprietor; had a good laugh over his Greeley hat, and we promised to come down and go a fishing in the mill pond, some day. That would be an experience once more. We hav'nt fished in an old, jolly, big pond since we got "licked" for tumbling off the "forebay," years ago.

Mr. Jennings & Son have an excellent grist mill here, and some man with money should come in and put up other machinery, such as Woolen Mills, or go into cheese factories. Here is a most excellent point for some enterprising man to build up a local habitation, and a name, for success and prosperity must attend a judicious investment in such spots as these. Water power right at the door, a rich farming country all around, and in all probabability a railroad within eighteen months or two years. What more could a man need?

At Mr. Barnum's we were very hospitably entertained, but as the day was waxing late we were forced to cut our visit short and return.

It would be impossible in the space of this letter to tell of all the fine farms we saw, of the coolness with which men talked of 600 acres, 1,000, 1,500 acres, as if they were garden patches, or of the *sang froid* with which they announced that "the hundred acre wheat field looked the best this year," or that *eighty* in corn was doin remark'bly well." In several places we saw long lines of excellent stone fences, great, old fashioned barns and outhouses, orchards and fruit without stint or limit. If it is not a land of plenty, flowing with milk and honey, it is not for want of cows or bees either, for there are plenty of both on the prairie and in the yard.

Mr. Isaac Pollard has one of the finest farms we ever saw in any State. There are 1,500 acres in one body—a magnificent brick barn, 100 feet long, running water in several places, stone fences and stock to match, has 30 head of horses and colts, milks 26 cows, and had corn enough in the big barn to make a corn-er, if he only had it on a corner in Chicago.

Absolutely tired of questioning and examining so much of interest to the lover of his State and country, we turned our faces and our horses northward, and arrived at home late in the evening.

We have been thus particular in describing the amounts of land owned and the good things of the country, not to gratify ourselves, nor yet the men that own them, but because our paper circulates far and wide, and we desire to let our Eastern friends know what a country there is here as well as to inform our old patrons north of the Platte how South Platte country looks. Every day we learn that there is more and more of Nebraska than we once dreamed, and feel confident that but few years can elapse ere we will produce almost every thing that a great State needs within our borders.

OUR RATIFICATION.

Grant and Wilson Saturday Night.

We are satisfied! yes, more. It excelled our utmost expectations.

The Re-union but recently before us, and the constant asseveration of kind hearted friends (?) that the Greeley element in Plattsmouth was strong, we almost distrusted our own judgment and feared that our ratification might come out slim. We had resolved to tell the truth, if only ten men were present, but it would have gone like pulling teeth to have done so, had the meeting proved a failure.

One glance around the spacious hall on entering, dispelled our fears on that score, and we sat down contented.—About the same number of people were present as at Senator Tipton's speech, but there was a different element prevailing. We might miss it widely in guessing at majorities in this, or any other county, but there is one thing we can hardly fail in; that is, taking the measure and temper of a crowd or an audience. We have "taken notes" before a sea of upturned faces too often to be badly fooled on these points, and these people were alive, nervy—their hearts were in their faces, and their sentiments beamed from their eyes. It was not a cold, critical crowd, come to view a rather notorious man, and to hear what he had to say for himself and his friends, but a company of companions, gathered to hear their comrads in a good cause, reason of the words, the truth and the law.

Doctor Black called the meeting to order, and introduced

GEN. SILAS A. STRICKLAND.

Loud cheering followed. The General squared himself, and then and there with a masterly flow of wit, humor and argument combined, read the record of the glorious past of the REPUBLICAN PARTY. Launching from this into the personal history and characteristics of Gen. Grant, he showed that this "quiet, persistent, reticent, little man had been successful in every effort or move he has made, so far in life;" and that we had to thank his wisdom, prudence and courage, for the fact that we have to-day a Country, a Government and a Republican party. He reviewed him as a General, as a President, and showed conclusively that he was one of the rare few of this world who rise equal to every occasion, and conquer, even circumstances, in their onward march to success.

He spoke of the unanimity with which he was nominated by representatives from all parts of this broad land, and prophecied, that in November next, at early roll call, by the votes of a *satisfied* people, this patriot and hero would be again elected PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

As to the charges against Gen. Grant, personally, he claimed that many of them were too puerile to notice. He had kept his old Father, 70 years old and upwards in a postoffice, the salary of which was $100 a year, and to which Andy Johnson appointed him. This was a fair sample of the whole array. No man in the United States lived a purer, nobler life than Grant. Not a vice, not a crime could be charged justly, against him. And years after this, when History makes up her record, by the side of Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Jackson, would stand Gen. ULYSSES S. GRANT. [Cheers].

The speaker then overhauled the honesty and record of Mr. Greeley; showed how he had been on all sides of the fence—one moment urging us "on to Richmond," and the next saying "Let her slide, we don't want the South, and can do without her." He had used up paper enough to cover the whole broad prairie of Nebraska, in abusing Democrats, and hogsheads of ink, in reviling all their measures. (A voice in the crowd)

"Prove that, where's your papers?"

"Strike," paused not an instant, but retorted, 'Prove it, why man, it's part of the history of the country. Where'd you come from?"

Roars of laughter greeted this sally. The speaker having earned glory enough for one night, after being repeatedly cheered, shortly gave way to the

HON. T. M. MARQUETT.

Slow and easy and lazy like, Marquett began. No person on earth could tell whether he meant to give out a hymn, preach a sermon, or only to tell a yarn or two. Suddenly the light springs to his eyes, the power comes to his face, he shakes back that long mane, and hands, arms and legs, begin to talk, as well as his tongue. Swift and strong as the current of old muddy, at high water mark, but clear as the purest mountain stream, the thoughts, the words, the ideas, leap from his lips, and you see pictured before you, like zig-zag lightning tracks on the starry curtain behind him, the dark days of Democratic misrule, the cowering, shivering slave bleeding under a master's lash, and the haughty Southerner demanding his State rights. The bloody battle field, the loathsome prisons of Libby and Andersonville stand out for a moment to view. The calm and kindly face of "HONEST OLD ABE" appears on the curtain, and pictured in vivid lines of shining light you have the glorious record of the OLD REPUBICAN PARTY, again standing like a halo around the speaker's head.

The Honorable gentleman also described Grant's character and deeds, denounced Sumner for his folly, and in reply to the oft repeated charge against Grant—that he desired a re-election, pointed to Sumner, himself, who has been re-elected for 25 years, and now should stand back and let some other man in Massachusetts have a chance.—He went through Senator Tipton's speech, and charges; said the Hon. Senator went down to Lincoln and tried to get re-elected as hard as anybody, and would probably be a candidate again. He explained the Georgia bill, that Tipton dwelt so much on, and stated that Mr. Dawes, leader of the House, a good Republican, prevented the Chorpenning claim from being allowed, and not this wonderful reform crew, Tipton, Trumbull & Co.

He did not choose to go backward for reform to a dead party; but rather forward with the party already in the van, once more he declared allegiance to the *bona fide* old genuine Republican party, and laughed to scorn the liberal dodge which meant sore heads trying to ride into power on the backs of Democrats, and Democrats willing to carry them until they had gained their points, when they would "buck" and dump their Liberal friends in the mud. Said he liked Greeley because he dressed like himself, but he did not like him well enough to help him to put the Democrats in power, and first, last and all the time advised the people to stand by the steady, true and tried leader and General, now and always, a man that led his men upward and onward to victory.

Three rousing cheers for Grant were given, a vote of thanks passed to General Strickland and Mr. Marquett, and the great ratification came to an end for one day. We are safe on Plattsmouth, or never did a people so misrepresent themselves as on Saturday night.

THE LIBERAL MEETING IN NEBRASKA CITY.

The Nebraska City *Chronicle* is severe on the meeting there on Saturday. After describing Butler's harrangue, and telling how he went through Morton's career, and Morton being called for, retaliated, by calling Butler "a thief, liar, villain, and impeached hell-hound." It concludes its article as follows:

"Now, in conclusion, we say that the meeting last night was a miserable affair, a disgrace to a civilized people. We are extremely sorry that such an organization exists in the State. A number of our former radical friends have been inveigled into the movement, from the fact that they were led to conclude that it was a movement in favor of reform.—They are beginning to open their eyes, and hundreds are coming back to the old, trusted and tried Republican party.

Come back! Come back!

A gray-haired old man tried to get a room on Kearney street, San Francisco, the other day. He asked the woman who answered the bell: "Have you a room to let?"

"Yes," she replied, "but—"

"But what?"

"You cannot have it."

"Why not, ?" asked the old gentleman.

"You are more than sixty years old, are you not?"

"I am sixty-five. What of that?"

"The landlady won't allow any funerals from her house."

The only colored men for Greeley.—The Brown men.

Dr. Holland on the Sunday Question

On the importance of the observance of the Sabbath in the vital economy of the American people, there is no longer any doubt. With all the periodical rest it brings us, we still find ourselves overworked; and the wrecks of paralysis are strewn around us on every hand—Without it, we should find ourselves despoiled of our most efficient and reliable safeguard in the dangers which beset the paths of business enterprise. As a matter of economy, therefore—as a conservative of health and life and the power to work—the Sabbath, observed strictly as a day of rest from secular labor is of the utmost importance. We cannot afford to-day, and we shall never be able to afford, to give it up to labor, either in city or country. Experience has settled this point, and yielded upon every hand its testimonies to the wisdom of the divine institution. As a measure of social, moral, and physical health—as a measure of industrial economy—the ordination of a day of periodical rest like that which the Sabbath brings us would come legitimately within the scope of legislation. If we had no Sabbath, it would be the duty of the State to ordain one; and as we have it, it is equally the duty of the State to protect it, and confirm to the people the material and vital benefits which it is so well calculated to secure.

There are certain other facts connected with the observance of the Sabbath, in America which are quite as well established as the one to which we have alluded to, the most prominent is, that the high morality and spirituality of any community depends uniformly on its observance of the Sabbath. We do not believe there is a deeply religious community in America, of any name, that does not observe one day in seven as a day specially devoted to religion. The earnest Christian or Jewish workers everywhere are Sabbath-keepers, in their seperate ways and days. It is very well to talk about an "every-day Christianity," and better to possess and practice it; but there certainly is precious little of it where the Sabbath is not observed. The religious faculties, sentiments, and susceptibilities under all schemes and systems of religion, are the subject of culture, and imperatively need the periodical food and stimulus which come with Sabbath institutions and ministries. The prevalence and permanence of a pure Christianity in this country depend mainly on what can be done for them on Sunday. If the enemies of Christianity could wipe out the Sabbath they would do more to destroy the power of the religion they condemn than all the Renans and Strausses have ever done or can do. They understand this, and their efforts will be directed to this end, through every specious protest, plea and plan.

The most religious and earnest of the Catholic clergy of Europe lament the fact that the Sunday of their church and their several countries is a day of amusement. They see, and they publicly acknowledge, that without the English and American Sabbath they work for the spiritual benefit of their people to a sad disadvantage. It is this European Sabbath, or Sunday, which we are told is to come to America at last through her foreign population. We hope not. We would like to ask those who would rejoice in its advent, how much it has done for the countries where it exists. Go to Italy, France, Spain, Ireland—to any part of Germany, Catholic or Infidel, and find any people so temperate, pure, chaste, truthful and benevolent as the Sabbath-keeping communities of America. It cannot be done. The theatre, the horse-race, the ball, the cricket-ground, the beer saloon, have nothing in them that can take the place of the institutions of religion. They are established and practised in the interest of the animal, and not at all in the interest of the moral and intellectual side of humanity. They can neither build up nor purify. They minister only to thoughtlessness and brutality. So much, then, seems obvious: 1st That we cannot do without Sunday as a day of physical and mental rest; 2d. That either as a consequence or a concomitant, moral and spiritual improvement goes always with the observance of Sunday as a religious day; and 3d. That Sunday, as a day of amusement simply, is profitless to the better and nobler side of human nature and human life.

Now the questions relating to the opening of parks, libraries, reading-rooms etc., in great cities on Sunday, are not moral or religious subjects at all,—they are prudential and to be settled by experiment. It is to be remembered that there are large numbers of the young in all great cities who have no home. They sleep in little rooms, in which in winter they have no fire, and can never sit with comfort. They are without congenial society. They have not the entree of other homes; and they must go somewhere, and really need to go somewhere. Christian courtesy does much to bring them into christian association, and ought to do a thousand times more. The least it can do is to open all those doors which lead to pure influences and to the entertainment of the better side of human nature. A man who seeks the society of good books, or the society of those who love good books, or chooses to wander out for the one look at nature and the one feast of pure air which the week can give him, is not to be met by bar or ban. Whatever feeds the man and ignores or starves the brute is to be fostered as a christian agency. The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. That is not religion, but pagan slavery, which makes of Sunday a penance and a sacrifice. It is better that a man be in a library than alone all the time. It is better that he wander in the park than even feel the temptation to enter a drinking-saloon or a brothel. The Sunday horse-car is justified in that it takes thousands to church who could hardly go otherwise. The open library is justified in that it is a road which leads in a good direction.—The roads devoted to Sunday amusement lead directly away from the Christian church. All pure ways are ways that tend upward, toward God and heaven.—*Scribner's for July.*

New Advertisements.

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jan4wly. Plattsmouth, Neb.

Sheriff's Sale.

H. L. R. Stiles, plaintiff, vs. John Snyder and William Snyder, defendents:

Notice is hereby given that I will offer for sale at public auction on Monday the 29th day of July A. D. 1872, by virtue and authority of an order of sale to me directed and issued by the clerk of the District Court of the Second Judicial District in and for Cass county, Nebraska, at the front door of the Court House in the city of Plattsmouth in said county, at one o'clock p. m. of said day the following described real estate, to-wit:

Lot No. five (5), in block No. sixty three (63), in Plattsmouth city together with the frame dwelling house situated thereon, upon which building and lot of ground H. L. R. Stiles has a Mechanic's Lien.

Given under my hand this 25th day of June, A. D. 1872.

J. W. JOHNSON,
Sheriff Cass county, Neb.

MAXWELL & CHAPMAN,
Defendant's Attorneys.

nl3w5.

Probate Notice.

Notice is hereby given to all concerned that Calesta J. Miner, George A. Latta and William E. Latta, filed in the office of the Probate Court, Court, Cass County, Nebraska, an application for the appointment of an administrator for the estate of Robert M. Latta, deceased.

Said application to be heard on the 22 day of June, A. D. 1872, at my office in Plattsmouth.

June 5th 1872.

H. E. ELLISON,
10 3t Probate Judge.

Commissioners Sale of Real Estate

NOTICE is hereby given, that by virtue of an order of sale issued out of the District Court of Nemaha County, in the State of Nebraska, and to us directed as referees and commissioners in the case herein after mentioned; upon an order and decree rendered by the said Court in a certain action therein pending, wherein Bryant Cobb is plaintiff, and Martha Finley, Nancy Allison, Clark Cobb, Williamson Cobb, Pinkney Cobb, Clay Cobb, David Cobb, Catherine King, Martha Conner, Francis Cobb, Seymour Cobb, Nancy A. King, Williamson R. V. Cobb, Newton C. Worley, Louisa Inman; Martha N. McGaha, Eliza Nelson, Martha C. Kell and John A. Irwin are pefendants, we will offer for sale at public auction, at the door of the Court House in Plattsmouth, Cass county, Nebraska, on Monday, May 27th, 1872 at one o'clock in the afternoon of that day, the following real estate in Cass County, Nebraska, to wit:

SE¼, Section 15, Town. 11, Range 10, 160 acres: also, NE¼, Section 15, Town 11, Range 10, 160 acres, and the North West quarter of Section 15 Town. 11 Range 10 160 acres

TERMS OF SALE.—One third cash; one third in one year, and one third in two years. Deferred payments to be secured by mortgage on the premises, with interest at 10 per cent per annum, payable annually, from date of sale.

WM. H. HOOVER, } Referees
DAVID S. PLASTERS, } and
RICH'D V. HUGHES, } Commissioners.

THOMAS & BROADWAY, Attorneys. 8.9.15

This sale was adjourned to the 16th, day of July 1872.

Sheriff's Sale.

Electa G. Hasty vs Emerson H. Eaton.—Order of sale.

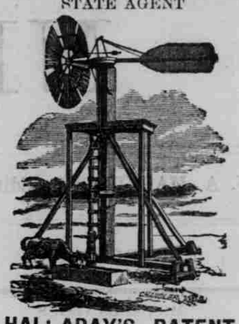
By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the District Court for Cass county Nebraska, and to me directed, I will, on the 15th day of July, A. D. 1872, at the hour of one o'clock p. m. of said day, at the (south) front door of the Court House in the city of Plattsmouth in said county, sell at public auction the following real estate, to-wit: Lots 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12, in block No. six (6) in the city of Plattsmouth, Nebraska, and the southeast quarter (¼) section No. twenty-four (24) in township No. twelve (12) north range No. twelve (12) east of the 6th P. M., and part of the northeast quarter (¼) of section No. twenty-five (25) township No. twelve (12) north range No. twelve (12) east of the 6th P. M., containing about one hundred acres; the southwest quarter (¼) of section fourteen (14) township twelve (12) north range No. twelve (12) east of the 6th P. M.; the west half (½) of the south-east quarter (¼) and the southeast quarter (¼) of the southeast quarter (¼) of section No. nineteen (19) township No. twelve (12) north range No. thirteen (13) east 6th P. M.; the southwest quarter (¼) of the southwest quarter (¼) of section No. twenty (20) township No. twelve (12) north range No. thirteen (13) east of the 6th P. M.; and the southwest quarter (14) of section No. thirteen 13 in township No. twelve (12) north range No. welve (12) east of the 6th P. M., to satisfy a judgment recovered at the April term, A. D. 1872, of the said District Court by Electa G Hasty, Administratrix of Charles Hasty, deceased, against Emerson H. Eaton.

J. W. JOHNSON,
Sheriff Cass County Nebraska.

FOX & WEPFLER, Pl'ff's Att'y's. 8 9 5t

A L Strang

STATE AGENT



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Nov. 30.wtf Plattsmouth, Neb

Legal Notice.

August Murphy non resident defendant, will take notice that on the 22nd day of June 1872, William Stadelmann filed his petition, in the District Court of the 2d Judicial District in and for Cass County Nebraska the object and prayer of which is to recover a judgement, against you, for the sum of $108.90 and interest from April 18, 1871, at 10 per cent on a promisory note of said date and that said plaintiff has caused an order of attachment to be issued in said cause, and has caused lot 16, in block 3, in Stadelmann's Addition to the City of Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

Plaintiff prays judgment against you for the sum of $108.90 and interest from the 18th day of April 1871, and that the said lot may be sold under said attachment and applied to the payment of said judgment. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 19th day of August, 1872.

WILLIAM STADELMANN.
MAXWELL & CHAPMAN,
14—5w. His Attorneys.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of an order of sale, issued out of the District Court for Cass county, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will, on the 5th day of August, A. D. 1872, at one o'clock p. m. of said day, at the south front door of the Court House, in the city of Plattsmouth, in said county, sell at auction, the following real estate, to-wit: The northwest quarter (¼) of the southwest (¼) and the southwest quarter (¼) of the northwest (¼) and the southeast quarter (¼) of the southwest quarter (¼) of section No. eleven, (11) and the northeast quarter (¼) of the northwest quarter (¼) of section No. fourteen (14), all situated in township No. twelve (12), north of range No. thirteen (13) east of the sixth principal meridian, in Cass county Nebraska, according to the government survey. Sold to satisfy a decree of foreclosure rendered at the April term, A. D. 1871, of the said District Court, in favor of Thomas E. Tootle, and against A. G. Barnes and Lucinda Barnes.

Given under my hand this 3d day of July, A. D. 1872.

J W. JOHNSON,
Sheriff Cass Co. Nebraska.

MAXWELL & CHAPMAN,
14-5tw Pl'ff's Att'y's.

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They are not a vile **Fancy Drink,** Made of **Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors** doctored, spiced and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the Native Roots and Herbs of California, **free from all Alcoholic Stimulants.** They are the **GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER** and **A LIFE GIVING PRINCIPLE,** a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters according to directions and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing, also, the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver, and all the Visceral Organs.

FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or at the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters have no equal.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these **Bitters** have been most successful. **Such Diseases** are caused by **Vitiated Blood,** which is generally produced by derangement of the **Digestive Organs.**

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

They invigorate the Stomach and stimulate the torpid Liver and Bowels, which render them of unequalled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

FOR SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-Worms, Scald Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effects.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. Says a distinguished physiologist, there is scarcely an individual upon the face of the earth whose body is exempt from the presence of worms. It is not upon the healthy elements of the body that worms exist, but upon the diseased humors and slimy deposits that breed these living monsters of disease. No System of Medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

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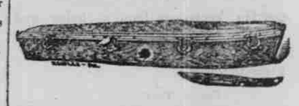

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