

Frequent hoeing or cultivating promotes the health of plants, because the more thoroughly the soil is pulverized the greater its power of absorption. The action of the hoe increases the attraction for moisture, encourages the circulation of atmospheric and nutritive gases, and thus adds to the fertility of the soil.

For the family is the foundation and root of all good government; and from the interest of the good, intelligent father and mother in their children springs their interest in education. In good government, and all those things which are to influence their future. Married women ought, therefore, to study foods and their methods of preparation, with reference to health, dress, from the tasteful and economical point of view; house-keeping in all its details with reference to the saving of labor and the achievement of the best results; maternity and the treatment of children and lastly the social aspects of the neighborhood in which they live and it could be improved.

These questions, with the readings and discussions which they would naturally stimulate, would form the basis for useful woman's societies, one of which should exist in every town and village in the United States where there are any women, for change, and mutual help and encouragement. But ask for no sympathy or sentiment. Women need more than anything to have their duties plainly set before them and be excited to their performance. Not the duty of staying at home; but the duty of going out, and finding out what she can best do when she is at home. They want to find out how to be well and stay well; how to have healthy, happy children and how to keep them healthy and happy; how to keep young and fresh instead of growing old and worn. And they will find that the key to all these things is in themselves and in the knowledge which they acquire and apply of what is going on about them.—Ehrlich's Fashion Quarterly.

For the information of an English correspondent who writes for a description of the grasshopper, we submit the following pen photograph, taken on the spot by our illustrated artist: A grasshopper is a cross between the grizzly bear and a tarantula, or great American spider. He is something less than six feet in height, and many of him will way a ton. His body is like unto a black-jack railroad tie, with legs of check spring wire, and head similar to a Missouri river cat-fish. Gregarious in habit, he seizes his prey in his capacious jaws, swallows it whole, and then retires to the woods to rest. Railroad trains have been stopped and robbed, and the passengers devoured by these monsters; the engineer, fireman, and conductor, generally manage to escape by crawling into the boiler. The grasshopper will chew up everything he comes across from a penny nail to a saw mill, and takes his victims raw, cooked, or on the half shell. He comes in the fall, bores the ground full of holes with his little gimblet, and then fills each hole with about 750,000,000,000 eggs, which hatch out when the flowers begin to bloom. Each of these eggs are as large as ostrich eggs, if not larger, and when cooked have the favor of doughnuts. A large traffic is annually done in grasshopper eggs in this vicinity in the spring time, gentle Annie, thousands of packages being shipped daily to the East and to Europe, where they go by the name of egg plant—probably because the hoppers plant 'em. They are very numerous when they come in droves, and are remarkable scarce when they have disappeared. Feeding at a distance on the prairie, they look like a herd of buffalo. The grasshopper bulls are hardly distinguishable from the cows and are very docile. This is all we can tell about the grasshopper at present.

There was a man who wanted to know whether the mouth of the Danube will be closed on Sundays.

Mr. James Russel Lowell will entertain the Harvard Senior Class at breakfast on Corporation Day, which is to take the place of Class Day.

Louisville Courier-Journal—"I get along well enough in the cavalry, but somehow this infantry, with its boiler squarcs and things, get me—P. H. Sheridan.

One of the Southern newspapers tells of a man whose life was saved by a plug of tobacco carried in his pocket. A pistol bullet fired at him lodged in the tobacco, and the man was unharmed. Moral—If you will use tobacco, don't take it out of your pocket.

Instructor in astronomy—"And now young gentlemen, which of you can tell me the name of the greatest of the planets—the champion planet, so to speak—of our solar system?" Student—"I can, Sir; it's Saturn." Instructor, hesitatingly—"And how's that, pray?" Student—"Why, because he carries the belt." Instructor dismisses the class without further comment.

A good story is told of Berkeley Craven and Lord Alvanly, when an accident happened to their carriage. The former getting out to thrash the footman, saw he was an old fellow, and said: "Your age protects you," while Alvanly, who had advanced toward the postillion with the same intention seeing he was an athletic young fellow, turned to him, saying in his wag-gish way, "Your youth protects you."

The last Arkansas traveler tells a story of a citizen of the state who, while on board a steamer on the Mississippi, was asked by a gentleman "whether the raising of stock in Arkansas was attended with much difficulty or expense?" "Oh, yes, stranger, they suffer much from insects," "Insects! Why what kind of insects, pray?" "Why, bears, catanontons, wolves, and such like insects." The stranger stopped further inquiry.

FROM OLD SETTLERS RECORD.

In Dr. Child's History of Cass County.

We give below one of the selections from the Old Settler's Record, incorporated with Dr. Child's History of Cass County. The article is called Early Days in Nebraska, though the scenes are not in Cass county, they are applicable to early Nebraska all over. This forms the last two pages of the book. We had intended to give extracts from the body of the work ere this, but have not been able for want of type, having to use all we had constantly in the works going on in the office at the same time. The Doctor's book will be ready for sale next week, and will be found very interesting.—Ed.

We "bachs" continued to sleep in the Chase mansion, but ate over at Thompson's. Poor Mrs. Thompson, how I have pitied her, since I have grown older, and know what must have been her trials, her fears, and her utter loneliness then.

First the Indians annoyed her; at that time they had not the most remote idea of *privacy*, or the sanctity of a man's own dwelling. All the houses they had seen belonging to white men, were trading posts open to all, and their own wigwams contain from eight to ten families, and all are more or less common property, so by habit and usage they thought they had a right to march plump into any house, and squat down on the floor to smoke if they chose to.

Then all our ways and habits were a curiosity, they would pick up every cooking utensil, examine her clothes, and if she shut the door, would flatten their noses against the window panes for hours and watch her work. The squaws were the worst for this, and generally kept guard over all of us during meal times to see how we ate.

We eight, big, strong men roamed over the prairies and came home with such appetites as completely overpowered our meek little landlady. Our fare was mostly potatoes and bread; more and more had she cooked, and yet we cleaned the platter and looked hungry.

One day she cried—my heart bleeds for her now, and I believe I helped her cry then—bitter tears over it, and said so dolefully: "If I could only cook potatoes enough for *them men* once, I would die happy." She is dead now, and I sincerely hope has no more potatoes to boil.

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 together 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 old 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 offices, with "records," and places and times for "filling out" lands; all arranged Government fashion, except the 320 acre clause. Sometimes rival "Claim Clubs" came in contact on some boundary line, 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.

Perhaps a slight notice of one of the first traders who ever went up the Missouri River may not be amiss to people of Cass County. I allude to

PETER A. SARPY,

who died here in 1865. Sarpy kept the first trading post on the Omaha Reserve, built in the fall of '56. The Omaha Indians received a large annuity then, payable every spring and fall, and at these times, Mr. Sarpy, his half breed interpreters and Frenchmen, (employees), would come up there, and for a few days it was just about the liveliest town you ever saw. At that time the Indians usually spent all the money they received in three or four days after "payment." The traders stood up at their rough counters day and night while the trade lasted, and took in thousands of dollars of gold.

When the money was spent and the Indians gorged with fresh beef, blankets, trinkets and coffee, sugar and tobacco, then and not till then did Mr. Trader take a high old spree. Stripped to the buff, often with a whole bolt of calico for a "breach-cloth," your old fashioned "Indian Trader" promanaded the little village, and wore to the rash Indian or green white man who then and there interfered. The spree like the trade lasted several days and nights continuously. Then the goods left, if any, were packed in wagons, the gold securely strapped about them or in a safe place, and away went the trader until another payment. Chief among these was the subject of this sketch.

CLEMENT LAMBERT.

The last of the three, was also a St. Louis creole, of French extraction, a cousin of Sarpy's, and at the earliest period known of, was an Indian trader, either for himself, Sarpy or "The Company." He had all the characteristics of the old French stock of "Indian men," and was, and is, a "character" as original and curious as any of the abnormal growths of this country; caused by its rapid progress, and constant mixing of different nations and elements together.

Lambert accompanied Fremont, as his Lieutenant, on his first expedition to the Rocky Mountains, from whence he obtained the name of the "path-finder" though Lambert thinks had it not been for a few plucky Frenchmen, the path would never have been found, Fremont to the contrary notwithstanding. He was cotemporary with "Kit Carson" as a guide and scout, and better known, and of wider fame at the setting out of that expedition than even the renowned "Kit" himself. Lambert's fiery temper and French disposition stood in the way of his advancement, and the result was, that on the return of the cavalcade to Sarpy's post, Lambert turned "Trader" again and has not been heard of, while Carson became a Government "scout" of fame, was made a Colonel in the regular army, and died Governor of New Mexico.

LAMBERT'S STORE.

It was in his store that the early frolics were held, some of the town Councils, and around his doors the "Claim Club" gathered in force, and took a final drink before they marched to dispossess some aspirant for "160" acres of *their* land. He claims to have built the second cabin in the town, and well do I remember it. It was of rough cottonwood logs, about 18x22, with a short counter across one end, and four rough shelves behind it. One half the space in front of the counter, in the spring of '57, was piled to the ceiling with buffalo robes, otter, mink, coon, wolf, beaver, wild cat, swift, and other furs, and tanned elk and deer skins. They smelled of all the various scents of the different beasts they grew upon.

The Indians and traders filled the place with smoke, the occupants ate *gordie* and drank whiskey. It was always crowded, always dark, always smoky, always full of the scent of "kinneykennick," and you could smell the thing as far as you can hear a locomotive whistle, if the door stood open.

High on the top of a bluff, on the banks of the Missouri, above Deatur, a few years ago could be seen the grave of the first white man and pioneer we have any record of in the country. It is

WOOD'S GRAVE.

He was there before Lewis & Clark's expedition up the Missouri, a trader and a trapper with the Indians. Wood creek is named after him, and its mouth is the initial point of the eastern terminus of the treaty line of the Indian reserve. He was buried here in a fashion, half Indian and half white man. In his blanket, with his valuable trinkets, gun, etc., by him, sitting up, with his face down the river, that he might see the "Mack-inaws" of the traders, as they came up the river at intervals, and brought him news of the great world he had left so long and so completely.

I have said that Sarpy started the first trading post in Nebraska. I think he did. Wood was the first trader however, but his "corral" could hardly be called a post, and his solitary habits did not allow of his becoming a large trader like Sarpy.

S. T. Leaning was the first mayor of Deatur, and Frank Welch is Mayor now (1871). Mr. Welch was also the first City Clerk, somewhere about 1858.

Farmers Ahoy!

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THIRD STREET, NORTH OF MAIN.

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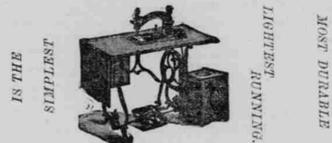
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This Machine is Offered to the Public Upon its Merits Alone.

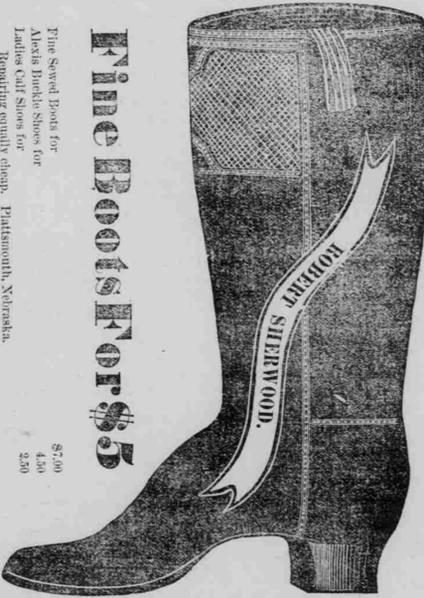
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In short, we'll show anything that has four feet, from a Zebra to a Giraffe. Come and see us.
NEW SHOP
on Fifth St., between Main and Vine Streets, just across the corner from the NEW HOTEL OFFICE.

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SEND STAMP FOR CIRCULAR
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Prices Reduced.
"The Family Favorite"
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LIGHT-RUNNING, NOISELESS,
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And he has brought the finest line of Dress Goods, Staple Goods, Fancy Goods and Notions you ever saw.

To say nothing of groceries by the acre, boots and shoes till you can't rest hats and caps till you must buy.

Spring and Summer Goods ever and ever so cheap.

Now is your chance—bound to sell—and undersell anybody. Hurry up. I want to go East again next month.

GOODS SOLD WITHOUT ARBITRATION!
7 to 8 or 8 to 7, just as you like, and

The cash is always counted out for there is no Intimidation at the

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As it is generally our custom to give you our prices for goods so that you can calculate at home what you can buy for your money, we will give you prices below which will be lower than ever and 10 per cent cheaper than you can anywhere in this City or State. We have the advantage of any merchant in this city—buying direct from the manufacturers. We have opened a Wholesale Store in St. Joseph Mo., which will be attended by Mr. Solomon.

LOOK AT OUR PRICE LIST.

20 yards prints for one dollar.	Summer Shirts, 75c up.
" " Brown and bleached muslin, one dollar,	Handkerchiefs, 3 for 25c.
" " Blue and brown denims, one dollar.	Ladies Silk Handkerchiefs, 35c each.
" " Bed ticking, one dollar.	Ladies Hose, 3 pair for 25c.
" " Cheviot, one dollar.	Men's Socks 5c up.
" " Grass Cloth, one dollar.	Cuffs and Collars, 25c a set, and up.
" " Malt Shades, one dollar.	Bed Spreads, one dollar up.
" " Table Linen, one dollar.	Corsets, good, 50c up.
" " Crash Toweling, one dollar.	

As it is impossible to give the prices of our enormous

Dress Goods Department

we will only state that it is the largest and finest stock ever brought to this city and consisting of the following styles

Poplins, Double Silk Pongees Japanese Silks, Matelasse-Zephyr Sui'ings, Lawns, Grenadines, and Percales,

at prices ranging from 12 1/2 cts. up; also a fine line of HAMBURG EMBROIDERIES from 5 cents up. LINEN EMBROIDERIES to match our LINEN DRESS GOODS. A full assortment of BUNDLE PRINTS and everything belonging to

A FIRST CLASS

Staple & Fancy Dry Goods Establishment.

We also keep a full line of

Ready-made Men and Boys' Clothing,

from \$4.50 up for whole suits. Jeans Pants from \$1.00 up. An unexcelled line GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, fine White Shirts \$1 up; Calico Shirts, 40 cts. up; Cheviot Shirts, 50 cts. up; Overalls, 60 cts. up; Paper Collars 10c.

MEN AND BOYS' HATS AND CAPS.

Hats, 75c up; Caps, 10c up; Boots, \$2 per pair up; Shoes, \$1 per pair up; TRUNKS and VALISES, a good assortment. We do not keep a little of everything, from an Axe Handle to a barrel of salt, but what we do carry we have in full and complete stock. JEWELRY, PLATED WARE, CLOCKS, TABLE and POCKET CUTLERY, etc.

Our Millinery Department.

We would inform the ladies of Plattsmouth and vicinity that we are in receipt of the finest

Pattern Heads and Bonnets Direct from Paris.

We have an Accomplished, Fashionable Lady Trimmer who understands the business thoroughly and can cut all your fancies; also a full line of SILK TRIMMING'S, Ribbons, Flowers and Ornaments. Such Ribbons from 50c up; Ladies Trimmed Hats, \$1 and up. We have a large and complete stock Canvas, Perforated Card Board, Zephyrs, Zephyr Needles, Motives, and Silk Floss of all shades.

CARPETS.

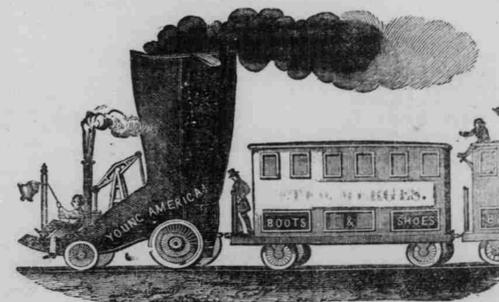
An immense stock of Carpets, Oil Cloths, Rugs and Mats. Hemp Carpets 25c per yard; Ingrain Carpets, 50c per yard. Standard Carpet Chain, 3 1/2 bundles only \$1.25.

We have also, for the accommodation of our friends, added to our already extensive assortment a large stock of Oil Window Shades in all colors. Lace Window Curtains 25 cts per yard.

We present our annual price list satisfied that our customers will see that we can do better for them than ever before and thankful for past patronage we most respectfully ask a continuance of the same.

Plattsmouth, Nebraska, March 23d, 1877. SOL'MON & NATHAN.

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THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK OF

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