

Table with columns for ad rates: 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th.

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POTATO-BUGS.

Our famous Potato Bugs have gone east; young men to grow up with the country and already they have driven Sammy Bowles' folks to the perpetration of this kind of poetry.

The morning sun was rising fast, As through the "meadow loof" there passed A boy, who bore with grass so bold, A good-sized bottle, meant to hold Potato-bugs.

His eyes were dim, his cheeks were wet With tears that would not back be kept; And with a sigh, a groan, he said, "Revered in most wonderful lore, "Potato-bugs!"

Near happy homes he saw the boys Playing croquet, or with their toys; Above the scorching sun did shine, And from his lips escaped a wail, "Potato-bugs!"

"O, come," his comrades said, "And play One game of ball with us to-day;" "Deary, would I have loved to go, But such is my fate and answered, "No!" "Potato-bugs!"

"Beware the noon-day sun's hot power! Beware the awful thunder shower!" His brother shouted with a will, A voice repeated, far down the hill, "Potato-bugs!"

At the close of day, as at the church, The bell recalled to sexton's lurch, And loudly rang for prayer, "Potato-bugs!"

Our hero, rushing up the lane, Stopped not for joy, or grief, or pain; But waving such about his head His bottle, to the family said: "Potato-bugs!"

Into the fire, one by one, The striped creatures then he flung; And in the dream that followed that night, He often created with sad sigh: "Potato-bugs!"

MY WIFE'S LOSSES.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

I have already celebrated my wife's nose; but she has one more peculiar trait which remains to be painted.

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale Her infinite variety." "The other day a young and lovely bride called on us. Her face was calm, her eyes bright, her color glowing, her hair rich and lustrous; the words of truth and soberness fell from her lips. You could not fail to admire her. She would be a model housekeeper, a good mother—"mild but firm," as the old owl said to his son Billy—and decorous, proper, excellent, to the end of her days. Shall I confess that the call bored me exceedingly? I suppose my total depravity came to the surface just then. As for Nan, she turned toward me with a sigh, half stifled, and a pretty, wistful inquiring look.

"Isn't she nice, Jack? I declare I do think she's lovely. You can depend on her every time. She'll be just in the right place from now till never. Oh dear!" "Yes," said I, "that is all true, Nan; but there is such a lack of unexpectedness about her that I should hate her in a week."

"Oh, you dear old thing! that's why you love me, isn't it?" And she threw herself into my arms in the most gushing manner, and—bit the tip of my ear. She really did; not entirely in a savage fashion, but as a kitten bites.

"That was unexpected, certainly," said I, with a grimace, rubbing the injured member. But Nan did not sympathize. She withdrew herself calmly, and began to hunt around the room in a most vivacious manner.

"What are you looking for now, Nan?" She repeated the emphasis with a look of rage at me, for this was a sore point. But as the search went on, and she grew desperate, she turned to me and remarked, not to sweetly, "If you must know, I can't find my other ivory needle."

I could not help it—I had to laugh. The needle was stuck through the dark knot of her hair like a Roman girl's dagger.

"Oh," said she, when I told her—an "oh" that ought to be written *do* to do, if I had only a bit of sense to do it. For my wife's losses are the family delight. Never was such an incessant woman inside. She knows where all my things are, and reproaches me with the cruelest scorn if I venture to ask where my stockings are, or what has become of my white vest. And the drawers that belong to little Gracilla, her niece, are miracles of order, and the luckless child is visited with awful tirades from her aunt if an apron is mislaid, or a shoe wandering from its own place. This is all very for Gracilla's and me; but when it comes to her own things, if they were created out of original adversity every time she wanted them, they could not be more astray or longer in coming together.

Well do I remember, when we moved from the hotel to our little house, the anguish of mind which pervaded Nan's atmosphere. But after three days we looked about us, and found "my things were somewhere," as she lucidly expressed it. Still there were three bottles of claret to be accounted for—the last of a dozen which a kind friend had sent us to mitigate a few austerities of a hotel table. It was very good claret; the taste was clean and tolerably mild, and the bouquet fine. This it was which recommended it to my wife. She would hang over her glass like a bee over a blossom, with dilated nostrils and dreamy eyes—"Oh

lost tribes of Israel for number and persistence, except that they always came back.

It is true that I also lost things, but in the normal way; a sleeve-button that dropped out in the street, and never came back; a new duster that fell from the buggy on a drive, and probably has done somebody else good service long since. Nan's worst loss were retrieved inevitably.

But in three months came a loss that was really annoying. Nan has dreadful headaches after any exposure to cold, and consequently wraps her head up in a long and thick veil if the weather is the least threatening when she is obliged to face it.

There was a funeral one day in Portland, some thirty miles by rail, which she must attend, being one of the immediate family; and though it was May, the sky looked dark enough when Nan left me—for I could not leave my business to go with her further than the station. Of course she took her veil—a new and expensive one, just obtained from New York. But after she reached town the weather changed to extreme heat, and the next afternoon I met her at the train, flushed and panting, with her thick shawl over her arm, scolding about the day; "I've been almost roasted, I do assure you. The house was like an oven—everybody gasping; and the cars, oh, how hot they were! Please, I'd rather walk home; I'm too warm to ride."

So we walked home, and matters went on as usual for two or three weeks, when, one day, a picnic being footed, Nan came to me with wide eyes: "Jack, do you remember that day I came home from Aunt Dorcas' funeral, seeing my dark blue veil in my hand?" "No, I don't. Is it lost, Nan?" "Of course it is," she retorted, with much dignity, "I must have left it in the cars. I remember taking it off my hat, I was so warm, and hanging it over the seat back. Will you please go up to the noon train and ask Conductor Scott if he found it?"

Now I have been on so many fool's errands of this sort, I gently demurred: "Are you quite sure you haven't it in the house my dear?" "Of course I am, Jack. I do wish you never would say 'my dear' to me. I'd rather be sworn at any day. Now you think I haven't lost that veil. I know I know I have. But I'll go myself."

"Indeed you won't Mrs. Nan. But can you blame me, remembering the claret?"

The blessed little woman flew at me to box my ears, but I am nimble, and escaped by a hair's breadth.

Of course Mr. Scott had not seen the veil; and then Nan recollected she had it in one hand coming out of the station; therefore she must have dropped it in the street, and it had to be thoroughly advertised in the local paper. But nobody restored it.

About a year after, Nan came to me with one hand behind her back, and the sideways, doubtful look of a cat caught cream-stealing.

"What have you found?" laughed I, sure of a sequel of this sort.

She brought slowly before her the blue lengths of the lost veil, and then threw herself into my lap, hid her face in my beard, and professed this shameful explanation: "Why, I was pulling out a box of papers from under the bureau that little room up stairs—you know it wasn't cleaned last fall—and I touched something soft. Oh! I thought it was a mouse, and I screamed. But it didn't move, so I poked it with the cane, and it was my veil, all folded and rolled up. I suppose I put it on the bureau with my black hat, and it rolled off behind."

She went to visit a friend in Bo ton, and lost an excellent stone cameo pin—a head of Venus crowded with roses, embracing Cupid, who nestles his curly head against her beautiful throat and smiles. The subject was peculiar, and the gem valuable. Nan was sure she had put it in her trunk, but some delirium occurred about leaving, and the trunk stood in her room a whole day, while she went out to Roxbury. Of course the chamber-maid had stolen it; there could be no doubt of that.

What could I say? Poor little Nan! things got no better with her for all my laughter; she would lose a dress skirt, only to discover that she had put on another one over it, and worn it half the day; no morning passed without a hunt for the small slippers she had stepped out of the night before wherever she chanced to be when she thought of it—by Gracilla's bedside, in the dressing closet, in the bath room, or by the parlor sofa.

Considering the past, I felt for the chamber-maid, and therefore persuaded my wife not to mention her suspicion, but to write calling in her friend, and ask if the missing pin had perhaps dropped behind the bureau or into one of its drawers; but no pin had been seen, deeply to the regret of Mrs. Greene, who appreciated and admired it thoroughly. It then occurred to my wife that she had been to the Boston Public Library the day before the trunk was packed, and it was just possible the pin might have dropped there; so a friend of mine being about to visit Boston on business, I commissioned him, not without some misgivings, to inquire at the library for the lost article; but it was not there, and Nan tried to accept the situation, though she regretted the loss much. In the autumn she was

about to put away her summer finery in a spare chest kept for such purposes, and suddenly I heard a sort of glad call from her chamber.

"Oh, Jack, here it is! here's my pin! Oh, I'm awfully glad!"

She had become quite callous by this time to any shame about her numerous losses; so she confessed, and I laughed with serene freedom; and when I could recover myself, madame explained that in putting away a certain lace jacket she had found the pin caught in it's folds; in a moment of haste or carelessness she had put the pin into the trunk tray without its box, and thrown the jacket over it. I never yet have found out whether she wrote to Mrs. Greene about the discovery.

But the climax of all Nan's mishaps in this line occurred at the Centennial. I could not spend a long time away from business, but I determined to have her enjoy the great show fully; so I persuaded her to join a party of friends who were to stay three weeks, and when their visit was over I could go for another week. But unhappily these friends were obliged to leave my wife three days earlier than they had intended, owing to the serious illness of one of the party. Nan staid on, waiting for me, and the day before I was to go to her I received a telegram that first settled me, and then made me laugh till my dusty office rang again, and the telegraph boy, staid as most of his kind, evidently began to consider me a dangerous lunatic. The message ran thus: "CENTENNIAL GROUND, Connecticut Building, July 30 '76. 'What is the number and street of the house where I board in Philadelphia? Answer immediately, to Connecticut Building.' "NANON."

I telegraphed back at once according to orders, but was wicked enough to add, "Have you lost anything?"

The next evening I reported of my little sarcasm, when Nan threw herself on my shoulder in a passion of tears and loneliness.

"Oh, Jack! I never, never was so scared in all my life. I couldn't possibly think where I was going to. It was almost time to leave the grounds; in fact I had gone out once, but I didn't know which car to take and I had no memorandum in my pocket; so I went in again, and I told the Conductor where I was lost, and she advised me to telegraph home but it would be too late to get an answer then; and I cried so she was awfully sorry for me and said if I never, never would tell, she'd let me stay there all night and sleep on a sofa. I was frightened to death, but she was so kind I did stay, and cried myself to sleep. Your telegram came in the evening before I went to bed, and this morning I got out a ter the gates opened some time, and got back here. But oh, Jack, it was dreadful."

"Nan," said I solemnly, "I'll make a vow and keep it strong, like the fair Sophia in 'Lord Batenberg,' never to let you go out of my sight again. What could be expected of a woman who loses everything else, but that she should lose herself."

Nan's true answer was characteristic, but self-respect forbids me to repeat it.—Harper's Bazar.

A Newspaper's Function.

In a recent speech of an attorney in a libel suit, the following language occurs: There has grown up a sort of common law of obligation, recognized mutually by the press and the people, by which the people expect that the press, as distributors of useful intelligence, shall inform them, as well what is to be avoided as what is to be sought, as well who is to be suspected as who is to be commended. And a newspaper, as a purveyor and distributor of news, is a public monitor, and it is its duty to admonish the people against frauds and shams, and impostures and dishonesties. It is to be a beacon as well as a guide; and whenever a public newspaper, through its diversified appliances for the collection and distribution of information, discovers anywhere in public life and public activities, whether it be a lawyer, or a clergyman, or a physician, a man who, instead of securing the public welfare by honorable methods and practices, simply prowls about in the back yard of his profession, and uses the means and instrumentalities which honorable title gives him to pandor to his own lust or avarice, or any other vile passion, and that paper fails to send out some admonitory voice, and sound some signal of warning, it is recreant to every principle of duty and responsibility, and should be stigmatized by the public it pretends to represent and to serve.

Many farmers are exceedingly dissatisfied with their profession, and repute at their duties. On the other hand, Socrates, the wisest of ancient philosophers, said of it: "Agriculture is an employment the most worthy of the application of man; the most ancient, and most suitable to his nature. It is the common nurse of all persons in every age and condition of life; it is the source of health, strength, plenty and riches, and of a thousand sober delights and honest pleasures. It is the mistress and school of sobriety, temperance, justice, religion, and, in short, of all virtues, civil and military."—Cincinnati Commercial.

The following are the opening sentences of Hon. A. J. Poppleton's address before the students of the University at Lincoln on the fifth annual commencement June 27th.

I am painfully conscious that I am little fitted for the task before me. Twenty-five years of business life—absorbed in practical affairs, isolated from scholastic associations, down on one's knees with the muck-rake, inhaling the foul atmosphere of mammon until the pure ether bathing the mountain summits of learning has almost lost its exhilarating effect—constitute a slender title to audience upon an educational theme, at the state's intellectual centre. Yet, as to none is liberty so dear as to these boys; girl about by prison walls, so I trust I may urge as my best warrant for the duty I have undertaken, an unconquerable longing for pure learning, and the desire to impart upon the hot and dust-wet highway of business and revisit for once, at least, the green fields out of which I stepped with regrets and tears now nearly thirty years ago.

That touches us in a tender spot, we all have to use the muck-rake; it seems for a large portion of our lives; but oh, how good a breath of pure air does taste now and then. The whole address was very fine, we wish we had room to publish it in full.

FOR THE FARMER.

Sometime ago we printed an article on "Farm Villages" from Scribner, we give below the other side, in which there is also truth; we think however that Mr. Waring's plan contains many good suggestions for our new colonies out West.

The distance to fields and etc., complained of here is spoken of in Farm Villages and balanced against running "to town" and shop for everything needed.

"VILLAGE FARMING."

George E. Waring, Donald K. Mitchell, Orange Judd, and some other rich and well-to-do farmers have lately written attractive articles for the American Agriculturist, Scribner, and the Atlantic on village farming. That farmers should build their residences in groups or villages. These writers contend that in this way it would add greatly to the social condition of farmers' families and to their happiness.

It would give more society for the young people of evening and other leisure times when they could not meet, if scattered over a large extent of country. It is also contended that farmers could have better and more convenient schools; and that better and more intelligent families, if they could have these advantages, would engage in agriculture, and thereby elevate that branch of industry. The Iowa State Register makes the following objections: There are many advantages to this plan. But there are more serious objections. To succeed with rearing stock, there must be constant care and attention, and this cannot be done if the residence be distant a half mile or more from the barn, stables or pastures. Stock must be looked after at all times, on certain occasions. The crops, too, have to be watched from trespassing stock. To do this the family must be on the farm, or at least, to succeed financially the farmer must be at his work early and late, and after a weary and protracted day's work he does not wish to go a mile or two for his supper. The cattle, hogs, horses, chickens, etc., will have to be kept on the farm, and not in the farm village. The large amount of food cannot, without great expenditure of time, be hauled to the village to be fed, nor would it be a very desirable village if all the domestic animals from twelve to fifteen farms were congregated in a small space of territory about the village. And in this case the manure would be more than half wasted before it was returned to the farm. And the congregation of fifteen farmers' families in a village would cause more fashionable living—more expense, and more idle time. With the present prices of produce this could not be sustained by the farm, especially by a farm which is run and cultivated some distance from the residence. We are aware this plan is recommended by that class of farmers who do not expect to do any of the work themselves, but to have farmers to live on the farm, watch the stock and labor early and late. If this be their plan, it is just as well for them to live in the towns and cities where they have more of the luxuries and social advantages of life which they desire; but they must have some other resource to supply expenses than the farm. If farmers would, however, do as merchants, manufacturers, &c., do, not sell the produce of their farms until the price would yield them a comfortable living, then they could command the situation, and live as far as they please from the smell of pigsties, and the effluvia of the barn yard; but as it will never probably be the case, farming will have to be done not only by constant and watchful labor, but it must be just where it can be superintended day and night. Farm villages would be delightful, where the farm was run for amusement, having an abundance of other means for expenses; but these arguments in favor of these villages, we judge, have never fully comprehended the constant care and watchfulness necessary to conduct a farm successfully.