

# THE HERALD.

J. A. MACMURPHY, EDITOR.

Trip in Nebraska and to the East.

CHAPTER SECOND.

NEW MILFORD, CONN., Sept. 17th, 1877.

FRIEND HERALD:—I shall now make an effort to finish my trip letter from the Paradise of the west. We left Chicago at 5:15 p. m., on the Atlantic Express via Michigan Central, for Detroit, where we arrived at 3:35 a. m. As we traveled through Michigan by night I cannot say much more than that the country is a rolling prairie, with some wood through that part traversed by the Michigan Central. The distance from Chicago to Detroit by rail is 284 miles. Here we were transferred across the River without change of cars, leaving Detroit at 4 a. m. for the Queen's Dominion.

SUNDAY, Aug. 26.

Windsor is pleasantly situated on the Canada side of the Detroit River, one mile from Detroit. Leaving Windsor at 5 a. m., via Great Western R. R., for the Suspension Bridge, a distance from Chicago of 513 miles, and 225 from Detroit. We arrived at the Bridge at 1:20 p. m. Whilst crossing this bridge the train runs very slow, which gives an opportunity to see the Falls in their great splendor, also the rapid whirling and running of the water below the bridge, besides the double track railway up and down the banks of the river at the celebrated whirlpool.

CANADA AND SOME OF HER RESOURCES.

Part of the land lying on either side of the R. R. is quite level and requires to be plowed in small lands, say two rods wide, and leaving the center furrow cleaned out for water drainage. The fields are generally fenced into small lots which would cost more than the land could be sold for in Nebraska. Some of the land is quite poor, and some very good, but would not compare with Eastern Nebraska. There are numerous large towns along the line of R. R. which indicates wealth. The wheat was all harvested and some threshed, as you could see a little straw pile at most of the barns. Some of the oats were still in the field, and they looked very good, corn quite good for the kind, but little planted. The hogs on many a farm in Nebraska would consume more corn than could be seen in traveling ten miles. Beans quite plenty, and looks as though the people either lived on bean porridge or else raised them for the American market. Leaving Suspension Bridge at 2 p. m., we traveled through country which does not differ much from Canada, either in surface or products. Arrived at Syracuse at 7:50 p. m. Syracuse is 669 miles from Chicago, and 154 from Suspension Bridge. This road runs through many large towns and cities, which counts much for the wealth of the State.

MONDAY, August 27.

Arrived at Albany at 1:40 a. m., at which place we were compelled to lay over until 6:40 a. m. Albany is 817 miles from Chicago by rail. Wife had become so completely overdone by so continuous a journey without rest or sleep, that she was under a high fever all through Canada, and continued so for some days after reaching our place of destination, which was New Milford, Connecticut, on the Housatonic R. R. This place was reached at 10:50 a. m. At this time of writing we have called on only part of our friends, and them all well so far, and happy to see the returning friends. Connecticut looks hard and rough. Everybody has the word "hard times" in their mouths. Yet part of these times are caused by extravagances created by keeping New York boarders a few months in summer. Farm wages are about \$15 and board per month, for 6 and 7 months. Work by the day in Villages and Cities \$1.50 and board yourself. Board by the week, \$5 and up. The weather here is very warm, and the ground dry, crops generally good, except hay, which is light.

Yours truly,

BENNETT W. PIERCE.

Didn't Want His Name in the Paper. Adolph Plate, of New York, is at the Grand Central. Mr. Plate travels for a big New York tobacco house, the name of which we can't spell, because we've lost the card. Mr. Plate is a gentleman we met one night last year in company with Mr. George Newman, of Chicago and Mr. Hank Hornberger, of Omaha. We made extended mention of him in this column at the time. He was afraid yesterday we would make some more extended mention of him, and when we saw him on the streets in the afternoon he skipped up an alley when he thought we were not looking. That's where he got fooled, but it wasn't his fault; people generally can't tell where we are looking. We saw Mr. Plate hence this mention. He used to be president of the New York Fat Men's Association. He weighed yesterday morning just 301½ pounds. That was before dinner. In the afternoon he was eleven pounds heavier. He don't want us to put his name in the paper, and we wouldn't do so only that we wish to remark that the cigars his house sells to the wholesale trade are excellent ones, to which part we can attest—after Plate gives us some to try.

"Cuddy," of the Omaha Republican, did that, and if we were Mr. Plate we'd put a new and better looking head on Mr. Cuddy the next time we came to Omaha.

VARNISH FOR WHITE WOODS.—Dissolve three pounds of bleached shellac in one gallon of spirits of wine; and add one and a half more gallons of spirits. If the shellac is pure and white, this will make a beautiful, clear covering for white wooden articles.

## The Art of Advertising.

The time has come when a knowledge of this art is an essential part of the education of every business man. To be successful in business they should understand how to advertise. It is only necessary to illustrate the truth of this statement, to call attention to the most successful merchants and manufacturers of any large city, or small village in the United States. They know just what to say to the public, when to say it, how to say it, and the medium to employ to say it. They have made the same careful study of this as of any other branch of their business. They don't insert a single beggarly little ad. in an obscure corner of some paper, out of favor of the publisher, to support a party organ, and then endeavor to make the proprietor of the paper sensible of the value of their patronage by growling when asked to pay for the advertisement, and vowing that it never did them any good, but was just put in out of charity. They are not content with an old stale advertisement that repeats the same old story at all seasons of the year, offering the same bargains, and the same full supply of goods "just received" at all times of the year, when their stock has run down so low that they are scarcely able to fill the orders of one customer, as when their houses are filled with the most seasonable and attractive commodities. They never allow the public to remain in ignorance of the fact that they have a good thing to sell. They know how to make their constant appeals in a manner that will prove attractive. They are always devising new and striking methods for presenting their wares to the public notice, by the use of printer's ink. They are always careful to advertise what they have, not what they had last winter, nor what Jon's, Brown or Smith, or some one else has now. They advertise honestly and liberally, and their customers learn to believe the promises publicly made through the newspapers. Their advertisements are studied with interest by everyone who expects to become a purchaser.

It is as important that a man about to engage in mercantile pursuits should know how to advertise as to know how to buy judiciously, or to sell at a living profit.—Chicago Specimen.

**Pidgeon's Irreparable Loss.**  
[From the Philadelphia Bulletin.]  
We had been out to the graveyard to bury Mrs. Pidgeon, and we were riding home in the carriage with the bereaved widower. While he sopped his eyes with his handkerchief, he told us about her:

"In one respect I never saw her equal. She was a manager. I've known that woman that's lying out there in the tomb to take an old pair of my trousers and cut them up for the boys. She'd make a splendid suit of clothes for both of them out of them old pants, get out stuff enough for a coat for the baby and a cap for Johnny, and have some left over for rag-carpet, besides making handkerchiefs out of the pockets, and a bustle for herself out of the other linings. Give her any old garment and it was as good as a gold mine. Why, she'd take a worn-out sock and make a brand-new overcoat out of it, I believe. She had a turn for that kind of economy. There's one of my shirts that I bought in 1847 still going about making itself useful as window curtains and pantaloons and plenty of other things. Only last July our gridiron gave out, and she took it apart, and in two hours it was rigged on the side of the house as a splendid lightning rod, all except what she had made into a poker and an ice-pick. Ingenious? Why she kept our family in buttons and whistles out of the ham bones she saved, and she made fifteen princely chicken-coops from her old hoop skirts and a pig-pen out of her used-up corset bones. She never wasted a solitary thing. Let a cat die around our house and the first thing you knew, Mary Jane'd have a muff and a set of furs, and I'd begin to find mince pies on the dinner table. She'd stuff a feather bed with the feathers that she'd got off of one little bit of a rooster, and she'd even utilize the roaches' in the kitchen so they'd run the churn—had a machine she invented for the purpose. I've seen her cook potato parings so's you'd think they were canvas-back duck, and she had a way of doctoring up shavings so that the pig'd eat 'em and grow fat on 'em. I believe that woman could build a four-story hotel if you'd a given her a single pine board; or a steamboat out of a wash-biller; and the very last thing she said to me was to bury her in the garden so's she'd be useful down below there, helping to shove up the cabbages. I'll never see her like again."

I don't believe he will, either.

Last Autumn, writes a correspondent of The New England Farmer, while visiting in the north part of the State, my father saw a man brushing his faded window-blinds over with boiled linseed oil, instead of painting them, and thinking it a capital idea, came home and tried the experiment on his own, as the oil was all evaporated from them, and he had expected to have to paint them before Winter; but, although badly faded, the application of one coat of oil brought them back nearly to their original brightness and glossiness. If it had been put on in hot weather they would have looked better, as it was so cold before he found leisure to do it, that the oil would not penetrate readily, but gathered in occasional drops on the lower edge of the slats and dried. Judging from the appearance of ours, I should think if one oiled their blinds over in hot, sunny weather, once every year or two, beginning of course before the color is rubbed off, they could be kept looking bright a great many years without painting, and this would make quite a saving, as green paint is rather expensive and has so little oil in it that it soon evaporates and leaves nothing but the color, which, of course, wears off, unless more is added.

**POOR GREELY.**

**Greely's Broken Heart.**  
Col. M. W. Tappan, of Bradford, N. H., has the following letter from Horace Greeley which is thought to be the last letter of confidential friendship which he ever wrote:

"NEW YORK, Nov. 8, 1872.—MY FRIENDS: We have been terribly beaten. I was the worst beaten man that ever ran for the office. And I have been assailed so bitterly that I hardly know whether I was running for President or the penitentiary. In the darkest hour my long suffering wife left me none to soon, for she suffered too deeply and too long. I laid her in the ground with hard dry eyes. Well, I am used up. I cannot see before me. I have slept little for many weeks, and my eyes are still hard to close, while they soon open again. But no more of this. You my friend went into this contest for me. You knew as I did that that we must stop fighting the rebels some time. But it is now settled that we never shall.

"I need not speak of my wife. You know the whole story of her long illness and painless death. Her sufferings have been so great that I rejoice that they were ended. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Tappan. I am faithfully yours,

"HORACE GREELY."  
The asterisks denote the omission of passages relating to public men now living, and which it thought best not to publish.

While a pleasure party from Lincoln were rusticated at Milford one day last week, the members carefully spread out a tempting lunch of pies, cakes, etc., under the cool foliage in a grove near the mill, and then went off to take a boat ride. In their absence a few cows came along, and enjoyed the feast, only leaving our Lincolnites a few crumbs to appease their extra sharpened appetites, and one cake with the imprint of a cow's nose and a large mouthful taken out of the top.—Seward Reporter.

# TELEGRAPHIC

LATEST FROM THE WAR.

Death of Senator Hoby.

**Cotton Crops Destroyed in Tennessee.**  
JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Sept. 20.—The large number of cases of yellow fever at Fernandina is increasing, and the increasing mortality render contributions in money badly needed. It is hoped the North will respond to the appeal for help.

**ST. LOUIS, Sept. 20.**—U. S. Senator Lewis V. Hoby died at his residence here at eleven o'clock this forenoon. The Senator had been afflicted with malarial fever for several months, and lately, by absence of the liver was discovered, which hastened, and perhaps directly caused his death.

**WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 21.**—Late news from Sitting Bull, from the British territory, indicates that he will remain on British soil through alleged fear on his part of treachery. Sitting Bull's force now number 1,100, all encamped at the Horse Buttes, four miles from Wood Mountain.

**LONDON, Sept. 21.**—The Telegraph's Pera Correspondent says: A telegram just received at the war office from Mehmet Ali announces that serious fighting began to-day (Friday). The Turks were advancing steadily when the message left Shumla this morning. No other paper has anything touching the reported battle, although several have correspondents both with the czar-witch and Mehmet Ali.

**Mr. WASHINGTON, N. H., Sept. 21.**—A furious snow storm prevails in here.

**LONDON, Sept. 21.**—A correspondent at Gorney Studen, estimates that the Russians with the reinforcement received since the battle before Plevna must number nearly fifty thousand. The casualties on the 11th and 13th amounted to over sixty per cent.

**CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Sept. 21.**—The entire abundant crops of cotton corn and fodder in the valley of the Black Warrior, Alabama, were swept away by the river's sudden rise of 63 feet which is within two feet of the terrible freshet of June, 1872. Planters had just commenced picking cotton, and had not hauled the corn and fodder from the fields. The cotton crop destroyed is estimated at 20,000 bales. Most of the planters are ruined. It is doubtful if the actual necrearies of life can be secured now. Tusculooas is about the head of the devastated section. Merchants had advanced heavily on these growing crops.

**How Long to Sleep.**

The fact is, as life becomes concentrated and its pursuits more eager, short sleep and early rising become impossible. We take more sleep than our ancestors; and we take more because we want more. Six hours sleep will do very well for a mason or a bricklayer, or any other man who has no exertion but that produced by manual labor; the sooner he takes it after his labor is over the better. But for the man whose labor is mental the stress of work is on his brain and nervous system, and for him who is tired in the evening with a day of mental application neither "early to bed nor early to rise" is wholesome. He keeps letting down to the level of repose. The longer the interval between the active use of the brain and his retirement to bed, the better his chance for sleep and refreshment. To him an hour after midnight is probably as good as two hours before it, and even his sleep will not so quickly and completely restore him as it will his neighbor who is physically tired. He must not only go to bed later but lie longer. His best sleep probably lies in the early morning hours when all the nervous excitement has passed away, and he is in absolute rest.

**TEA!**

The best gunpowder tea in America.

**SALT!**

Salt by the car load or pound.

**BLEACHED & BROWN MUSLINS.**

When they are wanted, do not forget to call and see how much money you can save by purchasing of ELI PLUMMER, Plattsburgh, Neb.

Our idea is to buy for CASH and sell for CASH to every one, and at such rates that both buyer and seller can live.

Next week I expect to fill this column with a new list of goods, just opened. Read the offers and come and look at the goods, that is all I ask.

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ELI PLUMMER.

Once More!

ELI PLUMMER'S

COLUMN.

OUR NEW STOCK

Is just low being opened. We have a full line in

Spring and Summer Dry Goods,

Bleached and Brown Domestics,

Prints and Summer Dress Goods,

Ladies and Gents Hosiery.

A full Stock of

YANKEE NOTIONS,

CARPETS,

GROCERIES,

The best stock of Coffee ever brought to this City; Roasted and Green.

Canned Fruits in great varieties, Sugars & Syrups in all sized packages

DRIED FRUITS

Foreign & Domestic

PURE SUGAR SYRUP

In five gallon kegs, at Plummer's.

SHOES.

A few more ladies', Misses', and children's shoes to be closed out. Come and examine before purchasing, and save money.

NAILS!

cheaper than ever; another car load just received.

NEW CANNED GOODS.

Corned beef, Boston baked beans, orange marmalade, peach marmalade, blackberry jam, and a variety of other goods to make an evening's treat.

MOSQUITO NETTING!

cheaper than it ever sold in this town before.

TEA!

The best gunpowder tea in America.

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Salt by the car load or pound.

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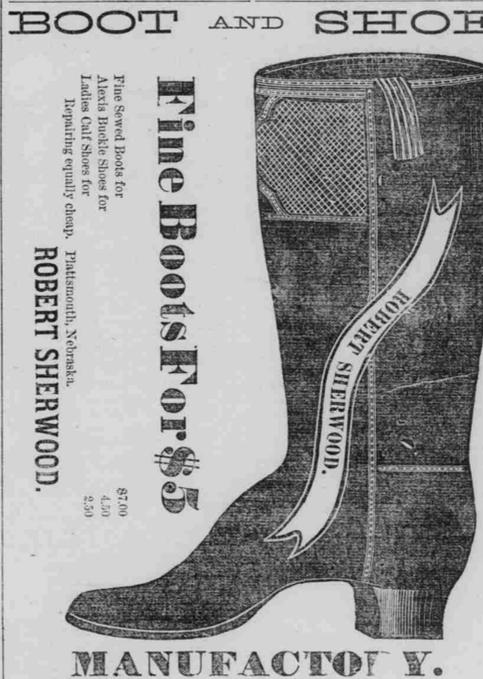
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**For NINETY DAYS FROM DATE**  
**Elegant Table Silverware**

On account of the...  
SILVERWARE COLUMN.  
SILVER SPOONS.  
IMPORTANT NOTICE.  
NATIONAL SILVER PLATING CO.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



**BOOT AND SHOE**

**Fine Boots For \$5**

Robt Sherwood, Plattsburgh, N. H.

**MANUFACTORY.**



**Farmers Improve Your Stock.**

**ESSEX PIGS.**

J. V. VANDOREN, Rippon, Fon Du Lac Co., Wisconsin.

**F. S. WHITE**

has come home,

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.

# Empire Store!

**J. V. WECKBACH, Prop.**

## Grand Opening!

### New goods!

#### Elegant Styles!

##### BARGAINS!

We are in almost daily receipt of

### DRY AND FANCY GOODS, and GROCERIES,

which we offer our friends and the public at

### Wholesale and Retail,

at prices to suit the times.

#### LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

Cashmeres, Alpaca, Delaines, &c.  
Calicoes, from 12 to 16 Yards for \$1.00.  
Muslins, from 6 cts. a yard upward.

#### BEDSPREADS!

The finest stock of White Bedspreads ever brought to the City.

#### MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING!

Buell's Cassimeres, Tweeds, Jeans, and Cottonades in full Stock.

#### Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Furnishing Goods.

#### Groceries and Provisions

OF ALL KINDS.

Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods.

Thankful for past favors in the years gone by, I respectfully ask a continuance of the same. GUARANTEEING SATISFACTION IN ALL CASES, and hoping my efforts to please may be crowned with success, I remain as ever,

J. V. WECKBACH.

REMEMBER THE PLACE, ONE DOOR WEST OF P. O., PLATTSBROUGH, NEBRASKA.

### AT SCHNASSE & GRAMBERG

Have just opened their large and handsome Stock of

#### FALL DRESS GOODS,

—ALSO—

#### A NEW AND FRESH STOCK OF GROCERIES,

A complete new stock of

#### Fall Dress Goods, Felt Hats, Fur Hats, For Gentlemen,

SCARFS, FANS, TIES, AND SILK NECKERCHIEFS PARASOLS.

#### CASHMERE OF ALL SHADES,

Hosiery, Navy Blue, Cardinal Red & Seal Brown.

#### LISLE AND KID GLOVES,

Embroideries and Laces.

BACK COMBS AND NOTIONS OF ALL KINDS.

Satchels, Valises, and Ladies Hand Satchels, Toilet Quilts, &c., TTBers, Corsets, and Ribbons Innumerable.

#### Boots & Shoes!

A FINE ASSORTMENT.

Boys Summer Cassimeres, Tweeds, &c., Queensware, Wooden Ware, and

A Full Stock of

#### Shelf Hardware.

Chicago Sugar Cured Hams, Lard SALT FISH, Mackerel, White Fish and Cod.

REMEMBER—ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

#### Don't Forget the Place,

ONE DOOR EAST OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

Plattsburgh, Neb.