THE HERALD

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
—AT—
PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA

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THE HERALD

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SHAVING AND SHAMPOOING
Especial attention given to
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CLEAN SHAVE.

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Always on hand and for sale at lowest cash prices. The highest prices paid for Wheat and Corn. Faithful attention given custom work.

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Over Solomon & Nathan's Store, Main St., Between 4th and 5th.
I am prepared to do all business in my line at Living Rates, and
Satisfaction Guaranteed!
In every instance.
I WILL
WARRANT A FIT!
Or make no charge.
Call and examine goods and samples.—Good Stock of trimmings always on hand. 42m3

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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.
"I had no appetite; Holloway's Pills gave me a hearty one."
"Your Pills are marvellous."
"I send for another box and keep them in the house."
"Dr. Holloway has cured my headache that was chronic."
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"My nausea of a morning is now cured."
"Your box of Holloway's Ointment cured me of aches in the head. I rubbed some of your Ointment behind the ears, and the noise has left."
"Send me two boxes: I want one for a poor family."
"I enclose a dollar; your price is 25 cents but the medicine to me is worth a dollar."
"Send me five boxes of your Pills."
"Let me have three boxes of your Pills by return mail, for Chills and Fever."
I have over 200 such testimonials as these but want of space compels me to conclude.
For Cutaneous Disorders,
And all eruptions of the skin, this Ointment is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very root of the evil.
HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT
Possessed of this REMEDY, Every Man may be his own Doctor. It may be rubbed into the system, so as to reach any internal complaint: by these means it cures Sores or Ulcers in the THROAT, STOMACH, LIVER, SPINE, or other parts. It is an infallible Remedy for BAD LEGS, BAD BREASTS, Contracted or Stiff Joints, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, and all Skin Diseases.
IMPORTANT CAUTION.—None are genuine unless the signature of J. HAYDOCK, as agent for the United States, surrounds each box of Pills and Ointment. Boxes at 25 cents, 62 cents, and $1 each.
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J. D. TUTT, County Clerk.
J. M. PATTERSON, County Treasurer.
R. W. HYERS, Sheriff.
G. W. FAIRFIELD, Surveyor.
G. HILDEBRAND, Coroner.
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JAMES CRAWFORD, South Bend Precinct.
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J. M. PATTERSON, Treasurer.
J. D. SIMPSON, City Clerk.
P. P. GASS, Police Judge.
P. B. MURPHY, City Marshal.
WM. L. WELLS, Chief of Fire Dept.
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1st Ward—ELI PLUMMER, W. J. AGNEW.
2d Ward—E. G. DOVEY, G. W. FAIRFIELD.
3d Ward—R. C. CUSHING, THOS. POLLOCK.
4th Ward—F. M. DORRINGTON, P. McCALLAN.

Postmaster—JNO. W. MARSHALL.

B. & M. R. R. Time Table.

Corrected Friday, October 18, 1878.

FOR OMAHA FROM PLATTSMOUTH.
Leaves 7:00 a. m. Arrives 8:45 a. m.
" 2:35 p. m. " 3:50 p. m.

FROM OMAHA FOR PLATTSMOUTH.
Leaves 9:50 a. m. Arrives 11:20 a. m.
" 6:00 p. m. " 7:35 p. m.

FOR THE WEST.
Leaves Plattsmouth 10:25 a. m. Arrives Lincoln, 1:25 p. m.; Arrives Kearney, 3:05 p. m. Freight leaves 9:00 a. m. Ar. Lincoln 2:30 p.m.

FROM THE WEST.
Leaves Kearney, 6:22 a. m. Leaves Lincoln, 12:45 p. m. Arrives Plattsmouth, 3:20 p. m. Freight leaves Lincoln 11:30 a. m. Arrives Plattsmouth, 5:20 p. m.

GOING EAST.
Express, 6:15 a. m.
Passenger, (train each day) 5:50 p. m., except Saturday. Every third Saturday a train connects at the usual time.

R. V. R. R. Time Table.

Taking Effect Sunday, March 23, 1879.

SOUTH.	STATIONS.	NORTH.
8 45am	HASTINGS.	6 55pm
8 32	AYR.	6 32
9 33	BLUE HILL.	5 35
10 20	COWLES.	4 40
11 20	RED CLOUD.	3 35
11 35	INAVALE.	3 04
12 25pm	RIVERTON.	2 45
1 07	FRANKLIN.	1 55
1 20	BLOOMINGTON.	1 35pm

C. B. & Q. R. R. TIME TABLE

WESTWARD.

		Express	Mail.
Leave	Chicago	10 15am	10 00pm
"	Mendota	1 25pm	1 40am
"	Galesburg	4 18pm	5 20am
"	Burlington	7 40pm	8 10am
"	Ottumwa	10 30pm	12 30pm
"	Chariton	1 45am	2 18pm
"	Creston	4 25am	5 15pm
"	Red Oak	6 00am	8 00pm
Arr.	Plattsmouth	9 20am	

EASTWARD.

		Express	Mail
Leave	Plattsmouth	3 00pm	5 30am
"	Red Oak	8 00pm	8 35am
"	Creston	10 35pm	11 45am
"	Chariton	12 55am	2 15pm
"	Ottumwa	3 20am	5 00pm
"	Burlington	6 30am	8 40pm
"	Galesburg	8 55am	11 05pm
"	Mendota	12 15pm	3 10am
Arriv	Chicago	3 30pm	7 00am

ONLY 24 HOURS TO ST. LOUIS by the new ROUTE just opened via MONMOUTH. PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS run from Burlington to ST. Louis without change.

BY LEAVING PLATTSMOUTH AT 3:50 P. M., you arrive in ST. LOUIS the next evening at 8:20, and leaving St. Louis at 8:20 a. m., you arrive in Plattsmouth 9:20 the next morning.

Coupon Tickets for sale for all points North, South, East and West.

D. W. HITCHCOCK, Gen. Western Pass. Agent.
SAMUEL POWELL, Ticket Agent.
J. M. BECHTAL, Agent, Plattsmouth.

Brazilian Beautifying Favorites
MAKE OUR PERSONS AND OUR HOMES ATTRACTIVE.
Astonishing Wonders of the World! Harmless. Easily Applied, and Effective.

BRAZILIAN TOILETTES—Improves, enriches and beautifies the complexion	50c
BEAUTIFUL BRAZILIAN BRILLIANT—Cleans, beautifies and preserves the teeth	25c
BRAZILIAN SEPARATOR—Sends the hair and beard and removes dandruff	25c
BRAZILIAN CRYSTAL—Gives the Queen of the Laundry	25c
BRAZILIAN TOILETTE SOAP—Combines all superior toilet preparations	25c
BRAZILIAN HOUSEHOLD SOAP—The favorite family cleaner and beautifier	10c
BRAZILIAN LAUNDRY SOAP—Gives the Queen of the Laundry	10c
BRAZILIAN SELF-ACTING STOVE POLISH—Excels in time, neatness and beauty	25c
BRAZILIAN OIL POLISH—Renews and beautifies furniture and all wood work	25c
BRAZILIAN SELF-ACTING STOVE POLISH—For stoves, stove pipes, etc.	25c
BRAZILIAN IMPERIAL BLACKING—For boots, shoes, harness and all classes of leather	25c
BRAZILIAN WORKING WAX—Makes the hard and stiff leather soft and pliable	25c

and child, 25 and 50c. For further particulars regarding these truly extraordinary articles obtain free from your dealer our twenty-page pamphlet, or address, BRAZILIAN BRILLIANT CO. 44 Lake St., Chicago and For Du Lac, Wis. For sale by CHAPMAN & SMITH, Plattsmouth.

STOP A LEEDLE!
Before deciding what Meat Market you are going to patronize during 1879, call in and see
FICKLER BROTHERS,
Main St., Plattsmouth, Neb.,
Who are on deck with nice Roasts and Steaks, Fresh Fish, Beef, Pork, Veal, Mutton, Poultry, & everything in their line.
Prices as Low as the Lowest; Highest Price paid for First-Class Stock.
FICKLER BROS.,
46|y Proprietors.

STREIGHT & MILLER,
Harness Manufacturers,
SADDLES BRIDLES, COLLARS,
and all kinds of harness stock, constantly on hand.

FRUIT, CONFECTIONEY, AND
GROCERY STORE,
NUTS, CANDIES, TEAS COFFEES,
SUGARS, TOBACCOES, FLOUR, &c.
Remember the place opposite E. G. Dovey's on Lower Main Street.
21-1*y* *STREIGHT & MILLER.*

He Is Odd.

He lived just a mile from the village,
Out there by the forks of the road;
His farm by the help of good tillage
Increased what he planted and sowed.
His dwelling was low and old-fashioned;
The roof was all covered with moss;
But still by his fixing and patching—
It kept out the rain and the frost.
He lived very peaceful and quiet;
We knew him as Jeremy Todd;
So plain was his dress and his diet,
The neighbors all said—he was odd.

The fashions he never would follow,
Nor try to put on any style,
But owing a dime or a dollar—
He paid it when due with a smile.
His words were but few and well chosen:
'Twas clear that he meant what he said:
His temper—not heated nor frozen;
And calm was the life that he led.
He did not belong to the meeting,
And said very little of God;
But orphans were glad at his greeting,
And every one said—he is odd.

If ever he offered to sell you—
A cow, or an ox, or a horse,
He made it his business to tell you—
Each one of the animal's faults.
He hired Billy Perkins, the cripple,
To husk out his corn by the day,
And heaped up the grain on the bushel—
To measure the wheat for his pay.
His name was not on the subscription—
To save the poor heathen abroad;
His neighbors he helped in affliction,
The people all thought—he was odd.

He never made any "profession,"
Nor said that he had a "new heart,"
But something he had in possession,
Or which many more need a part;
A something; that made him so gentle,
So honest, so kindly and true;
If not church religion, we venture,
That Jesus would say, "it will do."
He might in the church, have been better,
And rendered more service to God;
He'd more of the "spirit" than "letter,"
And that was what made him so odd.

The preacher might say he was Godless,
Because he subscribed to no creed;
But still 'twas part of his oddness,
The wretched and hungry to feed.
If Jeremy failed of salvation,
Because he stayed out of the church:
We cannot see how in creation,
Professors will shun the lee lurch,
Who wear the full garb of the pious,
But love not their neighbors, nor God!
We choose, when our Maker shall try us,
To be like the old farmer—odd.

HOW I LOST A RACE.

BY REV. FRED. BELL.

Athletic sports are of very ancient origin. They were Grecian by birth, coming from that hardy and polished nation, and were introduced into Rome by M. Tulirus at the close of the Ætolian war, 186 B. C.

They speedily became highly popular; and under the emperors their contests were admired by the nation to a degree bordering upon passion. They formed a distinct corporation by themselves; they are not to be confounded with the gladiatorial sports which were often excessively cruel and inhuman.

It was a harmless and honorable pastime in which many of high birth and culture were engaged. Those engaging in them were called athletes, from Greek *athleo*, to contend, and it held the rank of an art. Even men of genius contended for the palm, not as a profession, but for the sake of exercise, just as at the present day we have gentleman cricketers, amateur oarsmen, etc.

The profound and eloquent Plato appeared among the wrestlers in the Isthmian games at Corinth, and also in the Pythian games at Sicyon.

The meditative Pythagoras is said to have gained a prize at Elis, and instructed and trained others who did the same.

So great was the honor of an Olympian victor that his native city was regarded as ennobled by his success, and he himself considered sacred.

When he returned from the contests he entered the city through a special breach made in the walls, and with great civic honors, and was henceforth considered a public benefactor, sustained in magnificence while living, and buried with great honors when dead.

So we see that physical vigor and physical feats have been in good company from the first, and have been patronized by the noble and wise and virtuous. In England they are made more of than in this country. Some of the best gymnasts, cricketers, runners and oarsmen the world can afford have been men of English birth. They inherit the Britons' vigor, and the Saxons' temper; they inhabit a land peculiarly fitted for the encouragement of such sports. While many of the upper classes have the leisure for it, the poorer classes find their training for it in their daily occupation. So they, as a people, are peculiarly situated for favorable attention to robust, manly, vigorous pastimes; and, though Americans have not given as much attention to these manly sports, as they could not, and as no young nation can, she is turning her attention to them more fully now than ever. Americans had a wild country to conquer; they had to wrestle with the Indians, the bear, the panther and the wolf, and they have nobly conquered, giving evidence that when they shall turn their prowess to this field they will make their mark, as they have with the rifle at Dollymount and Creedmoor.

Being born an Englishman, I inherited together with a robust constitution and a wiry frame, a passion for "athletic sports," and I haven't contracted ministerial stiffness of back and joints, or clerical starch enough to prevent my loving them still; and I have won many prizes in running, jumping and cricketing.

I desire to relate how I once *lost* a race. It has taught me a lesson that I shall never forget—one that is full of interest and instruction: and, as I think the reader may be affected in the same manner, I will narrate the circumstances.

It was in Chesterfield, England, noted for that celebrated church steeple, called the cork-screw-steeple, that was built so ingeniously on the wind that on every side you look at it, you fancy it is going to fall on you. It is so old that it is not known whether it was built so or warped out of perpendicular after it was built, by the action of the weather on it.

It is a curious affair, built of wood and covered with lead put on it in a special manner over fluting or volutes, that run up also in a *twisted* direction.

Whether warped by sun, struck by lighting, or preached out of true by the queer old sermons that used to be heard within, no one knows. A wity poet speaks of it thus:

"Whichever way you turn your eye,
It always seems to be awry;
Pray can you tell the reason why?—
The only reason known of right,
Is that the thing was *never* straight."

Well, it was in this historic old place that a race was to be run, for which I entered.

The distance to be run was three hundred yards, over hurdles three feet four inches high, and two water jumps twelve feet wide, with a three foot ledge on the near side of the water.

An exceedingly difficult race, the obstructions making it so of themselves, but also extremely difficult from the shortness of the distance to be run. One mile would be easier, giving you time for moderate increase, which regulates the breathing, and gives you a chance to gradually bring all your powers into play at the best advantage; but this one must be a quick, violent start, and the forth-putting of tremendous exertion, allowing of no gradual play or steady and easy increase; it must be a tremendous spurt, which but few can stand.

When the time came for a start, about thirty competitors toed the mark, and fine, clean-limbed active-looking fellows they were, too.

A pistol shot was to be the signal to start. Crack went the pistol, and off shot thirty men like arrows hurled from as many bows. We darted abreast, but didn't keep so long.

In the first hundred yards several came to grief, some, tripping over the hurdles, sprawled, out of wind and time, and went limping and chopfallen back; others jumped well, but didn't come down so well, or perhaps they imagined they came down *into* a well. At any rate they came down *too soon*, and like young ducks fell into the water, and came blowing and dripping to shore, taking an involuntary bath instead of the prize.

When an 150 yards had been run over, to my surprise I found myself *first*, and I began to hope I might win the race; straining every muscle I urged on the course, but being out of condition for easy running it began to tell on me fearfully, for I was going at a tremendous pace, and I became very anxious to know if I should be able to hold out to reach the goal, and if it was not prudent for me to slacken and spare myself a little for the last burst that might come, if I might safely do it.

And so I must know somehow how far I was ahead.

There was no use running faster than was necessary. I did not know how far the next best man was behind, for we were running on turf and there was no sound; and the only way of judging was, when one was near enough we could hear the heavy breathing induced by the tremendous exertions the runners were making. I knew there was no one near me for I should have heard them breathe, and so the temptation came to look behind and see.

It may not be known to all our readers that for a man to be running at the top of his speed any motion that disturbs the nice equilibrium of the body is invariably fatal to his chances of running, and especially disturbing is the motion and position necessary for the turning of the head; the head is the rudder, or like the front wheel of a velocipede, which, if suddenly turned, over you go.

I was about thirty-five yards from the winning-post, and nearly exhausted. But had I kept on, looking straight ahead, I should have won easily; but, I TURNED ROUND, and found to my surprise the nearest man to me was fully TWENTY YARDS away.

But the fatal moment was on me, the turning of the head caused me to sway and reel and stagger like a drunken man. I went down heavily to sod, utterly exhausted ONLY THREE FEET FROM THE WINNING-POST, and my opponent rushed in as a winner before I could gather myself for a start; and that is how I lost a race.

If you're doing anything worth doing, keep at it, put on all speed and don't LOOK BACK. No matter what the inducements or temptations, *don't look back.*

Let the multitude thunder and all competitors be distanced, but don't look back to see what is the matter.

Keep on, straight on. Look ahead, straight ahead. Strain every nerve, put on all steam, and win. The last step is as important as the first. A single misstep within a yard of the goal may lose the whole enterprise for you.

Anything that has been done that has made the world gleam or ring has been done because the right man DIDN'T LOOK back, but carried the noble or masterly effort, right up to the home mark, with a dash and a nerve and a will that meant it.

When the race is won and the thing is done, then you'll have plenty of time to look back.

But first do it, or you may lose the race.

The Phonoidoscope.

An instrument with the above mentioned name, was presented to the Societe Francais de Physique at its last sitting, by the inventor, M. Taylor. Its object is to show, optically, the delicate peculiarities of sonorous vibratory movement. A thin film of liquid glycerine is formed on a small opening made in a piece of blackened brass, and it reflects the light of a lamp in producing either on the retina direct or by projection on a screen the well-known iridescent effects of thin transparent plates. As long as the film is motionless, the simple colors of iridescence are alone visible. But if, by means of a bent tube the vibrations of a sustained sound are conducted underneath that film, by the voice or otherwise, the film begins to vibrate, and the colors are disturbed geometrically, producing on the surface fixed bands and moving rings, the disposition of which varies, with the depth of the tone and the nature of the harmony accompanying it—that is to say, the pitch. M. Taylor showed by projection that the acoustic figures thus obtained become more and more complicated as the tone emitted rises, or when, the height remaining constant, different vowels are pronounced. The colors thrown on the screen differed during the evaporation, but the acoustic figures did not vary. The results obtained are extremely curious and of varied appearance, according as apertures of different forms are used. M. Taylor projected the phenomena produced by openings triangular, square and round, by means of the Drummond light. The considerable heat which accompanies that mode of lighting causes, after a certain time, the evaporation of the film of glycerine and terminates the experiment. But its duration may be augmented by passing the luminous rays through a glass flask filled with water, which deprives them of the greater portion of the qualities absorbed by the liquid glycerine.

Air and Water.

We live more in air and water than in all other articles combined. Of the one hundred and fifty-four pounds of a man—a little above the average—one hundred and twenty-eight are composed of the elements of these: oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen. These must be daily supplied or we shall suffer. They are in our food to some extent; but the great supply is obtained from the air breathed and from water. All of our food contains some water, from about ninety-eight per cent down, even the popular beef steak containing about one half water. There is no tax on air and water, and we should be selfish enough to get our part, since all may have enough.

She Sewed on His Buttons.

Old Blummer is tight-fisted. Several days ago he said to his wife: "Maria, I want you to look over that broadcloth vest of mine and put new buttons on it, cause I'm going to a card-party to-night."

"But, Ely," answered Mrs. Blummer, "I haven't any buttons to match that vest; and—"

"Thunder!" broke in Blummer, "the idea of a woman keeping house as long as you have, an' pretendin' to be out of buttons. By George! I b'lieve you'll ask me for money to buy 'em with next."

That evening Blummer hurried through his supper and began arraying himself for the card-party. Presently he called for the broadcloth vest, and Mrs. Blummer, with marvelous promptitude, handed it to him. He took it, hastily unfolded it, and then, as his eye took in his complete appearance, he stood as one transfixed. It was a six-button vest, and there were six buttons on it, and the dazed optics of Blummer observed that the first, or top one, was a tiny pearl shirt-button, and that the next one was a brass army-overcoat button with U. S. gleaming upon it, and that number three was an oxydized-silver affair, and that number four was a horn button, evidently from the back of one of the Puritan fathers' coats, and then came a suspender-button, and then, as the dazzled eyes of old Blummer reached the bottom button—a poker-chip (found in Blummer's pocket) with two holes punched through it—he gave a snort that made the chandelier jingle. There is, after all, a fine sense of humor about Blummer, and he laughed till he cried. And there won't be any button-money grudged in that household hereafter.

Pluck Wanted.

How many young fellows, starting out in life, say: "if somebody would only give me a start I could succeed." Oh! no! It is not the start that is wanted, it is the pluck to make the start yourself, and trust for help afterwards. One-half, aye, more; two-thirds of the young men now growing up, lack the confidence to put their shoulder to the wheel and push for themselves. They want to get on top of the business wheel and let some one give it a start, when they imagine it will continue to roll, taking them along with it. Looking back over the acquaintances of our youth—and doubtless many men can do the same—we can remember several who were given just such aid as they asked for. They were placed on top of the wheel of business, and a good start given. The wheel rolled; and in the course of time the young man found himself or himself, as the case may be, instead of on the top. Others had their own pushing. They began on the bottom, and as the wheel revolved they found themselves nearer and nearer the top. It requires pluck; it requires confidence in your own ability to succeed living, even if your present success seems should fail, and a hopefulness which only rebounds from adversities and gathers a wealth of experience in every failure. These are the qualities which a poor man, young or old, must have if he would become rich, and they are worth government or legislation to foster in these men who are our rich men, for they are not always the richest in the world, in such in this country, they too are from the poorest. The start they may receive may be good, for it did not cost them self reliance.

The Duplicate Sign-Board.

Early the other morning two rather seedy-looking young men entered the saloon of a respected German resident, and producing a neatly-painted signboard, asked him if he didn't want to buy it. "Voy, dot looks so shoost as like my own signboard it as nothing," said the publican, examining it. "Of course it does," replied one of his visitors; "in fact, it's an exact duplicate of it. Your saloon's on a corner, you see, and you ought to have a signboard on each street; that'll double your custom." "But I didn't order dose signboards; what for did you paint him, eh?" "O," responded his interlocuter, "our firm is just starting in business, and we are painting signs for all the saloons. People it see that sign and want to get signs painted, and they'll ask you who created that thing of beauty, and I'll have a chromo-lithograph in twenty-seven colors and a gilt frame sent here where you can show 'em our address, and for every order you send us you'll get your commission. Why, a saloon-keeper up our way makes $3 and $4 a day on commission alone." "Vell, how much you charge for dose signboards, eh?" said the honest Teuton, relenting. "Seeing it's you, and and that we want to introduce our business," replied the young man, "we'll let you have that signboard for 75 cents. The paint on it alone cost the money, leaving out of consideration the artist's time and the board, which is seasoned Norway pine, kiln-dried, and imported expressly for our company. If you can get a sign like that anywhere else for less'n $6 I'll paint the whole front of your building, and it shan't cost you a cent. "Dot ish so; I bald $7 for dose signboardt outside," said the saloon-keeper. "I thought so," said the young man; "but then labor was high, there was reciprocal tariff on paints and brushes, and lumber was selling at $55 and $40 a thousand feet. Everything's down now, and we do a big business, and that's why we can afford to let you have it so much cheaper." The saloon-keeper said he would give them 50 cents and treat, and, after an animated discussion, they accepted his offer and took the money and two remarkably big horns of whiskey. "I guess we're ahead of you, old man," said the agents of the Metropolitan Sign-Painting Company; 50 cents and two drinks of whisky make 70 cents." "Dot's owl right, boys," said he with a grin; "I sell dose whisky five cents. Don't forgot to send dot gromo-liddograph, you mind now," and they said they wouldn't. But the honest dealer in beer didn't think he had got so much ahead of them after all, when, on going out to put up the new signboard, he found that the old one had disappeared and subsequent investigation showed that he had bought his own property.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Pleasant Ridge Items.

MARCH 24th, 1879.

ED. HERALD:—Lohn Balker's last child is a girl.

M. O. Weed will soon be out again. The cold weather has slightly let up and the farmers are again busy seeding.

The names of the contesting parties in the scrimmage at the school house on the night of the 13th, were John Adams and Monroe Craig, aged 24 and 26 respectively. Long may they wave.

Sol. Pitcher can kill more geese than any other man about the Ridge. There can be no account given for his killing so many unless it is in his height being so great that if a goose should attempt to fly over him it would smother in the foul air, for he declares he can reach 45 feet.

George Hull and Jim. Bennet were out to Lincoln and thereabouts last week looking for suitable railroad land.

A party of men headed by G. Kirkpatrick will start for Leadville, as grass starts. Good luck to them.

S. Hayes will start with two mule teams to the Black Hills the 1st of May. BIG FEET.

From Avoca.

MARCH 25th, 1879.

EDITOR HERALD:—Farmers are beginning to wish, fretfully, I fear, that spring would no longer lie in the lap winter. They begin to be anxious about that wheat which ought to have been in before this. But perhaps there is to be a change. To-day was quite fair and possibly its followers will be so.

Roads are in a bad condition because dried so hard and rough.

While a German who lives near here was burning his corn stalks the fire broke out, and went surging across a quarter to the east. Here, fortunately, it was mastered by several of the neighbors. The starter, Mr. Strevings, appeared on the scene, and appeared very anxious. While crossing the quarter, a little later, I saw three stacks in flames. I hear they belonged to Mr. Stubins. There were several stacks in the path of the fire, but all were saved with that exception. It has been some time since we had a fair fight with a prairie fire, but this gave us our hands full. It is warming work.

I hear many prophesying great damage to the crops of small grain. The chinch bug is the "early bird which catches the worm." Well, well! if Mein Herr Chinch Bug will serve us so there will be no more use in crying than if it was spilled milk.

Send out to our esteemed friend, at Elmwood, Delilah, advice not to count her chickens before they are hatched. Tell her Delilah deceived Sampson; she also was deceived.

Some remark the fact that birds are more plentiful here this spring than formerly. It is accounted for by our having artificial groves. We all love the tiny songsters. One blessing brings another.

In last week's paper you were asked to send "Old Prob." down here. Don't do it, the old Will o' the Wisp would be lynched without mercy, and no whisky used for firing up either.

AVOCA KATCHUM.

South Bend Notes.

As your former correspondent has left for the far distant west to make for himself a home, preparatory, perhaps, to the taking unto himself one of the necessary evils of a happy life, &c., and fearing that you would think that South Bend, with all its Bend-ing inhabitants, had also emigrated, died, or left the country, I had better drop you a line. We are not dead, but alive and as wide awake as a dog is full of fleas, for it is a settled fact now, that we will, inside of two years, have the best town west of Plattsmouth and east of Lincoln, as a wagon bridge will be built across the big branch which has so long divided us from the rich and fertile soil of Sarpy county. Yes, the bridge will go this time. All the money required has been raised to build it, and the bridge man is here and will make all the necessary arrangements to commence the work at once. We expect to celebrate the coming 4th of July on a grand bridge across the Platte river, with music and dancing, and beer in large quantities.—Come and help us. All are invited to attend, and especially the "bretheren and sisteren."

Business is good, corn 17 cents, and lots of it coming in; wheat,