EXCESS OF ENERGY.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE STUNG BY THE GADFLY OF COMPETITION.

Proverbial Philosophy That Is Partly to Blame-Labor, in Itself, Without Dignity-Learn to Rest-Effects of Overstudy-"Festina Lente."

The vice of the Nineteenth century is excess of energy. While it is true that there are exceptional cases of those who, in familiar slang, are "born tired," the characteristic of the time is a pushing, driving, restless, uneasy babit of mind and body, a constant struggle to get on, town, near a station called Wynberg. to attain wealth, or fame, or position, and all this too often with utter disregard of carlessness of the wear and tear of the the well meant but really pernicous adand unpatriotic, and as every soldier in shal's baton in his knapsack, so every now a prisoner. American youth is presumed to have enormous wealth or high political station | fellow, who could meet defeat so danntwithin his reach, and if he fails to strain every nerve to grasp it he is deemed what took my hand when the interpreter told our Anglo-Saxon progenitors called "niddering"-a worthless, uscless, ambition-

Richard style of proverbial philosophy must bear its share of the blame for this condition of affairs. The remark attributed to Daniel Webster that "there is always room at the top of the halder" has furnished room, a few wicker seats, a probably been instrumental in turning table and a colossal arm chair, the poor out more poor and inefficient lawyers than all the law schools of the country. The poor, deluded disciples of Blackstone fall to see that there is so much room because so few reach the top of the ladder, and that the top rounds are more often attained by a series of happy accidents than by plodding industry, especially if the plodder have industry and nothing else.

"DIGNITY OF LABOR." Another phrase about which folios have been written and on which the press, the pulpit and the stage have expended much foundlander—having learned that he had Another phrase about which folios have sesses no quality of dignity. It is irkgrinding. It extinguishes aspirations for higher things; it exhausts the capacity for enjoyment; it makes an abject slave of a free man. And yet we are told, ad nauseam, of the dignity of labor. Labor is only a means to an end. It is a period of probation, to be followed at some time, as we all hope, by rest.

There may be, and often is, much dignity, much elevation of character, in the man or woman who labors; but this is not because of his or her labor, but in spite of it. A human soul will shine through any | thought his majesty was jealous of letting disguise, and true nobility of character strangers' eyes behold his merry wives, will reveal itself under the most adverse circumstances; but to say that one pos- fashion in a coat of shining, not very arosessing those qualities has them multiplied or intensified by labor is to say that a lovely landscape would be made more made of large white and blue beads. beautiful by being viewed through smoked glass, or that a fair woman is more fair in rags and tatters than in silk

LEARN TO REST.

man race, a destiny as inexorable as fate itself, is it not the part of wisdom to seek to alleviate our condition by every means in our power? Though we are hemmed prevents us from making our imprisonment as endurable as possible, and to do this we must cultivate the capacity for reto toil. We must become impressed with the absolute necessity for cessation from labor and the urgent demand of mind and

body for recuperation. Activity of any kind can reach its most successful results only when it is alternated by sufficient periods of rest, and the physical culture is concerned. Not only is the imperative necessity for sleep universally acknowledged, but it is also conceded by all students of human energy that at least one day in seven should be kept as a day of rest for the body, and this independent of any religious considerations. Many and careful observations have been made on this question, and their result amounts to an actual demonstration that no man or set of men can work effectively more than six-sevenths of the time, and that any attempt to run the human machine beyond this limit means its destruction.

STRAINED BY STUDY.

Mental vigor is equally dependent upon the harmonious relations of activity and repose, and ignorance of this most imsystem of education. The constant tendency of the age is towards too rapid development of the mental powers and towards reaching the goal too soon. The powers of thought are often strained too tensely for their own good, study is made too continuous and too monotonous, and refreshment for the wearied brain is too little studied or considered.

But how could it be otherwise? Teachrest. How, then, can they teach others? pressure of public opinion to perform, or attempt to perform, miracles. They are expected to put so much into a child, no matter whether the child is capable of retaining it or not. Their positions often depend not on what they have taught the children or pupils under their charge, but upon how much of the curriculum they have gone through in a given time-in short, they are expected to successfully manage the machinery of the Procruston bed, and make the pupils fit the lessen-

and not the lessons the pupils. The Roman philosopher's maxim, i tina lente—hasten slowly—is too of overlooked in this rapid age of the wer We have not, or think we have not, the to go slowly .- San Francisco Chronicie.

House in a Volcano's Crater.

Licancaur, a volcano on the eastern boundary line of the Chilian province of Antefogasta, has been ascended by Don Jose Sante Tices. An inner road leads to the summit, and Peruvian "tamboa," houses of a single room, with a low stone bench, still remain upon it. The bottom of the crater is about a quarter of a mile across, and has a pond 400 feet across in its center. Around this pond are the remains of some thirty large stone houses, and a large quantity of fuel, which must have been carried there at least 400 years ago, but whether by the Peruvians or by their enemies, the Calchagui Indians, cannot be known. -Boston Budget.

THE ZULU CHIEFTAIN.

A VISIT TO CETEWAYO, UNDER GUARD AT CAPE TOWN.

Brave Old Fellow Dauntless in Defeat-The Sable Monarch's Seven Wives. Climax of Kingly Gratitude-An Unpleasant Predicament.

Two years later I met Celewayo, the Zulu chief, in the garden, under British protection. Knowing the colonial secretary, I obtained permission to visit his majesty at the residence assigned to him said: by government-a plain, scantily furnished farm house, fourteen miles from The Herald."

He was attired in Zulu full dress, consisting of a necklace of lions' and cheethe means employed, and with a criminal tahs claws and a gorgeous leopard skin, worn skirt fashion, and as he rose to his machine, mental and physical. We are full height to respond to my salute and stung by the gadfly of competition, and receive my little donation he looked in goaded to renewed effort by ambition and | truth-what even loss of power, need I | say liberty, could not deprive him ofvice of those to whom our success in life | every inch a king, savage as of old, when is near and dear. To be content with our in his days of undisputed sway, master of station in life is regarded as un-Americau | life and death over thousands, the royal "koom," the salute of a welcoming people, the French army is said to carry a mar- thundered in his ear; then a conqueror,

Somehow I felt sorry for the brave old lessly, and I must have shown it-for he him that I was not of the nation of his conquerors, and gave it a right royal squeeze. I advised his majesty to present Some of the cheap and tawdry Poor the queen and prince of Wales with a lot of ostrich feathers on his approaching visit espring of 1882) to England, but he gave but a mouraful smile, shook his head and pointed to his surroundings, a plainly old fellow's throne, and mournfully exclaimed, "This is all I have." I felt sorry I had mentioned the subject, and with another hearty grip of the royal hand which I partially evaded I took my departure for the day. His majesty expressed a desire to see me again.

THE MONARCH'S SEVEN WIVES. A few weeks later I called to bid him farewell, business demanding my return eloquence, the "dignity of labor," is often expressed a wish for one. Cetewayo equally mischievous. Labor in itself pos- on this occasion wore a navy blue suit of serge and a Zanzibar fez or cap made of some, disagrecable, sordid, mean and camel's hair. I had to endure the shake again, but suffered gladly for the sake witnessing his delight to behold one v. was not of a people he hated. His voice rang out in a volume of sound that caused

a stampede in an adjoining room, and of black eyes looked in to see what was the topic of discussion. But a royal roar made them skip back to their own dominion, their fat black faces disappearing like startled fawns at a lion's roar, one falling over the other in their hurry to obey. I for they were lightly attired-clad Zulu matic oil, numerous anklets, bracelets

I did him injustice. Five minutes later he had seen and highly approved of the dog-his delight was unbounded. The merry harem was called in, and I beheld their majesties of Zululand, and royal But since toil is the destiny of the hu-nan race, a destiny as inexorable as fate specimens of their people they were, each able to vanquish three or four of the stoutest white men in Africa, so the king proudly stated. I didn't express any doubts. They were too near and the aroma in by the iron walls of necessity, nothing was strong. The climax of kingly gratitude was reached when his sable majesty offered me the choice of one of the lot. To quote the interpreter's literal translation: pose. We must learn to rest as well as Oh, stranger, you have gladdened the heart of the friendless king, and he loves you like a brother. In his own land he would say: 'Behold here mine, the king's kraal. Three hundred wives are there and 5,000 head of cattle. Take of my abundance, for the king's brother is welcome to all.' But my kingdom is gone, though capacity for repose must be developed in my heart remains. I would honor you as every man if his best possibilities are ever | a king would like to do honor to a friend. to be realized. Modern science has suffi- He has only the seven gazelle eyed daughciently demonstrated this so far as merely ters of his people. He loves them and clings to them, but take the one that pleases you best, oh, my brother, and if I return to my land my people shall do thee honor and I will welcome thee.'"

AN UNPLEASANT PREDICAMENT. Momentarily I was paralyzed. A.aother wife! Jerusalem! and a black one! Well, I thanked his majesty for the in-tended honor, told him that "my seraglio" was already overstocked; in my country four was the maximum a man of moderate fortune could well manage to handle. However, I thanked him kindly. What the interpreter told him I never could ascertain; suffice it to say that the whole royal crowd abandoned their dignity and laughed till tears started, and three pickaninnies commenced to bawl. Cetewayo wanted to shake hands and the youngest portant fact is a defect in every modern merry septuple wanted to hug me. I evaded both by producing another lot of confectionery and calm was restored. But night was drawing nigh and I had to say goodby. I've often felt sad at partings, but seldom have I been more touched than at that time.

Merciless, savage, cruel, relentless foe, the English called him. I judge not. He may have cause to be so, but I had found him gentle and kind to those that wished ers and leaders have never been taught to him well and could see no sign of cruelty displayed towards his wives. Their last They are constantly urged forward by the act was to present me with a lot of beadwork neeklaces, anklets, etc., while the parting gift of the stern old warrior, who had lost his kingdom and had so little left to give-was the necklace of cheetah and lions' claws and the camel's hair cap from Zanzibar. I have both, and shall never part with the gifts of my savage black friends. Another shake of the hand, and I stood it bravely—all round the circle this time—and I mounted my horse and galloped towards Cape Town. Once I looked around and I saw them standing as I had left them—the black king shading his eyes against the setting sun, the dog fawning by his side; in the background, on the threshold of his home, his wives, the particles and dought as of his "the antelope eyed daughters of his people," who loved him and had followed him into exile. A mist came into my eyes and I saw them no more .- Cor. Philadel-

phia Times.

John Chinaman's Pen. The pen with which John makes his tea marks is a curiosity. It is a hair brush placed in a quill, and is very much like the little brushes sold with toy paints. When he writes he never touches his fingers nor wrist to the paper, but grasps the quill in the middle and begins to paint very much like an artist retouching a picture. Singularly enough there is not an instance of a Chinaman being unable to write his language, and many of the laundrymen who speak pigeon English can read and write our language quite Manufacturing Company vs. Dice, Su- acres will square accounts for the burning well.—Buffalo News.

WOMAN AS A JOURNALIST.

What the Chief Editor of "The New York Herald" Says on the Subject. Dr. Hepworth, of The Herald, needs no

introduction, as his clerical duties, his books and lectures to young men have made him known throughout the country. Dr. Hepworth is quoted by all who have met him as possessing the manners of a Chesterfield. He is of strikingly intellectual appearance, and invites confidence

"Be seated, please," he said kindly, as I entered the editorial office. With him I resolved to try other tactics than those I had pursued with his great rival. So I

"Dr. Hepworth, I want a position on

"Yes!" inquiringly looking up with an encouraging smile, and adjusting his glasses as if to get a better view of the one who had made such a bold demand.

"What can you do?"
"Anything," I replied, with a candor that was probably about as startling as it and vanish; the alders, as we swept by

"Well, that's what The Herald is in search of. We want talent, and we are always glad to give everybody a trial. Sometimes we are compelled to search for through that narrow and crooked pass the person we desire. Mr. Bennett has age where the bushes brush you on both told me to allow every reporter to try cheeks, and before the river broadened writing editorials. I try first one and then | again I had lost all idea of the direction another; and what if I am disappointed and almost forgotten what I came out for. times innumerable? I am bound, some time, to find the talent we are in pursuit of, and when that occurs the reporter chosen has secured himself a permanent position. Just as soon as the man with that talent is found I'll transfer him from the reporter's room to the editorial desk. "Do you object to women entering

newspaper life?" "No, I do not object; but still there are many things about it not suitable for women. I could not think of sending one to the police or higher criminal courts, as I could a man. Even if I did, the officials there would give her as little information as they could, in order to get rid of her, and very likely, just as she was leaving, the most important news would take place. Now a male reporter would stay there and hear and judge of the cases for himself. As all that the paper cares for is the news, it could not afford to be represented by one continually liable to lose important information. But crime and criminals, though important, do not engress all our columns, and there is much other work women can do, and do well. In this respect I might specify the gathering and writing of clerical, fashion and soclety news. Until, however, the public demand a different kind of news, so long will wemen be unable to serve as all

around reporters. The very sources from thich we obtain a larger portion of our nev. render it an impossible field for a journey. woman. On account of the sensations and the scandals which are demanded by the present popular taste, a gentleman could not, in delicacy, ask a woman to have anything to do with that class of is a generous interchange of courtesies (so news. That is what bars her from repor- unusual on a marine voyage), and one torial specess, absolutely,

"Do you favor employing women upon the work they can do?

"Yes; because on such news matters they are preferable to men. But, do you know, they are a restraint in an office? their coats or rest their feet on the desks; and then-I might as well add-they are too much of a guard morally. When they are within hearing men cannot give vent to their feelings in the language all grades of angry men employ; consequently the result is apt often to be serious." Here he looked up in a half dubious manner, as if to see what effect

the statement had. "Then, if you are not opposed to women,

why don't you employ more?' "Because, the work which they can properly do being limited, there is no de-mand for their services. We have a woman, an old journalist, whom we are sending to Ireland. If a woman has the same ability and the same means of securing news as a man, she has the same chance upon The Herald. What we demand is the best, and we don't care what form it comes in. When we find what we want we are willing to keep it at any price."-Nellie Bly in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Testing Superstitious Fancies.

Some time ago, in a conversation with a gentleman from the country, an instance of superstition was brought to my attention that was different from anything I had ever heard, though it may not be new to some of you. "A horse died for me last spring," he said, "and I asked a neighbor to hitch a pair of horses to the carcass and drag it out to the woods. He seemed unwilling to do so, and I offered to compensate him. 'Oh, it isn't that, he replied, with an embarrassed air. 'It's a bad thing to do. It is quite likely that one of the horses will die within the year.' I hooted at the superstition. 'I've known it to happen more than once.' he said, with a dubious shake of the head. He finally consented, accepted \$1, and hauled the dead horse to the woods.'

"And did one of the horses die?" Tasked. "Inside of ten weeks," was the prompt reply.

Now, the story was true, but the ex-

planation was sheerest nonsense, and yet I'll venture to say that you can't beat it into the head of the farmer who lost the best horse of the pair. The great mistake in connection with testing superstitious fancies is that we are apt to make a note of the one instance in which they come true, and neglect to make a note of the other nine instances in which they fail .-

"Observer" in Philadelphia Call. How Women Begin to Drink.

Out of an examination of 204 inebriate women I have found that 128 began their drinking by the use of beer, 37 by drinking whisky (as punch at first, usually), 20 began with wine, 8 with gin and 11 could not remember what beverage was first used. These young girls, mill and shop girls largely, began by going to some so called refreshment saloon with their friends, and the debutante usually began by sipping a little tonic (made of hops, sugar and water, charged with carbonic acid gas and colored with burnt sugar); beer soon followed, and soon rioting, other kinds of intoxicants; recklessness and crime; and what was an innocent, foolish girl yesterday, is today a branded criminal, and all for a glass of beer .-Godey's Lady Book.

Who Owns the Patent?

The general rule is that when a mechanic laboring for an employer in the construction of a machine invents a valnable improvement, the invention is the property of the inventor, and not of the ployer hires a man of supposed inventive mind to invent for the employer an improvement in a given machine, under a special contract, that the employer shall tion, if so made, would in equity become preme Court of Illinois.

Hunting Deer by Night.

Night hunting with a jack light is a practice which the law seems hardly able to check, and it has a strong fascination for both guides and amateurs. It goes on all summer; and as conditions of success are a dark night and absolute quiet, there is little fear of detection. Benson, after his return from one of these secret expeditions, gave me an enthusiastic description of his feelings. "There was a sense of mystery and adventure even in our creeping away from camp at dusk, hugging the west shore of the lake in the black shadow of the hills and pulling into the river, where we waited for complete darkness. Then we lighted the jack, on a staff on the bow of the beat. I crouched behind it with my gun, and the guide unshipped the oars and took his paddle. I thought I knew that river by heart, I had fished it so often; but the fantastic and beautiful sights which broke upon me in the moving light made it seem like an enchanted stream. A patch of lilies would dart out of the darkness and just glisten them, turned to silver. Sometimes the beam of light shot into an arch among the trees and opened for an instant a vision of fairy land. We corkscrewed our way I think that the miraculous silence was a great part of the charm. The guide never took his paddle from the water—sending us on by just a little turn of his wristand there was not so much as a ripple about the boat. It was the greatest night I ever had? "And the deer?"

"Oh, we didn't get any deer; but I didn't care for that. About midnight, down by the rapids, we heard an old buck whistle and go crashing through the bushes, but we didn't see him, and he wasn't very near. The guide said: 'The --- fool, he's been shot at before;' and that was the first word spoken since we started down the river. We came home after that. It was the greatest night I ever had. I would not have missed it for anything." - Adirondacks Cor. New York Tribune.

Two Ways of Navigating the Nile.

There are two ways of navigating the Nile. The modern way is by a line of steamers owned by the khedive. The "antique" method is supplied by the dahabeeh. The dahabeeh only provides that sense of dreaminess and slowness which one needs when journeying back into the centuries. But as things are done under the present dispensation, the traveler may, and usually does, have opportunity to try both methods of travel during one

The wind is not always good to the dahabceh, and she is often glad to accept a tow at the stern of the more independent fellow traveler. On these occasions there may enjoy the privilege of pacing two decks on one and the same day. If the bustle of the steamboat, becomes too exciting for one's half languid condition, there is usually a hearty offer made to share the quieter, dreamier, lazier going arates them, and an Arab crew is always ready with a small boat to undertake the perils of the voyage between.

In making a choice between these two methods the traveler may feel assured that in the preparation for the journey and in the start the excitement does not differ a plaster's worth. The difference, in fact, however, is this: The steambont passenger may calculate fairly the time of his return to Cairo, but the danabeehist will escape that heart sickness which comes from hope deferred, if from the first he abandons all expectation of returning at any time, certain or uncertain. From the moment he is pushed away from the quay until he returns he is the vassal of the wind and must bend his proud spirit

The dahabeeh is conducted by a private dragoman and crew. They are yours. The steamboat is a public conveyance, and is much less yours.-Edward L. Wilson in Scribner's.

English Love of Sport.

Hares are almost formed on purpose to be good sport, and make a jolly good dish. a pleasant addition to the ceaseless round of mutton and beef, to which the dead level of civilization reduces us. Coursing is capital, the harriers first rate. Now every man who walks about the fields is more or less at heart a sportsman, and the farmer having got the right of the gun he is not unlikely to become to some extent a game preserver. When they could not get it they wanted to destroy it, now they have got it they want to keep it. The old feeling coming up again-the land reasserting itself, Spain you see-down with fendalism, but let us have the game.

Look down the long list of hounds kept in England, not one of which could get a run were it not for the good will of the farmers, and indeed of the laborers. Hunting is a mimicry of the mediaval chase, and this is the Nineteenth century of the socialist, yet every man of the field loves to hear the horn and the burst of the hounds. Never was shooting, for instance, carried to such perfection, perfect guns, made with scientific accuracy, plans of compaign among the pheasants set out with diagrams, as if there was going to be a battle of Blenheim in the woods. To be a successful sportsman nowadays you must be a well drilled veteran, never losing presence of mind, keeping your nerve under fire-flashes to the left of you, reports to the right of you, shot whistling from the second line-a hero amid the ceaseless rattle of musketry and the "dun hot breath of war."-The English Illustrated Magazine.

Civilizing Australian Aborigines.

The action of the government of New South Wales in offering 800,000 acres of land to any missionary society which will undertake to civilize the natives of that province, is a characteristic illustration of the tardy effect of the Anglo-Saxon conscience upon the policy of English speaking countries, in regard to dark skinned natives of territories colonized. When the Australian aborigines were numerous enough to be troublesome or in the way of new comers, they were shot, poisoned, allowed to die of smallpox and bad whisky, and generally treated much as the Indians were in many sections of the United States. Now, however, the na-tives are few in number and dwindling rapidly, and they excite something of the sentimentalism which we know so well in employer. It may be that when an em- our Indian affairs, to say nothing of a desire to do some sort of justice to a race destroyed in the home of its forefathers. The idea probably is, though it may not be very definitely conceived, that each own the invention when made; the inven- acre of the tract to be granted to the missionaries will atone for the murder of an of a native village.-Cleveland Leader.

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