

FROM OVER THE SEA.

A GREAT COMMERCE BEARER FROM INDIA'S CORAL STRAND.

A Bark Arrives in New York from Ports Whence Clearing Papers from America Are Seldom Issued—Articles of Commerce from the Tropics.

The marine investigator at Sandy Hook, casting his eyes seaward the other day, spied something which unaccustomed eyes would not have seen. He clapped his glasses, fine double extra power ones, to his eyes and stood in a posture of scrutiny for many moments.

"It's a bark," says he, still focusing his glasses on the distant object.

A shadowy substance began to appear on the horizon. The eye of the landsman would have simply noted that something that sailed was approaching.

"She's Nova Scotia," was the laconic utterance that came from beneath the binoculars.

"That R's the Strathay, now due," was the equally laconic outburst of a marine encyclopedia who stood near.

Pretty soon the bark's sails loomed up against the horizon and she came whooping along in a spanking breeze to the lower bay. She was the Strathay, ninety days from India's coral strand, and she bore a royal cargo. When Capt. Crutcher got his binoculars upon her, he found his vessel to consist of a tug, her crew, a flying, up to a British pier, and a long sea voyage was ended.

The Strathay comes from ports whence clearing papers from America are seldom issued. She has been in the dismal and frightfully hot barbers of Albee and Cochran, on the Atlantic coast, in the southern part of India.

Several of the cargo were the spicy brooms of Cayenne or Colombia, and the blood red rays of the sun, and there took in 1,000 barrels of pineapples. There in southern India, where the sun eating crocodile almonds, and charms turn on their bellies and swallow a crust of crumpling galls, she found 1,200 barrels of coconut oil, which will be valued in the American market in great quantity of the molasses that is made from the fibrous bark of the coconut. Then the Strathay was ready to make for civilization and New York, and she came about with some rip-roaring breeze, a great commerce bearer, under a British flag.

Only two or three vessels arrive from Albee and Cochran in the course of a year. The freight of these are considered to the firm who virtually monopolize trade from this quarter.

There are no harbors at these ports, and vessels are obliged to anchor two miles off in the open sea. Though havenless the land is beset with many lagoons or backwaters. The cargo is landed by means of a long narrow pier, and the cargo is landed by means of a long narrow pier, and the cargo is landed by means of a long narrow pier.

Her sole purpose was to escape, and to effect this she deserted her offspring in the most cowardly manner. When I had satisfied my curiosity regarding her aggressive proclivities I gave her a shot back of the shoulder, which caused her to turn around and walk slowly back with her head down, wearily wounded, but another shot in the head brought her to the ground, and after taking off one of her paws, as a trophy, I returned to camp, where I found the Mexican, who had lassoed the two cubs, and driven them before his horse nearly five miles, while they continued their piercing screams all the way. Indeed, they kept up their cries during the entire night, so that the men got but little sleep and obliged us to have them killed the next morning.—Gen. R. B. Marcy in Outing.

Speculators at a Bull Fight.

The uncovered seats on the shady side, especially those affected by the youth and students of the town, were closely packed with heads in ranks like the seeds in an ear of maize. The less crowded places on the sunny side were occupied by busy knots of press reporters, by country folks, by a hundred or more of Andalusians, in manner and dress a grotesque caricature of the toilers of hard worked artisans seeking in this wild orgie of excitement some reprieve from the weary round of labor.

The distinguished society of metacorders, butchers, leather dressers, tanners, the myrmidons of the slaughter house and purveyors of the foddler, seethed like a boiling pot, and the hubbub, with the fitful ringing of a bell, sounded like the spasmodic progress of a neighing and kicking horse.

The detestable medley of slang and dialects rose up like the hissing of some coarse and malodorous fry as it simmers over the fire. The chula muttered a coarse oath as she insolently forced her way through the crowd, diffusing a mixed perfume of musk and garlic; and the miserable lout whose natural destiny it was to clean tripe and bladders, being impregnated by nature for any more worthy function in life, made a speaking trumpet of his hand to hurl a torrent of abuse, flavored with a hot vapor of raw spirits, at the president's box, where it would no doubt reach the ears of some official of the Spanish capital—the governor perhaps, or perhaps the president of the council.—"Lion Roar," by Perez Galdos.

Growing Old Gracefully.

If now and then you will go to your study, your bed room, your private office, or even in the crowded thoroughfare alone, and settle back into absolute quietness, let your mind stop, let your muscles relax, let your nerves have a rest, you will find relief. Unless you have tried it you have no idea of the beneficial effect certain to be produced. A good natured man who loves to work, who can sleep well and who enjoys being by himself now and then, and understands how to utilize books, pictures, flowers, the open field, the amplitudinous heaven, with all its glittering disclosure, why shouldn't he grow old gracefully? Why shouldn't his last days be golden? Why shouldn't that green divinity which shapes our outward career for him in the very presence of his enemy, death, a tabula, bounteous with all the incense of enjoyable life, at which, with peace in his soul, an undimmed vision to every faculty, he could meet the inevitable with a smile.—Joe Howard in Boston Globe.

Moldjeska's Amazing Husband.

Count Buzento, the husband of Mme. Moldjeska, is a source of innocent amusement for the members of the latter's traveling company, by his quaint and witty remarks. At one place, during the winter, they "struck" the coldest house of the season. During rehearsal one of the young ladies remarked that she could not sing, and she was afraid she would catch her death of cold. "Never mind, zee," said the count, "think of ze splendid accounts!" At another place, during the performance, the stage was found to be on fire underneath. The count rushed down stairs and exclaimed: "Fire! Ah, but we must cut ze dialogue!"—Frank Leslie.

Had It Before.

"I've lost an ax from my yard," he said as he entered police headquarters the other day.

"Stolen?"

"Yes."

"Then you will have a good excuse not to split the wood."

"Oh, I had that before. I had a doctor tell my wife that the jar irritated my spine."—Detroit Free Press.

A COWARDLY GRIZZLY MOTHER.

She Deserts Her Cubs When Hotly Pursued by Hunters.

After resting my horse a few minutes I went on, and had not gone far when I saw in the distance three black objects, which, upon examination with my field glass, I took to be buffaloes lying quietly in the grass upon the prairie. As the wind was blowing from me directly toward them I was obliged to make a long detour to get upon the opposite side, when I met one of my Mexican hunters, who had discovered and was going for the same animals I was in pursuit of.

We united our forces and advanced within rifle range, when the animals jumped up, and to our astonishment proved to be a large grizzly bear with two well grown cubs. The instant they discovered us they all started off rapidly, and we after them, at a speed which soon brought us near enough to give shots, but owing to the frantic plunging and surging of our frightened horses, to say nothing of our own perturbation, neither of our shots took effect, and I doubt if even Buffalo Bill, with all his masterly equestrian adroitness, and his skill in rifle shooting, could, under the circumstances, have made much better shots than ours.

As we were obliged to stop and re-load our long muzzle loading rifles, this gave the bears time to get considerably the start of us. We, however, soon closed the gap, and gave another shot that inflicted a slight flesh wound upon the dam, at which she set up a vociferous growl and plunged ahead, leaving her cubs behind. Giving a hasty direction for the Mexican to attend to the cubs, I pushed on after the old one, which was at this time a good deal in advance, and going at her best speed, while the panic-stricken whelps were giving utterance to the most plaintive cries, which were heard by the mother, but she continued on, and my horse put forth his utmost efforts for at least two miles before we came up with her.

In the meantime the cubs continued their incessant cries, at which the dam would occasionally turn round, sit up and look back, but as soon as she saw me coming she resumed her running, and this was repeated several times, until I came near her, and galloped along for some distance by her side, but even this close proximity did not induce her to turn upon me, or to make the slightest demonstration of hostility.

Her sole purpose was to escape, and to effect this she deserted her offspring in the most cowardly manner. When I had satisfied my curiosity regarding her aggressive proclivities I gave her a shot back of the shoulder, which caused her to turn around and walk slowly back with her head down, wearily wounded, but another shot in the head brought her to the ground, and after taking off one of her paws, as a trophy, I returned to camp, where I found the Mexican, who had lassoed the two cubs, and driven them before his horse nearly five miles, while they continued their piercing screams all the way. Indeed, they kept up their cries during the entire night, so that the men got but little sleep and obliged us to have them killed the next morning.—Gen. R. B. Marcy in Outing.

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The Use of Novels.

The use of reading is to lighten the load of life and to open vistas of thought which otherwise would be closed to us. Nobody who has any sense wants to go to school again as I "stodge" myself with mere information. There are, of course, persons who yearn to learn the names of the kings of Judah in their proper order, and to hear how blacking is made; but they are no better for it when they have acquired the knowledge, even if (as often happens) they are not seized with a distressing desire to impart it to their fellow creatures. It has been whispered to me by persons moving in intellectual circles that the effect of even "the higher culture" is not necessarily exhilarating. It may improve the mind without improving the man, and as a companion in fact it often leaves him duller than it found him, because he has been educated beyond his wits. The mind of man is very curious and cannot be catered for without one's inquiring into its character.

What makes me laugh in my sleeve is to see the fury into which preachers and teachers and lecturers all lash themselves because nine out of ten will persist in taking fiction out of the leading libraries instead of "improving literature." It seems to be quite inexplicable to most of them, though some, I see, attribute it to original sin. In connection with this subject it is pleasant but by no means surprising to those who are really acquainted with it, to learn that Darwin was a devotee of novels. After middle life he lost his taste for music, painting and even poetry. "On the other hand," he writes, "novels, which are works of imagination—and even those which have nothing remarkable about them—may for some time afford me profound relaxation and pleasure, and I often bless the race of novelists. A large number of novels have been read aloud to me, and I love them all, even if they are only middling, especially if they end well. A law ought to be passed prohibiting them to end badly."—Independent.

Teaching as a Makeshift.

Any man thinks he can teach school. The college boy teaches in the intervals of his vacation to bring in a little money, or makes a pastime of it for a year or two after he gets his diploma, and while he is deciding upon a profession. The man who can do nothing else feels that he can always fall back upon teaching. It is no disparagement to the many able and conscientious instructors to say that there is a large number of incompetents in the profession, men and women who are not qualified either by natural gifts or training for their work, who, while they may have the technical knowledge required, lack entirely—and this is the worst of all—that warmth of nature that would enable them to kindle the sacred fire of pure aspiration in the breasts of the children under their care. They have nothing in them, and so they give nothing out.

How many teachers there are of this type—empty as drums. You knock at the door of the school and get nothing but a cold back for your pains. In some respects the teacher is invested with a graver responsibility than the preacher. These young minds are so many fresh tablets on which the first impressions of life are to be written down. What shall they be? Shall they make for intellectual and moral growth, and give to the citizen nobility, manliness and womanliness, or shall they cramp the soul as well as the mind, and leave the better part of both inert? It is largely in the teacher's power to say. There is a responsibility to make the conscientious man tremble at times, and yet how many men there are who set about teaching with as little thought as other men set about sawing wood.—New York Tribune.

Russian Fondness for Display.

There is no people on earth so fond of display as the Russians. The imperial family sets the example with the money wrung from the poor, the princes and nobles follow, and of course the private citizens must keep up the fashion. Their hospitality is proverbial. It is their greatest pride. Strangers are always entertained in the most lavish manner, and one who carries to Petersburg or Moscow letters of introduction from influential people, is sure to be wine and dined as long as he remains.

But behind all this ostentatious display is practiced an economy which the people try to conceal as if they were ashamed of it. The private portions of the gorgeous homes, the living rooms, are usually plain and comfortable, and the cost of a dinner party is sufficient to keep the family for a month or more. It is so in all the royal residences. The show rooms are gorgeous but the living rooms do not keep up the standard. They are plain and poor enough to make a fair average. The ladies of the ordinary household have their party and dinner dresses from Paris, but the garments in which they appear when not on dress parade are made by their own servants at home—always plain and often shabby.—William Elery Curtis.

History of the Bean.

The common bean was cultivated by the ancient Egyptians, but their priests regarded it as "unclean." The Old Testament mentions the bean twice, and it is certain that the Hebrews knew of its existence at least 1,000 years B. C. The ancient inhabitants of Switzerland and of Italy, in the age of bronze, cultivated a small fruited variety of this plant. It was also known to the ancient Greeks and to the ancient Latins, and it grew wild in northern Africa in the days of Pliny. The first cultivation of the bean is prehistoric. It was probably introduced into Europe, says De Candolle, by the western Aryans (Celts and Slavs) at the times of their earliest migrations. A century before the Christian era it went into China, and still later into Japan, and only recently into India. There were probably two places where it grew wild before cultivation—south of the Caspian sea and the north of Africa. The bean would long ago have become extinct had not man cultivated it.—Good Housekeeping.

Itemizing the Little Expenses.

"It is a good thing to keep an account of your small expenses," ex-Minister John Bigelow once said to an acquaintance, as he entered an item in his note book. His listener smiled at the remark, but took it to heart. In recently telling the story of his experience he said that, up to that time, he had never thought of the amount it cost him annually for cigars and drinks and treats and other sundries. He began to itemize the cost daily. He was amazed at the end of the year when he footed up the sum at \$750. A change was wrought in him. He determined that, for the next year, he would keep such expenses down to one-third of the sum in question. "And now," he said, "within ten years I have profited by Mr. Bigelow's advice to the amount of \$5,000, which I have handed over to my wife to keep for hard times. And I have not become mean, either."—New York Sun.

SWEET, SHY GRL.

Oh, sweet, shy girl, with roses in her hair,
And love light in her face, like a dew-droplet,
Full of still dreams and thoughts that, dreamlike,
start
From fits of solitude when not alone!

Gay dancer over the thresholds of bright days,
Tears quick to her eyes as laughing to her lips;
A game of hide and seek with time she plays,
Time hiding his eyes from hers in bright eclipses.

Oh, gentle soul!—how dear and good she is,
Blessed by soft dews of happiness and love,
Cradled in tenderest arms, her mother's kiss
Seals all her good night prayers. Her father's
smile
Brightens her mornings. Through the earth shall
move
Her sweet soul, not far from heaven the
while! —John James Platt.

Spanish Americans in New York.

Latin America is always well represented in this city, though South America gives us more permanent residents than the central American republics. Both countries send many students to the colleges here. Medicine, dentistry and engineering are the professions most chosen by the Spanish speaking scholars. Business between those countries and this is growing more active every year. They send us fruits, hides, fine timber, india rubber, wood for dyes and sarsaparilla, muchismo sarsaparilla. Great quantities of silver and gold bullion also come from the rich mines which are now attracting the attention of the world. From April until September New York is full of Spanish-Americans, who come simply for pleasure or tarry a while on their way to Europe, perhaps. These do not patronize the Spanish hotels so much as they do the most expensive American ones, for which they have the most unbounded admiration.—New York Press "Evening Day Talk."

Friction in City Life.

I do not think that modern civilization as it is embodied in city life, is an aid to longevity. In the country, as people learn how to live better, it is possible to spin out a longer existence. Because there is more friction in city life than in country life, and friction acts upon the human machine as much as it does upon a machine of iron and steel. City life takes more out of a man than country life. What I call the mechanical features of city life affect longevity. For one thing, we have taller buildings in town than in country, and there is more going up and down stairs. There is less repose in the city. Those who live longest vegetate the most, and a vegetative existence is possible only in the country.—Physician in Boston Herald.

A New Use of Electricity.

The science of electricity, by the way, has already been pressed into the service of fashion. When, at a dance or dinner party, a glittering dewdrop seems suddenly to sparkle among the flowers on a lady's shoulder, or a diamond light flare draws attention to her pretty coiffure, the admiring observer may take it for granted that the possessor of the dewdrops and the sunny light in her hair is secretly pressing a tiny battery, ingeniously concealed about her person, and by means of which the electric spark flies up, to the danger perhaps of the beholder, if not of the possessor.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Flat Headed Indians.

The custom of flattening the heads by pressure was about universal among the Puget Sound Indians. It was done in infancy with a hat made of cedar bark, beaten, pressed steadily on the forehead. It has been so often described by numerous writers that no further description is here necessary. School teachers here have been unable to see any difference between the intellect of those whose heads have thus been flattened and those which are natural. Some of the Indians, however, believe that it has caused numerous headaches among them in after life. Very few infants are thus treated now.—American Antiquarian.

Paraguay's Popular Beverage.

It is stated that another attempt is being made in Europe to popularize the beverage known as "yerba matey," so popular in Paraguay and Brazil. It is said to make a non-intoxicating, aromatic drink, and both as touching its chemical qualities and its physiological effects is not unlike tea and coffee. That is to say, yerba matey arrests waste; it does not form flesh. It enables people to go a long time without food, and the inhabitants of Brazil and the valley of the River Platte drink enormous quantities of the beverage for this very purpose.—New York Tribune.

Tobacco in Cuba's Capital.

Every one speaks Spanish here and every one smokes cigars. Young men and maidens, old men and children, are seemingly never seen without a long roll of tobacco in their mouths. They are an easy, indolent race, as a rule, and between the Cubans and Spaniards an armed truce always exists. The latter do not like Americans, as a rule, and are not partial to their visiting here. The former, on the other hand, think highly of Americans, welcome them with open arms, and get just as much money out of them as possible.—Havana Cor. New York World.

A Slave to His Appetite.

Revivalist—Uncle Rastus, why don't you give up your evil ways and become a Christian?
Uncle Rastus—I've tried it, sah, I've tried it. I've "spicened religion mo' wane, but 'tain't no use.
Revivalist—What seems to be the trouble?
Uncle Rastus—I specks I've too fond o' chicken, sah.—The Epoch.

A Speech in Brief.

President Rockefeller, of the Standard Oil company, seldom makes a public speech, and is, in fact, averse to such a thing. He prefers brevity and cleaves to business. And yet Mr. Rockefeller might condense a speech into compact form thus: "I'm menarch of oil I survey."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Scarcity of Buffalo Robes.

In the year 1875 60,000 buffalo robes were shipped from Benton, M. T. their value being \$300,000. This year only a dozen or so were procurable there, the buffalo having become almost extinct.—Chicago News.

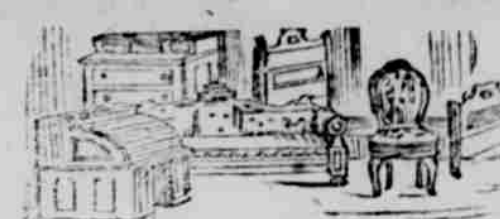
Dangerous Headache Cure.

Dr. Stephen Mackenzie, lecturer on medicine at the London hospital, recommended half grain doses of Indian hemp, morning and evening, as a remedy for persistent headache.—Chicago Times.

The gentleman is solid mahogany; the fashionable man is only veneer.—J. G. Holland.

He who has less than he desires should know that he has more than he deserves.

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The Year 1888

Will be one during which the subjects of national interest and importance will be strongly agitated and the election of a President will take place. The people of Cass County who would like to learn of this year and would keep abreast with the times should

Political, Commercial and Social Transactions

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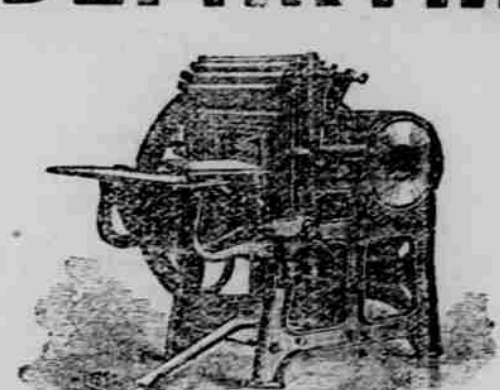
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PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.