

WORDS TO THE UNWISE.

MOTIVES WHICH SHOULD GOVERN THOSE WHO MATE FOR LIFE.

Every Consideration Weighed Except the Laws of Heredity—Crime and Disease Transmitted from Generation to Generation—Importance of Sanitary Marriage. Men and women in marrying seem to weigh every consideration rather than the natural and scientific laws of heredity. They form alliances from motives of comfort, convenience, business, influence, riches, piety—in fact, for well nigh every purpose under the sun except that of securing the most perfect offspring. Strictly speaking, there is no passion of love which should weigh as nothing in the scales with these laws of heredity. They are generally mastered and systematized and become generally known and acted upon, then we may look for that marked amelioration of our kind of which poets and philosophers have dreamed. Let the reader ask himself how many instances he has known where the sole reason for remaining single was actual ill health, or the suspicion that some taint had been inherited which was likely to develop into disease some time in after life. He must acknowledge that if he knows of any such cases they are very few indeed. The reasons for marriage are evident to all. There are, too, sufficient reasons why some people should not marry. The latter, however, weigh but little against the former. To secure a partner to share their labors is what influences many men to take unto themselves wives.

MARRIED FOR A HOME.

How often we hear it said that this one and that one "married for a home." The impression would imply a lack of sentiment, and certainly does sound eminently practical. And yet, undoubtedly, many happy marriages have been contracted by those whose first prompting was a desire for that comfort and peace one rarely finds except in a home of his own. That this is a selfish world, none can deny. Each seeks to use the other for purposes of his own, and life with all is one constant struggle, and we are soon left behind in the headlong scramble. Only in our homes can we find rest. A yearning for sympathy prompts many to marry, and naturally we choose mates with kindred hopes and aspirations with ourselves. If one does not marry, he sooner or later learns to feel that the world has little interest in him beyond what he contributes to its welfare and selfish ends. Man and wife labor for each other's good; each contributes to the other's welfare. Not always the first reason for marriage is the gratification of love. As has been said: "This is the highest sentiment of the human heart. Intellect pales before it. The sacred book could have said nothing more exalted when it avowed that 'God is love.' All human hearts have somewhere and sometimes a desire to love and be loved. A loveless life is a starved life. Love warms human nature; it sets it on fire. It receives its highest development only in marriage. The loves between friends are very beautiful, but the love between man and woman in a perfect marriage is divine."

These are some of the reasons for marriage. Others might be given, but it is purposeless to consider them. Any one of the many weighs sufficiently in any case where the tendency exists. The child of consumptive parents rarely inherits to enter the holy state. Nor does the young man or woman with a mother or father in the madhouse often feel that it is a duty to remain single lest that terrible misfortune be theirs by inheritance. In fact, notwithstanding some grave and fatal malady has appeared down the line for generation after generation, seldom, if ever, does the family descend from marrying, although the disease is so sorely committed a greater sin when he does so. Hence certain diseases are perpetuated which might otherwise possibly become extinct, and children are brought into the world to drag out a sickly existence, and eventually succumb, after months, if not years, of intense suffering. In the human race there is a process of natural selection favorable to the improvement of the race, "but," says one writer, "it is interfered with by other influences—money, caste and other social considerations. Choice is in this way restricted. A rich husband is preferred to a handsome or healthy or clever one. A large dowry may induce a man to put up with a scrofulous wife. A consumptive young lady may have a good connection. An exhausted, broken-down roue may have either an estate. We know what people mean by a 'good match.' It never means health or beauty or intellect. It may not even mean good morals or disposition."

THE HEREDITY OF CRIME.

Seriously, people who think of getting married ought to think a little more about it. There are persons who ought not to marry. There are persons who would be criminal if they handed down to posterity the physical, mental or mental results of a bad organization, or of their vicious demoralization. Our most careful scientists tell us that drunkenness is hereditary; that many crimes are hereditary; that madness, murder and suicide are hereditary. Our criminal population is composed of the children of criminals. The prisons are filled with a criminal race as the workhouses are filled with a race of paupers. Change of conditions, no doubt, may redeem such a race, but it would be safer to discourage its perpetuation. Men and women marry for themselves when they should marry for their posterity. The greatest gratitude a man can owe to his grandfather is for giving him a good, wise, healthy grandmother, and vice versa. Shakespeare thus sums up his character, thank his mother fervently for giving him such a father. How many a man and woman have earned the curses of their children for giving them bad fathers or mothers.

Says one writer: "Many think love between two persons justifies their marrying. This is not so. Beautiful as this passion is, heavenly as its source, it does not justify defying a wrong of offspring which may curse generations yet unborn. We use the word curse advisedly, for disease is the greatest of all curses and indirectly leads to crime. A majority of all criminals are either diseased or have an imperfect physical development. Those who have spent much time in criminal courts must have observed that a majority of persons convicted of crimes are inferior in their physique. They cannot earn an honest living by honest work, and so they try to do it by light fingered employments. Besides, there is acquired quite enough disease on life's journey without transmitting the infirmities of one generation to another." We repeat, the subject of sanitary marriage is one on which the world sadly needs enlightenment. We have simply given food for thought. Even from the little that has been said it must appear that those who contemplate marriage, if otherwise than healthy, should weigh well the step they are taking. Not only should they seek wise counsellors—their physicians—but a like duty is as plain before all whose constitutions have been impaired.—Boston Herald.

A DEALER IN RAGS

Give a Few Facts Concerning the Business in New York.

There are few industries in our big town which give employment to so many men, women and children as the rag and paper trade. This seems a bold statement to make in this city of mammoth factories and crowded occupations, but it is none the less true for that. Our Italian citizens enjoy a monopoly of the trade in old paper and rags. Very few if any other people are engaged in the gathering and sorting of this waste material, the utilizing of which forms so vast an industry. The junk shops through which most of the rags and paper pass are generally sprinkled about the city, and into one of these recently the writer worked his way between shady bowers of bundled rags and groves of baled paper. The proprietor, in answer to queries piled by the writer, said: "Perhaps it seems like an exaggeration of the truth, but more than 100,000 pounds of assorted rags are gathered every week by the industrious rag pickers and sold to the dealers, who, in turn, sell them to the mills, where they are made into paper. The paper and rags which are brought to us are bought by the weight, at so much per pound. They are then carefully sorted and made up into bales. Clean white rags are used for making the best quality of white paper, and are, therefore, the most expensive. Black rags of good quality are purged and made perfectly white by immersion in acid baths. Women and girls mostly are engaged in sorting the rags. Constant practice in doing this has made them very skillful. Many of the dirtiest and most poverty stricken looking pickers possess small fortunes, and there are but few of them who cannot boast of a good bank account. Slowly they are accumulating money, meanwhile living on next to nothing. No one knows anything of their plans until some fine day the familiar grizzled face of Antonio or Giuseppe is missed, and inquiry discloses the fact that he has acquired his pile and returned to his sunny Italian home to enjoy the fruits of his labor. "Most of the common rags are made into roofing material, while newspapers are again converted into blank sheets to be used for the same purpose. Most of the best rags, such as cotton or woolen rags, are sent to Holyoke, Mass., there to be made into fine grades of paper, such as bond, ledger, parchment, etc. In sorting rags, pieces of new silk or red cloth are frequently found. These are laid aside to be sold to neck tie manufacturers, who convert them into stylish new cravats for fashionable young men."

"Do you ever find any articles of value among the old rags?" was asked. "Not very often," replied the dealer. "The rags are pretty thoroughly overhauled before they reach our hands. The only 'find' of any great value that I ever made was that of a beautiful solitary diamond ear ring which was found tied up in the corner of a lady's handkerchief."

A HEAD OF HER OWN.

Queen Victoria is not ornamental as a woman, but as a sovereign she certainly commands respect, and she is unparalleled in her jealous anxiety to aggrandize the family of which she is the chief and increase the prestige of her country. She has been called "a Louis XI in petticoats, a Machiavelli in corsets. She has more than once outwitted Bismarck by causing to pale before her the Emperor William of glorious memory." Perhaps she is all of this, and perhaps again she is not, but one thing is certain, when reasons of state and policy are not an obstacle, she dissembles none of her sentiments; she never dissimulates, but speaks out her mind freely without a care for what others may think, all of which is charming and which happens to be a favorite, and not nearly so nice when one is not so poor. Lady Flora Hastings found her cost when Victoria was merely a girl. However, in any case, this peculiarity has its advantage—friends and enemies know exactly what they have to expect and can shape their course accordingly. The late Col. Baker had only himself to thank if he died in exile; he knew that his sovereign was inflexible in questions of morals and manners.

Prince Albert was her idol, yet the prince was obliged to "walk a chalk line" with his august spouse, who made him understand very soon that, after all, he was nothing save her reflection, and the consort never repeated his attempt to get out of bondage, when, after staying too late and getting too jolly at a banquet of some London guild, he found the gates of Buckingham Palace closed for the night and was fain to ask hospitality of a friend in chambers. Still, she did adore her husband, and was so inconceivable after his death that the report of her intended abdication was circulated, and that lively radical in 1868, Sir Charles Dilke, moved in the house of commons that her majesty be offered the alternative of reigning ostensibly, or of "passing the hand"—the crown—to the heir apparent. When, a dozen years later, Gambetta's friend became under secretary of state at the foreign office he did not need to repeat his motion; he found her majesty not only very much disposed to resign and show herself in public, but very outspoken also in her regrets to have been forced to part with Lord Beaconsfield, the person for whom, after her children and her husband, she entertained the most sincere affection.—Paris Cor. New York Times.

GETS ALONG WITHOUT DRINKING.

"Do you know," said a commercial traveler to a reporter the other day, "that there are about 80,000 commercial travelers in the United States? Surprised to hear it? Yes, most people are when they are told of it, but it's a fact, nevertheless. You may also be surprised to learn that each one of them spends on an average \$3,000 a year, making a total of \$240,000,000. If you add to this their salaries, averaging at the least \$1,000, you have a total expenditure by commercial travelers of \$350,000,000 a year. This is naturally spent in all parts of the country, but the hotels and railroads get the lion's share of it. During the last ten years there has been a great change in the character of the commercial traveler. The old Bohemian type has almost disappeared from the road, and drinking men are much more rarely met with than formerly. A short time ago it was almost impossible to get a merchant over to your hotel to 'take a look at your samples' without first getting him to leave his store on the pretext of getting a 'smile.' That is all changed now; the customers don't look for it, and the drummer seldom gives it a thought."—New York Mail and Express.

If women will frequently wash the hair it will be soft and fluffy about the temples, and the gradual thinness will show less.

PEOPLE IN CEYLON.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER BY EX-MAYOR HARRISON.

The Several Distinct Races Which Live Upon the Isle—Cinnamon Gardens, Native Boat—A Comely People—John Bull and the Bullock Cart.

Ceylon has several distinct races living upon it. Long before history began to be written it had prosperous people, and continued so for ages. It has old cities, deserted ages ago, and great tanks for gathering and holding water for irrigation purposes, which show that portions of the island, now wild and waste, were once teeming with population. The ruins and the tanks are all that is left as a record of the people who built them. Even the descendants of these people have dwindled down to a little over 2,000 and are wild savages, shunning civilized men. The Singalese, who have Persian and Arab blood in them, are rather fair, delicate in form and organization; expert manipulators in jewelry and other nice work—all Buddhists, and number less than 2,000,000. They were, many generations ago, overrun by Tamils—vigorous, hardy, nearly black men from southern India—who today number about two-thirds of a million, and are the hard workers and Hindoo in religion. The mixed blood—called Eurasians and Burghers—are the descendants of the Portuguese, who held the island for nearly a century and a half, and of the Dutch, who controlled for a century and a third, and numbers less than 30,000. These, and many Singalese, are Catholics mostly. Other peoples swell the population to 2,700,000, and are governed by less than 5,000 Europeans. These latter are planters and officials. Eurasians and full natives have cinnamon gardens.

By the way, this plant when cultivated is kept down to a small shrub not over eight feet high. In the forest it grows to a pretty tree and as large, say, as the pear. A garden is very pretty, the foliage being very glossy and of light, cheerful green. The bark on the green stem, while spiny, has not the pungency of the cured article. The sun in curing seems to bring it out. I will here state that the growing tea leaf has no more flavor than an ordinary tasteless weed, and gives no promise to the uninitiated of that wonderful quality which makes it the sweetest friend and kindest solace of so many countries, of millions of human beings. It has not its properties brought out by sun heat, but by fire. A few of the fine brands in China are sun cured, but do not reach the general markets, being confined to the larders of very rich Celestial connoisseurs. Cinnamon and rice cultivation is confined to the low, hot lands of the island, and is in the hands generally of the old Singalese population. They and the Tamils are the fishermen.

A NATIVE BOAT.

The native boat is a queer thing—a log of wood from ten to twenty feet long, turned upward at each end, is dug out into a shallow trough, rarely over a foot wide. On top of this the boat is carried with boards to a length of ten to twelve feet, and is often, and say two or so feet high, but no wider. From this craft springs two bent poles to a light log of wood from six to ten feet off. This outrigger makes the queer catamaran, one of the safest small boats which run out into the sea. The native sits with one foot in and one outside of the narrow trough, and can brave a storm the ordinary long boat could not survive. They are rowed rapidly and sail eight to twelve knots an hour. Two small platforms, say four feet square, are built on top. On this the boatman carries his freight and the fisherman his nets. I am told the fisherman frequently goes out forty miles to sea.

All along the coast the natives are somewhat amphibious. A number of half grown boys surround steamers coming and going on queer little rafts built of three buoyant sticks ten to twelve feet long and lashed together. Upon this the half naked fellows sit on their legs and paddle very rapidly. So expert are they at diving that a silver coin, thrown thirty to fifty feet off, never reaches the bottom before it is in their hands. Passengers get several of these boats around in a semicircle from the steamer, then drop a small coin close to the ship. The boys spring toward it and swim up to the point, then go headlong below, squirming like frogs, after the shining metal. They will even get a copper, if not very far off. But they like the whiteness of the pure metal. These boys are all quite dark, but the bottoms of their feet are almost white. Why?

The Singalese are a comely looking race, with features quite effeminate in their delicacy. This appearance is further increased by their long hair, tied in a knot at the back of the head and held smooth by a light tortoise comb, such as young girls at home wore when I was young. The dress is the universal hand of cloth, here left to fall like a skirt; a jacket is worn in the cities—in the country and villages only a cotton cloth is thrown over the shoulders. The women have, to a great extent, adopted a semi-European costume. At least those I saw had.

THE BULLOCK CART.

The Tamil population dress as the southern Indian does. By the way, the tea and coffee estates are worked and the heavy labor about cities is done by coolies, but annually from the coast of southern India, from Madras to Madras. This region furnishes coolie labor west of Singapore, as the Chinese do east thereof.

This leads me to speak of another mode of conveyance here and in India—the bullock cart. The Indian bullocks all have the hump, but in other respects they vary in form and appearance as much as the different breeds of our cattle—in some localities very tall and long horned. I have seen a yoke over sixteen hands high, and I have seen horns over three feet in length. These horns in whole districts point up and toward each other. In some localities they spread and often bend downward. In Burma the ox is fair sized, but his horns are very short. In Ceylon he is very small, compactly built, and has little nubs for horns. He is very pretty and very quick in motion. At Kalutara, near the south end of the island, three of us rode in a little cart drawn by a bullock forty-one inches high and not much longer from his front to the root of his tail. The brave little fellow trotted at a gait of say six or seven miles an hour. When, after a steady pull, he felt tired, he would give a quick back motion, as much as to say hold on.

He is an admirable beast for villages. He requires no harness. His little yoke is fastened to the ends of the shafts; drop it over his neck, and tie a cord to keep him from throwing it off, and he is ready. But the more rarely met with than formerly. What a compound John Bull is. He loves liberty, and yet is a perfect slave to public opinion. He hates and abuses Hindoo caste, and yet is a worshiper of his own caste. He must be in good form or his caste is lost. I said to a party, "Why do you not use the pretty bullock cart?" "Oh, we can't do that. The natives use it. We walk if we can't get a pony, it would not do." I could not help saying: "Oh, you miserable humbugs. You bully the natives and wretched public opinion bullys you."—Carter H. Harrison in Chicago Times.

LOVE—A SONNET.

As when the harpist strikes the various strings, And (though unmet unto the careless eye) With short and quick vibrations they reply; Moving the air with their swift flutterings; Till each new staccato waltz softly sings And bears the tender melody on high; So that to all the zephyrs slumbering nigh New animation and delight it brings. So love doth move the fibres of my heart; With short and quick vibrations and soft thrills; And, at the touch of its resistless art, My frame with such delightful fervor fills, Its sinews glow and quiver in every part; Till love's sweet rapture every member thrills. —Henry Linden in Pioneer Press.

Bismarck's Brandy and Seltzer.

On the occasion of Prince Bismarck's last speech in the Reichstag Count Herbert, his eldest son, now secretary of state in the foreign office, kept the cognac bottle in his own hands, while a group of high functionaries divided the rest of the work between them. Nothing could exceed for downright comicality the luscious scene that was enacted behind the chancelor's back during the whole of the speech. The difficulty with which the glass mixers had continually to contend was that of securing the requisite degree of dilution. First one would taste and find the composition too weak, so that more cognac had to be added. Then another would pronounce it too strong, and the addition of seltzer water was the consequence. More than once the chancelor, hard to please, refused to drink the draught so carefully prepared, and one of the solemn group had to drain the glass, so that the blending operation might begin again. Probably a dozen and a half small glasses were lapped to Prince Bismarck full and removed from his bench empty before all had been said that was in the great statesman's mind. That was a high record to reach, but then the occasion was a momentous one and the chancelor's throat was unusually troublesome.—Temple Bar.

They Got Tired of Politics.

As the rush and roar of politics once more rolls in upon us, it is instructive to read what John Adams had to say of the presidency in comparison with other ways of spending life: "If ever I get through this scene of politics and war, I will spend the remainder of my days in endeavoring to instruct my countrymen in the art of making the most of their abilities and virtues—an art which they have hitherto too much neglected. A philosophical society shall be established in Boston, if I have wit and address enough to accomplish it." Jefferson also used to hide, as far as possible, in the rooms of the Philosophical society. Washington was at least a member. It is curious that our earlier history called to the front of the most active life men whose strongest predilections were for scholarly retirement. After all, is not the real scholar the ablest business man?—Globe-Democrat.

Vanderbilts and Astors.

The Vanderbilts spend enormous sums on furniture, bric-a-brac and artistic decorations, but comparatively little on jewelry. Not one member of the family cares for gems except as an accessory to the toilet, and, while the women wear costly and beautiful diamonds, they have not a gemstone in a rare stone, a finely cut intaglio, or an ornament representing any original taste or discernment. The Astors, on the contrary, own one of the finest collections of gems in the country, and the late Mrs. John Jacob Astor was a connoisseur whose judgment was respected by the trade. Her purchases were always made on conditions of the utmost privacy.—New York Press "Every Day Talk."

He Was Tired of Life.

"I tell you, Brown," moralized Dumley, "life ain't what it is cracked up to be. You get up in the morning, go through the usual daily routine, and then to bed at night. Same thing day in and day out. There is a good deal in the old question, 'Is life worth living?'" concluded Dumley, with a sigh, "and I realize it more and more." "I don't know but what you're right, Dumley," responded Brown, somewhat depressed. "Won't you go around the corner and have a drink?" "No, I haven't time; I'm on my way to the doctor's. I caught a little cold this morning and I feel kind of nervous about it."—The Epoch.

It Effected a Cure.

"How did you get your eyes blacked, Ding-ley?" "Why, a fellow was walking in front of me a while ago with an awful case of hiccoughs. I thought it was my brother, and hit him on the back to relieve him. Then he seemed to think I was similarly affected, and hit me in the eye. But I have no consolation." "What's that?" "I cured him of the hiccoughs."—Nebraska State Journal.

Shoe Dealers' Lost Trade.

No, sir; if, for instance, any of our trade is lecturing a season, it is never recovered. Say that it rains for two or three weeks, so that ladies cannot go out to buy shoes during that time, you would think that as soon as nice weather came enough shoes would be sold in a short time to make up for the loss during the wet weather, wouldn't you? Yet such is not the case. Any retailer who has carefully watched the matter will tell you that the sales lost during that time are not made up later.—Dealer in Globe-Democrat.

An African King's Umbrella.

The largest umbrella in the world has been made in Glasgow for a king of East Africa. It can be opened and shut in the usual way, and when open is twenty-one feet in diameter; the staff is also twenty-one feet long. It is lined with cardinal red and white, has a lot of straw tassels, and a border of crimson satin. The canopy itself is made of Italian straw, and the top terminates in a gilded cone.—New York Sun.

Students Paying Their Way.

Fifteen of the seventy-eight members of the graduating class of the Sheffield scientific school at Yale earned their own living while taking the course of instruction. Some worked on farms during vacations, some sold books, some tutored and some acted as waiters in summer hotels, while one man drove beer at a summer resort, receiving a salary of \$8 per week for his services.—Chicago Herald.

To Secure Long Life.

A physician lecturing upon physical exercise declared that if only twenty minutes a day should be spent in physical exercise as an adjunct to mental education, we might live to 70 without a day's illness.—Boston Budget.

Alabama boasts of nineteen cotton mills, representing an investment of nearly \$2,000,000, and an annual production of over \$1,500,000.

A new album for locks of hair is introduced. It contains specimens from the heads of those who are dear to the owner. English cavalry officers carry their watches set in a strap on the wrist.

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