

# DR. P. JANS'S,



## The Celebrated German Specialist,

"LATE OF BERLIN."

President of the Nebraska State Medical and Surgical Institute,

Will Be in Plattsmouth, at the Riddle House,

Tuesday, Feb. 26, 1889.

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### CURIOUS WAGERS.

EXAMPLES OF "FOOLS' ARGUMENTS" OUT OF THE MUSTY PAST.

Men Who Made Shows of Themselves to Win Bets—Laying Large Sums on the Result of Trifling Affairs—A Race Between Drops of Water.

It has been remarked that "a collection of foolish wagers would make a voluminous work;" and so odd are some of these "fools' arguments," as Butler pithily terms them in his "Hudibras," that a selection of some of the most curious may prove not uninteresting.

During the last century, when, particularly in club life, the least difference of opinion frequently ended in a bet, many remarkable and eccentric wagers were made.

In 1729 a poulterer of Leadenhall market betted £50 he would walk 202 times round the area of Upper Moorfields in twenty-seven hours; and accordingly proceeded at the rate of five miles an hour on the amusing pursuit, "to the infinite improvement of his business and great edification of hundreds of spectators."

To characterize the follies of the day it will be necessary to add to the account of the walking man another of a hopping man, who engaged, in December, 1781, to hop 500 yards in fifty hops in St. James' park. He performed the feat in forty-six.

On the 17th of May, 1817, a respectable farmer of Kirton-Lindsey, for a wager of a few pounds, undertook to ride a pony up two pair of stairs into a chamber of the George inn and down again, which feat he actually performed before a numerous company, whose astonishment was heightened by the rider being upward of eleven stone weight and his horse less than thirty stone. They were weighed after the feat, to decide another wager.

In the Annual Register for 1788 we find the following: "A young Irish gentleman, for a very considerable wager, set out on Monday, Sept. 23, to walk to Constantinople and back again in one year. It is said that the young gentleman has £20,000 depending on the performance of the exploit."

The Earl of March, on laying a bet that he would cause a message to be dispatched a certain distance quicker than any horse could convey it, won his wager by inclosing the message in a cricket ball, which was thrown from hand to hand by relays of professional cricketers. As Duke of Queensberry, he betted 1,000 guineas that he would produce a man who would eat more at a meal than any one whom Sir John Lade could find. The duke was informed of his success—not being present at the achievement—by the following bulletin from the field of battle: "My lord, I have not time to state particulars, but merely to acquaint your grace that your man beat his antagonist by an apoplexy."

At White's coffee house, where, during the last century, gaming was carried out to heavy amounts, a book was always laid upon the table for entering wagers, and in these betting books, some of which still exist, may be found bets on all conceivable subjects: on marriages, births, deaths; on the duration of a ministry, on the chance of an election, on a rascal's risk of the halter or the shock of an earthquake.

Walpole, writing to Sir Horace Mann, Sept. 1, 1750, says: "They have put into the papers a good story made at White's. A man dropped down dead at the door and was carried in. The club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not; and when they were going to bleed him, the wagers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet."

Certain it is that during this period no subject appears to have been too serious for a bet; and that nothing was considered too trivial a medium, the following lines, founded on fact, bear witness:

The Bucks had dined, and deep in council sat;  
Their wine was brilliant, but their wit grew flat.  
Up starts his lordship—to the window flies,  
And let "A race! a race!" in rapture cries.  
"Where?" quoth Sir John—"Why, see two drops of rain  
Start from the summit of the crystal pane;  
A thousand pounds which drop, with nimblest force,  
Performs its current down the slippery course."  
The bets were made; in dire suspense they wait  
For victory, pendant on the nod of Fate.  
Now down the scab, unconscious of the prize,  
The bubbles roll, like pearls from Chloe's eyes.  
But, ah! the glittering joys of life are short;  
How oft two jostling steeds have spoiled the sport!

So, thus attraction, by coercive laws,  
Th' approaching drops into one bubble draws.  
Each cursed his fate that thus their project crossed;  
How hard their lot, who neither won nor lost!

—Chambers' Journal.

Treatment of Burns.  
A physician writes: "Quite often I see formulas for the treatment of burns. As I have been burned all over my body, excepting the soles of my feet, upon which I stood while being burnt, so severely that twelve physicians said I could not live, you will see why I am so interested in such formulas. Please say from me that the free use of soft soap upon a fresh burn will remove the fire from the flesh in less time than it takes to write these words. If the burn be severe, after relief from the pain use linseed oil, and then sift upon it wheat flour. When this is dried hard, repeat the oil and flour until a complete covering is obtained. Let this dry until it falls off, and a new skin will be formed without a scar. This treatment leaves nothing more to be desired."—Herald of Health.

### Politeness Pays.

The gentleman at the coal office was giving some instructions to one of his subordinates in the suburbs by telephone.

"What time do you expect to get in here to-morrow morning?"

"At 8 o'clock, I—"

"Hello, central. Give me 999."

The interruption came from a man whose wire had "plugged in" by mistake with the one over which the conversation was going.

"Go chase yourself around the block," replied the employe in the suburbs. "This isn't the central office. Hello, 1331! Are you listening?"

"Yes."

"I was about to say when that utter broke in that I would be at the office at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning, if that will do."

"All right."

And 1331 dropped his 'phone.

But the man who had called for 999 was listening. In a voice like that of the gentleman at the coal office he called out:

"O, say!"

"Well," responded the employe in the suburbs. "Have you forgotten anything?"

"Yes. I just happened to remember that a customer we can't afford to lose is going west in the morning on the 6 o'clock train, and wants to leave an order before he goes. You'll have to come in at 5:30."

"Thunder! That's tough."

"So it is. But you'll have to come in."

"I'll come."

When the fresh young man in the suburbs reads this, he will know why he met nobody at that coal office, although he came in at the unearthly hour of 5:30 a. m., and remained till 7:30, sitting on the doorstep and shivering; and it will dawn upon him, perhaps, that the person whom he had to chase himself around the block was a newspaper man, who considers himself amply avenged.—Chicago Tribune.

### Trade Tricks.

It is often said by captious critics that English people do not know how to make coffee, but, according to a recently issued report from the British consul at St. Petersburg, we are not only eclipsed by continental rivals in the art of preparing the fragrant drink, but also in the art of adulterating the raw material. Here we are familiar enough, or rather much too familiar, with chicory as a substitute for coffee, and, doubtless, most of us have heard of the inventive American who brought out a machine for compressing chicory into the form of coffee berries. In Russia the wary purchaser has to be on the outlook for other adulterants, such as burnt beans, roasted barley and the like. The British consul tells a story of an Odessa grocer who boldly offered a reward to any one who should discover chicory in the coffee he supplied. As a matter of fact, a careful analysis did prove that the so called coffee contained no chicory; but it proved more, namely, that all produce of the coffee plant was equally conspicuous by its absence. The stuff was really nothing more or less than roast barley. In a similar way, tea, which is usually supposed to be so good in Russia, is very often made the means of fraud. A common trick is to mix the good tea with other leaves which have been once used and then dried, a practice which has more obvious advantages to those dealers who would thereby feel themselves at liberty to say that the mixture contained nothing but tea. But the most usual adulterant is the leaves of the common willow herb, which, after drying, strongly resemble the true produce of China and India.—London News.

The Astor of the Modern Athens.  
Chief among Boston's capitalists is Montgomery Sears, whose vast holdings of valuable real estate give him a claim to be called the Astor of the modern Athens. He inherited \$9,000,000 a year ago from his father, Joshua Sears, who came to Boston without a penny, and established a small grocery business. By astonishing parsimony, backed with remarkable business instinct, old Josh rapidly piled up the thousands. The land he bought multiplied in value, and it was not very long before he found himself a millionaire. Already old, he began to look about him for a wife, and finally selected his housekeeper. When he died he left his money so that his son should never come into the bulk of the estate, providing the young man with a pitiful \$25,000 a year. This did not suit "Monty" at all, who thereupon began proceedings to set the will aside, and finally succeeded with the aid of skillful lawyers in getting hold of the entire property. He has added to it considerably since, and his fortune seems not unlikely to compare favorably during his own lifetime with the possessions of any one of the three great Astor landholders. Mr. Sears belongs to all the swell clubs, keeps a steam yacht, and is an amateur in violins, of which he has a valuable collection.—Albany Argus.

A New Chicago Game.  
"We are getting up a set of personal cards," said a stationer to a reporter. "Ever hear of anything of that sort?"

"Never."

"You are at a party, say. Ladies are present, and you have a dispute with a gentleman about something. You don't want to make a scene, and you take out your card case and hand him whatever card you may think suits his case. Here, for instance, is one, 'Calloused old liar'; here is another, 'Bully,' and here, 'Liberator,' and so on until you get down to the bottom of the pack and you shuffle 'em again. It is much better to hand a man one of those than it is to hit him in the face or call him a bad name. The newspapers have given us this tip, and we are working it up. Of course this is an experiment. But everybody wants something new and we are trying this on. Come around some day, and I will give you the result of the experiment."—Chicago News.

# A Word to The People.

The motto, "What is Home without a Mother," exists in many happy homes in this city, but the effect of what is home without the Local Newspaper is sadly realized in many of these "happy homes" in Plattsmouth.

# THE HERALD

Is steadily finding its way into these homes, and it always comes to stay. It makes the family circle more cheerful and keeps its readers "up to the times" in all matters of importance at home and abroad.

# During the Year

Every available means will be used to make the columns of THE HERALD a perfect storehouse from which you can obtain all information, and will keep up its record as being the best Advertising Medium for all purposes.

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# Our Job Department

Is equal to any, and does work to the satisfaction of patrons from all over the county, and receives orders by mail from a distance, which are promptly filled. We have facilities for doing all kinds of work, from the plain calling card to colored work, books and blanks. Work neatly and promptly executed. Large stock kept on hand. Legal blanks for sale.

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