

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEHAHA, NEBRASKA.

HINTS TO HUSBANDS.

Suggestions Conducive to a Quiet Life in the New Woman Era.

To begin the day well is half the battle, and a husband's first duty should be to rise quietly at five in the morning so as not to break in upon the wife's slumbers until he has prepared the breakfast. She will then awake in good temper, and if the coffee is properly settled she may even reward you by saying so.

Pack the children off to school immediately after breakfast—before you do the dishes—as nothing is so apt to upset a satisfactory beginning as the chatter of my lady's brood while she is reading the morning papers.

Be particular that absolute quiet is preserved in the house during madam's hour of thought after breakfast and have her bicycle cleaned and ready for her morning spin at ten sharp.

While she is gone sweep, air and dust the house, but by no inadvertence disturb the papers that litter her desk. Nothing so displeases madam as to find her desk in order—it isn't mannish, you know.

When she returns, if her eye is black and she walks with a limp, say nothing but be silently sympathetic and place the arnica bottle in a conspicuous place on her bureau. Don't let her see you do it, though, and don't follow her in. That is one of the times when it were well for you that she be alone.

Hold yourself in readiness at a moment's call to write at her dictation the speech that she will deliver at the primary or convention. If her grammar is abominable, don't mention it, but correct it as you write and suffer in silence. Do not try to fathom her logic as you value your sanity—go it blind.

If you want a half day off, say once a week, preface your request with the remark that Jones told you that if he could make as good a speech as she made the night before he would never stop until he became a United States senator at least.

When she becomes impervious to that species of dope have a printer strike off some flattering notice of her remarks, label them as clips from some far-off, non-existent newspaper and mail them to her. She will never notice that the reverse side of the clips is blank, or, if she does, suggest that the editor probably received the copy of her speech at the last moment and struck off a supplement.

Flatter her when she is elated. Keep your mouth shut when she is depressed.

Ask her how you shall vote. Then vote the other way.

You will then have peace and a quiet life and the grim satisfaction of having cast at least one vote for a principle.—N. Y. World.

THE IRONY OF FATE.

Rude Shock Falls to the Lot of a Soprano at an Evening Party.

She is a soprano of tireless energy, whose ambition at least reaches high C, and who has as much trouble with her throat as any prima donna on the operatic stage. She has not a friend who lives within three blocks in any direction of her abode, and yet she is popular in a large social circle.

She was invited out the other evening, and, as usual, accepted. The invitations said that conversation was to be the order of the evening, and consequently no one was surprised when the hostess asked her "dear Miss Soarer" for a little music.

"O, I'd like so much to oblige you, but I can't sing at all without my notes."

"But surely you can sing some little thing; we are all dying to hear you."

"How kind of you! I'd have been delighted to do it if I had only had the slightest intimation that you would care to hear me."

"But can't I send for your notes? Do let me."

"I'm afraid that mamma couldn't find them; besides I have not practiced for a week and I'm sure I'm as hoarse as a frog."

Really it was the irony of fate that caused her dearest enemy to enter the room at that moment. She was carrying a huge roll and saying in a clear high voice:

"Where is Olivia Soarer? I hope she has not been waiting long for her music. Here it is, dear."

"My music? Why, I—"

"Yes, dear. I stopped at your house on my way here; your mother was so glad to see me. She said she knew you would be so disappointed when you found that you had left it on the hall table after practicing for three whole days to be ready for this evening!"—Chicago Tribune.

Beef Salad.

As it is often difficult to dispose of scraps of beef that are left over from the various meals, perhaps some new ways may be welcomed. Chop the scraps very fine, and to every cupful of meat add two cupfuls of cabbage, cut very fine; one tablespoonful of celery seed, a teaspoonful of salt, two of sugar; mix and add any good salad dressing. This delicious salad can scarcely be detected from chicken, and is much cheaper.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

TOLD BY A TRAVELER.

Peculiar Phase of Life in Bengal and Central India.

The Ancient System of Child Betrothals Still in Vogue—Self-Inflicted Tortures of the Yogi—The Ever-Useful Elephant.

[Special Letter.]

Among East Indian women, especially of the higher classes, it is the custom to contract marriages between children. It is a disgrace for a high-caste girl to attain the marriageable age without being married, and so the child marriage has become the custom. In a Brahmin family the father of a girl 18 months old begins to look for a husband for her. To make a match he picks out a boy in a family of equal social standing and calls to offer his daughter's hand in marriage. If the



A HINDOO LADY.

father is willing he states how much of a dowry he wants for his son's hand, and such preliminaries being arranged the marriage is fixed, although the young couple may both be infants at the time. If the chosen groom should die before the couple begin to live together the girl becomes a widow, and may never marry again. (This rule applies only to the higher castes, and is not observed by the common people.) On the other hand, the young man, whenever he is left a widower, may marry again as often as he wishes. This custom of child-betrothal is a very cruel one, and a great effort is being made to abolish it. The only plea in favor of it is that there is hardly ever a case of divorce among the Brahmins, for, naturally enough, a woman will put up with a great deal from her husband when she knows that she will never be able to get another one.

A queer result of these child marriages happens when the parents of one of the children make a second betrothal for their child. Such a case came up in the Burhamore criminal session two or three years ago. A little girl, six years old, was placed on trial for bigamy with a gentleman aged nine, her first husband being still living. The prisoner was married when two years old, and so couldn't plead the lawful seven years of absence from the first husband to justify her crime. Of course, she could not plead at all, the parents being the chief offenders. After a trial of three days the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty," and the two children walked out of court hand in hand, wondering, no doubt, what all the fuss and talk signified.

The young married people live with their respective parents until they are of marriageable age, and at the wedding the groom sees the face of his wife for the first time. There are very few divorce cases among the Brahmins, not one in a million, although for good cause the wife will leave her husband and return to her childhood's home. As a rule, however, the Hindu home is a happy one, the wife gentle, obedient to her lord and master (as was Sarah, the patriarch's wife) and fond of her children.

A curious phase of Hindu life is the religious hermit, or "Sanyasee." Now and then a man of prominence decides to forsake the world, its pomps and vanities, and to embrace the life of an ascetic, a life of contemplation. While this determination sometimes comes to the worried, anxious merchant, who takes this method of getting rid of his cares and worries, it is just as likely to come to his highness, the rajah. About ten years ago the eldest son of the rajah of Travancore, who was then about 50 years old, wealthy and living in a splendid palace, and of course the chief nobleman in that part of India, suddenly decided to embrace the life of a Sanyasee.

One day he told his friends he was going on a railroad journey and sent his servants and traveling equipage from the palace to the railway station, but he did not follow. He went away into the jungle and was never heard of again by his friends and relatives, except that his religious adviser, the "Gooroo," informed them that his highness had become a Sanyasee. In another instance a wealthy shipowner of Tanjore divided up all his property among his relatives and dependents and went away stark naked into the winds of the Western Ghats to get spiritual light! The Sanyasee believes that the true method of obtaining a consciousness of the universal soul (which is God) is to ignore all worldly cares, even the desire for food, clothing and shelter, and to meditate through the years until

some day the inner and divine light shall come to him.

One of the most deadly narcotics used in the far east, especially in central India, is ha-beesh, which is an extract of a plant known to the druggist and botanist as Cannabis Indica. A simple tea made of the leaves and flowers of the plant is drunk by young and old, especially at festivals, and is mildly stimulating. The drug itself, however, is smoked in a pipe, with an equal quantity of tobacco, the smoker topping the pipeful with a piece of live charcoal. Its first effect is a delicious exhilaration or frenzy, under the influence of which the smoker is liable to commit murder. The Hindus call the habitual hasheesh smoker "hashash," the plural form being "hashashin," whence comes the English word "assassin." Strangely enough, we go to far-away India for a word to describe the man who, under some maddening influence, commits murder.

The frenzied stage of hasheesh is succeeded by one of dreamy enjoyment and, if the dose has been strong enough, this is followed by a heavy stupor-like condition which lasts for hours. It is said that a fortnight's indulgence in the hasheesh pipe will make a life-long victim, a hasheesh fiend.

Although the British government has put down the voluntary self-immolation of Hindoo devotees at Jaggernath, where the piously inclined throw themselves under the ponderous wheels of the procession car of the god Krishna, and has also prohibited the suicide of the widow on her dead husband's funeral pile, it does not interfere with the self-inflicted torture practiced on themselves by the "yogi" and the "falir." These religious men punish themselves in strange and barbarous fashion to propitiate the goddess Kallee. Hook-swinging is a favorite method. A six-inch iron or brass hook is inserted into the muscles of the back and the victim is swung around a pole by the temple attaches, while his shrieks of agony are drowned by the blowing of conches and the beating of tom-toms. Less violent but longer torture is resorted to by other seekers after immortal happiness. Some pass years holding an arm upright above the head until it becomes impossible to lower it, others remain standing against a tree until they are unable to bend their legs. While these shocking exhibits are becoming less common with the advance of civilization one doesn't have to live long in Bengal or central India without seeing specimens of the tortured "yogee." Oftentimes within 100 yards of the Christian church may be seen the poor little Hindoo temple whose shrine is blackened by the soot from the hundreds of votive lamps.

If you live near any "sacred" city like Benares, for instance, you will be shocked by the spectacle of dozens of yogees, rivaling each other in the hideousness of their dress and the ingenious unpleasantness of their self-imposed penances, walking, crawling or rolling along the road or prowling about your servants' quarters in search of alms.

No stories or sketches of life in India are complete without a story about that



HINDOO COOLIE WOMAN.

strange resident, the elephant. The pachyderm is very much in evidence, sometimes as a beast of burden, used in the lumber yards, where he handles huge sticks of lumber as if he rather enjoyed pulling and hauling, while, in lighter work, he is employed to carry his native masters, to be gayly caparisoned for holiday processions and to be used by the dominant British instead of the horse to bring the heavy artillery to the parade ground, or assist in moving the tents and other military goods when the regiment is on the march. The elephant is very like a child in some respects. He can be coaxed by petting, by pieces of sugar, and even by promises of future reward. The Hindoo mahout is accustomed to get extra effort from Hooshaar Batti (the wise elephant) by promising it "backsheesh" (reward), and the beast will look for larger and sweeter "chupati" (cakes) at supper time for his backsheesh. Woe betide the mahout if he fails to keep his promise, and forgets the large chupati. The elephant never forgets!

J. IRVING CRABBE.

Accommodating.

The gay fool-killer now may shril
At ease, as wintry alush he views
His victims kindly do the work
By leaving off their overshoes.
—Washington Star.

His Identity.

Stranger—Who is that gentleman coming up the street?
Village Lad—That ain't no gentleman—it's my pal.—N. Y. World.

THE OLD CONSTITUTION.

To Be Forever Kept as a National Naval Museum.

Commodore Farragut's Flagship, the Hartford, Is Also to Be Permanently Maintained—Relic of the Kearsarge.

[Special Washington Letter.]

"There is nothing in all my work of which I am more proud," said the secretary of the navy the other morning, "than the accomplishment of the reclamation of the old battleship Hartford. Congress is often very prodigal in allowing large appropriations for claims, but congress is not primarily patriotic or sentimental. It was very difficult to secure an appropriation, but, by constant urging, it was accomplished. And now Commodore Farragut's flagship will be permanently maintained in the navy.

"Do you know that a relic of heroism incites patriotism? The young men who see the Hartford in future years, and who read her splendid naval career, will be stimulated to honor the flag which floats over her, and have an ambition to do as well for their country as did the heroes who trod her decks and served her guns. They will read of the old commodore lashed to the mast and handling his fleet in the smoke and carnage of battle; and particularly our young midshipmen will have before them constantly the memory of the commodore, with a stimulated ambition to fight as he fought, if ever in command of a battle ship in time of war.

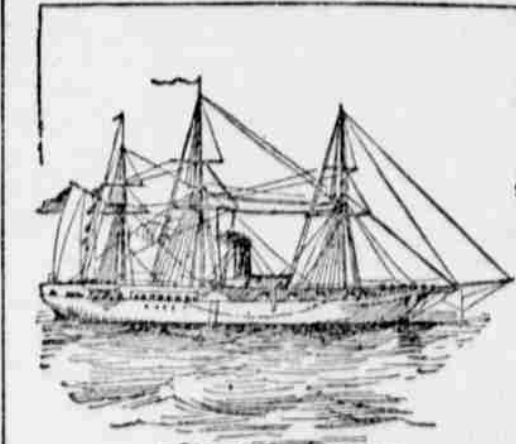
"Yes, I am glad that the Hartford is preserved; but I am not satisfied with the progress made towards a restoration and reclamation of the Constitution. That splendid relic of American prowess should be preserved. Although I have constantly asked congress to make appropriation for that purpose, I have failed to receive a dollar, up to date."

Secretary Herbert is not alone in his desire to have the Constitution repaired. Congressman Fitzgerald, of Massachusetts, has secured the adoption of a resolution calling upon the secretary of the navy for an estimate of the amount of money which will be necessary to move the Constitution from Portsmouth to the Washington navy yard, where it is contemplated that the ship shall be forever kept as a naval museum. In support of his resolution, Mr. Fitzgerald made a speech in the house of representatives. He said:

"In connection with the resolution I present a petition of the Massachusetts Historical society that congress may take some action in regard to the preservation of the frigate Constitution, which now lies at the Portsmouth navy yard, and is in such a condition as to be in danger of sinking at any time.

"As every member of this house knows, there is no vessel in the American navy that possesses the history and the record that the Constitution possesses. It is my proud privilege to represent in congress the district in which is located the wharf where this famous old frigate was built and launched. In grateful memory of her untarnished record it has been called Constitution wharf. As a boy I have the pleasantest recollections of the happy days spent at the wharf where the Constitution was built over a century ago, and when I stand here pleading for the preservation of Old Ironsides my deepest sympathies are moved. The achievements of the heroic sons of Massachusetts with her have produced within my breast, as they must within the breast of every American citizen, feelings of deepest reverence for the historic ship.

"Why should it be necessary to call the attention of the government to its duty with regard to the preservation



FARRAGUT'S FLAGSHIP HARTFORD.

of the Constitution, whose great victory in the naval engagement with the Guerriere in the dark days of the war of 1812 brought hope and encouragement to our people and placed the United States among the first-class powers of the world?

"Why this shame of neglect toward a historic relic that typifies the heroism of our fathers and is an inspiration to succeeding generations?

"Nelson's flagship, Victory, is carefully perpetuated by Great Britain, and in such great reverence is she held that Englishmen respectfully remove their hats whenever they pass. Who shall say that the dear old Constitution, with her unbroken line of victories, unparalleled in the history of the world, is not worthy of like respect from a grateful republic?

"In 1829, when the destruction of the Constitution was ordered, the stirring

lyric poem of Oliver Wendell Holmes saved her from what would have been a disgrace to our country, and I think it proper that those inspiring words should be recalled at this time, when, through neglect, a like fate seems to be in store for her:

OLD IRONSIDES.

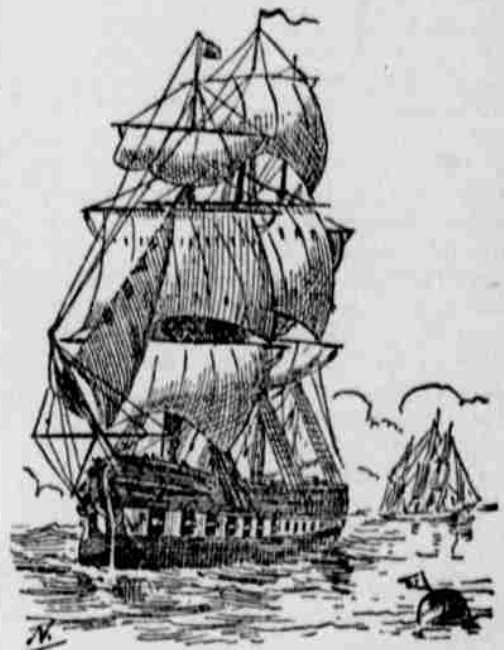
Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave,
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

"Massachusetts asks that this grand old ship be perpetuated, and she relinquishes her claim to have her placed in the waters of the state, near where she was built and manned, that she may be placed in Washington, here to serve as a national monument of the triumphs of the American seamen during the war of 1812. Such has ever been the true, chivalrous spirit of Massachusetts.

"Through the care and labor of her own historical society she preserves the



THE CONSTITUTION.

revered relics of the revolutionary times and of her illustrious sons; and she feels that she has the right to insist that the national government shall no longer be unmindful of its duty to the flower of the American navy, the Constitution."

At the conclusion of the congressman's speech he was given an ovation of applause such as seldom is given to the most gifted of orators. The resolution was passed without objection, and in a short time the old frigate which bore our banner aloft with honor and glory will be properly cared for. Meeting the congressman on the evening of the delivery of his speech, and congratulating him on the success of his effort, he said: "I am no orator. I never made a good speech in my life. I was gratified with the passage of the resolution, but the applause did not turn my head. The representatives of the people of this country were not applauding me. They were patriotically applauding the staunch old frigate of which I spoke, and for whose preservation I was pleading. They were also applauding the grand poet and his poem. Had it not been for the lines of Holmes, the Constitution would have been torn to pieces as an old hulk, worn out, and no longer useful."

The gentleman is modest and sincere. Nevertheless, his speech was delivered with the eloquence of fervid earnestness. He is not an orator, and he is wise enough to know it. But his speech ought to pass into history with the splendid poem which he quoted. Oliver Wendell Holmes prevented the destruction of the Constitution. Congressman Fitzgerald secured the appropriation which will result in her permanent preservation.

But we have a relic of the Kearsarge which will be preserved carefully for all time. It is the oak rudder post of the historic cruiser. In the museum at the navy yard the rudder post stands. Imbedded in it is a conical shell which came near destroying the ship. It was fired from a rifle on the confederate cruiser Alabama. But it did not explode. An explosion would have resulted in the sinking of the Kearsarge, and the escape of the Alabama. The shell was found there after the celebrated engagement. A skillful gunner, risking his life, and of course risking the safety of the vessel, sat astride the rudder post and drilled a hole into the shell until he came to the powder. Then he poured in water and saturated the explosive. After that, he drilled off one end of the dangerous missile and took out of it the explosive materials. The rudder post was then mended and strengthened with steel bands, and the Kearsarge sailed away after other confederate privateers. Finally, the rudder post was taken out and a new one put in its place. The old rudder post, with its shell inclosed, is at the navy yard; and it is all that remains of the famous ship.

SMITH D. FRY.

A new piggery in Chicago is the largest in the world. It offers ample accommodations for 220,000 pigs.