

The Plattsburgh Weekly Herald.

KNOTTS BROS., Publishers & Proprietors.

Why Foreigners Succeed.

A correspondent writes The Herald asking: "Why is it that young foreigners coming to this country can always get places and keep them, and go right ahead, and in a few years be in business for themselves with money ahead, even before they have learned to speak the English language?"

The question is an important one and opens up a vast field for inquiry and interest, but to the business man its solution is very plain. The fault does not lie with prejudice or preference of employers, but as humiliating as is the confession, in the superiority of the foreign youth. Not from a point of intelligence or quickness, but from the point of fidelity, faithfulness, obedience, and application, the indispensable requirements to success in a much larger degree than education, brilliancy, good looks, or fine clothes.

It is one of the wise dispensations of the Creator that those who succeed in life should first learn the drudgery, the toil, and the minor and menial details of the business they choose before they can erect the superstructure and command the rewards and the comforts of that business. Without this preliminary knowledge success is impossible as the permanence of a building without a foundation. Nature teaches these lessons in everything, the blade of grass or the ear of corn cannot be produced without the seed is first planted; the worm can never become a butterfly without undergoing the toil and drudgery of first gathering the material and weaving the cocoon. The child can never become the upright, stalwart being of power, force and locomotion without first learning to crawl. It is the mistaken idea of American parents which leads them in their affection and pride to recognize the superior natural endowments of their offspring, and endeavor to rear their children to enjoy its blessings without undergoing the dreary drudgery of its development which makes so many wrecks along life's path. The youth who enters life's arena and the business world with the idea that he is too good to clean a spittoon, sweep out an office or perspire over the locomotion necessary to deliver a message with promptness or haste, who is afraid to soil the blacking on his shoes by wading in the mud or to get wet by going out into the rain, is not likely to become a very brilliant star in the world's arena.

Who would win most fight, and life's struggle is after all, a long and arduous battle whose success is not to be found in the theater, the circus, the ball room, the saloon, or the billiard hall; brilliancy and popularity do not consist in flourishing a cane, smoking cigarettes, drinking wine, attending horse races and fairs, wearing fine clothes and learning to ogle the opposite sex before the clout clothes are fairly off. This fact is unfortunately better realized by the people of the older countries than it is by Americans. As a consequence when a foreign youth is employed, no matter how dull his wits he manages to get along simply because he concentrates all his wit and power he has to the performance of the duty assigned him. Neither his dignity, his ease, his fine clothes, his ability for better things or his aristocratic origin are allowed to divert his thoughts or his mind from that duty, or to offend his senses because of his menial nature. When he is sent on an errand he neither forgets it nor carries on the way. When his labor is over he is hungry enough to crave wholesome food and tired enough to go to bed and rest, consequently he does not expend his money for bonbons, or upon wine, or beer, or women. The result is that he gets a reputation for reliability and efficiency, which soon elevates him. He has quickly mastered the menial preliminaries, and rises by force in the scale, and as time passes he not only acquires a knowledge of his business in all its details, but before he knows it, almost, he has sufficient capital, reputation and friends to enable him to begin business for himself.

Cowardly Independence.

If American boys would succeed they should take these things to heart and not be above imitating their humbler and less brilliant foreign neighbor. —Omaha Herald.

undertakes to edit a newspaper and at the same time keep himself free of all mistrust and misrepresentation will make a signal failure of it. He must be capable of fixing his own standards, and of making his own judgments promptly as the case arises. A good paper cannot be made under a set of rules, for any good rule must have its exceptions and the good editor must be equipped to appreciate the exception and govern himself according as occasion may be presented. Independence in the occupation of putting together a newspaper is a highly desirable quality, but in the family of independence is a species that is vulgar, woefully coarse, unkind and of evil tendencies altogether. If one cannot suppress this variety and keep company with discriminating independence, then, for one thing, it is better to give over being independent, and, for another thing, to give over trying to be an editor. The intelligent editor will suppress many items "on account of the family" that otherwise he would print. The culprit in the case may not be entitled to consideration, but there may be women and children involved who are. And there is great difference in families. Some are made of coarse material, and others are of fine material, and where no hardship would be done in one case there would be savage cruelty in another. Of course the editor will be charged with discrimination. It will be tauntingly said that in the one case there was wealth or social influence, while in the other there was only poverty and the lack of social influence. But he cannot help that. He ought not to try to help it—except as he shall exercise his best judgment as to what is right, what is manly, what is independent from the standpoint of his own conscience. The newspaper that gives the more pain than joy is a poor newspaper from any point of view. Such a newspaper, you may be sure, will have its strength where vice is strong, and it will have its friendships where hearts are trodden under foot. The good editor should try first to place and maintain himself in the relation of a gentleman. He will then speak, refrain from speaking, or shape his speech, from that standard. It is highly creditable to insist upon the independence of a gentleman. It is quite as discreditable to insist upon the independence of a curbstone loafer or the police-court lounge. The reaping tastes of people have wide range. The newspaper must necessarily be of wide range; but when it comes to an issue between what is for good and what is for evil, the editor ought to be equipped with that kind of independence that will lead him to prefer that which is for good. He may be often mistaken in his judgment. But his own confidence in his purpose should be kept above reproach. Sham independence is the bane of many newspapers, and under its inspiration much journalistic villainy is wrought. —Sioux City Journal.

This custom which prevails in this country of celebrating all the great steps toward freedom and the establishing of our government, made by our forefathers, on their various anniversaries, is a most beautiful one. Yesterday hundreds of thousands of people from all over the United States met at Philadelphia to give strength to their patriotism by joining in the centennial of the completion of the federal constitution. The occasion called out the first men of the land who joined their rejoicings in the progress which has been made by our nation in one-hundred years. The celebration of these anniversaries is food to the American's patriotism, and as the memory of the events is the mother of the brotherly and national love which is so strong in the hearts of the Americans. They are occasions when all partisan feeling gives way to common rejoicing and are indispensable to the progress of a nation.

The process of calming waves by means of oil is being pushed very rapidly to effective results; but there is nothing to show that the tariff dissensions which are troubling the Democratic waters can be composed in that manner. On the contrary, the indication is very clear that Mr. Randall is the sort of man upon whom oil may be poured in any conceivable quantity without moderating his views or changing his intentions. —Globe Democrat.

The Democrats of Richmond, Va., have decided to permit colored citizens to vote at the primary election this year. "Provided they pledge themselves to support the nominees." This is a very encouraging outlook as hitherto the right of the colored man to vote has been stoutly resisted by the dominant party in Virginia, even if he were willing to cast a Democratic vote.

A COMPANY of wealthy Chicago men have bought 600 acres of land near that city, and have fitted it up and deeded it to the government, and an army post will be established there. This is an institution which Chicago has long been in need of and will give protection to the city in case of sudden danger of an attack from Canada.

LIKE A FLOCK OF SHEEP.

THE TRICK BY WHICH A CROWD WERE GATHERED TOGETHER.

A Knot of Gazers at a Show Window. "Just for Fun"—Looking Intently Into a Sewer—Ridiculous Results—Human Weakness.

Queer it is that human beings, like sheep, often bear out the saying of "Follow the leader." The habit of doing so a few days since while watching a test made by a friend of mine. Happening to meet a young man whom I had not seen in a long while, I stopped to greet him and indulge in a short conversation. While we were talking a man walked up to a show window near by, and in a moment was joined by several others. In a short time the entire window was surrounded by anxious gazers, and as there was nothing out of common on exhibition, both myself and my friend were amused at the action of the crowd.

"Turning to me my friend said: 'It does seem odd that they can be attracted so easily, but I assure you that I can give you even a better illustration than the one we have just witnessed. There is nothing at all the matter with the sewer inlet over at the corner, yet if I go over and look into it, it will be only a little while before I attract a crowd. Now, a small boy who was passing stopped and looked around and then stepped out into the street and also looked into the inlet. A street car stopped at the corner to let off several passengers, and two of them walked up to the inlet to look in. In less than one minute the crowd, kindly spoken of by me, were looking into the place, and in two minutes the crowd had increased to twenty-five people. In three minutes the crowd was doubled, and after five minutes' actual time the entire corner was crowded with a pushing mass of humanity all eager to look down the sewer and all asking questions. During this time my friend had not uttered a word, but had continued to gaze steadily into the inlet as though he had dropped something down into its dark interior. Then I walked across the street and mingled with the crowd and catch any observations that might be made. A tall, sad looking man tapped me on the shoulder and asked me what the trouble was. I replied that I didn't know, but scarcely had I uttered the words when a short, fussy individual, who had just looked into the sewer, kindly spoke up and informed my sad looking inquirer that there was a child in the sewer. This information quickly spread and many exclamations of pity and sympathy were heard on all sides. Then some one contradicted the rumor, said it was a valuable dog that had fallen into the sewer. This was promptly denied by a heavily built man, in his shirt sleeves, who was sure he had heard the baby's voice, but that it must be drowned by this time, because it was so quiet. Right here some one else took up the conversation and went on to declare that, and some mother of a child must be to allow it to get away from her and run the risk of meeting with such a horrible death. In the meantime a reserve officer made his appearance and asked the cause of all the trouble. A very knowing young man took the policeman aside and explained to him that the crowd was all wrong. Then he went on to tell the officer that the man at the sewer had been counting a roll of bills and had accidentally dropped a bill of large denomination into the sewer and was now looking down to see if he could get a glimpse of it. You can readily imagine how ridiculous this all sounded to me, and what an effort it required on my part to keep from laughing aloud. I managed to restrain myself, however, and worked my way out of the crowd and took up a position on the corner near a store kept by the crowd meanwhile had grown to an immense size, and several cars were blocked by the people standing in the street across the track. In vain the drivers tried to get the crowd to separate and allow the cars to pass, but as is generally the case, the crowd did not budge an inch. The more venturesome boys tried to climb onto the dasher of the car to obtain a good view over the heads of the persons in front of them. Then came a regular stream of questions from the crowd, such as, 'What's the matter?' 'How did it happen?' 'Who's hurt?' 'Why lost?' 'Somebody got a fit?' 'How did he get run over?' 'What is it, a man or a woman?' 'Why don't the crowd keep back and give him some air?'—to which the following were some of the answers: 'Don't know.' 'Give it up.' 'Can't get near to find out.' 'I don't know, do you think I'm a dictionary?' and many other answers that I have now forgotten. The policeman did his best to disperse the crowd, or at least keep them back, but he was powerless. He threatened a few of them with arrest, but he didn't look very stern, so they risked his anger. Finding that he could make no impression upon them, he wisely withdrew and allowed them to use their own pleasure about going. He succeeded, however, in clearing the car track, and the several cars that had been blocked were soon skimming up the street at a genuine rapid transit speed.

My friend finally worked his way out of the crowd, and I, having attracted his attention, he joined me, and we laughed to our heart's content. I imagined that after seeing my friend withdraw the crowd would disperse, but nothing of the kind. The place that he left was eagerly sought after by twenty people, and a dozen heads pressed forward to peer into the sewer. Some old fellow with an iron bar had succeeded in lifting back the heavy iron lid that fitted into the top of the inlet, and he was lying flat on the pavement, face downward, anxiously scanning the interior of the sewer. We stood aside for a little while commenting on the weakness of human nature, and presently withdrew into the adjoining restaurant where we discussed the incident with much laughter over a good dinner and a bottle of water. Strange as my article of today may seem, it is entirely true, and in every point the story is correct. I stopped today, and seeing the same reserve officer on duty at the corner, I recalled the experience to him, and he recollected the occurrence with a smile. When I explained to him that the whole affair was a trick of my friend, he laughed heartily, and said he would repeat it at headquarters. You see now how, like sheep, we are often tempted to do something simply because some one else does it, when with a little thought may a foolish or an uncalculated action might be prevented. —Observer in Phila. Call.

A STRANGE AFFECTION.

The Story Told by a Traveler—Effects of Imagination.

The modern town of Taranto, in Italy, occupies the site of the famous Tarentum of old. The tarantism, an insect venomous in hot weather, is to be found there, and various startling accounts are given of the peculiar effects of its bites. A Tarantine gentleman, who has seen many cases of persons affected by the tarantism, thus describes it in the "Italian Sketches" of Janet Ross: "There are various species of the insect, and two kinds of tarantism, the wet and the dry. A violent fever attacks the person bitten, who sits moaning and swaying backward and forward. Musicians are called and begin playing; if the air does not strike the fancy of the tarantola, as the patient is called, she moans more loudly and says: 'No, no, not that!'"

"The fiddler instantly changes, and the tambourine beats fast and furious, to indicate the difference of the time. When at last the tarantola gets an air to her liking she springs up and begins to dance frantically. "If she has the dry tarantism her friends try to find out the color of the tarantola that has bitten her, and adorn her dress and her fingers with ribbons that recall the tints of the insect. If no one can indicate the color she is decked with streamers of every hue, which flutter wildly about as she dances and tosses her arms in the air. The ceremony generally begins in the house, but what with the heat and the concourse of people it often ends in the street. "If it is a wet tarantism the musicians choose a spot near a well, and the dancer is incessantly deluged with water by relays of friends, who go backward and forward to the well with their brow earthenware jars. "When the tarantola is quite worn out she is undressed and put to bed. "The fever lasts seventy-two hours, and the state of nervous excitement must be intense to sustain a woman under such fatigue as dancing for three whole days. If the musicians are not called in, and the person bitten is not induced to dance, the fever continues indefinitely, and in some cases followed by death."

It is hardly necessary to say that in this method of treatment the imagination plays a great part; nevertheless it is a real cure.—Youth's Companion.

Indian Relics in Georgia.

The whole field for acres around the bridge over Little river, in Wilkes county, Ga., is literally covered with flint arrow and spear heads, stone tomahawks, maces, battle axes, and some other instrument of crude Indian warfare. Besides these are found many domestic articles, as mortars and pestles for grinding corn, pots hewn out of solid stone, and broken vessels carved in rare and curious designs. These relics were washed down from a neighboring hill by the late freshet and scattered over the field. On the top of this hill, where the village was supposed to have been, was found a large pile of broken and defective arrow heads which seemed to mark the spot where some old arrow maker had his shop, making arrows for his tribe and receiving in return deer, bear, and other such game as the forest afforded. —Chicago News.

Another Liberty Statue.

A statue of liberty is to be erected on a peak in San Francisco by Adolph Sutro, the millionaire. The figure and pedestal will be forty feet high, and the torch, which will be lighted by electricity, will be 1,000 feet above the level of the sea. The pedestal will rest upon the solid rock of the peak, and will be over twenty feet high, eleven feet square at the base, and seven feet square at the top. The principal figure will that of a woman holding aloft in the right hand the torch of liberty, and in the outstretched left hand the sword of justice. At her feet will be a figure emblematic of despotism, and will be that of a man lying on his side and clutching at the sword held out of his reach. —Chicago Times.

The Bones of Columbus.

The bones of the discoverer of America are to be once more removed, as if they had not yet earned rest. When Columbus died he first found a resting place at Valladolid. But it was not for long. In seven years his remains were taken to Seville, and in 1536 across the ocean to Hayti, where they were deposited in the cathedral of San Domingo. In 1795 it was thought to be high time that the bones of Columbus be disturbed again, and they were taken to Havana, in Cuba. Now, after a further rest of 100 years, a fresh transfer—let us hope the last—is to be made, and Genoa, the navigator's birthplace, will finally claim its own. —Chicago Times.

An Author's Old Fashioned Home.

Mr. Aldrich's house at Ponkapog, Mass., is a plain, old fashioned mansion, just like so many others that one sees scattered everywhere throughout New England. It is two-story, painted brown, with a portico in front, and concealed from the street by a belt of trees. Inside is the large, old fashioned hall belonging to old colonial days, with two rooms opening on either side, and the dining room in the rear. The poet's study is on the second floor, and a pleasant room it is—large, airy, with bookshelves lining the four walls, and stuffed into every nook and corner. Choice art treasures and bric-a-brac appear scattered about in a charming way. —Chicago Times.

Industrial Fishing School.

Lady Burdett-Coutts expresses a willingness to expend \$125,000 on an industrial fishing school at Baltimore in West Cork, accessible to all Irish youth. She thinks such a school would benefit all Ireland. —New York Graphic.

The late Gen. McKee Dunn left all his fortune to his wife. His will was the shortest ever filed in Washington, and consisted of four lines.

It is a somewhat singular fact that of all the Christian nations the United States of America are alone represented by Protestant Christian missions in Persia.

The Prince of Wales is described at Hamburg as wearing a most unbecoming common looking, saff colored suit, with a red comforter round his throat.

A Miniature Republic.

Between French Guiana and Brazil is a region of 400,000 square miles, containing 60,000 inhabitants, whose possession has been contested for 200 years. France claims it on one hand, Brazil on the other, and all because of an inconceivable clause in the treaty of Utrecht. Neither France nor Brazil has ever dreamed of taking possession of this territory, either by force or by arbitration of a friendly nation. The principal center of population in this country is Couani, which has about 350 inhabitants and will soon be the capital of a new republic. A short time ago the Communists proclaimed the independence of their country and chose for president M. Jules Gros, a venerable Frenchman, who has explored the banks of the Amazon. M. Gros lives at Vanves, not far from Paris, and there he received the news of his appointment.

Unfortunately, he is not in Couani, for his new subjects have forgotten to make out a "civil list," and the voyage is expensive. However, he is serious, and the legation of the new republic has already been installed, No. 18 Rue de Louvre, Paris. M. Gros does not make us very enthusiastic over his position, from the fact that his first official act was to create a decoration, called the "Star of Couani," and to appoint the high dignitaries in his republic, especially the intendant general of the president's palace at Couani—Couani has not more than thirty-five houses—a proof that he who made the success of Le Petit Journal by his writings is in his dotage. —New York Mail and Express.

Climate a Trifle Too Glorious.

The increased railroad facilities and the marvelous stories of country and climate, have brought thousands to the Pacific coast, and they tell us that 60,000 excursionists will make their appearance here within the next four months. New hotels are building along the southern coast and extensive preparations making for their entertainment. The infusion of such a quantity of new blood as this must of necessity change the whole character of the country. There is little this state needs besides its natural advantages but New England thrift and energy. If the same money and labor were spent upon the ranches in California that are spent upon the stony hillside farms of New York or New England, the owners would be repaid a thousand fold. "Thrift, thrift, Horatio," is what they need. Haste and energy seem to have gone out of this world—if ever they were here—and nothing is left but the dolce far niente of the old Spanish settlers. The people own too much land and cultivate too little. They say the climate is such they cannot work like eastern people. Be that as it may, the trail of the old lazy Spaniard is over them all, and they have little desire to get away from it. —San Francisco Cor. Cleveland Leader.

Bitten by a Centipede.

A well known lady of Albuquerque was picking blackberries in her garden when she felt something bite her on the right side of her neck just below the ear. She quickly put her right hand up to the place, when a centipede curled itself around her forefinger. She immediately brushed it off with her other hand, and, strange to relate, did not faint, nor scream, nor frighten her husband, nor daughter, nor any one else by calling to them, but ran into the house, and finding the ammonia bottle empty, took a big knife and stuck the blade into the fire in the stove until it got hot, when she applied it to the wound. Next she took some soda and applied that, fastening it by wrapping a cloth around her neck. By this time her neck began to swell, and she says she felt as though the top of her head was about to secede, and closed her teeth tightly to make sure that her head was not gone. In a short time she felt greatly relieved and then informed her daughter. She did not even call for a doctor, but she has procured another supply of ammonia. Though it occurred several days ago, the wound now looks as if an ant had bitten her. The lady would keep her presence of mind in a fire or in a railroad accident. —Albuquerque Citizen.

Mr. Tilden's Fancy.

A pretty and distingue looking lady at the Murray Hill hotel recalls one of the provisions of Mr. Tilden's will. She is Miss Celeste Stauffer, the New Orleans belle to whom the gallant old statesman bequeathed the neat little sum of \$100,000, and about which provision of the will no question seems to have been raised by any of the contesting heirs. Whether there was a romance about the matter or not, the fact is that the lady, who is both beautiful and accomplished, as well as blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, has for the last few years quietly but persistently dropped away from the suitors that have sought her, and given her women friends a chance to ponder and consult over her evident preference for a life of single blessedness. She is scarcely 28 years of age, one of the best horsewomen of her day, dresses with exquisite taste, is a charming conversationalist, and one of the brightest young women in New Orleans. —New York Graphic.

The Clay Family.

The recent death of John Clay removes the last member of the immediate family of the illustrious statesman whose name he bore. The eldest son died in the lunatic asylum near Lexington, where he had been confined for many years. The next eldest, Henry Clay, Jr., a bright and promising young man, was killed in battle in the Mexican war. He was a comrade and friend of the sprightly and gallant Lieut. O'Hara, whose poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead," is so familiar to American readers. Another son, James B. Clay, at one time owned a large stock farm on the Bellefontaine road near St. Louis, but removed back to Lexington on the death of his father and was sent to congress from the Ashland district. —St. Louis Republican.

The Premier's Feet.

The late Agostino Depretis was always careless of his dress and personal appearance until he became premier, and even then he was no dandy. His feet were abnormally large, and upon this fact he rather congratulated himself: "because," he said, "no one can expect a man with such feet to dance at a state ball." —Chicago Herald.

Mr. CLEVELAND is said to be anxious to have General Black on the ticket with him next year, in order to catch the soldier vote. It will take more than General Black, to undo the effect of that rebel-flag order.

Brace Up.

You are feeling depressed, your appetite is poor, you are bothered with headache, you are fidgety, nervous and generally out of sorts, and want to brace up. Brace up, but not with stimulants, spring medicines, or bitters, which have for their basis very cheap bad whisky, and which stimulate for an hour, and then leave you in worse condition than before. What you want is an alternative that will purify your blood, start healthy action of Liver and Kidneys, restore your vitality, and give renewed health and strength. Such a medicine you will find in Electric Bitters, and only 50 cents a bottle at F. G. Fricke & Co.'s drug store. (3)

The Haddock murder case at Sioux City is being watched with interest all over the United States and the result of the trial is awaited with interest amounting to impatience from the fact of the plot and cause of the murder.

Their Business Booming.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at F. G. Fricke & Co.'s drug store as their giving away of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1 Every bottle warranted. (3)

Life is burdensome, alike to the sufferer and all around him, while dyspepsia and its attending evils hold sway. Complaints of this nature can be speedily cured by taking Prickly Ash Bitters regularly. Thousands once thus afflicted now bear cheerful testimony as to its merits. (3)

Mr. LETCHER, of Missouri, American consul at Rio Grande de Sul, whose removal is asked by Brazil, is described as "an accomplished gentleman when sober." Mr. Letcher shows the pressing needs of this administration of a variety of consuls who can be demoralized and not be "offensive partisans."

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