A GOOD LIBRARY.

HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MAN WHO READS.

The First Law in Selecting Books-A Library Should Grow with the Mind. Keep Your School Books-Light Litera-

The first law in selecting books is, I am for money. sure, to buy along the line of your special work. I do not say in the line, for that is precisely what is not wanted. What we want is not to be told what we can see or find out for ourselves, but what will enable us to see more broadly than our separate experience would lead us to see. Books, while not leadlife work, should keep us from narrowing ourselves into grooves.

The second law is to buy books, in the main, as we need them. A library should grow with the mind. These two rules can be illustrated together. We will suppose a man's special line is anthropology. Plainly he must also be a good student of history. He must also be well acquainted with recent biological researches-which involve paleontology and zoology, at least as far as results of investigation go. He will not have gone far before evolution, as a scientific problem, must be handled. Dealing fairly with this, he finds himself involved in ancient religious theories and comparative theology. I need not carry the process farther, but I say his library should be (1) a working library along this line, and (2) his books should be bought as needed.

The possession of a large number of books is not the possession of a library. Books, however inherently valuable under certain circumstances, under other circumstances become lumber. It is like a thousand acre farm, of which only ten acres are worked, while the owner lives in a bit of a hovel. It is impossible to express too strongly the close relation that mind growth should bear to library growth. It should be like the growth of bone to a man's flesh.

No one should sell or give away his books that have been used and seem no longer needful. Especially should old school books and college books be sacredly kept. To no other books do we sustain so intimate personal relationship. We shall surely miss the very copy of Horace and of De Amicitia that we grew familiar with, and some day will desire to turn to a passage in "Ars Poetica," or "Vin Sacra," and it will not be quite the same as when we read it in sophomore year on the log in the glen with Classmate Stevens. I give every boy and girl warning not to part of the trade." with their text books in literature and classics. Even my old Webster's spelling book would now be a treasure to me. Are such books part of a library! Most truly, yes. They are the very essential part of a library-the tools we have used as we came

along-but tools that never wear out. Perhaps a careful distinction should be made between the books in our study and those in the library proper; for each man should have his library, and each family should have its library. The latter should be built on a less restricted plan; yet certainly under careful rules. A home library should, above all, have an atmosphere of refinement | Anglomania. Outdoor exercise is all the rage | boat, everybody and everything on it. and good society. It should not admit a low bred book any more than our drawing rooms should admit the familiarity of low bred people. An hour spent in it should produce the refreshment that comes from a social hour with witty and good friends,

A really good home library must include rescripts; it is sometimes a pity-oftener not. There are not 100 good authors in general literature that cannot be wisely compressed. It will not pay to read them through. These "Half Hours" with the best authors are necessary and valuable. But when it comes to history I am not so sure. And as for "Beauties of Ruskin," "Beauties of Goethe," etc., etc., let us burn them. . If I cannot go into a rose garden for myself, I will thank you for n bunch of flowers; but for you to run ahead clined to select for myself.

A good library grows as our souls grow; it widens out its sympathies and gets a larger outlook. But at the same time a sloughing goes on. We only grow well as we can die well. Some people have great difficulty in dying to anything; they equally fail to grow; that is, to enlarge. Such are your religious bigots. I hate to see a man who reads an author by the dose-one dose a day; two doses a day—the way my grandmother took her Bible and as many take it yet, but in smaller pellets. I have a friend who carries Shakespeare in his pocket, and bolts a por-tion each day. He resembles for all the world a pump that is clogged up from having its chain run too deep. Shakespeare has always been too deep for the fellow, and he is only pumping sand and gravel. Another took to carrying a mathematical treatise. He is himself an equal angled triangle inscribed in a circle. We must be able to change intellectually, outgrow and grow away from old tastes. We all have our chromo period some stop there.

The bulk of novels is of no more value than blank paper. Children who have little real world as yet need a great deal of the possible and ideal. Novels, contrary to common opinion, are peculiarly the books for the young-true novels. Curiously, the world's earliest literature was mostly imaginative. W - have poems and tales 7,000 years old, while logic did not find utterance till about 2,500 years ago. Voyages, travels, natural history gradually come to serve in the place of novels, the actual in the place of the possible. Lowell urges the use of such old volnines of travel as were written by voyagers meyed." That last word of Lowell's tells the story very fully. A well visited place in England was one that hackney coaches ran to and from-it was Hackneyed. Today the whole world is Hackneyed.-"E. P. P." in Globe-Democrat.

Cider That Sells for Champagne.

The innkeeper fished out from the gloomy and cobwebby depths of a sub-counter closet a quart bottle which bore such marks of age as would have made the mouth of an epicurean wine bibber water with anticipated delight. The cork came out with a mighty pop, and a fine spray filled the air with mist and the aromatic fragrance of champagne.
"Try a glass of that," said the innkeeper.

as he filled two glasses with the sparkling fluid. The tourist needed no urging. "Why, that doesn't taste like cider, neither is it champagne, exactly. What do you call

"Cider."

Exprest,

"How did you make it?" "I bottled it three days ago. It was fresh, sweet, strained cider then. I put in each bottle a couple of raisins and a small lump of rock candy, and if you can find any champagne that costs less than ten cents a bottle that will beat that I will buy 1,000 cases

"I should think it could be sold in some country places for champagne?"
"I've sold a good many hundred bottles

ART ON SAFE DOORS.

A Glimpse at the Artists Who Put Oil Paintings on the Iron Boors. "There are more than 400,000 safes in use

in the United States," said a Broadway manfacturer to a reporter a few days ago, "and with a few exceptions their great iron doors are brightened with artistic designs in oil. The center of the safe painting trade is in this city. Half a dozen artists are engaged in the work. They are all men who have left the private studio and buried their identity

"One man in particular was an artist of recognized ability. His studio up town was one of the finest in the city. Rich draperies and costly bric-a-brae were on every hand. The floor was inlaid with choice woods, and valuable specimens of his handiwork greeted the visitor from the walls. A tropical sun ing us away from sure and special lines of bursting through fleecy clouds shone down from the ceiling. This man got a good start from his father, and, as I remarked, his ability was recognized; but it didn't pan out in cash. When he found a customer for a \$400 painting he lived in clover, and when the art mart was drugged and pictures went slow he found it hard work to make both ends meet. artist who lives on his name without money can do more than I can.'

"A week after that," continued the safe manufacturer, "he applied to me for work. If you want to talk with him, come with me." The reporter then went into the rear apartment and found their man at work. One was painting a scene in the Catskills on the cold black front of a 6,000 pound safe that was billed to be delivered within ten days to

a western manufacturer.

"Don't imagine," said the artist after the introduction, "that I have given up being an artist. Oh, no! I am still turning out original studies, but my work goes with the safe like the chromo with the pound of tea. We paint two six by nine landscapes in a day. Ordinarily one man lays in the ground work, another fills in the middle ground and a third adds the fore ground. We get up quite a number of designs to order. On the inner doors of that safe over there you will find a good painting of the lower falls in the Genesee. That picture is to please the fancy of a Rochester man who ordered it.

"We have several orders for the Volunteer in oil. It requires more time to paint waterscapes and boats than anything else. Every line of a crack yacht must be perfect or fault will be found with it. If a landscape happens to be a little too red or brown or green, we can account for it by saying that the green painting shows the scene in early spring and the brown in midsummer and the red in autumn. That, of course, is one of the tricks

"What do you consider the nature of your work on safes?" "We turn out work here," replied the artist after a moment's reflection, "that would sell on canvas and with frames around them for \$50. When you are moving around town be particular to observe the paintings on safe doors and see if you don't agree with me."-

New York Star.

Changes in Parisian Habits. It is curious to remark how greatly Parisian habits have changed within even the past few years, and that, too, not a little owing to nowadays, particularly riding and driving, and from 9 to 11 in the morning the Bois de Boulogne is the rendezvous of the prancers and piaffeuses, who, after their morning tob (Anglice, tub), take a drive in their boguet (Anglice, buggy) or in their speedair, which we pronounce spider. But that is a detail.

The grave thing is that these gentlemen and ladies "very selected" get up early and go to bed early, and the consequence is that they do not go to the theatre so much as formerly, and, above all, they do not care any longer about first nights. For that matter the managers of the fashionable theatres are now much exercised to know how to arrange their pro- the whole night managing the sails and washgrammes, for the Parisian dinner hour is getting later and later and the bed hour earlier and earlier. At home few people dine before of me with your nose and demand that I 7:30; at dinner parties one does not sit down shall smell over again your bouquet, I am in- to table much before 8 o'clock; what time remains for the theatre? Either one must dine exceptionally early or else arrive in the middle of the fourth act. At the Opera things are managed better. By tacit agreement some old opera is performed for the benefit of the foreigners and country cousins, and then toward 11 o'clock the ballet begins for the benefit of the subscribers, who drop in about that hour, and many of whom have never neard the overture or even the first two acts of any opera of the repertory. Nor are they any prouder or happier on that account. But still this state of affairs is unsatisfactory, and the theatrical managers feel uneasy in consequence.—Paris Cor. London World.

The Boy and the Elephant,

Many years ago one of the most famous elephants that traveled in this country was Old Columbus. During one of his summer trips through Virginia he stopped at the town of D-. In the neighboring town of H— a boy, familiarly called Dave and notorious for leadership in all kinds of misthe other boys at Old Columbus' expense, and invited several of his companions to go

Having come to the elephant's stable Dave get out of danger and enjoy Old Columbus' disgust and anger,

Unburt by his unexpected rise Dave dropped on the hay mow. The other boys below, supposing this to be the trick promised them, cried out in admiration:

"Dave, Dave, do that again!" Dave, comfortably seated out of harm's way, very earnestly answered:
"No, boys! I only do that trick once day."—Youth's Companion.

Within the last year hundreds of benevolent people were actually busy begging for canceled stamps in order to obtain admission for an old lady in a Philadelphia "home." A Germantown physician took the matter in charge, and it was understood that when the necessary 1,000,000 had been collected they were to be handed over by his wife to a friend, who was to give them to another friend, who was to give them to a third, who knew some one who would arrange with some body else for the old lady's final reception. The craze spread so far that packages of stamps arrived by every mail from New York, Washington, Chicago and Boston. Little schoolgirls and fashionable young women vied with each other in their eagerness to aid this good work, and half the requisite number had actually been scraped together before it began to dawn on people's minds that the only possible use that my "home" could make of 1,000,000 stamps would be to sell them for

old paper.

Then an enterprising Philadelphia reporter undertook to hunt up the old lady, whose name was Peterman, and having found her, "In what country town?" asked the tourist. In Now York city."—New York Mail and lips that she had so idea of going into any institution at all. - Harper's Young People. | City Journal.

A STEERAGE TRIP.

INTERESTING EXPERIENCE OF A PASSENGER WHO TRIED IT.

What the Steerage Is Like-A Bit of Rough Weather-An Aggregation of Odors-A Bed on Deck-How Meals

The berths in the steerage are not reserved; they are free, and the custom of leaving the baggage in them, denoting that they are taken, is not regarded. The usurper coolly throws out the first occupant, bedding, tins and baggage, not caring if they are injured or not, then falls asleep and does not awaken until its first possessor finds another place. Some one quietly appropriated mine and had thrown my tins in an adjoining bunk. All were found except that indispensable article, my bright iron spoon, which was either lost or taken to complete some one else's outfit. The stewards are good fellows and will give extra accomodations for a dollar or two. They will wash the tins for the small sum of 'Pve made a name,' said he one day, 'but the \$1, and will place in your berth free of mouth. I have since followed his suggestion

One of the difficulties of a steerage passenger is to dress and undress. The usual way is to hang the pants on the end of the berth, jump into them and quickly grasp hold of the planks to keep from being thrown against the sides of the boat when it makes a lurch. Another way is to kneel, but many a head was bumped against the iron beams when the person arose to fix his suspenders. Nearly all, nowever, went to bed without undressing.

The women have separate apartments in the same part of the boat, and all become acquainted in a short time. They were carrying on busy conversations, and the different languages poured out in a torrent, which never ceased except when the boat gave a lurch, and then only for a moment. Dirty faced children, with their cries and screams added to the melody of sounds. I quarreled with myself for going steerage, but it was too late. With a sigh of regret I went on deck. The water was calm and beautiful; a pleasant breeze was blowing and the ride was enjoy-

Toward night the water became rougher and the boat began to rock. Many began to experience a dizzy and unpleasant feeling, which constantly grew worse. In a short time the gentle laughter and sweet songs had suddenly changed. I looked around. There was scarcely a woman on deck, and the men had well nigh deserted it. Lemons and oranges were in demand. The bar was profitably patronized. The countenances which a few hours before were bright and happy were now pale and troubled. I paced the deck, as did many others, in the bracing air, with the hope of driving away the miserable feeling. It was in vain. I had to give up. All had stopped walking and had taken their positions at the railing and were gazing earnstly at the water. They may have been looking at the phosphorescent light, but I doubt it. We were made worse by the combined odors of carbolic acid, chlorate of lime (which was thrown around profusely), new paint, tar and grease, and other things known to those who travel on ships. These smells made me deathly sick, made me hate the

It is the sailors' duty to sweep the decks, but they ought to have extra pay, and it should be collected from the steerage passengers. The men were immoderate smokers, and the scent of bad tobacco was another disagreeable odor mixed with those that were already rendering my stomach weak. A Polish Jew carried the largest and filthiest pipe, and many times during the day and night this big bowl of intolerable scents could be seen hanging from his mouth. The sick persons slept on deck all night, dreading to go in the steerage on account of the horrible smell which pervaded it. The sailors worked ing the decks, and often the sleepers were aroused by the scrubbers' hose. The bare deck was the principal bed; mine was a coil of rope, and, notwithstanding the noise, I fell into a refreshing sleep.

The seasick people would come to the tables and try to eat, but as soon as any greasy food was taken the party sought the railing of the boat or the gutters in the steerage. Finally they took to their berths, and when the stewards came at meal times to give each his pertion, they, like some Rip Van Winkle, with shaggy beard and unkempt hair, poked their heads from their berths and shoved their plates and basins at the steward to be filled up. There they sat and ate. If the food had the wrong effect, they stretched their heads over the berth and looked at the door. Some ate and washed in the same basin, for it was too much trouble to carry a whole dinner set. The steward every morning swept out the steerage, though the agents of the steamship lines say they are washed out, and sprinkled the floor with sawdust, chloride of lime, carbolic acid, etc.

In three days the steerage passengers were all well, and when the dining bell rung every one rushed to the tables. The steward dealt out from large buckets each man's share, and chievous tricks, determined to show off before | to the credit of the steerage they behaved very well, though table etiquette seemed out of place. It is different coming to America -the class of people is so unlike. Sometimes four or five are in straight jackets at once. gave him first candy, then cake, and then The food was in good condition and well Anally cried: "Now boys!" and slipped a cooked, and every one got plenty. We were piece of tobacco in his proboscis, intending to meal and butter; for dinner, vegetable soup, boiled beef, potatoes, rice and stewed apples. But before he could move Columbus seized | Sometimes this would be changed, and on him and whirled him upward through the opening overhead against the roof of the dessert; for supper the same as for breakfast. Who cannot live on this for seven days? Many a steerage passenger fares better on the boat than he does in his own home. Formerly the steerage passenger was given his day's allowance, but he had to cook it; and this is probably the reason why many bring canned food with them, thinking they have to do their own cooking. Now, by getting on the good side of the cooks and paying them \$5, they may get almost cabin fare.

After eating all go on deck to wash their tins. The rest of the day would be spent in lounging around, sleeping on deck, playing cards and telling yarns. At night those who had any music in them would sing a few songs. They would be accompanied by a broken winded accordion or by a melanchely flute. The most respectable would join in the songs and sports of the sailors and cabin boys; and many an evening was pleasantly spent in this way. Some of them, rather than be idle, would help to do the work, and when the sails were put out many as could pulled on the ropes.

The steerage passengers get over sea sickness sooner than the cabin passengers, who have so much richer food. Some of the cabin passengers were sick the entire trip, but would come on deck the day before landing,

perhaps afraid of being quarantined.

To cross the ocean for health, it is, in my opinion, a mistake for a young man to go cabin. Because the cabin is so finely furnished that when he gets sea sick he will go to his berth, and, having some one to wait on him, he will very likely stay there during the whole voyage, whereas, the steerage being not so comfortable, and the odors not so

REMARKS OF A PHYSICIAN.

A Cure for Chapped Lips and a Study of the Cause of Wrinkles.

"As soon as the cold winds begin to blow," remarked a physician, "I am overrun with patients suffering from chapped lips. The trouble generally manifests itself in one wide cut in the middle of the lip. I used to treat such things as a laughing matter and prescribe some simple emollient, such as glycerine, for instance. But I soon found that such treatment was only a temporary remedy, for after partially healing the cut would open at the slightest exertion of the lips. The mere act of biting anything hard, laughing or yawning would make the unfortunate howl with pain. If the patient was addicted to the use of tobacco the chances were that he would have a bad lip all through the winter. In my researches for a permanent cure I ran across an old tramp printer who had rubbed against the rough side of the world all his life, and for whom every season had been a cold day. He told me that if I investigated the matter I would find that the people addicted to chapped lips were in the habit of touching them with their tongues. A sure cure, said he, is to keep your tongue in your in my practice and never knew it to fail. The rough skin of the tongue scratches the line,

"I have recently been making a study of wrinkles," continued the doctor. "It is customary to say that wrinkles come from worrying, but the truth is that most of them come from laughing. This is rather paradoxical, I must admit, but I have been only convinced after the most careful investigation. To know how to laugh is just as important as to know when to do it. If you laugh with the sides of your face the skin will work loose in time and wrinkles will form in exact accordance with what kind of a laugh you have. The man who always wears a smirk will have a series of semi-cir-

and when they have once become chapped

the least contact is enough to keep the cut

cular wrinkles covering his cheeks. When a gambler, who has been accustomed to suppressing his feelings, laughs, a deep line forms on each side of his nose and runs to the upper corner of his mouth. In time this line extends to the chin and assumes the shape of a half moon

"A cadaverous person with a waxlike skin is very apt to have two broadly marked wrinkles, one running up from the jaw and the other under the eye. These meet at right angles at the checkbone and look as though they formed a knot at the apex. The scholar's wrinkles form on his brow, while the scheming politician's come around his eyes, where they look for all the world like the spokes of a wheel. Some of the fat women who bet on horses have the most astonishing crop of wrinkles I ever saw outside of an elephant. One in particular was so strongly marked that whenever she smiled over a big win the wrinkles in each cheek would form themselves in the shape of a perfect pretzel.-New York Evening Sun.

Full Purses and Kind Hearts. It is not in human nature to be just and humane when robbed of its due experience of life's fundamental conditions, Whatever narrows a man's experience narrows his sympathies, and whatever confers on him irresponsible power tempts him to abuse it, Now, riches do both these things. Whatever exceptional experience they may provide, they certainly withdraw their owners from much that must always enter into the life of the large majority of human kind. These must always anxiously labor and be content with moderate means. Between life conditioned in this way and life free from labor and anxiety there is fixed a gulf which sympathy could hardly cross; even if it would, for it is chained on the one side by pride and

on the other by envy.
Sometimes, indeed, if a man has risen to riches by his own efforts, he may so far remember his life of poverty as to retain a certain sympathy for those whom he has left behind him in it; but this is rare, for three reasons; First, Men caring enough for riches to be willing to devote much time to the acquisition of them are usually of a somewhat low, material and unsympathetic nature. Second. In their ascent to riches, after the first few steps, they have to use other men as stepping stones, for no man, unless he have a hardens the heart and destroys sympathy. Third. Men who have made their own for tunes-self made men, as they are wisely called—have usually a great deal of respect for their maker, and a proportionate con-tempt for those who, having less cunning than themselves, have remained in the ranks of poverty. Thus it frequently happens that self made men are among the least humane of aristocrats. And the case is even worse with their children and with all persons born to wealth. These lack altogether the experience that would enable them to sympathize with the ordinary, natural human life of labor and narrow means. Raised above it, they cannot comprehend it.-Professor Thomas Davidson in The Forum.

The Clerks and the Customers, The trouble with the clerk is a superabundance of inflated ideas regarding the importance of himself and his position. Instead of filling his proper place as the servant of the public he assumes a lordly air, apes feminine talk and ways and welcomes male customers with a crushing glare. Of course there are exceptions. There are clerks in the large dry goods stores who know their place and their business, and by a remarkable coincidence they are almost confined to one nation-

ality-the Scotch. Experience has shown

many of the great dry goods houses that

Scotchmen make the best salesmen. The Americans are sometimes suffering with the big head, and besides assuming to know more than the proprietor, do not hesitate to indicate to the male customer any shortcoming that they may observe. To the women they are more polite, and it is only the preference of women for male clerks that keeps them in the business. It has been found that women can transact their business with men much more satisfactorily than with women. When a woman approaches a counter behind which a saleslady is manipulating ribbons, the chances are ten to one that the saleslady will first critically observe the wearing apparel of the customer. If it doesn't come up to the saleslady's ideas of what constitutes a proper outfit, the saleslady's nose will probably assume a crushing elevation and she will proceed to unravel the ribbons with an air that says: "I am just as good as you, if I am here."—St. Louis Repub-

The true Oriental never removes the covering from his head for any length of time. When the turban for any reason becomes oppressive indoors, he changes it for the inevitable fez, or red cap of felt with silver or silken tassel. And if this happens to be taken off from his closely shaven crown, he still adheres to an inner cap of white linen next the scalp. Not even when he prays does he attempt to show his reverence in any pleasant, he will be forced on deck, the place of our accustomed ways. Our instinctive rewhere he ought to be, -"A. L. S." in Kansa, moval of our nats as we came in was entirely

CHEAP BOOTS & SHOES

The same quality of goods 10 per cent, cheaper than any house west of the Mississippi. Will never be undersold. Call and be convinced.

ALSO REPAIRING PETER MERGES.

EMPORIUM

PARLOR SET!



BEDROOM SET !

FOR ALL CLASSES OF-

FURNITUE

Parlors, Redrooms, Dining rooms. Kitchens, Hallways and Offices,

---GO TO---

BEWAY BOECK'S.

Where a magnificent stock of Goods and Fair Prices abound.

UNDERTAKING AND EMBALMING A SPECIALTY HENRY BOECK,

CORNER MAIN AND SIXTH

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA

F. G. FRICKE & CO.,

(SUCCESSOR TO J. M. ROBERTS)

Will keep constantly on hand a full and complete stock of pure

Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils,

Wall Paper and a Full Line of

DRUGGIST'S SUNDRIES.

URE LIQUORS.

E. G. Dovey & Son.

E. G. Dovey & Son.

stepping stones, for no man, unless he have a monopoly talent, like Raphael, can rise to riches otherwise. Nearly all great fortunes are made up of profits caught in labor traps. Such using of other men solely as means leads to forgetfulness that they are ends,

We take pleasure in saying that we have the Fullest and Hand-somest line of

Fall and Winter Goods

Ever brought to this Market

and shall be pleased to show you a

Wool Dress Goods,

and Trimmings,

Hoisery and Underwear, Blankets and Comforters.

A splendid assortment of Ladies' Missses' and Childrens CLOAKS, WRAPS AND JERSEYS.

We have also added to our line of carpets some new patterns.

Floor Oil Cloths, Matts and Rugs. In men's heavy and fine boots and shoes, also in Ladies', Misses and Childrens Footgear, we have a complete line to which we INVITE your inspection. All departments Full and Complete.