

BURIALS ON THE BORDER.

SOME THAT WERE SAD AND SOME THAT WERE LAUGHABLE.

Digging a Grave for a Man Who Refused to Die—A Funeral Party Lovers the Corpses—Pathetic Story—“With Their Boots on.”

Many of the border burials were pathetic in the extreme, but connected with some of them were circumstances so unexpected that their relation almost resolves itself into a kind of humor. One of the first funerals to occur at Great Bend, Kan., was of an unrepentant gambler...

The pleasant weather was soon followed by a severe storm of snow and sleet. During the first night of the blizzard a libidinous individual, Godfrey by name, being as was his wont, in an advanced state of intoxication, lay out all night in the snow...

A few days after Godfrey's death nearly the entire male population of the settlement congregated at the combined post-office, saloon, grocery, etc., to swap stories, cut crackers and imbibe whisky.

The death of the last king of Outh deprives Calcutta of a picturesque and legendary personage. To the visitor the red and blue roof of his palace, the gardens, stocked with wild beasts and brilliant birds, his innumerable guards and attendants and the tens of thousands of pigeons that were always wheeling above the grounds seemed to embody the fantastic life of native India.

On another occasion one of the park men went inside of the rail to speak to the chimpanzee. Crowley sat quietly on the floor looking at him and thrusting his hands out to play, as was his custom.

“Oh, Mr. Crowley knows me,” was hardly out of his mouth in response before Mr. Crowley fastened his fingers upon the lapels of his coat, one on each side, and gave them such a jerk that the man was dashed violently against the bars, and the coat spun down the back like so much paper.

“In regard to what appears the most attractive in a reporter's position—the leaves and fishes—let me say, once for all, there is not a single, honest, self-respecting reporter who does not wish, from the bottom of his heart, to be abolished altogether.

“One who knew him” writes that he led a king's life to the end, though he had not more than 7,000 subjects to govern. “He held court and received legal honors, created titles nobles according to his caprice, and traveled over his grounds in a caravan, occupying at different times different country seats, like other kings.”

“I know of but one bull's eye shot. It is to carry a weight on the head. A sheepskin or other strong bag filled with twenty to eighty pounds of sand is a good weight. When engaged in your morning studies, either before or after breakfast, put this bag of sand on the head, hold your head erect, draw your chin close to your neck and walk slowly about the room, coming back, if you please, every minute or two to your book, or carrying the book as you walk. The muscles, whose duty it is to hold head and shoulders erect, are lit not with scattering shot, but with a rifle ball.

“The first burial in Cloud county was that of Mrs. Menzel and her child. This occurred in 1841. The little settlement consisted of only six houses, and there was not a lumber yard or spare piece of board worth a fig of money.

It strikes me that the four quarters of the world are blighted dollar, and the hind quarters a dollar is the only one you have left on hand.—Detroit Free Press.

CENTRAL PARK'S CHIMFANZEE.

Crowley's Destructive Propensities—Capture of a Policeman's White Gloves.

Crowley's worst quality is the irresistible propensity to destroy every object he can lay his hands on, including live animals. A dog or cat he will almost instantly tear to pieces; in fact, the sight of a small animal seems to put him into a fury. A tiny monkey brought by a lady on her shoulder made him so wild that he acted like a maniac; he threw handful after handful of sawdust all over his audience; he shook the bars of his cage with suggestive violence; he put up his lips like a trumpet and cried “Hoo! hoo!” at it; he tore around the cage in a transport, and finally he spit at it.

This lamentable destructive tendency demands a strong guard rail before the cage at the length of Mr. Crowley's arm, for he is always ready to thrust out one of those long, sinewy members and snatch at hat, parasol, or anything he can reach; once in his clutches it is lost. A park policeman stood one day talking to him, inside the rail by virtue of his office. Crowley sat on the floor close by the bars, absorbed in contemplation of his brand new white gloves. Very gently he pulled the tips of the fingers one after the other, quietly loosening them, till suddenly, like a flash, he snatched it off and bounded to the back of his cage. In vain the hapless policeman commanded and coaxed, begged and threatened. Mr. Crowley, entirely unmoved, sat calmly down to enjoy his prize. First he put it on his hand, using his teeth to hold, then held it up for the audience to see, with every finger spread, grinning with delight. But not being able to arrange it to his satisfaction he tore it to strings, and passed a happy fifteen minutes well reducing it to its primitive state of thread, holding one part in the hand of the thief—the monkey's convenient pocket—while he worked on another.

On another occasion one of the park men went inside of the rail to speak to the chimpanzee. Crowley sat quietly on the floor looking at him and thrusting his hands out to play, as was his custom.

“Look out, there!” warned the keeper. “Oh, Mr. Crowley knows me,” was hardly out of his mouth in response before Mr. Crowley fastened his fingers upon the lapels of his coat, one on each side, and gave them such a jerk that the man was dashed violently against the bars, and the coat spun down the back like so much paper.

An East Indian Sybarite.

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NEWSPAPER WORK.

WHAT IS SAID OF IT BY A MAN OF EXPERIENCE.

A Young Man Apt to Be Disappointed in Editorial Work—The Duties of a Reporter—Hours of Labor—Behind the Scenes.

William Schachtel, whose connection with the press of Ultra has been long and honorable, made an address before the N. M. U. A. in that city last week on “Newspaper Work.” Mr. Schachtel said: “The young man about entering journalism as an editorial writer is apt to be greatly disappointed when he finds that the rule by which he must judge is the broad, liberal and impartial one of the world, rather than the narrow and sometimes biased opinion. But, you say, an editor should surely have the courage to express his convictions. Granted, and there is not an editor living who will say that he does not hold the opinions expressed in his editorials; but if the truth were known it would be found that his individual and private opinion is far in advance of that which he expresses in print. Many editorials are so remarkable for what they omit as for what they actually do say. Journalism is not the only field, however, whose toilers are often ‘wise as serpents and harmless as doves,’ and who temper principle with policy.

“The duties of a reporter are simply clerical. He is to make a clear, true statement of what facts he finds, and in many cases out of ten it is as devoid of comment as a frog is of hair. Comment and the editorial ‘we’ are the prerogatives of an editor, and it is better so, as reporters have responsibilities enough without it.

“Another fact which is not a pleasing revelation to a young reporter is that his time is never his own. He does not work a given number of hours, or regular hours, as is the case in almost every other branch of industry. If occasion requires it, he must work twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four, and be ready to repeat it the next day. The work of reporting is regular only in its irregularity. Regular hours for meals or for sleep must be discarded, and often to suit the necessities of justice. Many can not stand the physical strain, while many others give up and seek work in other fields. On the morning papers, as a rule, the reporters rise at noon, go to work at 1:30 or 2 p. m., work until dinner time, which is any time before 8 p. m., returning to work immediately afterward, and continuing until 2:30 or 3 a. m., when the paper goes to press, then writing letters to correspondents and laying out for the next day. Dinner consists of a cold lunch intended to be eaten at midnight, but often never touched until the day's work is done. If lucky, the reporter gets to bed at 5 a. m., to sleep till noon, then repeat the same programme.

“In regard to what appears the most attractive in a reporter's position—the leaves and fishes—let me say, once for all, there is not a single, honest, self-respecting reporter who does not wish, from the bottom of his heart, to be abolished altogether. To be freely admitted to a dramatic entertainment in consideration of the fact that you write a notice for it, may seem a high privilege to some; yet even such social nature can understand that in a case where the reporter knows beforehand that the entertainment will be inferior or not suited to his taste, the duty of attending becomes a punishment. He attends and does his work, but with no more enjoyment than the hired singers at a funeral, the musicians at the ball or the waiters at the banquet. It is a matter of business; that is all. As a means of earning a livelihood newspaper work is far less remunerative than is generally believed. It is very galling to many newspaper writers, editors and reporters, to know that they are working for less money than the composers who put their articles in type.

“From the facts thus given in regard to newspaper work it would appear anything but attractive or remunerative, yet that it has substantial charms cannot be denied. ‘Knowledge is power,’ and there is great satisfaction in newspaper work, because one adds to his stock of knowledge every day. From continued experience and habits of close observation a reporter comes to see things as they are from the inside, from behind the scenes, and not as they appear to the world outside. Life's tragedy and comedy he sees mingled about him every day, and his work is made interesting by its contrasts, which are often startling. Many things which he prints may be interesting, but the things he does not print would often be more so.”—Auburn (N. Y.) Dispatch.

A Sweet Revenge. If anecdotes of princes are considered readable, no matter how mild, why may I not tell one concerning John Jacob Astor the Fourth, who has just come into society from college. It is absolutely true, if not thrilling. When he was an archon, his mother one evening was having a swell party at the house. At an early stage of the proceedings the maternal mandate went forth: “Now, Johnnie, go upstairs and stay there. This is no place for you. Your turn will come by and by, and then you will have a good time of your own.” John was outwardly calm, but inwardly seething as he tenderly embraced the authority of his being, and repaired upward.

A half hour later found him sliding down the banisters on his way to the basement. Here lay a shapely basket of onions. It was but the work of an instant to bring forth the trusty jackknife. Ten minutes later various chunks and layers of the savory esculent were frying in their own fat amid the hot pipes that lead to the parlor. “What! What on earth! And where? Delicate self control marked the demeanor of those who ‘smelt something.’” Then came sudden leave taking. A discomfited hostess merged into a wrathful mistress, and servants went with dismay in the fruitless hunt for the small, round high and low arrangements. The house smelt to heaven, while young Johnnie held his robust little stomach with both hands like the young colera victims. The gray dawn found him reclining gently on his forehead stomach for a terrible squalling. Truly, his time had come sooner than was expected, but he was heard to remark, at the worst stages, that he was ‘gladly’ to be laid high out first.”—New York Letter.

A VENEZUELA COUNTRY INN.

Airy Rooms with Stone Floors—Bats as Room Mates—Earfables.

The usual country inn all over Venezuela reminds me of those of Mexico, Spain and even northern Africa, for the Moors introduced their mode of living and traveling into Spain, and the Spaniards adopted it for their own country as well as for the colonies, which they founded only a few years after the downfall of the Moors. All these posadas, or fondas, or fondas, are built in square shape, with an interior courtyard, frequently adorned with flower beds and palm trees and surrounded by galleries. The traveler, after descending from his horse, is usually shown to one of the few large, airy rooms, with stone floor and high ceilings, in which three or four folding beds, consisting of a piece of canvas stretched over a wooden frame, and probably one or two chairs, are the only pieces of furniture. In larger towns of 6,000 to 8,000 inhabitants there will be even a wash table, but its presence is not insisted upon by the weary traveler, who can well do his washing in the river or the aqueduct.

Sometimes one room has to be shared with two or three fellow travelers, invariably men, for I stopped at posadas where female travelers have not been seen for years. There are, of course, no glass windows in any of the country “hotels,” but the windows are barred with heavy iron gratings and wooden staves. On convenient places under the ceiling there are iron hooks and rings, for the wealthier traveler frequently carries his own hammock, on which, suspended across the room, he prefers to pass the nights sheltered against the attacks of mosquitoes, scorpions or minor bloodsucking things, but without defense against bats, some of which are very large. I did not sleep in many rooms without a few bats as room mates. Even in private houses on the coast the bats are so plentiful they fitted about the room. When my face got up, and striking a shot, drove them out of the window; but they invariably returned, without, however, ever settling down on my face.

One might be able to keep snoring fellow travelers out of the room by engaging all the beds, but sometimes, when guests are numerous and accommodations scanty, one cannot help sharing the room with them. The all-muerto and the comina are not the best, but there are always eggs, chicken, salad and coffee to be had, while in the larger towns red wine is included in the meals and not paid for extra. The reader will probably not be tempted to undertake any travels in Venezuela, but I must confess that I found some in many countries with the reputation of being far more civilized than our sister Venezuela. Travelers, after riding for hours, and after day, searching for beds, are usually so tired that they will sleep anywhere and so hungry that they will eat anything. As a precaution against accidents I invariably carried a bottle of brandy and a few tablets of chocolate along.—E. De Hervey-Warley.

As Bad as Living in a Flat.

The wife of a western congressman, quite well known in the house, lives in a small apartment, and in the dining room—she has three rooms in all—is a curious looking settle, or sofa, which has often attracted the attention of her visitors. It looks like a large box covered with antique Indian cloth. It has figures and plenty of gold thread running through it, and the top is tuft, and makes a rather soft seat. She had some guests to tea the other evening, and one of them remained later than the others. The guest was seated on the sofa, sipping a glass of wine, talking to the congressman and his wife, when the door suddenly opened and an apparition appeared on the threshold. It was the five-year-old child of the member from the west. The boy was arrayed in his night clothes, and carried over one arm a rough bath towel, while under the other he had snugly tucked away a large sponge. In one hand he held a cake of soap, and the other hand grasped the knob of the door. His mother gave an exclamation of surprise when she beheld him, but before she could say anything the infant terrible shouted out: “Isay, Mr. Jones,” thus addressing the stranger, “how much longer are you going to stay? I have been waiting here for the last hour for you to go home, so I can take my bath. Do you know you are sitting on the bath tub, and I cannot get in until you go home.”

The scene that followed can be imagined. The gentleman soon after left. The boy, being in very convenient costume, had a sound spanking, while his mother lifted the top off the curious looking sofa and displayed inside the zinc lined bath tub, spigots and all complete. The guest gave the joke away, and now the member swears that next time he certainly will hire a horse if it takes all his salary. He has had enough of this mechanical furniture, and especially bath tubs hidden in sofas.—Baltimore American.

Three Phases of Human Nature.

I happened to be witness to an accident a few days ago, which gave an interesting exhibition of two or three phases of human nature. The car was so well filled that several women were left standing, holding on by the straps, apparently, as my friend the Cynic contended, in this mode of transit, to the delay of waiting for a car with seat room. One of these women, failing to attract the notice of the conductor at the place where she wished to be set down, herself reached for the bell rope, and of course pulled the cord of the register. The clang of the gong, carrying in its tone a sensibleness of nickels dropping from his own pocket into the treasury of the company, started the conductor out of his self-possession, and he dashed inside, upridding the careless passenger, representing himself as injured, and demanding repayment as a condition of stopping the car. But the recording angel, as I may be permitted to call the woman, was quick to comprehend the advantage of her position, and when the conductor insisted upon reimbursement because “the woman had to pay it,” reached again for the cord with an expression of wrathful scorn: “Well, then, pay that! and that! and that!” as she quickly “rang in” these more fares for the assaulted man. “There, now!” she ejaculated with satisfaction, as she made her way to the platform.—Boston Post.

At Central Park.

A portly lady endeavored to skate on the ice at Central park, but she suddenly sat down, making a noise like an iron safe dropping from a sixth story window. A gentleman ran to her assistance, and as he helped her to her feet he remarked: “I presume you are skating for the first time.” “No, for the last time,” replied the disgraced female.—Texas Sitings.

The Health Map.

The latest fact in England is the health map. It is simply a diagram of the body of the body, with directions how to exercise these which one's particular habit of life neglects. The various parts of the body are divided into groups. Group five relates to “feet feet.” The exercises prescribed would be of great benefit. I would think, to those who were invariably late for a card table when they have won a stake.—New York Star.

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