

TAMING SAVAGE ANIMALS.

How Cruelty, Skill and Science are Combined to Subdue Wild Beasts.

The king of beasts when conquered is like a lamb, and the young lions are trained one at a time. For several days the animal is well fed. He is tempted to thrust his forepaw out in front of the den. Over this is slipped a noose, and the feet are then firmly tied down. The lion at once begins to roar and thrash his tail and hind legs about the cage. After a time he quiets down and the keeper enters the den. With a dexterous movement the lag is drawn over the lion's head. The keeper sometimes bestrides his back and holds his seat by tightening his legs around the body and grasping the mane of the animal. In the hour covering is usually a sponge, saturated with about eight ounces of chloroform.

The lion will try to shake off the keeper, but is powerless when his forepaws are tied down. In a moment or two the beast becomes unconscious. Other trainers then enter the den. Great attention and care are exercised over the pulsations of the lion's heart. The pulse is felt under the lower jaw the same as in a horse. It is dangerous to chloroform or chloroform an animal of the cat species too severely, and the instant the pulsations become at all feeble the dose has to be lightened.

When the keeper becomes satisfied that the animal is unconscious, they begin operations on its teeth. The canines, biphyrid and falciform are cut off. It requires great dexterity to know how far in the crown of the crown, without touching the nerve. After the operations on the teeth are finished the keeper clips the claws, and in a few moments the lion is bereft of his teeth and claws. A heavy collar and chain are fastened around his neck, and when he becomes to consciousness he is a very different beast than before.

The keepers will enter the cage at short intervals after this, and should the lion attempt to gnaw the chain restrain him, and the keeper at once administers a sharp rap with a rawhide whip. The lion deprived of his teeth and claws soon becomes docile. He is kept well fed, and, if too ferocious, is obliged until he becomes used to his keeper's presence in the cage.

Tigers are more difficult to conquer. Their teeth and claws are cut off in a similar manner to those of the lion. Tigers are more treacherous, and will spring at a keeper unexpectedly and without any warning whatever. They are dragged and kept chained for a long time and often flogged into submission.

Leopards and panthers are easily tamed. With the wolf and the hyena the keepers fear only the teeth. They are "dog-footed" and do not strike like a cat animal. Their teeth are cut and a good club will do the rest.

The operation upon the long tusks of the baboon is so painful and apparently so inhuman as to call for a humane society's interference. The keepers will secure a baboon's paws and legs and draw the creature close up to the bars of his cage. The head will be tied also. After he is made fast his long tusks are sawed off. The baboon is subject to toothache and his teeth are usually sore.

Counter Jugglers of Havana. Many jugglers here are clad only in patent leather gaiters, with hose and pure linen trousers and shirts; but these are the spots. Indeed, the jugglers' dress is the cleanest people regarding their dress I ever saw. The jugglers will lead masses on a road a whole week and you can hardly find a single white spot when they start to lead masses. Somehow you seem of people is not offended when you see such boys, grand boys and helpers of all ages in the light, lightly woven cotton shirts, and in any breeches and slippers. Often, too, for a change, here will stand three or four negroes, packers or boxers or something of the sort, with bare feet, and with trousers held by a gny strap, and with naked, gleaming waists, arms and shoulders. But they all fit remarkably into these shop scenes, and readily admit of any but an occasional visitor out of these few wonderful American jugglers who are naturally horrified.—Edgar L. Wakeman's Letter.

Japanese Sacred Nuts. A quantity of Japanese sacred nuts, the first ever brought to this country, has lately been received at a Broadway fruit store. They are called sacred from the fact that they are used in certain forms of Japanese worship. The nuts are placed on the altar and ignited. They burn with a bluish flame and give off a peculiar odor. They are rich in oil, and the fumes are supposed to rise as incense to the gods. They grow under water, have a leaf like a pond lily, and are shaped like a steer's head, with two projecting horns. This resemblance is so great that it is difficult to believe that they are not carved. In the raw state they are hard and tasteless, but when cooked they have the flavor of boiled chestnuts. They retain their qualities ten or fifteen years, and are fit for food when even twenty years old.—New York Mail and Express.

FLOWERS OF THE SNOW.

What Schwatka Found Blooming in the Arctic Regions.

An English botanist estimates that the tropics have from 40,000 to 50,000 species of plants, the north temperature zone about 20,000 species, and the Arctic gives about or less than 1,000, with some 2,000 among the Alpine flora, or about 3,000 species enjoying an Arctic climate. Small as this cold weather class is, it amounts to more than most people give it credit for having, the popular opinion being that the polar regions and snow clad mountain tops are practically devoid of vegetation. It is singular, too, that while there are 762 kinds of flowers in the Arctic regions, within the Antarctic circle a flowering plant has never yet been found. Everything is against plant life at that end of the earth's axis.

The weather is more severe throughout the year, and there are few tracts of land of great extent on which plant life can flourish; and we have already seen that it is well inland on large land areas where such life flourishes the best in the Arctic, where it can absorb some of the little heat that is coming down, without being chilled to death by contiguous ice fields.

But of these 762 kinds of flowering plants in the Arctic, only some 50 of them, as far as we know, or about one-fiftieth, are wholly residents of that zone. Thus it is seen that a nival or Alpine flora, as compared with that of the Arctic, is a much more distinctive one, or has more species wholly its own in proportion to the total number found. The polar flowers seldom have any perfume, and the few that exhibit this delightful quality, however feeble, are, I think, from that class that have crept over the cold border marked by the Arctic Circle; or, in short, none of the fifty mentioned—Esquimaux flowers, we might call them, in a popular way—have any appreciable odor.

The color of these boreal blossoms are generally of the cold tints, as if in harmony with the chilly surroundings, instead of the warm hues that would break in upon the desolation with double effect by sheer contrast where so few cheering sights are to be seen. White and light yellow predominate, and these colors seem associated with frosts and cold weather, for it appears that those flowers we call "everlastings," and which are the longest to defy the nippings of the coming winter weather, are mostly tinted like the northern snows and yellow northern lights. It is in the depths of Old Ocean that we find some of the largest expressions of plant life in the polar zone. Here, within a short distance of shore, are colossal kelps and other life that grow throughout the year; of course, vegetating the most in the short summer months.

Land plants, as already said, are pigmies compared with those of the sea, or even the corresponding class in the lower latitudes, and this dwarfed condition, a naturalist tells us, is not due so much to the intense cold in the Arctic winter as to the fact they do not get enough warmth in summer to develop them properly. Dr. Joseph Hooper mentions it as a rare property of one of the graminaceae (the grasses), *Trisetum Subspicatum*, that it is the only polar species known which is equally an inhabitant of the Arctic and Antarctic regions.

Nearly all of the plants of these cold countries are of the biennial or perennial sorts, as the season is too short to give annuals the whole length of time they demand for the maturing of their fruit to insure the next season's growth. These perennials act like our hardy spring flora, by rapidly pushing their growth before the snow is all off the ground and with the very first cessation of the vernal cold. I have seen flowers in bloom so close to the snow on King William's land that I think the foot could be put down and have an impression on the edge of the snow and crush the flower at the same spot; while Middendorf, a Siberian traveler of note, says that he has seen a rhododendron in that country in full flower.

It is hardly to be expected that any useful or cultivated plants should be found within the limits of the frigid zones, and yet both are known in this unexpected locality. There is the scurvy grass, a rough cruciferous plant that is famous for the good it has done among explorers in that rough climate in contending with the terrible disease which has given it its distinctive name. Barley is grown in good crops as high as Alten, in Norway, in latitude 76 degs, north, or about 250 miles above the Arctic circle. It is June, July and August in growing, and the rapidity of this polar growth, under a never setting sun may be plainly shown by stating that these barley stalks have been known to grow two and a half inches in twenty-four hours. Where the heat is held by little valleys this Norwegian barley may, in favorable seasons, be ready to cut in about two months after sowing; and thus two crops secured in one summer; just as California brags of its two crops of certain growths in one season. But what would California think of bleak Norway as a competitor in raising three crops on the same piece of ground in one year? There is a tradition in the province of Thelemarken—the place from whence comes the celebrated snowshoe men of Norway—that a certain farm known as the Triset gets the first syllable, tri (three), from the three crops once reaped on the land in one season. Rice, which is not so hardy, is cultivated in Norway for 150 to 200 miles above the Arctic circle, and even in Sweden it is carried up to that line. Barley was raised in Iceland from 870 to 1400, and then abandoned for more profitable cattle raising, but is again being cultivated to avoid famines which are sweeping that land.—Lieut. Schwatka in Woman.

Bones of the Aged. An English chemist has shown that the brittleness of the bones of the aged is not due, as is generally supposed, to an increase of the proportion of mineral salts with advancing years. From a section of the femur of fifty subjects of different ages, no difference in the proportion of ash could be determined.—Boston Budget.

A French writer states that not one of the sovereigns of Europe is a native of the country over which he rules, or at least he belongs to a family that did not have its origin in that country.—Foreign Letter.

TWO.

Allegedly, swiftly, riding with me, Stirrup to stirrup, and stride for stride, If I stretch out my hand in the night, by my side, I touch him, steadily, silently, With his withered face and his misery, By the firmest and bitterest bond allied, That never a love nor a hate can divide, Riding with me.

Across the land, and from sea to sea, Flashing and plunging through many rivers, Recklessly, wearily, desperately, Ban nor blessing, nor thing that severs, Can sever the tie, twist him and me. Out of the night and into the day, From season to season, from year to year, What does it matter where leads the way? There is nothing further to heed nor fear; There is nothing to hope in the time to be, As I gallop in silence to-night, by my side, Stirrup to stirrup, and stride for stride, He rides with me.

As I ride with thee, shall I ride with thee, With my withered face, and my misery, Stirrup to stirrup, and stride for stride, The cross, and the lock and the priest defied, Through time, and death, and eternity, No days that breed, nor years that kill, Nor prayer, nor tear of souls that be, Fast the swift river of good or ill, Shall sever the bonds that hold me, tied By deed and by will of thy own to thy side, Stirrup to stirrup, and stride for stride, Steadily, steadily, silently, I shall ride with thee, P. V. Black in Overland Monthly.

Good Horses in Bad Hands. A Boston writer tells a nice story about how he found among the wretched, bedraggled horses of the fish peddlers a faultless saddle mare. It is possible for the most excellent and most lovable animals to fall into the hands of brutal masters, and die "unhonored and unused." But good care and skillful handling would restore many such. If the story puts hundreds of kindly people on the watch to rescue neglected pets from the crowds of animals that drudge about our city streets, with all the spirit of a noble horse beaten out by beetle-headed owners, it will fulfill the evident object of the writer.—Globe-Democrat.

Railway Station in Russia. The tracks of all the roads leading from the country palaces to the capital, over which the czar may travel, are patrolled by soldiers, and one can see tents all along the line at intervals of a few hundred yards. This precaution is made necessary by the many attempts that have been made to wreck trains on which members of the imperial family have been or have been supposed to be passengers. There was one terrible danger from this source which will never be forgotten, as well as several escapes from lesser peril.—William Eleroy Curtis in Chicago News.

The Strength of Wood. In a paper on the strength of different kinds of wood for building purposes, Professor Johnson calls attention to the fact, as now demonstrated, that many cheaper kinds of timber may prove more valuable for structures than more expensive varieties, which have been supposed to be stronger, and, therefore, more desirable. Thus, pine supports or pillars have been found stronger than oak ones, when tested in large samples.—New York Sun.

Kind to Contributors. The Century is very nice in its methods with its contributors, both active and would be. It notifies them immediately of the receipt of their manuscript, giving it a number to be used in future communications pertaining thereto. This is done nowhere else in this country. Then, in about six weeks a decision is reached, and if accepted the article is paid for. All the monthlies and weeklies of standing pay for their matter on acceptance. New York Graphic.

A Bad Dream. "What can be more depressing than a terrible dream?" "I will tell you what is more depressing; it is to have a pleasant, delightful dream and wake up to find that it is nothing but a dream." "Have you ever been there?" "Just the other night. I'll never forget the anguish I felt when I woke." "What did you dream?" "That my room rent was paid a month in advance."—Nebraska State Journal.

Cleared Money on It. A Missouri farmer recently learned that the grand jury was about to indict him for working on Sunday. He didn't try to evade the charge, but, on the contrary, had his four sons summoned as witnesses against him. He was fined \$1 and costs, a total of \$5. But as the mileage and witness fees of his sons amounted to \$10.40, the family cleared \$5.40 on the transaction.—New York Tribune.

Scorpions as Food. An English traveler told a Balize (Honduras) newspaper man that he had eaten a "scorpion pie" while in Mexico, and that he liked it. The natives told him that young scorpions were frequently utilized for food for the lower classes, who dig them from their nests in hundreds, remove the sting and make omelets of them.—New York Evening World.

An Able Prophet Effort. Country Minister (to deacon)—So you think, Brother Jones, that my sermon this morning was an abler effort than that of last Sabbath? Deacon—Yes, I do, dominie. Ye see, I timed 'em both, an' today's was nigh on to fifteen minutes shorter.—Philip H. Welch in The Epoch.

Magnifying Glasses. Magnifying glasses seem to have been known in the time of Confucius, the great Chinese philosopher, who died 478 B. C., for he wrote: "As we use a glass to examine the forms of things, so must we study antiquity to understand the present."—Arkansas Traveler.

Melting Wrought Iron. The temperature necessary to melt wrought iron lies between 4,000 and 5,000 degs. Fahrenheit, and even at that tremendous heat wrought iron is only rendered fluid by the addition of a small amount of aluminum.—Chicago Times.

THE PARKS OF HAVANA.

The Whole City is a Fairland by Night. A Great Outdoor Parlor.

All Havana is in the parks or cafes or on the housetops at night. As the sun goes down it seems as though from every quarter come thousands for the nightly outing. The streets, plazas and cafes dazzle with light flaring from the quaintest of burners and frames, and the brilliant colored glass, so universally and richly used in decoration, adds a beauty and charm to countless pleasing scenes. There is music everywhere. Here in a half light, richly decorated balcony is a group of men and women chatting in low, musical tones, or listening to sweet notes of the guitar. In this orchestra, with a court filled with rich lights, plants, flowers, and quaint corridors behind, in an almost oriental background, are perhaps several families seated half out upon the street, and among them somewhere upon the housetops, among luxuriant gardens, are merry crowds singing, playing or dancing. The half lights of the night hide and reveal. Sound and light and shadow mingle until the ear and sight are ravished by what is heard and seen, and what is listened for and heard in thought. Melody in word, laugh and song, and from musical instruments of every nature and in every place—nothing loud and sonorous, but everything soft and dreamful—pulses in harmonious chords above and over and through the streets.

The whole city is a fairland by night. It is the more bewildering to the beholder, because there are in it omniscience and omniscience that make melody and gaiety not only with the well conditioned, but as truly within the grimy walls of the charcoal man's little stall; down at the waterside among the swartly boteros; over there in Regla with the toil scoured stevedores and lancheros; up Balquarte, way among the labor bent lavenderers; and in every old and moldy corner where human life lasts in layers, it lights up all with a face as free of care as if ever unknown. All this comes to you, and you know the fact. You leave those who like to quarrel over the involved ethics. But all this time, when an entire great city has suddenly resolved itself into a vast pleasure garden, so completely that its influence seems even to have touched and transformed, without exception, the direct conditions, the gayer and more restless elements swarm the pasos and plazas, and no European city presents more brilliant scenes. But in this one city of the world, this single rich blossom of the tropics, all its people, in these hours, are pleasure givers and pleasure receivers, and that, too, whatever the individual condition. There is none so high and haughty, or low and listless, as to think, or dare, refusal of this individual concession, or gift of word and way, to this universal something we would be quick to call among our good selves true evidence of true lightheartedness and joy. I do not believe the world has elsewhere such a condition and study.

In these nightly carnivals fully 10,000 equipages, filled with richly attired and merry occupants, may be seen. During the early evening the favorite drive is along Calle Ancha del Norte, by the sea. Later the Calzada de la Reina and the Paseo del Tacon are sought. As the night advances the great center of this brilliant life and luxurious activity is in the vicinity of the larger city parks, to which the pasos and the Prado lead, where military bands discourse the lively or sensuous airs of Spain. Here throng hosts of pedestrians; but, instead of the rudeness and clamor usual in such encounters in other cities, every frequenter of the locality only intensifies the everywhere manifest chivalrous courtesy and charming consideration that so distinguish them. It is as though here were a marvellous reception of the courtier of men and women. Indeed, it is the great outdoor parlor of a great city, where every city is a noble guest. In the pauses of the music promenading in continuous. It would not then be uncommon for you to see at one time, and in the one place on the globe where that is possible, 10,000 women of surpassing beauty, of wonderful winsomeness of marvelous grace. It is not until some time after midnight that the crowds seem to diminish; for at some hour of the evening every gentleman and every senora and senorita in the city makes it a social obligation or pleasure to be present. But from midnight until morning, by an unwritten law, the parks and pasos are in possession of less dense gatherings, though an intense and far more questionable character of pleasure seekers.—Edgar L. Wakeman in New York Mail and Express.

Cloth Made Non-Inflammable. The usefulness of tungstate of soda in imparting the quality of non-inflammability to various materials is now largely utilized. Cloth, when soaked in a solution of this kind, say of 20 per cent., and allowed to dry, will not burst into a flame when brought into contact with the fire, the simple effect of the latter being to cause the cloth to slowly carbonize or smolder. In preparing linen and light muslin garments in this manner the solution is usually mixed with the starch, and the addition of about 3 per cent. of phosphate of soda to the tungstate is also said to be an improvement. Wood can be treated in a similar manner, but it is rather an expensive process when undertaken on a considerable scale, and as it does not render the wood really incombustible, is not important.—New York Sun.

A Dentist's Testimony. "What has been your experience, doctor, as to the effect of gas upon your different patients?" asked a gentleman of a well known dentist in this city. "I have invariably found," responded the doctor, "that if the parties partaking are professional people they will in their unconscionable state call out things that relate to their profession. For instance, not a great while ago, a celebrated baritone of one of our opera companies, while under the influence, sang two or three bars of his part, and again one of our auctioneers, while in the same state, shouted that if the people did not bid any faster bids would be closed. This you will find is the usual case with all, and if you have any secret you wish to keep clear of the gas or you will surely betray it."—Philadelphia Call.

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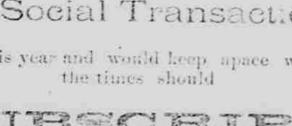
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