THE DAILY HERALD, FLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1888.

TWO POINTS OF WARNING

SUGGESTED IN CONNECTION WITH LOUISA M. ALCOTT'S CAREER.

Why Was So Valuable a Life Cut Off So Early?-Excess of Toil-Expenditures and Income-The Perils of Abundant Work.

It is rare to see a woman who, if tried by her own standard and that of those immediately around her, has led a nobler or more completely satisfactory life than Louisa Alcott. But since we ought never to be satisfied either with ourselves or with anybody else, and since one of the chief uses of the study of fine character is to discover wherein it could be yet finer, there is always a lesson to be drawn from the very limitations of each career. The finest thought ever expressed by Howells, I think, is where he suggests that success itself may perhaps seem very much like failure, seen from the inside; and there are few emi-nent persons, probably, so sunk in conceit that they could not afford to others certain warnings as well as examples from their own achievements. The obituaries usually miss such warnings; indeed, they are apt to turn expressly away from them and think it a little ungenerous to draw them, the consequence being that such obituaries are as valueless as an inscription on a monument, and, like that, reduce all character to a level of commonplace and conventional virtue. There are, perhaps, but two points of warning, or even of limitation, that need to be suggested in connection with Miss Alcott's brilliant career, but each of these is of some weight.

First it is fair to ask why this valuable life was cut off so early-at 55 instead of 88, this last being her father's term of years Was it not because she burned the candle too desperately, while his burned calmly and at times even feebly? Of late years she has suffered repeatedly, it is stated, from nervous prostration and other disorders coming from excess of work. She never had any leisure; she was always overworked. Grant that this evil came largely from those exacting demands of admirers and correspondents which have been more than once pointed out in these columns, and which make it often hard for a really useful life to prolong itself.

But I suspect there was another reason, which seldom fails to tell upon successful authors. The late Mr. James T. Fields once told me that he asked Charles Reade, when at the height of his fame, "Why do you give us no more of those delightful shorter tales like 'Peg Woffington' and 'Christie Johnstone,' on which your fame was first founded?" "Because," said Reade, simply, "I cannot now afford it." When he was comparatively poor and unknown he could write masterpieces; when he had achieved fame and fortune, and acquired the habits that come with these, he no longer had the leisure to write them. It is the same with health, time, and life itself. The young girl who earns \$5 by her first published story has an immense sense of wealth; let her cherish it, for she will probably never feel so rich again. As a rule, if you earn \$500 a year, you spend it; if you earn \$5,000 a year, your standard of expenditures almost invariably expands to match it; and for the most part, the more money one earns, the harder it is to take a vacation. This applies to those who spend money selfishly, but it applies with tenfold force to those who are generous. When the writer was planning in the autumn of 1861 to enlist a regiment for the civil war, it occurred to him to invite the celebrated John B. Gough to go as chaplain, since his personal magnetism and eloquence, although he was not a clergyman, would be felt through the whole Union army. On inquiry it turned out that Mr. Gough was absolutely fettered by his own large earnings and profuse charities, he could easily earn \$50 or \$100 a day the year round by lecturing; but all this large income was mortgaged in advance to young men whom he was educating and poor families whom he was supporting, so that he absolutely could not afford to stop work for a moment. Had he been poorer, he could have gone. So when one reads of Miss Alcott's coming into the office of 'The Woman's Journal, and bringing \$100 that she had earned before breakfast one is led to ask whether it would not have been better not to have earned it than to give it away so lavishly as to have to go to work after breakfast for another \$100, instead of taking a day off and letting the tired brain rest. It is the last lesson ever learned by writers and artists to be wisely economical of themselves, and to spare the sources from which prosperity and usefulness too easily flow. The other lesson goes deeper. Miss Alcott's intellectual work itself found a limitation in its grade by reason of its ready abundance. She had the ear of her public; she was, as was said of her, "a benefactor of households," and perhaps she did-it is impossible to prove the contrary-the very highest work of which she was capable. But it was not very high or very permanent; she never equaled her first successful work of fiction, and for the rest of her life, as in the case of Bret Harte, she simply repeated the same few delineations. They were, of children. Then the accomplice put his head course, more innocent and healthful than on the block and begged P, to cut it off, P. Harte's, but they were as monotonous; children, doubtless, continued to cry for them, but no maturer reader-at least none familiar with literature-cared to keep the run of them. Her muse was domestic, simple and sociable; the instinct of art she never had. It is difficult to imagine her as pondering a situation . deeply, still less as concerning herself about phrase or diction. In this she was curiously unlike Helen Jackson, who was an artist by nature and by habit, and who was able to write "Ramona" so rapidly that it seemed an improvisation, because she had learned the use of her tools before.-T. W. Higginson in Harper's Bazar.

RUSSIAN FANATICISM.

HORRIBLE THINGS DONE BY CER-TAIN PEASANT RELIGIONISTS.

A Fanatic Who Preached the End of the World and Advocated Suicide by Starvation-A Mad Band-The Jumpers a

Less Barmful Sect.

Not all the fanaticism of Russia goes into political and nihilistic agitation, if the statements made in a recent article in an English review by M. N. Tsakni have a reasonable foundation in truth.

In the province of Perm, beyond the Kama twenty years ago, he says, there was in the depths of the forests an educated peasant, Khodkine, passionately addicted to reading, and spending most of his time over religious books, which he expounded in his own fashion. He soon convinced himself that the end of the world was at hand, and persuaded himself and a hand of followers that the only way to save their souls was to leave the world to hide in the forest, and to make an end of the life of ignominy and sin in which they were involved. His first disciples were his mother, brother, sister-in-law and uncle. "Anti-Christ is already come," he declared, "and goes to and fro in the earth. The end of the world is at hand; let us fly to the forests, bury ourselves alive, and die of hunger," and the half insane converts followed his example, a large congregation going with him into the woods, where the men set out to dig actual catacombs and the women made grave clothes. Three days were thus consumed, and then all the disciples, dressed in these clothes, three several times renounced satan and all his works This ceremony over, Khodkine said:

"Now that you have renounced satan, you must die of hunger. If you take no nourishment and drink no water for twelve days, you will enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Blindly they set themselves to follow his command. Days of intolerable agony fol lowed, and at last the tortured women and children began to cry aloud for water. Touched by the pitiful wailing of the children, some of the fanatics knelt to their chief and besought him for mercy for the little ones; but he was immovable and refused the petition, while the children writhed in agony sucking grass, chewing fern fronds, and swallowing sand. Two of the band, able to endure no longer, slipped away in the night, and Khodkine, fearful that aid might be summoned, determined to hasten matters.

"The hour is come. Are you ready?' he said.

"We are ready," they exclaimed.

Then, at his command, they began a massacre. The children were first killed and the bodies of the victims buried. Then the survivors decided to resume the fast, but the two fugitives having warned the police, about this time a body of officers was seen approaching. The madness of the fanatics reached its height, and, swearing to shed their blood for Christ, they began an indiscriminate selfslaughter. The women, and then the weakest of the men, were killed with hatchets, until finally Khodkine and three others were the sole survivors. They attempted to escape into the forest, but were captured and turned over to justice.

A few years ago, M. Tsakni says, the monk Falare enjoyed great popularity on the banks of the Voiga, and taught that the sole mode salvation for man was voluntary death. "It is impossible," he said, "to continue to live in this world immersed in sin and falsehood. We must seek safety in death; we must die for Christ." Large numbers of disciples attached themselves to this prophet of death, and one night eighty-four persons met in a cavern prepared beforehand near a river. Straw and faggots were at hand, that they might hasten death if the police should interfere. They began to fast and pray, but one woman became skeptical as to the efficacy of death as a means to salvation, and in the darkness slipped away to a neighboring village, where she gave the alarm to the author-ities. The inhabitants turned out on masse and went toward the river. Their coming was seen by a sentinel of the fanatics, who should: "Anti-Christ is coming. Fly! Let us not give ourselves up living into the hands of our chemies. The mad band set fire to the straw, and the penantt villagers endeavored to extinguish the flames. A terrible struggle followed, The police and the villagers tried to snatch the victims from the fire; but they defended themselves, wrestling with their would be saviors, throwing them aside and killing themselves with hatchets, shouting all the time, "We die for Christ!" Many of them were saved in spite of themselves, however. After these had been tried and convicted, one of the condemned, Toushkoff, escaped from prison, and himself began to propagate the religion of suicide. More than sixty persome in that same locality decided to give themselves up to voluntary death. Whole families-fathers, mothers and childrenwere included in the number. On a day fixed beforehand they met for mutual massacre in the house of cae of their number. Peasant P. entered the house of his neighbor. and, after killing bim, with his wife and children, went to the barn where the other fanntics were waiting for him with their wives, and these calmly put their heads on a block, while P. played the part of executioner. Then he went to the barn of anothers peasant woman, killed her and her kinswomen, while an accomplice killed the himself being subsequently killed by another of the band, so that in all thirty-five persons met their death in this way before a peasant woman, chancing to pass in the neighborhood, was terrified by the spectacle and ran to give the alarm. A less harmful sect existing in the Cauca sus and neighboring countries are called Pri-goony, or the "Jumpers." They have car-ried religious ecstasy to the highest point. Their principal apostle calls himself God, and teaches chiefly that, since the end of the world is at hand, all must prepare for it by repeatance and purification from past sin by confession to the elect of God. The enthusiconfession to the elect of God. The enthusi-num of the disciples is such that they leave their work and devote all their time to prayer and to listening to sermons. The principal dogma of the sect is belief in the descent of the Holy Spirit upon believers. This takes place only upon the elect during religions meetings, and continually only upon the or three persons in each meeting. upon two or three persons in each meeting. Habitually it occurs only at the end of the meeting, when all have been suitably premeeting, when all have been suitably pre-pared by prayer. The signs of the presence are usually a pallor of the face, quickened broath, then a swaying of the whole body, a rhythmic tapping with the feet, violent con-tortions and jumping, and in the end a heavy fall upon the ground. Some of the believers sway, and then, springing on the benches, begin to jump. Others fall from the benches to the floor and there remain etraceded out for an hour or more. Others the benches to the normal factor of the stretched out for an hour or more. Others march around the table with theatrical stride, shaken by bysterical sobs, and, while twirling in their places, throwing themselves about, failing on the ground, or, raising themselves again, they retain a fixed look of the groatest solemnity. At the end of the meeting the teachers and apostles embrace each other and then retire to opposite sides of the room. Then the brothers and sisters come to them successively, throw themselves on the ground three times before them and embrace them three times.—New York San

A Good Face Preparation.

The fashion of braiding the hair is not very beneficial for the hair nor the health of the child. Many little girls have had chronic headaches which were relieved as soon as the hair was left to flow loose, which is the natural manner.

Those mothers who wish their little girls to have a thick, healthy growth of haif, which will not fall when they become women, should follow these few hints, and they will find their fondest wishes gratified. First, each child should wet its hair thoroughly with cold water at the roots every morning, and then comb it out smoothly, after which it should be brushed until dry or until the scalp is warm.

Every child should have its own brush and comb, and never under any circumstances use those of another. More cases of scalp disease and dandruff have been developed by the habit of all using the same comb and brush than can be counted. If the hair is wet, combed and brushed regularly, it will remain soft and glossy. It needs no washing all over, except perhaps once a month in summer. No scap or alcohol or alkali of any kind should ever be used, as they all destroy the oily secretions which nourish the hair. dandruff.

Some authorities claim that a little age of 15, but I have seen more girls with cut, than girls who have worn their's shingled all their lives, with thick, handsome full view of the garden. hair.

In many countries the ends of the hair are singed with a candle, and there it is claimed that cutting the hair allows the pigment and other moisture to escape through the hollow hairs, and that singeing only shrivels the hair and keeps the pigment in. I can only say that those people who use that plan are not so bald as nations as we are. I think cleanliness, good brushing and no alkalis are the best means of keeping the hair perfect, and, if it is desirable, the ends could be kept even by scorching, and the hair should not be tightly braided at any time.

Children's eyebrows should always be brushed backward and their eyelashes let strictly alone, only keeping the eyes free from impurities and inflammation. They will develop better so, and there is no langer of putting out their eyes with sharp scissors, as I have seen done .-- Olive Harper.

Collecting as a Profession.

"I can do better with bad bills than anybody else," says the manager, "because I employ professional collectors. Collecting is a profession just as much as soliciting is, or the practice of medicine or law. The collector must be a diplomat, a courtier, a judge and an executioner. I have men in my employ who command big salaries because they have developed wonderful tact in this direction. To show you the difference in men, last week I gave a lot of down town bills to a new collector. After two days' work he came back without a dollar. This week my regular collector returned to work. The debtors were strangers to him, as they had been to the other man, but this collector knew his business and t'other eye" sleeve buttons, and on his right hand he one didn't. This man came back with wore a large gold ring set with a fine moonabout 50 cent. of the money. I have the stone. But although no fault could be found city divided into districts, and each collector attends strictly to his own territory. That saves unnecessary traveling. It also enables him to make frequent calls where he can get his money only on the installment plan, which is a method often pursued with poor people. "I can tell you one thing. It is not the poor people to whom money comes slowly and by hard knocks that refuse to pay their bills. They will pay when they can. It is the well to do dead beats that give us most trouble-men who could pay, but won't just as long as they can get out of anda." "Yes, very nice," assented the it. You would be surprised to hear the pasha. "Wait, I pick you some." And in a names of some of the dead beats I could trice he had filled Mrs. Ker's hands with mention to you-prominent business men and men high in official station. Lawyers are the worst. I do not mean the poor. struggling lawyers, for they cannot get extensive credit; but successful, promipent lawyers, who could pay if they would. The city is full of 'respectable' dead beats! Well, just you go into the collection busi ness and you'll find out how many there are."-Chicago Herald.

WITH ARABI PASHA.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF A ONCE FAMOUS EGYPTIAN LEADER.

Interviewed by a Journalist, the Exile Tries to "Talk English" a Little While. The Pasha's Two Shy Daughters-Sherbet and Sugar.

And now back came the turbaned peon, .inviting us to follow him to the house. As we approached the steps that led up to the veranda we saw looking down upon us from above a tall, large framed man in complete European costume, with the exception of the fez that surmounted his gray head. There was no need for me to ask who he was, for his features hore a sufficiently close resemblance to the countless portraits which made all Europe familiar with that face only a few years ago to enable me to recognize at the first glance Arabi Pasha himself.

I saluted him in French, which he speaks fluently, like most Egyptian and Turkish statesmen. But, somewhat to my surprise, he answered me in English (probably wishing to show how quickly he had learned it), Brushing and the use of a good fine comb and in English our talk was thenceforth conwill keep the scalp clean and free from | ducted. As he placed a chair for Mrs. Ker he observed politely: "I am very sorry to Some authorities claim that a little have been so late in receiving you, but I had girl's hair should be kept short until the to say my prayers first." You were quite right," answered 1; "pray, sit down," and we fine heads of hair who have never had it all three seated ourselves in the front of the veranda, at a point which commanded a

> During the conversation which followed we swere able to examine more closely the personal appearance of the m

centrated upon himself for a brief space the attention of the whole world. His complexion (especially where the cap had covered his forehead) was surprisingly fair for an Egyptian, the color of the skin being not a whit darker than that of many an Englishman after a year or two in this burning climate. His high stature and powerful frame imparted a certain dignity to his appearance at first sight which was marred on a closer in-s spection by the nerveless limpness of all his movements. The slight sternness given to his eyes by the large, overhanging eyebrows was atterly belied by the heavy placidity of the lower face, broadening toward the jaw, and framed in a short, thick, iron gray beard. To all outward appearance he might have been an English trader, a German savant, a rich heif caste-anything, in short, except what he really was. Neither in his face, bearing, nor voice was there anything to remind us that we were standing in the presence of a man who had once been the hero of a war, at whose bidding had been lavished thousands of lives and millions of treasure, and whose hand had clutched at and well nigh seized the scepter of the Pharaohs.

His appearance certainly gained nothing by his adoption of that uncomely European dress to which so many Orientals unaccountably sacrificed their own picturesque and graceful garb, always losing incalculably by the exchange. The pasha's costume consisted of a loose morning coat of light gray, white vest and shirt, fawn colored trousers, white stockings, and black leather shoes with rosettes. His cuffs were fastened with "cat'swith the clothes themselves, they were manifestly out of keeping with the man who wore them. "I'm very glad to see your garden looking so fresh and green," said I, as we beated ourselves, "for it must be very hot here just now." "Plenty hot," answered Arabi, "but much rain, too. This last week wa have rain every day-plenty rain." "So had we in the Indian ocean, and very tires of it we were. However, it keeps the tree and shrubs fresh, if it does nothing else Those are very pretty leaves that you've got growing there along the front of the versplendidly marked croton leaves, one of which had twisted itself so closely and strongly into a spiral coil that it was no casy matter to straighten it out. "Strange leaf that," said Arabi, pointing to it with the nearest approach to a laugh of which az Egyptian is capable. "He look just like 4 hair. See how he twist round." Just at that moment we caught sight of the dusky faces and sparkling eyes of two tiny girls (probably the pasha's children by Cingalese wives) who were peeping at us from behind the screen of matting that masked the doorway leading from the veranda into the house. Both seemed rather shy of us just at first, but after a little reconnoitering the elder of the two (for the younger could not be persuaded to approach) came forward and made friends with us readily enough. I twined one of the croton leaves around her black hair in a kind of fillet, and the little woman seemed considerably amused at her new decoration. "They rather frightened of stranger," observed the pasha with a smile, "and yet they see plenty of them." "Yes; I suppose you have a good many visitors here." "Yes; whenever ship come in, great many people come to see me. This morning plenty come; plenty lady come, too."



Will be one during which the subjects of national interest and importance will be strongly agitated and the election of a President will take place. The people of Cass County who would like to learn of

The Plattsmouth Herald

Political, Commercial and Social Transactions

> of this year and would keep apace with the times should

Land Good for Oranges.

A gentle Jew in the southern country wanted to sell a lot of land to an eastern man. He hit on a new scheme. He bought a couple of boxes of oranges and carted them out to this land and buried them in different parts of the ground. The eastern man wanted to see the land. "Is it good for oranges?"

"Bootiful, bootiful. You never see such bootiful land for oranges."

"Got any there?"

"Oh, yes; vy certainly."

They reached the place. There were no trees. The Jew took a spade and began digging

"I don't see any oranges," said the eastern man.

"My tear friendt, you don't understand the orange business. I has all my oranges under the ground. Them peoples as puts them out on the trees loses half their crop efery year. There they are; ain't they bootiful?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Acadian's Movable House.

It is not an unusual sight to the inhabitant of the Attakapas prairie to see a house moving along upon wheels. He may look out from his doorway in the evening before retiring and have an unobstructed view before him, but on arising next morning find a house only a few yards distant. One unaccustomed to the sight would probably think that the nights of the Arabians had returned, and Aladdin, by rubbing his wonderful lamp, had conveyed the building there? Others would know that some Acadian, tired of his homestead, perhaps, because the neighborhood had become too populous, or one who had squatted upon land that had suddenly found an owner, was seeking new quarters.

When the Acadian wishes to move his dwelling he goes to his kindred and friends, and gets each to bring over his 'work beeves'' and a pair of wheels. Two long siils are then placed under the house. The ends of each sill are chained to a pair of wheels. The beeves are hitched in front, and amid great gesticulations, chattering and popping of whips the house moves along to its destination. While the men are driving the teams along, the good women folk inside are preparing the fatted hog and Attakapas corn bread; for it will be a merry time when the house reaches its stopping place and is placed upon its resting blocks, where it is to remain until next moving time.-Beverly B. Garrison in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Care of the Hair.

But when ladies are past the age when the wrinkles are only suspected the following is good to use:

Turpentine, 36 drops; rain water, 3 drachms.

ipon the surface.

But when the wrinkle is an obstinate fact, deep and determined, the only thing to be done is to fill them up with something, and for that purpose the best thing Letter in New York Times. known is a paste, composed thus:

Essence of turpentine, 2 1-2 drachms; gum mastic, 2 ounces; fresh butter, 2 ounces.

Mix and apply at night regularly for a month, bathing the face in tepid water ing a poor woman down in Cheapstreet, who only, in the mornings, which will aid the case. In another month repeat the same fined to her bed by sickness. treatment. There is nothing better, no matter what those who sell cosmetics may say. If I were to give the names of these four articles under which they are sold in dainty little pots at from \$1 to \$5 each, you would at once know of them through florid advertisements, but they would be no better than each can make herself at the cost of a few conts .- Olive Harper.

•

Not a single allusion did Arabi make to the events which have connected his name so inseparably with the history of Egypt, and we naturally shrank from touching upon a subject which must necessarily be a sore one to him. On other points he was more communicative, expressing freely enough his discontent with the climate of Colombo, which had proved far too damp for his health after the proverbial dryness of East Africa, and had already inflicted upon him a chronic rheumatism, as was abundantly evident from his stiff and painful movements. He also told us that one of his sons-whom we afterward met in the course of an afternoon drive-was living not far from him, but that the rest of his children were in Egypt. We all rose to take our leave, but our de-

parture was delayed for a few moments by the sudden appearance of a native servant bearing a small silver tray, on which stood four tail tumblers filled to the brim with lemon sherbet sweetened wi a Egyptian sugar. The ladies contented themselves with sipping the mixture, which did not seem much to their taste; but the doctor and I Mix and apply at night, letting it dry drained our tumblers to the last drop, greatly to the satisfaction of Arabi himself, who appeared pleased when I reminded him that the sugar of Egypt has the name of being the sweetest in the world .- David Ker's Ceylon

For Sweet Charity's Sake.

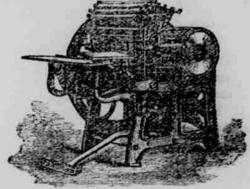
Mr. A.-Good morning, Mr. B. I came to see if you will give something toward helphas a big family of children, and she con-

Mr. B.-H-m-yes; sorry, but unfortu-nately I am awfully short just now. You see that we are going to give the pastor a nilver service, and it won't do for me to refuse to give my share; and besides, I am thinking of subscribing something for the new ball club. I'm really sorry for the poor woman, indeed I am; but then you see just how I'm fixed -Boston Transcript.



Now while we have the subject before the people we will venture to speak of our





Which is first-class in all respects and from which our job printers are turning out much satisfactory work.

::

PLATTSMOUTH,

NEBRASKA.