

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

MARVELOUS GROWTH OF A BEAUTIFUL ORDER OF SISTERS.

Its Members Ride in Carriages and Wear Diamonds—They Also Include Hard Working Shop Girls and Cash Girls in Our Big Stores.

A richly dressed lady leading a shabby little waif of a girl boarded a train at Hartford one morning last summer and led her little charge through the long train, looking inquiringly into the faces of the passengers. Evidently she was seeking some kindly person to whose care she might consign the child, which she was sending into the country for a season. Seeing no face which inspired her with confidence to ask so great a favor, she retraced her steps to put her charge in care of the conductor, when a passenger beside her, a lady, removed her wrap and revealed over her heart a tiny silver Maltese cross tied with a purple ribbon. Instantly the lady approached her, touched the silver cross, whispered the mysterious words, "In his name," and told her all her need. "In his name," answered the traveler softly, and tenderly lifted the child on her lap, and cared for and amused her through the journey as lovingly as though she were her own.

A lady, whose elegance of attire and beauty of person attracted the attention and awakened the admiration of all who saw her, stepped out of one of the large and fashionable stores of New York to her carriage, which stood waiting at the door. The wild March wind caught her fluttering silken draperies, and rudely tore her cloak from about her. As she struggled against it a little silver cross fell from her dress and was tinkling down on the pavement. A nite of a girl with a scrap of shawl over her head darted out of the shelter of the doorway, picked up the silver trinket and drew its counterpart from her own shabby little frock. "It is the badge of the King's Daughters," said the lady, softly: "are you one, too?" She held out both her hands with a smile so gentle and tender that it was more precious to the shivering little girl than the money the lady left in her half frozen hand "In his name."

Who are these royal daughters of the king? What is their mission? What is the significance of the silver symbol they wear and the potency of the mystic motto, "In his name?"

In January, 1886, a circle of ten ladies met to discuss and arrange some plan which should unite all Christian women in one grand sisterhood of service. Adopting the system of Edward E. Hale's Ten Times One clubs they constituted themselves a Central Ten, around which should crystallize other Tens of workers, not assuming any authority or responsibility over them, but simply to form a nucleus around which they might cluster, and from which might radiate encouragement, advice and guidance. Of the various names proposed for the order that of the King's Daughters was most favorably received and finally adopted; the badge of the society was selected in the small silver cross tied with the royal color, and the motto of the order selected were:

"Look forward and not back." "Look up and not in." "Look up and not down." "Lend a hand."

The society as organized had no constitution and no code of laws save the one general regulation that whenever any reasonable request should be made "In his name" it should be granted without question or delay.

Never was less said or written, and never so few plans made for any work, as the design of the society was to move silently and steadily, and to secretly accomplish its purpose of bridging the chasm between the rich and the poor, and to unite all women engaged in any kind of good work in such a way as to secure to each the sympathy and co-operation of all. Yet from almost every state in the Union, and from most remote countries over the sea—India, Australia and New Zealand—from people in every walk in life, from pastors of churches, matrons of hospitals, teachers of schools, heads of philanthropic societies, presidents of colleges, from the belles of Fifth avenue and the street girls of the Bowery came tidings of the continual organization of tens upon tens of King's Daughters, until 8,600 silver crosses have been sold and 10,000 members have enrolled their names among the King's Daughters, although the society has been organized only two years.

As for the kind of work accomplished by this remarkable sisterhood, it is too varied and extensive to be recorded in detail. There are Tens that visit the sick, Tens that supply the hospitals and homes with flowers, Tens that support foreign missionaries, Tens that sing and Tens that sew, Tens that endorse beds in hospitals, Tens that provide pleasant country homes for deserving poor, and Tens that simply "bridge their tongues" and "endeavor to live in love and charity with all men" all "In his name."

The cash girls above referred to are known as "the little doorkeepers," whose unique motto is "Lord, keep thou the door of my mouth," and there are Hearts-ease Tens of little children who cultivate gardens for the hospitals. There are the Quiet Tens in schools, and the Courteous Tens, who claim that "King's Daughters should ever display the manners of the court;" the Old Maids' Tens of helpful unappropriated blessings, and the Old Lady's Tens, whose youngest member is more than 80 years old, and whose oldest member donated the silver cross on her 100th birthday; the Faithful Tens in guilds, the Look-up Tens in deaf mutes' homes; and even in the Home for incurables the patients waiting for death have organized themselves into a Considerate Ten, who shall endeavor to make their nurses' labors as light as possible. One of the young ladies' Tens in Boston sent loads of sand to the tenement yards in the city for poor children to play in, and the graduating class of a fashionable boarding school calling themselves the Continuing Ten have adopted a little girl, and intend to provide for her and give her all the advantages of culture and education which they have received. Musical Tens of the most cultured and gifted ladies in the city devote their talents to the entertainment of the poor, and also, through their use in charitable concerts, accumulate funds for the support of various missions, thus bringing into use the talent of the wealthy for the benefit of the poor.—New York Sun.

There are seventy-one "champions of England" in games and sports of all sorts.

Some men allow their imaginations to April fool them every day of the year.

Superstitions of the Chinese.

A girl who is partaking of the last morsel she is to eat in her father's house previous to her marriage sits at the table with her parents and brothers; but she must eat no more than half the bowl of rice set before her, else her departure will be followed by a continual scarcity in the domicile she is leaving.

If a bride breaks the heel of her shoe in going from her father's to her husband's house it is ominous of unhappiness in her new relations.

A piece of bacon and a parcel of sugar are hung on the back of a bride's sugar cloth as a stop to the demons who might molest her while on her journey. The "Three Baneful Ones" are fount of salt and spices, and the "White Tiger" likes sweets.

A bride may be brought home while a coffin is in her husband's house, but not within 100 days after a coffin is carried out. Domestic troubles are sure to come upon one who is married within 100 days after a funeral.

A bride, while putting on her wedding garments, stands in a round, shallow basket. This conduces to her leading a placid, well rounded life in her future home. After her departure from her father's door, her mother puts the basket over the mouth of the oven, to stop the mouths of all who would make adverse comment on her daughter, and then sits down before the kitchen range, that her peace and leisure may be duplicated in her daughter's life.

A bride must not, for four months after her marriage, enter any house in which there has recently been a death or a birth, for if she does so there will surely be a quarrel between her and the groom. If a young mother goes to see a bride, the visitor is looked upon as the cause of any calamity that may follow.—Adele M. Field in Popular Science Monthly.

The Matter of Names and Titles.

The latest fad is for the woman to retain her family name after marriage instead of taking that of her husband. Every woman has a perfect right to do this if she wants to, because there is no law compelling her to adopt that of the man she marries. The style has been started anew by some of the stronger minded English women. This alone is sufficient to make it the proper thing for Anglo-Americans. In England, however, it is necessary for the woman to advertise the fact that she is going to retain her maiden name. In this country a man may take his wife's name instead of her taking his, but it would probably be better to have the change legalized by a court or legislature in order to prevent any trouble in relation to property or inheritances.

Wouldn't it be better to call men and women by their proper names? The Quakers do so, and there is nothing offensive nor suggestive of undue familiarity about it. They do so from principle rather than to be odd. They say: "Call no man master." Mister is but another term for master, and was originally used by common people when addressing their superiors, or those whom they served. As a people we are opposed to titles suggestive of social rank. Our term "Mrs." is merely a form of the English term mistress, which was and is now an undesirable title when used in certain connections. Usage has changed this somewhat, yet it is an unnecessary prefix to the name of a lady.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

Mexicans and the Railroad.

Mexicans take more kindly to railroads than is generally supposed in the states. The stage coach will go out of business as soon as the trains reach Guadalajara. As much as the people cling to ancient customs, they never ride in a stage when the cars will carry them to the same destination. It is funny, however, to see them getting used to the new mode of travel. The whole family will come down to the depot to see a member off on a ten miles' journey. Two or three rounds of kissing take place, accompanied by steady sobbing. Choking noises are shouted and handkerchiefs waved until the train is out of sight.

Mexicans not only learn to ride in the cars, but they take to railroad work with great zeal and aptitude. Mexican brakemen and firemen are now employed on all the roads. Mexican clerks and bookkeepers fill most of the subordinate positions in general offices. Many of the telegraph offices are manned by Mexican operators. The natives will fill these positions for half what Americans demand, and, of course, they get them. About the only complaint which the railroad managers find with the native help is that it is sometimes oversmart.—Mexico Cor. Globe-Democrat.

An Example for Americans.

One sees everywhere throughout India a general common characteristic. That is a sort of kindness of disposition, kindness to man and brute. All domestic animals are as gentle and tame as fire-side petted kittens. The cow and ass, the sheep and goat, the camel and horse, the chicken and duck, all seem absolutely tame to the family. Pigeons in flocks are frequently seen whirling in great circles in the cities for several minutes, and then swooping down upon certain housetops. Often several flocks unite and fly together and then separate as people do in dances. I have seen this several times, but one day when on a mountain I saw a flock of about a dozen birds, and directing the flights of those birds, and by a motion calling them down to them. I thus one day saw six different flocks flying at once—now mingling, then separating—and all done under the orders of their respective owners. They are kept in a sort of coop in the house top, and are thus sent out for exercise. After flying for a half hour or so, they are fed and quietly go into the coops. One gets pigeons at almost every meal in all cities here.—Carter Harrison in Chicago Mail.

Patrons of a Toney Restaurant.

The demands made on a clerk at Delmonico's are almost infinite. He must be able to answer all sorts of queries from astronomy to horse car routes in San Francisco; from the news of the latest fire, races or accident to the rules of social precedence at the court of St. James. People are continually wanting checks cashed, tickets for entertainments, money changed, bills made out, etc. The other day an infantile looking dude came in and cried: "What's my bill?" "Ninety-seven cents," said the clerk, after a short computation. "All right; don't let it run over \$1," and the youth departed with a flourish. People send servants in at all hours for bouillon, salad, wine, cigars or cigarettes, some of the latter being doubtless for women.—New York Tribune.

The first lead mining done in America was by Julien Dubuque, near the site of Dubuque, Ia.

THE HUNGER STRIKE.

GRIM DETERMINATION OF POLITICAL PRISONERS IN RUSSIA.

They Wanted Permission to Work, to Receive Food from the Outside, to Read and to Go to Church—Victory Secured at Last.

The following morning—it was July 3—all the prisoners of the "right solitary" refused to eat their food. When the warders, at the order of the director, opened the cells at 3 o'clock in the afternoon they found the food, placed there in the morning, untouched. An excellent supper, consisting of fragrant bouillon, delicious roast beef and fuming tea and cakes—food the prisoners had already forgotten the taste of—was placed in the cells in the evening, but they were not to be tempted, and took no notice of it. The same night they were joined by the "lefts," or the occupants of the "left solitary," who had by some means learned of their action and of the causes which prompted it. Seeing that the prisoners were in earnest, the director, at midnight, ordered all food and water to be removed from the cells. "I'll make them beg for food," he thought. He did not sleep that night. He stole on tiptoe from one wicket hole to another, watching what the prisoners were doing. They lay on their pallets, gazing at the ceiling, or talking to each other by knocks, and in the twilight of the cells their bodies reminded the director of hobgoblins. Grim silence prevailed in the corridor.

Early in the forenoon a delicious breakfast was brought into the cells, but the prisoners exhibited no desire to eat it, and it was taken back to the kitchen. At noon a luxurious dinner was served, although it remained untouched, it occurred to the director to leave it all day in the cells. The voluntary sufferers threw the food into the "parashkas." In the evening the same story was repeated, with the same result. The director ordered Mishkin, Alexandroff and Cicianoff to be brought from the "kuznetz" back to their cells, hoping to reconcile the prisoners, and that the three men, touched by their pardon, would try and persuade the others to give up their dangerous undertaking, but he found he had made a mistake—Mishkin, as well as Cicianoff and Alexandroff, joined their fellow prisoners.

At a late hour of the second night the director, accompanied by the prison physician, went from cell to cell, begging and supplicating the prisoners to eat, reminding them of their homes, fathers, mothers, relatives and friends, and saying they might soon return, apologizing for the rudeness he had displayed when overzealous in the performance of his duties, and explaining that he was merely a subordinate official who had to obey the orders from those above him. At all the cells the director received the same laconic reply, "Grant what we are asking."

In the forenoon of the third day the prisoners were all led into the yard, where the common prisoners and soldiers sat around large tables eating and drinking. The director thought that the sight of persons eating would induce the hungry to take food, but they did nothing of the kind, and were taken back to their cells. Outside the prison walls nothing was known of all these horrors. The director gave strict orders to all soldiers and warders to keep their mouths shut, and, fearing his wrath, they carried out his orders to the letter. The serious character of the affair so frightened the director that in the morning of the fourth day he dismissed all the warders whose insolence had displeased the prisoners, and gave orders to their successors to be as polite and gentle as possible. Again and again he visited the cells, humiliating himself before those whom he formerly treated as beasts, and conjuring them to eat and to live for the sake of their relatives and friends, but his efforts were of no avail.

In the evening of the fourth day the prison priest, a low lived, wretched, worn man with a large cross in his arms from cell to cell, supplicating the prisoners to eat, in the name of God, but his prayers and entreaties received no attention from the half dead sufferers. Their condition that night was of a most depressing nature. Most of them could no longer stand on their feet; some fainted, others raved wildly, and special warders had to watch at their beds all night in order to prevent any sudden expiration. The director did not sleep all night. The physician and his assistants had never had such a busy time before. Fifty-eight men were apparently dying slowly from voluntary starvation. They touched nothing but water, and some also abstained even from this.

The same night a conference, presided over by the director, and attended by the physician, the priest, the officers of the garrison and the head warders, was held at the prison offices. The director delivered a moralizing speech, saying that he was tired of the duties of his office, that his office would kill him in a few years, and that he was ready to resign if his resignation would be accepted. "But what is to be done now?" he exclaimed, dramatically. "I cannot grant their demands; it's beyond my power to do it. Up to the present time I still hoped the fellows would change their minds or break down and begin to eat. For this reason I intended not to let the work of the director fall upon my shoulders. But now I see they are in earnest. They are determined to die. I don't want to be solely responsible for their deaths, and I think it's time to report everything to the governor and let him act as he thinks best."

All agreed that no other course was possible, under the circumstances, and a report was got up and forwarded immediately to the governor of Khabarovsk, waving flags and banners in the air. On the sixth day of the famine—July 8—Councillor Bogdanoff, accompanied by the chief doctor of the province, arrived at the "centralka." They, too, began by exhorting the prisoners to take some nourishment. Accompanied by the director and the prison physician, they went from cell to cell, arguing, begging and threatening, but their efforts were as useless as those of the director and his assistants.

On the seventh day the prison was visited by a number of generals and the procurator, or attorney general, of the province. They received the same categorical reply: "Grant our demands." Seeing that nothing could shake the resolution of the prisoners, and fearing to wait any longer, the governor ordered the director to capitulate—that is, to promise to fulfill all their demands. As the prisoners had no faith in promises of Russian government officials, both the governor and the director had to sign a paper obliging themselves to permit the political prisoners to work, to receive food from the outside, to read all the books permitted by the state censor, to visit the prison church on a Sunday named by them, etc. Thus, on the eighth day of the famine—July 10—the prisoners once again took food.—Michael Malkoff in Chicago News.

Whom the Gun Seems to Kick.

"Sir, I always aim to tell the truth," remarked a politician who was in a Broad street saloon last night, and whose veracity had been impugned. "That may be true," was the quick retort, "but justice compels the observation that you are a mighty bad shot."—Newark Journal.

Simple Case of Blackmailing.

Not long ago a man well known in social, business and club circles had trouble with his wife, a beautiful and accomplished woman, and they separated, the intention being to eventually become divorced. So quietly was the affair managed that none but their most intimate friends knew that they had disagreed, and the acquaintances of the couple only knew that the wife was visiting friends and relatives in New York. In an evil moment the young wife employed a private detective to shadow her husband, daily reports to be sent to her. These reports were sent, and the wife was astonished. She didn't have any idea before what the life of a club man might be. Then, woman-like, she determined to win her husband back. She wrote him, the quarrel was patched up, and the pair lived together again.

Their home was a happy one. The husband forsook his gay companions and compromising associations of both sexes and became domesticated. One night there was a knock at the door. The husband responded; it was a visitor for his wife. When the lady entered the parlor she recognized the private detective. She had been foolish enough to write him two or three letters, and these he had, together with copies of letters he had written her concerning the private life of her husband, and then sold the agency by which this man was employed, but this made no difference. What the man wanted was a loan, and he got it. He has solicited several loans since then, and has never been refused. In the meantime the husband remains in ignorance of the drains on his wife's purse, but cheerfully foots all bills.—Chicago Cor. New York Herald.

Percentage of Blondes and Brunettes.

In the course of fifteen minutes' walk on Broadway the other day a reporter counted 399 women, young and old, with hair ranging from a medium brown to the darker shades which all but artists call black. Only thirteen women were passed who were of the pronounced blonde order. Three of these were of the reddish class and the hair of two had apparently been bleached. At the theatre, the same evening, of fifty women within easy range, six had fair skins, blue eyes and light hair. They sat surrounded by a bevy of dark women, who gave its prevailing tone to the complexion of the house. Interest in the result observed led next morning to a public school. One class of eighty girls had eight blondes to seventy-two brunettes and browns and brunettes. Another of sixty-five girls had sixteen fair haired pupils to fifty-five standard brown heads and darker. In a third class the proportions were seven light to fifty muddy and dark. The statement may be hazarded that not above 8 or 10 per cent. of New York women are blondes. Go anywhere where pretty girls congregated and you meet a striking looking figure with dark hair and big, dark eyes. Is the blonde type disappearing, and if so why?—New York Mail and Express.

Various Railway Signals.

One pull of the bell cord signifies "stop." Two pulls mean "go ahead." Three pulls mean "back up." One whistle signifies "down brakes." Two whistles signify "off brakes." Three whistles mean "back up." Continued whistles signify "danger." Short rapid whistles, "a cattle alarm." A sweeping parting of the hands on a level with the eyes means "go ahead." A slowly sweeping meeting of the hands over the head signifies "back slowly." A downward motion of the hands, with extended arms, signifies "stop." A beckoning motion with one hand indicates "back." A red flag waved up the track indicates "danger." A red flag by the roadside means "danger ahead." A red flag carried on a locomotive signifies "an engine following." A red flag raised at a station means "stop." A lantern swung at right angles across the track means "stop." A lantern raised and lowered vertically is a signal to "start." A lantern swung in a circle signifies "back the train."—Scientific American.

Funeral Ceremonies in Madagascar.

The funeral observances are very ceremonious, as might be expected in a country where the worship of ancestors has so long been a part of its religion, and the graves and vaults are revered as sacred places. They are usually only shapeless mounds of earth or stone, many which are erected wooden stakes, eight or nine feet high, with skulls and horns of oxen fixed or impaled on the wood. These are objects of worship, or at least of special veneration, for they are the heads of bullocks sacrificed in honor of the dead at the time of burial. It is usual to inter the dead near the dwelling house, but only families of high rank build huts of raised masonry structure over their tombs. The finest tomb in the country is that of the prime minister, now prince consort. It is situated at Isotry, near the capital, and is very large, probably the best piece of native masonry in the island. It somewhat resembles the monuments of Assyrian art, although of modern construction. Here are interred the sister and other relatives of the prince consort.—Demorest's Monthly.

Lawyers' Ambitions.

Those who observe law and lawyers from a safe distance have often noted the different points which attorneys in various cities consider the acme of success at the bar. The Philadelphia lawyer thinks a successful trial of a famous criminal case the pinnacle of legal ambition. Boston barristers look forward to the time when they shall hold an infinite number of huge trust estates, and thus avoid the wandering scenes of the court room. The New York lawyer has universal tastes. He is willing to be a railroad and corporation lawyer, a trustee of great estates or a criminal practitioner. It is all fish which comes to his net.—New York Press "Every Day Talk."

Like a Lobster Salad.

The greatest drawback to living in a rented house—next to paying the rent—is that the landlord can paint it any color he chooses. Two ladies, meeting, discuss this grievance. "My house," said one, "is a complete lobster salad. It was bad enough when the yellow walls and the green blinds suggested Mayonnaise and lettuce, but the landlord has put some red tubs on the lawn, and now we look garished with lobster claws. An year hence is almost as bad. I saw it first on a gray day, and it was just the color of spruce gum. But yesterday, in the sun, it looked lighter." "As if it had been chewed," assented the tenant sady.—Concord (N. H.) Monitor

The Plattsmouth Herald

Is enjoying a Boom in both its DAILY AND WEEKLY EDITIONS.

The Year 1888

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 Political, Commercial and Social Transactions

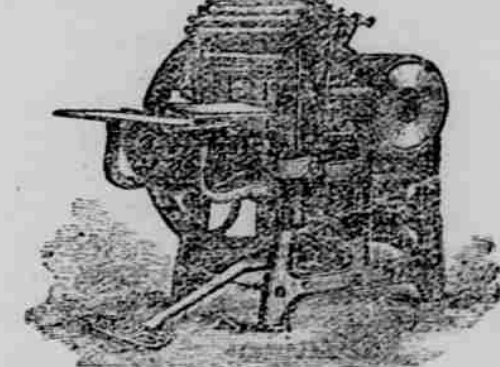
of this year and would keep abreast with the times should

SUBSCRIBE

Daily or Weekly Herald.

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

JOB DEPARTMENT.



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

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.