

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

LEAST PROFITABLE OF ANY FROM A FINANCIAL STANDPOINT.

A Comfortable Living is About All the Average Physician Can Expect—The Doctor's Bill the Last to Be Paid—Disbonesty.

The medical profession is, taken as a whole, the least profitable of any in a monetary point of view. For a person who seeks riches, it is really the last one to enter. It is true some have grown wealthy in the legitimate practice of medicine, but such are very rare exceptions, and not one in a thousand is so fortunate.

THE LAST BILL PAID.

Not only are the incomes of physicians, as a rule smaller than those of men of other professions, notably the legal and ministerial, but even the sums which they receive are unduly delayed. It is notorious that the last bill to be paid is the doctor's. Tradesmen's claims are always "preferred." If it happens that the services of an undertaker have been employed, he, too, is among the first creditors to be paid. If anything is left, and there is no prospect of its being needed for any other purpose, why then the doctor's bill is considered. But it would be violating old customs were it to be paid in full.

It is safe to say that but few physicians in general practice manage to collect more than half of their bills. It is certainly not pleasant to contemplate that a large share of our people are dishonest, and swindle their physicians. And yet such is actually the case. It is doubtful if there is any class of men in business who would be content to receive such treatment. Why in the name of all that is right and proper should physicians be obliged to put up with it? Probably they themselves are in a measure accountable for it.

MAKING A CHANGE.

Something after this fashion does he suffer from them. Very likely, when a stranger and first called, the illness he treats is a severe one, or it may be a desperate emergency. He is successful in his treatment, and for several months after is the recognized attendant of that family. They think much of him, and encourage neighbors and friends to patronize him. After a time his bill comes in and is met with some excuse which is readily accepted. As time goes on and the debt remains unpaid, his collector is more persistent. At last another attack of sickness occurs in the same family, and instead of sending for the physician to whom they are indebted, who did so well on a former occasion, and in whose praise they have been so loud, they send for another. The neighbors see the strange physician calling, and naturally ask why the change. Not one of the class of people we are describing have manhood and womanhood enough to prompt him to give the true, honest reason for it. Not they simply say Dr. So-and-so did not do as well the last time we "had him" as he did at first, and so we thought we would not call him again. That, of course, has its influence, and the friends and neighbors who have previously been well disposed toward him, whose experience we are illustrating, are thereafter inclined to doubt his ability.

The consequence is, the skillful and obliging physician, to whom is owed not only the money, for which he has patiently waited, but a wealth of gratitude for his devotion to the former sick one, loses not only the amount of his bill, but also the reputation which he has justly earned in the neighborhood. One evil disposed person, without a shadow of truth to sustain his assertions, can in a close community do a physician an injury, by exciting prejudice against him, which he cannot overcome in a lifetime. Strange as it may seem, it is yet true, that these patients of a certain class, whom he treats most indulgently, are the easiest made his worst enemies.—Boston Herald.

London Prize Ring Rules.

The more important of the London prize ring rules. Twenty-four foot ring. Each man has two seconds. Each man has one umpire. The referee's decision is final. At the call of "time" the seconds must leave the ring. Thirty seconds between rounds. Referee and seconds are the only persons allowed in the ring. It shall be a fair "stand up fight," and if either man shall wilfully throw himself down without receiving a blow, whether blows shall have been previously exchanged or not, he shall be deemed to have lost the battle; but that this rule shall not apply to a man who, in a close, slips down from the grasp of his opponent to avoid punishment or from obvious accident or weakness. Battling is foul. A man with one knee and one hand on the ground is considered down. The position into which a man is considered down the ropes in front of the center stake. Hugging the ropes shall be deemed foul. A man hold against the stakes or upon or against the ropes is considered down.—Chicago Tribune.

Germans in New York.

New York city now has a German population of 350,000, and the German vote there numbers 70,000, making it, as claimed, the third German city of the world, Berlin being the first, and Hamburg, with 450,000, comes second.—Chicago Herald.

EATERS OF INDIAN HEMP.

How the Hashish Drunkard Carries On a Debauch in a Methodical Manner.

Old and experienced hemp eaters go very methodically to work. They say that to relish hemp one must first abstain from all stimulating food and drink for a brief period; for only after a short fast can one taste to the full the delights of hashish and render one's system fully susceptible to its influence. So, for several days previous to the "orgie" the experienced hemp eater eats no meat, drinks neither wine nor spirit, lives mainly upon vegetable foods, light pastry, and ripe fruits, and smokes little.

On the day of the debauch he rises very early and fasts till the afternoon, when the friends who are to join him arrive. They prepare for dinner by taking a strongly charged pipe, and inhaling the thick, white smoke. A light meal is then served, in which plenty of sweet pastry figures, and each of the company retires to his cushion prepared for the evening's indulgence. Musicians are stationed at the end of the apartment, dancing girls are introduced, or, if the host is a very wealthy man, he orders his own slaves in. Hemp boluses are passed around, and the pipes well charged with the drug. For this purpose tobacco is first laid in the bowl; upon this a small charge of pure hashish extract is placed, and the whole is fired by the means of a glowing ember of charcoal and saltpetre, which has been mingled with honey and dried. Strong and well sweetened coffee is handed round, and while the dancing and music go on the smokers begin. Lounging back, they suck the smoke into the lungs and air passages, sending it forth again through the widely distended nostrils, and gazing upon the forms and faces posturing and revolving before them, the hashish swimmers off in a sea of blissful content that verges upon ecstacy.

As soon as the pipe is exhausted strong coffee without sugar is taken, and this rouses the dreamers from their vision of delight. But a "bolus" of hemp cake, and another pipe well charged, stimulates afresh the excited imagination, and sends them off again into their dreamlands. The singers chant their love songs, and the almeins away in their passionate dances. This goes on for hours, fresh pipes and coffee being passed around at intervals, the smokers waking from one dream only to go off into another. Such an orgie, indeed, is sometimes protracted for two or three days. Then lassitude and exhaustion ensue, and the hashish experiences a sort of revulsion against the drug which lasts for some weeks, when the longing for it returns. In many parts—among the Beltaehes, for example—there are regular gatherings for hemp smoking, just as the Nairies of Syria meet on certain days to drink hemp tea. The poorer classes find opportunities for indulging in the drug in the so-called "meshash" or hemp houses. These are forbidden in most mosen countries. But though the law may prohibit, it cannot suppress these places.—St. James' Gazette.

A Snake Charmer's Methods.

Miss Ida Jeffries opened the boxes and took out the delectable merino blankets and gray wolf robes that wrapped up the snakes. She fitted them up, fondled them and handed them over for inspection, as she talked.

"How did I become a snake charmer?" she repeated. "Why, that isn't easy to tell. I have always liked snakes. I was born in New York, and this city has always been my home. I used to love to watch the snakes in their glass cages in Central park, when I was a little girl. They always had a fascination for me. I didn't want to pet them, you know—I don't see how any sane person can care to do that—but I liked to be around them and watch them. My people are in the show business, and when I grew up I went to work as a high wire performer in the circus. I saw the famous Dama Ajanta, the Hindoo girl who charmed snakes here some years ago. She was tall and lithe and almost as slender as a snake. While performing with her pet she almost seemed to be a snake. She moved and acted like one. Seeing her act started me thinking why an American girl couldn't do something in that way. I made up my mind not to imitate her, but to get up a snake act of my own. In the fall of 1878 I bought four little anacondas—they were only six feet long each—and began to practice with them. I got them used to having me around and to being handled.

"Didn't it feel creepy at first? Yes, a little, I suppose, but I've nearly forgotten about that now. When they were quite accustomed to being handled I began to twist them around myself. Did I charm them? No, I don't take any stock in the theories of so-called snake charmers. I find that you can get along very nicely with snakes by merely handling them gently. You must make any sudden movements where they can see you, but let your hands glide rather than go quickly toward them. If you always remember that and never lose your presence of mind you can handle snakes safely enough. Many people believe that the snakes are drugged before being handled in the circus. That is not so. They are quite as lively as ever, as you can see."—New York World.

Prevailing Public Sumptuousness.

Truly this is an age of sumptuousness in public places, of elegance in cars, hotels, steamers, waiting rooms, stores, business offices and the like. For little more than the regular fare on the railways the man of moderate means can surround himself with such luxurious appointments as he can never hope to secure in his own home. He can for a brief period travel like a nabob, and dine and lunch like a lord. An equally brief stay at a modern hotel will surround him with all the wealth of appointments. All must bring about a two fold result. One is to make the traveler determined to acquire the monetary power sufficient to bestow upon his home the elegance of a boudoir car; the other is to render his home and all in it shabby in comparison with the ornate beauty which is most likely to follow the prevailing sumptuousness in public places. The poor man will feel poorer, the humble home will seem humbler, because of the reign of mahogany and silver and gilding and carvings and rich fabrics in places that are not and never can be homes.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Legend Among the Blacks.

Among those of the negro race that live far from white people, their teaching and their influence, there is a barbarous belief that, whereas God is indeed Creator of the dominant white race, they, poor blacks, are the handwork of Satan. This making a man contra to the commands of our Creator was the sin for which the devil, once an angel of high degree, was flung from heaven: "Fling into hell," declared my informant, the corn vender, "en dar he be now tied ter de wheel er de chariot er fire! Chained ter de turnin' wheel er fire; en dar he gwine stay twel de Risin' Day." Finishing his uncouth legend, the devil, succeeding only in forming the shape of a man without the soul, became, as it were, a creator of death. "He blew en he blew, but dar come no life, dar come no breath!" said the woman, excitedly. "But de Lord he feel sorry fer de dead man dat he gin him er beef on er soul same ez er white man."—Eli Shepard in The Cosmopolitan.

WHAT IS THE MATTER?

WHY DO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE STUDENTS LEAVE THE FARM?

They Study Law or Medicine, or Engage in Mercantile Pursuits—Some of the Reasons Why They Learn to Dislike Farming.

A gentleman who had been invited to deliver a commencement address at an agricultural college, in which he had once held a professor's chair, recently told the writer of this article that he found it impossible to select a subject. We suggested several topics more or less connected with farmers and their calling, but the ex-professor shook his head. "It is useless to talk to the young men about agriculture," he said, "the fact is, when the students leave the college none of them go to farming."

Seeing our bewildered look, the ex-professor went on to say that although the students went from the farm to the college and took an agricultural course, they all left the institution to study law or medicine, or to engage in mercantile pursuits.

THEY GET HIGH NOTIONS.

"I don't know how it is," he said, "but they all get high notions in their heads, and they think that farming is too slow and unprofitable to suit them. During the whole time I was at the college, I never knew one out of the hundreds of students to return to the farm."

All this was said in a deliberate, matter of fact way, and we at once jumped to the conclusion that if our agricultural schools were simply used to turn young farmers into lawyers, doctors and merchants, there was something wrong somewhere.

If these facts have not been unconsciously overstated, the advocates of agricultural education will very naturally feel inclined to ask a few questions. Are the teachers, as a rule, men who have a fancy for the learned professions? Do the students in their debates discuss literary and political subjects? Are they allowed to devote much time to reading novels, poetry, history and the newspapers? An affirmative answer to these questions will explain much that is now mysterious.

THOUGHTS WHICH LEAD ASTRAY.

The young agricultural student who finds his professors always talking about great lawyers, writers, and successful business men, will fall into their way of thinking. Political debates will fire him with the ambition to distinguish himself at the bar or in public life. Too much time devoted to belles lettres will make him think of everything in the world except diversified farming.

But it may be that none of the points mentioned can be urged against the agricultural schools and their teachers. What, then, is the matter? Do our youngsters naturally take a dislike to farm life? Do their fathers tell them that there is no money in it and that the farmers are growing poorer every year?

There is something in this way of putting it. When farmers take a gloomy, hopeless view of their occupation, they cannot expect their sons to look on the bright side of things. And yet, in spite of all that can be said, the fact remains that the young and industrious farmer who goes to work with the advantage of a scientific education, has it in his power so make himself happy, independent, prosperous and distinguished. But, after all, success does not depend so much upon the education, or the land, as it does upon the man.—Atlanta Constitution.

Home Interiors in Algiers.

I took advantage of the offer of the Arab in his character of guide and followed him up narrow streets and through whitewashed ramshackle doors, hung in the most primitive manner, with big round beaded and ornamental nails in various designs, and furnished with elaborate brass knockers. The last named invention of pretended usefulness must have been intended for foreign callers. The Arab's way of knocking at the door is in accordance with the primitive hinges; he pounds away with his fist until the door opens, and then, if a man or boy may come to the door; but a woman either emits a decidedly audible scream from the inner court, or she pokes her head through a window just big enough, or peeps over a terrace wall (concealing her face, of course) to question the caller as to his name and object.

The outer door is very frequently left wide open, but the houses, with few exceptions, are constructed with sufficient ingenuity to prevent passers by from seeing anything but a blank wall and a little vestibule turning at a right angle. Occasionally, however, one's curiosity is rewarded by a glimpse of the inner court, neatly paved with little six sided red tiles, with here and there a valuable square of ancient marble faience let into the floor sill or the "dado"; slender oleander boughs or the tortuous branches of a fig tree throw shadows in delicate patterns across the pavement, as the thread of sunlight finds its way into an inner chamber. In no case is an outsider expected to enter without knocking. Should an Arab walk into a respectable neighbor's house he would run the greatest risk of being stabbed, but he would no more think of doing so than we would recognize the propriety of a gentleman walking deliberately into a lady's bedroom.—F. A. Bridgman in Harper's Magazine.

An Old Telegrapher's Escape.

"I am a confirmed believer in the old adage that one is never too old to learn," said a prominent railroad man. "And I also believe," he added, "that there are a good many things learned early in life which prove of material value to a man when he is creeping along in years. When I was clerking a few years ago I learned telegraphy, and used it a great deal. Circumstances so decreed my future that I have not used it during late years. Recently I went to the uptown office of a well known broker for the purpose of making some inquiries relative to certain stocks, my idea being to buy some. A young woman was in charge and she sat at a telegrapher's desk. When I had stated my business she fairly jumped on the button, and then, to my surprise, I found that I could read the questions and answers as easily as though it was but yesterday when I was doing the same work myself. My curiosity was considerably aroused, and two or three times I was on the point of answering the questions that came over the ticker before she had time to repeat it. Finally this message came over the wires: "Has he got money?" "Yes, and I think he is a good pigeon." "Is he dressed well?" "Quite, and he looks respectable." "This last was too much for me, and before the astonished woman could translate the reply I fled from the office."—New York Evening Sun.

Hunting Wild Turkeys.

A citizen of Blakely, Ga., has a novel method of hunting wild turkeys. He takes a tame gobbler along, tethers it to a tree, then hides and waits for the wild birds to come up and make its acquaintance.—Chicago Herald.

THE ROCKIES.

Around the camp fire's glow, Wild, dreamy, clear yet low, Starts the gay song from crag to crag ascending, Along the mountains bold, Through still air keen and cold, Deep voices with the river's music blending. By laughing waves best The shore's vexed pebbles fret, While the bright stream, its flashing spume dividing, In ripples plays awhile Around each rocky isle, Then slips away into the shadows gliding.

Now, as our flown words fade Through murky gien and glade, A thrillish hush on every stirred heart falling, Some silent calm, profound, Save for some forest sound— The gate's sigh, wolf's cry, or, in amorous calling, The lonely elk's low note, Now near and now remote, Like weird aeolian tones in distance dying. Sweet as a lover's lute, Soft as a low breathed flute, The cooling echoes from the rocks replying. Who would not ever be Near one of the small rock islands, Thus careless, wild and free, All life by day, through long nights soundly sleeping, As trustfully we rest On loving Nature's breast, Fanned by the night wind's wings about us sweeping? How lovely is night's noon, Lit by the silver moon Through leafy waving branches softly gleaming! While the calm stars above, Like bright eyes looking love, Gaze pensive down upon us fondly dreaming. —G. L. Blood in Overland Monthly.

A DEMORALIZED "DOG CORPS."

The Joke Played on French Military Men by an English Officer. An amusing story is told in connection with an English officer, who recently passed through Belfort, a well known fortress in France. Provided with letters of introduction to the officer in command, he was treated with great distinction, and among other interesting experiments he was invited to witness the efficiency of "the dog corps," their training quarters being at that strong-hold. The dogs are huge animals, mainly of the staghound and collie breed, crossed with the English bull dog. To strangers they are very ferocious, and every day they are shown soldiers in German uniform and are expected to fly at them, being at first withheld by a strong chain. This lesson being thoroughly learned the dogs are taken to the outposts near one of the small rock islands that environ the city, and each one is attached to a sentinel. Sometimes a sham German creeps up or saunters along. The dogs fly after him with such zest that, as a rule, the soldier has to take to the nearest tree for safety.

The English officer appeared to be much pleased with the result, but was very sceptical when the Frenchmen claimed that they could send the dogs from the outpost to advanced patrols with messages and receive an answer in due course of time. The Englishman doubted the statement to such a point as to lead to an animated discussion, and a wager for a punch and cigars, the experiment to be made on the following morning. The French officers came to the rendezvous in carts especially constructed for the transportation of the dogs and wrote their messages and attached them to the collar in a small pocket book. The Englishman looked on with a quizzical smile and appeared highly amused, when, under instructions, the dogs started off at a run to various points on the advanced line where were stationed the patrols.

The hounds ran true for a couple of hundred yards, when, to the astonishment of the Frenchmen, they all broke off at a tangent and began running round in a large circle in a state of furious excitement. The instructions went to investigate the matter, but could see no reason for the dogs' strange movements. After some trouble and delay they were brought back to the starting point and were again released, with a similar result. The Englishman won his wager by rising early in the morning and entering around the circle trailing an uniced bag behind him. The hounds, true to their instinct, forgot their military training on striking the supposed animal, and immediately followed it, much to the discomfiture of the staff of "the dog corps."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Negroes of New Orleans.

The negroes are instinctively polite, and, in Creole families, especially, many have attained a degree of polish not unworthy American imitation. They are fond of copying the customs of the whites, and at their commences, for example, their speeches are apt to be at least as long, and their floral tributes as profuse as in similar assemblages of the lighter race.

In New Orleans, at least, there is no department of labor for which they are fitted into which they are not allowed to enter. The men are coachmen, house servants, letter carriers, carpenters, masons, shoemakers, chimney sweeps, gardeners, carpet layers, upholsterers, mattress makers, furniture movers, and they enjoy a monopoly of the organ grinding business, while the women who are not engaged in strictly domestic service pursue the occupations of seamstresses, hair dressers and vegetable and fruit vendors. One is in great demand when a fashionable dinner or lunch is pending, for she is not only a cunning artificer of the old time dishes, but she understands, besides, their proper arrangement upon the table. Another, who was formerly herself a slave owner, drives about the city in her little cart selling sausage meat and hoghead cheese of her own manufacture, and she owns several little houses whose foundations have been laid in her jars of pickles and preserves. As a rule, however, the negro population is unambitious.—New York Post.

Country People of India.

One can scarcely realize, when passing through much of this country, that it is thickly peopled. One sees large areas of cultivated lands, but apparently no houses. But every now and then, half hidden among trees, one sees a mud wall ten to twelve feet high and covering, say, from a 100 feet to 400 or 500 feet square. This mud wall contains a farm hamlet or village, and has within it little hovels and cow yards for a dozen, twenty, or more families. Women and children constantly ask for "backshish" (presents). They do it most good naturedly, and never get angry when we drive them off with a good humored thrust from our canes. About the large cities the old ruins cover many miles more or less cultivated. Along the roads in these children by the dozen run by our carriage crying "backshish" in all the tones possible to youngsters from 3 or 4 years old up to 10 or more. Boys half naked, girls with rings in their ears and noses, and bracelets and anklets jingling. All have beautiful teeth, and grin and laugh and pat their stomachs to assure us they are quite empty. None are so poor that they do not put rings and bracelets on the girls. I had a woman beg of me today, and yet she must have had on a dozen or more of these ornaments. Much of the wealth of a family is thus carried on the females. When necessity pinches they sell or pawn them. The women are thus the bankers of the men.—Carter Harrison in Chicago Mail.

The Plattsmouth Herald Is enjoying a Boom in both its DAILY AND WEEKLY EDITIONS. The Year 1888

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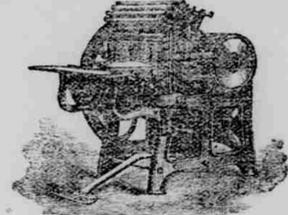
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