OLERIC -PEOPLE.

CHAPTER ON THE ADVANTAGES OF SERENITY.

Uncontrolled Passion Opposed to Longevity of Life-Health of Mind and Body Co-Dependent - Facts for the Hot Blooded to Ponder Over.

Regarding the matter merely from the hygienic standpoint, effort can be expanded for the obtainment of few more valuable possessions than a calm and even temperament, Such a temperament does not rush to extremes, it is not swept by whirlwinds of feeling; under almost any circumstances it secures content. Few things can present a more insurmountable barrier, not only to mental ills, but even to physical ailments and infirmities, or yield a better grounded hope of longevity.

Sir Isaac Newton, for Instance, led the placid and uneventful if toilsome existence of a student and brain worker. The serenity of his days seems only to have been disturbed by the controversy with Leibnitz regarding the invention of the fluxional methods, and the quarrel with Flamsteed, the astronomer royal. How great his equanimity was-in other words, how thoroughly renson was the controlling element in his composition, to the subjection of the passlove-appears in the well known story with regard to his dog Diamond. And what was the results. His health was vigorous and remained unimpaired to within a few years of his death. He lost but one tooth in all his life. He never wore glasses. He never grew bald, and be lived to the ripe old age of 85 years. John Milton, again, fived in troubled times, in which he bore his full part. He was given, too to polemical writing, which is apt to excite warm feeling. Yet in his personal habits he was austere and grave, holding himself sternly aloof from the prof ligate rabble around him, and inflexibly stendinst anniest domestic infelicity, obloquy and mistartune. He could scarcely be called a hot blooded man, and, after a life whose sole physical affliction was the loss of his eyesight, he died at the age of 66. OTHER NOTABLE INSTANCES,

Contrast with his the brief career of another famous English poet, Lord Byron. Torn as he was by every passion, and the victim of that most wearing emotion, chronic hate, a spirit that furnished the arena in quick succession for the most intense and extreme revulcions of feeling allowed its possesser an earthly existence of but thirty-six short years. Our own calm Emerson, than whom, probably, no man that ever lived was less the prey of gusts of feeling, reached the age Edgar Poe, who was a sort of emotional abutalocock, was miserable all his life, and died at 40. Edmund Kean, not only in his professional capacity, was an actor-and numetor is frequently obliged to feign the most vehement passions, which is commonly supposed to be the next worst thing to netually feeling them-but in his private life was a man of most erratic and flery temperament. Kean bluself was a stage for the drama of the passions, and the consequence was he was frequently ill, and survived but a few years beyond 10.

Passion has been not inaptly defined as any emotion of the soul which affects the body and is affected by it. Such is the sympathy existing between the mind and the body, the moral feelings exercise a potent influence on the physical organs, while the latter in turn affect the former. The effect of mental emotions is manifested in the vital functions, and certain states of these functions serve in a like manner to awaken the different pas-T silons. The passions founded on pleasure seem to not as a universal stimulant to all vital action. Circulation is quickened, the blood distands the vessels of its system, the face urightens, the skin assumes a raddy tint, the muscles grow stronger and invite netivity. The whole body is reanimated-in short, every function responds to the vitalizing influence of the happy moral condition. As linlier says: "Love, hope and joy promote perspiration, quicken the pulse, promote circulation, increase the appetite and facilitate the cure of diseases." While joy and kindred emotions thus contribute to health by inducing a more active performance of all the vital functions, as with all other stimulants. the pleasurable feelings become painful if the taunds of moderation are exceeded.

On the nervous system the effect of the painful emotions is manifested by depression, derangement and, possibly, destruction of the vital energies. The same agencies influence the various secretions by increasing, diminishing or vitiating them. When the mind is severely and unpleasantly agitated. dryness of the mouth testifies to the suppression of the sall vary secretion. This is proved the well known test, often resorted to in India for the discovery of a thief among the servants of a family, that of compelling all the parties to hold a certain quantity of rice in the mouth during a few minutes, the of fender being generally distinguished by the comparative dryness of his mouthful,"

PHYSIOLOGICAL EFFECTS. Under the influence of discurbing passions certain secretions become corrupted and even acquire poisonous properties. It is a known fact that the bits of an animal goaded to desperation heals less rapidly, and is at tended with greater inflammation than one administered when the system is uninfluenced by the excited passion. Great mental disturbance in the mother diminishes or vitiates the secretion of her milk, and it becomes burtful to the nursing child. The contrast between the physiological effects of the pleasurable and poinful emotions, and their influence upon health, are obvious to all. In the faces of the happy and confident is seen the bright glow of ustural vigor, while the drawn, careworn and pallid features of the sad and despondent testify to inward suffer-

In habitual irritability or fretfulness of temper, hatred, revenge, envy and joalously, and, in fact, in all dispositions of the mind characterized by bitter feelings toward others, a measure of anger is almost necessarily blanded. The effect upon the bodily health of the mind harassed by passions of this nature is to propagate derangements and infirmities. The appetite lessens, digestion is impaired, and then follow other functional disorders. The nervous system suffers from continued metal irritability, and bysteria, headache, and other painful affections often owe their origin to this prejudicial influence. Physicians well know that when the system is laboring under disease a temper amiable and tranquil under the little ills and crosses of life encourages recovery, while one easily

inflamed by the base passions obstruct it. While the malevolent feelings with which anger is blended are the promptings of an illconditioned mind or uncontrolled temper aroused by external influences, they may be excited by unhealthy states of the organs, and thus originate within the body. In certain functional disturbances and discussed conditions, the mind sometimes become disturbed, and the disposition peevish and irrit-able. Persons naturally amiable and patient under outward annoyances will often become anxious and fretful when attacked with bodily infirmities. Disturbances of the stomach, liver or other important organs are thus active in perverting reason, and in readering the disposition suspicious, peevish and morose, - Boston Herald.

CORPULENCY OF THE SINGER.

What a Celebrated Tenor Says of His Own Physical Rotundity.

The corpulency of opera singers is very often the cause of remark, but you rarely hear it accounted for except that they have an easy time and live on the fat of the land. Neither is true. They do not have an easy time, nor do they glut themselves with the fat of the land. They are usually a self denying set of people, and must necessarily be so if they would maintain the excellency of their art. They are, however, peculiar. In spite of all their hardships they get fat. But it is a healthy fat, and does not incumber or depress them in the least. You never heard of a singer suffering from excessive

"It is a kind of light, windy flesh we have," said a celebrated tenor, speaking of himself. "I look as soggy and heavy as an elephant, but I feel as light as a cork. I often disguise and dance in the ballet for the fun of the thing. My constant habit is to breathe free and full, asleep or awake, and that puffs me out. I know I'm laughed at by people with little, withered up stomachs no bigger than your hand, but they are fools and don't know how to live. Why, an opera manager can tell whether you are a good singer or not just about as well by the size of your abdomen as he can by hearing your voice. In applying for an engagement a singer always ends his waist measure, and the manager invariably requests it."

"But all opera singers are not big around," "No, but they are exceptional. And some times you see a little man or woman who can sing like a bird, but they are most

niways physically defective or diseased. The rule is no puff no sing. Now, I swell biggest in warm climates. But when I was last in Italy, after singing two months magnificently with extraordinary rotundity, I felt that my waistbands were gradually loosening. It alarmed me, for I knew if I didn't begin to swell soon I was a goner. I noticed my abdomen growing gradually less, my voice losing its strength and tone, and in order to avoid a complete collapse I had to retire. It is strange and unaccountable, this rising and falling of the operatic abdomen. It is peculiar to ourselves. Speakers are not affected in this way. When one is dwindling he is spoken of by the profession as being 'on tap.' "—Chicago Times.

Artillery Prelude at Gettysburg. From the exertions and the anxieties of

two days of strife the armies had fallen into lethnrgy, a silence that told of nerves and muscles worn out. The morning of the third dipped away. A spirt of battle at Culp's Hill drove off the enemy there, and men at a distance turned over to hear the news and drowsed again. While some slept, others cooked and ate, then the sleeping and the waking, the hungry and the filled, exchanged places. From the description of Samuel Wilkeson, who was at Meade's headquarters, and whose son Bayard was now lying still in death just beyond the lines, this faithful record of the hour has been preserved. "A silence as of deep sleep had fallen upon the field of battle. Our army cooked and ate and siumbered. In the shadow of the tiny farm house where Gen. Meade had made his headquarters, lay wearied staff officers. There was not wanting to the peacefulness of the scene the singing of a bird, which had a nest in the peach tree within the tiny yard of the

In the midst of its warbling a shell screamed over the bouse, instantly followed by anther, and in a moment the air was full of the most complete artillery prelude to an infantry battle that was ever exhibited. It made a very hell of fire that imazed the oldest officers. The shell burst n the yard-burst next the fences garnished in both sides with the hitched horses of aides and orderlies. The fastened animals reared and plunged with terror. One fell, then another, until sixteen lay dead and mangled, still fastened by their balters, and having the expression of being wickedly tied up to die in torture. These brute victims of cruel war touched all hearts.

The Carnage at Gettysburg. The expressions often found in battle ac cents of "heaps of slain" and "rows of dead" are food for ridicule in this skeptical age, but a few figures showing the condition of things at Getty-burg will prove that in this case at least these terms are not mere extravagances of speech. The killed outright and mortally wounded were, in round numbers, 8,000. Of the 25,000 wounded and otherwise disabled, probably 12,000 more, at the outset, were prostruted, and the total number to be accounted fallen is 20,000, an army that, if placed in four ranks as soldiers ordinarily march, would reach nearly four miles, or a listance equal to the whole front from Cemeery Hill to the Round Tops. Of course these prostrate men did not all lie in unbroken lines, nor were they to be seen all at one time. But the heaviest lusses were on open ground, where the fire had a clear sweep, and although there is much scattering of the ranks when those not killed outright are struck, the losses were so severe at the vital points on the several fields fought over that language could not paint the scene with milder words than "carnage" and "blood stained sod stream with the dead and the dying, all mingled in ghastly heaps and rows."

One Way of Getting a Drink.

"A neat trick was played on me by an old toper the other day," remarked an East Side saloon keeper. "The old soak brought in a black bottle and asked for 50 cents' worth of whisky I drew is and hung on to the bottle while he went through his pockets after the silver. Presently he put on a look of dismay and said he had lost the money. 'All right, says I, and turned out the whisky and put the bottle on the bar. He took it and went away, saying he'd be back after the inebriator presently. He didn't come, bowever, but five minutes later I found him sitting on a horse block around the corner poking something in the bottle with a stick, and after every poke turn out a thimbletul of whisky in a cup. I seized the bottle and made an investigation. What do you think I found! Why, the old rascal had forced a sponge as big as my clenched fist into it, and this had soaked up a glassful of my whisky when I filled the bottle."-Buffalo Express.

To Make Knee Breeches Comfortable. There are people who maintain that knee breeches are vastly "becoming" and "comfortable." Now, as to "comfortable," that is stark absurdity, contrary to all experience and reason. The only way to make knee breeches comfortable is to imitate the now almost extinct Irish peasant breeches wearer and habitually forget to button them at the knce. As to the much abused steel pen coat, it is not beautiful, certainly. But properly constructed, as our grandfathers were it, made double breasted and to button across the chest, it is a remarkably good garment. For any kind of bodily work or exercise it is absolutely unrivaled. It has no useless skirts to flop about and impede the movement, and the pockets, well out of the way, are only inconvenient when you sit down. It is the best walking coat ever devised, whereas the mod ern frock coat is about the worst and most cumbersome, - London Truth,

WAYS OF SHOPPERS.

MONDAY THE BARGAIN HUNTERS' DAY IN THE STORES.

Wednesday the Farmer's Wife Comes to Town-Thursday the "Lady Help" Comes Forth in Her Glory-A Rush on Saturday.

"Every day brings forth a different élass of shoppers," said Inspector Knox, of Bos-ton's police headquarters, to a reporter. The inspector is one of the most astute detectives of shoplifters and pickpockets in the police business, and, from long habits of observation, he can "size up" a crowd with remarkable quickness and accuracy. He can usually tell at a glance whether a person in a big dry goods store is "straight" or "crooked." There is something about every thief that "gives him away." Notwithstanding the disguises which they adopt, female shoplifters and pickpockets can never deceive Inspector Knox. The way they act when they meet him is often amusing. The detective pretends never to see them, and they at once begin maneuvering to ascertain whether he has really noticed them. Wherever there is a mirror or a store window that offers an opportunity to see what is going on without | hardens them. looking around, the "suspects" strive in ingenious ways to study the inspector's face

The officer has been too long in the business to get caught napping in this way, and the thief will gradually come to believe that he has not been observed. It is, of course, the object of the officer to make a case against the suspect, and at the same time to find out in what manner stolen property is likely to be disposed of. The thing then to be done is to shadow the suspect through all the stores which he or she may visit, and finally to the lair. This is a most difficult thing to do, as the thief who has had experience will always make a number of "bluff's at going home, perhaps calling at half a dozen different places, going in front doors and out back ones, until the officer has lost

DAY FOR BARGAIN HUNTERS.

"Monday," said Inspector Knox to the reporter, "is the bargain hunters' day. They have taken all the Sunday papers just to see what they have got to offer. The news and literary articles have no interest to them. They grab up the paper as soon as they get out of bed Sunday morning, and all day long they pore over it, reading the cut down prices of shirts, dusters, dress goods, house furnishings, including tin pails and brooms, and all the rest, and they can hardly wait for Monday to come, they are so anxious to get to the bargain counters to inspect the 'mark downs.' Monday is a hard day for the employes in the stores. These people predominate, and they look over \$10,000 worth of stuff for every dollar's worth they buy. Of course, there are other peo-ple out on Monday, but I mean to say that the bargain hunter has the right way. Some of them are known in the stores as 'hens' and 'rifters' and their mission in life seems to be to make the clerks 'tired.' Monday after Monday I see hundreds of faces that I have not seen for just a week, and I know them like a book. I don't suppose any of them spend more than fifty cents or \$1, but what they don't know on the poor woman was learned. It seems that subject of bargaius isn't worth knowing. When the fire first broke out she began pack-They know all about prints and prices, if they don't know anything else. Some of them haven't got over the old fushion of trying to beat the clerk down. That used to flames were close at hand, and realizing her be the favorite pastime of many estimable imminent peril she snatched her infant to old ladies from the north end, but with the modern methods of doing retail business, it is just as useless as talking to a stone wall. "Tuesday is a better kind of shopping day.

The 'mistresses' come out. I suppose they have come to learn that the bargain hunter must have her day, and there is not much comfort in entering into competition with her. So the 'mistresses' wait until Tuesday, and then they come forth in all their glory We know them pretty well now, but there is, of course, less sameness in this class of customers than there is in the Monday set.

FOLKS FROM THE COUNTRY. "Wednesday we expect the country people. The Sunday papers have by this time been througing out of their busy thoroughfare, read far and near, and the farmer and the dispersing for their homes, I see a young farmer's wife having read, marked, learned and inwardly digested all that was therein artistic dress. They don't know it, and contained, harness up, drive to the depot and take train to Boston, with pockets well filled. It is the easiest thing in the world to tell when there are a lot of country people in town. three hours toward night, she stands with They clog up the sidewalks, if they are at her back against the railing of the churchall numerous, and they gape into windows | yard and a basketful of flowers at her feet, and hang over counters, as if half bewildered | She is decidedly presty, to begin with. She by the rush and noise. One would suppose wears no covering on her head, and her that where they came so often, as many of | complexion is naturally fine enough to stand them undoubtedly do, they would get used to | tanning without deterioration. She gracinges this; but then, there is a great difference be- her auburn hair deftly energy, and yet in a tween working on a quiet farm and elbowing style that dogs not suggest carefulness to a your way through Boston's narrow streets, clumsy male observer. Her dress is cheap and if they should come every week, I don't calico, but it fits her as nicely as any silken believe that it would be possible to get used gown on an heiress' figure. Her sleeves are to the change and act like city people. The | rolled up nearly to her albews to show her country people are good people for us to handle. They are always polite and much more considerate than the people of the city are. We watch their interests closely, tak, and guard them against pickpockets, to whom they might easily fall victims. Yet I will ness or extravagance. She commands adsay this for the country housewife: She miration, and the practical value of this knows how to carry her money a great deal success lies in the fact that she can sell ten better than the city woman does. You naver see a country woman going along with a long, narrow pocketbook sticking away out of a manufacture a good deal of ogling and occasionally an impertment remark, but she is adreit and hip pocket, from which it could be taken with the greatest ease. The country woman holds on to her money as though it had come hard, and was going just in the same man-

Thursday brings a remarkable change. It is the Biddies' day. There is the plain, every day sort of creature, the 'lady haly from the Back bay, and the nurses, cooks and chamber toilers. Two out of three of those we see on Thursday are servant girls. They flood the stores, looking for dress goods a few grades better than their mistresses wear, and they fill the borse cars with the knockdown fragrance of their perfumes. The wives of Solomon, in all their glory, were not arrayed like some of these. The Thursday class is a generous one in many respects. I don't believe that the average servant girl is saving much money. They spend liberally, and on their day off they

have a pretty good time of it. "Friday is a shopping day which has no distinctive feature. There are almost all kinds tinctive feature. There are almost all kinds of people out on Friday, and usually, I think, retail business is pretty good. Saturday is the same, only more so. There is a big rush on Saturday, and a very large amount of money is suddenly put into circulation. The clerk gets half an hour off just to run out and buy something he has had his eye on all the week, and the clerk's wife, having got a little money from him in time to make some purchases before the closing hour, rushes around chases before the closing bour, rushes around in terrible haste in order to do all that she wants to before the shutters are put up. She comes out late, because her husband hadn't got his money earlier in the day, and she must needs be quick. She snaps up things without causing the storekeeper much loss of time and flits away. It is an easy thing for me to see that there are many thousands of people in Boston who are living from hand to mouth and who have bardly any money ex-cept on Saturday."—Boston Herald.

ART OF MAKING QUILL PENS.

Out of Style, but Still Useful-What They

Out of Style, but Still Useful—What They
Are Chiefly Besigned for.

"Quill pens! Yes, large quantities of them are made in this city," and a William street maker to a reporter. "The quills for these pens are chiefly from the goose and the swan, but the ostrich, grow and other birds occasionally contribute their quota. The general use of steel pens has greatly lessened the demand for quills. Most of the goose quills are from the Netherlands and Germany, while a small amount comes from the westwhile a small amount comes from the western states and Canada. Some idea of the number of geese required to keep up the sup-

ply may be judged from the fact that each

wing produces about five good quills, and

that by proper management a goose may afford twenty quills during the year. "Quills are classified according to the order in which they are fixed in the wings, the seeond and third quills being the best. The quality of quills is estimated partly by the size of the barrel, but more by the weight. The quills as they come from the bird are covered with a membrane, and are tough and soft, so that they will not make a clean slit. These defects are got rid of and the quills prepared for the penmaker by an

operation called quill dressing. A uniform yellow color is produced by dipping the barrels in diluted nitric acid. This process "The quiils having been dressed and finished, a portion of the bark is stripped off so

as to occupy less room in packing, and the

quills are tied up in bundles of twenty-live

and fifty each for the market. The quills,

baving been prepared, are cut into pens by the pen cutter's knife, and are also trimmed. A pen cutter will cut in a day 600 Crowquill pens are usually employed in line drawing, on account of the fine point to which they can be brought. They are also useful in that laborious kind of etching intended to imitate prints. Quill pens are sold from \$2 to \$5 per 100, but the trade is limited."-New York Mail and Express.

George C. Williams, a well known jewelry merchant of Chicago, was at the Lindell the other day. . He was relating to a number of friends several incidents which he remembered of the Chicago fire, and one of the many unpublished stories of that terrible calamity, told by Mr. Williams, is worthy of print even at this late day, Mr. Williams and his family were fleeing for their lives to ward the lake, and as they reached the corner of Ontario and State streets, on the north side, they met a poor, lone woman struggling in the maddening crowd and seeking to gain the street, where she was in danger of being run over by the hundreds of vehicles which were driven by frantic drivers at break neck speed toward the labe. Mr. Williams took charge of her and kept her by his side. The woman was carrying a closely wrapped object in her arms, and every now and then would murmur soothing words of comfort to it.

The lake was reached at last. The woman laid the object on the sands. It was a large water pitcher, filled with papers. The woman gave vent to an ear piereing scream and swooned away on the beach. She became hopelessly insane, and was subsequently removed to an asylum, where she is now confined. Through her insane rayings the true story of the harrible mistake of the being away from home. Before she had time to complete the packing the devouring ber breast with one arm, and with the other hand secured a pitchar, which was filled with securities and money. Running to the yard in the rear of the house she threw, as she thought, the pitcher of securities into an old dried up cistern, and fled with the supposed babe to the lake. When she reached that haven of safety she discovered that, instead of the pitcher, she had thrown the child into the cistern.-Globe-Democrat.

A Broadway Flower Giel,

Whenever I go down brondway post Prinity church of a pleasant afternoon, at the time when the Wall street brokers are woman who is bewitching them with he could hardly be made to comprehend it, anyhow, but it is as clear as A B C to a woman.

The girl is a flower vender, and for two or shapely forcarros, and a shawl folded and crossed over her bosom reveals a segment of

the same complexion. Thus she makes the neatest sort of a figure, tidy and feminine, without any grotesqueself possessed, and knows how to repel any insulting advances. I fancy that she does is thriving business, because I met her up town the other day, and then her ingenious flower. girl's costume was replaced by a handsome and rather expensive promenade toilet. - New York Sun.

The Alligator a Pelusion.

The alligator is a snare and a delusion, generally speaking. Those who expect to see him basking numerously upon the banks of every river and creek, for all the world like the picture book crocodile of their infancy, are doomed to bitter disappoint ment. Except in rare cases, he doesn't bask. The mighty hunters of Gotham who come down every winter to shoot and fish in southern waters have pretty nearly wiped out the alligator, and have scared the tarpon so that his visits are as few and far between as angels'. On the Ocklawaha river, where shooting is now prohibited by law, the former may be seen slipping from the slimy banks into the water, as the steamboats filled with excursionists glide by.

But big ones are scarce, and it is a crushing blow to find the largest to be nothing so formidable after all. Little ones are captured alive by hundreds and farmed out to the dealers in curios, who drive a flourishing trade in them, and beguile many a traveler into purchasing the unattractive pets against their will. Alligator teeth are made into pins of various devices, all hideously ugly, and into cuff buttons, bangles and other ornaments, which, it is to be supposed, have some admirers, as thousands are sold during the course of the season. - Jacksonville (Fla.) Cor. Boston Herald.

Connecticut is a comparatively small state, but it has about 50,000 miles of stone fences

The Plattsmouth Herald

Is enjoying a Boom in both its DAILYANDWEEKLY EDITIONS.

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

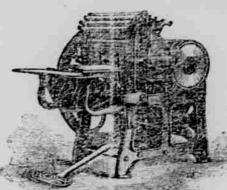
Political, Commercial and Social Transactions

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

SUBSCRIBE

Weekly Herald.

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.

NEBRASKA.