

IN THE SADDLE.

EQUESTRIANISM AND ITS RAPID GROWTH IN THIS COUNTRY.

How Roller Skating Rinks Are Utilized. Hints to Horseback Riders—The Model Saddle Animal, His Gait and How to Control Him.

The frequent mention of numbers of clever horsemen among the leading society people has naturally revived the many experiences of the cavaliers of the past, and it is doubtful whether in peace or war that history can produce any more or better examples of horsemanship than the present day affords. In the olden days the equipments were crude and imperfect, as well as the animals themselves. The knowledge of the horse has advanced, and likewise all the appointments that appertain to thoroughly adapting him to modern gait and use. It is only recently that we have recorded a high jump of something over eight feet by a horse, and the longest jump is something like thirty-five feet by actual measurement. This, of course, applies to the trained hurdler or steeplechaser.

HOW THE PASTIME HAS GROWN.

Our hunting clubs are a fine school for horsemen, but they are, from the order of things, not accessible to every one. It is surprising to those who have not watched its progress—the vast increase in horseback riding. The roller skating rinks have served one useful and commendable purpose. All that have an eligible location have been sought by the teachers of riding schools, and instead of thousands toiling on rollers, we now have hundreds availing themselves of the rings in the old rinks in going the rounds with the riding master in the graceful walk, trot and canter on the back of the horse, receiving the pleasure of exercise accompanied by music and getting the benefit of the healthy pastime. Among the most attractive sights these pleasant spring days are the bride parties specially provided for horseback riders in the park. There are hours in the day however, when these bride parties are inadequate to the wants of the multitude of accomplished horsemen escorting the fair sex, whose graceful figures as they fit around the curves add to the picturesqueness of the panorama.

To gather the most practical information possible an interview was sought by the reporter with an expert equestrian, who said: "There are two styles of saddle horses in use. One is the horse fashionable in Kentucky, whose gait are the plain walk, running walk, sit-toe foot, trot and canter. The other is the English style, thoroughly fitted and in hand to walk, trot and canter only. My experience convinces me that Kentucky produces the best type of saddle horses, and they command the most money. Others like the Canadian horse. The taste for horses in Boston, Philadelphia and Washington is about the same. Few ride the Kentucky gaited horse. The popular horse here is the English style. The horse that is properly fitted and ready for the saddle should be ridden with a bit and bridle, and so thoroughly broken as to guide by the neck, on the curb or snaffle, or by both jointly. In riding schools they are taught to ride with reins in each hand, same as they handle driving reins, whereas all from Kentucky and the south and west do not consider a horse a saddle horse until he will guide by the neck; that is an instructive idea. The reins should be in the left hand, so that the whip hand is always free for any purpose. In riding with the ladies on the road you should go on the lady's right hand, which will prevent running against the lady or any accidental collision. The amateur rider does not know what constitutes a saddle horse. The horse must have a good walk, good trot and good canter, and go at any rate of speed."

HOW TO MOUNT A HORSE.

It is interesting to notice the simple act of mounting a horse. It is important to combine grace with safety. The school or stylish custom is to stand with your back to the head of the horse, with the reins in the left hand resting upon the pommel of the saddle, your left foot in the stirrup, then with a swing encompassing a half circle you rise and settle in the saddle. The expert's method of mounting is to stand facing the side of the horse. You put the left foot in the stirrup, reins in the right hand and hold tight, resting on the opposite side of the cantle or back of the saddle, then with a vault you will land easily in the saddle. This is also the most general custom, the only difference is to hold the reins and mane both with the left hand. All the while you have the animal under control, and in this position there is much less liability of accident from any unexpected movement, shying or fright of your horse by which the animal may be made to kick or get away from the rider.

There is another important and yet very simple fact little known, after being mounted, and that is the skill to start a horse. The reins should be held gently, not pulled, and there should be an almost imperceptible bending forward of the body, which, to a trained saddle horse, is far better understood and more readily responded to than talking or kicking. The swinging of the body is sufficient, and he instantly responds. A horse should never be started off abruptly and on the jump, as very many inexperienced riders make a habit of doing. It startles a horse and is a bad habit, which grows upon him, and often the first spring of the horse in starting causes more accidents than the other faults in the animal. Always in starting on you should go off on a very slow walk. It restores confidence, and if the horse is inclined to nervousness that soon disappears, and then you pursue your journey with ease and pleasure.

The horse whose ancestors are real saddle horses is more pleasant and easier to ride and to entice and teach than one that is bred regardless of such characteristics. The saddle instinct has been bred in him for generations, and this instinct has been intensified by education until the true saddle horse is a distinct type.—New York Herald.

Arab Women in Their Bath.

The baths are the great places of rendezvous for the Arab women, who spend an afternoon there frequently their hours being from 12 till 5, and they certainly deserve this much social intercourse. They are seen with their children in the streets going to the bath accompanied by a gorgeous negress carrying a bronze vessel filled with necessary articles and other baskets and bundles containing a complete change of linen, also several strips of orange blossom. Orange flower water is not to be forgotten, for it enters extensively into their luxuries as a drink with their meals and as a perfume. For the latter purpose a bottle of brass, silver or gold, with long neck and a pepper box termination, is used, with which they sprinkle guests at home and friends at the bath as well as themselves. The baths, again, "take in washing," especially of heavy woollen burnouses, haiks, blankets, etc., which the attendants and the mouches—a young boy servant, whose name is evidently of Spanish origin—wash with their feet and plenty of soap and water on the marble pavement in the hot room.—Harper's Magazine.

ACROSS THE RUSSIAN FRONTIER.

The Boundary Post of Siberia—Heart Broken Exiles—The Farewell. We sprang out of the tarantass and saw, standing by the roadside, a square pillar ten or twelve feet in height, of stucco or plastered brick, bearing on one side the coat of arms of the European province of Perm, and on the other that of the Asiatic province of Tobolsk. It was the boundary post of Siberia. No other spot between St. Petersburg and the Pacific is more full of painful suggestions, and none has for the traveler a more melancholy interest than the little opening in the forest, where stands this grief consecrated pillar. Here hundreds of thousands of exiled human beings—men, women and children; princes, nobles and peasants—have bidden good-bye forever to friends, country and home.

No other boundary post in the world has witnessed so much suffering, or been passed by such a multitude of heart broken people. More than 170,000 exiles have traveled this road since 1875, and more than half a million since the beginning of the present century. As the boundary post is situated about half way between the European and the first Siberian states, it has always been customary to allow exiles parties to stop here for rest and for a last good-bye to home and country. The Russian peasant, even when a criminal, is deeply attached to his native land, and heartrending scenes have been witnessed around the boundary post when such a party, overtaken perhaps by frost and snow in the early autumn, stopped here for a last farewell. Some gave way to unrestrained grief, some comforted the weeping; some knelt and pressed their faces to the loved soil of their native country, and collected a little earth to take with them into exile; and a few pressed their lips to the Russian side of the cold brick pillar, as if kissing good-bye forever to all that it symbolized.

At last the stern order "Stroisla!" ("Form ranks!") from the under officer of the convoy put an end to the rest and the leave taking, and at the word "March!" the gray coated troops of exiles and convicts crossed the boundary post and entered the Siberian wilderness.

A Writer of Advertisements.

One would probably imagine that those unique and racy advertisements which begin with some startling adventure or scientific treatise and other interesting subjects, but invariably wind up with a glowing expatiation on the wonderful merits of some patent nostrum, are easily written and thrown off at not haste by a ready writer. But they are only another instance of where it requires difficult study on the part of the writer to produce easy reading. I was engaged at a good salary to write that kind of articles about a certain kind of patent medicine, but at the end of two years I resigned. If I had not, I would have gone insane. I was required to write from ten to twelve different articles, each one not less than a quarter of a column, every day for various newspapers. For awhile everything went along smoothly, and I threw off the "ads" from my pen as easily as the fancies of a idle moment; but gradually the work grew more irksome and eventually it became really intolerable.

I had the whole field of science, travel, biography, and, in fact, all departments of literature to draw from and ingeniously weave into the articles the "ad" for the patent nostrum. After that I would take a walk through the streets the same as a newspaper reporter on his rounds and pick up any incidents to be worked over. This did not throw much variety into the work, however, because each article had to wind up with the invariable medicine "ad." The monotony became exceedingly painful. The constant thought on one topic, and the strain of study in evolving puzzling methods for utilizing facts and information for the subject, produced brain fever. The one wearing, monotonous thought of the medicine "ad" had burned itself into my very being and haunted me like a nightmare. My brain had had no opportunity for the recreation, elasticity and fascinating pleasure found in the varied, stimulative work of a newspaper writer, and nature revolted at the monotonous treatment it had received.—Globe-Democrat.

Southern Hotels in War Times.

While in Vicksburg after the siege I was afforded a fair trial of southern hotels as they existed in war times, and must confess that my experience in this connection was far from being a pleasant one. The floors and hallways of the hotels were generally unswept and unwashed, while, doubtless owing to the presence of our army, the servants suddenly became wholly unmanageable and consequently were few in number. As a rule the rooms were occupied by soldiers, some being sick, others with neglected wounds and quite a number who were shamming sickness. As a result, and in the absence of any sanitary rules, the rooms were in a sad plight as to cleanliness, while a disgusting odor pervaded the entire building.

It was wholly useless to seek for a separate apartment, and after registering one was assigned to a portion of a room and the whole or a part of a bed by paying \$10. A single night's lodging cost \$5, which entitled one to a lodging ticket and meal ticket. Arriving at your room, the servant, bowing obsequiously, usually apologized for the lack of everything needed for comfort by saying: "Best in de house, sah, 'clar it am. s'lyahs done stole ebbery debblish ting 'bout de place, 'leed dey did, sah."

No towel, no soap, no bowl, no pitcher, no means of illumination, a bed of corn cobs with a single sheet and a light coverlet, and from the beds having been occupied by soldiers, it excited no surprise to find vermin in abundance. If one could sleep under such circumstances he must needs be copper bound.—Boston Bulletin.

Shopping on Horseback.

A pretty woman, clad in orthodox riding attire, whose glossy brown curls were crowned by a derby hat, came riding down 125th street the other afternoon. She was an excellent horsewoman and presented a charming picture as her horse cantered. In front of a meat market she turned her horse suddenly and dashed upon the sidewalk, pulling up before the shop door. The tradesman came out, bowing and smiling, the girl handed him a written order and then rode off, seemingly oblivious of the crowd her action had attracted, and that she had broken a city ordinance against riding on the sidewalk. She knew all about both, of course, but cared nothing, for she was living up to the latest whim of lovely womanhood, which is to combine horseback riding and shopping. The latest craze with the old reliable one.—New York Evening Sun.

A Timely Correction.

"There seems to be nothing in the market," said Mrs. Hendricks, despairingly, to the widow Jenkins, who had "just dropped in" for a moment. "I'm worried to death to know what to get for—"

"Why, ma," interrupted Bobby, who was laboriously penciling his name on the wall, "I heard you say that Mrs. Jenkins was in the market."

BURIED ALIVE.

STORIES TOLD OF LIVING PEOPLE BEING PUT IN THE GRAVE.

The Number of Well Authenticated Cases Is Small—Why Superstitious Observers Are Likely to Be Mistaken—Some Natural Explanations.

To be buried while only apparently dead and to come back to life in a coffin four feet under earth is, of course, a dreadful thing, and the fear of people to meet this terrible fate has at all times been proportionately strong. It has resulted in all kinds of designs and plans to enable persons in case of premature burial to inform the living world of the horrible mistake. If we inquire into the matter a little more closely, however, we will find that such a fear is unreasonable. In fact, our readers will be surprised to hear us ask:

Have people ever been buried alive? True, people absolutely deny such occurrences, for several cases have been reported under competent medical supervision, but the number of well authenticated cases is really so small that we must look upon them as a thing extremely rare. In fact, it would be safer to take the risk of meeting this accident than to take the risk of getting on the globe this minute than to get on a train for only one hour. In the face of these facts we would naturally put the question:

Why is it that such cases are reported or believed to have taken place so often? The answer to this is easy. People who do not know the wonderful working of the system are liable to misinterpret certain rare and abnormal instances. They do not remember that every rule has its exception, even as applied to the human organism. In short, they do not fully understand the nature of death and hence will sometimes conclude it with life. We will be a little less abstract to illustrate. We often hear the remark: "I don't believe such and such a person is dead. I remember how red his cheeks were, even up to the day of his burial." True, the characteristic appearance of the dead is that waxy and pale aspect known to everybody. However, the mere manner of dying may determine an exception to this rule. So the face presents a bluish coloration, where death has been the result of a disturbance in the functions of the lungs or to be more exact, of the lesser circulation. Here we can enumerate all cases of hanging, drowning, suffocation, coal gas, poisoning, etc.

OTHER EXCEPTIONS. A still more striking, but also rare exception, occurs in people with habitually red faces. In their case a bright arterial hue may remain up to the time of burial, although death may be absolute in every sense. People also sometimes die with the up against a light denoting life as long as the margin shows a reddish, semi-transparent aspect. While this test is a reliable one, it does not hold true in people dead with dropsy. Here the transparency will be preserved in spite of death. Another sign formerly employed by medical men as infallible has proved to be a false one. It is known that the application of mustard to the skin causes redness and blisters in the living body. We can therefore always conclude as to the persistence of life whenever such an application reacts. Unfortunately, however, the plaster might not show any result when life is not yet extinct and recovery is still possible. This has been observed in cases of extreme intoxication by means of narcotics, such as morphia. The fact that pricking of the skin is followed by the appearance of a drop of blood is often cited as a proof for the existence of life. Now, everybody knows that such is possible also some limited time after death, although the color of the drop differs from that drawn from a living body. The peculiar signs mentioned at the beginning of this article, and usually considered so conclusive, also find more natural explanations than the absurd theory of apparent death.

A body may change its original position while being lowered into the grave. Biting in the fingers and scratches by the face may be due to rats infesting the grave, or noises referred to a coffin are usually the result of an over excited imagination. In fact, there is no sense more liable to deception than audition, especially when we want to hear. Everybody remembers, perhaps, how often he thought he heard the train arrive when anxiously waiting for it.

THRILLING STORIES.

There is, however, good reason to think that many of the stories are manufactured without the presence or observation even of any of the above signs. It is only natural to the human mind that, with their profound exciting power, they should be in equal demand with the over and again repeated ghost and snake stories. It would be a pity to leave them out from the list, when the narrator can enjoy the pleasure of seeing an eager audience follow every motion of his most usually her lips, and then, how and time to be looked upon as the witness, or as even a more interested party, of such a thrilling experience! It is worth the sacrifice of a little veracity! In fact, every careful observer cannot fail to discover in the numerous accounts the variations of one original, true or false case to suit the particular taste of the author.

But there is one post-mortem occurrence which, at least to the laity, might at first seem incompatible with death. It is sometimes observed that dead people will change the position of certain parts of their bodies after life has escaped the mouth is open, because the lower jaw, following the laws of gravity, hangs down drooping. In some four to twelve hours the mouth may be found closed. This is due to the peculiar phenomenon known by the name rigor mortis, which, being essentially a contraction of the muscle substance, results in contraction and the later in movements. Of course a part would always be moved in the direction of the stronger muscles or the flexors. While these movements go on gradually and are hardly visible we witness occasionally sudden or spasmodic movements. Thus a knee may suddenly rise up in bending itself. An arm may sweep through the air with a quick motion or the muscles of the face may be twitching. The purposeless and inco-ordinate character makes these manifestations appear so much more as expressions of distress and helplessness as would be the case in a living person considered dead. After death from cholera these occurrences are relatively often observed.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The Famous "Oaken Bucket."

Mrs. Betsey Torrey, of Scituate, Mass., who is 90 years old, says that in her youth she lived at the Northern homestead, near Scituate, where Woodworth wrote the "Old Oaken Bucket." Many is the time she has lowered the famous bucket into the well, and drank deep draughts of the pure spring water. She has an idea that it was better than the water that flows from nickel plated fountains.

By the etiquette of congress representatives are called "gentlemen," but United States senators are "senators."

Dogs Trained for Smuggling.

On the Belgian frontier smuggling with the aid of trained dogs is said to be a flourishing business. Cigars, jewelry and other articles are smuggled across the border by the aid of a special training for their profession. The practice consists in traveling from one place in Belgium to another in France and vice versa, avoiding the high roads and the revenue men. The latter they are taught by bitter experience to avoid, for the smugglers who train them keep a good supply of uniforms of revenue officers on hand. These uniforms are donned by confederates whom the dogs have never seen, and these fellows beat and stone the dogs unmercifully. The result is that the dogs run whenever they see a genuine officer. When the dog is started off on his journey with his load the smuggler sets out for the same place, but he takes the direct route, or travels boldly by rail, caring, of course, nothing for any inspection of his baggage.

There was a famous dog of this kind in Maastricht. He made the fortune of his master by carrying lace across the French frontier. His natural color was white, but he wore all sorts of disguises. Sometimes he was black, sometimes brown and sometimes he was a mighty thick, shaggy fellow. He was called Cate (Malin), and he was well worthy of the name. A price was put upon his head, and all sorts of traps and ambushes were prepared for him. It is said that once he crossed the frontier disguised as an innocent sheep dog, travelling with a flock of sheep. His death was a tragedy. Cate died in harness like a horse. He was chased by the revenue officers and repeatedly fired upon. In swimming across the Escaut he was mortally wounded; but he managed to reach the shore, where he died. Laces valued at 15,000 francs were found in his reversed overcoat.—Home Journal.

The Old Fashioned "Hired Man."

This is the day when the "hired man" who is engaged to work on a farm for the season reports for duty, provided, of course, that there is somewhere a farm on which such a relic of a bygone age as the hired man is to be found this year. What an institution he used to be in the days when we were young! A thoroughbred Yankee, not a drop of imported blood in his veins; strong and little, and active and tireless—intelligent, fairly well educated, skilled in his business, and as a rule industrious beyond the belief of this ten hour generation. From the time he drove his ax into the woodpile in the door yard on the 1st of April until the close of the season, after harvesting, he expected to work, and he did work, not from sun to sun, but from dawn to darkness, and then did the milking and fed the pigs afterward. His day was fourteen, fifteen, even sixteen hours long, and it never occurred to him that it should be shorter.

He was no specialist. He could do anything. He was smart with a scythe, handy with a hoe, cut with a cradle, and experienced with an ax. He knew how much grain and grass seed were required to the acre, when grass was fit to cut, and when it was hayed enough to "go in," and he did not need to be told when to drop turnip seed in the corn field or how to put corn in the shock. He could build wall, make cider, shingle the barn, make a hayrack or doctor a sick hog. It was safe to leave him to work alone. And he got for his services \$10, 12, possibly \$15 a month for eight months, and saved three-fourths of it. Then, when he had worked eight or ten seasons and accumulated a few hundred dollars, he probably married the "hired girl," who had been at work for a dollar a week and saved half of that, bought a farm, got out of debt little by little, educated his children and sent them to the city to preach or practice law, or work in the store or shop, while he stayed on the old homestead.—Manchester Mirror.

The Citizens of Berlin.

The surface life of Berlin is not spectacularly impressive, as it is in Paris and London. The citizens are, with the exception of the officers, the worst dressed men in Europe. They are aptly described by the word slovenly. The neckties are dim and chosen with execrable taste, and the clothes are raggy, ill fitting and dingy. This is the more remarkable because the officers of the German army are the leading dandies of the civilized world, and the crack tailors of London and Paris are nearly all Germans. In his native city the German wears big and rough boots, and garments noticeable for their clumsiness. He lounges about theatres, music halls and cafes, with his hands in his pockets and his head hanging forward, content to drink beer and talk—and it is when he talks that the charm begins. It is astonishing to a traveler who has grown accustomed to the solemn, stupid and conventional talk of the English or the constant and unrelieved suggestiveness of the French to hear a party of Berlin men in a discussion. They are the best talkers in the exhibit of absolute and varied knowledge in the world.—Blakely Hall's Berlin Letter.

Depressing Personal Atmosphere.

In some households the wind is always "in the east," and no one quite knows the reason. The causes, patiently traced, usually center in some one member. He may not have what is usually meant by "a bad temper," and may go on, day after day, driving others like a cask for active complaint against him. And yet his personal atmosphere is so depressing that the constitutionally sober are made melancholy by his presence, and the light hearted find themselves deep in the blues. "I don't see why everybody complains of my manner," once said a most estimable gentleman; "I'm sure I don't easily lose my temper, and I never say disagreeable things." "Ah, but you always look as if you were thinking them, and that's worse," answered a candid friend. Repressed criticism is, indeed, sometimes harder to bear than a frankly uttered complaint.—Exchange.

The Illinois board of health has sent notices to all the railroad companies centering in Chicago directing them to at once put their stations and grounds in good sanitary condition. This is done in connection with the efforts being made by the board to prevent the appearance of cholera and other epidemic diseases in Illinois this year.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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Unless you want to know where to get the Best "Cash"

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ROOTS AND SHOES!

—We are now offering Special Prices in—

OUR ENTIRE LINE!

And the most we pride ourselves on is our excellent line of

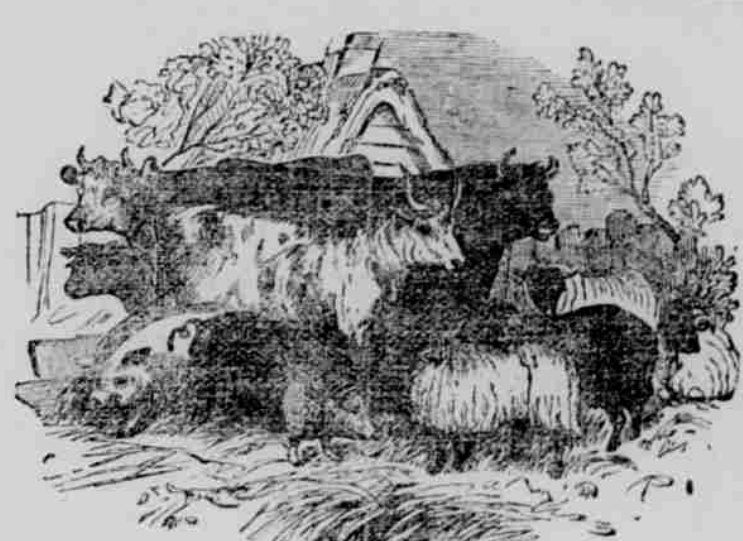
Ladies' Hand-Turned Shoes

At their Present Low Prices. Ladies looking for such a

Shoe should not fail to call on

W. A. BOECK & CO.

PUBLIC SALE!



As I have sold my farm and have a lot of horses, cows, pigs and farming utensils that have to be sold, I offer them at public sale on

FRIDAY, JUNE 1st, '88,

at 10 o'clock a. m., at my farm, three miles west of Plattsmouth. The following is a partial list: Six fresh milk cows, twenty cows and heifers, two Polangus heifers, one yearling Polangus bull, thirteen breeding sows, two brood mares, four work horses, two yearling colts, one single buggy, one set of single harness, spring wagon, hay racks, harrows, bob-sheds, mowing machines, seeder, stock cutters and corn shellers, a large number of chickens, and a number of articles too numerous to mention. All have got to be sold.

TERMS:—All sums under \$10, cash, all sums over that amount, time will be given at 10 per cent with good security. For cash, 5 per cent off.

WM. NEVILLE.

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

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