

SMUGGLED GOODS.

TRAVELERS WHO TRY TO EVADE THE CUSTOM HOUSE DUTIES.

Methods Adopted by the Flora McFlimsey—A Woman's Inconsistency Made Manifest—An Inspector Thrown Off His Guard—Two English Dudes.

An inspector of customs who has grown round shouldered in the business of reconnoitering for smuggled goods was asked the other day to relate a few of his experiences during his long term of service in the government's employ.

"She is," said he, "as rich as Croesus, and is a shining mark in her philanthropic work. No one gives more liberally to the cause of charity. No one dispenses with a freer hand means for spreading the Gospel in heathen lands. She bears the reputation of being a large hearted, full souled Christian lady. Yet she swore falsely, as I believe, to the boarding officer. She declared she had nothing in her possession of a dutiable nature. There was something about the woman's actions, however, that awakened suspicion. A careful examination of her trunks appar-

ently verified her statement. There remained, however, a lingering doubt that she was trying to deceive. Acting upon this suspicion she was asked to step into a small room near by, which is used for the purpose of examining female passengers whose truthfulness has been challenged. Under her garments were found forty yards of fine black Lyons silk. The fabric had been tucked to her petticoat. She seemed overcome with embarrassment when the discovery was made. Her only excuse was the very 'thin' one that she was not aware the silk was dutiable. She was not asked why she concealed it. Is there any gauge by which the inconsistency displayed by this woman can be measured?

About two years ago, while an inspector was making his rounds among the passengers, a tall, good looking, finely dressed lady nudged him in the ribs and softly whispered, "Can I see you privately a few moments?" She motioned the inspector to one side, at the same time keeping her eyes fixed upon two plainly dressed women who were standing together near the companionway. "I want to tell you," began the pretty siren, "that the two women you see over there have made a false declaration. Their stateroom was next to mine, and I overheard them on several occasions during the trip planning a scheme to conceal from the customs officers a quantity of valuable goods they have in their possession. You will do well to make a careful examination of their baggage and the clothes they have on. I dislike deception in any form, and make this disclosure in the interest of honesty."

The inspector thanked his informant, and promised that he would make a thorough investigation of the case. When the two suspected females had received their baggage upon the wharf the inspector proceeded to make a most careful search of their contents, but found no trace of valuables. The inspector thought this was only a blind to throw him off the scent, and he asked an inspector to search the persons of the two women. This was done, but not a shadow of anything dutiable was found. It now began to dawn upon the mind of the inspector that he had been tricked by the gay eavesdropper, and that she was probably the one who was trying to defraud the government, and the two ordinary looking females who had been under suspicion. It was a neat little game to throw off suspicion, but will never be worked again on the same inspector. It was afterward learned that the two women were Chicago school teachers, who had been abroad spending their summer vacation. They felt very much embarrassed at the attention they received at the hands of the officers, and were at a loss to fathom its meaning. The poor old pedagogue probably never had a dishonest thought enter their heads.

An amusing incident occurred four or five weeks ago on board a Cunarder, when two finely dressed ladies declared that they had nothing in their possession upon which an impost duty should be levied. A few moments after taking the oath they were seen in close consultation, and their actions indicated that they had under consideration a matter of momentous importance. Finally, one of them accosted the customs officer, and said: "I guess I've made a mistake in declaring as I did, as we have several articles in our trunks which should pay duty." It is no unusual occurrence to find these conscience stricken people.

A little dumpy kind of a man attempted to run in three new ulsters a short time ago as part of his own wearing apparel. When his trunk was opened and the garments taken out, he was asked if he intended to wear the "toppers" himself. "Certainly I do," he replied. "I don't think the tailor gave you a very good fit; will you try one of them on?" "They were all made from the pattern of this one I have on," and the little man turned around twice. "I don't see the necessity of going to the trouble of finding out whether the others fit me."

"I am sure the tailor must have made a mistake," persisted the inspector, "and I shall insist upon your giving me some evidence that he did not." The little man tried every way to satisfy the inspector that the coats were for his own use, but failing, drew forth one of the heavy garments and crawled into it. It was like drawing a salt bag over a crooked neck. The little man had disappeared. The top of his hat and the toes of his shoes were all that could be seen of him.

"What's the lightest you'll let me off for?" softly asked the little man. "The second one was made out and he paid without a whimper," replied the other. "Your husband is a Forester, a Knight of Pythias, and a Knight of Honor, and you will have at least \$10,000 when he dies." "But what good does all that do me?" was the careful response, "when he never dies?" and the poor creature burst into tears.—Texas Siftings.

Knew When to Stop. A New England man has beaten the green goods sawdust men at their own game. He got one of their circulars, and in reply asked for a sample of their goods. They sent him a genuine \$1 bill, and the gentleman stopped the correspondence then and there.—New York Sun.

A Judge's Advice. Judge Hare, of Philadelphia, recently gave this advice to a wife beater who was discharged upon the appeal of the accused wife. "When you find yourself getting angry again, fill your mouth with water and keep it shut till you cool off."—Chicago Herald.

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LONG LIVE THE KING.

"The king is dead!" The velvet pall, with its thick silver fringes. On the cold marble pavement stream; The guttering candles burning by the tier. Flare in the gust; and as he nods and dreams. A drowsy moan prays for the soul's repose— Thrusts his lean fingers in his sleeves of serge. Watching alone; the hour is not yet come. For knell and requiem and funeral dirge.

"Long live the King!" The smiling courtiers pause amid the feast. And pledge their vows to their new liege in wine; O'er nodding plumes and silks and flashing gems. A thousand tapers with soft brilliance shine; Laughter and jest blend with the sound of futes. Of harp and viol, and the heavy air. Is sweet with music; only a little page. Weeps as he waits without upon the stair. —M. H. K. in America.

Just What a Whang Is. In the wisdom of the ages there has come to be something in a name. A good housewife in a suburb of Leviston, whose reputation is of thrift, and whose wits are as keen as the razor's edge, issued cards not long ago, terminating in "whang." A whang is an unknown term in the vicinity, a metaphorical or symbolic or hyperbolic sense many times to the country jubilee of various kinds. The good ladies who were summoned didn't know what to do or how to dress, but they went just the same, full of curiosity, and in their most stunning toilettes. The hour was early—viz., 1 p. m.—when the larger part of them started. Bets were even against the field that it was a quitting bee, one to three that it was a rug bee, and even against the field that it was just an ordinary party. When they got there they found the house in disorder, and everybody scrubbing for dear life. A whang is a housecleaning party, and some of the ladies are sorry they didn't dress accordingly. —Lewiston Journal.

The Increase of Mendicancy. The growing tendency to believe that charity is the mother of pauperism and that our easy and disorderly dispensing of aid to mendicants is increasing beggary, is confirmed and strengthened by the experience of the city of Brooklyn. In the five years from 1874 to 1878, inclusive, the number of persons who asked and received outdoor relief from the city increased between 50 and 60 per cent, while population was increasing less than 14 per cent. The inference seemed fairly to be drawn that the masses were growing relatively poorer and poorer. But in 1878 outdoor relief was wholly put an end to. It was feared by many that this would lead to vast suffering; but it did nothing of the kind. Not only was the \$6,000 drawing from the authorities dropped, but this dropping caused, or was accompanied by a decrease of applicants to the public and private societies. The true inference was that our system of charities encourages beggary and creates mendicancy. —Globe-Democrat.

Not Hard to Hit. The following anecdote admits of wide and varied application. Most of us can apply it to ourselves if we will. It was a story of a minister who, preaching in the pulpit of a brother clergyman, said some strong things about racing and fast horses. He was told after the sermon that he had touched one of their best members at a tender point. "Well," said the preacher, "I cannot change my sermon for him." In the evening the man was introduced to the minister, who said, "I understand that what I said touched one of your weaknesses. I assure you that I was altogether unconscious of the weakness when I said it." "Oh, never mind," said the man. "It is a poor sermon that does not hit me some where." —Youth's Companion.

To Save Drowning Men. A United States navy officer has invented a life saving device for the dreaded emergency of "man overboard" which promises to be of value. A raft buoy of sufficient size to support a man is attached to the vessel by a long and strong but light wire rope. The buoy is stocked with a small supply of provisions, and is furnished with a potassium compound which upon contact with the water ignites and burns brilliantly for twenty minutes. If the drowning man, aided by the flame, succeeds in reaching the raft he can be drawn to the vessel without the necessity of lowering boats. Should the rope break and his own vessel lose track of him, he has, with the provisions, a chance of sustaining life until picked up by others. —Frank Leslie's.

An African "Wake." According to news from the west coast of Africa there have been some human sacrifices in consequence of the death of a son of the king of Grand Jack. Selected victims were obliged to drink "ess water," a poisonous liquor, and were then pitched into the surf on the seashore. When the rollers dashed them ashore men, women and child died cut and with knives until they were dead. The chief of the tribe feeds the British flag, and the captain of a trading vessel recommended with him in vain.—London Standard.

The Editor's Insomnia. Patient—I wish you would prescribe for me, doctor. I am nervous and restless and my sleep is disturbed by nightmares hideous enough for delirium tremens. Doctor—Possibly your heart is diseased. Do you lie on the right side? Patient—Great Scott, doctor! I thought you knew that I am running an independent newspaper and have to lie on all sides.—Detroit Free Press.

A Disconsolate Wife. "I don't believe in these secret societies," said one Austin lady to another. "That's very singular," replied the other. "Your husband is a Forester, a Knight of Pythias, and a Knight of Honor, and you will have at least \$10,000 when he dies." "But what good does all that do me?" was the careful response, "when he never dies?" and the poor creature burst into tears.—Texas Siftings.

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GIVERS OF DINNERS.

WHY PRIVATE HOSPITALITY IS MADE PUBLIC IN PRINT.

Society Ladies Who Regularly Report Their Receptions—Dinner Parties of the Well Sort—A Clear Case of Connoisseurial Martyrdom.

A few years ago entertainments, whether breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, receptions or balls, were given for the sake of sociability and pleasure, plus such distinction as may be gained by the giving in the circle in which one happens to move. But now these considerations are subordinated to the passion for self advertising that rules society in all its grades. It seems to be the reverse of delicate, this blazon of names, of dress, and of the details in the press. And then to call it private hospitality when it is made as public as type, printer's ink and widely circulated newspapers can make it. Privacy has well nigh ceased, so far as aught relating to society is concerned. If your friend lives in a plain way, is socially obscure, and prefers to be, you may take dinner at his house without any fear of seeing the fact chronicled the next morning. But if he has means, or is socially ambitious, in the least, you will be pretty certain to find your name, with others, in print, as elegantly entertained by Mr. John Jones, at No. 9,999 Blank street.

It might be supposed that only persons of a certain kind, who have no position, but are anxious to secure one, would be eager to advertise their entertainments. But the supposition would be incorrect. The very best people, as they are styled—those who have had wealth for generations—who are leaders of society—the very pinks of gentility—regularly report their parties, of whatever nature, and are solicitous that the reports be accurate. Generally they try to disguise their vanity in this regard, intimating that the newspapers somehow got hold of such things, and they care not to be advertised. As a rule, however, nothing is said on the subject—social advertising is taken for granted, the hosts and guests relishing it exceedingly. Nearly every daily has its society news, in which are recorded the features of the season. Reporters are employed to look after such affairs, particularly fashionable houses. But they have small trouble in discharging their duties, since they receive great assistance from the hosts of the soirees. They are received with marked kindness, though secretly; the names furnished, with particulars of dress, and the like. In some instances, the ladies who are most elaborately dressed actually write out descriptions of their toilets, and carry them with them to be handed to the representatives of the press in order to save trouble. Dinner parties of a swell sort are almost always mentioned, and often minutely described, so that the guests are more interested in the way they will be presented to the public than in the pleasure given to their guests. Accounts of such parties are frequently printed by the direct connivance of persons endeavoring to get into society. Dinner giving is considered a very desirable means to such an end. Two or three well known citizens are secured, and they are paraded with others who may be nobodies, but who are thought to be somebody from the company in which they figure. I know several rich men, indifferent to society, who have married late in life, or married a second time, and whose wives have been fired with an ambition to get into society. Women generally feel anxious to shine socially, whatever may be the views of their husbands, and are fairly driven by them to act a part that they disdain.

It is curious to observe hard headed men, wholly occupied with money getting until 50 or more, suddenly induced into dress suits, put at the head of tables laden with crystal, silver and flowers, and compelled to play host. They would rather have a number of corned beef and potatoes, washed down with beer or cider, than all the French dishes and fragrant wines which they present to their guests and assume to enjoy. Their wives attempt to look used to the display, and are on demand to be complimented. Some unparadiseable double. For the sake of a few dollars this connoisseurial martyrdom is endured with a stolidity that would be ludicrous if it were not pathetic. And they are rewarded by reading the next day in the newspapers of their sumptuous dinner party, and the distinguished ladies and gentlemen who attended. After a few seasons of such success they will, it is hoped, be launched on the treacherous sea of fashionable society.

Among the noted dinner givers are the Astors, the late Mrs. John Jacob Astor, a most benevolent, noble hearted lady, relished this form of entertainment within limits, the Ward McAllisters, the Delancy Knases, the William B. Vanderbilts, the Edw. B. Shepards, the Stewart Webbs, the Adrian Isidors, the August Belmonts, the George Henry Warrens, the Philip Schuylers, the Rutherford Stuyvesants, Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, the Will Jays, the Henry Clewases, the William M. Evarises, the Cyrus W. Fields, the William E. Dodge, Jr., the Anson Phelps Stokes, the David W. Fields, the Wladislaw Reids, the William C. Whitney, the Robert Golets, the Levi P. Mortons, the Pierrepoint Morgans, the Ogden Golets, the Victor Newcombs, all of whom have the prime requisite for a fine dinner—a big fortune.—"Deuce" in Globe-Democrat.

To Guess the Speed of Trains. There is not one person in 100 of the millions who travel on railroads in the course of a year who has any idea of the speed of the train. A large per cent. of even the regular trainmen of the country cannot tell with any degree of accuracy how fast a train is running. Frequently engineers are dispatched on a trip over a line of railroad with instructions to run at a speed of a certain number of miles an hour. The engineers do not carry a speed indicator, but have learned by various methods to gauge their engines so as to make only the slightest variation from their orders.

The majority of engineers use their driving wheel as a gauge. They know its circumference, and by counting its revolutions within a certain time can tell very accurately the speed at which they are running. Another method is to time the run between mile posts, and still another is to make calculations from the number of telegraph poles passed in a certain time. These poles, in a level country, and where four or five wires are used, are spaced so that they are thirty feet in length, and the number passed over in twenty seconds is the speed per hour as the train is running. For instance, if a passenger sitting in a sleeper can count thirty clicks of the wheels on a rail joint in twenty seconds the train is running at the speed of thirty miles an hour.—Kansas City Times.

Brutal Poltroons in Russia.

I shall never forget the first brutal exhibition of the kind I witnessed on Russian soil. It was on the docks at Baku. As the little Caspian steamer moved up to the wharf a swarm of ragged porters were seen struggling for position where they could pounce on the passengers' baggage. Gagged, hungry looking and clad in rags, they seemed like the very off-scouring of the world. Standing out in bold relief against them were a number of burly policemen. The chief duty of the latter seemed to be to abuse the former, which they did in a most unwarrantable manner.

The bluecoats did so artistic and finished tapping with the locusts, like the members of the Broadway squad, but they struck the poor, half starved wretches squarely in the face with clenched fist and kicked them in the stomachs. The burly policemen seemed to take a-wanton pride in smashing the poor, ragged devils in the face and in kicking their heavy topknots as a picture of brute force unbridled, gloating over defenseless victims, it beats anything I ever saw.

It seems incredible to an Anglo-Saxon that human beings could ever be so thoroughly crushed and cowed as to submit meekly to such inextinguishable brutality as the lower class Russians do. One after another the wretched victims of police brutality would go limping away, lamed or doubled up by a kick, and faces often streaming with blood. Our Russian passengers paid no sort of attention to the scene, only in the breasts of two persons present, in all that crowd, was aroused any sentiment of pity or condemnation, so far as could be seen on the surface. These two exceptions were an English war correspondent and myself.—Thomas Stevens' Letter.

Whistles of All Sorts. The primary idea of a whistle lies in the making of a column of air to vibrate, in whatever condition. As there is no lack of means or methods for doing this, the infinite diversity of the forms of the apparatus for producing the vibrations and the resultant sounds is a matter of course. The most general form is the human whistle, which one can make sound after a fashion without much preliminary training; but many musicians have made themselves masters of its intonations to such a degree that, instead of the usual inharmonious and unmusical sounds, they can render with it the most difficult passages of elaborate musical notes. I shall not dwell upon the means that may be employed to make the sounds sharper and to modulate their tones. Every one knows what effects are produced by inserting the fore and second fingers so as to turn the tongue slightly back as the column of air passes over it, or by sending the blast over the outside of the bent fingers.

If we seek other primitive whistles, we have them in the hollow barreled key, the terror of authors and comedians; the famous willow whistle, cut when the twig is most supple; the green dandelion stem, split along its length, its mouth shield between the fingers; the cherry stem, which school boys grind down so patiently on the soles of the shoes and bore with a hole; the buckhorn, and all the other things which we are fond of contriving in our early youth, with which to split the ears of our parents and teachers.—M. L. G. in Popular Science Monthly.

Advantages of Audible Laughter. Man is the only audible laughing animal in existence. Girls giggle, boys te-he, women hah-ha, and men haw-haw. These are the spontaneous outbursts of jollity, and in trying to suppress it one cannot be accountable for the consequence. You have the faculty of communicating to your blind friend the reciprocal pleasure of life, therefore you have advantage over the most intelligent of the brute creation. No dumb animal has the faculty of expressing any emotion they may feel save the dog, who laughs with his tail as his long absent master returns; it seems as if he would never cease to wiggle-waggle his tail and nibble his master's beard from ear to the other; he laughs with his tail, kisses, as it were, with his teeth, and caresses with his paws, seeming to be the exact converse of human nature. Be sure that heaven and all the cherubims are better pleased with innate goodness, rosetate with smiles, than a face as long as your arm and as solemn as the day of judgment. Give us a bright, smiling face, indicative of the effervescence of the within. It helps us to enjoy a passing hour of blissful happiness. A new delight steals over the heart, and we willingly yield to the fleeting, fanciful dream that all of earth is surest bliss.—New York Press.

Inheritance of Moral-Weakness. "There are not too many people for the world to support," says Professor Sumner, "nor are there too many liable to be born; but there are by far too many of sorts that never ought to be born. He conceives that all social questions drop into this one of improved population. Mental and physical feebleness, or inferiority of its kind at the bottom of our troubles; but the professor must also include moral weakness, inherited like other evils, and aggravated by personal habit. Is it improbable that some degree of control may be some day established over this multiplication of diseased personalities?"

Darwin dares to hint that the same care that is exercised in breeding our domestic animals might in the future be applied to humanity. Is it necessary that "Margaret, the mother of criminals," be allowed to populate the state with a breed so debased that in a few generations there are paupers, idiots, moral outcasts and beggars by the hundred, and hardly a savable person out of a score? It will not do, perhaps, at present to say more than suggest the question.—Globe Democrat.

What It Really Means. Did you ever think what it really means to be a "tramp?" No home, no friends, no work, no chance, nobody in all the wide world to care whether you live, or die in the gutters like a dog. No heaven for such rags to inherit; no decent grave to hide them out of sight; no opportunity to be anything, and no hand stretched out to give the greeting or the good-by of love. Nobody to feel an interest in you, whether your bones ache from cold or your skin cracks with fever. No spot in all the world to call your own, not even the mud wherein your wandering footstep leaves its fleeting mark; no prospect ahead, and no unbroken link to bind you to the past. A name like a curse to blight every hope of manhood, and a reputation, like a ball and chain on your leg, to hinder the way to any good accomplishment. I tell you, when we sit right down to it, and figure out what it really means to be a tramp, I guess we will not find it so easy to withhold a piece of bread and a cup of coffee next time one calls at our door.—"Amber" in Chicago Journal.

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