

THE FIGURE.

GRJE OF MASSAGE AND ELSARTE SYSTEM.

Hours of Yesterday Become Titles of Today—Development of Beauty of Figure and Grace of...

Of the luxuries of yesterday become necessities of today and the very commodities of to-morrow. It is...

Washing, revised and published to contain the word manure, yet that women in the land...

Massage, too, of Nineteenth century coining. If our rugged ancestry would have...

What do surgeons in the case of a broken arm, where the limb has been held...

DEMANDS PERSONALITY. What example can be held to bear on anything stronger than argument...

One of the terrors of advanced age is the tendency to stoutness; being except wrinkles...

Another help to lightness, grace and suppleness are the movements taught by the teachers of Delsarte...

An Athlete's Rule of Health. An excellent rule of health given by a professional athlete is: "Walk to your place of business. Attend to your work in the usual way, resisting every inclination you may have to give way to indolence."

SWEET HOME OF MY YOUTH.

Sweet home of my youth, near the murmuring rills That are nursed in the laps of the North Star's hills...

THE LATEST MECHANICAL WONDER.

A Figure That Pulls Out Its Watch and Tells One the Time.

Professor Charles Richel, the inventor of the flying machine which created so much interest a few years ago, is just completing a mechanical wonder which is an astonishing piece of mechanism...

The entrance to the studio is by way of a dark staircase on John street. Double doors, a screen and a heavy curtain shut out the daylight. Electric lights are used to work by...

So naturally was all this performed that for an instant it seemed as if the figure was an actual living being. There was no jerky movement, nor the slightest jar or noise. The eyes opened and closed and the head moved about to all appearances like a living one...

The Host and His Guests. Social intercourse or the exchange of civilities should be solely for the betterment and refinement of mankind, and if the status of such is not based upon a high sense of delicacy and cultivation the results must be fruitless...

A knowledge of human nature is also important in the grouping of people. A wise entertainer knows the ability of his friends and acquaintances, and would not invite Cassius-like friends, with aversion to music in their souls, to a musicale, even though a Rubenstein was to play and a Patti to sing...

In official entertaining, hosts have no discretion, and are in no wise responsible for the juxtaposition of discordant elements. The rules of official etiquette fix the position of rank and privilege in the social world, and consequently the unavoidable and incongruous groupings, and unpleasant incidents that sometimes occur.—Mrs. John A. Logan in Chicago Journal.

Emperor William's Swords. The late Emperor William only used two swords and one saber throughout his long fighting career. The first sword was his boyish weapon, carried from 1810 to 1834, the second was a present from the Czar Nicholas, which served him from 1834 to the time of the war with Austria in 1859...

A SHOP GIRL'S LIFE.

WHAT SWEETENS HER EXISTENCE AND WHAT DOESN'T.

Fined for Being Late—Must Stand All Day—Half an Hour for Lunch—Whom the Girls Marry—Why the Seats Were Removed.

"Well, we have to be here at 8 o'clock every morning, whether we live on the east side, the west side, in Brooklyn or Harlem, and 8 o'clock isn't an unreasonable hour at all, nor do we ever complain; but if we are ten minutes late, no matter why, we are fined. Of course, to the cash girls this fine means going without the cup of hot coffee or the little bit of fruit she would have bought to piece out her little lunch; but so far as I am concerned, I don't care anything about the fine. It is a restriction that I object to and the being reprimanded. I don't intend to be late. I am just as much interested in being here in time and selling a lot of goods as the proprietor is himself. I like my business, and am proud of my sales and anxious to begin my work for the day, and the idea that because I happen to miss a car, or have one of the thousand little delaying accidents that every woman and man, too, for that matter is liable to, that some man who knows nothing about me has a right to reprimand me and fine me just makes me cross and hurts my pride."

"Then the hardest thing of all a shop girl has to endure is the constant standing from 8 in the morning until 6 at night, with only one half hour rest at noon. A few years ago some one started up this subject and seats were placed behind the counter, but they have been all taken away. The salesladies in suit departments can sit down, but not in the room where the customers are. Of course, if they go away in the little side room to rest they miss their customers, and the consequence is that they stand all day outside. We do not mind it on busy days, the excitement keeps us up, but on dull days we almost faint away sometimes standing still with nothing to make us forget how tired we are."

"We have half an hour for lunch, which is time enough for a person to eat a cold lunch, but when a girl stands from 8 o'clock until 2, after a 7 o'clock breakfast, she wants something besides a sandwich and a cup of tea for her lunch. I used to go out and buy my lunch and have a regular dinner, as I would at home. I needed it, and worked all the better for it, but of course I couldn't get it in half an hour. It was usually gone forty minutes. After a while I was denied that privilege, and I have to eat my lunch in the lunch room. I don't like a cold lunch, and somehow the thought of the being compelled to do anything like that fills my heart with a kind of bitterness that takes away all my appetite. It is the best of me, or the best of the lunch room where they make coffee in one end and eat in the other, though; that isn't exactly what I am used to at home, but it is the restraint that I rebel against."

"At 6 o'clock sharp we are all excused in a batch, and away we pour out of the door like a mob of factory hands, and the people all say, 'See the shop girls.' Now, if some could, when they had no customers at fifteen minutes to 6 or ten minutes to 6, don't you see we wouldn't all flock out together and attract attention, for part of us would go at one time and part at another, but now it is push and crowd and jam to get out, so that if you would go decently and in a ladylike way you have to wait until all the crowd is gone."

"There are a great many things I might do to enjoy myself, but I am too tired and feel so kind of bitter and sorry and resentful in my heart that I don't want to go anywhere. I like my work, am interested in it, and do not want to give it up any more than a man wants to give up his business. My employer is very kind, my salary is very generous, and all that; it is only a few little things about the system of managing the girls that makes me unhappy. We are independent business women, earning as much, and in many cases more than men in the same places, and we do not like to be governed like the inmates of an orphan home or house of correction."

"And what kind of men do we marry? Well, they have to be pretty nice, or we don't bother with them. The better class of salesladies who marry employes in the store. Don't you see we are independent, and unless we are going to better ourselves very much, or unless we get hopelessly in love, we do not care to marry at all. I know many girls who have married very well, and have lovely homes. Do we ever marry the customers whom we meet in the store? Well, with a loss of the usual sense and a pretty flaring of the timid face, 'I know some who might have married some of their customers, but wouldn't.'"

"As far as promotion is concerned, that rests entirely with ourselves, is based on our ability, and I think is very fair and just. Some girls never get promoted because they lack ability and push, and others get to the top in a short time. The promotions are from cash to parcel clerk, from that to stock clerk, one who assists in keeping the goods in order, then to bill clerk, saleslady, cashiers and floor walkers, and wages increase from two dollars up to thirty or more."

"How much pay do I get?" said a little, fair faced maiden behind the counter. "Five dollars a week, unless something happens." "And what does happen to prevent it?" "Well, if I'm late a few minutes I am fined; if I am half an hour late I lose one-quarter of a day's wages; if I make the least little mistake in my bills that is taken out of my pay, and if I break anything that has to be paid for. If I am sick half a day I lose that, and so you see I don't always get the \$5. The floor walker doesn't always look when she hears a man because if she doesn't know what breaks or who breaks it, why then she can't report it. But she always does look if the superintendent is anywhere on the floor. Sometimes one dish costs a whole week's pay."

"No, our superintendent isn't a woman, and I'm glad of it. A woman does nothing but scold and stew and fuss all the time over little things. Yes, it's pretty hard to keep up all the fines, but I suppose it makes us more careful, so that we really do not have so very many to pay. No, we have no seats now; they have all been taken away. Sometimes two or three of us crowd on the edge of a drawer that pulls out near the floor, but we fly up lively if we see the floor walker coming this way."

"The girls abused the privilege," explained the floor walker, a delicate looking girl. "They were not quick to rise up when customers came in, and grew neglectful and indolent. Of course, it is tiresome to stand so long, and girls need to be strong to endure it, and in time they seem to grow accustomed to it, so that they do not mind it as they do at first."

FAITH IN WITCHCRAFT.

A CHAPTER OF HISTORY ASTOUNDING TO MODERN NOTIONS.

One of the Delusions of the "Good Old Times"—What an English Newspaper Says—Penalties Inflicted by Church and State—The Puritans.

At Christmas time, according to Shakespeare or Marcellus, no witch has power to charm, so hallowed and so gracious is the time. There is perhaps no chapter of history more painful or more astounding to our modern notions than that devoted to witchcraft. The delusion was not like one of those sudden outbreaks of fanaticism which spring up, nobody knows how, and die away as suddenly; it was regarded as a lasting evil to be punished with the severest penalties of the church and of the state. And for the most part the people who perished under this reign of terror were women. They were generally old and ugly, and had familiar spirits to do their errands; but sometimes young and fair women suffered on the rack and at the stake under the terrible imputation of witchcraft.

To be accused of this crime was in most cases to be condemned for it; and, indeed, there seemed little chance of an escape, for the tests to which accused persons were put in order to try their innocence generally proved mortal. To throw an old woman into the water, and, if she sinks, to save her character at the expense of her life, is hardly kind to the old woman. Almost any cause sufficed as a reason for burning old women. Two, for example, were burned at Coventry as the supposed authors of a great storm, and another for destroying a ship at sea by means of spells. They were never burnt, we believe, without confession; but then it was the custom to torture them till they did confess.

One notable form of witchcraft, which has been admirably turned to poetic account by Rossetti, was to form a waxen image of some person obnoxious to the witch, and as this image was gradually melted by the fire, so it was supposed would the victim's life fade away. Of this form of sorcery Eleanor Cobham, wife of Duke Humphrey, was accused; and Hollingshead relates that she was condemned to do open penance in the city of London, and afterward to suffer perpetual imprisonment in the Isle of Man. A kind of sorcery similar to that for which Eleanor Cobham suffered led to the execution, in 1618, of two women in Lincoln, who were said to have bewitched Lord Rose to death by burying his glove, and "as that glove did rot and waste, so did the liver of the said lord rot and waste."

In the Fifteenth century Pope Innocent VIII issued a bull against witchcraft, empowering inquisitors to seek for witches and to burn them, and the agreeable vocation must have been pursued with a zest, for one inquisitor burned forty-one witches in one year, and another burned 103. It is stated that tens of thousands of victims have suffered for this imaginary crime. In the case of Como 1,000 were burned in a year at the beginning of the Sixteenth century, and at the same time 500 perished in Geneva in three months. The belief in witchcraft and the miserable cruelties caused by this belief were not confined to the papal church. In the Seventeenth century the Puritans in New England hanged a number of persons as well as two dogs for this imaginary crime, and for two years Hopkins, the "witchfinder," drove a flourishing trade in Essex. In 200 years 30,000 witches are said to have been destroyed in England; and as recently as 1716, when the town was enjoying the wit and satire of the "Queen Anne men," a woman and her child 9 years of age were hanged at Huntington. Addison, with a mind that wavered between superstition and good sense, said he could not forbear believing "in such a commerce with evil spirits as that which we express by the name of witchcraft," while, at the same time, he could "give no credit to any particular modern instance of it." This conclusion is quoted by Blackstone in the fourth volume of his "Commentaries."

Scotland, which is regarded as an enlightened part of the empire, held with the utmost tenacity its faith in witchcraft. The Scotch, a vigorous people, put their hands to the work heartily. It was easy to find victims, since, as we have said already, they were tortured until they confessed. Take the instance out of thousands, Isabel Crawford, after the minister had made earnest prayers to God for opening her closed heart, was tortured with iron bars laid upon her bare shins, her feet being in the stocks. For a time she bore the torture admirably, though about thirty stones of iron were laid on her legs, but in moving the bars to another part of her shins she broke out into horrible cries, and confessed to intercourse with the devil. She was condemned, of course, and at the place of execution openly denied her former confession. It is calculated that 3,000 persons were burned in Scotland in the last forty years of the Sixteenth century.

A century later a witch epidemic broke out in the village of Mohra, in Sweden. A number of children were said to be bewitched and familiar with the devil, who was described as wearing a gray coat, red and blue stockings, a red beard and a high crowned hat. The witches kept this exacting personage supplied with children, and if they did not procure him a good many "they had no peace or quiet for him." The poor wretches were doomed to have no more peace or quiet in this world. Seventy were condemned to death, twenty-three were burned in a single fire at Mohra.

It is noteworthy that a belief in this frightful superstition, which destroyed more innocent persons than the so-called Holy Office, was held by men of great intellectual power.—By Erasmus, Bacon and the judicious Hooker, by Sir Edward Coke, Sir Thomas Browne, Baxter and Sir Matthew Hale.—Illustrated London News.

The Palmy Days of Minstrelsy. I was reading that the wife of Jack Haverly, the once well known negro minstrel manager, induced him to give her \$10 every night out of the receipts of the show, so that when he went into bankruptcy she possessed a fortune of about \$30,000. He begged her to lend him the money, but she refused him, and today they are living comfortably on her savings. An hour or two afterward I met Bill Foote, who was a boomer for Haverly when that skyrocket of a manager was high in the air. Foote now runs a boarding house in this city, and is the custodian of Dockstader's theatre during the absence of the Dockstader minstrels on a tour.

"Oh, yes; those were 'nalcyon' days," said he. "There was a time when the manager of a minstrel company had to do hardly anything else than open the doors of a hall and let people pay to come in. The five or six years after the war were especially profitable. New towns, of three to five thousand inhabitants, were constantly being discovered by wide awake agents, and places of that sort were dead sure to yield fine audiences for anything in the way of minstrelsy. But it isn't so now. The milk is all gone out of that cocoon, and the man who can make a negro minstrel company pay has got to bustle for it."—New York Cor. Indianapolis News.

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