#### A JAMAICA MORNING.

SCENES NOTED BY A TRAVELER WHILE IN KINGSTON.

Some Odd Characters About the Hotel. Victoria Market-Prices of Eatables. Beef, Mutton and Vegetables-The Danser of Night Air.

Early every morning there were curious scenes around Park lodge. In Jamaica the negroes have to some extent the unpleasant habit, common to the colored inhabitants of all the West India Islands, of standing im-movable by the quarter hour staring at anything that attracts their attention. When alone they stand erect and silent as statues till they seem about to take root. When they have tompany they are more likely to jabber as fast as their tongues can move. When the object of their curiosity happens to be a stranger who is not used to this sort of admiration, he is pretty sure to be embarrassed, and very like to become indignant. But it is only to some extent, as I have said, that the negroes in Jamaica do this, and when it is done at all it is nearly always done by those who walk in long distances from the country to sell their coduce. Those who live in Kingston are psed to seeing strangers and pay no attention to them. In Jamaica eyes Park lodge is a marvel of everything stylish and elegant, and the darkies coming in from the hills to sell their bananas and akees and "nice fresh eggs, boss," can rarely pass the open gates without stopping to gaze at the wonderful

DARKIES SEEING THE SIGHTS. It was no uncommon thing to see four or five colored ladies and gentlemen, with loaded trays balanced on their heads, standing in front of the Park lodge gates at once fairly drinking in the Oriental magnificence. The great sight consisted principally of the fountain in the middle of the yard and a few strangers sitting under the archway leading to the hotel office; but this was enough to interest the sable tramps, who had already trudged over miles of dusty roads to bring their goods to market, and still had a long walk before them. It is only fair to the colored people of Jamaica to say that they do less of this sort of thing than their brethren on any other English island in the West Indies. In Montserrat, for instance, they regard a strange white man as a colossal aggregated circus come to town, and follow him wherever he goes. In Nassau, though they are used to seeing strangers, they surround a new arrival in droves, and make great efforts to secure a sixpence or even "a big copper, boss." In Barbadoes, where the improvement of the negro race under British rule is seen to the best advantage, they set after a newly arrived stranger like a crew of Malay pirates till he is driven to take refuge in the nearest shelter. But in Jamaica they are quiet, in-offensive, and generally well behaved and polite. Of course those who make infrequent trips from their country homes to the capital feel bound to see the sights when they are in town. I thought at first that these lads and lasses with trays on their heads who stopped to stare in the gate were waiting for a chance to sell their wares; but they had no such idea. Two or three special ones came in every morning to sell eggs and fresh fruit, but they were all. One morning a girl came in with a dozen fine alligator pears, which I bought for a few pennies; but I found soon afterward that I had captured the hotel's supply for the day, and I had to surrender them.

One of the earliest arrivals every morning was the man who sold photographs. This aftle I give him, "The man who sold photo-graphs," partly out of courtesy and partly because I do not know what else to call him. He was hardly a men, although he had the outward appearance of one, for he had no more intelligence than one of the goldfish in the fountain, and he did not sell photographs, for nobody ever bought any; the pictures he offered were hardly worthy the name of photographs, being the worst smudges the sun was ever made accountable for.

THE VICTORIA MARKET.

Park lodge is perhaps a trifle over a mile from the end of the street car line, and the market is one short block from the terminus This is the Victoria market, the principal one in Kingston. There is another, called the Jubilee market, in another part of the city. The Victoria market I consider the finest in the West Indies. In the early morning it is crowded with buyers, sellers and goods, and by early morning I mean from 6 to 9 o'clock. It is a wonder of a market for any West Indian city, built entirely of iron, 500 feet long, and 160 feet wide. The ends and sides are open, there being no side walls, as none are needed, but the whole place is surrounded by a tall iron railing mounted on a brick wall. Everything about it is as clean and sweet as possible, and even wher the fish and meat stalls are full one smells nothing but the sweet odors that float over from the flower places. It cost about \$120,-000, and is well worth the money.

"The beef, it is all raised on the island, and is originally very good beef before it goes into the hands of the butchers. But they kill it and sell it the same morning, apparently cutting the whole animal into slices or chunks, without regard to choice parts or poor parts. I know the beef is good when properly handled, because whenever I dined in a private house the roasts were excellent, having no doubt been kept for some time on ice, but in the hotel, where it was used within a few hours of its coming from market, it was utterly unfit to put on the table. The mutton, too, was good when properly iced; but the best Southdown lamb, if killed at daylight, would not be fit to use for break-last that morning. This is the practice throughout the West Indies—to kill an animal at 5 and eat him at 10, and it accounts very largely for the wretched meat commonly served in that part of the world.
Livat meat is not to be laughed at, provided
it comes out of a tender kid. I ate my first
plate of roast kid in Bermuda, and like it
quite as well as turkey. Strawberries are scarce, and egg plants are not as cheap as they look at two cents each, for they are very small. The native way of keeping house is to send a servant to market in the house is to send a servant to market in the morning to buy provisions for the day, and for one day only, and these will perhaps include a pound of onions, two cents' worth of small vegetables, a pineapple, and everything on the same moderate scale. There is reason for this, for scarcely anything will keep without ice, and ice is dear even when cheap, because in a bot climate it melts so fast.

These early morning hours for sight seeing and noticing the habits of the people were far better than the evening. I have always made it a rule to be under a roof if possible after dark in tropical countries, and to this I attribute in great part my escape from a single day's illness in all my years of residence and visiting in the West Indies. But there are many nights in the worst climates, even, when one can be out with perfect safety. You learn in time to tell by the feel of the air whether it is safe or not. — William Drysdale's Kingston Letter in New York Times.

San Francisco policemen say they have never seen a drunken Chinaman

BABY LOUISE"

Baby Louise. Is it really you?
Grown to womanhood, tall and cold,
Your eyes are still that wonderful blue,
Yet they do not seem like the eyes of old;
Surely, it is but a year or so
Since the time I drew you upon my knee,
On winter night by the back log's glow,
And told you stories of land and see.

You had always a kiss for me In those days, if my mem'ry serves me well;
Then your kisses you lavished free
For a flower, perhaps a caramel;
You had been nursed in a worldly school,
My lady mamma had taught you well,
That a girl or woman was half a fool
Whe didn't know charms were made to sell.

Who didn't know charms were made to sell, You have not changed since those days, Louise, When I purchased your kisses with lollipops. Though you plunged in the hant monde's treach

erous seas
Of kettledrums, germans and Thursday hops,
You will marry, I hear, if reports are true,
A titled loon, who is bent and old;

Yet matters are equal between you two, For I'm sure that my lord will be sold!

A Richly Merited Rebuke. The literary wife of a western senator went to hear Riley one night; the price for the author's readings were too high for ther purse, and she gladly availed herself of a reduced rate to hear the star of the combination. She was much in earnest. It chanced that her seat lay among a lot of frivolous women to whom the going was a "fad." They did not care for Riley nor his reading, and they talked small task all the evening. The senator's wife was distracted by their clatter; she could not follow the reader, and she sent several severe glances to them without avail. Finally she could sit under the outrage no longer, and, rising, she said in a tone loud enough to be heard by more than those for whom the words were intended: "For God's sake, women, stop your fool talk or adjourn to the lobby with it, and let other people hear what they paid their money for, not your nonsense." There was quiet in that neighborhood through the remainder of the programme.-Washington Letter.

Bagging at the Knees.

A great many inquiries are made as to how to prevent pantaloons from bagging at the knees. There is only one answer to these, it can't be done. Your trousers will bag, and you can't help it. The bagging can be lessened by frequent pressings and taking good care of them, but as long as men bend their knees in walking their pants will bag. The skin would also, if it didn't settle back. A great many men pull their pants up on their knees when scated to prevent their bulging. This is very foolish. The smallest part of the trousers is that around the calves of the legs, and, of course, in pulling them up and bending the leg a greater strain is brought to bear on the cloth. There might be some way to sponge the cloth so it would not stretch so much, but so far no tailor has succeeded in hardly lessening the cause of the complaint. The tailor who does make the discovery will at the same time make a fortune.—Tailor in

sion the aforesaid adopter must instantly put himself or herself on the outside of the flashiest, loudest and broadest clothing and dress that man can conceive on loom weave. It looks to the common, everyday, plain American citizen that the dress is affected to save the adopters from carrying a perambulator sandwich reading on both an action of the post-office by the Willing Workers Vigilance committee, while Yankee Bunker Vigilance committee, while Vankee Bunker Vigilance committee vigilance committee vigilance committee vigilance vigila an actor," in all the glory of yellow, red and green letters. The men get into the queerest cut garments they can find, and the women are always looking for some headpiece, waistpiece or gewgaw that will attract the gaze of the gaping multitude. Fine feathers may make fine birds, but loud dress on the street does not proclaim the wearer an actor of genius or a shining light in the profession. - Clipper.

The Prairie Lark's Love Song. As the full springtime comes on the number of these short chants is greatly increased, while their prolongations and variations are without number, and soon it becomes evident to the most casual observer that the love fires are kindling and that each musician is striving to the utmost of his powers to sur-pass all rivals and win the lady lark of his choice. On one occasion, as I lay in hiding near a fence, three larks came skimming over the plain; they alighted within a few yards of me, and two of them burst into ong, sometimes singing together and sometimes alternately, but the third was silent. When at last they flew up I noticed that the silent one and one of the singers kept together. I had been witness to a musical tournament, and the victor bad won tis bride.-American Magazine

Clam Shelis \$60 a Pair.

Col. Silas Moore, of Southington, sold a pair of clam shells last week for \$60. The pair were two feet and ten inches in length and about one foot and ten inches wide, and weighed 304 pounds. Col. Moore is the owner of a pair weighing 330 pounds, which he would not sell for \$100, These large clam shells came from the Mediterranean sea, and there are some in Italy which weigh 700 pounds. Most of these shells have a blemish, but in a public museum, where they are not handled, the blemish may not be seen. In a private collection it is desirable to have perfect shells. Col. Moore's \$100 shells are perfect and the finest in the United States. There are parts of the meat of these big clams which are good food. Col. Moore has seen a clam steak six inches wide and a foot long. In his collection are clam shells so small that ten pairs would not weigh an ounce. To outweigh the big pair would require more than 10,000 of the small ones,-Hartford Post,

Feeding Cows in Finland,

To any one who could be satisfied with an unvarying diet of fish and black bread, accompanied by the best cream and butter that can be found anywhere, it would be easy to satisfy his wants in any part of the country. How the cream and butter come to be so good is a mystery to me, for assuredly the Finnish cows are the worst and most scantily fed of their kind. What other cow that respected herself would be satisfied with hav soup in which the water formed so unfair a proportion to the hay? The most meagre looking hay, mixed with the dried branches of alder, simmers in a huge iron pot, and one sees the poor beasts dipping their noses into the unsavory broth and fishing out its soddened contents with the evident relish of hunger. It was complained to me by a resident in the country that cows could not be induced to look upon sawdust as the staple of their food. How far he had seriously made the trial I do not know, but should he ever succeed, there will be a rich prospect for Finland in dairy farming.—Murray's Magazine. STUFFING THE MEMORY.

That Faculty Cultivated in Our Schools at the Expense of Other Powers. We have seen a certain class of educational We have seen a certain class of educational "experts" who attached more importance concerning the knowledge of the authorship of some musty, dusty, rusty, long forgotten book than they did to giving a child any amount of practical knowledge. The educational premium is now for stuffed memories. That faculty and organ is cultivated at the expense of other powers. The "smart" boy or girl is the one who can repeat the most names, dates, words and sentences—and forget them a year afterward. It is no indication of a bright, comprehensive mind, quick tion of a bright, comprehensive mind, quick to see and quick to act, that it can repeat the dictionary "by heart" after a few weeks' study, or commit to memory a thousand sen-

tences in six months.
Such over stimulation of memory deadens other faculties. This is often proved. The smart scholar in after life very often becomes the literary drudge to the very man who when a boy at school was called stupid because he wouldn't learn his lesson. So far as a certain practical success in life is concerned it was fortunate for him that he wouldn't or couldn't make of his brain a stuffed mental sausage case full of names, dates, boundaries, definitions and sentences of whose real meaning tif there was any) he knew next to nothing. Had he been thus turned out the premium prize essay memory crammed scholar, the mental rag bag, full of shreds of information, he would have been loggy and top heavy with the load, slow to see chances, incapable of an original plan or idea, and afraid or indisposed to execute anything unless it was previously learned out of a book. Garfield never spoke a greater truth than he did in saying that "any child was fortunate who escaped the abuses now rampant in our public school ed-

An intellect is not a mere memory. It is a power to do and accomplish results through deas generated out of itself, and the memory is one factor to pick up and hold what it needs for the time to carry out such results. Education-from educo, to draw out -indicates the drawing out and exercise of the powers and talents inherent and born with a mind, and not the cramming of a certain department of that mind.-Prentice Mulford in New York Star.

The Colonel's Monopoly Broken.

"It may be a fact," says an Arizona exchange, "that the Western Union Telegraph company is a giant and grasping monopoly as charged in some quarters, but it nevertheless remains that the building of a line of this company to Bob Cat City has broken up one of the worst monopolies that ever infested our city. We refer to Col. Bolo, who, possessing the only tree in town with a large, strong limb at the proper distance from the ground, has been in the habit of renting it out to lynching parties at \$5 per meeting. It has, of course, been an inspiring sight, and one that spoke volumes for the get up and get of our citizens, to see the colonel standing on his well kept lawn, and, when business was brisk, hear him shout: 'Cut down the gentleman! Next! But nevertheless it has been

three poles to the north under the auspices of the Western Improvement society. It is rumored that a prominent citizen of Paradise Valley was seen securely attached to another pole four miles north of here. If it is true the North Side Higher Plane association must have commenced operations, as we trust it has, there being a loud demand for such an organization in the valley. This makes Bob Cat City independent of the colonel's tree. He has put up a fine swing for his children from the historic limb, which, of course, pleases them, though Mrs. Bolo, being fond of society, finds it somewhat lonely at Hemp Retreat since the various associations stopped meeting there." -New York Tribuna.

Channey M. Depew on Oratory.

I think oratory is something that cannot be taught. Undoubtedly a man can learn to be a fair talker. He can, by practice, learn to present his ideas consecutively, clearly and in what you may cell "form," but there is as much difference between this and an oration as there is between a skeleton and a living human being clad in sensitive, throbbing flesh. There are millions of skeleton makers, millions of people who can express what may be called "the bones" of a discourse, but not

one in a million who can clothe these bones. You can no more teach a man to be an orator than you can teach him to be an artist. or a poet, of the first class. When you teach him there is the same difference between the man who is taught and the man who is what he is by virtue of a natural aptitude that there is between a pump and a spring-between a canal and a river-between April rain and water works. It is a question of capacity and feeling-not of education.

There are some things that you can tell an orator not to do. For instance, he should never drink water while talking, because the interest is broken and for the moment he loses control of his audience. He should never look at his watch, for the same reason. He should never talk about himself. He should never deal in personalities. He should never tell long stories, and if he tells any story he should never say that it is a true story and that he knew the parties. This makes it a question of veracity instead of a question of art. He should never clog his discourse with details. He should never dwell upon particulars-he should touch universals, because the great truths are for all time.—New York Mail and Express.

The Science of Electricity.

The last twenty years have seen more advance in the science of electricity than all the 6,000 historic years preceding. More is discovered in one day now than in a thousand years of the middle ages, so that, literally, "a day is a thousand years." We put it to all sorts of uses. We make it carry our messages, drive our engine, ring our door bell and scare the burglar. We take it as a medicine, light our gas, see by it, hear from it, talk with it, and now we are beginning to teach it to write. The question naturally arises in contemplating this subject: "What is it?" I can imagine the last man on the last day asking this same question: "What is it?" At one time, not long ago, it was supposed to be a fluid; by some two fluids, a positive and a negative. But in this day there are few who do not believe it to be simply a mode of motion; not matter, but a condition of matter; and not a mechanical, but a molecular motion. By mechanical motion is meant a motion of the mass, and by molecular motion is meant a motion of the ultimate particles of which the mass is made up.—Scientific American.

When brolling steak throw a little salt on the coals and the blaze from dripping fat will

"EYES FOR THE BLIND."

Not wholly sad, dear youth, thy hapless lot,
Love circles near with gently fluttering wargs.
Sweet music whispers from the echoing strings.
"Blest in her smile be all thy loss forgot."
Her soft hand leads through dell and mossy grot;
She draws from grief and wee their reakling

stings;
Paints for thy inner sight the soul of things.
And finds joy's semblance where itself is not.

Gleam on the darkened canvas of thy brain; Brave forests rise along the crested hill; Fair roses bloom untouched by canker stain; The summer's subtlest essences distill

Nepenthe draughts to full thee from thy pain.

Sarah D. Hobart in New Orleans Times Demo-

The Lorosts of the Past Locusts are now a regular part of the day's provisions with us, and are really an excelent article of diet. After trying them in several ways we have come to the conclusion that they are best plain boiled. The long, hopping legs must be pulled off, and the locust, held by the wings, dipped into salt and eaten. As to flavor, this insect tastes of vegetable rather than of fish or flesh, not unlike green wheat, and to us it supplies the place of vegetables, of which we are much in need.

For catching locusts morning is the time. when they are half benumbed by cold, and their wings damp with the dew. They may then be found in hundreds under the desert bushes, and gathered without trouble, merely shoveled into a bag or basket.

They devour everything vegetable, and are devoured by everything animal: larks and bustards, ravens, hawks and buzzards. We passed through flocks of ravens and buzzards, sitting on the ground gorged with them. The camels munch them in with their food. the greyhounds run snapping after them a day long, eating as many as they can catch. The Bedouins often give them to their horses, and just now many tribes have nothing to eat but locusts and camel's milk.—Tourists'

Odd Fact About Gan Cotton.

are freely exposed upon an iron anvil and detonated, the explosive leaves a deep and permanent impression upon the surface of the metal with which it was in contact. The impression produced by the exploding mass is an almost exact copy of that face of the explosive which was in contact with the metal. This is best observed with gun cotton, for, from the late of the control of the contr ton, for, from the nature of the material, and figures will, be reproduced in the iron and, most singular of all the phenomena, they will be indented in the iron just as they were in the gun cotton.-Charles E. Munros in Scribner's Magazine,

Outwitting the Political Police. It is said that during the last preside tink crisis in France a newspaper correspondent at Rennes wrote regularity on his newspaper. Every time the "cricial police" opened his letters. A cr awhile he tried the plan of gastering his letters. "Inclosure of 100 francs" he wrote on the outside of one in or-

der to insure privacy for it, without, of course, putting the money inside. The letter arrived safely; none of the seals were broken, but neatly inclosed lay a postal order for 100 francs. The clever officers who had intercepted the letter thought that on opening it they had lost the inclosure, and substituted another, hoping thereby to escape un'oleasant investigation.-New York Sun Chains for Russian Prisoners.

A point on which false information has been spread relates to the manner prisoners wear their chains, which some, like the author of "Called Back," would have us believe is under their trousers. But this is purely a hoax. I have in my possession pairs of Russian handcuffs and leg chains, and a prison suit which I obtained in Siberia, where also I saw scores, not to say hundreds, of leg chains. The last consist each of two rings, to be riveted around the ankles, and attached by a chain thirty inches long, which, for convenience in walking, is suspended in the middle by a strip of leather from the waist. Between the rings and the prisoner's skin there is worn first a coarse woolen stocking and over that a piece of thick linen cloth; then come the trousers, over which is bound round the ship a over which is bound round the shin a leather gaiter. How, then, could these chains be worn under the trousers! The chains in my possession weigh five and a quarter pounds, the handcuffs two; but of these latter I should observe that in going across Siberia and through its prisons I saw only one man manacled, and he a desperado, who, to the crime for which he was judged, added that of murder in the prison.—Henry Lansdell, D. D., in Harper's Magazine.

Parisian Lack of Comfort.

Each day that I live here, certain things strike me more forcibly in this great city, and just now I am trying to solve the problem of why the French people have not the many comforts about them that we Americans have in our so much younger country. To begin with, they are only beginning to have gas put into their houses from garret to cellar; telephones in private homes are few and far between, and the messenger boy system is not even known. You can get a messenger, it is true, but he is not the bright, agile American boy, but a man grown old with hard work. Then he is called by the dignified name of commissionaire, and expects to be made much of accordingly, and never half does his work. I beve already spoken of the poor arrangements for fires. Could we transfer some of our fire brigades to this fair land, the good people would fairly marvel at such a wonderful institution. Then, again, the general use of elevators is only just making headway, and a hundred other things that have become second nature to us are still to be heard of in the city of cities.— Paris Cor. The Argonaut.

Why Money Doesn't Count.
There are abundant reasons why money should count for less in society here than it does abroad. Rich men are numerous among us. Wealth is accumulated with ease, and dissipated with rapidity. Millionaires are almost az plentiful as English sparrows. We are familiar with their researce and familiar familiar with their presence and familiar also with the fact that riches are often found without the qualities that afford pleasure to intelligent people. Those who are the joy and pride of the most select society are frequently people of moderate estate. The parlor in which it is most difficult to obtain admission is not generally that of the richest man in the city.—

James Breck Perkins in Cosmopolitan.

Anent the Wales silver wedding, it is ob-served that the princess' eight bridesmaids of twenty-five years ago are all living, all mar-ried and home divorced.

## The Plattsmouth Herald

Is enjoying a Boom in both its

When gun cotton or other high explosives DAILY AND WEEKLY

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### 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

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