

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 Constance 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 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 Rosse to death by burying his glove; and "as that glove did rot and waste, so did the liver of his 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 100. It is stated that tens of thousands of victims have suffered for this imaginary crime. In the diocese 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 intolerable cruelties caused by this belief were not confined to the papal church. In New England hanged a number of persons as well as two dogs for this imaginary crime; and for two years Hopkins, the "witch finder," 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" era, a woman and her child 9 years of age, were hanged at Huntingdon. A child, 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 Stackhouse 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 one 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 2,000 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 intellect and power. 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 \$20,000. 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 'halcyon 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 coconut, and the man who can make a negro minstrel company pay has got to hustle for it."—New York Cor. Indianapolis News.

SWEET HOME OF MY YOUTH.

Sweet home of my youth, near the murmuring hills, That are nursed in the laps of the North Scottish hills, Ere the gray streaks of morning the songster arouse From his leaf curtained cot to his matinal vow, My thoughts cling to thee, and lovingly press, Sweet home of my youth, on the banks of the Ness.

When the gay king of light doffs his gladdening crown And mandates the land with his evening frown; When night's somber covering the earth's over-laid, And nature is mourning the day that is dead, Then loved thoughts of thee do I fondly dearest, Sweet home of my youth, on the banks of the Ness.

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. It promises to create a great furor throughout the country. He has been over a year experimenting with it, and has at last achieved results which at the outset seemed impossible. He was given carte blanche from a watch manufacturing concern to get up the novelty, time and expense being a secondary consideration. Professor Richel has kept the matter secret, and has permitted no one to enter his study excepting one or two intimate friends. A reporter was given a private view last evening.

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. There are all sorts of grotesque heads, arms and bits of plaster anatomy hanging around the room, and upon the work bench are brass molds and a variety of fine tools for the purpose of working in steel and brass. The new wonder is a life-sized youth of perhaps sixteen years of age. He is a fine looking lad, in perfect imitation of the average boy of the present day. The figure stands upon the floor, and is attired in knickerbockers and laced shoes, vest, coat, etc.—to all appearances a living boy. Professor Richel did not approach the figure, but spoke to it, saying: "Good evening, Bobby, what time is it?" The figure turned its head and bowed slightly, and with its left hand pulled back the coat. The right hand, which had been hanging at the side, was lifted up to the vest pocket and drew out a watch. The watch was then carried up to the ear, at the same time the head turned so as to bring the ear down in a listening attitude, while the eyes closed. When the silent youth was assured that the watch was ticking the hand dropped slightly forward; the head turned so as to bring the face to look full at the watch, the eyes opened and a pleased smile spread over the features. The head was then thrown back, the hand which held the watch between the thumb and index finger returned the watch to the vest pocket and was then gracefully swung back into its resting position by the side. The mouth opened, and with a pleasant laugh the figure said: "It's just half past 8, gentlemen."

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. Professor Richel laughed and said, "What do you think of it?" and then proceeded to explain how it was operated. Inside the figure is an electric motor. This had been set in operation by touching a concealed button in the floor several feet away where the professor had been standing. Afterwards he opened the chest of the figure and exposed where the cams, springs, weight balances, spirals and levers which had caused the arms and head to move. The cleverest parts are those which cause the wrist, thumb and fingers to move. The articulatory mechanism is very similar to that employed in a phonograph.—New York World.

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 musical evening, though Rubenstein was to play and a Patti to sing. Neither would he invite the bigot in religion to meet a rival one of another school, nor an apostle of Voltaire expecting pleasure from the discussion sure to arise. Nor would he bid political aspirants to attend a "con-versation" on government affairs, with out expecting warm words and unpleasant clashing of opinions. Neither would such invite the brightest lights of the dramatic world to meet those whose religious scruples prompt them to look upon the drama as a satanic invention for the destruction of human souls. Nor would it do to invite the merry, light hearted, youthful Terpsichorean to meet the sages of the court and the senate, knowing intuitively that there could be nothing congenial between the dignity and thoughtfulness of the one and the frivolity and merriment of the other. A correct regard for the taste and weaknesses of one's guests must be considered, to bring only congenial people together as far as it is possible to do so.

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 grouping, 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 1866. On the memorable day of Sadowa the emperor adopted an infantry saber, which he wore to the last, and on which he had engraved the names of all his victories in the Austrian and Franco-Prussian campaigns. These historical weapons are to be stored in the Berlin museum, together with the saber belonging to the emperor's father, Frederick William III, which always stood by the side of his writing table in his study.—Boston Transcript.

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 a cool girl, this fine means going about 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 the 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 stirred 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 fall asleep 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 hot 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. I 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 isn't the cold lunch or the hot 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 I may go 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, go at fifteen minutes to 6 or ten minutes to 6, don't you see we wouldn't all stock 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 evenings 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 us 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 rarely 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 toss of the blonde head and a pretty dash in 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 crash, 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 privileges," 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, but they like the work aside from that, and in time they seem to grow accustomed to it, so that they do not mind it as they do at first."

"The hardest things we have to get along with are the cranks that come in here to be waited on. Of course, it is our business to show the goods, but just as much their business to be ladylike. I tell you some of the girls behind the counter are more ladylike than the rich people they wait on."—New York Sun.

CARE OF THE FIGURE.

GREAT VALUE OF MASSAGE AND THE DELSARTE SYSTEM.

How the Luxuries of Yesterday Become the Necessities of Today—Development of Feminine Beauty of Figure and Grace of Motion.

One by one the luxuries of yesterday become the necessities of today and the very commonplace things of to-morrow. It is human nature that this should be so, for not only in one case is it true but in many. The southern fruits which came to us as a rare delicacy but a few years ago are daily seen on very plain tables. Why not, when they cost no more than the fruit which grows in our climate? The oyster, which was sometimes sent as a great offering on friendship's altar to our forefathers from some friend at the seacoast, is now a staple article of diet all winter long, and not a costly one at that, though we live nearly a thousand miles from the sea. The treasured silken gown of our grandmother, carefully kept in neat folds amid lavender sprigs, is today multiplied by fives, by tens, by twenties in the wardrobes of their granddaughters. The printed pages so rare, so treasured in olden times, are sold or given away daily in these days. But a short time since a stationary bath in one's house was a rare, extravagant elegance, fewer still since the first Turkish baths were established in our larger cities, yet today it would be their absence which would cause remark.

"MANICURE" AND "MASSAGE." Webster's dictionary, revised and published in 1882, does not contain the word manicure, yet the educated women in the land grow fonder every week who do not put into practical use their knowledge of manicure articles. For the same reason the every one prefers to comb their hair with the rubber or shell invention of modern times rather than with a bunch of long strong thorns or fish bones, which were some of the contrivances of savage races, one prefers to use the file and the round scissors of the manicure to trim the nails instead of the pincnife. We see the average woman with carefully cared for finger nails, when ten years ago not one of them used the same methods of polishing, filing and trimming.

Massage, too, is a word of Nineteenth century coinage. Who of our rugged ancestry would have dreamed of being rubbed for pleasure or to enhance their physical beauty unless it was the Romans in their age of luxury? To be rubbed when ill is but an expectation of the nursing and treatment, but to be rubbed into suppleness or slenderness, or to be patted and punched into roundness and firmness of outline or muscle is just dawdling upon the consciousness of the public as a thing possible to accomplish. It will only be in the way near to-morrow when the supreme importance of this massage treatment will be thoroughly understood by women in particular. They know how to appreciate litheness and suppleness in another woman, but they are very loth to undertake the proper exercise to develop that same freedom of movement in themselves. That it may be imparted in a degree by every one of their own volition, but through the medium of another's hands, is a fact to be heralded with joy, and there is no shadow or possibility of a doubt that the moving of a joint back and forth, round and round, gently, slowly, with certain delicate manipulations, will render it free and elastic to a remarkable degree.

What do surgeons do in the case of a broken arm, where the whole limb has been held immovable for days or weeks banded tight and close against the body? Do they leave the wrist and fingers stiff and lifeless, as they appear when the ligatures and splints are removed? No. At this point in the healing of the daily, and oftentimes twice daily, visits of the surgeon are made with ever more exacting care in the case of every one of the joints of the fingers and wrist backward and forward, each time farther and farther, until the tortured creature can endure no more for the nonce. But though the man of knowledge may desire until next time he understands the necessities of the case, and no one who has taken him from his course until the joints have recovered their pristine flexibility.

DEMANDS PERSONAL ATTENTION. What example can be brought to bear on anything stronger than this argument in favor of massage treatment? The figure demands personal attention today because it receives most notice from others, and lightness of gait, suppleness of body, freedom of movement are things desired of every one. Some one said not long ago that she would like to have been born her own daughter. This is a more reasonable wish than it seems and less egotistical. The women of today are thoroughly alive to the modern theories of education and cultivation, and they find it so hard a task to unlearn half they have been taught in order to reach a state where they may imbibe a new course of ideas that "is no wonder they wish they might begin over anew as a child."

One of the terrors of advancing age is the tendency to stoutness; nothing except wrinkles do women more dislike than a heavy, plumping step which some 200 pounds of flesh, more or less, to carry about engenders. Massage is beneficial for this, though certainly by no means as effectual as active exercise. The rubbing for this should be combined with long, smooth strokes of the hand from the neck down the spine, and from the hips to the heels, while the same mode of procedure applied to growing girls develops length of limb and general height. Another help to lightness, grace and suppleness are the movements taught by the teachers of Delsarte. This, perhaps, is the best way of all for women who have lost the yielding, springing movements of their youth, by either increase of years or weight. Delsarte saw the beauty of nature as it should be in the human form, and studied but to prove how it might be developed. His theory is that at every movement or gesture of any part of the body an almost imperceptible ripple of movement should run through the entire frame, and when one once sees the grace of carrying out this theory, no other argument is needed in its favor. One is taught that the seat of all movement is in the waist, and the modulation of the body, when the waist theory is graceful and mastered, is the more beautiful. The daughters of the women of today will be brought to the highest state of physical culture. Why should not their elders envy them?—S. S. E. M. in Chicago Herald.

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 work in the usual way, resisting every inclination you may have to give way to indolence. Walk home. Never mind the weather; a little rain will not hurt you and the summer heat will not affect you when you have done it long enough to do you good. This is just the time to begin the walks. There is exhilaration in the air to encourage walking and the hat once formed is not likely to be abandoned."—Chicago Herald.

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